

PER
C-220

Christmas

Number.

DECEMBER, 1895.

MONTHLY CALENDAR
of the

Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel

ST. MARY'S,
CORNER CRAIG AND PANET STREETS, MONTREAL.

REV. P. F. O'DONNELL, P.P.

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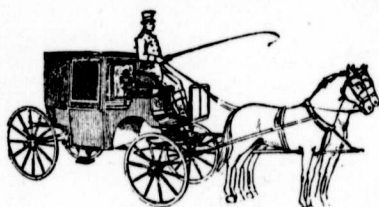
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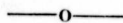
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THE CALENDAR,

DECEMBER, 1895.



Christmas



Ush'ring a flood of living golden light
Illumes the skies, but now
so calmly bright,
And music! Heavenly
music! such as ne'er
Had tranced with melody
the mortal ear,
Fills the still midnight! From on
the ground
The Shepherds fall in reverence at the
sound.

"Glory to God" the Angel Choirs pro-
claim,
And "Peace on Earth" to those who fear
His name.
Bid man rejoice! this night has
ushered in
The Sinless Saviour of a world of sin.
This night the myriad Hosts of Heaven
have smiled,
For Christ is born and God is reconciled.

And now 'tis "Merry Christmas" come again;
It is the day the infant Saviour came;
The day the Angel Choirs in triumph sang
Their song of peace whose mighty echo rang
From Heaven to Earth. God bids each heart
rejoice;

O ye scornful! hark ye not unto His voice?

"Echoes of the Past."



SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

A Saint is named for each day to suggest an excellent personal devotion.

-
- 1 SUNDAY—FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
- 2 Monday—St. BIBIANA, Virgin and Martyr.
- 3 Tuesday—St. FRANCIS XAVIER, Confessor.
- 4 Wednesday—St. PETER CHRYSOLOGUS, Bishop and Doctor. Fast.
- 5 Thursday—St. ELIGISS
- 6 Friday—St. NICHOLAS, Bishop and Confessor. Fast.
- 7 Saturday—St. AMBROSE, Bishop and Confessor and Vigil of the Immaculate Conception.
-
- 8 SUNDAY—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.
- 9 Monday—St. MELCHIADES, Pope and Martyr.
- 10 Tuesday—St. LEOCADIA, Pope and Martyr.
- 11 Wednesday—St. DAMASCUS, Pope and Confessor. Fast.
- 12 Thursday—St. CARMAC, Abbot.
- 13 Friday—St. LUCY, Virgin and Martyr. Fast.
- 14 Saturday—Bl. ANDREW BABOLA.
- 5 SUNDAY—THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
- 16 Monday—St. EUSEBI, Bishop and Martyr.
- 17 Tuesday—St. OLYMPIAS, Widow.
- 18 Wednesday—EXPECTATION OF THE B.V.M. EMBER DAY. Fast.
- 19 Thursday—St. NEMESION, Martyr.
- 20 Friday—St. CHRISTIAN, Bishop, EMBER DAY. Fast.
- 21 Saturday—St. THOMAS, Apostle, “ “ “
- 22 SUNDAY—FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
- 23 Monday—St. ZENO, Martyr.
- 24 Tuesday—VIGIL OF CHRISTMAS. Fast.
- 25 Wednesday—CHRISTMAS, HOLIDAY OF OBLIGATION.
- 26 Thursday—St. STEPHEN, First Martyr.
- 27 Friday—St. JOHN, Apostle and Evangelist.
- 28 Saturday—THE HOLY INNOCENTS.
- 29 SUNDAY—St. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY, Bishop and Martyr.
- 30 Monday—St. SABINUS, Bishop and Martyr.
- 31 Tuesday—St. SYLVESTER, Pope and Confessor.

OUR CHRISTMAS SERVICES.

Our Christmas Services will be of unusual solemnity. The music will be one of the note-worthy features and the decorations will be in keeping with the feast. Mr. Jas. Wilson, the organist, assisted by Mr. J. B. Paquet, and the full choir will render De La Hache's "Messe Ste. Therese" Offertory, "Adeste Fideles" composed by Mr. Jas. Wilson. At the Midnight Mass, and the chanting of Christmas hymns at the low Masses which follow, there will be full accompaniment by the orchestra under the leadership of Professor W. Sullivan.

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR CONCERT.

The following very favourable report of the CALENDAR entertainment was gleaned from the Gazette of November 22nd.

Last evening an excellent entertainment was given in St. Mary's splendid Church hall. It was under the patronage of Rev. Father Shea, and there was a very large and fashionable attendance from all quarters of the city. The decorations of the stage showed taste highly deserving of praise. The programme opened with an instrumental trio—cornet, violin and piano—by the talented Shea family, which elicited the most enthusiastic appreciation of the audience. Mrs. Lorge followed with a song, to which she did ample justice. The violoncello solo, by Mrs. G. Turner, was delightfully rendered, and evoked much applause. The song "Fiddle and I," by Miss Bacon, was very sweetly sung, the violin accompaniment, by Miss G. Turner, adding considerably to the effect. Mr. L. C. O'Brien, of the Montreal School of Elocution, created a very favorable impression by his recitation, "Jimmy Butler and the Owl," and was heartily applauded. Mrs. E. C. Villeneuve was brilliantly successful in that beautiful song, "Heart, Whence Thy Joy or Sorrow." At the termination of her song, loud applause was given for her re-appearance, to which she gracefully responded. Master J. Shea contributed very much to the success of the evening by his clever execution of the most difficult classic music on the violin. It is very rare, indeed, to find in one so young such musical abilities. In replying to repeated encores he gave Beriot's "Sixth Air." Next came Mrs. Monk, in her song, "Beauty's Eyes." Mrs. Monk is the possessor of a fine voice, that has evidently undergone some training. Her singing was much appreciated, as was shown by the applause which it brought forth. She was very creditably accompanied by Mrs. Turner on the piano, and Master J. Shea on the violin. Then came the banjo and guitar quartette by Mr. John H. Parker, Nelson Kollmar, Messrs. Hamel and Hobson, which met with the loud and repeated applause it so justly deserved, and was followed by Mr. A. K. Taylor, who sang the "Yeomen's Wedding" in splendid style. Miss Herbert, one of Montreal's most popular lady soloists, in her rendition of "For All Eternity," lost nothing of the exquisite vocal powers for which she is so noted, and her sweet musical voice was heard to perfection. In response to pro-

longed applause, she sang "The Carnival," with much taste. After a comic medley by Mr. Nelson Kollmar, which took the audience by storm, the entertainment closed with instrumental selections by the wonderful talented Shea family. The programme gave entire satisfaction, and the largest audience ever seen in St. Mary's hall departed highly pleased with the night's programme. The amount realized was \$120.00.

OUR SOCIETIES.

For its size, St. Mary's Parish can lay claim to having the largest number of Societies of any of the Irish parishes of Montreal. In point of length or existence our conference of St. Vincent de Paul and the Rosary Societies are the oldest, having been founded in the lifetime of the late Rev. Simon Lonergan, the beloved and lamented first pastor of the church. Both societies



MR. JAS. MORLEY.

President, St. Vincent de Paul Society.

have also the Sodality of the Holy Name for men, of the Blessed Virgin for unmarried women, the league of the Sacred Heart for both sexes, and the Society of the Sacred Heart for the school-children. Add to these purely religious organizations a branch of the C. M. B. A. and two Courts of Catholic Foresters; a young men's society, a sewing circle, a literary club for young ladies, and an organization known as St. Mary's Union for the paying off of the church debt, and it will be seen that ample openings are offered to those whose zeal may prompt them to good works.

While we point with some degree of pride to these various associations, it may be salutary to remind ourselves that numerous as they are they still remain

ties have done and are doing substantial work in the parish; a remark that is especially true of the St. Vincent de Paul, which with a very limited number of members, contrives to do yeoman's service in the cause of the poor during the long and severe winters. It is very much to be regretted that so many men of the parish stand aloof and allow the hard but meritorious work of providing food and fuel for the helpless and indigent to be cast upon the shoulders of a few. The old saying: "Many hands make light work," might well be borne in mind by those who should be but are not, members of this wide spread organization. Besides the Rosary and the St. Vincent de Paul, we

incomplete in point of membership, owing to the fact that many whose names appear upon the books seldom or never put in an appearance at the monthly meetings. This is not as it ought to be. Many persons seem to be under the impression that so long as their names are upon the roll of a society and they



MRS. PATRICK RYAN.
President, Sacred Heart League.

pay their dues from time to time they receive all the benefits thereof. This is a mistake. The Indulgences granted to religious associations are commonly attached to the devotional exercises prescribed for the regular meetings and if these are missed or omitted no Indulgence is gained. It is only in cases

where it is impossible for members to meet that Indulgences and benefits may be gained by having one's name on a register and making the regular offering. A case in point is the Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel, the headquarters of which is at the Shrine of Genazzano. Obviously Canadian members could not attend the exercises that take place there and it is therefore sufficient to have one's name forwarded with the yearly fee. Let me repeat again that this privilege is not granted where members are able to attend. If a member of any parish organization fancies that he or she can gain benefits without attending the regular exercises, he or she is grievously mistaken. The Indulgences are for the individual, not for his name on the leaf of a register.

As in all other affairs, perseverance is needed. It is one thing for a number of men and women to join pious fraternities during the fervor of a Mission



MR T JONES.

President, Holy Name Society.

or a Retreat, but quite another for them to keep up the good work after the Mission is over and life resumes its hum-drum way. Then is precisely the time when we need the assistance of pious helps to prevent us slipping back into the faults that we have been rescued from, but then is precisely the time too when we are most apt to neglect them. If life could be one long Mission with a couple of sermons per day we might dispense with sodalities; but it is not, and if we have a genuine desire to keep the good we have gained during the yearly Retreat we must take advantage of the means that Providence and our Pastor have given us. A person who belongs to a confraternity and carries out its rules will not need a Mission to force him to make his Easter

duty; neither will he send frantic messages for the priest in the middle of the night if his toe only aches: "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Just a word more. We hear it frequently urged as an excuse for not joining a sodality or for leaving it, that some member or members have criticized or said unkind things or done something offensive. Did the person who let such things keep them away from a religious society let similar things keep them from places of amusements—picnics, theatres, parties? Hardly.

Mother—"Frank, what is the baby crying about?" Frank—"I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it."

MONTHLY CALENDAR.
LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

11

First Sunday in Advent.

Remember the dates of the fast days during this month; the 4th, 6th, 11th, 13th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 24th.

Let everyone earning money for themselves contribute their share to the church by renting a pew.

All the married and single ladies of the parish should attend the retreat. They will find it good and profitable.

The Forty Hours Devotion will open Saturday, the 7th inst., at 9 o'clock a. m., and close Monday, the 9th with a Solemn High Mass, which will be celebrated at 9.30 o'clock.



J. KILLCULLEN.

President, Boys' Sacred Heart Society.

Some young men have plenty of money for the pool room, but when asked to rent a pew in the church will crawl under the lame excuse of "My Pa rents one" Where will they go when they ——?

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will meet the poor of the parish every Saturday evening in the Church Hall.

Did your children attend the Catechism Classes last Sunday? Better see about it.

Please remember the Church is in need of a new coat of paint. Who is to make the donation?

You can pay your pew rent in the Sacristy every Sunday after High Mass.

Mrs. Sommerville of Cornwall, formerly an active member of our parish, spent several days visiting friends.

The CALENDAR return its sincere thanks to all the generous friends who so kindly contributed to the successful entertainment given for its benefit on Thursday, 21st ult.

It is a difficult matter to do anything to ameliorate the condition of Ireland until there is harmony and unity among her people at home.

Arrangements are progressing finely for the St. Vincent de Paul Tombola to be held in our Church Hall on the 17th.

Do not forget the Retreat to begin on Sunday the 15th.

Your best friend or your worst enemy will often be found in yourself.

The attendance at the Concert in aid of the CALENDAR proves that the parishioners appreciate its mission.

Mrs. Thos. Ryan was visiting friends in Quebec during the past month.

Trying to please a dead head is a waste of time.

We would like to have our people understand that in order to hear Mass they must hear it in its entirety. Those who drop into the church at their leisure do not discharge their duty as Catholics and certainly do not hear Mass. There is a certain number of Catholics in nearly every congregation who evidently do not consider it fashionable to be in church at the beginning of Mass, and these make it a practice of coming in late and disturbing the other worshippers by promenading up the aisle to prominent front pews. It is high time that this sort of thing should be stopped.

"One good turn deserves another." Our readers should remember that it is the financial helps of the liberal, public-spirited advertisers, whose names they find here mentioned, that makes it possible for us to give the CALENDAR gratis to many thousand people. They should then consider it a duty as well as a very sensible thing to patronize those who favor us so liberally.

The collection to be taken up in all the churches of the Arch-diocese on Sunday, 15th will be for Peter's Pence.

A man of noble character is a blessing to his fellows. He is courage for the timid, strength for the weak, purpose for the irresolute, and example for the good.

Right Reverend John Cameron, the venerable Bishop of Antigonish, visited the Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel, during the past month. Reverend Father O'Donnell had the pleasure of meeting him there. His Lordship regretted very much that previous engagements prevented him from accepting our Pastor's kind invitation to spend a longer time with his friends now at St. Mary's.

It was the first time, but we trust not the last, that his Lordship will honor our Parish with a visit.

Miss C. McDonald, of Cape Breton Island, during the course of the past month visited Sister St. Etheltrude, a former school companion, who is now at the Academy. She also visited our pretty little Church, and upon Church and Convent passed many pleasing remarks.

Talk up the decoration of the Church. It needs your hearty co-operation.

The prayers of the readers of the CALENDAR, are earnestly requested for Mr. Thomas Ireland, whose happy death took place on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Olsen of No. 193 Amherst St. has been very unwell for the past few months.

Miss Katie Delaney celebrated her birthday very happily on Thursday, 21st, ult.

Mr. Minte, of Mignonne St. reached Louisville, Kentucky, last month, where he intends spending the winter.

Miss Agnes Fitzpatrick, formerly of our Convent, is at present teaching at the Congregation Convent, Chambly.

Mrs. James Cassidy and Mr. Gibb of St. Antoine Abbey, Que, spent a few days in the city, the guests of Mrs. Singleton.

Mrs. Thomas Ryan, was in Quebec last month, visiting her friends and acquaintances.

Mr. McDonald of No. 1 Dorchester is confined to the house through illness.

Mrs. Brennan of Papineau Ave, underwent an operation at the Western Hospital two weeks ago. She is progressing favourably.

Miss Rose McEnroe, has been ill for the past few weeks and is being attended at the Victoria Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heffernan and family entertained a number of clergymen to an "oyster spread."

Mrs. McGillis, who has been spending some few months with her daughter Mrs. L. Carroll, of DeMontigny Street, has been quite ill.

Tuesday 10th, will be the forty-third anniversary of Rev. Father O'Donnell's birthday, and Monday the 23rd, the thirteenth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

Mr. and Mrs. John Healey and daughter, of Montcalm St., enjoyed a very pleasant trip to Toronto, Ont.

Mr. P. Norton, and Mr. Schultz, left last week for Portland, Me, where they intend to spend the winter.

Mr. James Morley has been confined to the house for the past couple of weeks through illness, but is again able to be out.

Mr. Peter Heffernan, who is attending St. Lawrence College spent a few days with his parents.

Miss Katie Clark entertained a number of young lady friends in a very charming manner on her birthday, Tuesday November 12th.

Miss Brady, of St. Antoine Abbey, Que, spent a few days here last week, the guest of her brother, Rev. Father Brady.

The many friends of Mr. M. Cassidy will be sorry to hear that he has been seriously ill during the past few weeks.

Will the young ladies who talk of going to the up-town dancing halls kindly remember that as Catholics they cannot. Will they deny their faith?

Mr. and Mrs. Geash and Miss Marguerite Geash of Brockville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Rev. M. B. Curry, of Nenagh, Tipperary, Ireland, who lectured for the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the Windsor Hall, on Saturday November 23rd, preached a very eloquent and impressive Sermon at the High Mass, Sunday 24th.

Mr. James Jones, who is at present doing business in Brockville, spent Thanksgiving Day with his parents.

The CALENDAR tenders its sincerest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Gunning for favors received.

We request the charitable prayers of the readers of the CALENDAR for Mr. William A. Fairburn, whose happy death took place on the 23rd ult.

Mr. Murphy, who met with a serious accident on the M. S. Railway seven months ago, underwent another painful operation at his residence No. 560 DeMontigny St.

Do not forget to tell your lady friends that the Retreat will begin on Sunday, 15th.

What to do with the CALENDAR. When you read it, pass it to your neighbor.

A nice thing to know. There are 650 families in the parish, and if each family would contribute the small sum of \$5.00 our church could be most artistically decorated. Who will set the ball a rolling.

Mr. J. Flynn of Mignonne St., who met with an accident on the Craig St. line of the M. S. Railway, is being attended at the General Hospital.

Our thanks to Miss Smith, for having disposed of 24 tickets for the CALENDAR Concert.

Miss Mary Casey, sister of the Rev. Father Casey, made her profession at the Grey Nunnery, Guy St, on Wednesday November 27th. There was a large number of friends from St. Mary's at the Ceremony.

Mrs. Masson spent a week in Cornwall Ont, visiting relatives and friends.

The CALENDAR extends its sincerest thanks to Mrs. Jones and Miss Rilley, for the charming manner in which they received the ladies and gentlemen who performed at the Concert.

SIMPLE COUNSELS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Yes, very simple. Listen, my child, and may they sink deep into your heart, as the dew sinks in the calyx of the flower. These are my counsels :—

Distrust the love that comes too suddenly.

Distrust that pleasure that fascinates so keenly.

Distrust the words that trouble, or charm.

Distrust the book that makes you dream.

Distrust the thought you cannot confide to your mother.

Treasure these counsels, and sometimes as you read them, ask yourself "Why?"

Guardian Angel of the child we are addressing, teach her the reason of these sentences that seems to her so exaggerated.

BAPTISMS.

Anna Irene Noonan, George Pridham, Francis Henry Keegan, Stephen Francis Maher, Henry Richard Sandilands, Gertrude Mary Gorman, Francis Thos. O'Neill, Mary Geraldine Johnson were baptised during the month of November.

WEDDING BELLS

DAWSON—MURPHY.—The marriage of Patrick Dawson and Bridget Ann Murphy, was celebrated on Tuesday morning, November 26th, at 6.30 o'clock, Rev. Father Shea officiating. Miss Murphy acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Dawson as best man. The bride was very prettily attired and carried flowers. A wedding reception was tendered to their many friends at the residence of the bride's brother. The happy couple were the recipients of many costly and beautiful presents.

RAFTER—BRINDLEY.—James Rafter and Miss Rosanna Brindley, were united in marriage Monday morning, November 25th, at 6.30 o'clock by Rev. Father Shea. Mr. John H. Conroy was best man and Mrs. Conroy acted as bridesmaid. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's step-father, Mr. Ferns.

ARNOLD—O'BRIEN.—The marriage of William A. Arnold and Ellen O'Brien, took place Wednesday morning, November 27th, at 6.30 o'clock, Rev. Father Shea officiated. A reception was tendered the happy couple at the home of the bride's mother.

ENNIS—O'CONNOR.—Another pretty wedding took place Thursday morning, November 27th, at 6.30 o'clock, when Miss Dolly Rose Mary O'Connor of Parthenais Square, became the wife of Mr. John Ernest Ennis. After the wedding a sumptuous repast was enjoyed at the home of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Donnell.

OUR DEAD.

"Have mercy on me, at least you, my friend, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job

Masses of Requiem were offered up for the repose of the souls of:—Mr. Wm. Dunn, John McHugh, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Collin's family, Mrs. Ransom's family, deceased members of St. Mary's Court of Foresters, Mr. Patrick Gunn, Mr. William Fairburn, Mr. Patrick Tomilty, Gertrude Cassidy, Mrs. Power's family, Mr. and Mrs. John Purcell, Mrs. Finley's family, Mrs. Denis McCaffery, deceased members of the Holy Rosary Sodality, Mr. Wm. Bishop, deceased members of Branch 54, C. M. B. A., Mrs. Francis Gilroy, Mr. Andrew Purcell, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gaynor's family.

30 Masses of Requiem were also offered up for the souls in Purgatory and deceased members of St. Mary's Union.

"May their souls rest in peace."

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

GO TO CONFESSION OFTEN.

A young man who used to belong to the St. Mary's Court C. O. F. said to us a few days ago, after seeing the members of that excellent organization receiving Holy Communion on Sunday the 24th, ult. "I'm sorry I dropped out, I find that it is much easier to go to Confession often than seldom."

So it is, Confession keeps us from committing sin, For, first, on the human side, we are restrained from evil by the knowledge that we must later strive to be sorry for it and then go through the shame of acknowledging it; and second, on the divine side, we received strength in the Sacrament itself, for it bestows not only pardon for the past, but also grace for the future. God uses Penance to reward the humiliation attending its reception, and to apply to our souls the Precious Blood of Christ—the Blood that washes away the sins of contrite hearts, the Blood that makes virgins, the Blood that, as it were, unites us to the Deity.

No wonder, then, that it is easier to go to confession often than seldom, for there is less to tell and there is more desire for the Eucharist; there is more peace of conscience and less bitterness in the soul.

Happy is the man who goes to the Sacraments once a month and happier still—more innocent, richer in good works and surer of Heaven—is the man who goes once a week.

WHOM NOT TO MARRY.

Never marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. The most perfect man who did not love you, should never be your husband. But, though marriage without love is terrible, love alone would not do. If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember amid kisses and praise that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love making; but the days of life are many and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover. Many a girl has married a man who she knows to be anything but good "because he loved her so." And the flame hath died out on the hearthstone of home before long, and beside it she has seen sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—one who, if she followed him as a wife would guide her footsteps to perdition. Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life. Be careful in the choosing.

"Green tea or black tea, miss?" inquired the shopman. "I don't think it matters," said the girl; "missus is color blind."

Not Essential.—Mistress (greatly scandalized)—"Is it possible, Huldah, you are making bread without having washed your hands?" New Girl—"Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread."

MONTHLY CALENDAR.
FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

17

—
BY EMMA C. STREET.
—

"Venite adoremus, venite adoremus."

The words of the grand old hymn came floating in at the window and Captain Henry Osborne laid down his book and with a slight contraction of his blonde eyebrows, rose from his chair and went and looked out.

The scene that met his gaze, though familiar to him from childhood, was one that he could never look upon without a thrill of pride, and for a moment he forgot the singer who had disturbed him, while his glance rested upon the far reaching vista of garden and lawn and noble park that was part of the inheritance of the Osbornes of Rosemere Abbey. But it was only for a moment, then the sweet contralto voice rose again in the triumphant refrain, and he leaned forward a little and fixed his eyes upon the singer with a displeased expression. Yet the picture he gazed upon did not seem to call for displeasure, on the contrary it was one that might have given delight to poet or artist; both of which Henry Osborne was, in an amateur fashion. The library window at which he was standing looked out upon the beautiful Rosegarden that had given its name to the abbey, after the Benedictine monks had been driven from it by "Bluff King Hal," preparatory to his handing it over to his "right well beloved" Reginald Osborne; a needy courtier whose chief recommendation to royal favor had been his utter lack of such inconvenient possessions as conscience or principle. Up and down the paths of this garden a young girl was wandering, clipping off sprays of buds and blossoms and singing as she went, quite unconscious of the frowning face at the window. She was very young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, but both face and form gave promise of great future beauty. She was tall and slim as were all the Osbornes, but unlike most of them she was dark, with heavy lustrous black hair, clear olive complexion and eyes of liquid dark brown that looked almost black under the shadow of their long lashes. Young as she was, there was a tinge of seriousness in her expression, and the firm though delicate outlines of her mouth and chin indicated greater strength of character than most girls of her age possess. She made a pretty picture in her white dress with the June sunshine pouring down upon her and the basket of dewy roses on her arm, yet her brother's face did not relax as he looked at her and presently he turned abruptly from the window and said to a stately looking dame who was standing at one of the bookcases selecting a volume: "Mother, I wish you would break Edith off the habit of singing Latin hymns. She seems to care for nothing else of late."

Mrs. Osborne turned her still handsome countenance upon her son and answered with a slight accent of surprise: "The 'Adeste' is one of our own hymns is it not, Henry?"

"Yes, when it is rendered in English. I am sure our own language is fully

as devotional as Latin. If she must sing hymns let her sing them in English for goodness sake."

"By all means if she wishes to do so; but what is your objection to Latin?"

Henry Osborne moved away from the window and sat down in the chair he had recently vacated, saying with emphasis as he did so: "It smacks too much of the Romish church, for my liking, mother, and now that we are upon the subject perhaps I had better tell you that I fancy Edith's protestantism is hardly as deep-rooted as I should like it to be."

Mrs. Osborne opened her proud blue eyes a little wider and asked in astonishment: "My dear son, what do you mean?"

"I mean mother mine that I don't think it was the wisest thing in the world to send her to a Roman Catholic convent for a year, even if it *did* improve her French accent."

"You must be dreaming Henry, to imagine that your sister could be influenced on matters of faith by any number of years residence amongst Roman Catholics," said the lady, drawing up her matronly form. "She has been too well grounded in her religion for that, I trust."

"Nevertheless, I would not advise you to let her go back again as she seems inclined to do. I have remarked several little actions of her's that I do not like."

"And they are?"

"One of them is a growing distaste for the manner in which Mr. Whitney conducts the services on Sunday. She told me the last time we walked home together that she wished he would brighten up the church a little with flowers and lights as they do at St. Ethelwyn's; and when I pointed out the dangers of ritualism to her she laughed and said that she hoped there would be sweet odors and plenty of light in Heaven. I think a craving after those kinds of auxiliaries to piety is hardly a proof of a very evangelical spirit."

"Is there anything else?"

"Yes. When you had finished saying grace after dinner yesterday I saw her make the sign of the cross. I did not care to annoy you by saying anything just then but I spoke to her about it afterwards and she told me quite carelessly that she had contracted the habit from the Catholic pupils at the convent but that it had no meaning for her. Then again, she cherishes the most absurdly romantic ideas about the old religious orders and actually regards them as martyrs to conscience. Only last week she took the new curate to task for calling the monks lazy and superstitious and asked him saucily how many of the bishops and clergymen of our church would carry loads of stone and timber on their backs to build churches. I must admit that Warner was wrong in calling the monks lazy,"—the admission was evidently made through a reluctant sense of honesty—"but of course he was quite correct in describing them as superstitious."

As was perhaps natural in the inheritors of what once had been Catholics' ecclesiastical property, the Osbornes of Rosemere were strict adherents to the

Church of England as by law established, at least ever since the days of Elizabeth.

In the troublous times that intervened between her father's reign and her's, the founders of the family had managed to hold possession of their ill-gotten demesne by a judicious manipulation of their consciences; one of them indeed declaring himself a Catholic during the too brief reign of Mary on the understanding that, as such, he should not be called upon to restore the abbey to its original owners. Needless to say, this enterprising gentleman embraced with alacrity the Elizabethan scheme of salvation when it was promulgated a few years later. From that period forward, the house of Osborne had been zealous adherents of the church of the thirty-nine articles; and when in recent years the establishment began to split up into high, low, and broad church, the Osbornes arrayed themselves on the side of the Calvinistic low church party and threw the weight of their influence against what they were pleased to term the "Romanizing tendencies" of the high church lights.

Bred up in these strict and narrow views, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the polite indifference to every form of religion of most of his brother soldiers had only strengthened Henry Osborne in his devotion to what he considered the mainstay of England's greatness, her national church. To him, an Englishman who did not "conform" was not truly patriotic. He held the very poorest opinion of the patriotism of dissenters and non-conformists in general; and regarded as nothing but traitors to Queen and country some few of his acquaintances whose search for truth had led them to Rome.

Yet in spite of his narrowness and a certain dash of priggishness, he possessed many admirable traits of character. He was honest and straightforward, brave to a fault, and according to his lights, just to all men. Hence his reluctant defence of the ancient monks against the charge of laziness. There were too many proofs of their industry still existing at Rosemere to allow him to fall into the vulgar error that so many non-Catholics cherish.

Mrs. Osborne was silent for a few moments after her son ceased speaking. Although she was not inclined to take so severe a view of her daughter's delinquencies as he did, there had been enough in his remarks to make her feel that the girl was departing from the family traditions and she made up her mind on the spot that Edith should not return to the convent for another term. Herself the daughter of a bishop of evangelical views, she did not consider it possible for a child of her's to stray away ever so short a distance toward the road that led to Rome; yet the idea that she was beginning to evince a taste for "sweetness and light" in matters of religion was alarming to this worthy dame to whom a candle was a scandal and a crucifix the abomination of desolation. When she spoke there was a ring of resolution in her tone that told her son his warning had not been given in vain. "I am glad you told me of those things," she said quietly. "I was not aware of them. The question now arises, where shall we send her to complete her education? Governesses and masters are very well in their way, but your father's health

obliges me to travel with him so much that it is almost impossible to educate her at home."

Why not send her to the seminary where Adela Whitney is being educated? The principal's views are strictly orthodox and under her direction Edith will learn the value of simplicity in forms of worship.

"I suppose that would be the easiest solution of the difficulty. I fear though that Edith will not be pleased with the change for I fancy she does not admire Adela."

"Indeed! Why not, pray?"

"She thinks her both vain and bigoted and she told me so. Edith's views are very decided for one so young, Henry, and I am quite certain she will not care to go to the same school as Adela."

"I think it was both unkind and ill-bred of her to express herself in that manner," said Captain Osborne in an annoyed tone. "Adela Whitney is my ideal of what an English lady should be. Quiet, reserved, and heartily devoted to her church. I wish my sister were a little more like her."

His warm defence of the clergyman's daughter re-awakened a suspicion that had been slumbering in Mrs. Osborne's breast for some time, but just then she had something of greater moment on her mind and so did not refer to it. Instead she said: "I shall speak to Edith before deciding where to send her, but she must understand that the convent is out of the question."

Quite unconscious that she was the subject of so serious a discussion, Edith Osborne flitted up and down the paths of the rose garden clipping the blossoms and singing snatches of hymns and songs that she had heard at the convent, whence she had been brought home a few weeks before owing to an attack of illness that had proved only temporary after all. She missed the cheerful companionship of the French girls and the gentle admonitions of the nuns and was looking forward to her return with a great deal of pleasure. Although the girl was sincerely attached to her parents and her home, the strict religious views of the former had too often cast a shadow upon her that not all the beauty of the latter could lighten. Not that they were unkind to her or wanting in affection, but their views of life and duty were tinged with a species of religious gloom that was peculiarly unadapted to one of her bright cheerful temperament and made her melancholy when she would fain have been glad and serious when she did not see the necessity of being so. The serene but cheerful atmosphere of the convent had been a revelation to her. There she had seen religion without gloom, piety without lugubriousness and earnestness without ostentation and though her deeply protestant training prevented her from suspecting that the form of religion she saw practised there was superior to her own, she was keen enough to discover that much of what she had been taught to regard as rank popery had no place at all in the real Catholicism. Therefore, it was that she returned to England with her views much modified and had seriously alarmed her brother by confessing a taste for external aids to devotion such as she had seen in the convent chapel

and had heard of as being in use at the ritualistic church of St. Ethelwyn's in the neighboring town.

After luncheon that day, Mrs. Osborne took her daughter up to her own room and broached the subject to her, without however giving her real reason for not wishing her to return to the convent. Poor Edith was deeply disappointed and took no pains to hide her feelings. "Of course mamma," she said, "I will not ask to be allowed to return to the convent if you do not wish it, but I am sure I shall never like any school so well as I did St. Ursula's"; whereupon Mrs. Osborne silently congratulated herself upon having nipped an alarming tendency in the bud. Finally it was decided that Edith should be sent to Northwood Seminary with Adela Whitney, the girl herself evincing very little interest in the matter.

At the beginning of the next term accordingly, she went away without making any demur, but understanding quite well why she had not been allowed to return to her beloved St. Ursula's; for her brother, before he had returned to his regiment, had made it plain to her that he hoped she would return from Northwood as zealous a churchwoman as Adela Whitney.

Northwood Seminary was conducted upon the strictest of *evangelical* principles; the headmaster or principal, the Reverend Mr. Loomis, being a divine of the most rigid low church pattern and possessing a wife to match. A stiff-starched dame whose occupation in life was the delivering of lectures on the benefits of the Reformation. On the occasion of their marriage, some thirty years before, Mr. Loomis and his wife had taken a tour upon the continent; not, as might be supposed, for the purpose of enlarging their views and widening their mental horizon, but simply with the object of being able to assure future patrons that they had studied "Romanism" in its haunts and were consequently well qualified to guide the feet of the rising generation away from the perilous path that the Oxford Tract movement was beginning to prepare for them. Having started with this intention, it is not surprising that the couple should have misjudged and distorted everything Catholic that came in their way and should finally have returned to England with a bogey in their heads that they christened Romanism or Popery—despite their education they could not bring themselves to speak otherwise than insultingly of the religion they knew so little about—nor is it astonishing that they turned out pupils fully as bigoted as themselves, in some cases even more so.

This then was the atmosphere that Edith Osborne was suddenly translated to, an atmosphere so different to that of the French convent that the contrast could not have been greater. At first the girl was amused at the tone of horror in which all things Catholics were treated of, but this soon turned to indignation and disgust when she attempted to set some of the elder girls right by relating her own experience in the convent and found that they did not want to hear anything that might disabuse their minds of the false impressions they had received. One day when she had flatly contradicted the statement that Catholics adored the crucifix and the Blessed Virgin and had had some hot words in consequence, Adela Whitney took her aside and said

quietly: "I do not think I should defend the practices of Romanists if I were you, Edith. I do not think your father and mother would be pleased to know that you are regarded here as half a Romanist yourself."

For a moment Edith looked at her in undisguised astonishment then said with a slight curl of her lip. "I did not know before that one might not tell the truth for fear of being suspected of being a Romanist, as you very politely term it, Adela."

Miss Whitney's pretty pink and white face grew very red but she lowered her eyes and answered smoothly. "Of course one must adhere to the truth always, but you know, dear, it does not follow that because the nuns told you they do not worship the Virgin that they don't really do so. They know *our* deep faith in the doctrine of one only God and did not wish to shock you by admitting what they know you would regard as idolatry. The poor things don't know any better of course--."

"Pray spare me your charitable excuses for things that do not exist." interrupted Edith contemptuously. "You do not believe one word of what you are saying Adela, but it is the proper thing in this establishment to bear false witness against one's neighbor and not to listen to anything in the neighbor's defence. I am as sincere a Protestant as you are, but I do not think it necessary to prop my position by cant and falsehood and I will never stand by in silence and hear a body of Christians as devout as we are ourselves accused of things that they would not dream of doing."

Miss Whitney shrank away from her companion's indignant glance and never ventured upon the subject again, but from that time forward it became pretty plain that the greater number of the inmates of the seminary regarded Edith Osborne as only a half-hearted Protestant, if not a Romanist in disguise, and took pains to avoid having much to do with her.

To a young and high spirited girl this avoidance was very unpleasant, but Edith had plenty of resources within herself and made such a good use of the leisure so unkindly thrust upon her that she distanced her classmates and became the star pupil of the establishment. Then, just before the term was over, she was summoned away to Italy by a letter announcing the sudden serious illness of her father who had been in delicate health for years, and so said good-bye to Northwood forever.

She made the journey in company with her brother who had also been sent for, and with the frankness that was characteristic of her told him before many days had passed of the mild form of persecution she had been subjected to at the school. To her surprise he showed very little sympathy with her, and after two or three ineffectual attempts to enlist him on her side she gave up the idea, coming sorrowfully to the conclusion that he was as bigoted and unfair as the inmates of Northwood themselves.

When they arrived at Milan, which was their destination, they found that Mr. Osborne was out of all immediate danger though still very ill, and the brother and sister had ample time to explore the city and observe the manners of the Milanese, a never failing source of interest to Edith, whose know-

ledge of Italian made her quicker to appreciate the people than was her brother; who, even as a boy had imbibed such intensely insular prejudices as to prevent his taking interest in any language save his own, and who was therefore incapable of understanding much that interested and delighted Edith. Mr. Osborne gradually grew better and when he was once more able to move about a little, Henry had to return to his regiment, then quartered at Aldershot. He would fain have taken Edith with him back to Northwood, but her father had grown used to the girl's bright presence and decreed that she was to stay with him, greatly to her own delight. Years of ill-health had made Mr. Osborne resign the reins of government into his wife's hands, but he had had no backwardness in doing so, for she was the counterpart of himself in every way. Proud, resolute and entirely devoted to the interests of the low church party, she had ruled her household as he would have done it himself had he been able, and he was fond of saying that no lady of the house of Osborne had adhered more closely to its traditions than his wife had done. When therefore, Mrs. Osborne had informed him of her reasons for withdrawing Edith from the convent, he had complimented her upon her prudence; and now that the girl was to stay with them in Italy he quite concurred with his wife in thinking that she must not be allowed to mix too freely with their Catholic neighbors who took so kind yet withal courteous an interest in the sickly English gentleman. But though they kept their daughter from associating very much with the people about them, they could not shut out the Catholic atmosphere of the country, and bit by bit and little by little the girl gathered together odds and ends of doctrine and practice that soon pieced themselves together in her mind into a very attractive whole.

In order to improve her knowledge of the language she borrowed some Italian books from one of the few families with whom the Osbornes were on friendly terms. One of these books chanced to be an exposition of the Catholic faith by an eminent Italian Jesuit and the girl perused it with avidity all the more eager because she had been brought up in such stern opposition to the ancient faith. The book was a revelation and a distress to her. A revelation because it made clear to her truths of which she had only been dimly conscious before; and a distress because she recognized with keen intuition what her acceptance of those truths would involve. Conflict with those dearest to her of a certainty; possibly—nay probably—an entire separation from them; for she could not disguise from herself the fact that her father and mother would rather have seen her laid in the family vault at Rosemere than know she had disgraced them by entering the Roman fold.

All this was the work of months, and she had been more than a year away from Northwood when Captain Osborne one day received a foreign letter that started him into language he had thought himself incapable of uttering.

It was from his mother, and informed him in heart broken language that his sister had announced her intention of becoming a Roman Catholic and imploring him to come at once and try if he had influence enough to prevent her taking the "insane, disgraceful step that would plunge the family in misery."

Henry Osborne lost no time in obtaining a week's leave and betook himself to Florence, whither his family were now residing, with all possible speed. Only one who has been situated like Edith Osborne can know what it is to be obliged to choose between conscience and all that the heart holds dear on earth. She was very young, scarce eighteen, when she was called upon to make the choice yet she made it bravely though with white lips and breaking heart when her father sternly bade her remain in the faith she had been brought up in or part from the family forever.

Mrs. Osborne would fain have carried her daughter back to England and tried what removal from Catholic surroundings would have done, but Mr. Osborne said no. He would make no effort to hold her to the creed of her fathers if she desired to renounce it, but once she did so she was no longer an Osborne and must not expect to be treated as such. "I will give her her portion and then wash my hands of her," he declared obstinately and not even his wife's entreaties could move him.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

GOOD MANNERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE "CALENDAR."

It was, I think, the late Cardinal Manning who once defined a gentleman as "one who never, by any chance, hurts the feelings of another." A sufficiently simple definition, but calculated, I am afraid, to curtail very considerably the number to whom it may be applied. How many of us, men or women, are studiously careful of the feelings of others? In this matter women are greater sinners than men—that is, as a rule. Not because they are more ill-natured than men, though cynics would have us believe they are, but because their keener perceptions teach them where the joints in their neighbor's armour are to be found. When a man aims a shaft it is generally too blunt to do more than bruise, and it is usually done so openly that the opponent may hit back at once; but when a woman aims one it cuts to the quick, and yet in such manner that to retaliate would be a tacit acknowledgment of the corn. Why any man or woman should take pleasure in scarifying the susceptibilities of their neighbor is one of the things that, in the words of the noble Dundreary, "No fellah can understand." We meet them every day, in our homes, in our offices, in the cars, on the street; the genus is ubiquitous. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring us into contact with some man or woman who makes a specialty of scoring our feelings, if it can be done with safety. Such persons are not generally of the heroic order, for they usually confine their attentions to the peaceable and easy-going order of mortals who detest, above all things, unpleasantness with a neighbor. The human porcupine is rarely troubled by those welders of two-edged tongues.

The question that I have been trying to solve is, are good manners dying out? In these rushing times, when politeness, like everything else is hurried, it

is the fashion to laugh at the slow and ponderous courtesy of our great grand-sires; but I think we would each individually prefer to have our dealings with one of the painfully polite older-timers than with some of the up-to-date folks of the present. Those bowing and courtseying ancestors of ours probably made mistakes in their spelling, and may even have so far fallen from grace as to have used a fork where a spoon was the proper caper, but they would have blushed at the bare thought of planting an undeserved sting in their neighbor's bosom. We of the present generation are no doubt very progressive—perish the rash mortal who would dare hint otherwise—but some of the old-fashioned ideas that we have thrown overboard as mere surplus cargo might very profitably have been preserved as ballast.

Now-a-days he or she who can turn the search light on a fellow mortal's weak points and hold them up to ridicule is considered clever. Half a century ago he or she would have been labelled ill-bred and avoided—the world is moving. The oddest part of the affair is that these persons put forward the loudest claims to the title of lady or of gentleman. Let the least reflection be cast upon this claim and their arises a shriek of indignation. What! a man who drives in his own carriage not a gentleman. A woman who wears a seal-skin coat not a lady? Clearly people do not know what they are talking about.

Seriously though, the good old-fashioned courtesy that forbade embarrassings allusions, awkward topics of conversations, infringements upon the right of others to dress and talk and comport themselves as they think proper, so long as they do not trespass upon their neighbor; and betrayal of knowledge concerning things of which our friends wish us to be ignorant—this courtesy is fast dying out from amongst our young people, and is being replaced by flippant and impertinent and ill-natured manners that it would be a gross compliment to call merely bad.

Of course offenders against good taste and good feeling always lay claim to the virtue of frankness—I never yet met a thoroughly rude or disagreeable man or woman who did not—"they must say what they think;" "they can't be hypocrites," and so on. It is amazing though with how much success they can curb their inclination to "frankness" if they find it is going to get them into trouble or hurt their interests. The sort of "frankness" they practice is simply an euphonious name for impertinence. The amount of correction that is accomplished by "frank" persons of this order is so infinitesimal that four quarters of them might easily be dispensed with and "they never would be missed." The amount of genuine good breeding that is contained in the blunt phrase "mind your own business," would be sufficient to supply the present and all future generations. We hear a great deal about the "liberty of the individual" in these days; the use that *some* individuals would make of it is to rob their neighbor of all right to act, speak or think, save in the manner that those persons lay down as proper. If the neighbor refuses to be so governed, he must be prepared to bear the weight of their displeasure, and woe betide him if he has not the weapons wherewith to defend himself.

There is one drop of comfort in the matter and it is this—a lady or gentleman need never assert her or himself; people are keen sighted in such things and no amount of pretense or cleverness or self-assertion will obtain the title if it is not deserved. The man or woman who cannot command courteous treatment would do well to look at home and see if they have always been as delicately careful of other persons' feelings as they are of their own. Until they can truthfully say they are, they have no right to the title of lady or gentleman.—*Selected.*

THINK TO BE COURTEOUS.

The proprietor of a market often stood near the door of his establishment. For the daily passers-by he had, invariably, a cheery "good-morning" or "good-evening." His motive was not to gain customers, for those that never traded with him were just as heartily greeted as his regular patrons.

There was frequently in the town a lady of large city acquaintance. One morning, at the railroad station, she met Mr. H., the marketman, who lifted his hat with the same cordial "good-morning." She had never spoken to him, save in acknowledgment of his recognition. What was now his surprise to have her stop and say, "Mr. H., I want to thank you for the heartiness with which you raise your hat and say 'good-morning.' You don't act as if you begrudged the time or the effort to speak." A few moments conversation followed, for Mr. H. was unconscious that his salutation differed from the ordinary form; therefore the lady added the following, in explanation: "I meet so many persons, even those with whom I am acquainted, or who may have been under obligations in the past, who bow as though it were really an effort, and a misuse of valuable time and strength. I have noticed it most often in young people, especially girls that are, perhaps, in high school, or are recently graduated. A slight elevation of the eyebrow and contraction of the forehead seem to be all they consider necessary or in 'good form.'"

We read a great deal of the value of the small courtesies of life; here was a fresh illustration.

The lady added: "Good-morning,, when heartily uttered, helps to bring a good morning to the weary or discouraged person, and we all meet many such every day. More than this, it helps to keep the giver and receiver young, and it often suggests to the prosperous person a thought of helping the next one he meets. But the careless recognition, or half-recognition, only adds to discouragement if it exists, and certainly adds no pleasure of life, if it takes away none. It is one of the acts of kindness that cost nothing, and may become a habit of value to the possessor and all that meet him."

The young person's excuse is so often, "I don't think." But Ruskin says: "In general, I have no patience with people who talk about 'the thoughtlessness of youth' indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can anyway be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil; but what

excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of the future hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! when his very act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a foundation of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after-years, rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

REMEMBER THIS.

Let us see. You are quite sure a person has treated you unjustly, blamed you for a fault not attributable to you, or questioned your honest motives. Now, you are trying to lead a Christian life, so you resolve to suffer this for the love of God and forgive the offender. Wait an instant. Have you calmly examined the charge and seriously endeavored to discover in yourself the sin attributed to you? You are not going to get off with playing at martyr. Remember that hardly one accusation in a hundred is utterly groundless. Perhaps though not quite as bad as you were made out to be, you are still not utterly blameless. Think it over. You are not a detractor, but you often repeat unpleasant stories about others. You are not long-winded, but you sometimes try to monopolize conversation. You never lie, but you may not be careful always to limit yourself to strict and accurate statements. Find out if the charges against you are true in any sense. This is a good instance of how all things will work together unto your good if you love God.

Another word. If God has given you grace to reject a temptation to anger or revenge, and you have forgiven your accuser, don't tell it to every one. Don't imagine you are suffering wonderful things with admirable fortitude. Don't sigh and cast your eyes toward heaven and say, "Well, the Lord forgive him," in tones of heroic resignation. Let the little roughness of the road be passed unnoticed. Do your share, at least, towards making this beautiful world of ours more like God's kingdom—towards filling human hearts with the peace and love that will make this earth a gate of heaven.

NINE HINTS TO SUCCESS.

1. Early in life secure a practical business education.
2. Do not make too great haste to be rich if you would prosper.
3. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
4. Never play games of chance, or make bets of any description.
5. Avoid temptation through the fear that you may not withstand it at last.
6. Never run in debt unless you see a way out of it again.
7. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
8. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
9. Aim high in this life, but not so high that you cannot hit anything.

CURSING.

It is a sad thing to see so many who pretend to be Christians, giving way to the abominable vice of cursing. On the part of those addicted to this sin, there appears to be nothing but pure malice, for what profit or pleasure can they derive? Taking the name of God in vain, calling on God or Satan to bring evil or harm on themselves, their neighbors, or any of God's creatures, it is not the language of the blessed; it is the language of hell, and qualifies them for the company of the damned. Those who have the habit of cursing lie under the guilt of a scandalous sin, and can not expect to enter the kingdom of heaven unless they labor in earnest to overcome that habit.

When curses are the effect of an evil custom which they do not labor to overcome, they cannot be excused before God. If curses, which break, and before they think of it, be the effect of a vicious habit which they truly desire to break, and use all their endeavors to overcome, they are excused from guilt, when on particular occasions the force of custom may betray them into it. Let them now take warning and change their language while they have time, lest they be condemned to utter similar language for eternity in hell.

ETIQUETTE OF THE CHURCH.

The following very practical rules of Church Etiquette are based on the CALENDAR observation :—

1. On entering the Church never touch the holy water font lest you should soil your gloves. Holy water is only placed at the door of the Church in order that the faithful may sprinkle themselves with it as they enter, accompanying the outward rite with internal acts of sorrow and love.
2. Plant yourself in the first pew you come to, as it is good taste to enter a pew whether occupied or not, without an invitation from the owners or from the sexton. It is again undignified to step out into the aisle to let others into the pew, and very improper to move down to the end of the seat.
3. When late in reaching the church for Mass, endeavor to disturb others as much as possible. It looks well to come in a little late as those who are well seated before the Mass began are liable to make good-natured remarks about your new Sunday suit, etc.
4. It is the perfection of good breeding to nod, whisper and ask questions, or to make remarks while the Mass is in progress. Salutations, even with intimate friends, should always be very loudly exchanged while one is in the body of the sacred edifice.
5. Never have your contribution ready when the collector reaches your pew. It doesn't inconvenience him to wait a half an hour. Then throw it on the plate in such a way that the others around about you will know of your generosity.
6. If you are standing or kneeling at the door of the church or in the aisles, and a pewholder offers you a seat, hesitate and then decline his civility and consider it unwarrantable liberty he is taking upon himself.

7. Look up into the choir every few minutes during Mass to see who is there. People will surely think you have a taste for music.

8. If you have no prayer-book do not say your beads. People will conclude you don't know how to read.

9. Go to early Mass by preference, and when the priest ascends the pulpit leave the church, you have heard the same instructions so often that you know them by heart. It is often the correct thing to assist at Mass in other churches, where the priests speak French, then you are sure to be thoroughly acquainted with the feasts, fast days and services occurring in your own church.

10. Call on the priest in the sacristy immediately after Mass, before he has removed the vestments, or made his thanksgiving. He will assuredly be delighted to see you.

11. Arrange with him to say Mass at an hour to suit your convenience, so that you may go to confession and receive communion. Hand him a trifle in an envelope. The Queen of Spain always does this.

12. It is not necessary to raise your hat or to bow to a priest unless you are sure that he is carrying the Blessed Sacrament. Protestants may make remarks.

13. Priests like to be talked to in the cars by everybody. Nothing so delights them as to be surrounded at a picnic or in a bazaar by a bevy of young ladies who are all laughing and talking at once.

14. When the priest pays you a visit remember that he wants to converse about nothing but pew rents, church matters, societies, dues, schools and things that regards others. These topics are light and entertaining.

15. Always call on a priest at or immediately after his dinner-hour.

16. Unless a sick person is quite ill, you need not summon a priest until late in the evening, when the danger is probable.

17. It shows a spirit of confidence to ask the priest all sorts of questions about the people of the parish. He will admire your zeal.

18. Treat the priest as a superior, an angelic being. He never is ill, never has a headache, never wearies in well-doing, never needs a vacation, never is "hard-up" for a suit of clothes or a cassock, and never envies the tranquil life of an employee in the navy yard.

ONLY A GLASS IN THE MORNING.

Youth is the forming time of habits, and these, unless carefully watched, will grow until they bind like ropes and handcuffs. There are few young men who are awakened to the evils of a bad habit in time to conquer as did a certain young man who had thoughtlessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger. It's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well. To please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that it will be long before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in its net again."—Selected.

WHY DO NOT THE PRIESTS VISIT US.

Why do not the priests visit us? is the popular theme that engages the tongues of many catholics in this parish as well as in almost every parish in Christendom. Many people when they are sick expect the priest to know it by intuition, and fly at once to their bedsides, but we remark they don't expect their family physician to find it out in that way; they usually send him word if they want him to call and see them.

The duties of a priest are, if a flock be entrusted to his care, to rule and instruct and to administer the Sacraments of the Church, besides solemnizing marriages and performing the burial service for his parishioners; but no where can it be found that it is a part of a priest's duty to make social calls. These are merely matters of courtesy and are due to a clergyman as much as they are expected from him. Did you ever try to calculate how often a priest can call if he has a parish of over six hundred families? If not, then let us endeavor to solve the problem together. Remember there are only a few hours in each day in which you are willing to receive callers. We say a few hours in each day, but we are not sure if this is quite correct, as good housekeeping calls for washing on Monday; starching, ironing and mending on Tuesday; general housework on Friday, and the spared hours of Saturday duly occupied with preparations for Sunday. If this be the order followed there are only two days a week when it would be proper for any one to call. However, let us suppose the priest called, if his visit is less than half an hour you would be dissatisfied, and if you find his conversation at all interesting you, will not let him off with less than an hour. Now reckon how long it

would take him to get through the list, and then how often he can repeat it in the course of a year. Remember, besides, how many extra calls are made upon his time, how many business affairs appertaining to the Church he has to attend to, how many sick calls he has to answer, how many visits he has to make to the schools of the parish to see how the children are progressing, how many family difficulties he is called in to settle, how many confessions he has to hear and baptisms to perform, how many hours he has to spend in the evening or during the day catechising those who are entering the church and even those who belonged to the church but neglected to become instructed, how many services he has to attend, how many instructions and sermons he has to deliver and how much time he must spend in the seclusion of his study in preparation for them.

And then reflect whether it is not much easier and better, if you want to talk to him often, to go to him for that purpose than to wait until he can find time to come to you. How vastly better than being sulky, and indifferent to your religious privileges, and negligent of your religious duties. Apropos of those remarks we will also answer the question: "What is the relationship between a priest and his flock? The relationship between a priest and his flock, should be that of a father to his family. "I know my sheep and I am known of mine," is Jesus' description of the good shepherd. "The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out." But we are sure that it is far oftener the fault of the congregation than of the priest, that priest and people do not work harmoniously together. A priest is not, nor can we expect him to be a perambulator whose chief function is to wear out shoe leather trying to be "sociable to his people" and being "hail fellow well met!" with every one he passes on the street. These are strong telling points in the career of many popular priests, we admit, but if the people were more keen to recognize that the main business of a priest is to feed them, that is to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass for them on Sundays and days of obligation, and to pardon sins and dispense the Bread of Life, they would find the best way to get acquainted with their priest would be to go to confession. We have learned says an eminent clergyman, more about the real character and gotten nearer to the heart of the parishioners in hearing one confession, than in dozens of parish calls extending through a rectorship of years. Let the people make such use of their priests as God intends they should. and they will have few complaints to utter on the score of insociability,

OUR PENANCE.

What kind of a sin is it not to perform the penance imposed by the confessor? If the penance is light, the omission of it is a venial sin; if great, it is a mortal sin. If the fulfillment of the penance enjoined should become very difficult, it may be changed by the same or by another confessor.

How soon after confession must the penance be performed? It must be performed within the time fixed by the confessor, and should he not fix a

time, it ought to be performed within a short time; for when the penance is great, and particularly when it is medicinal, to defer the performance of it for a long time is a mortal sin.

Should the penitent have the misfortune of falling into mortal sin after confession, is he still bound to fulfill the penance? Yes; he is obliged to fulfill it. And does he satisfy his obligation by performing his penance in the state of mortal sin? Yes; he also complies with his obligation.

But, alas! Many go to confession, accept the penance enjoined, but afterwards do not comply with it. "But, Father, I am not able to do all that my confessor has imposed upon me." And why did you accept a penance that you knew you could not perform? I recommend you to speak plainly and to say to the confessor: "Father I am afraid that I can not do all you have imposed on me; give me a lighter penance." Of what use is it to say: "Father I will do it; Father I will do it," and afterwards to do nothing?

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

One of the highest encomiums that can be pronounced upon any young man, worthy of it, is to say that he is a true gentleman. There is a world of meaning in the term. It means more than true politeness. It is more than strict conformity to written rules of the best fashionable etiquette. One may be faultless in his adherence to the best form of social behavior and yet lack much of the true gentleman.

The true gentleman is the soul of honor, is beautifully candid, is deeply considerate of the rights of others, is quick to acknowledge his own faults rather than lay them on others, and consults the good of others rather than seek his own preferment. The true gentleman is known by his strict sense of honor; by his sympathy, his gentleness, his forbearance and his generosity.

THE DEAD.

How little do we think of the dead! Their bones lie entombed in all our towns, villages and neighborhoods. The lands they have cultivated, the houses they have built, the works of their hands, are always before our eyes.

We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same firesides, sleep in the same room, ride in the same carriage, and dine at the same table, and seldom remember that those who once occupied these places are now gone—alas! forever. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast, to the exclusion of those so near!

To-day man stands and weeps over the grave of a departed friend. To-morrow he passes that grave with cold indifference. To-day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish, for the loss of one he so much loved, to-morrow the image of that friend is effaced from his heart, and almost forgotten.

Oh, how little do we think of the dead! While we are in the full enjoyment of health, we ought to contemplate the more upon death.

What a wonderful commentary upon man.—Catholic Telegraph.

MOTHER AND SON.

The boy's first idea of a woman is his mother, and unless she fails to win his love and respect he has a chivalrous devotion to her which will cover his whole life. If mothers would give their children definite religious instruction by word and example and rule them wisely, lovingly, methodically and firmly in habits of obedience, self-control and purity and truth, boys would less often develop into uncontrolled, lawless, unchivalrous men and selfish husbands, and girls would not grow into frivolous, vain, self-asserting, fast women. Homes would be happier, the world would be raised, reformed, enlightened.



CHRISTMAS.

A lovely infant lying on the straw,
 A Maiden, Elder, and a shepherd throng,
 With angel legions crowding round in song,
 While all adored the Babe with holy awe,
 'Twas this, the Christmas midnight heard and saw.
 Man-God, the World Eternal, yes, 'tis He.
 He left His Father's bosom, and for me.
 "Come you who love Me," pleads His Sacred Face
 "Within my heart find pardon, hope and grace."
 "My Lord and God; the grace I ask is this:
 To know Thee now, and reign with Thee in bliss."

THE CALENDAR'S GREETING.

The CALENDAR to-day rejoices at being able to re-echo the same joyous strains chanted by the Angels in Heaven on the plains of Bethlehem 1895 years ago: Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will! Yes, Glory to God our Creator; Glory to God our Redeemer; Glory to God our Sanctifier! Peace, joy and happiness to every reader of this paper.

Were it in the power of the CALENDAR, to have its every wish realized in regard to its readers how happy they would be.

Although it has not the means of accomplishing wonderful things, it will nevertheless, continue its humble role of friend and guide to the people of St. Mary's Parish. Its inception originated in the idea that it would be a noble aid, by the way of good sound advice, earnestly and frequently given in promoting their dearest interests now and forever. The CALENDAR hopes that by having lived up to its mission, as faithfully as time and talent would allow, it has endeared itself to its many readers.—To one and all of whom it wishes a most happy Christmas and joyful New Year.

RETREAT FOR THE LADIES OF THE PARISH.

Rev. Father Claude, C.S.S.R. of Brooklyn, N.Y. will open a week's Retreat for all the married and single ladies of the parish on Sunday evening, Dec. 15th, at 7.30 o'clock. The Vespers of the day will be sung at 3 p.m. so as to leave the evening entirely free for the opening exercises which will consist of the recitation of the beads, Sermon and Solemn Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament. The remaining exercises will be as follows: Masses at 5.30 and 8 o'clock every morning with short instructions. Way of the Cross every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and recitation of the beads, Sermon and Benediction every evening at 7.30. While the news of this Spiritual Retreat will be well received by the ladies, we ask them in all earnestness to pray God with all the fervor of their souls that this Retreat may be a success, and that the many wandering and erring children of the Church may return to God. We also request them to circulate this notice as widely as possible, and see that there is nothing left undone, so far as they are concerned, to make this Retreat an unparalleled success. We would again call to their minds that this time of Grace may be the last opportunity offered them, therefore, let it be an acceptable time for them to make their peace with God.

"Take heed; watch and pray, for you know not when the Lord cometh." St. Mark xiii; 35.

"Delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day, for His wrath will come on a sudden and in time of vengeance He will destroy thee."—Eccles. v; 8.

"Because I called and you refused, I stretched out my hand and there was none that regarded; you have despised all my counsels, and have neglected my reprehensions; I will laugh in your destructions, and will mock when that will come upon you which you fear."—Proverbs i; 24.

"You shall seek Me, and shall not find Me, and you shall die in your sins."
—St. John, viii.

The closing exercises will take place on Sunday the 22nd. There will be general communion at the 7.30 a.m. Mass and after the evening sermon a reception of new members into both the Holy Rosary and Children of Mary Societies.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL TOMBOLA.

"God helps the men that help the poor."

The CALENDAR has already announced that a Tombola, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in aid of the poor, will be held in the Church Hall, Tuesday, the 17th. Everyone in the parish is aware of the grand record of this excellent society and what it has accomplished in works of charity during the years of its existence. Regardless of the kind of poor it has succored innumerable families, provided them with wood, clothes and food, and in such a quiet and unostentatious manner that the ones benefitted scarcely ever felt the publicity that usually attends appeals for charity. Now that the dreary winter is coming on steadily and sure, the good men of this Society are about to begin another year's noble work, if the funds are forthcoming, and there is every reason to believe that there is little to fear regarding this important item. So as to make it light for all, the Society has organized the Tombola in question and are now requesting the generous public to assist them in making it a success. Tickets for the drawing of prizes are selling at 10 cents each, or 3 for 25 cents. At a recent meeting it was learned that a large number of tickets had been disposed of, and a choice lot of costly and beautiful articles received. The CALENDAR wishes the members of this Society Godspeed in their efforts to help the poor, infirm and old—so ill-prepared to meet the cold.

God help the poor, compelled to hear
The rude repulse, the heartless sneer;
They must endure
The taunting speech, and scornful eye,
That seem to mock their misery;
God help the poor!

God help each wretched, shivering form,
That nightly from the pelting storm,
In nook obscure,
Is fain to lay the aching head,
The cold damp earth their only bed;
God help the poor!

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God pity them ; for here below
 Hard is their portion—want and woe ;
 And sorrows more
 Than tongue could tell, or pen could write,
 Torment them still, by day and night,
 And dog their steps with cruel spite ;
 God help the poor !

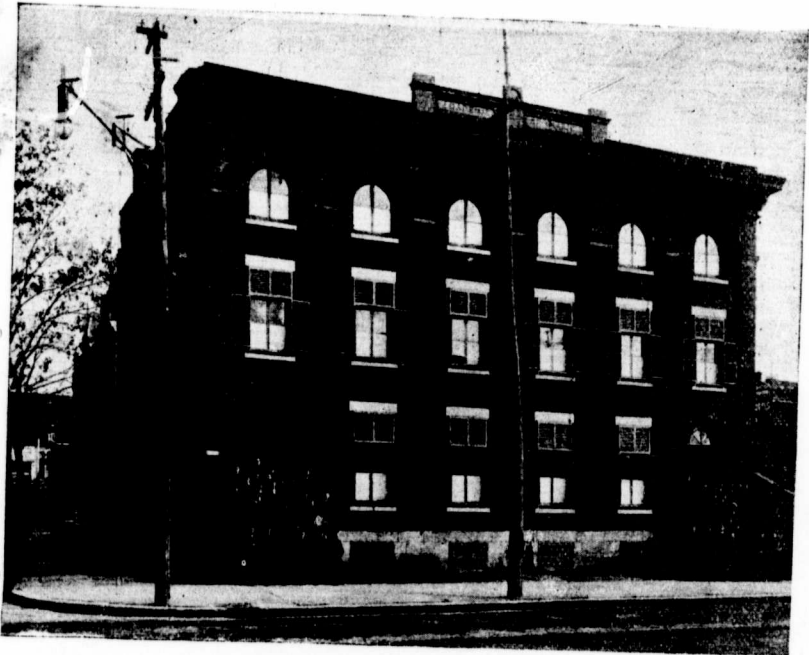
The following are among the valuable prizes received for the drawing :
 A choice lot of land, 2600 feet.
 Elegant steel cooking range from Mr. John Burns, valued at \$60.00,
 Splendid cooking stove, Mr. Wm. Clendenning.
 Gent's silver watch, a friend
 Lady's silver watch, Mr. Jas. Mullaly.
 New patented washing machine with wringer attached. valued at \$20.00,
 Miss Mary Hart.
 Barrel of sugar, St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery.
 Two tons of choice coal, a friend.
 Barrel of flour, Mr. Thomas Phelan.
 Barrel of Hungarian flour, Lake of the Woods Milling Co.
 Beautiful upholstered ottoman, Mr. M. J. McAndrew.
 Handsome plush album, Mr. Lapointe.
 Fancy table lamp, Mr. Martineau, M. P. P.
 A clock, St. Mary's Sewing Circle.
 Beautiful statue, Mr. Lanctot.
 A costly book, D. & J. Sadlier & Co.
 Two large boxes of cigars. Messrs. Villeneuve & Co.
 Silver-plated cake tray, Mr. P. Milton.
 Fancy whip, Mr. P. O'Donohue.
 Fancy toilet set, 6 pieces, G. J. Stroud & Co.
 Felt hat to suit the winner, Mr. Lorge & Co.
 An oil painting, Miss Mullaly.
 Rubber overcoat, Canadian Rubber Co.
 A valuable and pretty wedding cake for the young lady, on the day of her
 marriage, who disposes of the largest number of tickets, Mrs. Scott, Confectioner, and a number of other consolation articles.

 SERMON BY REV. FATHER KELLY.

On Sunday, November 17th, the Reverend Father Kelly of Cote-Des-Neiges College preached at High Mass in St. Mary's, taking for the text of his discourse the parable of the Vineyard. The Reverend preacher spoke at length and with great eloquence upon the necessity of laboring while it is yet day for our own eternal salvation; setting before the congregation the folly and danger of waiting until the eleventh hour in other words the hour of sickness and death, for this important duty. Father Kelly is a most earnest and impressive speaker and made a deep impression upon the large congregation present.

ST. MARY'S BOY'S ACADEMY.

Our boy's school is steadily and nobly pursuing its onward march of progress. Each year gives a new proof of its efficiency. Each year also witnesses an increase in the number of its pupils. The present roll shows an attendance of thirty-five in excess of that inscribed at the same date last year. The extensive repairs made during vacation time, have made the School far more attractive to our boys, while yielding them additional comfort. The basement, consisting of four large apartments and well lighted, is



ST. MARY'S BOYS' ACADEMY.

now being fitted up as a gymnasium and recreation hall. This will be utilized by the boys during the cold and inclement weather, when outside sports cannot be indulged in. A well heated room is also set aside as a lunch room for boys, who cannot conveniently go home for dinner. The discipline of the School has already reached a standard, which might well be envied by institutions of a longer history.

The studies are both serious and wholesome. They are well calculated to bring out the sterling qualities of our bright boys, and to give to these qualities such a healthy growth, that true manhood will be their ultimate

development. A class of Stenography and type-writing has already been opened, for the more advanced.

The moral and religious training of the pupils go hand in hand with their mental and physical cultivation. In a word nothing is being left undone, with the means at our disposal, to prepare our boys for what we will be proud to see them one day, viz. fervent Christians, good citizens and earnest patriots. Towards the realization of this noble and lofty ambition, our School has already given signs of great promise.

The following pupils are entitled to mention as being on the "Roll of Honor" of the School for November.

FIRST CLASS—Wm. Dann, Jas. Glennon, John Kavanagh, Wm. Glennon, Geo. Ward, J. McLaughlin, Jno. Farrell, Wm. Murphy, Michael McDonnell, Jas. Doran, Jno. Scullion, Adelard Foisy, A. Malet.

SECOND CLASS—Jos. Leblanc, Lorne Evans, Gerald Wall, Peter Brennan, Wm. Showers, Ernest Stewart, E. Gauthier, Geo. Bertrand, Ronald Croke, Harry Brown, Adolphe Schultz.

THIRD CLASS—Frank Evans, Harry Allaire, William Frawley, Geo. Dominick, Percy Reynolds, Patrick Flynn, Wm. McDonnell, Henry O'Rourke, Geo. Daly, Peter Ryan, E. Carroll, John Pender, Edward Doran, C. Douglas.

FOURTH CLASS—Frank Wall, Thos. Maher, Daniel Noonan, F. Brady, Laurence Brady, Godfrey Keegan, Jos. Flynn, Frank O'Dea, Ovide Bourdon, Jos. Showers, Patrick O'Brien, Alfred Rochon.

FIFTH CLASS—Charlie Shannon, Willie Lynch, Martin Evans, Herbert Reynolds, Willie O'Hara, Jas. Wallace, Michael Flynn, Willie Farrell, John McCahey, Willie Berstein, Arthur O'Brien, Jas. Callaghan.

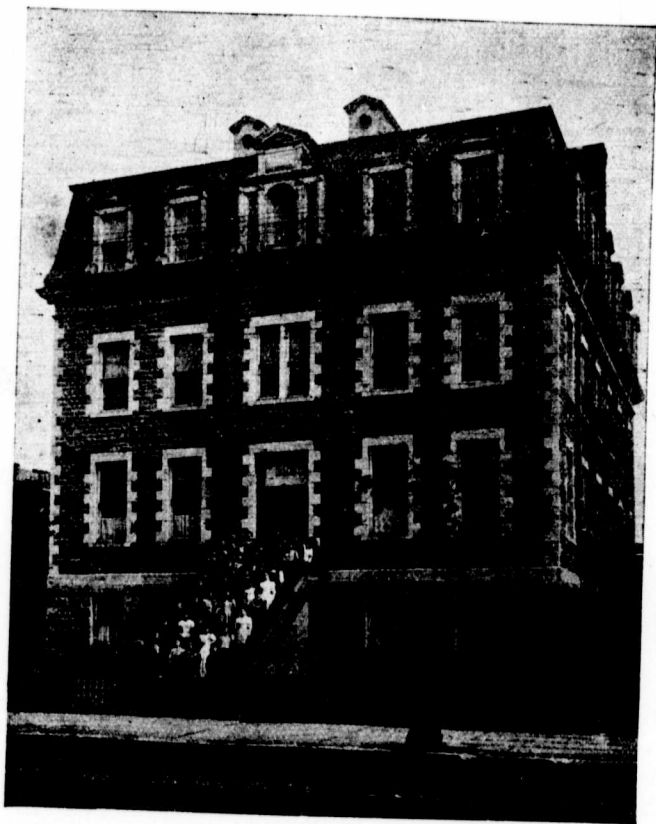
SIXTH CLASS—Ernest Dawley, Eddie King, Joe Cullen, Denis Mahar, Ernest Minto, Johnnie Finnegan, John Phelan, Eddie O'Rourke, Frankie O'Rourke, David Robinson, Joe. Brachen, John O'Brien, Arthur McDonald, Thos. Doyle.

There are many more deserving boys whose names are worthy of a place on the roll, but unfortunately only a certain number can be placed, however, next month these boys will receive honorable notice. We trust to be able to give a better account of boys whose attendance was very irregular up to this. The Reverend Father O'Donnell, has promised to give prizes at the end of each month, and we trust that each and all will do his best to gain a reward for assiduity, good conduct, and regular attendance.

Protecting the Public.—A paper published in Illinois somewhere says it is bound to protect its readers against all forms of deception and fraud; that it will always warn them of danger and put them on guard. "Just now," it says, "there is a tall man with a blonde mustache travelling around the country representing himself to be John the Baptist. We warn our readers that he is not what he pretends to be. We have thoroughly investigated the matter and find that John the Baptist is dead."

ACADEMY OF OUR MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL.

This institution, though still young in years, has already won an honored place among the educational establishments of our city. Opened in 1891 by the Sisters of the Congregation of N. D., it has since, under their wise and skilful direction, proven the necessity of its existence, and given bright



ACADEMY OF OUR MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL.

promise of the mighty influence for good it is destined to exercise in the future. Its bright and cheerful halls are already filled with good and intelligent girls, to the number of about three hundred. Here, under the supervision of the good Sisters, they live in an atmosphere of piety, while receiving the intellectual development of which their fertile young minds are capa-

ble. The zeal of the teachers as well as the application of the pupils have already received many well-deserved rewards. In fact the close of each year might be called a mile-stone of success erected in the history of the Academy. As a proof of the efficiency of the pupils, it might be stated that some of them have already presented themselves as candidates for model school diplomas, and have been successful in their examinations.

Special attention is paid to music, vocal as well as instrumental, and many of the pupils have already won high honors for their success in the cultivation of this useful and refining art.

Domestic economy also receives an honored place in our Academy. Each week the pupils are required to devote a certain portion of their time to the study of all that is calculated to make home both happy and attractive. This study manifests itself in a practical manner in the handiwork of our apt pupils. Thus our Academy, while preparing our young girls to walk in the highest grade of society, teaches them to be practically prepared for any emergency in life. This, we think, is the true Catholic idea of education. In the furtherance and carrying out of this idea we hope to see our Academy always in the front ranks.

BE SERIOUS.

A statesman retiring from public life occupies himself in his latter days with serious thoughts. The friends who came to visit him, reproached him with being melancholy. No, he replied, I am only *serious*. All around me is serious, and I feel the need that heart and mind should be in unison with my surroundings.

"For," he added, with such solemnity as to impress all present, "God is *serious* as He watches us. Jesus is *serious* when He intercedes for us. The Holy Spirit is *serious* when He guides us. Satan is *serious* when he tempts us. The wicked in hell now are *serious*, because they neglected to be so when on earth; all is *serious* in that world whither we are wending."

Oh! my friends, believe me, it is all true; let us at least at times be *serious* in our thoughts and in our actions.

"Now," said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient, in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."

Mrs. Lumkins—"Joshua, I am going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled. You mind the baby while I'm gone." Mr. L. (with alacity)—"You mind the baby, Jennie; I'll go and get a tooth pulled out."

Mr. Highfi—"Where is that 'Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer?'" Mrs. H.—"What do you want it for?" Mr. H.—I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him.

MRS. T. F. MOORE.

On different occasions the CALENDAR had to accord space in its columns for well-merited praise of the devoted ladies of St. Mary's parish. Under all circumstances it was indeed a pleasure to publish these humble tributes to their devotedness and generosity. Many names have already been mentioned and more will be acknowledged in due time. To-day it becomes our pleasing and earnest duty to give special attention to a name as lustrous, if not more so, than the brightest on the role of those who love to live for God in performing noble and charitable deeds. It would be superfluous to say that Mrs. T. F. Moore is well and favorably known; respect, admiration and love for this distinguished lady are not confined to the precincts of St. Mary's. She is deservedly popular and 'tis well for the poor; she takes a deep interest in everything that pertains to their welfare or that in any way enhances St. Mary's parish. At the late Kermesse the sum realized at the table under her charge was \$660. As President of St. Mary's table at the Ville



MRS. T. F. MOORE.

Marie Bazaar Mrs. Moore accumulated the beautiful amount of \$2500. At our church Tombola she was most active, energetic and generous. The success of the Calendar entertainment is quite largely due to her efforts; for many reasons THE CALENDAR owes her the deep gratitude due to a dear and true friend. Mrs. Moore is ever ready to lend a helping hand in a good cause. Time, talent and means are cheerfully given, and God does bless the cheerful giver. Few women are possessed of more endearing qualities to render them attractive and charming. Hers is a kind, genial disposition in that she is graced with all the characteristic traits that dignify true Christian womanhood. The CALENDAR wishes her a happy Christmas in the bosom of her happy family, and a long long happy life of devotion to God and usefulness to her fellow creatures here on earth.

MRS. THOS. JONES.
President, Good Counsel Sewing Circle.

MONTHLY CALENDAR:

A FAVORITE WRITER.

The name of Patrick John Leitch, is well and widely known by readers of Catholic literature both in Canada and the United States. For many years Mr. Leitch has devoted his talents to the cause of Catholic truth, both as a writer and as a teacher of youth, holding at present the position of professor at the well known Plateau Academy of this city, where his methods have won for him the reputation of being one of the most successful teachers in Canada.



MR. P. J. LEITCH.

with grace, cleverness, elegance and the to our highest and most refined sentiments. Had he written nothing else, Mr. Leitch's poetry would suffice to give him no mean position in the temple of Christian literature.

It may not be generally known that our CALENDAR has frequently been the medium through which Mr. Leitch's work has reached the public. The nom-de-plume "Fidelitas" is familiar to every reader of our parish journals, but few perhaps are aware that it has been substituted for the more widely known and admired Patrick John Leitch. Like the famous author of the Waverley novels, Mr. Leitch has frequently been content to delight the public without claiming the meed of praise that was his due.

Readers of the Sun, the Post and the True Witness, have had many opportunities of acquainting themselves with Mr. Leitch's easy, flowing and persuasive style. His articles are imbued with a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and while avoiding any approach to "lay preaching"—a fault that too many Catholics writers fall into—he invariably manages to convey a salutary lesson. It is not alone in prose that our author has distinguished himself. He has also published a number of poems instinct with true poetic spirit—poems that appeal

MR. THOS. PHELAN,
Acting Church Warden.

As we have hinted before, Mr. Leitch's genius is many sided. Not only has he made a mark in literature, but he has also done that which is perhaps even more difficult—he has made a reputation as an instructor of youth. To take inanimate pens, ink and paper and make them reproduce the teeming fancies of the brain is a comparatively easy task; but to capture and hold the volatile, mercurial minds of a score or more of restless youthful pupils and mould them into clever, useful and solid scholars is a feat calling for talents of an uncommon order; yet this is what Mr. Leitch has managed to accomplish, apparently with ease. It is not then too much to say that it would be well for Catholic literature and well for Catholic education were there more writers and more teachers possessing the talents of Patrick John Leitch.

“A LITTLE NONSENSE.”

She—“Yes, I am very fond of pets.” He—“Indeed. What, may I ask, is your favorite animal?” She (frankly)—“Man.”—*Fashion Review*.

Boy—“I want to buy some paper.” Dealer—“What kind of paper?” “I guess you'd better give me fly-paper. I want to make a kite.”—*Philadelphia Record*.

Wiggles—“What's the matter with you, old man?” Waggles—“Oh, several things.” Wiggles—“Well, get engaged to one of them, and then let the rest alone.”—*Somerville Journal*.

“I think,” said the unsophisticated man, “that Groggins must be quite a power in city politics. I was passing his place yesterday, and I noticed in big letters the word ‘pull’ on his door.”—*Boston Transcript*.

His Failing.—“Do you think Trotters will maintain his resolution to take care of his family in the future?” “If he does it will be the only thing he ever maintained,” was the prompt reply.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Working Bee—“A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to-day.” Queen Bee—“What did you do?” Working Bee—“Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points.”—*Truth*.

How She knew.—“Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me,” said little Emily, coming home from a visit to her aunt. “How do you know he likes you?” her mother asked. “'Cause he tasted me and then wagged his tail,” answered the little girl.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

“You look as if you needed a hair cut,” said the elephant, nosing about the lion's cage. “Before you go around making remarks about other people's appearance you'd better trim down your ears,” retorted the lion, shaking his mane. “You show your ivories too much when you talk, anyhow.”—*Chicago Tribune*.

May—“You seem to be so in love with your art that you would never marry, and yet here you have eloped with a man old enough to be your grandfather.” Ethel—“Ah, my dear, you have no idea how difficult it is to find an old master in this country—particularly one worth \$30,000 a year.”—

PARISH REGULATIONS.

MASSES—Masses on Sundays at 6.30, 7.30 and 10 a.m. On Holy Days of obligation Masses are at 5.30, 7.30 and 10 a.m.

VESPERS AND BENEDICTION—Vespers and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, or a Sermon, at 7.30 p.m. Sunday Evenings.

CATECHISM—Catechism for all the children of the parish, at 2 p. m. Every Sunday.

BAPTISMS—Baptisms are regularly attended to on Sundays from 3 to 5 p.m. It is desirable, however, to have Sunday baptisms at 3 p.m. This will spare extra labor for the priests and leave them free for the other numerous occupations of that day. Baptisms on week days will be attended to from 3 to 4 p.m. Thursdays and Saturdays excepted. Interested parties are requested to advise the priests, as far as possible, of week day baptisms.

CHURCHING OF WOMEN—Churching of women is in order after 3 p.m. Sunday afternoon and immediately after low mass on week days. Women coming to be churched are advised to have at least a taper burned for their intention before the Shrine of Our Mother of Good Counsel.

REGULATIONS AS TO PEWS—Each family should strive to have a pew in the Church. In case a whole pew is not required one or two sittings can be secured.

Pews and seats may be rented for three months, the regular quarters

commencing respectively with the 1st of February, May, August and November. They may be engaged also at other times.

CONFESSIONS—Confessions are heard every Saturday afternoon and evening, on the eve of Holy-Days of Obligation and on the eve of the First Friday, from 3.30 to 6, and 7.30 to 10 p.m. Also before and after low mass on week days. Those who can come to confession in the afternoon should do so, for their own convenience, as well as that of the Priests. Confessions of children who have not made their first Communion are heard during the Ember Days of each year. Children should not be sent, or allowed to go to confession on Saturday evenings, unless perchance, their daily employment prevents their coming at the appointed time.

MARRIAGES—Marriages will be attended to by special appointment. Persons intending marriage should give notice at least three weeks in advance, that sufficient time may be secured for the publication of the banns.

SICK CALLS—Sick calls should be sent in early in the day. Owing to the great number of sick notices which may come to the Presbytery, in an extensive parish like this, it is often difficult to attend to them promptly, and the priest should, in all cases, not of a sudden character, like accidents, be sent for before the danger becomes urgent.

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