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enduring vigor.

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permanent.
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Boyhood's Christmas Night.

Back through the mist of vanished years fond
Memory wings her way
To friends and scenes I knew and loved in
childhood's blissful day:
To comrades true who played with me around
the firelight bright—
O memory let me live with them again this
Christmas night.

Oh, let me take my father's hand and press it to my lip!
And lay my head on mother's breast, her honeyed kisses sip!
With sisters, brothers steal from bed to place the candle light
In every window, as I did on boyhood's Christmas night.

And dream again of Santa Claus—the things I wished he'd bring.
And sleep the sleep of innocence untouched by sorrow's sting;
Wake to behold my hopes fulfilled—a new day dawning bright—
A day of joy—as once I did on boyhood's Christinas night.

The stranger land may freely give all things the worldly prize.

And equal place the lord and slave in law and freedom's eyes:

But, ah! it never can restore the peace and pure delight

The exile knew, in native land, on every Christmas night.

There is within the Celtic heart a something half divine. Most tender true and passionate—no stranger can define. That fits the exile to the land—wherever he may roam,
But claims his love, through weal and woe, to
native land and home.

I have my share of bilss and joy-I know the pangs of woe-And hope still leads me to the steep where And hope still leads me to the steep where glory's baubles glow.

But I would lay me down to-night, nor wake to life and light.

If 'twould restore the joys I knew, on beyhood's Christmas night.

-J. T. Gallagher, M. D., in the Republic

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, O. C.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PANGS OF DESPISED LOVE.

And writers say, as the most forward bud. Is esten by the canker ere it blow. E'en so by love the young and tender wit Is turned to folly, blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in his prime and all the fair effects of future hopes." -Two Gentlemen of Verona

How use doth breed a habit in a man, This shadowy desert, in frequented woods, I better brock than flourishing peopled towns."

-Two Gentlemen of Verona.

To all outward seeming there was no change in Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Hi His life ran its old routine course from day to day. In society the smile and gay jest were still constant on his lips. It has were still constant on his lips. It has happened to men in the hunting-field, having fallen heavily and suffered grievous injuries, to remount and ride to the ous injuries, to remount and ride to the death, conscious only of a dull pain. So it fared with Lord Edward now. The savor and sweetness had gone out of his life. There was a dull, aching sense of something lost forever in his heart, of which he was vaguely conscious even when he seemed most gay. Yet ever and again remembrance forced itself to the surface of his mind in a throb of keenest agony.

agony.

Slowly the news filtered through society that Lady Gertrude had "captured" Lord Dulwich. So society ladies were unkind enough to express it. Men and women were curious to see how Lord Edward would bear the news; for his passion had been no secret. It was hard to have curi ous eyes watching his face, and curious ears listening to his lightest words, but he never winced. His color never changed, his voice never faltered, while all around him society prattled of the

coming marriage.

He bore his wounds bravely, silently, alone, making no sign; but day by day it grew harder to bear. Close observers might see that his eye was losing its brightness and his cheek its color. In quiet despair he faced and fought his sor-row as resolutely as he faced the enemy in the field; but he struggled without hope. Life had no longer a purpose or enjoyment for him. He had the longing that the wounded bird or beast has for solitude and rest.

As the days slipped by that longing grew too strong to be resisted. He was sick of society, his Parliamentary duties he had neglected, his regiment was sta-tioned abroad. There was no habit or duty for the anchor of resolution to hold

Without a word of warning or parting, even to his mother, whom he tenderly loved, he slipped down by coach from Dublin to Cork, got on board the good ship Adventurer, and turned his face once more to the New World, in whose lone wilds he thought his sorrow might find breathing space.

breathing space.

It was a breezy, sunshiny morning when they cleared the harbor. The fresh breeze blew out of the east. The gallant ship spread wide her woven wings, and glided over the bar, out across the measureless expanse of ocean. Swift and smooth she sped, as the sea-gull when he cleaves the air with motionless wings outstretched.

Very dismal was the contrast to Lord

## A MOTHER SPEAKS.

Tells how Dr. Chase Saved her Boy.

His Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine a Precious Boon.

MRS. A. T. STEWART, Folgar, Ont., says: "From the 7th of January to the 30th, we were up night and day with our says: "From the 7th of January to the 30th, we were up night and day with our two little boys, employing doctors and trying every kind of patent medicine we ever heard of, At this time we did not know of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine until after the 30th, when our youngest darling died in spite of all we could do. Sometime in February the doctor told us our other boy couldn't live till spring. We were about discouraged, when I got my eye on an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Syrup.

"I tried at once to get some, but none of the dealers here had it. A neighbor who was in Kingston managed to purchase two bottles which he brought straight to us, and I believe it was the means of saving our only boy.

"One teaspoonful of the Syrup stopped the cough so he could sleep till morning. Our boy is perfectly well now, and I would not be without Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house."

of Linseed and Turpentine in the house PRICE 25c., AT ALL DEALERS, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Edward between his outward and homeward voyage. Then everything delighted him — now nothing. His youth was struck down and stunned by the fatal blow. All its intense perceptions were dulled to careless apathy. The beautier of the sea and sky brought him not pleas

ure, but pain. Since he loved he could see no beauty with his own eyes only. Then was ever the thought of her by his side, sharing his admiration and delight. The ghost of that lost hope tortured him. Attimes as he gazed out over the flashing expanse of water, when the sun sank in unutterable glory, filling the hollow globe of sea and sky with light and color, he would turn to look into her eyes; he of the little skiff. would stretch his hand to touch

Then sharp remembrance smote him, and his delight perished in pain.

A thousand dreams which he had A thousand dreams which he had dreamed of a happy home with Gertrude by his side made his waking more miserable. Home joys—a loving wite, the gay prattle, the tender touches, the fearless level of his had been also as a superior of his home property. love of little ones — must never be his.
Utter loneliness was his lot.

In the old days Lord Edward found In the old days Lord Edward found solace from all troubles in books. His imagination made poetry and fiction a reality to him. He passed at once from the world of dull fact to the world of bright fiction. He left his troubles behind him when he opened a pleasant book, as the prince in the Eastern story when he stepped upon the unchanted carpet, and sped away to whatever pleasant land he chose. He lived in an enchanted world while he read. The people he met there were real to him. He shared their joys, and hopes, and sorrows, and forgot his own; but now for the first time even this solace was denied him. His fancy was chained to earth by the heavy fetters of despair. To read of faithful love and home joys was torture to him.

ture to him.

He found the greatness of his past love by the misery of his present desolation. Every thought, and hope and pleasure, and ambition had been brightened by the magic of that master passion. How dull magic of that master passion. How dull and mean they seemed when the passion died out of his life! His soul changed as the bright landscape, when dull grey clouds quench the sunshine.

His love had grown so softly in his heart Through those bright days, he had not felt it He had not dreamed its roots had struck so

deep, Or that its branches cast so fair a shade. But now it lay uprooted and o'erthrown, Never to wear green leaves forever more. And, gazing on the ruins, he might see How many birds had built amid the boughs. How many flowers blo-somed round the

Let no one think his sorrow was less real because it dwelt in his heart on and refused the test of common sense. was not the real Gertrude—cold and self-ish—he had lost, but the ideal Gertrude his love created—pure and true and every

way loveable.

What are called the real miseries of life—cold, hunger, pain, imprisonment—had been light evils compared to the du'l and deadly stupor of the soul from which he suffered. Men whose lives are weighted with all those evils are still loth to leave the world; but blighted love makes even death welcome. Despairing lovers are most prone to take up arms against their own lives. No other grief the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds has been so fruitful treelf called the sad world holds have been so fruitf of self-slaughter. To hearts that love has never touched such grief may seem fanci-ful. Those who have telt the pang will by their judge Lord Edward's misery

The long voyage passed as all things in this world-gay or gloomy-must pass at

last. He touched land on the 24th of June He touched land on the 24th of June, being only twenty-eight days at sea — a miraculously short voyage at the time is but to him it seemed the longest year of his young life. From Halifax he proceeded down the river Shubennacadee through the primæval wilderness of forest to New Brunswick, where his regiment lay. The wild and solemn lonelin ss of the scene wakened strange thoughts in that young, lovelorn heart.

written at the time.

"It was," he wrote, "as odd and as pleasant a day, in its way, as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot—you must only help it out with your own imagination. Con-ceive, dearest mother, arriving about 12 o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight, and there finding a little old, clean, tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river with had come for ten miles up the river without seeing anything but woods. The old
pair, on our arrival, get as active as if
only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water,
the lady frying bacon and eggs,
both talking a great deal, telling their
story, as I mentioned before, how they
had been there thirty years, and how
their children were settled, and when their children were settled, and whe either's back was turned, remarking he old the other had grown; at the san time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other. The contrast of all this which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtful ness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, Tony and myself, sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had left—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see anything Hoved—the differ-ence of the life I should lead from that of ence of the left should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least, I thought so at that moment."

As Lord Edward lay awake that night, set within the parrow limits of the but

not within the narrow limits of the hut, but out in the open air, on a bed of fresh-ly-pulled sweet-smelling spruce, staring at the starlight and listening to the waters' ripple and the leaves' rustle, the impulse was strong upon him to pitch his tent in those pleasant places, and live his tent in those pleasant places, and live his life out there. But with the dawn the fancy faded. The impetus of habit, which is, after all, the master motor of our life, carried him forward.

With the hearty good, wishes of the kindly old couple, who had made their race.

peaceful home in the wildnerness, Lord Edward and Tony embarked in the bark cance, and, with a touch of the paddles to guide, not help their progress, they swept swiftly down the shining current between the great curved ramparts of dark verd-ure that rose on either hand.

ure that rose on either hand.

The freshness of the morning was in the air; the sun had risen high enough to brighten, not scorch, and showered its golden largesse on leaf and water. Even Lord Edward's sad thoughts took brighter coloring from the brightness of the scene around him, as he sat musing in the prow of the little skiff.

A dozen miles down stream they swept around a curve, close to the right bank, under the overhanging branches of a great tree, that seemed to spring almost from the water. Just at an angle of the bend, a heavy log splashed down in the wake of the little boat, flinging the water over them. The instant after a second log, more surely aimed, went crashing through the bottom of the canoe. The water leaped and bubbled up like a foun-tain through the breach. The frail boat tain through the breach. The frail boat swept around and around in the current, and, turning over, emptied its contents

into the stream.

As they clambered, dripping, from the stream, a dozen wild figures dropped from the branches, or sprang from the underwood, around them, and before they could stir a finger in resistance they were

seized and bound.

They were not treated cruelly, nor even roughly, except so far as haste caused roughness. The Indians were plainly in a hurry to be gone. Taking no trouble to conceal their trail, they pushed rapidly forward for some miles under the dark roof of the tangled forest, through which only a stray supplean glanced. seized and bound.

which only a stray sunbeam glanced.

The eyes of the captives were dazzled by the sudden flood of sunshine when they came at last to the borders of a wide, lone prairie, which stretched away to the horizon's brink, its green floor thickly sprinkled with wild flowers. Here and there a few dark, round clumps of trees showed like islands in this limitless ocean of brilliant coloring, on which the noonday sun beamed down from a sky of cloudless blue.

But Lord Edward had no thought or desire of escape. He rather enjoyed the excitement and uncertainty of his position. It stirred the dull apathy that lay so heavy on him, as the mist is stirred and broken by the fresh breeze. The long, swift gallop across the boundless plain roused in him more of the spirit and buoyancy of youth than he had ever felt since his high hopes were laid low that fatal night.

All day those wild steeds stretched for-

ward with untiring speed. As evening drew on apace they still calloped into the red light of the sinking sun, the soft, western wind blowing fresh in their

At length a low bank, as it seemed, of dark clouds showed up against the clear sky line. It grew and took form and color as they rapidly approached. Soon they found themselves once more within the circle of the forest.

The wood was more open here, and they could walk their horses through without dismounting.

They heard the refreshing murmur of

running water through the trees. A few moments more brought them to the edge of the chief village of the Great Bear

tribe, to which the party belonged.

It was a primitive and a pleasant scene they came upon set in the great circle of green woods, and lit by the red rays of the setting sun.

The lesser trees had been cleared away

The lesser trees had been cleared away from where the village stood. Only a few of the giants of the forest remained to shelter the dome-shaped huts of the tribe, which showed like huge beehives scattered thickly over the clearing.

In front, the ground sloped down to the banks of a clear stream, which came releasing out of the dark words to plunger.

gleaming out of the dark woods to plunge into darkness again a little farther on. Along the river banks the young Indians sported—now in the water, now out—like creatures of both elements. Their gay One vivid glimpse of his life and thoughts in that wild pilgrimage through that primæyal forest is given us in a letter shining surface of the stream, or plunge fearlessly into its cool depths. The sound went with the river as it ran, and mingled pleasantly with its plaintive murmur-

ings.

Lord Edward, as the party rode slowly by, thought he had never yet seen childhood so bright, so unrestrained, so filled with the joyous spirit of youth. It cheered him to watch their sports. How different, he thought, from the pale and squalid spawn of humanity which he had seen in the back slums of great cities, where sunshine never came.

Here was no hard task or sordid surcanding to crush the life out of young hearts. Here was nothing of the heavy burden which unpitying divilization lays on the shoulders of poverty. Their life from first to last was undiluted enjoy-ment, lived out in the free air of heaven.

The sports of their youth was the occupa-tion of their lives.

He had scant time for moralizing, however. The party rode straight through the opening glade of the very verge of the wood on the further side, where, larger than the others and more artistically con structed stood the wigwam of the chief It jarred strongly on the peaceful thoughts which the sylvan scene inspired, to mark the festooning of dishevelled scalp-locks -fair, and black, and grey-upon the door posts of the hut.

The chief received the party and their

captives with face as stolid as a bronze statue, though he had had no warning of their capture, or their coming.

His braves had not been on the warpath. They were at peace with the pale-faces. The canoe and its occupants had been captured in that same spirit of wan-

been captured in that same spirit of wantonness which makes the kitten catch
what it sees moving.

At the very first moment of entering,
Lord Edward noticed a strange figure
standing in the shade, a little way behind
the chief, with a long rifle resting on the
hollow of his arm. He was a man of huge frame, but gaunt as a greyhound. The tallest Indians seemed boys in com-parison. He had no weapon but his rifle, and his dress of tanned deer-skin was free from all Indian frippery. His features were finely formed, but seamed with in-numerable wrinkles, so deep and clearly cut that they appeared carved with a chisel's edge on stone. His hair and beard were iron grey, and his keen blue

He moved a little forward as the chief spoke in his own tongue, the Indians making way for him respectfully.

"The chief welcomes the stranger," he wild speaking to Lord Edward. "You

said, speaking to Lord Edward,

sa'd, speaking to Lord Edward, a lou are brothers."

He spoke English clearly and with the unmistakeable accent of culture, but he spoke slowly and with something of hes-itation, as if unused to the sound of his own voice.

Lord Edward bowed his acknowledge-

lin drawing-room.

Meanwhile, the chief had been speak ng somewhat angrily, as it seemed, to the leader of Lord Edward's captors. But in a moment he turned to his young

captive, with a courteous dignity tha captive, with a courteous dignity that seemed strange amid such surroundings. The gaumi old man again interpreted. "Great Bear," he said, "is at peace with the pale-skins. But his young men are rough and foolish," here he glanced angrily at the leader of the expedition.

"They mistake friends for fees and men. They mistake friends for foss, and mer for deer and fishes. My brother will for-give. He is free to goorstay. The doors of the wigwam or the paths of the forest are open to him. Let him choose. The horse is ready at the door, but the veni-son is cooked within. My brother will stay?"

Lord Edward stayed. The thought of that wild, strange life had an overpower-ing fascination for him. Excitement

There was something, too, in the voice and manner of the old man that caught his fancy. Lord Edward had the strange feeling that every one has sometimes felt—that all this had happened to him before a strange feeling that the strange feeling that every one has sometimes felt—that all this had happened to him before a strange feeling that the strange feeling the strange feeling that the strange feeling the st fore.

The surroundings of the wild forest and Indian village seemed curiously, vaguely familiar. The whole scene appeared to be some fragment of a haif-forgotten dream, which might vanish in a mo-ment. Lord Edward feared to move or speak, lest he should destroy the wonderful delusion.

No dream, however, but pleasant and substantial reality were the smoking hot steaks of venison served to them later on, whose tempting savor needed not the per-suasive eloquence of a long day's fast in the open air to commend it. No dream, but a pleasant reality, were the couches of soft skins stretched on the floor of the hut reserved for their use.

The fatigue and excitement of the day

were atoned for by the sweet sleep that solaced weary brain and limb. They lay in the quietude, and unconsciousness of solaced weary brain and limb. They hay in the quietude and unconsciousness of death, to awaken to renewed life and vigor with the glint of the sunshine, and sparkle of the water, and the fresh breeze that came rustling from the woods in the first glow of the morning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. The questions placed in the box as St. Teresa's and answered by Rev Joseph V. O'Connor are increasing in number and variety. The non-Catholics are making use of both the lecture course and the question box to arrive at a better understanding of the Church. Some of the notes show a tendency to dispute the doctrines of the Church rather than a desire for information, but the reverend speaker answers even these in the spirit of Catholic charity, recognizing, no doubt, that a positive character, while slow to accept the truth, is steadfast in adhering to it when once embraced.

Lizzie J. M., who expressed a fear of offending, but denied any desire to do so, and who said her brother is a regular attendant at the lectures, fired, a regular battery of questions :

(1) "Did not God give us the Bible and say His word is the light, and did not St. Paul praise Timothy and the Bereans for reading and searching the Scriptures? The Church is a good institution, I admit, but the Bible is above. I prefer to follow God's word, the Bible, and not man's, the Church The Holy Ghost inspired the writers

of the Bible, but before it was written the Church existed, and on the Church' authority the Scriptures are accepted The unwritten Word of God, that is tradition, is also binding as a rule of faith. Those who accept the Bible as the Word of God, must, if they wish to follow that word, hear the Church (Matt. xviii., 17). St. Paul's commendation applied to the Old Testament, as the New was not then written. By searching the Scriptures you will learn the folly of private interpretation if you cannot already see it in the numberless conflicting Protestant doctrines. every one of which claims to rest or Scriptural authority. See II. Peter, i., 20, and iii., 16. The unwritten Word of God is also commended in Scripture. See Acts, iv., 31; Romans x, 8 and 17; Col. i, 23; I. Thes. ii., 13.

(2) 'To learn the truths of the

Catholic Church we must study the acts of nineteen councils and the let ters of three hundred Popes, al written in Latin."

Not all the the acts of councils and letters of Popes are doctrinal. Almost all the truths necessary for salvation could be taught at the good Catholic mother's knee. It is not necessary to understand all the details, even of de-fined doctrines, as an act of faith such the Catholic Church proposes to be believed, and this because God, who is the Sovereign Truth, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has revealed all these things to His Church," will include all.

to all priests and Bishops in the fifth century, when the Pope of Rome usurped it. No one heard of the Pope in the early Church." The Bishops of Rome, beginning with St. Peter, were the Popes or Chief

(3) "The name of Pope was given

Bishops; the title is a matter of indif-ference. The office has existed since Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

the Bible, but the same Gospels year in

In addition to the Gospels and Epistles read in the Mass and published in many prayer-books, other parts are read at times. The Vespers service is almost entirely from the Scriptures, so also the Sodality Office. The Gospels are made to fit the ecclesiastical year, which is divided so as to represent parts of the history of our Lord . the present season, Advent, is one of preparation for His Nativity, and the Gospels relate to that. The Gospels of Lent relate to His sufferings. true Catholics do not read much of the purely historical books of the Old Testament in their churches, and it is just as true that there is a tendency in some denominations of Christians to neglect the New Testament for the Old.

L. B. McC., who heard one Irish woman call another a "far down, wanted to know what it meant.

She was told that it was a term applied to those in the north of Ireland by those in the south. In the old country it is not a term of reproach, but in clashes between bodies of laborers from these respective sections; in this country it was for years considered an epithet, but it is now happily dying out, except as a joke.

"A Protestant Gentleman" asked through a Catholic "why have all the Popes and nearly all the Cardinals been Italians? Does not this look like pack ing a convention?'

Rome being the site of the Holy See, it is natural that the Pope's advisers should be mainly from the adjoining country, being selected for their ability. It is but a mere incident that the Pope, therefore, is more likely to be an Italian by birth. His nationality has nothing to do with his selection. All Popes have not, however, been Italians. At least thirteen were Greeks, the same number French, six Germans, four Spaniards, four Syrians, three from Africa, two Judeans, one each from England, Sweden, Portugal and the Netherlands, and others from smaller countries.

W. J. S. asked regarding the process of canonization of a saint. This was recently described in these columns in connection with the cause of Venerable Bishop Neumann.

"A Protestant" said that in most of the lectures the speaker had maintained that the Church should not be held responsible for the acts of its individual members. In some cases this is not true, as, for instance, the case of the jury of Bishops and Joan of Arc, also in the cases of the ecclesiastics en gaged in the trials of Bruno and Sav-

The Bishop is a representative of the Church only when performing func-tions of a ministerial character. If he holds civil or judicial positions, then he is the representative of the State, not the Church. The Church is not responsible for the bad acts of any individual member, high or low, more so than the Apostles were for

Pearl W. (1) said she had been asked by a gentleman friend, who is a "strict Catholic and a perfect man every way," to attend the lectures, so as to become convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion. She expressed her intention of becoming a Catholic, as she supposed she "must," to secure this friend. She gave a reason for mixed marriages, thus: "Catholic girls (not all) are so modest and shy \* \* \* that men are afraid to speak to them \* \* \* That is why so many of them are left and Catholic

make the best wives. Pearl was told that while it was not wrong for her "gentleman friend" to desire her to become a Catholic, yet it would be wrong for her to become one for any material motive. She should only become a Catholic to secure her eternal salvation, not to secure her gentleman friend, be he ever so per-

Her Catholic friend says "quiet girls

"Amelia" is "acquainted with a "Amelia" is "acquainted with a very nice Catholic geatleman, who says he admires her," but that he will never marry anybody but a Catholic girl. She asked: "Don't you think that a kind of mean and selfish?

The gentleman sees further into the future than the lady in this case. Something more than admiration is necessary for happiness even in this life, and the eternal welfare of both and of others may be destroyed by a mixed marriage. The gentleman's decision is just the reverse of selfishness, if he admires the lady very much.

## Banners in Church.

In answer to a question proposed by Mgr. Callegari, Bishop of Padua, the Sacred Congregation of Rites declared that only those banners or religious as is in the Creed, "I believe in the to the ritual could be taken into the as is in the Creed, "I believe in the churches; and, desirous that this churches; and, desirous that this above mentioned Congreprivate, the above mentioned Congregation ordained that it should be published. Soon after the Congrega-tion of the Holy Office decreed the following: "Only the banners or standards of such societies can be blessed whose statues have been approved of by the ecclesiastical authority on whom they depend; said banners ought, therefore, to display some religious emblem."—Revita Catolica.

Richmond Fire Hall

Bishops; the title is a matter of indifference. The office has existed since Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

(4) "The Catholic Church keeps its people in ignorance of the Bible. You never hear the priest read any part of sections."

(5) Toronto, 26th Feb., 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Constipation for years has been my chief ailment; it seemed to come to me ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have done, with the result of what appears now to be a perfect cure. Truly yours, J. HARRIS.

The Best of Christm

DECEMBER 25, 1865

Twas Christmas night. The tr The lights burned low, the ro The children clustered 'round u Guests from the great house o But Orphan Elies tood apa And watched them with a s

What did the Christ-child br I asked of handsome, fair hai Who cried (with laughing eyes "A bleycle, a ball, a sled t" But Orpnan Elsie spake no Keen list'ning, like a brigt

"And you?" I questioned Gat
"A tea-set and a Paris doll!
She answered, clear-voiced as
"And now," she laughed."
But silent attll young Elsie
And pulled the ribbons of h

"Well, Baby Oliver," I cried,
"What did you get? (your
"A bots of tandy!" he repliet
"A wockin' hossie and a du
"But what." I asked, "m
Oh! what did Orphan Elsi

At last, at last, the children th Their glances on the silent t "What did the Christ-child gir They questioned softly, half "Himself," she answered And every golden head wa Then, while her glad eyes sho Whereon a thousand sunbea 'This morning, at the day-br I made my first Communion The Babe of Bethlehem w Within my soul this Christ

Tears glitt'ring in their tende
The children sprang to her
Like cherubs fresh from Para
They kiss her bands, her blu
'' O Orphan Elsie!' grad
'' Yours is the grandest

PATSY'S CHRIS

-Eleanor C. Donnelly, in

Margaret M. Donovan in the It was the day before very, very cold. As the had predicted, this was Christmas, with its ground, to which Natur impartial, having cloth ble object with a garb of in honor of her Master an birthday she would so Then with her magic w her gentle zephyrs int breeze that polished river mirrors, and kiss of her loving children se

health to every face. As a direct gift from each heart was thrilled unusual joy, which year pression in little gifts of commemorating the gre would dawn with the me It was about 4 o'cloc

of shoppers were surgi stores on one of the prin a large city.
On the street everyor with bundles; the wom smiling and happy as the pleasant surprise dear ones at home, an clared 'they would rath than carry a bundle formed, as it were, i

Santa Claus, and inst down any of the bac proud, it seemed, to b by the happy throng, quaintance happened really pleased to mee heads held high-"I Christmas, wish you mas!" was the salut side. On the corner of the store of one of the la

Christmas novelties, s looking at the toys dis the windows. One glance at the to several sizes too large, almost bare feet, wou

that he was an uncon poverty.
People had seemed papers to-day, and th couraged at trying to of even his regular cu the task, and with a ing at who

dare to wish for. Another newsboy s and seeing him gazi the pretty things, blu Patsy, what's yer do was a slight o hand po guess business was b day; but you ain't o never take out so ma mas Eve, 'cause peopl what's goin' on, the being riveted on the window, "Some dand ain't they? I wish

gun, what'id you like "Well, I don't kn the thought had not " but I do think f'd book ; see the little ba and all the cows; son a barn, and I guess

maybe they'd like me The other looked open eyes, while the face was one of min disappointment.

Well, you beat

8aw." Just then the crow on, and being separ that followed, each si On the way to his clittle Patsy could ! crying. He seeme strange to-night. Until recently he

grandmother in a re

poorest houses in the

the city.

The poor woman the early part of th want of proper care weeks before. As sh the child had ever lonely, now that she He brushed aside

cended the rickety s home, a single re never seemed so d night. A bed of old ner, two broken cha old stove comprised

Taking off his comake the fire, and closet only to find