





WHAT CATHOLIC Preachers and Writers Say.

CATHOLICITY AT WASHINGTON.

There are twenty parishes now founded in the district of Columbia, most of which support parochial schools, says the Washington correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.

Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, says: "Complaints have been made repeatedly against Catholic societies holding their meetings at the time when the public service is held in the church, be it vesper or evening devotions. The complaint is just and it is undoubtedly contrary to the spirit and desire of Holy Church when Catholics arrange separate gatherings or meetings just at the very time when she calls her children to meet together in the house of God."

RANKS OF THE EPISCOPACY.

In a sermon at Midnight Mass in St. Francis Xavier Church, N. Y., at the opening of the century, Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., referred to some phases of the progress of Catholicity during the past century.

Tory as well as Liberal, and write Parliamentary reports and sketches. The leader is credited with an intention of putting a stop to this state of affairs, but he will not be able to do so unless he is prepared to pay more than \$15 a week, and from present indications his financial resources will be strained to the utmost to supply even that modest stipend.

ABOUT TRANSLATIONS.

The London Weekly Register has been making complaint about the faulty manner in which it claims that the Pope's recent encyclical Tametsi Futura, has been translated for the press. It instances the use of such words as "malefactors" for "wrongdoers," "public administrators" for "magistrates," and it adds: "The ineffectiveness of documents of this sort, when given in translation, is a fact that must have been remarked by all those who have read them."

of her work. Assisted by her energetic and devoted husband, she was enabled to impart an impetus to Catholic journalism in America, the like of which had never before been seen and the like of which need not be expected again in our generation.

We have no intention of here writing a sketch of all Mrs. Sadlier has accomplished; we simply wish to join in the universal chorus of friendly congratulations upon the event of the 31st December last, having dedicated about the two-thirds of the last century to her fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, in ever imaginable literary pursuit, it is to be hoped that God will grant her several years in strength and all blessings of the century that has just commenced.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN

A 20th century drive was the name given to one of the most successful social outings which the clever young Irishmen of St. Ann's Church choir and of St. Ann's Young Men's Society dramatic section, held on Tuesday evening, to Lachine, where an excellent dinner was served at the Thornhill Hotel.

THE NEW CENTURY

BY A CONVENT GRADUATE.

The 19th century has glided into the past, and lives now but in the memory. With what feelings of mingled pleasure and regret will we often recall those dear departed days, and wish they were ours once more!

SIR WILLIAM HINGSTON

has recovered from his recent attack of la grippe.

PARISH OF WESTMOUNT.—Rev. J. A. S. Perron, bursar of the Archbishop's palace, has been appointed the first parish priest of the newly formed parish of Westmount. Mr. Perron is still a young man, having been ordained to the priesthood seven years ago.

"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MRS. SADLIER.

"Age will come on with its winter, I though happiness hideth its snows, And if youth has its duty of labor, The birth-right of age is repose."

THE LITTLE WOMAN NOW HAS TEARS OF JOY, FOR SHE TOOK HOOD'S...

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. "After several years' running I was 45 on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of crystals in his face." E. J. Gossens, Burden, N. B.

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A WONDERFUL MAN. Some time ago, says the Washington Star, Secretary Root sent a man to the Philippines to make some confidential observations. He made the investigations, returned to this country, prepared and submitted his reports. These reports so pleased the secretary that he wrote a personal letter of congratulation to the confidential agent.

A PRIEST'S AFFLICTION. Rev. Father Edw. Schmitz, O. S. B., rector of the Sacred Heart church, Tarentum, Pa., has met with a great affliction and in a singular manner. A few days ago, while engaged in teaching in the school connected with his parish, he suddenly lost the sight of both his eyes.

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CHRISTIAN MEN.

We need men, says Mgr. Conaty in an article in the current number of Mother's Magazine, but men with conscience and character; men who are not afraid to be virtuous; men who believe in law because they believe in God, and who love their fellow-man because he is the child of God; men who are proud to be Christians, and whose lives of integrity, self-sacrifice, and patriotism are illumined by the faith which has come to them from religion. Let us be true to our ideals; let us strive to make the world better by our lives; let us be true to religion, as taught us by Christ. The world needs true men, it needs Christian men, it needs the manhood which religion alone can develop.

MEN AND CHURCH SERVICES.

In a circular letter to the clergy.

RANDOM NOTES AND REMARKS.

THE GLADSTONE ESTATE.—A contemporary says: "The value of the estate of the late Mrs. Gladstone of Hawarden Castle, has been proved at £10,834. The Gladstones never got any wealth out of the government."

A TRUE PRIEST.—The following statement concerning a priest will go a long way to illustrate the success of our clergy. "Rev. Arthur M. Clarke, C.S.P., who has gone to labor in Dubuque, Iowa, has made many sacrifices in the cause of the faith. He belongs to a wealthy family of Protestants, and he was brought up in that religion. His father left \$50,000 to be paid to him if he gave up the priesthood. Although conditions are still open for his acceptance, he expresses a determination to continue his present work."

CLOSE CALCULATION.—As a rule when a pastor asks for any special sum from his congregation, he gets either much more, or much less than he desired. Not so with the Rev. L. C. Carroll, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, who said that he was seriously thinking of wearing a silk hat for a week or two in celebration of the handsome response of his congregation. Previous to the holidays Father Carroll said he would like his people to contribute \$2,500 and Sunday when the final subscriptions were made, the total was \$2,500.25.

If this result is not a mere accident,

it must be due to very close calculation on one side or the other. Either Father Carroll made a pretty fair guess at what the congregation could give, or else each contributor made a fair guess what each of his neighbors would give—therefrom concluding how much he should add to make up the \$2,500.

A FIRST CLASS APPEAL.

Frequently the newspaper correspondent, by the mere mention of certain facts does much to promote the cause about which he writes—whether he be favorable or not to the cause. A despatch was sent to the American Press from London, on the 29th December last, which has had very wide circulation in the publications on this side of the Atlantic. It is in connection with the members of the new Irish party who are unable to meet their expenses in London, during the session. It was merely intended as a piece of general news; but, to our mind, a better appeal could not have been sent out by the very leader of the Irish party. It gives all that is necessary to be known by any Irishmen willing to aid the cause by supporting the representation in Parliament. This is the despatch:

"The leader of the Irish National party has fixed \$15 a week as the regulation pay for members of Parliament who are unable to defray the cost of living in London during the session out of their own resources. While it cannot be said that he has erred on the side of generosity the amount is really sufficient for plain living if they are content merely to lead laborious lives for the good of Ireland. The trouble is that a goodly proportion of the Irish members require some little luxuries which necessitate additions to these \$15. Some of them supply political information to English newspapers,

and it is not surprising that they should be able to do so. The trouble is that a goodly proportion of the Irish members require some little luxuries which necessitate additions to these \$15. Some of them supply political information to English newspapers,

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FALSE HIST... heard the famo... the history... Time deserves... The Catholic... English litera... entirely anti-C... department of... press of prejud... misconceptions... have found exp... Bartholomew's... Galileo, and ki... prejudice, and... whenever there... Catholic unde... from such palli... wonder that th... has been poison... has formed a v... Catholic countr... Some of o... ing the same... history, quietly... ions of their... In the face of... affairs it is nee... have influence... themselves and... tacks upon the... deils of falsified... books and pe... read with more... fact information... through the pro... pulp or by... that those inter... sure in the... knowledge impa... ing circles, prop... an... should be enco... people.

GOSPEL TO... The man who... tion and is dev... will naturally... in promoting th... Sacred Heart B... has any realiz... portance of sal... ger of being lo... willing and ever... and make sacrific... blessings of the... heathen. The s... always in order... to every Christ... his religion. I... to the heart an... loyal Catholic.

ST. The third tran... St. Cecilia, th... ac, took place... The extraordinary... ed, that after t... centuries, the re... saint are exactl... the day of her d... man correspond... very interesting... St. Cecilia—so... give them in full... be enchanted wit... story of St. Ceci... ter in question... "His Eminence... titular of the Ch... has just perform... tion of the body... Music just four... years after that... that the devoti... could not be ad... the narrow exist... large one made... decorations exce... practice the us... the remains of t... moved, without... with it those... Saints Valeria... us, Rufinus, and... ed in the new... era in the rest... called the restor... "The body of... St. Cecilia, has... since its burial... Ages from the c... rested, to the p... by Pope St. Pasch... by Cardinal Stro... during the sixtee... time the other d... lation was for... The abandoned... gna and its cata... fully Pontiff to... for the body of... and his efforts... vision which he... disinterred the... in pomp to her... Tiber, thus effec... lation, of which... thus: In the fir... by Cardinal Stro... churches of Roma... martyrs, and am... the Pope who h... St. Callistus, he... move those of S... was unable to f... from which block... place, as was co... from his design... "Four years... dream, in which... to him and told... was removing th... she had been s... they might save... together. Accord...



CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes

FALSE HISTORY. — We have all heard the famous saying of De Maistre that "history has been a vast conspiracy against the truth."

English literature has been almost entirely anti-Catholic. Nearly every department of it has borne the impress of prejudice or hatred.

In the face of such a condition of affairs it is necessary for those who have influence in our ranks to arm themselves and to lead in the attacks upon the long entrenched citadels of falsified history.

GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN. — The man who really loves his religion and is devoted to his church will naturally take a deep interest in promoting its welfare.

We have recently been looking over the "Annals" of the Propagation of the Faith for May and June, 1900 called the Report Number and we find it an extremely interesting and even stimulating number.

ST. CECILIA'S BODY.

The third translation of the body of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, took place early in December. The extraordinary fact was revealed, that after more than seventeen centuries, the remains of that great saint are exactly as they were on the day of her death.

"His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, titular of the Church of St. Cecilia, has just performed the third translation of the body of the Patroness of Music just four hundred and one years after the second. Believing that the devotion of the faithful could not be adequately satisfied in the narrow existing crypt, he had a large one made, altars erected, and decorations executed.

"The body of the Roman Virgin, St. Cecilia, has been thrice removed since its burial, once in the Middle Ages from the catacomb, where it rested, to the church of her name by Pope St. Paschal; a second time by Pope Sixtus in her church, during the sixteenth century; a third time the other day. The first translation was for the sake of safety.

"Four years afterwards he had a dream in which St. Cecilia appeared to him and told him that when he was removing the relics of the Pope she had been laid in a casket together with some other remains.

on the divine promises. The Lord keeps all the bones of His servants. He will not lose one of them. The body was exposed for the space of three or four weeks, during which time Maderna made his celebrated statue now to be seen under and in front of the high altar of her church in Transtevere.

ON HIS MISSION OF MERCY.

True representative of Our Lord, as a member of the great Catholic hierarchy, Mgr. Bruchesi performs regularly certain works of mercy that shine in most perfectly with his episcopal duties.

"Twice a year, on Good Friday and at the Epiphany, January 6, the Archbishop drives down to the goals to visit the prisoners. His Grace holds the view that religion can turn misfortunes into advantages, and when speaking to the prisoners yesterday he called them his friends, his fellow-children, and strayed members of his flock.

"These visits, it is acknowledged, often produce salutary effects. Their motive, charitable and disinterested as it is, is not misunderstood by the prisoners who, to meet His Grace are assembled in the chapel in charge of a squad of officers."

"This year His Grace took occasion of his semi-annual visit to the goal, to address the prisoners in both languages. In addressing the younger men before him, His Grace said: "You, young men, who have not yet even reached your manhood, look back upon your life, reason with yourselves, and ask if there are any stumbling blocks have been, when you return into the world obey your parents, avoid companions who invite you to drink, respect others and respect yourselves."

"He said, to the congregation in general, it was his duty as a pastor, he said, to visit the prisoners and wish them a happy new year. The festive season was a time of great rejoicing, of family reunions, and, oh! how the heart of a father or mother, of a wife or child, ached with pain at the thought of an absent son or husband, or father, in goal. Society at this particular time recognized the call of charity and spent long hours by the bedside of the sick and in the hamlet of the poor. Appeals were made for the relief of every form of suffering, but no one, said His Grace, ever thinks of the prisoners. In the newspapers could be seen what was being done to gladden the hearts of the orphans and the homeless, but there was never a word, never an appeal, that something might be done to comfort the prisoners. The Catholic church was not like the world. She cherished a particular fondness for the unfortunate sinner."

"I call you my friends," said His Grace, "for you are indeed my children in the church, strayed members of my flock." The church saw Jesus Christ in the person of the prisoner. This picture was taken from the words of the Bible where the Saviour said the just on the day of judgment, would be welcomed into the Eternal Kingdom because "when I was poor you clothed me, when I was hungry you fed me, and when I was a prisoner you visited me."

"Eight hundred years afterwards—that is, in the year A.D. 1599—Cardinal Stordani of the title of St. Cecilia was restoring the church, and whilst digging for foundations beneath the high altar, he came upon two marble sarcophagi. In the presence of competent witnesses one of them was opened. It was found to contain a coffin of cypress wood. The Cardinal himself drew back the coffin lid.

"First appeared the precious lining and silk gauze with which Paschal had covered the body nearly eight centuries before. Its color had faded, but the fabric was still entire, and through its transparent folds could be seen the shining gold of the robes in which the martyr herself was clothed. After pausing a few moments, the Cardinal gently removed the silken covering and the virgin form of St. Cecilia appeared in the very same attitude in which she had breathed her last on the pavement of the house in which the spectators were then standing, and which neither Urban nor Paschal had ventured to disturb.

"She lay clothed in her robes of golden tissue, on which were still visible the stains of her blood, and at her feet were the linen clothes mentioned by Pope Paschal and his biographer. Lying on her right side, with her arms extended in front of her body, she looked like one in a deep sleep. Her head, in a singularly touching manner was turned round, knees were slightly bent and hands together. Her body was perfectly incorrupt, and by a special miracle retained, after more than fifteen hundred years, all its grace and modesty, and recalled with the most truthful exactness Cecilia breathing forth her soul to God on the pavement of her bathroom.

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A PRIEST'S HEROIC ACT.

Early on a recent Sunday morning Father Lowham, of the Clonard Monastery, Belfast, Ireland, was awakened by piteous cries for help from a woman who had fallen into a large pond in the vicinity. The reverend gentleman lost no time in reaching the bank, but the night was dark and stormy, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to locate the spot in which the struggle for life was taking place. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the pond, which was about ten feet deep and foul with mechanical works refuse. After swimming for some time he fortunately discovered the struggling creature, who immediately caught him by the throat-band of his shirt, and both went down together. Father Lowham is a strong man and a good swimmer, or otherwise he might have fared badly. As it was, it was only with difficulty he succeeded in bringing the drowning woman to the bank, where, with the assistance of the other fathers, she was drawn out of the water and removed to the hospital. The woman's name is Agnes Magee. Father Lowham, who is a very popular Redemptorist, is a native of Australia. At about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning he risked his life for a fellow-creature. At 7 o'clock he might be seen celebrating Mass as usual.

ABOUT AN ALIBI.

A taleman who was called in a murder trial in Kansas was asked whether he had any prejudice against an alibi plea on the part of a man accused of crime. The taleman replied that he had not. "Do you fully understand what is meant by the term alibi?" he was asked. "I think I do, yes, sir." "What do you understand by it?" The taleman replied that for a moment and then, with a hesitancy indicative of guesswork, he replied: "An alibi is when the fellow who did it wasn't there."







DANGERS OF DIALECT.

Should what is known as Irish, or more properly, Anglo-Irish, dialect, be considered beneath the notice of the writer who aims at reproducing in the English language pictures of Irish life or phases of Irish thought or idiosyncrasies? This question is often asked, and asked by Irish readers whose feelings are outraged by the dialect served up to them by would-be Irish authors. The answer depends on circumstances. If dialect is faithfully rendered and judiciously employed it has its appointed place in literature. If it is incorrectly rendered and injudiciously employed it is always vulgar and generally offensive. If a philosopher writing for philosophers on a philosophical subject is scholarly, measured and exact. If however, a writer undertakes to depict a conversation between two men whose educational attainments are rudimentary, and if he represents them as expressing their thoughts in scholarly language, he is also doing his work badly, because untruthfully. People who speak dialect in real life should be represented as speaking dialect when they are made to appear in literature and as literature, being the reflection of life, has to deal with men and women of the humbler as well as of the most exalted spheres of existence, dialect has its place and value.

It must be said, however, that what is called Irish dialect is grossly abused. There are unfortunately a great many writers who imagine that by misspelling every word they employ they are writing dialect, when in reality they are only producing a hideous gibberish. This school of writers are liberal in the use of "Begorra" an "Bejabers" and "Be Hivins." Their conventions are as outlandish as their audacity. With them an Irishman pronounces I as "Oj," never by any chance as "eye." Here is a choice specimen written by such an author, who which nature forgot to place his mind: "Be hivins if yer duzzent tip me a whesky O'll take the loife iv ye."

Who ever heard an Irishman apply "ye" when addressing a single person? "Yous," "yoes" and "yez" are very frequently used in certain parts of Ireland, instead of ye and you, second person plural. But in no part of Ireland will one hear an Irishman say "yous" of "yoes" or "yez" when speaking in the second person singular. The "ye" and "yous" are unknown in Munster, at least to my knowledge. I never heard them in Connaught. They are unheard of all along the Slieve Blooms. One hears them most in Westmeath, the lower end of King's County, and in parts of Meath. To represent a Tipperary man as saying "yez" even in the second person plural is about as correct as to make a Connaught man suppress his "h" when pronouncing the word "under."

The word life is pronounced "loife" in some localities, but far more commonly is the "l" pronounced as low "y." Whisky is never pronounced "whesky" unless by the writer of conventional dialect. No Irishman ever says "tip me" for "give me." The employment of "yoes" instead of "yous" betrays the imaginative Cockney. No one ever heard an Irishman say "If you duzzent" for "If you don't." In parts of Galway, Sligo, Roscommon, Leitrim and other counties one may hear heavens pronounced "hivins," but it is not the rule anywhere.

The great success in the United States of F. P. Dunne's Dooley articles has had of course the inevitable results of raising a swarm of imitators. Now Dooley himself is not always correct in his rendering of Roscommon dialect. Dunne is an Irish-American by birth, and although his knowledge of dialect is certainly very good, and although he uses it with marvelous effect, there are occasional lapses. But at his very worst he is always a hundred times better than the very best of those who follow in his footsteps. The dialect spoken by the long procession of Dooleyzers is, in most cases, a thing to shudder at. They don't believe they "believe." They don't read—they "rade." They don't send for a priest—they send for a "prast." They don't sleep—they "slape." They don't rise in the morning—they "roize."

For them the fragrance of the Irish hedges and meadows is not sweet—it is "swate." They don't know what's what. They only know "phwat's phwat." For them a Shelmaliere farmer says, "Oj know iv a neighbor who has a poke that wuz at Oulart," instead of saying "I know of a neighbor who has a poke," etc. They make a man from the Glenties use the slang of the music halls translated into Anglo-Irish dialect, ignoring the fact that in nine cases out of ten he expresses himself only in Irish and in any dialect of a foreign language. It is so difficult to write dialect as it is spoken and so difficult to use it with judgment, that unless a writer has heard it in childhood and youth and learned all its variations of pronunciation and the different shades of thought expressed by words and terms apparently the same, it were better for him or her that a millstone (not to be confused with a millstone) were tied around his or her neck, and that he or she

were cast headlong into six or seven thousand fathoms of salt water than to be allowed to go around loose on the earth trying to make people "believe" that she or he "writtes Oirish dialect."—Che Bueno, in Southern Cross.

THE POPE'S LONGEVITY.

Dr. Lapporn, the Pope's special physician, says that His Holiness may easily live to one hundred. Of men of Europe he is the only one to mark is almost forgotten, so good do men, even the most prominent, pass out of the world's mind; Gladstone is now almost three years with the silent majority; and to use his own comparison, when Leo said, "Gladstone and I are two of the youngest old men living," the present Pope alone survives. It is almost incredible how much work he can perform. The feast of the Epiphany found him in St. Peter's at the usual ceremonies, and his career is not a whit more remarkable than the last year, for him, has been extraordinary. He was born March 2, and is descended from an old patrician family. Gregory XVI appointed him one of his chaplains in 1839; he became a bishop in 1843 and was created a cardinal in 1853 by Pius IX., and was chosen Pope February 21, 1878.

The probability that Leo XIII. will become a centenarian imparts a new interest to his famous poem written in 1897, in which he sets forth his rules of living. During 1900 the Pope officiated at seventy functions in St. Peter's, received two hundred and twenty-five pilgrimages, spoke to over four thousand persons to whom he gave audiences, issued eighty encyclicals, twenty apostolic letters and composed several poems.

SOCIAL ENDEAVORS IN BEHALF OF YOUNG MEN.

It has generally been in America that the most progressive and up-to-date institutions, whether associations for amusement, or mutual benefit, or both, have been inaugurated, but it would seem that Dublin, in the "Caloroga Club," recently established, has outstripped them all. We know of nothing on this continent, unless it be the Catholic club of New York city, that equals Father Murphy's new venture in behalf of the Catholic young men of Ireland. In referring to this magnificent and much needed work, an English Catholic publication lays down the basis upon which it is founded, the aims it has in view and the system that will characterize it in the following clear and exact words:

"Why is it that so many young men of undoubted capacity and brilliant prospects suffer defeat in life's battle and end their days in hopeless poverty? Simply because they do not learn to associate with their fellows without indulging in strong drink. To teach them from the days of early manhood how to cultivate friendly intercourse whilst avoiding the use of intoxicants is, it seems to us, a problem of the first importance from the social point of view. And we are delighted to find that amidst a large Catholic population such as that of the city of Dublin an experiment of a remarkably practical kind is being made for the purpose of solving this problem. When we say that its author is the Rev. A. Murphy, O.P., of St. Saviour's Church, we give to those who know him a sufficient assurance that it will not fail. Father Murphy is the very soul of energy. Throughout the day and often far into the night his restless activities are employed for the betterment of those around him, and his influence for good is all-powerful because when he undertakes a work everyone feels that it must thrive. Having established in connection with St. Saviour's a sodality for the grocers' assistants which has already wrought wonders, he is now, under the sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, founding a social and literary club with the view of offering to young professional and commercial men, medical and university students, and civil service clerks an attractive alternative to the drinking clubs and public bars which are causing so much havoc amongst these classes of the rising generation."

In another paragraph in which the history and rules of the club are set forth, we read that: "Father Murphy found in the name of St. Dominic's birth place a title for his club, and the institution is certainly worthy of such auspices. With ample space in the fine mansion and premises which have been purchased at 25, Rutland Square, it is so perfectly fitted out as to be an ideal place of reunion for the members. Intoxicants are strictly forbidden, but in almost every innocent pleasure, that the heart can desire they have opportunities of indulging. There is a spacious gymnasium containing all the appliances necessary for the systematic development of the body, and a number of the army gymnastic staff attend to give instruction. An education class is held for two hours each week under the charge of a University graduate. A Dark Room is provided for amateur photographers, who receive advice and assistance free of charge."

There are classes for music and callisthenics. A cycling club is in full working order. The library and reading room, the billiard, bagatelle, and chess rooms, the lecture, debating, music, and class halls are thoroughly equipped. There are, we fear, few places where the clubs of the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association are equalled by Catholic institutions, but it can be fearlessly asserted that the Caloroga eclipses the best of them. And happily, though uphill work will be necessary for a time, everything is favorable to this good priest's progressive venture. The young men whom he intends to benefit, their parents, their spiritual guides, and the public generally, are rallying around him, and last, but not least, the Pope himself during a visit, which Father Murphy recently made to Rome manifested a lively interest in the career of the club. What better guarantee could there be of success?"

HEIRS WANTED.

Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, has received another letter concerning the inquiry now being made by Messrs. Lee and Coghlin, solicitors, concerning the heirs of the estate of the late Mrs. Downey. It is as follows:—

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29, 1900. Rev. Wm. O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel Church, Montreal, Canada.

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 20th inst. relative to the estate of the late Mrs. Hannah Downey, was duly received. In reply permit me to say, that Mrs. Downey was born in County Galway, Ireland. Her maiden name was McDonough. She was six to five years of age at her death. I have located two sisters of the deceased. One, Mrs. Julia Costello, lives in this State. The other, Bridget Armstrong, resides in Boston. Another sister died several years ago, leaving three or four children, who now live in Boston. I am in communication with these relatives, and hope soon to ascertain positively who are entitled to share in the estate. I shall be pleased to forward any information I may receive. It is very regrettable that there were several nieces and nephews in your city came from a woman who knew Mrs. Downey in her lifetime. I have written to Mrs. Armstrong for the names and addresses of all relatives of the deceased.

Accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in this matter, and particularly for the publication made in the "True Witness." If convenient please send me a copy of the paper with the notice in question. I am, Very Truly, (Signed) CHARLES A. LEE.

CIVIC HOSPITAL QUESTION

From all that has been said and written regarding the proposed civic hospital for those afflicted with contagious diseases only one thing is evident, namely, that such an institution is required and should be provided for the city. Beyond this point the subject may serve having some of the details, there is a conscious though heretofore unsuccessful effort to reduce these views to a platform and construct thereon a labor party. Laborers constitute a distinct social class. Their tastes, judgments, enjoyments, their plane of life, ambition and aspiration are peculiar to themselves. One can scarcely come in touch with laboring men without detecting evidences of this threefold isolation. Naturally, the line of demarcation in each case is wavering; it is vague between all social classes. But that there is a decided tendency in the direction indicated seems indisputable. As a great ship lies quietly in a harbor, surrounded by a forest of masts and vessels of all sizes and kinds, its appearance suggests repose as we note the easy grace of its restful swaying in the water. But once it is in motion seaward, it is transformed. Grace, majesty, power are revealed in every movement. The laboring class, has cut anchor; it is moving, and there is power, determination, purpose in every step.

This isolation of the laboring class is a vital question for modern society. It is in apparent contradiction with our accepted social ideals, and even with their current interpretation. Yet it is the expected product of our philosophy and institutions, historically considered. Then, again, the solution of the problems implied, constitutes a vital test of our institutions, our civilization and its possibilities. The situation in the industrial world cannot be tolerated. If we meet it successfully the triumph of popular government was never before so complete, so glorious. If we fail, our institutions will have failed of their fundamental purpose and the socialist will have been a prophet with a mission. The times are indeed solemn.

Events such as those seen in recent times in Chicago, St. Louis, Idaho and the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania show that at present, neither our philosophy nor our institutions nor recognized social authority is equal to the situation. Contests concerning property rights and human rights, concerning court jurisdiction and the interpretation of fundamental laws; concerning even the power of our chief executives to employ the militia, are of frequent occurrence; and experience gained in one disturbance is of no use whatever, except to those to whose complaints the disturbances are due. There are contests every day concerning similar rights and powers. But they are orderly, peaceful and constructive. The contests referred to, however, are public, marked by great bitterness and suppressed hate; they result in no triumph of law, contribute in no way to uphold our institutions. They are merely contests of endurance—attempts to settle by force what law has failed to

grant. Aided. Ames all credit for his liberally conceived suggestion; still we fear that, once reduced to practical difficulties, would arise eventually such difficulties as would be injurious to the success of the hospital. If we have separate schools, separate churches, and separate institutions of charity, it seems to us that the same should apply when the hospital is on the tapis. It is scarcely possible to blend these two conflicting elements into one—not even in matters of life and death. It is no easy matter for all who are interested to be perfectly of accord in regard to the administration of such an establishment, even with the best good will in the world there would necessarily arise certain misunderstandings that should not exist near the bed of the afflicted, or the dying.

THE LABORER AND HIS POINT OF VIEW.

In the current number of the "American Catholic Quarterly Review," Rev. W. J. Kerby, Ph. D., introduces his article on the above subject as follows:—

Disorders among laboring men and conflicts between them and their employers have become so frequent of late that no one who is interested in public welfare has remained indifferent. Those who are not parties to the issues—at least not directly—may be roughly divided into two classes: the unthinking many and the thinking few. The former class read the newspapers, perhaps the magazines; they form opinions readily, express them freely. As they think without adequate information and speak without reflection, they occasionally mislead others and obscure the real nature of the industrial problem. The thinking few devote themselves to careful study; they recognize the reign of law and the working of complex and subtle causes in the industrial situation. They have done much to force the question to the front; to win attention from all classes of society, laborers themselves, no doubt, deserve most credit for actually forcing the world to study conditions; but cannot students and writers have aided to a marked degree.

The situation merits attention. A great class of our population, numbering millions, is being slowly isolated; gradually acquiring a consciousness, an individuality by which they are distinguished from other classes of society. Were the isolation of a kind which bears merely on secondary phases of social life, there need be no alarm. But it is an isolation regarding the fundamental of our national and industrial organization. Laborers now seem to constitute a real industrial class. Their interests are regarded by them as distinct from those of professional classes and antagonistic to those of the employer and the wealthy classes. Laborers have taken a position in the industrial world which clearly reveals that isolation. They are rapidly acquiring—we may say they have acquired—the characteristics of a political class. As laborers they foster a distinctive view of our institutions and political ideas. They have a peculiar view of the functions of government and of its possibilities; there is a conscious though heretofore unsuccessful effort to reduce these views to a platform and construct thereon a labor party. Laborers constitute a distinct social class. Their tastes, judgments, enjoyments, their plane of life, ambition and aspiration are peculiar to themselves. One can scarcely come in touch with laboring men without detecting evidences of this threefold isolation. Naturally, the line of demarcation in each case is wavering; it is vague between all social classes. But that there is a decided tendency in the direction indicated seems indisputable. As a great ship lies quietly in a harbor, surrounded by a forest of masts and vessels of all sizes and kinds, its appearance suggests repose as we note the easy grace of its restful swaying in the water. But once it is in motion seaward, it is transformed. Grace, majesty, power are revealed in every movement. The laboring class, has cut anchor; it is moving, and there is power, determination, purpose in every step.

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determine rationally. Such disturbances, known as strikes, are only incidents in the whole situation. A battle, rather a campaign, of organization and armies. Out beyond the local limits of a particular strike there is going on among laborers the process of class isolation and organization. Organized they are capable of self-direction, aggressive action and even revolution. It is this phase of the situation which merits most attention. The facts in the social situation of the laboring class as the laborer sees them are fairly well known to all who care to learn them. Low wages, long hours, uncertainty of work, total dependence for living upon the property owners, diversified oppression of laborers by fines, methods of

payment and company stores; wives, mothers and children competing with fathers and brothers; limited opportunity of elevation, culture or happiness. But statements of fact never contain the whole fact. Employers look upon the situation and see little if any difficulty; the general public looks and is scarcely more than interested; the laborer looks, sees himself as part of the situation and he is stirred, thrilled, aroused. The most marked result of the laborer's view is the trade union. It proclaims itself as the prophet of a new gospel, the teacher of new ethical interpretations in society, of a new conception of human dignity. For it teaches that man, and not property, should be the basis of all social organization.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TESSIE.

The strand at Killaroge was a fine, broad and level, and like the bay, of a horseshoe shape. On a bright September morning it presented a very lively scene, for Killaroge had lately bloomed into a fashionable watering place. It is true that the accommodation was not of the most luxurious, for the natives were poor, and that amusements, save those derived from Nature's great theatre, were of the most limited, for the same reason. Indeed, these simple fisher-folk would have only stared at you in wonder had you hinted that you found the place rather dull.

My cousin, Meg, and I, being simple-minded girls, were at one with the natives on this point. We asked so no great pleasure than that which the wild Western ocean and the scarcely less wild Western mainland afforded. And when, now and again, we yearned for less aesthetic enjoyments, it sufficed for us to loiter by the sea wall and study humanity as represented on the beach, or the promenade.

We sat on the one seat available on the strand—a massive beam of wood, part of the cargo of some hapless ship which the pitiless sea had sucked into its bottom. One wondered at the giant strength which had borne it—so stout and heavy—aboard. Now it lay, half embedded in the sand, presenting an immovable front to the fury of the incoming tide, which dashed against it with a little effect as if it were some sturdy rock, whose base, thick and solid as a hundred feet below the water's surface.

We amused ourselves with watching the evolutions of the bathers, sometimes not a little laughable, and observing those coming to and from the bathing boxes. "Do look at this lady coming towards us, Kitty," whispered Meg presently. "No, not that one, the one with the little girl. Is she not pretty?"

A tall, fair-faced young woman in widow's raiment, leading by the hand a pretty, flaxen-haired child, was approaching. They passed on to the bathing boxes, and after some time we saw the little one borne out to her dip, while the mother looked on from the strand.

By and bye the child reappeared fresh and rosy, and we heard the lady say: "Now, Tessie, you must be very good while I am bathing." Then turning to the old woman who was the keeper of the bathing box she said: "You will look after her, Joan?"

"Indeed, then, I will, ma'am. Sure the little angel will be all right digging away there in the sand."

We observed the child's movements for a little while, but presently some newcomers diverted our attention, putting her entirely out of our minds.

We were about going away when we noticed some commotion near Joanie's domains. Several women and girls were gathered around that worthy personage, who was talking and gesticulating excitedly. The fair-faced lady, her face white and frightened, broke away from her patiently as we drew near, and ran wildly towards the water. In a moment we grasped the cause of the excitement. Her little girl had disappeared!

I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Everyone in Killaroge seemed immediately to be aware of what had happened. Every one in Killaroge was on the strand looking in vain for a flaxen-haired child dressed in a pink frock. But the time sped, and no one found her. The distracted mother, however, with the idea that she had slipped unnoted into the water, ran up to her waist into the sea, wildly searching for her beneath the waves. Of course, it was ridiculous to think that she could have drowned with such a number of people about, but the mother could not be convinced of that. Her fears pointed to the worst, and to ally them several boats were got out, but no trace of the child was found. Then someone suggested that the little one might have gone back to their lodge. Everyone felt immediately relieved. Of course, that was it. Why had they not thought of it before? And while the mother, hope springing up in her breast, sped to see if it was really so, the crowd laughed at her fears and at their own.

But she was not long away, and her face was paler now than before. No, the child had not been to the lodge, and again the wild search began, to end as the previous one, in failure.

People began to look at each other strangely. It was plain the child had disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as if the sand had opened out and drawn her down into its soft, deadly doom. It transpired that Meg and I were the last that had seen her. Joanie, thinking her quite safe, had not noticed her at all. I was such a queer thing!

At last the search was given up as hopeless, and the matter given into the hands of the police. The poor young mother, all hope dead, gave vent to her distraction in a fit of pitious wailing. Through many turned to comfort her, we soon learned that she had no friends in Killaroge, that she was a Mrs. MacMahon.

Her husband had but lately died, and that the child was her only one. Seeing that her grief would completely overwhelm her if left to herself, Meg and I constituted ourselves her friends, and insisted on bringing her with us to our lodge, where we did our best to cheer and comfort her. But though a vigorous search was made by the police, no trace of the child was found that day nor any succeeding day. But for our companionship—for we would not let Mrs. MacMahon go—I am sure the poor young thing must have lost her senses. As it was her distress was terrible to witness, and when at last the police desisted from the inquiry as hopeless, it burst forth in a passionate tide, which we thought it wise not to restrain. Poor Emily! when it was spent she was like a child, so quiet and passive. Meg and I did our utmost to rouse her, and after a while succeeded. Then her gratitude was excessive; for though charity prompted our action at first, after a day or two it became a labor of love to minister to the poor stricken creature, whose gentle nature shrank even through this weary time. She, on her part, conceived a great affection for both of us, and was most pleased, as we were, to learn that we lived in the same locality as herself.

When at length she returned to her own lonely abode in Cecil street, I accompanied her. Thus she became our dearest friend, and if, as she often gratefully reminded us, we were sent to her by God in her hour of sorrow, so she was given us by Him as an addition to our happiness.

II. In a low shieling, within a mile of Killaroge and the sea, sat a sad-faced woman gazing vacantly at the grey hills which rose sheer and cold not a dozen yards before her. "Pale and wan as an ash-plant," she looked old, though her age could not have been above 30, perhaps not so much; her hair, brown and thick and luxuriant, was here and there sprinkled with grey; her eyes, of a liquid color, were entirely devoid of light or fire; her hands, thin and worn, were clasped listlessly upon her lap; in fact, her whole appearance bespoke a deep and habitual spirit of dejection which was most disheartening to behold.

Her surroundings were even more suggestive of this spirit than herself, if that were possible. There was nothing of comfort within the four mud walls of the cabin. The few necessary articles of furniture and the cooking utensils were of the poorest. The earthen floor was rugged and uneven, the walls were rude and grimy, and a single sod of turf smouldered among the ashes on the hearth. A tiny window, no bigger than a skylight, discovered all too clearly the cheerlessness of the humble abode.

Outside the prospect was scarcely more inviting. It was composed of a small valley, so small as to be almost a gully shut in on every side by steep hills and containing no human habitation save the rude hovel we have been describing. A wild, lonely place it was, as lonely as if the nearest village were a dozen miles away, yet Killaroge nestled beyond the southern hill, but its health and pleasure-seekers there knew nought of this little nook in the hills, the cliffs and the shore alone had charms for them, and Winnie's domain was shut in as much from these as from the town. Thus it was that the sad-faced young woman and her fishery were known but to a few fishermen and their families, who had been her friends in happier days—the days before Tade, her husband, died of fever, and while yet her little Nonie lived. Now, when they were coming down the hill of a Sunday on her way to Mass, they only shook their heads and smiled pityingly. For it was well known among their little circle that poor Winnie was "touched."

The death of her husband and her only child was her too much for her, and what with her utter friendlessness—she had no relations—and the loneliness in which she lived, her grief had told on her poor, weak head, and now she saw things through strange lights. And yet on every point save one she was almost as sane as anybody else. Her Nonie, her rose-cheeked, bright-eyed darling of two summers, had not died—no, she had been taken away by the "Good People." They had envied her happiness and had snatched her darling from her—her darling, who was now the brightest of all their fairy band.

Sometimes Winnie had hopes. It was possible, MacMahon the knowledgeable woman in the mountains had told her so—that her darling might some time, somehow, be restored to her. Such an event was very rare she knew. Yet it was possible, and often, when the sun was sinking behind the western hills, she sat at her cabin door and watched the path which led towards the rath—the path also to Killaroge—lest her darling should come to her unseen.

Her thoughts, ever on the subject, pressed on her mind with such force this evening that she gave them vent in words.

"An' do ye think of yer poor mother at all, asthoreen, when yer dancin' an' singin' an' all covered with flowers? yer poor mother that pines for ye, an' longs for ye!"

She sprang to her feet, and gazed with distended eyes towards the hill, on the summit of which the figure of a child was visible. Was it her darling returning from fairy-land? But she must not linger forth to make sure, for Maureen had said that she must not go to meet the child, but let her walk in of her own accord.

With a wildly-beating heart she waited. Shawn, the old grey dog, her one friend, roused by her excited exclamations, walked soberly out to discover what had caused them. No sooner did he catch sight of the little figure standing irresolute on the slope than he wagged his shaggy tail and bounded up the hill, barking joyously, to Winnie's intense delight, for it seemed confirmation of her hopes. She saw the child creep down to caress him, then follow him quickly down the path. Now they were near enough to see whether the child was her Nonie or not. Yes, it was a flaxen-haired, fair-faced little girl that approached, only taller and healthier looking than the Nonie of 14 months ago. And how prettily she was dressed. Surely the fairies had been kind to her to clothe her in that lovely pink frock. Oh, would she never, never, reach the cabin that she might clasp her to her heart and cover her face with kisses! But at last, led by the faithful Shawn, she stands on the threshold and glances timidly around. There are traces of tears upon her face, and her blue eyes are red as if with weeping. With a great cry of joy Winnie starts forward and clasps her in her arms, half smothering the child with her wild caresses.

"I have ye at last, Nonie," she crooned. The child stared at her bewilderedly.

"Me not Nonie, me Tessie," she said. "Me want to go home to mother."

Winnie laughed happily. "Listen to the crathur! an' they changed her name, did they? No wonder ye wouldn't know yer own mother, alanna, for she wouldn't know ye, only for the signs an' tokens, ye are that changed. Big and well-lookin' ye got, an' yer eyes are bluer than ever, pet?"

Winnie brought a piece of bread and a bowl of sweet milk from the dresser. "The child ate and drank eagerly.

"No wonder ye would be tired and hungry, acushla," said Winnie compassionately. "I suppose 'tis a long journey from where ye kem. Were ye comin' all day?"

"An' me tired and we want mother."

"An' ye'll soon get to know mother, asthoreen, an' ye'll be as happy as the days are long."

The child's tears were quickly dried, for between the heat of the fire and Winnie's crooning, her weariness overcame her, and soon the tired eyes were closed in heavy slumber. Then Winnie laid her gently on the bed, and sitting beside her gazed with infinite love into the fair childish face which had grown so beautiful during those weary months of absence. And as she gazed her heart overflowed with happiness, and casting herself on her knees she poured out her gratitude to God, who had after all turned her sorrow to joy.

III. "Oh, I'm so tired! Do sit down, Kitty. But no, as we have come so far let us go to the very top, and see what lies at the other side of the terrible hill."

It was Meg who spoke. Time — a gorgeous August afternoon nearly a year from the day we first met Emily MacMahon. Scene—a hill a little to the east of Killaroge. Dramatis personae—said Meg, her cousin, Kitty, viz.—the writer.

We had been so charmed with Killaroge during our former stay that we decided on again spending our holidays there. We even succeeded in inducing Emily to come with us. The place, instead of being abhorrent to her as the scene of her great sorrow, had for her, as is sometimes the case, a special attraction, as having witnessed the last happy days spent with her loved one.

Never in all those weary months had she received a single clue as to the child's fate. As time wore on in the hopes, which, in the absence of positive proof of the little one's death, would not wholly die, gradually grew fainter, and resolved themselves into a calm and settled resignation.

She had not felt equal to the stiff climb which Meg had proposed on this day of which I write, so we left her behind with Aunt Hannah.

"Heigho!" cried Meg, when we had

"How was she dressed when she returned?"

"In a soft pink dress, and the nicest underclothes at all. Sure I have them yet there in the box, as I thought 'twould please the gintry to treasure them."

"Yes, yes, me Tessie, and even her very eyes, she was the counterpart of Emily's."

"Well, we shall go back to Killaroge now for the lady of whom I spoke. Perhaps if you dressed her in the things it would show them of better. Has she outgrown them?"

"She has then; but they look lonely on her for all that, though 'tis but once or twice that I let her wear them. Never fear I'll have her grand and settled out when ye come back with the lady."

In a state of feverish excitement we hurried from the shieling. What joy was in store for Emily! And how wonderful were the workings of Providence in leading us to this secluded spot!

I thought it better that Tessie should be dressed exactly as she had been on the morning of her disappearance, so that the mother should have no difficulty in recognizing her.

We decided on telling her nothing till she was confronted with the child, but the unwonted excitement in our faces, and our mysterious way of insisting that she should come with us must have awakened strange thoughts in her breast, for during the quick walk towards the valley she was very pale and unusually silent.

Before seeking her out we had gone to the barrack and told the sergeant of the discovery we had made. He readily consented to follow us with a constable, as we feared there would be trouble with the poor half-witted creature who was about to be so terribly disillusioned.

Emily's face expressed surprise when on doubling the hill she perceived that our destination was the miserable cabin at its foot. She still maintained that eloquent silence, though we noticed that she trembled with sheer excitement.

But when Winnie appeared with the little one that excitement could no longer be restrained, and clutching my arm tightly she stared at the child with amazed, incredulous eyes.

Suddenly she gave vent to a wild cry, and starting forward caught the child's hand and gazed long and anxiously into her face. Then her own countenance became transfused with joy as, all doubt dispelled, she clasped her darling to her breast, the while she tremulously called her by every endearing name.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The child, once more, she started at first on hearing herself called "Tessie," suddenly started and stared up into Emily's face with eyes that showed she was struggling with some half-awakened memory. Then she looked down at her own unusual attire, still perplexed. Raising her eyes once more, they glanced restlessly on the ring which glistened on Emily's fingers. These somehow formed the missing link to the infant mind—we all know what delight children take in jewellery and all gaudy, glittering things—for, all things being equal, they are attracted to the ring which glistened on Emily's fingers. These somehow formed the missing link to the infant mind—we all know what delight children take in jewellery and all gaudy, glittering things—for, all things being equal, they are attracted to the ring which glistened on Emily's fingers.

The poor creature's frenzy was pitiable. The sergeant and all of us tried to reason with her and explain matters. But she would listen to no reason, and only laughed a fierce, maddened laugh when we told her how Tessie had disappeared from the strand at Killaroge on that memorable 10th September, how we all as well as her mother had now recognized her, and how there were many others who could do so, too, and who could prove that these clothes she had on were the very clothes she had worn on the day of her disappearance.

That laugh frightened us, but when she declared between her screams that we were 'good people' in disguise come to steal her Nonie again, we looked at one another significantly. Clearly the shock was too much for the poor creature, and her small stock of reason was already giving way. The sergeant evidently thought as much, for he quickly turned her in the direction of the town. But long before we reached it poor Winnie was a raving, babbling lunatic.

With hearts glad for the recovery of the child, yet sad for the price at which the recovery had been effected, we returned to our lodgings.

Emily's happiness of course I cannot attempt to describe. It was amazing what a short time Tessie took to recall all that which she had forgotten, and in such proof were wanting we had abundance of it. In the questions she asked about things and people which if she had not been Tessie she could not possibly have had any knowledge of. But in the midst of our pleasure at Winnie's white, agonized face would raise itself before our eyes, and all our hearts—even Emily's—were sad in consequence.

Winnie had grown so violent that it was deemed necessary to put her under restraint. For months she remained in this condition, incessantly chattering about her Nonie and the good people come to steal her. But by degrees the fever of her brain abated, and in less than a year she left the asylum completely restored to reason—I say completely with intention, for all her strange fancies about the fairies had vanished, and she had listened with comprehension when the child's story had been explained to her, only smiling pitifully at her own weakness in believing that the little one was her dead Nonie. She could understand it all

now, and expressed a wish to see Emily, that she might ask her forgiveness of the wrong she had done her poor wavering state of mind had done her.

Emily came, bringing Tessie with her. The interview was long and touching, and poor Winnie was found bathed in tears when the attendant came to lead her visitor away. But that was the last day of her confinement, for on the next day she left the institution to accompany with Emily, whose house has been her home ever since.

Winnie is now a gentle, patient woman—but for the remembrance of bygone days a happy woman. Yet content at least is hers, and love for the child whom she once deluded herself into believing her own sweetest, her life and gives it interest.—Weekly Freeman.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. C. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, Sarah Allen; Recording Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stacia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Lizzie Howlett, 388 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Lagardie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street; Corresponding Secretary, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Vice-President, J. Hogan, 86 St. George street, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 795 Pallace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1855.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe C.S.S.I.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1888.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: J. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maldea, Treasurer.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874, incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, Hugh O'Connor; Secretary, Jas. O'Loughlin. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Emphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killheather; Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Ross street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. Whitty, J. Killheather, J. Hogan and Andrew Collier.

Our Boys

There is good and bad in all these boys. On the highways and main roads, and no matter how far they come, they are never too late. Our thorny path in spite of a thousand thorns, it is never too late. There are crosses and crosses, and passions to bear, and there are joys and joys, and must share. Before the journey, but men may be made. And truth and right, and hope will never break, "It is never too late."

LITTLE RESPONSIBILITY

Life to the young is little responsibility. They are the doing good for them, doing good for them, that's sadly neglected. Two many of girls get impregnated, idea of life and it seem to think that amusement in the theatres and going which are often the ruin and downfall. Take delight in reading trashy books which come from the past while another class profane words, acting smart being, being snappish at home and late at nights, keeping those who lead them the wheels of time by change that plunges a vortex of misfortune by step they go head abyss which lies yawning. What about responsibilities? They speak the truth. (A poor young are very deficient present day.) (4) Drink intoxicating liquors, speak evil of any one, innocence if you wish. (7) Save when you are spend when you are of. (8) Be as the above maxims. "If man would walk ways, Five things attend to: Of whom you speak, to speak, And how, and when."

THE STORY OF EUROPE

When Uncle John came to Europe, what do you brooght to Bobby? Well, a really truly watch, keep time. Of course, only six years old, he young to take care of like that, but Uncle John him how to wind it and so Bobby kept his watch order. But one day he spoke of dirt on its face said Bobby to himself, "I want my nice new watch dirty face, I'll wash it." So he went up in the and put the watch in warm water and rubbed soap on it. He even took a scrubbed brush, so there wouldn't be a speck of dirt about it anywhere. Well, after that, it did go as well as usual, so he didn't need oiling.

WHEN YOU ARE FEELING

When you are feeling sick, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for eczema, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES

Feeling well is bodily happiness. We'll send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto



Our Boys and Girls.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

There is good and bad in the ways of our lives. And no man can ever be free from sins. Not matter how hard he strives; Yet even when down destruction's grade...

There are crosses heavy for me to bear. And passions to conquer, too; There are joys and woes that each must share...

"It is never too late to mend." "It is never too late to mend." "It is never too late to mend."

LITTLE RESPONSIBILITIES. — Life to the young folks starts with little responsibilities. Which are the responsibility of doing good for themselves and giving good example to others.

SEVEN GOOD POINTS. — Keep good company or none; (2) Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind; (3) Always speak the truth.

THE STORY OF A WATCH. — When Uncle John came home from Europe, what do you think he brought to Bobby? Why, a watch, a really truly watch that would keep time.

WHEN you are feeling tired and out of sorts, you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

mother's oil can from her sewing machine and carefully oiled all the wheels of his watch. But still it didn't seem to go right.

MANNERS FIRST. — Let no boy nor girl think that because he or she is blessed with the goods of this earth in abundance that those things can make a gentleman or a lady.

LOVE AND SYMPATHY. — These two qualities should be found among our young. What grander thing can there be, than that love which knows no deceit, and that sympathy which is a mark of a noble mind?

COURTESY REWARDED. — It was a spring day—the close, lifeless sort of a day that makes the shopper feel like a wilted dandelion.

ABOUT VEGETABLES. — A diet of nothing but celery is said by some physicians to be a sure cure for both rheumatism and neuralgia.

BISHOP HEDLEY, in a recent pastoral letter, discusses the duties of parents to their children. His Lordship says:—On the other hand, to make children happy and contented until they are old enough to understand the uses of adversity, will not only ensure their greater love of school and its lessons.

SCROFULA IS THE CAUSE. Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions.

SAVE YOUR BROTHER'S HAIR. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for itching humors, eruptions, and all skin diseases.

Household Notes.

BEAUTY has its foundation in physical well-being, which must be understood and obeyed, these laws being clearly indicated in our physical and mental constitutions.

WHEN CHILLED drink hot milk. It is a splendid tonic, and excellent for the complexion; far better than tea or coffee, and incomparably superior to any wine.

SIMPLE REMEDY. — Dr. Roux has an article in a Lyons medical paper in which he recommends a simple but effective cure for a cold in the head pouring cologne on a handkerchief and snuffing the fumes two or three minutes repeatedly as soon as the first symptoms are noted.

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endeavour to induce them to join a confraternity, or sodality, or guild, such as may be found in most parishes. In these matters, and in keeping them from learning to drink, to swear, to gamble, to idle, and to sin by impurity, neither father nor mother may be able to do much.

A Story From Life.

SHOWING HOW SUFFERING CAN BE OVERCOME. A Mill Operator Who Suffered From Kidney Trouble Spent Many Dollars in Useless Experiments to Restore His Health — A. J. Williams' Pink Pills Acted Promptly and Effectively.

Good health is the chief requisite to happiness, low spirits, moroseness and irritability can in most cases be traced to ill health, and in not a few instances are direct symptoms of kidney trouble. These, added to the severe pains in the back which accompany the disease, make the life of the sufferer one of abject misery.

POLTRY. — The work of Mr. Gilbert, poultry manager, at the Central Experimental Farm, during the past year shows among other things the results of three years' observations in connection with the fertility of early spring eggs from hens which have laid well during the winter.

PURE BRED STOCK. — An effort is being made among stock raisers of the district around Ottawa to have an annual sale of pure bred stock each winter.

GRAIN SAMPLES. — Numerous grain samples are being sent from the Central Experimental Farm to farmers who apply for them.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

ONTARIO DAIRYMEN. — The most important event among dairy farmers and stock raisers of this part of Ontario is to be the 24th annual convention of Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association which is now being held at Smith's Falls in the



Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

SAVE YOUR BROTHER'S HAIR. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for itching humors, eruptions, and all skin diseases.

ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF PITY.

Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great. On application, each member receives gratis a Card on Crozier's Heads with 500 days' indulgences, also indulgenced Cross.

Opera House.

The last convention was held in Madoc, and since that time the president and members of meetings in various parts of Eastern Ontario. Their addresses were intended to induce farmers to go more heartily into dairying, especially in winter, to keep only profitable cows, weeding out the poor ones, growing of corn, building of silos, and erecting good stables where their stock can be comfortably kept during the winter.

At present the hens and pullets in the poultry houses are laying well. The young stock are a promising lot of very fine looking Barred Plymouth Rocks and a number of very choice white Wyandottes, also pullets. Mr. Gillet says he has found the white, brown and buff Leghorns laying machines, while to fill the rapid requirement of winter eggs and to get better birds than Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

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C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator. 190 ST. JAMES STREET. Montreal. Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L. ADVOCATE. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS, 180 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

CHURCH BELLS. Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality. Address: BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, THE E. W. VAUGHAN CO., Cincinnati, O.

MENBLY BELL COMPANY, TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior Church Bells.



AS THINGS ARE IN CHINA.

Continued from page one. ly treated because they were foreign. This last revolt, or whatever you may call it, was of gradual growth, brought on by the incapacity of European governments, and the greed of foreign financiers, and during its progress of formation it was aided and abetted by mandarins and viceroys, under imperial advice, and its main spirit was Prince Tuan, father of the coming Emperor. It was not as so many have written, an anti-missionary demonstration; it was purely and solely an anti-foreign demonstration, and would have taken place with equal vigor if there were not a missionary in China in the year of our Lord 1900. Foreign traders lived apart from the Chinese as a rule. They had settlements, and would you believe it, there were not a missionary in any of the numbers in the foreign settlements of Tientsin who had lived there for years, and who during all that time had never visited the city to meet them or their inhabitants. The foreigners of the settlements were looked upon as intruders, and just as we look on the Chinese in the United States, even so did they look on the Europeans here. The European came here not to stay—no—he was here to make money from the Chinese, and when the trouble came all foreign interests in China suffered. Because the missionaries suffered also. It is not to lay all the blame upon them. But this is the ordinary depth of a travelling correspondent's conclusions.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.—As a matter of fact when things are viewed in a calm way the truth gradually forces itself on the view, and the truth in this case is that the missionaries have made a footing here in China for all other foreigners. They are the pioneers here, and their good work was not alone in a spiritual line. They have done more for geographical and other scientific knowledge of this vast empire than all others combined. Fifty years ago Father Hue wrote his work on "Christianity in China," and its companion volume "China, Tartary, and Tibet." He penetrated into the very secret recesses of occult Lamaism. Lander and others have since tried to get into the sacred city, Chosen, but have not succeeded. That work is still the standard authority. His work in making China known to the world has been carried on by his successors just as he carried on that of his predecessors. Perhaps not one foreigner in 10,000 in Peking today understands that which was the Imperial Observatory in the Tartar City with its stupendous creations in bronze was the work of the Jesuit missionaries. It is years ago. And so with many another institution in China. The historical footprints of the Catholic missionary are on all sides. And their glory of labor is by no means a thing of the past. Today there is not a part of the vast Chinese Empire without its Catholic priests, native or European. And their frugal lives and their fact that in the provinces their expenses do not amount to one hundred dollars Mexican per year is a marvel to the syndicate explorers who of late years have followed in their tracks. Each of the missions has a central house in some large city of south, central and north China. By judicious investment of the money donated by the Propaganda, and other sources, especially in city real estate, in Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Tientsin, the Catholic Church is maintaining the success of the same amount that the Protestant missionary societies expend on one. The great contrast between the Catholic and Protestant missionaries is that the former stay here for life, the latter for a stated term of service. The latter look upon their temporary services as a time to work for the Lord and for themselves on their return. I am speaking in general, let it be known, for there are self-sacrificing exceptions.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THINGS.—I have been three months now in North China and after noting, towards the end of July, the tendency to throw all the blame on this outbreak on the missionaries. I tried hard, I did my best, to get at the bottom of things, and herewith I have given you the result of my investigation. Of all the rumors started by London mission bigots and American consuls in Shanghai regarding French missionary priests forcing consular trial for Chinese converts or interfering with Chinese courts in their cases I have yet to find one proven. But even if one were proven, or a dozen were proven there is an old saying that "one swallow does not make a summer," and this in no way could account for the Boxer outbreak. I have given you above what I know to be the true nature of the outbreak. It was anti-European and brought on by individual and national European greed and disregard of the fact that China belonged to the Chinese. If any one fact would prove that the affair was purely anti-European it is this incident I may relate to you. During the siege of Peitang Cathedral an arrow was shot into the enclosure by the Boxers. On that arrow was a message in Chinese to the 3,000 Chinese Catholics there that if they would surrender Monsignor Favier and the Europeans, priests and brothers and sisters of charity, the Chinese lay, priests, brothers and sisters of charity, could rest there in peace. This is an authentic incident of that siege, far worse in every respect than that of the legations, and an incident that can throw the sharpest light possible on what I have said.

People who arrive here are filled

the first day or two with expletives denunciating of the missionaries in general, and the Catholic priests in particular. You can't blame them. It is the result of their reading in a press that has no more stability than that of a soft-boiled egg. These people rush to conclusions just as people do the day they arrive in the Philippines. If these persons remain a few weeks they discover that they did not know it all when they arrived just as people discover in the Philippines. And a reaction sets in with them just as it has done with the American army here. Our men know who are the true missionaries and they know also that they have not been the cause of the Boxers uprising. The only cause of the European party today in China is that of the Christian Chinese.

As I have been the only English-speaking Catholic priest with the army in China since July 28th, and the English-speaking world has not received its quota of truth in this matter I have felt it my duty to write the above. I have not been observed by my own eyes. Let the world now judge.

LORD DUFFERIN'S EXPLANATION.

There is probably no man in all the British Empire to-day who is more widely known and deeply and affectionately appreciated than Lord Dufferin and Ava. We in Canada remember the kindly and memorable relations that existed between him and the people of our Dominion, when he was governor general here. In India, as viceroy, he left a similar happy impression. His name, accent, his figure, and his features are as familiar upon the Roman Empire, the Nevsky Prospekt at St. Petersburg, the Boulevard des Capucines, in Paris, as they are upon Oxford street, on the Pall Mall, or amidst the ancestral beauties of Clarendon House. And everywhere was felt a wave of sympathy for him in the difficulties attending the great financial concerns over which he presided. Consequently the following will prove of real interest to all who wished and prayed that he might come forth the ordeal in a manner that would accentuate the universal regret at his great losses: Amidst cries of "turn him out," hootings and other hostile interruptions, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, chairman of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited, at the extraordinary general meeting of the company called for to-day, succeeded in a least temporary reprieve of the wrath of the shareholders. The hall was packed and the directors were evidently supported by a large faction of the shareholders, who mingled with the hisses and hoots.

As a result of the explanations of the directors, the shareholders voted an adjournment until Monday, when a scheme for the reconstruction of the concern will be submitted. Lord Dufferin spoke with evident emotion as he explained his personal relations with the corporation, and the result of the meeting was largely a tribute to him. During the course of his remarks, he explained that he was induced to accept the chairmanship at the solicitation of his friends, and that he felt that when two such eminent men were connected with the concern he could legitimately expect that his position and investments. Though a greater sufferer than most of the shareholders he had no regret that he had helped to convince them of his good faith. Later he found the duties to be a physical strain beyond his advancing years and he wanted to withdraw, but was haunted by the fear of the detrimental effect of his withdrawal, and held on until he received news of the serious condition of his youngest son.

Mr. Whitaker Wright's reception was of a mixed character. He announced that the directors had practically arranged with the creditors and the company would soon be sailing smoothly again. His further remarks were listened to with considerable impatience, and the meeting closed with further cheers for Lord and Lady Dufferin.

ABOUT SUPERSTITITION.

While Catholic peoples live closer to the supernatural than other folk, and while their spiritual life is more active, and, possibly, yet, on close analysis, it will be found that they are less given to superstition than any other denomination. This statement is not in accordance with common belief among non-Catholics, among whom the idea has been cultivated that we are an ignorant, corrupt, superstitious, unreasoning, priest-ridden Church; but the assertion is true, just the same. Every few days, proofs of the prevalence of genuine superstition among Protestants, come to the surface. For instance, the "New York Journal" paid good money to have this special cable to it from London after its correspondent there had judged that the item was worth the expense.

"The ghost of Mary Queen of Scots, which appears in the Tower of London before the death of a crowned head, made itself heard on Christmas Eve. The fact has been carefully concealed from the Queen because of the extreme grief into which the death of the Dowager Lady Churchill threw her, but it has caused the greatest alarm in Court circles."

"Mary Queen of Scots was impris-

soned by Queen Elizabeth in the Constable's Tower and was led from it to execution in the tower quadrangle. Before the death of every king or queen of England since her day her spirit has been reported as having appeared.

"An officer of the guard on duty in the Constable's Tower on Christmas eve heard a long wail from the top of the tower. He stopped to listen and heard it again. Foot-steps followed and a third time the wail rang out over the fog-bound river and the sleeping city. He went to search for a cause, but found none.

"Superstitious persons are prophesying many gloomy events and dark ghosts of many in our towns has caused more than a sensation."

Now that is real superstition—belief in the appearance of the spirit of that woman before the death of every English sovereign—and it is not Catholics who are guilty of it. The Catholic Church forbids its members to believe in omens, dreams, and such like fooleries. But there is no such teaching elsewhere. Every one else is left to believe in charms, love-potions, clairvoyance, ghosts, spiritualistic phenomena, witchcraft, Christian Science, Locality unctives, lucky charms, rabbits' feet, Tower of London ghosts, etc. etc., without number.—Catholic Columbian.

NOTES FROM FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN FRANCE.—Our Paris correspondent describes in the political horizon signs of coming storm with respect to the religious orders in France. The government is giving way more and more to the demands of the anti-clericals. A great outcry has been raised with regard to the result of the enquiry respecting the property of the Congregations. The valuation has been fixed at £2,000,000, but in this are included such things as convents, noviciates, churches and chapels, colleges and schools, orphanages and hospitals. It need not be said that it is entirely misleading to set down these buildings and institutions as the property of the religious congregations. They are really the property of the State, and on occasion of expense to those who occupy them. The members of the orders work for the public interest and the welfare of the State, and in most countries the governing authorities recognize that men and women who teach in colleges and schools and serve the people in many other capacities are national capital of value. In France, unfortunately, there is a strong element of extreme opposition to religion, and such is the problem Dr. Salmon, Mr. Lecky, and other spokesmen of Trinity have been strongly objecting.

TAXING THE CAPITALISTS.

The Transvaal war is apparently by no means over, and if the guerillas are as formidable to us as France found them to be in Spain, Mexico and Algeria, and Spain lately in Cuba, and as America now finds them to be the professorship of the war may drag on for years. Already there is a huge bill to pay, and the nation naturally expects that the Transvaal capitalists shall be made to help to pay it. Of course, these gentlemen object, but we think the people of this country, which has sacrificed blood and lives, will sternly demand that the mine-owners shall be taxed to meet the expenditure already incurred. The capitalists would be delighted if the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid no embargo on the gold output, and the secretary for the colonies granted them cheap native labor. We trust, and the nation trusts, that both these most responsible positions should be filled by men who will hand those defenceless people to the tender mercies of capitalists who value them merely for the work they can be made willingly or unwillingly, to perform.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

They say that to melt a stone is the most powerful effect that can be imagined when tears are in question; now the melting of a stone and the softening of the "Rock" seem to us to be conestable terms. From quotations and allusions frequently made to the "Rock"—the most bigoted of all anti-Catholic journals in London, or for that matter, throughout the world—our readers are well acquainted with the abusive qualities of that organ's reference to Catholicity. They will be surprised as well as pleased to find that in its columns the Rev. St. B. James, D.D., vicar of Northampton, Bucks, who disclaims all Romish proclivities, thus deals with the question of a Catholic University for Ireland, he says:

"The point to be met is that the Roman Catholics must have, in the writer's view, the right to think he will be met here by 'Nony's' university education for their sons without exposing them to what they consider the 'delicious' and schismatic influence of Protestantism. Should we sit down quietly we Anglican churchmen, if our only chance of a university education, degrees and residence, were in a Roman Catholic University? And supposing from many minds, ought to have a posing was formed, as for the Romanists form, two-thirds or three-quarters of a population, would not the hardship be almost intolerably intensified? It may, no doubt, be replied, as it is replied, somewhat superficially, that the 'silent sister,' by either Cambridge or Oxford, with a grand impartiality unequalled has opened her gates to all alike. But there is that Protestant atmosphere, which to a Romanist student is like the London fog of a November day to us country-folk up in town for an autumn week. We all have the right-church people, Non-conformists, Presbyterians, Romanists—to breathe our own air." The

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Ladies' Fine Boots, \$2 00..... " " " \$1 50
Ladies' Fine Shoes, \$1 25..... " " " 75c
Ladies' Fine Shoes, \$1 75..... " " " \$1 25
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EVERY PAIR GOODYEAR WELTED.
Box Calf \$2 50 Boots..... For \$1 75
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Dongola \$1 35 Boots, Boys'..... " \$1 00
Boys' Box Calf, 1 to 5..... " \$1 50
Youths' Box Calf, 11 to 13..... " \$1 25
Men's First Quality Rubbers, "Maltie Cross," regular 90c, for 65c.

These goods are of the newest shapes and styles, and made in Patent Enamel and Box Calf, also Vici Kid, and all colors. Come early, if you want first choice.

SKATING BOOTS,.....Ladies' and Men's,.....\$1.50 SKATES PUT ON FREE. Felt Goods at Half Price.

E. MANSFIELD, 124 ST. LAWRENCE STREET. Phone Main 849. Corner Lagouchetiers Street.

Rev. Dr. James admits that Catholics ought to be placed on an equality with Protestants. He urges that this may be effected by establishing this Catholic college at Trinity and giving equal governing power in the University to Catholics and Protestants, but to such a solution of the problem Dr. Salmon, Mr. Lecky, and other spokesmen of Trinity have been strongly objecting.

Market Report.

GRAIN.—Export demand for oats has improved, and the prices are firm, at 30 1/2 c; ex-store, and 27c to 27 1/2 c west freight. We quote: Peas 60 1/2 c west freight; barley, No. 2, 40c to 40 1/2 c east freight; rye, 47c to 48c; buckwheat 3 1/2 c east freight; wheat, red and white, 67 1/2 c. Liverpool quotations were: Spring wheat, 68 3/4 c; red winter, 66 1/4 c; No. 1, 64 1/2 c; 68 1/4 c; corn, 4s 0 1/2 d; peas, 5s 6 1/2 d. FLOUR.—The market is very firm in tone in consequence of the wheat crop, and unless there is a decline in the latter, the price of flour may be expected to soon advance. We quote as follows: Manitoba patents, \$4.35; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.05; and straight rollers, \$3.20 to \$3.40; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.70; winter patents, \$3.65 to \$3.85.

ROLLED OATS.—Export demand has improved, and prices are firmer. We quote \$3.25 per barrel, and \$1.57 1/2 to \$1.60 per bag.

FEED.—The scarcity of feed has accentuated, resulting in an advance of prices.

We quote as follows: Manitoba bran, \$17 in bags; shorts, \$18. Ontario bran, \$16.50 to \$17 in bulk; shorts, \$17.50 to \$18 per ton.

HAY.—Supplies are less in quantity and are firmer.

We quote as follows: No. 1, \$10 to \$11; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50; clover, \$8 to \$8.50 per ton in car lots on track.

PROVISIONS.—The export trade is promising for Canadian smoked meats, and prices on spot are very

Dressed hogs are quoted at \$7.50 to \$8; bacon, 3 1/2 c to 1 1/2 c; ham 1 1/2 c to 1 1/4 c; heavy Canadian short cut mess pork \$19 to \$19.50 per barrel; pure Canadian lard, 10 1/2 c to 1 1/4 c per lb.; compound refined, 7 1/2 c to 8c per lb.

Liverpool prices are: Bacon, 40s 3d to 42s 6d; pork, 72s; lard 37s 6d.

EGGS.—Receipts continue small and values firm.

We quote: Montreal hatched at 17c to 18c; boiling at 28c, and held fresh at 20c to 22c.

CHEESE.—Latest cables from London quote prices unchanged, ranging from 52s to 55s. Little is doing, but holders are optimistic. Board of Trade cables quote 52s 6d colored and 51s 6d white. The market on spot is nominal.

We quote nominally finest western at 11c; finest eastern at 10 1/2 c.

BUTTER.—London cables quote a rising market, ordinary ranging from 92s to 96s, and creameries from 104s to 106s. The local market is very firm.

Choice creamery, 22 1/2 c to 23c; second at 21 1/2 c, fresh made at 20 1/2 c to 21c.

MARINE PRODUCTS.—The market continues quiet and steady. We quote syrup at 70c to 75c in large tin, and 50c to 60c per small tin, and 6 1/2 c to 7c per lb. in wood; sugar, 9c to 15c.

POULTRY.—Market is dull after the holidays, and most folk have

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Wonderful Values in Whitewear.

NIGHT DRESSES. Full size, cambric yoke, with hemstitched tucks, 39c. Good cotton yoke, tucked; embroidery on collar and cuffs, 70c. English cotton, V front, insertion and embroidery, \$1.00. Hemstitched, Empire style, trimmed embroidery, \$1.50. Fine Cambric, trimmed lace, good quality, \$2.15.

CHEMISES. Cotton, trimmed lace, good quality, 19c. Cotton, trimmed, Cambric frill, 30c. Good Cotton, trimmed embroidery and insertion, 50c. Cambric yoke, with insertion and tucks, trimmed embroidery, \$1.00.

DRAWERS. Cotton, trimmed lace, 3 tucks, deep cambric frill, 19c. Cotton, with hemstitched tucks, 30c. Fine quality embroidery, and fine tucks, 50c. Cambric, trimmed embroidery, fine tucks, \$1.00.

CORSET COVERS. Plain, well made, good quality, 12 1/2 c. Good cotton, trimmed embroidery, V shape, 25c. Yoke and Sleeves, trimmed lace, 50c. Seamless, trimmed lace and ribbon, 55c. Trimmed embroidery, insertion and ribbon, \$1.20.

SKIRTS. Wide hem, and 3 tucks, 37c. Good Cotton, frill, embroidery and tucks, 85c. Double flounce, hemstitched all over embroidery, \$1.50. Double flounce, with zig-zag lace and insertion, \$2.35. Sets of Underwear from \$6.00 to \$27.00.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. 262 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metropolitan Street. TERMS CASH. Telephone 69 988.

Boot and Shoe BARGAINS

We have made LARGE REDUCTIONS in the prices of our Cloth and Felt BOOTS and SHOES, MOCCASINS, GAITER and LEGGINGS.

With the longest and coldest part of the winter yet before us, you will consult your best interests by taking advantage of our extremely low prices.

RONAYNE BROS., 2027 Notre Dame Street, CHAMBLAIS SQUARE.

\$200 Chickering UPRIGHT Piano.

A small sweet toned piano in Real Rosewood Case, 7 octaves. Now in warranted playing condition. Just the piano for a Boudoir or small Parlor. Payments of \$1 monthly accepted.

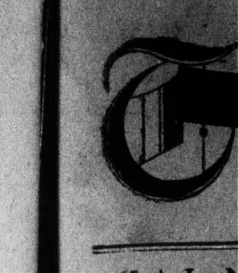
LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER COY., 2366 St. Catherine Street.

had a surplus of poultry; there is also very little arriving, which causes prices to keep firm. We quote as follows: Turkeys at 9c to 9 1/2 c; chickens at 8c to 8 1/2 c; geese at 5 1/2 c to 6c, and ducks at 8 1/2 c to 9c per lb.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten of six weeks.

The happy man is he that hath the fervent desires and the most quiet passions, whose wants are soon provided for, and whose possessions cannot be disturbed with violent fears; he that dwells next door to satisfaction, and can convey his needs and lay them down where he pleases.

This is a small world in which we live, and we live in it for a very short time, and what we can do to help those who are with us is infinitely great. But that is only the great reason for doing that little, and showing that this is a better world to-day than it was when the publicans passed by on the other side while robbers were beating the trail to death.



Vol. L, No. 1

Pastoral L

The following text is a pastoral letter...

The subject portion of the letter is of interest from the fact that it does not contain any of the usual ecclesiastical authorities to writings contained in the sacred books of the Church. For the first time, it is our duty to-day to certain points of doctrine of the Church, the nature of which possesses, and in which these rights guard the faithful people.

"To marriage a dual nature, of social and of religious importance, is important to the doctrine of the Church, the nature of which possesses, and in which these rights guard the faithful people.

"If anyone says not really and properly of the sacraments law instituted by Christ, but only a sacrament, it does not let him be anathema of Trent, Sess. XXII.

"The Holy Scripture point clearly upon Trent, and Christ's words as the constant Church. Let of the places the matter.

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