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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION. "If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work." — PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A GREAT PAPER.

One of our business representatives entered the establishment of a large tea merchant on St. Lawrence street, one day last week, and the proprietor who is a Protestant, referring to the "True Witness," said: "You have a great paper; it is a credit to the Irish Catholic people of this city, in fact of Canada." We rarely make any reference to our own paper, we feel that the paper should be its own passport to deserved support. Last week, in justice to our correspondent "Crux," we published some remarks of approval from the pen of a subscriber—a person of keen judgment and great ability. But these are exceptions to our rule. It would be more than wonderful, however, if we could neglect to record such an expression of appreciation as the one above-written. It is principally remarkable as coming from a Protestant and an Englishman. Unfortunately, while we never complain about it, we have rare occasion to feel gratified with the spontaneous encouragement of our own people. As long as some people feel confident that, should the need come, they have a paper ready and competent to assert their rights and defend their claims, they quietly leave to whomsoever may choose to interest themselves or to take the trouble, or bear the labor and expense, to carry on that organ. In fact, if some of them speak at all, it is to disparage and injure rather than encourage, or even to do simple justice to their best and most reliable friend and advocate. But this is Christmas time, and we feel inclined to be contented with everything and with every person; so we are grateful to all who give expression to their appreciation of our humble efforts, and as far as concerns those who know nothing of the labors and sacrifices demanded by Catholic journalism, we are grateful for even their comments as they indicate that at least they take the paper, but evidently do not read it—to their own great loss.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. — We learn that there is a somewhat lively discussion going on, at present, in the Ontario press, on the subject of curtailing the school term, or scholastic year of ten months, that now obtains in the country districts. "La Patrie," in commenting upon this movement, points out that what would apply, in such cases, in the Province of Ontario, applies, with greater force, in the Province of Quebec. The idea is that eight instead of ten months should suffice. One of the reasons adduced is that in the country young lads are frequently required to aid in the lighter work on farms during certain months of the year, and as a consequence the school attendance naturally shows a falling off, when these times come. That there is force in the contention we will not gainsay, but we are under the impression that there is much to be said on the other side—that is in favor of the longer term for the pupils. We do not think that the agitation has, as yet, as-

"If the poor wish to provide for the expenses of burial and for doctor's fees, let the insurance company guarantee those expenses, and pay them. To speculate in the life and death of a child is sufficiently greivous, without any hastening of death. It is intolerable to think that companies can be found to issue such speculative insurance, and to reward the murderer who successfully murders a child and escapes detection."

In England child insurance is entirely prohibited. The death rates amongst children and the exposure of untold crimes of a most abominable class brought about this legislation in that country. We do not know, for we have not yet made special inquiries, whether or not, in Canada, there are any insurance companies that take risks on the lives of infants. But since there are thirty-five of them in the United States, we may conclude that some of these companies may possibly have their branches here and be inclined to carry on the same business in our Dominion. If such were the case it would be a most Christian act for some of our legislators to move in the matter and have a prohibitory law, similar to that in England, passed. And even were it true that we have so far escaped this curse, it might be no harm to prevent all danger of it ever getting a foothold here, by having the legislative enactments passed as a matter of precaution. We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that there are companies, composed of reputable citizens, that are so debased as to make money at the cost of innocent lives. Yet, we are forced to the sad conclusion by the facts that are set before us. It is a question which is the more culpable, the company that takes such a risk or the parent who applies for the same. Both are certainly criminal. It is a fearful thought for a civilized person that instead of protecting and helping the feeble and unoffending child to retain the little life that God has given it, the very thirst for money should demand the sacrifice of the tiny victim in order to satiate its passion. Unwilling as we may be to admit that humanity could fall so low, we must accept the situation as it presents itself, and ask that, at least, our young country be saved from such a stigma upon its character.

MARCONI'S SUCCESS. — There are obviously many difficulties still to be overcome. The system cannot prove its full value until it is efficiently systematized. One wire one message is as vital as one man one vote. It is doubtful whether Signor Marconi is advancing matters for the world at large so long as he enjoys a monopoly which arrogates to his own use a considerable tract of that useful element in the air.

A RELIGIOUS RETROSPECT. — In a most interesting column our French-Canadian contemporary "La Presse" tells of the many remarkable religious events that have taken place during the year that is going. After referring to several conversions to the Faith of persons who belonged to non-Catholic churches, and having told the story of the many churches and religious institutions that have been either founded or completed during the year, we are given a list of the many losses which the Catholic Church, especially in our city, has sustained. In this connection we will translate a few paragraphs from that instructive article.

"But," says "La Presse," "alongside of these events so calculated to bring joy to all Christian hearts, we should register the sorrowful events. Firstly, Mgr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, one of the shining lights of the Church in America, departed this life at an advanced age. Rev. Father Scanlan, the apostle of temperance, also succumbed to sickness, and death broke off a short but meritorious career. The news of the death of Rev. Father Quinlivan, parish priest of St. Patrick's, who had won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, caused a great shock and a regret that was universal. The other members of the clergy who paid their final tribute to the pitiless mover are Rev. Fathers Bedard, of St. Constant; Dozols, former pastor of Pointe-aux-Trembles; Baudet, of Three Rivers; and the Abbe J. Palatin, P.S.S. Mgr. Grandin, the indefatigable missionary of the North-West, also disappeared from the scene, carrying with him the deepest regrets of a vast population. A great loss to Canada was the death of Mgr. Tanguay, the famed genealogist of the French-Canadian families. Another well known figure that has vanished was Rev. P. Michaud, C.S.V., to whom we owe the

cathedral and other religious edifices. But the loss that was most felt and that was the most sorrowful for the Church and for the cause of education in Montreal was that of Rev. Abbe Louis Colin, the venerable Superior of St. Sulpice. His deep learning had constituted the adviser not only of ecclesiastical personages, but also of many eminent public men. He was considered to be one of our greatest masters of sacred eloquence. His love of education will be transmitted to posterity in the various monuments that he erected to spread knowledge amongst the youth of our country." While the list is necessarily imperfect, and no pretence was made that it was complete, we feel that our contemporary has done a good deed in recalling, at this closing of the year, the names of so many good men whose lives were given for the Church, for the youth of the country, and for the cause of education and religion combined. So numerous and so rapid are the events that succeed each other in the course of a year that we have almost forgotten the loss sustained ten, eleven, or twelve months ago. Still the good are always remembered; the just are kept in perpetual memory, as the Psalmist tells us, and it is indeed "a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead." As 1902 draws to its end let us pray for the souls of even the few whose names are above recorded.

"Mr. Marconi could not have done the thing three hundred years ago without danger to his life as a practitioner of wizardry."

The "Witness" fails in its shaft; because even a century and more nearer to our own time, had Marconi set up his apparatus on American soil, the Puritan fanatics of New England, the witch-burners of Salem, and Boston, would probably have placed the fagots around him and lit the torch of death, as was their superstitious and crazy practice in the cases of poor, innocent, and harmless old women and young girls, in the days when it was dangerous to be a "Papist" and a crime punishable by law to attend a "Mass House." These are dark pages that we do not care to turn up or read, but they are the records of facts that blacken the history of the descendants of those famed "Pilgrim Fathers," while the allusion of the "Witness" is baseless, having no truth in history to justify it.

Catholicity in Newark.

The silver jubilee of Bishop J. J. O'Connor, of the diocese of Newark as a priest, was observed on Sunday last. The celebration opened with Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral. Many prelates and priests were present. After the religious ceremony the Bishop held a reception at the Krieger Auditorium and entertained the visiting clergy. The next prominent feature in the celebration will be a reception to the Bishop at the new auditorium in Orange street, Newark, on January 5, by the Knights of Columbus. On January 7 the Catholic Young Men's Societies will tender a reception to Bishop O'Connor at Krieger's Auditorium.

The approaching year is the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese of Newark, and the golden jubilee is to be devoted largely to the raising of funds to further the work on the cathedral. The Rev. John A. Sheppard, of St. Michael's, Jersey City, the vicar general of the diocese, is the chairman of the committee on the new cathedral jubilee fund, the other members being the Rev. Charles J. Kelly. This committee will visit wealthy Catholics throughout the diocese, to solicit contributions to the Cathedral Building Fund. Many of the leading Catholics of Newark have already made liberal contributions. Among the noteworthy gifts, so far, is the women's chapel, at the rear of the new building, which will be erected entirely at the expense of ex-Senator James Smith at a cost of not less than \$25,000. A prominent Newark Catholic, whose name is withheld for the present at his own request, has given \$10,000 in cash, and John F. Shanley has made a first contribution of \$5,000. The committee expects that the jubilee contributions to the building fund by the wealthy Catholics of Newark will exceed \$60,000. The canvass of the wealthy Catholics of Jersey City and Hoboken will begin with the new year, and that of Paterson will follow. At the same time parish contributions will be made in all the churches of the diocese throughout the year. It is believed by Vicar-General Sheppard that the jubilee year contributions will be sufficient to inclose the new cathedral and adapt it to the temporary requirements for a larger place of worship in the part of Newark where it is situated. So far the funds for building the cathedral have been wholly raised by assessments upon the clergy, to the extent of 10 per cent. of their salaries, and on the parishes. The amount thus secured and already expended is about \$300,000.

The Cathedral of the Sacred Heart is already one of the most conspicuous objects in the park region of Newark. The cathedral grounds lie between Clifton avenue and the park, and include eighty-five building lots, or nearly five acres of land. The walls are already up almost to the top of the second story,

GOING TO EGYPT.

Mr. Dugald Macdonald, one of our best known citizens and a mathematician of continental reputation, leaves early in January for Egypt. Our readers may remember that about a year ago, our correspondent "Crux" furnished an elaborate article upon the scientific investigations and computations that Mr. Macdonald has been prosecuting regarding the pyramids of Egypt, their measurements and all the wonderful secrets they contain. It is in order to complete his studies of this subject, by actual observations, that Mr. Macdonald goes to the land of the Pharaohs.

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Hints to Lukewarm Young Irish Canadians.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Any person who pays special attention to the European information in the press of the hour, cannot fail to note the change that has recently come over the aspect of Ireland's prospects. In fact, it seems almost a certainty, as far as anything human can be certain, that the long struggle for Irish political autonomy is drawing to a close. Every sign points in that direction. The meeting, in convention, of the representatives of the landlords and the representatives of the tenants cannot but be productive of great and weighty results. Whether the convention arrives at definite conclusions or not, it is a mighty step to have brought these two elements together and upon a platform of mutual understanding. There is a hopefulness to-day in the old land that the children of the Irish race have not, for long generations, experienced. The leaders assure the public that we are on the eve of a settlement of the vexed land question. Once that difficulty out of the way there remains scarcely any obstacle to the accomplishment of Home Rule. The day is rapidly approaching when Ireland will hold an enviable position amongst the nations, when she will enjoy all the liberties and advantages that we in Canada possess, and when it will be a distinction, in the eyes of the world, to be an Irishman.

There is an old saying that "nothing succeeds like success;" that is to say, as long as you are a failure in any enterprise, you find the heel of the world upon you, but the moment the world finds you rising its changes its attitude and drops at your feet. For long ages Ireland's best endeavors have proven to be so many failures; success has never perched upon her standard; and, as a natural result, the world has felt at liberty to scoff, to ridicule, to belittle, to misrepresent, and to calumniate her. But, the very moment that she raises up her head, begins to assume her rightful place, counts successes in her political struggles, and, above all, that it is certain she is about to eventually win in the long-protracted fight, the world will honor, praise, respect, imitate, and court her. The day, then, is dawning, when tens of thousands will glory in the fact of being Irishmen—I mean tens of thousands who have, in one way or another, shunned all identification with Ireland's cause, who have been ashamed of their race, and false to their principles and convictions. The time is not long gone when there was but little honor and less profit in being recognized as patriotically Irish. We have not to go far back in the history of the closing nineteenth century to find a period when it required very sterling principles and no small degree of courage, for an Irishman to openly advocate the cause of his country and to identify himself with the founders of the Land League, and of other patriotic Leagues and movements. To-day some of these very men, who feared to be recognized as fervently Irish, will be the first to throw up their hats and to cheer at the news of every Irish success in the great arena of British politics. They will seek to be identified with the cause, the moment that success illumines it, although they shuddered at the mere mention of it, when the clouds of misfortune or the mists of uncertainty overhung it.

It is not as a reproach that I dwell upon this very human aspect of the present situation; for, after all, there is something very natural about the whole matter. We cannot expect that every person in the world will be filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice, nor even possess the courage of his convictions. It would be too much to demand anything of the sort. But no matter what excuses we may form for them, or how lenient we may be inclined to feel towards their lack of spirit, there is no getting over the fact that the man who ultimately succeeds and is respected is the one who is steadfast in his principles, and who has the courage of his convictions. This

solemn truth does not demand any minute explanation. It is, therefore, the time of all times, for the younger men of the Irish race, here in Canada as well as elsewhere, to show themselves zealous and sincere in their efforts to secure an era of peace, prosperity and happiness, for the Old Land. Whether they join in, or remain aloof, the cause will go on, with bounding strides, to success, and to final triumph; but, if they wish to share in the glory, to have a conscientious right to proclaim aloud their nationality, to enjoy the privilege of being recognized and honored by their fellow-citizens of other races, as sons of the Celtic race, it is for them to fall into the ranks and do their part in the last hours of a nation's struggle.

Ninety years ago James Sylvius Law, of Belfast, wrote and published a wonderful epic, entitled "The Irish Catholic," "A Patriotic Poem, in Five Cantos." "Dedicated, by Permission, to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Fingall." It is quite possible that not one of those who shall read these few paragraphs has ever seen Mr. Law's exceptionally fervid poem. It was written before the days of the Emancipation successes, but the last canto was added when O'Connell was morally sure to carry his point and to knock from the limbs and life of the "Irish Catholic" the shackles of long decades. He beheld, after spending years in writing his vivid account of Ireland's woes, the dawn of a great day, a day of comparative liberty. We at this hour, stand in almost a similar position, as far as Ireland's political future is concerned, and we can apply to the situation of the present the lines with which that poem was closed in 1813:

"Erin rejoice! and let thy griefs be given,
To passing winds, that fan the face of heaven;
Fling on the buoyant bosom of the gale,
Thy song of sadness and thy mournful tale!
Thy day of trial has dissolved in night,
And joy suspended shews its matin light;
Bright'ning along our plains its glories spread,
And heaven's blue dome, beads cloudless over head,
Th' auspicious period, which, at length, arrives,
Shall bless ourselves, our children, and our wives;
'Twas long expected—now it comes at last,
Like Western zephyr chasing winter's blast;
Our native flow'rets feel the genial glow
Of vernal suns, and show their breasts of snow;
Our fields are dressed in Pleasure's gayest smile,
And Union's sun beams warmly on our Isle.
Fame writes, on living rolls, in letters bright,
The names of those, who for their country's right,
Opposed ten thousand evils of the age,
Which sprung from Prejudices ruthless rage.
Hail to those manly souls!—those honest spirits brave,
Who first essayed our sinking Isle to save!
Who raised her head—and let Hope's beacon light,
To shed its rays upon her polar night."

HUMOR.

A eminent Irish surgeon. Sir Thomas Myles, was lately the author of a first class bull. Speaking of the beginning of the Boer War, he said to his hearers: "Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?" He saw his slip, and remarked that his only apology that he was an Irishman.—Cleveland Universe.

An Irish patriot in Cleveland declared in a speech: "We'll sink the Bronclads of Great Britain on the plains of Clontarf."

Hiram—It tells here in this paper was in love, "two can live as cheaply as one."
"Perhaps," replied his wise father, "but I never knew them to do it."
—Chicago Post.

Hiram—It tells here in his paper about a German doctor who had discovered a sure cure for consumption.

Silas—It does beat all how slow those foreigners are, don't it? Why, they've been sellin' sure cures for consumption down to the village drug stores for the last twenty years!—Puck.

Christmas Eve in Montreal.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping,
'Neath the glittering ice that its waters has spann'd;
Dim, pale, in the sky are the winter lights peeping,
Cold chill is the mantle that covers the land.

Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven,
Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet,
Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even,
Dark, sombre the mountain—deserted the street.

Hark! hark! a soft sound on the night is breaking,
Lo! light in the distance in brilliancy gleams;
The city is stirring, the world is awaking,—
Strange, ghostly the scene, as the painting of dreams.

Peal, peal, the great bell in you tower is vibrating;
Mark, mark who the faithful are moving along!
In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting,
And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song!

As they enter the organ right loudly is pealing,
The acolytes move and the choristers sing;
Sweet, solemn the notes round the altar are stealing,
As smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing.

In his white robes of splendor a Bishop is praying,
Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn,
And grand are the Masses the Pontiff is saying—
The Mass of the midnight—the Mass of the morn!

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him,
And thousands the eyes that are dim in their tears;
They sought for the Child—in a manger they found Him;
Like an Infant of Mercy sweet Jesus appears.

In the vault of the temple are angel harps ringing,
"Glory! all glory to God the Most High!"
The organ is pealing, the choristers singing,
"Glory! all glory to God the Most High!"

J. K. FORAN.

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I purposely skip a few of my letters in order to reach one that bears the date of Christmas. Like poems and other forms of written expression, at this season, the Christmas letter has a value that none other possesses. As a rule, it is written under special emotions, and it recalls more powerfully, than would a letter at any other time, the one whose hand traced its pages. As I now pen these few lines I have before me a short, and to me most precious letter; it was written by one who has already spent several Christmas Eves in heaven. Yet the sight of his letter brings back to mind the features and form, the smile, the tone of voice, the delightful hours of sweet literary conversation, the moments of patriotic enthusiasm, or of religious fervor that passed over us, all of which belong to the dead and buried past. Again, as in all former letters that I have reproduced, I will transcribe it exactly as it was written, save the name and address of the one to whom it was sent. Here is this Christmas friend of the bygone:

Lord, 1894—and I am seated in my quiet nook, at my well-strewn table, extending to you the hand of good-fellowship, and wishing you, from the bottom of my heart, "all the compliments of the season."

"In your last letter, you ask what I am doing. Well, I am writing, writing, writing; and I do a little hunting up of material, and a little study, but oh! so much writing. I could better tell you what I am not doing. I am not sitting the world on fire, nor am I making a huge fortune; I am not living in luxury, if I am contented, nor am I living in the best of health, although I do not complain.

"At present, to come to dry particulars, I am organizing a syndicate of Catholic journals, with the object of supplying them with a weekly contribution (average words 1,500) on current Catholic, Irish, and European topics of interest. The terms I have selected are \$2 an article, payable monthly. I have no idea how I will succeed, as I have only commenced to put this long-entertained plan into execution. By the way; do you know of any prominent Irish-Catholic organ in Canada, that would be disposed to join this syndicate? If you do I am sure you will let me know of it. I regretted very much to hear from L—that he was down again with his old complaint, the kidneys. He had promised to secure me a couple of papers for the purposes of my scheme;

but I fear the poor fellow is scarcely well enough to look after his own interests.

"Did you ever remark how willing we poor writers are to help each other, out of the abundance of our poverty? When a boy I used to take great delight in tales of adventure, of travel in unknown lands, and especially of gypsies and such-like. When I reached manhood and found myself compelled to lead a kind of Bohemian existence I frequently wondered at its attractions for me. I suppose, in spite of all the drawbacks consequent on a lack of funds, that taste cultivated in childhood passed into the realities of after life. Yet it is a poor and unsatisfactory life.

"As a rule, I do not complain of my lot—for

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

but on Christmas Eve I always find serious and sad reflections surging through my brain, and I experience the necessity of confiding, in some one. Hence all this letter to you. While I am writing, at least, I can live over those few brief hours that we spent in never-to-be-forgotten conversation. It is so refreshing to meet with a spirit that enjoys the same mental menu as one's own. It seems to me that during those few moments a triple bond of friendship was woven between us—three strong strands, our mutual faith, our love of Ireland, and our literary aims.

"I do not want to tire you, so I will close this Christmas greeting. I can assure you that your place in my memory is a fixed one, and, if God wills, I will remind you of it every Christmas in the future.

Yours faithfully,
EUGENE DAVIS."

All that I need add to the foregoing is the expression of deep regret that Eugene Davis never sent me another Christmas greeting—God did not will it, and he was summoned away from all his "schemes" of literary syndicates, all his delightful plans for future efforts in the field of his choice, from all the worries and anxieties of an Irish Catholic journalist's career, from all his dreams of a regenerated and liberty-lighted Ireland, from all the bohemianism that seems to be the fate of those whose pens have been dedicated to noble causes; from all the family ties and sacred bonds of love and friendship that held him to this earth as one whose presence was required.

Again it is Christmas Eve, and I am, to use his words, "in my quiet nook, at my well-strewn table," and instead of extending to him "the hand of good-fellowship"—for his hand can no longer grasp mine—I am offering an humble prayer for the repose of his immortal soul.

Who, during the last years of the nineteenth century, has not known the name of Eugene Davis? The readers of Catholic literature in America all who followed the Catholic organs of this continent, must vividly recall his countless columns of delightful reading matter, or, perhaps, some of his gem-like poems. Ah! he was a great, good, whole-hearted, high-souled, talented Irishman! And he gave all he possessed for the cause of his native land. He was faithful to her people and to their future aspirations and past traditions, and he lost no opportunity of assisting, with pen and otherwise, in the great struggle for justice that has been going on for so many generations. Like his namesake, the great Davis of Irish literature, he wielded a mighty pen, and like him he never wrote a line that was not ennobling and patriotic, sincere and inspiring.

A Catholic President.

In Switzerland, Dr. Joseph Zemp, of Lucerne, vice-president of the Federal Council, has been elected president of the Swiss Confederation for 1903. Dr. Zemp is a Catholic.

Dr. Zemp was born in 1834 in the Canton of Lucerne. He studied law in Munich and Heidelberg and on his return to Switzerland became well known as an advocate. Though he was a prominent member of the Lucerne Council from 1863 onward he did not enter the National Federation Council until 1891, but his reputation was such that he was chosen for the presidency in 1895, the post to which he has been again elected.

Under the Swiss Constitution the vice-president of the Federal Council, the executive authority, consisting of seven members of the Federal Assembly, is usually elected to succeed the outgoing president of the Confederation. The term of office is one year, the holder not being eligible until the expiration of another year.

Missions to Non-Catholics.

A most pleasing feature in the development of the non-Catholic mission work is the earnest effort made by priests and laity to work out the problem of presenting Catholic truth to the non-Catholics in their respective neighborhoods. The enumeration of a few instances of the diverse methods that have been adopted will be somewhat of an instructive object lesson. With priests it is now a common thing to adopt the Question Box in their Sunday night services. A priest in a large Western town in writing of his efforts in this regard says: "In former years my vesper service was attended by some of the children and a few pious women. During this past year I introduced the Question Box. It took the people a few Sundays to appreciate its value. But since then the interest in and attendance at the Sunday evening services has steadily developed until recently the capacity of the church is the only limit that can be placed to the church comers and the converts received this year have quadrupled the number of any previous year." The experience of this priest may be duplicated by that of many other priests. The possibilities of an attractive Sunday night service are very large. People expect to go somewhere during Sunday evening. They are always ready to hear a good sermon. They are desirous of a sound and comprehensive knowledge of their faith. This priest who writes the letter from which the above quotation is taken has utilized the possibilities of a Sunday night service and focused attention on it by the use of the Question Box. The result has been increasing crowds all during the year and nearly half a hundred converts.

Here is another instance. A lady of some social standing has grouped about her a dozen young people, some few of whom are converts. They gather in her parlors on Wednesday evening. A paper is read on some point of Catholic teaching by one who had been duly assigned to it, and after the reading of the paper the one who has prepared it answers any questions put to him concerning the Church's teaching on the topic under consideration. The members of this coterie invite all their non-Catholic friends to their friendly conversations. Care has been taken to exclude any spirit of acrimonious controversy, and to infuse a spirit of honest inquiry. The result of these meetings has been a half a dozen converts.

A Mrs. Elwell in Philadelphia, a convert from the free thinkers, still retains her hold on her former friends. They are a crowd of people without any definite creed and of multiplied vagaries, but they are sincere. They are earnest seekers and honest inquirers, somewhat egotistical, to be sure, and most devout believers in themselves; but they are anxious to learn. Mrs. Elwell gathers them at her "Circle," some noted priest is invited to address them, and by this means they have learned more of Catholicity in the last few months than they learned in their whole life before. In a town in New England a group of converts gathered of their own accord to say the Stations of the Cross every Sunday afternoon. The priest in former years came once a month to the little church. The efforts of these few converts have so awakened the spirit of religion that many of the old "fallen away" have come back, new converts have been secured and a general spirit of religious fervor has been awakened—so that they have Mass now every Sunday, and the bishop will probably place a priest there next year.

It is wonderful what the convert movement has done all over the country.—A. P. D.

IMMIGRATION NOTES

Arrivals in Canada from outside, not including returned Canadians, for the eleven months of the calendar year to the end of November, totalled 80,479. Of these 56,000 were settled in Manitoba and the Territories, and 24,000 in Eastern Canada. Those who moved from our own Eastern Provinces to the western country in the same period were 13,300, making the total addition to the population of Manitoba and the Territories for the eleven months, 70,259. The Immigration Department reports that 31,489 of the new settlers in the west were from the United States. There have been twenty-one thousand free homestead entries granted in the same period, or two and a half times those of last year.

CHRISTMAS

COME place, O Catholic, some Catholic, read a very little—a few of the subject of Christmas comes back to me. Have reached another the first hour of it it may not be inap the readers a few some of the writers this holy festival a their muse. It is Christmas hymns that but rather of the of profane bards. A two-fold aspect—other social—we find who have, in English event of Our Lord's be divided into two have few Christmas language; and as the church perpetuates we find that most of cles and hymns—the familiar to our ear language. But a Greek poets have celebrated the glories of that and naturally they gious sentiment. A olic writers very few on Christmas other social, or domestic later paint in varied traditions of yulet delightful pictures and all the joys of charms of the soci round the paternal It may prove int at least I consider the season, so I w cause for introducing flowers of Christmas would faint weave in honor of the Divine lehem. The very exp have thus used at calls to mind Ado "Christmas Flowers" few stanza from the

And the bright feast
dawning,
And Mary is blest
For now she will gi
Our dearest, our
And see where she s
Mother,
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Christmas in Verse.

BY "CRUX."

OME place, possibly in a Catholic exchange, or in some Catholic magazine, I read a very appropriate article—a few years ago—upon the subject of Christmas poetry. It comes back to me now, and as we have reached another anniversary of the first hour of Redemption's work, it may not be inappropriate to give the readers a few passages from some of the writers who have taken this holy festival as the theme of their muse. It is not exactly of Christmas hymns that I would write, but rather of the poetic expressions of profane bards. As Christmas has a two-fold aspect—one religious, the other social—we find that the poets who have, in English, celebrated the event of Our Lord's Nativity, may be divided into two categories. We have few Christmas hymns in our language; and as the liturgy of our church perpetuates the Latin, so do we find that most of our best canticles and hymns—those that are most familiar to our ears—are in that language. But a great many Catholic poets have celebrated in verse the glories of that memorable night, and naturally they all display a religious sentiment. Of the non-Catholic writers very few have dwelt upon Christmas otherwise than as a social, or domestic festival. These latter paint in varied scenes all the traditions of yuletide and give us delightful pictures of home-circles and all the joys of reunion, all the charms of the social gathering around the paternal hearthstone.

It may prove interesting reading, at least I consider it appropriate to the season, so I will make no excuse for introducing a few of the flowers of Christmas verse that I would fain weave into a chaplet in honor of the Divine Infant of Bethlehem. The very expression which I have thus used at hap-hazard recalls to mind Adelaide Proctor's "Christmas Flowers." Here are a few stanzas from that bouquet:—

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
And Mary is blest;
For now she will give us her Jesus,
Our dearest, our best,
And see where she stands, the Maid Mother,
Her Babe on her breast!

And not one poor garland to give her,
And yet now, behold,
How the Kings bring their gifts—
Myrrh, and incense,
And bars of pure gold;
And the Shepherds have brought for the Babe
Some lambs from their fold.

He stretches His tiny hands toward us,
He brings us all grace;
And look at His Mother who holds Him—
The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
In the manger we place.

Where love takes, love gives; and so doubt not;
Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
No winter can chill;
They who cared for "good will" the first Christmas
Will care for it still.

Seventy years ago, exactly, this Christmas Eve, the late Cardinal Newman, who was then a member of the Anglican Church, but whose soul thirsted for something more positive than the spiritual waters that it had so far drunk, was in the Island of Malta. There, he wrote a Christmas poem which thus commenced:—

How can I keep my Christmas feast
In its due festive show,
Red of the sight of the High Priest
From whom its glories flow?

I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessed towers I see;
A stranger on a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.

Numerous are Christmas poems that have been penned by the late Father Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South. They are all filled with a species of wistful, quaint, fantastic sentiment that imparts to them a mystic garb rarely found in any

other author of English verse. Perhaps that which is the most free from this strange dreaming is the angels' songs in his "Christmas Chant." It is more lively and more in accord with what we feel when we hear the "Glorias" of Bethlehem. The anthem of the angels he gives us thus:—

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song;
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King.
Over the sea and land,
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand,
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.
Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.
Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth,
In excelsis Deo!
For the Saviour's birth.

There is something of the simple and touching in Sherburne's description of the scene at Bethlehem. He sings:—

See! Heaven's sacred majesty
Humbled beneath poverty,
Swaddled up in homely rags,
On a bed of straw and flags,
He, whose hands the heavens displayed
And the world's foundation laid,
From the world's almost exile,
Of all ornaments despoiled;
Perfumes bathe Him not, new-born,
Persian mantles not adorn.

Then Crashaw came with his "Hymn to the Infant Jesus," in which he sings:—

Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretching hands!
Lo, how the laboring earth
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world, to wait thy rise.
First turned to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turned them to tears, and spent them too.

There is a loftier strain in Pope's Catholic verses; they are characteristic of the poet and most worthy of the theme:—

Swift fly the years and rise the expected morn!
Oh! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lovely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears.

Amongst the Protestant poets Milton stands out conspicuous in all his works, and in none more than in his "Ode on Christ's Nativity." It is one of the most sublime conceptions of the great epic poet—not excepting the finest passages of "Paradise Lost." The opening stanza would suggest a Catholic idea of the Divine Child and Holy Mother:—

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

It is almost unnecessary to recall that beautiful and long-familiar poem, by Mrs. Hemans, which tells us how:—

Once in Royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for its bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

There is a deep sentiment in White's stately poem the "Star of Bethlehem." The reader will recall that opening stanza:—

When marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Wordsworth seemed more inclined to recall the minstrels of former days and their Christmas carols, than the event at Bethlehem which marked the commencement of a new era for humanity. He tells how:—

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Tennyson also contemplates the Christmas of his day in the light of a festive season. Lamenting the absence of one dear to him he feels that he cannot keep the feast, and he tells us:—

To-night ungathered let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand;
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footsteps beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Amongst the Irish poets not a few have written splendid verses on the festival of Christmas, but they seem all to be tinged with that deep melancholy which comes over the children of the Old Land, especially when an occasion of the kind awakens memories of a dead past and renders more conspicuous the vacant chairs by the fireside. There is one, entitled "Christmas Memories," which I came upon recently, and the authorship of which I have been unable to discover. It is so genuine and so characteristic of Ireland's Christmas thoughts that I will encroach upon space sufficient to give it in full. It runs thus:—

Oh! those Christmas times, mavourneen
Are not like the times of old,
When the light of love shone softly,
And our pulses felt no cold;
When the laughter of the young
Hearts round the hearth rang merrily;
Now the laughter and the young
Hearts all are gone, asthore,
Machree!

Methinks I see our darling Kate,
Her blue eyes fixed on mine,
And dark haired Patrick resting soft
His little hand in mine;
Methinks I hear brave Owen's voice,
And Brian's free and gay,
With soft checked Eily's mingling in
The holy Christmas lay.

Dreams! dreams! to-night the ancient
Hearth no kindly look doth wear,
There is snow upon the threshold
Stone and chillness everywhere,
No swell of rushing voices pours
The holy Christmas lay,
The young hearts, and the merry
Hearts, mavourneen, where are they?

Ah, blue-eyed Kate and Patrick Dhu,
Where Shruel's silent churchyard
Looks across the Inny breast;
Long, long have found their rest,
And Eily, thy young heart lies cold
And pulseless 'neath the sea
Full many a many a Christmas-
tide, alanna bawn machree.

And by Potomac's blood-tinged wave
Brave Owen nobly fell,
My gallant boy! they say he fought
Right gloriously and well;
And Brian's voice is hushed in death,
Where blue Australian streams
Fill with their youthful melodies
The exile's glowing dream.

Asthore, asthore, beside the light
Our faces shine alone;
But they are clustered with the stars
Before the eternal throne;
With St. Patrick and St. Brigid and
The angels robed in white,
They sing the old remembered
strains, their Christmas hymn,
to-night.

Old love! old love! His will be
bless'd that left e'en you to me
To keep my heart from bursting with
the wild, wild memory,
That soothing glance, mavourneen,
speaks of Christmas times to
come,
When the scattered hearts shall meet
for aye in God's eternal home.

As another sample of Irish Christmas poetry I would like to reproduce Martin McDermott's "Exiles Far Away;" but having occupied so much space with these gleanings—in fact gleanings mostly made by some person else in years gone past—I will be content with the opening stanza. I merely give it because it tells the sad story of the lonely thoughts come to the Irish people when this joyous season awakens memories of either past sorrows or of absent dear ones.

When round the festive Christmas Board,
Or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is pour'd,
Wine, melody and mirth;
When friends long absent tell low-toned,
Their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eye-lids fill,
And lips meet lips once more,
Oh, in that hour, 'twere kindly done,
Some woman's voice might say—
"Forget not those who weep to-night,
Poor Exiles far away."

MILLIONS FOR AMERICAN CENSUS.

The cost of the 12th census is now figured out to have been \$12,854,818, and it is further added that this is an average cost of 15¢ cents per capita in the United States.

A BEGGAR'S JOURNAL.

A journal is published for the instruction and edification of beggars. Its circulation is limited, being confined entirely to "professionals." It does not concern itself with politics or the drama, but contains what may be called "market reports" and scraps of advice and information written by and for beggars. Says the "Neue Freie Presse" (Vienna):

"The price of the paper is twenty centimes, or four cents, which seems rather high; but its readers deem it well worth the money on account of its advertisements, which, indeed, are the publisher's chief source of profit. These advertisements are exceedingly interesting reading for outsiders. Here are some examples:

"Wanted, a blind man who can play a little on the flute."
"Cripple wanted for a well-patronized seashore resort. One who has lost his right arm preferred; must be able to give good references and small security."
"Every issue of the paper contains dozens of such advertisements inserted by mendicant agents and bureaux. There are in Paris more than a score of such bureaux which undertake to supply all France, and especially the bathing and health resorts, with beggars to suit all tastes.

"The beggars' journal also contains announcements of approaching weddings, baptisms, and funerals, as well as a list of birthdays and name-days of persons of wealth, from which, it is to be presumed, many profitable hints are gleaned by its subscribers."

"No greater task could be given to a minister of the Gospel of Christ than to contribute to a reign of industrial peace. The workman of to-day is a thinking being. He knows what should be done. What seems to threaten public peace is but the precursor of greater social happiness and wealth." The Archbishop said that it would take time to bring about the desired changes, but that they would surely come. He thought the federation should meet oftener than once a year. Referring to the coal strike, he said: "Patriotism demands there shall never again be such a strike as the one just ended."

Men who have a wide grasp of intellect and firmness of decision are always positive. They know what they want, and are never on the fence.

The Speculator's Tragic End.

All the outward and visible tokens of Christmas were present. For at least a fortnight every janitor, elevator man, bell boy and waiter had been suffering from an epidemic of excruciating politeness. Circulars addressed in all kinds of clerkly hands came with polite entreaties for contributions to Christmas dinners to be given the worthy poor.

Postmen were beginning to dispense gaudy "Christmas greetings," and dauntless messenger boys never delivered a telegram without also sending in their cards, on which "they made their meaning plain," a phrase that rhymed admirably with their statement of serving the public in all weathers, including "rain."

Of a surety it was approaching the great gift season of the year, else all signs failed, even that of poor relatives grown suddenly anxious for the health and well being of cousins and aunts better furnished with worldly wealth.

Jerome Hunt walked to his office with an inert appreciation of these things. He noticed the holly vendors on the sidewalk, the new outcrop of beggars, the street fakirs with their fluent platter of painted toys, the brilliant shop windows with their surging outside crowds. But it was as one gazes through a half-opaque veil, he saw, and yet he saw not. The street procession pushed and prodded him, a passing wagon splattered his immaculate clothes with fresh mud. In his own office building a box swung in one corner of the elevator. It was ornate with a sprig of holly, and was inscribed in huge black letters, "Merry Christmas." He smiled at it vaguely, but the eager conductor looked disappointed when he stepped off at his own floor without any move to contribute to the box. With the same abstracted air Hunt took his seat at his solid oak desk and gazed about. It was an office which bespoke more than mere competency; there was taste and even luxury in its appointments, soft oriental rugs on the floor, substantial bookshelves lining the wall, a few good pictures making the slightest waste places glad. In the outer office the flaxen head of the typewriter came wondrously near the dark one of a young clerk, as they bent together over what was obviously intended for a Christmas present. Hunt noticed them with the same vagueness of gaze. Outside the shrill voice of a newsboy floated up from the street: "Nothing British loss! Boer forces make Buller's men retreat!" The man at the desk groaned. Two sweet, silent Sisters of Charity came softly in and stood a moment with bowed heads. Mechanically he pulled out a handful of silver and poured it into their gentle palms.

A messenger boy bounced in with a note. Hunt took it and read: "Flurry on New York exchange. Santa Inez and Dennison preferred dropped four points. Please send another fifteen thousand to margin." Signed by a large brokerage firm.

Hunt wrote a check rapidly, put it in an envelope and sealed it. The boy waited. Hunt flung him a quarter impatiently. Before the door closed on the messenger a handsomely gowned woman floated in, with a bunch of English violets filling the air with perfume they exhaled from their nest on her Russian sable muff.

"Oh, Jerome!" she cried, "Do give me another fifty. There is the sweetest lace collar at Summerby's that I want to get for Susie, and we haven't an account there, you know. It is so cheap at that price, and just what she has wanted for ever so long."

The man made a faint gesture of protest. "Couldn't you get something else for Susie?" he asked, thickly.

"Why, no!" said his wife, decisively. "It's no use giving people what they don't want. It may seem extravagant to you, but it really isn't. You wouldn't think twice of giving a piano or a picture to Susie that cost six times as much. You know you wouldn't. Besides, I can save. I've decided to do without the orchids in our bouquets at the Lesters' parties. They would be awfully nice, but roses and lilies will really do just as well. So there is the price of a handkerchief saved at one fell swoop! Do hurry and let me have the money, Jerome!"

Ten minutes after the radiant matron had fluttered out, a swift young foot crossed the threshold, two velvet and furled arms nestled around the man's neck, and a fresh, enthusiastic voice began:

"Oh, pappy, dear, I've just seen the loveliest little pin for mommy for Christmas, but I haven't enough money to get it by \$25. Couldn't

you help me out—there's a dear, darling old daddy-kiss."

The man's face was grave, for again the messenger boy was coming. He took the note from him. It bore the former signature and read: "Another drop. We shall need \$10,000 more." He gazed at the paper stupidly. It was the last note in the tragedy of the week. The young voice broke in impatiently. "Dear papa. I'm so late now. Can't you let me have the money and go? Mamma will be so disappointed. Can't the boy wait?"

He groped absently for his pocket-book, thrust it into her hands, while she gurgled delightedly, and then he drew carefully another check for the brokers.

After that he put on his hat and walked to the bank. "What balance have I now?" he inquired at the window. The automaton behind the wicket trundled off, consulted a book, returned and replied impassively, reading from a slip of paper: "Account overdrawn \$351. Mr. Hunt!"

The man thanked him with equal coolness and departed. The crowd jostled as before, the street fakirs called upon all who would to come and see the wonders of the age. The man took it all in with the same vague, incurious look as before, only his face was graver and more apathetic. Mechanically he sat down in the rotunda of the office and let a boy brush his shoes, and equally mechanically he threw the bootblack an extra holiday coin. This time he remembered the largesse of the elevator boy, and an unfortunate beggar found what seemed to him a fortune in his crumpled hat. The janitor lingered and was rewarded. As he once more turned up the street, the newsboys were crying another British defeat.

He hailed a cab and gave an address on a fashionable street. When he alighted the cabman said: "Merry Christmas, sir," and he threw him an extra half-dollar. Then his hands sought through his pockets and discovered that this coin was his last. He laughed whimsically, so that the housemaid who answered his ring informed her kitchen colleagues that "Himself had been drinking, sure. It's all very well for rich folks what have money and time to spare for Christmas, but for the poor ones that work holidays as well as other days, an' is ground down with an apron for a Christmas present—" and so on ad lib., with the unfeeling aggrieved, indignant chorus of the others.

Proceeding to the library, the dazed man tripped and nearly stumbled. The obstacle was a superb Persian rug he had sent home for a Christmas surprise for his wife. He smiled again as he thought of the January bill to come, the day of reckoning so near at hand. It was on this rug that they found him face downward—Christmas morning. He had spent the night with royalty. The King of Terrors and he had joined hands, but the gray mask was still placid and the set smile whimsical as it mocked the Christmas decorations, and newsboys outside shrieked another disaster.—Eva Brodlique.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 21st Dec., 1902.—Males 182, females 41. Irish 151, French 50, English 11, Scotch and other nationalities, 11. Total 223.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said recently in the British House of Commons: "The difference between the two ecclesiastical systems (the Catholic Church and the Church of England) is that the Church of England is a lay establishment. It was made by the laity, the appointment of Bishops is by the Crown, and the ultimate appeal on matters of doctrine is to a lay tribunal."

"Why, no!" said his wife, decisively. "It's no use giving people what they don't want. It may seem extravagant to you, but it really isn't. You wouldn't think twice of giving a piano or a picture to Susie that cost six times as much. You know you wouldn't. Besides, I can save. I've decided to do without the orchids in our bouquets at the Lesters' parties. They would be awfully nice, but roses and lilies will really do just as well. So there is the price of a handkerchief saved at one fell swoop! Do hurry and let me have the money, Jerome!"

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NOTES

Canada from outside, returned Canadians, months of the calendar end of November, 1902. Of these 56,000 Manitoba and the 24,000 in Eastern provinces who moved from the Provinces to the y in the same period making the total addition of population of Manitoba for the eleven years. The Immigration reports that 31,489 of these in the west were from the States. There have been thousands of immigrants in the same period and a half times as many.

Begin every day with a programme and determined that you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Christmas Music.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH. — An excellent programme has been arranged for the Midnight Mass. Riga's Mass will be sung by a choir of sixty voices, the boys of St. Ann's School will be conspicuous in the soprano and alto parts. The soloists of the Mass are: Messrs. Wm. Murphy, F. Hartford, F. McCrory, R. J. Hiller, and Ed. Quinn.

Novello's "Adeste Fideles" will be sung before the Gospel, with Messrs. R. Latimer and Ed. Quinn as soloists. The Offertory piece will be Gounod's "Noel," sung by Mr. M. E. Norris. During the second and third Mass, a number of Christmas carols will be sung, and Mr. Shea will play Christmas melodies arranged for organ by Dubois, Guilman and Gigout.

Mr. Wm. Murphy will conduct, and Mr. P. J. Shea, organist and musical director, will preside at the organ.

The programme will be repeated Sunday morning at 10 a.m.

Irishmen Show Public Spirit in Waterbury.

The New York "Tribune" in a recent issue published an interesting sketch of Irish organizations in Waterbury, Conn., from which we take the following extracts:—

If one is looking for the most Irish city in America the search can end at Waterbury, which is ready to defend the title with figures, fists or hisses. Out of a population of 60,000 from 27,000 to 30,000 are Irish or of Irish descent. They predominate in municipal affairs and their societies are the strongest in the city. It is one of the few cities in the country where Gaelic is taught in night schools. Each year many thousands of dollars are sent to the Emerald Isle to help the poverty stricken.

Only a few weeks ago a striking exhibition of the Irish spirit of the city was given at Jacques Opera House, when two vaudeville actors were driven from the stage in a storm of hisses.

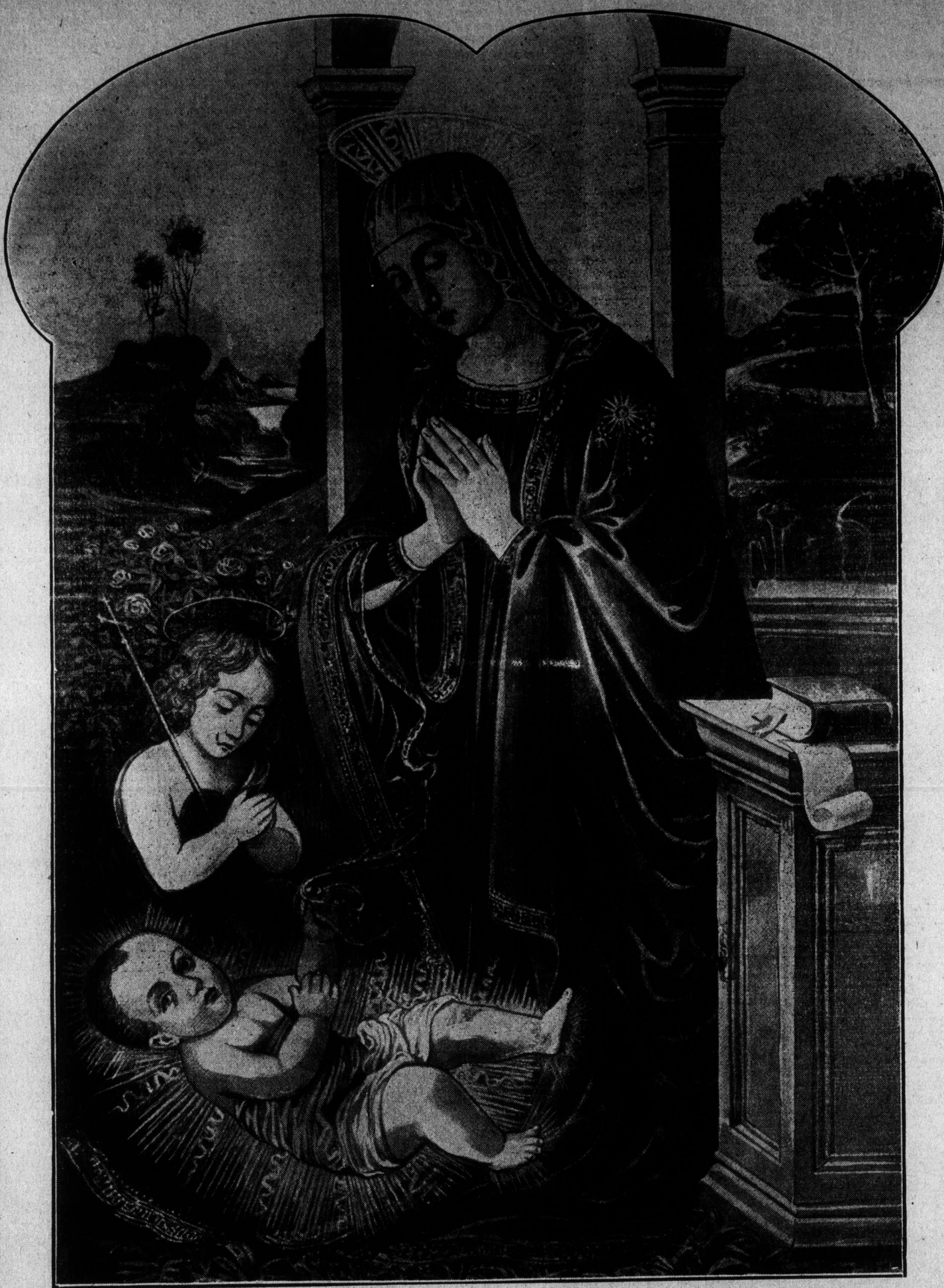
One of them took the part of a crazy Irishman, with red Galway whiskers, an exaggerated brogue and green waistcoat.

He was the typical stage caricature of the Irishman — no worse than had been shown in Waterbury many a time. The pair had given the act many times without the slightest offence being taken. On the first two nights of the engagement there was no demonstration, but on the third a gallery packed with Irishmen with hisses and hoots forced the "team" to take refuge in the wings.

This was done with the approval of the Irish societies of the city, and as a result of a convention held recently in Chicago, at which it was decided to take this drastic step to put an end to extreme caricatures of the Irishman. They do not object to a fair burlesque, but the sort of Irish impersonation that has so long been popular, especially on the vaudeville stage, is to be stopped. It is said that Irishmen in other cities are ready to follow Waterbury's example. The fact that the offender in this case was himself an Irishman, name Sullivan, birthplace Cork, only served to make his punishment more complete.

The birthdays and deathdays of Irish heroes and "martyrs" and the anniversaries of many battles are faithfully kept by the different societies. The last celebration of this kind was held last month in honor of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the death of the "Manchester martyrs" by the Sarsfield Club.

A wife's wit, ingenuity, tact or perseverance has often braced her husband in a crisis where his powers alone would have failed. In a thousand ways, wives have contributed to world-known or modest triumphs. Pleasure shortens life; happiness prolongs it. Take care of your living and your dying will take care of itself.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE INFANT JESUS. (FROM A PAINTING BY FILIPPINO LIPPI)

CHRISTMAS GREETING.—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."

It is with the deepest sentiment of sincerity that we give expression to this general greeting. It is so customary to wish each one we meet, acquaintance, friend, or relative, the "compliments of the season," that the words have almost come to mean

little more than a formal and ordinary interchange of courtesies. However, it is different in many cases, and with us our Christmas greeting to our subscribers, advertisers, readers, and host of friends and well-wishers, is truly from the recesses of the heart. It is a joyous season, a holy one, and one that awakens in every Christian feelings of a kindly nature that cannot be translated into language more emphatic than the old-time formula of "A Merry Christmas."

In order that we may be truly merry, that is to say joyous and happy, it is necessary that no cloud of grief, of self-reproach, or of suffering should hover over our lives on that glorious day. It being the anniversary of the grand central event of the ages—the dawn of Redemption, the Nativity of Christ—it assumes at once a specially religious

aspect. It is in the Catholic Church that Christmas is celebrated in the most befitting and appropriate manner. Others may consider that day from the festive, or domestic standpoint, but we, without divesting it of a single traditional charm, consider it above all as an anniversary of the greatest religious importance. While the children enjoy the fond anticipations of the morn when old Santa Claus will bring them presents, and the aged enjoy the pleasures of a retrospect that the family gathering is calculated to afford, it is in the temple that all find their hearts pulse with the delights of the holy night, and around the Crib of Bethlehem that the prayers of gratitude for Salvation's unspeakable gift ascended to Heaven. The Midnight Mass—that mysterious and perpetual sacrifice that the Church has carried—is one of the most remarkable expressions of faith that the world has ever witnessed. Be it in the humble chapel, or under the

domes of St. Peter's, in the furthest backwoods settlement, or at the very shrine in Bethlehem of Judaea, the same Midnight Mass is said or sung; the same that was chanted down in the Catacombs, the same that will be said upon the last day of this world's existence, before the clock of Time shall strike the hour of Final Judgment. There is something so inspiring in that commemorative Mass, something that so forcibly carries the mind back to the night of the Nativity, that the soul must be devoid of all faith and all lofty and tender emotions that is not stirred to devotion to prayer, to adoration.

That we may fully participate in all the blessings of Christmas it is necessary that we join the Church in a spirit of regeneration, that we make use of the sacramental means which she places at our disposal, and that we approach the Holy Table whereat the successive genera-

tions of Christ's faithful have eaten of the Bread of Life. Consequently when we wish all our friends a "Merry Christmas," we hope that they will assist in the realization of our fervent wish, by having recourse to the sole source of that true spiritual happiness which is of the essence of this sacred festival.

May none of the thousand ills that burden humanity fall to the share of those we love, esteem, or with whom we have associations throughout the year. May poverty and sickness be far from their doors during these hours of pleasure the world over. May the virtues that were so exemplified in the Holy Family adorn their homes. May contentment, peace, prosperity, and true holiness hover, like angels of light, above their pathway. These are the wishes that well up in our heart and that our pen cannot adequately convey, when, in the language of the day, we repeat the greeting, "A Merry Christmas to All."

The Directory United Ir Dublin. PARLIAMENTARY amongst other contribu towards the above inst., and which will week's list, is one of the priests and peop Borris and Moycarkey from His Grace the Fennelly, Archbishop

MR. KILBRIDE C Mr. Denis Kilbride wa trial at Maryborough cember, before Mr. on a charge of incite der. The Crown used in its power to get a vict the gallant Nat succeeded. In the or Mr. Kilbride would h should have been, tri mon jury. The Cr that was not done. T forth that he should Queen's County Speci to make assurance do ty-six, even of the m who were summoned ordered to "stand by secution. Thus it was bride was found guilt tenced.

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COERCION IN TH Lecarrow Petty Sess common, on 10th Dec Roche, M.P.; Mr. De U.I.L. organiser; Mr O'Keefe, P. J. Monachal Garrick were su the Crimes Act, charg having taken part in assembling at Knocke 9th November, with c racy, incitement to etc. Two defendan

Music.

URCH. — An excellent... Mass. Riga's Mass... St. Ann's School... The soloists of the... Wm. Murphy, F... Crory, R. J. Hiller...

The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League. Dublin, Dec. 18, 1902.

PARLIAMENTARY FUND. — Amongst other contributions received towards the above fund on 12th inst., and which will appear in next week's list, is one of £25 13s from the priests and people of Two-mile-Borris and Moycarkey, including £5 from His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel.

MR. KILBRIDE CONVICTED. — Mr. Denis Kilbride was placed on his trial at Maryborough on 9th December, before Mr. Justice Kenny, on a charge of incitement to murder. The Crown used every device in its power to get a jury to convict the gallant Nationalist—and it succeeded. In the ordinary course, Mr. Kilbride would have been, and should have been, tried by a common jury. The Crown saw that that was not done. The order went forth that he should be tried by a Queen's County Special Jury. And to make assurance doubly sure, forty-six, even of the many true-blues who were summoned were ruthlessly ordered to "stand by" by the prosecution. Thus it was that Mr. Kilbride was found guilty—and sentenced.

At the very outset Judge Kenny, who appeared to have lost none of the vindictiveness which characterized his career as Crown prosecutor at Green street, refused permission to allow Mr. Kilbride to sit by his counsel, and help in his defence. That was only on a par with the attempt, happily futile, to drag Mr. Kilbride, although a bailed defendant, through the streets of Dublin manacled like the most abandoned criminal.

The police evidence, on which the case solely rested, was blown to pieces by other police witnesses. Still the jury convicted—and successful placeman Kenny, shedding crocodile tears, sentenced Mr. Kilbride to eight months' imprisonment, to run concurrently from that date with the Coercion sentence which Mr. Kilbride is now serving in Mountjoy Jail.

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" commenting on the "Trial," says:—"Recently Mr. Denis Kilbride was convicted by a jury well and truly packed at Maryborough. The Crown, it will be remembered, first brought Mr. Kilbride before the Sessions in Athlone, when two magistrates of the highest position, Mr. O'Donoghue and Mr. Smith, the latter a Protestant and head of one of the greatest and most successful manufactories in Ireland, refused even to send the case forward for trial, on the ground that there was not a prima facie case against the accused. The Crown took a second shot, and this time they had the audacity to send the case, not to the sessions again, but to a single Removable magistrate, who had already expressed strong views against the accused. Accordingly Mr. Kilbride was sent forward for trial. He was tried at Maryborough, where a special jury was secured under the provisions of the Coercion Act. Finally came the most characteristic proceeding of all. The Crown proceeded to pack the special jury. As many as forty-five jurors were ordered to stand aside before the Crown could ultimately get a jury they were satisfied with. Why did the Crown set aside forty-five members of a special jury panel in a venue of their own seeking? It cannot be held that the men ordered to stand aside would injure themselves by refusing to find a verdict, even on conclusive evidence. Indeed, this idea has been indignantly denied by the Castle. What then, is the explanation? It is evident that exposure of the Castle practice of jury-packing has no effect on the continued pursuit of it. However halting the speeches of the Attorney-General on the subject in the House of Commons, the result is the same in the courthouse.

COERCION IN THE WEST. — At Lecarrow Petty Sessions, Co. Roscommon, on 10th Dec. Mr. John Roche, M.P.; Mr. Denis Johnston, U.I.L. organiser; Messrs. Charles O'Keefe, P. J. Monahan, and Michael Garrick were summoned under the Crimes Act, charging them with having taken part in or unlawfully assembling at Knoekoroghery on the 9th November, with criminal conspiracy, incitement to intimidation, etc. Two defendants only appeared

in Court, but neither Mr. Roche nor Mr. Johnston appeared and warrants were issued for their arrest, and the cases were adjourned to Friday week.

MEETING IN DROGHEDA. — On 6th December a meeting was held in the Mayoralty rooms, Drogheda, of delegates from several branches of the United Irish League in the Parliamentary Division of South Louth. The Mayor of Drogheda presided. The only clergyman present was the Rev. John Curry, P.P., V.F., St. Mary's. Mr. Joseph Nolan, M.P., for the South Louth Division, attended on special invitation. The object of the meeting was the forming of an executive for that division, and the discussion of the best means of promoting the interests of the United Irish League in the Parliamentary Division of South Louth, as in many places no branches have as yet been formed, and where they have been formed, the number of members enrolled are not at all in keeping with the amount of the population. The election of a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary took place, as also that of a representative on the National Directory. A deputation was appointed to attend the United Irish League meeting in Dundalk on Sunday next, 14th inst., at which Mr. John Redmond, M.P., is to attend.

EMIGRATION. — From a return which has been issued by the Board of Trade it appears that the number of Irish emigrants last month was 1,738, as compared with 1,435 in November, 1901. The total number for eleven months ended November 30th, was 41,479, as against 38,641 for the corresponding period of last year.

The English Board of Trade returns is painful reading. This year 24,428 Connacht harvesters crossed to England and worked there at the harvest; of this total 7,740 were women and girls. These Irish women and girls are sometimes brought over in gangs by a middleman, who accompanies them from farm to farm in England, and drives his bargain for their services. The girls range from eleven years old upwards. Altogether this year over 41,000 men and women travelled to England to reap the harvest. In some districts of the West and North West the whole able-bodied population proceeds to England, there to labor to earn enough to pay the rack-rents of the Lord De Freynes, who jibe at them in return as "summer excursionists."

MIGRATION OF GIRLS. — The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" has capitally reviewed the last returns issued by the Board of Trade regarding the question of Irish "migratory laborers." We take a few extracts:—

According to the Board of Trade returns, 24,438 "migratory laborers" from Connacht crossed to England this year to work at the harvest there in June, July and August. At the average earnings estimated by the Board of Trade—£7 10s per head—they bring back to Connacht a round sum of £183,285. This is equal to 27½ per cent. of the entire judicial rent of the province. The Congested Districts Board schedule 31,873 families occupying holdings under £4 valuation in the congested districts of Connacht, and the estimated earnings of the migrants represent about £6 for each family. The number of migrants has been declining for some years. This year it is 2,778 less than last year, and 4,768 less than in 1900. This represents a loss to Connacht as compared with 1900 of about £36,000, or £1 2s for each family in the congested districts with holdings under £4 valuation.

Seventy-seven per cent. of 18,888, of the migratory laborers of Connacht come from the County of Mayo, and their earnings, about £142,000, represent £7 10s for each of the 18,733 families scheduled in the congested districts of the county holding land at and under £4 valuation. The migratory laborers from Mayo are this year 3,113 less than in 1900, and the loss to the county by this falling off in numbers is £23,500. This sum is equal to a loss of £2 4s to each family in the congested districts of Mayo with holdings at £4 valuation and under.

The decrease in the number of migrants is due to the falling off of

employment caused by the increasing use of machinery, especially self-binding, by the English farmers. The Board of Trade report the steady decrease of employment of casual or harvest laborers owing to this cause and the chief sufferers are the Irish migratory laborers.

The migratory laborers are the small holders of land in the West of Ireland, or their sons, wives or daughters. A large proportion of the migrants are girls. The Census Commissioners in their report on the subject of migration published statistics of the "temporary emigrants" that left the different parts, of whom 7,740 were females. Mr. J. Salt, the agent for the Achill estate, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Labor in 1892, said:—"I estimate that the number of women from Achill who go to Scotland cannot be less than between 400 and 500. Of men and boys there are fully 800 from this estate alone." Mr. O'Mally, shipping agent at Westport quay, before the same Commission, said:—"About 80 per cent. of those who book by boat are women. The Achill women go in May and June for turnip reeding; some of them go in March."

It is this question of migration for several months of the year of so many thousands of Irish girls, together with the annual emigration of 28,000 girls to the cities of America and other countries, that makes the temporal concerns of Ireland one of the greatest moral problems of Western Europe. The Census Commissioners' return of the 7,740 female migrants that left the Irish ports for temporary work in England and Scotland by no means represents the extent of this evil.

As to the mode of life of the girl migrants while in England, Bridget O'Gallagher, Achill, in her evidence before the Royal Commission, stated that she was one of a great many girls that went to Scotland. On arrival at Paisley she took lodgings for the night in the town, and next day got two days' work on a farm near at hand, lodging in Paisley, and she next went to another farm a mile and a half from Paisley, where she worked for a week. Her lodgings in Paisley cost 4d a night. Then she took train to a part of the country she did not know, where she was a month lifting potatoes, sleeping with the other girls in an outhouse. She was after that one of eight Achill girls who went on to Perthshire farms. She described the weeks lifting potatoes. She worked for a month on a farm in Dumfries, some other girls working on neighboring farms. She next went ten or twelve miles by train and worked two weeks on another farm, and afterwards worked on three other Perthshire farms. She described the work as not very hard, but they were much exposed to the wet, and some of the girls became ill. Some of the people gave them small, dark places to sleep in, but some were good. This girl was sixteen years of age when she gave her evidence, and was only fifteen when she wandered about a strange country in the manner she described.

Mary O'Driscoll, who also gave evidence, was eighteen years of age, and had then been to Scotland for four successive years, and her sister, aged sixteen, had been there twice. With her little sister she had travelled over three shires, finding employment in different places, and had slept in barns. Mr. Pringle, assistant Commissioner on the Royal Commission on Labor, mentions in his report two girls, aged respectively eleven years and thirteen years, who had travelled through England, and had sent home £7. Mr. Pringle, in his investigations in Ireland, reported:—"In Mayo and Roscommon I found cases of mere children who had gone out and were sending home their earnings to help their parents to reduce the shop rents." About ten thousand Irish girls have each year to face the privations and dangers of wandering through Great Britain under the conditions detailed by the witnesses.

The terrible urgency of this question in its bearing on Irish womanhood would be but half understood if only the number of girl migrants were considered. Side by side with this annual migration of several thousand girls—most of them of tender age, who spend half the year wandering through England and Scotland to seek employment at the harvest—is the emigration from Connacht. The number of girl emigrants who left Connacht for America and other places to return no more, during the decimal period to the census of 1900, was 69,863, giving an average of seven thousand per year, and representing 22½ per cent. of the female population of the province. In 1900, the last year for which the returns are completed, the number of girl emigrants from Connacht was 8,009. In the same year the female emigration from Ireland was 23,812.

Happenings in Scotland

From the London "Universe" we take the following report of the dedication of a memorial altar which was held recently in Coatbridge. A Catholic demonstration, says our contemporary, which will live long in the memory of its inhabitants, Catholic and Protestant, for on that day the culminating point in the Canon O'Keefe memorial was attained, and the altar, which will be for all time a source of joy, beauty, and consolation to the Catholics of Coatbridge, and a remembrance of its greatest priest, was solemnly dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow.

A few words about the cleric of whom the altar is a memorial will not be amiss. He held aloft the light of faith in the early days when it shone dimly and fluttered like a candle struggling against the adverse winds of bigotry, mistrust, and hatred; but Heaven kept the flame burning, and when at length summoned by his Creator to give up his trust, the flame was weak no longer, but shone with the radiance and penetrativeness of a torch. When he came to Coatbridge he, the solitary priest with the big Irish heart, set to work to build church and schools; when he went to his heavenly home some twelve priests administered to the district which he once served alone, and some five churches dotted its area. It is no wonder, then, that the memory of such a man is held in veneration in Coatbridge, and that both by Protestant and Catholic alike. His successor was Canon M'Gay, who has been laid aside for over a year through illness contracted in the discharge of his duties. It may be said, in passing, that during the fifty-four years of his existence St. Patrick's has had only two parish priests, each equally energetic and painstaking—Canon O'Keefe, from 1848 till his death, 1893, and Canon M'Gay, from 1893 up to the present time. Such, then, was the man whose memory Coatbridge wished to honor, and in erecting the memorial altar it has also honored itself, for there is not its equal in broad Scotland.

It is composed almost entirely of stone from Seaton Quarry, in Devonshire. A fine canopy overhanging the tabernacle forms the base of a centre spire, which, rising to a height of nearly 80ft., is perforated with carving and delicate tracing and chiselling. Two figures are conspicuous at either end of the altar, one that of St. Patrick, whom the Canon loved so well, the other that of St. Michael the Archangel, with flaming sword—St. Michael being the patron saint of the deceased ecclesiastic.

High Mass was celebrated by Father Stiphout, M.R. (Airdrie), Father Placid, O.S.B., being deacon, Father Nyhan (Longriggand) sub-deacon, and Father Smyth (Coatbridge) master of ceremonies. His Grace Archbishop Maguire occupied his throne at the Gospel side of the sanctuary, the attendant canons being Macluskay, Ritchie, and M'Carthy. The neighboring clergy, among whom were many former curates of the late Canon, occupied seats in the sanctuary. The delectable and sublime of the Mass were former curates of the late Canon, whilst Father Placid, the deacon in the ceremony, was a former altar boy. At the close of the first Gospel His Grace ascended the pulpit, and, taking his text from the forty-third chapter of Ezekiel, said that they were there that day, not only to fulfil their ordinary Sunday duty, but to assist at the dedication of that altar. It was fitting that there should be some memorial to the priest, to whose zeal that church and parish grew up from nothing to what it was, and he congratulated them on their zeal and loyalty. How proud would Canon O'Keefe have been that day had he been there to have seen that attendance in the church so dear to him, to see three churches filled with congregations, each doing the work which he himself at one time had to do alone. To their present priest, to whose zeal and prudence was due that magnificent church, was also due their thanks. He could not be with them that day, and they prayed, and he prayed, that it might please God to give him better health, so that once more he might be amongst them.

There could not be a more fitting memorial to their first priest than that altar, for the altar was, and still is, the centre of the Church. Some of their fellow-citizens could not understand or sympathize with this. They could sympathize with their prayers and devotions, but not with the altar, nor with the idea of ceremonial. Many people now-a-

days were inclined to smile at ceremonies, and the ceremonials of courts was amusing to them, and they did not see why they should be retained as they had lost their gilt. They were perhaps required in those days, when a King was a King and a Duke a Duke, but now-a-days the sceptre had fallen from the Monarch's grasp, and the noble had no privilege. But where the rites had a meaning they were understood and respected. And how about the ceremonial at that altar? In the pulpit the priest could say what he had to say in his own way, choosing his own words, but once he stood at that altar every movement was prescribed for him—where he was to raise his voice and where he was to lower it. The prayers were marked for him; nothing was left to himself. The Mass was a most exacting ceremonial. It had come down to them through the centuries. Had it lost its meaning? Was it a survival they could do without, or something that had no meaning? To help them to answer that question they would require to ask another, "What was the justification of the ancient liturgy in which scholarly men of to-day took such an interest?" They found the first indication of it in the catacombs, a ceremonial much like their's.

His Grace then traced the development of the ceremonial as the Church became greater and more powerful, and showed that it all arose out of a desire to show fitting honor and give fitting homage to the real presence of Jesus Christ. Their belief in His presence was confident, but true, and round this belief they built up a ceremonial, growing more elaborate with every generation, because they knew that on their altars was "the Son of God made flesh." When these old Christians spoke of the Son of God, they meant the Son of God, without any of the qualifications so evident in these latter days, and believing that Christ was there, they worshipped and enshrined Him with all the riches they could gather. Was their ceremonies useless? Their interpretation of that

part of the Scripture relating to the real presence was no more strange than the interpretation of those who differed from them. They, as Catholics, believed that the Scripture teaches the real presence of Christ. They might be right in their belief, or they might be wrong, but they believed they were right, and they were right. Believing that, then, was He not to be honored and enshrined by everything they could give, though He comes as willingly to the little mountain-side chapel as well as to the richest cathedral, for He looks not on the gift but the giver. Many of their neighbors looked upon their ritual with tolerance, and upon the imitations in other churches with contempt. Why? Because they knew that the Catholic had a well-defined faith. And they, as Catholics, felt how real their faith was, and that their celebrations did not stand between them and Christ. Their faith was no mere ritualism. When they were ill, He, whom they honored with their pomp and vestments, laid all these aside and came to them secretly—he might almost say ignominiously—to comfort and console them. He was happy to be with them without honors. But it was not enough to build altars of stone. They must carry the spirit of the Church daily in their hearts and in their lives. By these means He might answer their prayers and look upon them with sympathy. And let them pray that once again Scotland's fanes would rise as they once rose before, and that once again they would have but one faith, one Church, one altar, and one sacrifice.

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"BUTTONS."—"Mother, I think it's hard on a boy to have to go where he can't have any holidays. Only think, I must be just as busy Christmas and Easter as any other days."

"Yes, my dear, it is quite true; and, indeed, Christmas, and Easter will be your busiest days," said Mrs. Earle, with a sigh of sympathy, "but you must remember the other side of the question; you are only a boy and you can earn three dollars a week and your board. This is a great deal for a lad like you."

Dick said to himself that he must "be a man" and try to see this bright side. He was to go to General Withrop's as "buttons," and "truth to tell," he hated the idea of it. His father, an Englishman, had been a butler and his father before him had been the same. Each had laid by a comfortable sum of money, enough for their old age, but Dick's father had met with an accident that had made him almost helpless for two years, and he said the time was near when they would have nothing unless something began to come in. He thought it a good fortune to get this place for Dick, with the family where he had been butler himself for fifteen years. There was only one "ort" in the arrangement, to his mind; that was the fact the man who had taken his place was a violent "apiast." Still that was something his boy must meet, and bear as best he might.

"Tell me one thing, Mother," said Dick. "Can I go to early Mass Christmas day, do you suppose?" "Yes; I don't see why not," she answered, quite as anxious as was her son that he should attend to what was more than money, or anything else to them. "You cannot be needed before six o'clock, at the earliest, and you must be at the Cathedral at five. I will meet you, and such a happy beginning will surely bring a blessed day."

So it was settled between them. Christmas came Thursday, and Dick was to go to his new place Monday, at ten o'clock. And, just as the clock struck the hour, little Dick appeared at the area door. The cook filled him with awe, he saw she was such an important person; but the "kitchen-maid," as she was called, was a sweet, rosy-faced Irish girl, named Mary Ann; and Dick, somehow, felt she was his friend right away. She opened the door, and when she saw it was the new "buttons" she smiled at him and whispered, "Mind you wipe your shoes to be friends with Mrs. Johnson."

Dick sat down on the first chair he came to, and wished he were at home. It was all so queer and new. Presently a voice came through the speaking tube.

"Has the new boy come?" "Yes."

"Well, send him up to the butler's pantry."

Mary Ann offered to show him the way. On the stairs she said to him, softly: "Now don't you be scared at anything. I know your dear mother, and jest you remember it's Mary Ann is your friend all the time; only don't have too much speech with me, 'cause it might make trouble. And be very silent, and jest mind and do what you're told; it's jest this, 'mind your own business' and you'll come out all right, never fear, and Mary Ann's yer friend every time."

"Here is your boy, Mr. Billings."

"Mr. Billings" looked him over, and said in his grandest tone: "I think he will do, Mary Ann, I understand 'es Earle's boy, so he may 'ave learned something. Mrs. Wentworth says you are to take 'im this afternoon to 'ave his new suit fitted. Huntil that is ready 'ee can clean silver, I s'pose; but 'ee can't hopen the door, and hit's not a butler's work to my mind, but has we sin't a footman—well—you might—well, no—hi"—do hit meself."

"That afternoon Dick went with Mary Ann, and they found, with a little altering, his new clothes would be ready Tuesday evening.

Dick detested the idea of being called "buttons," and "page" was not much better; but when he saw the blue cloth and pretty gift buttons he could not help knowing it all suited his bright curly hair and rosy cheeks.

"Billings was very particular to be called 'Mr.' Billings in the kitchen, and Jane, the cook, was equally sensitive about being 'Mrs.' Johnson.

"Of course," she said, "it's another world upstairs, and I had nothin' to do with makin' it, and there I'm 'Jane,' of course, and down here I'm high-cock-alorum, and if there's any honors comin' to me I want

em, and no sassa from nobody."

"Very well," said Gretchen, the waitress, "and ven I'm married I wish I knew vat's the missus I will be."

Dick listened to all this and thought it over with some perplexity, knowing "mother" would make it plain. His new life was bewildering. The butler rarely had a pleasant word for him, and would call him "Sissy" and "Little Popish Humbug," and when he broke a plate asked if he "was going to confess it." In the kitchen he heard Gretchen tell Mary Ann "he was the picture of one angels." He laughed a little to himself, and guessed between the two he was "just a decent sort of a boy."

Wednesday soon came; Christmas Eve, Dick felt a little anxious about Christmas morning. The Wentworth's had a Christmas tree, instead of a vigil. He had to be on hand in case he should be wanted. Fortunately he had gone to confession Saturday evening; so that was plain. But how was he to be sure to wake in time. Half-past four is very early for a boy of fourteen. But he remembered his room was next to Mary Ann's and she had an alarm clock. So his mind was at ease.

The tree was a wonderful sight; quite beyond anything Dick had ever dreamed of. Little Alice remembered him and called him to come and see it; putting her little hand in his and saying:—

"O, Dick, it is so lovely, and I know Santa Claus has not forgotten you."

He, and everyone in the household, had gifts that made them feel happy and at home. Dick had what he wanted above everything, a silver watch. But it was his first Christmas away from home, and he wondered why one should keep the day at all if they didn't care enough to find out the vigil was a fast, and Christmas day for joy and feasting.

Morning came. Mary Ann's alarm clock went off at four o'clock, and Dick dressed "as still as a mouse." Mary Ann told him, though she had to give up going herself, she would set her clock for him.

"So far, so good," he said to himself, "but how am I to get through this great house and not have anyone hear me. And if they should hear they might think it a burglar."

The thought was really a dreadful one. He wished he could have spoken to someone beside Mary Ann.

But Billings would have said herid things about the Catholic church; Mrs. Wentworth he seldom saw, except at the table. Cook only told Mary Ann at bed-time that she would need her in the morning. So he blessed himself and said a little prayer as he started. He took his shoes in his hand and reached the third floor safely. Then he thought "the second will be all right in a minute."

Suddenly a door opened, and there was General Wentworth, looking more awful, to poor Dick, in his night wrapper, than he ever looked to his soldiers in his grandest military dress on horseback.

He stood still and looked at Dick, as he said afterward, "the child made a perfect picture, with his golden curls and great frightened eyes." He held his cap and shoes in one hand and seized the banisters with the other, while the two looked each other fair and square in the face. (General Wentworth said afterward that he loved the lad from that moment.)

"What on earth!"—he explained, and then stopped.

Dick remembered the lesson he had always been taught, "to be brave and speak the truth," and he took a step nearer the man who was great in every sense of the word.

"Please, General Wentworth," said Dick in a very low, awe-struck voice, "I'm only going to early Mass."

"It's all right, child," whispered the General, "only go softly, for Billings might take you for a burglar."

Dick almost flew down stairs, but the quick ear of Billings caught the sound of footsteps. He seized his revolver, and just as Dick opened the door he called out: "Just drop that silver," and fired.

Dick being rather small, and Billings not a very good marksman, the shot went over his head, but for a second he thought he must be killed.

"Oh, Mr. Billings, it's only Dick; don't fire again," he shouted, "don't fire again!"

Billings by this time had seen his mistake, but Dick rushed into the arms of a policeman who had heard the shot, and took him for an escaping burglar.

"Ah, I have you, you young rascal," he cried, "This time we'll fix you!" saying which he seized him by his collar, while poor Dick shook with fright and excitement.

The sound of the pistol brought the General also on the scene. Billings felt foolish as well as terribly alarmed.

General Wentworth guessed at once what had happened and was

horrified to think how near the poor child had been to a sad end. But the policeman was asking questions faster than they could be answered, and Billings was stammering and wishing vainly that he had stayed in bed, burglars or no burglars.

"And jest tell me, yer young scamp," said the policeman, "where were you going this hour of the day?"

"I was going to Mass, sir," said Dick simply.

The master of the house saw it was time for him to speak, and, with a smile that was a contrast to the fierce and frightened looks of the others, he said to the policeman:

"Mr. Jones, if you must arrest anyone it will be my over-faithful butler. The boy tells the truth, and," he continued, turning to Dick, "with your permission, I think Dick may run as fast as his legs can, and carry out his very good intention while I explain."

The policeman took his hand from Dick's collar, saying:

"All right, Sir, if you take the responsibility."

"Oh, thank you, General!" cried Dick, and he fairly flew till he reached the Cathedral.

His mother was waiting for him at the door, and they went in without stopping to speak, except Mrs. Earle said:

"Your father is a great deal better, Dick, and I am very happy."

The sanctuary was beautiful, and the music made Dick forget all the troubles of earth. Mrs. Earle glanced at him once, and the expression of his face and the thought of the good news the doctor had given her made her as joyful a wife and mother as one could find in Boston that exciting Christmas.

After Mass Dick told her his story, and she felt, almost, as if her husband and son had come back from the dead.

"And, now, Dick," she said, "it's rather awkward it'll be to go back. It's mighty near killin' you he was."

"Yes," answered Dick, "but I'm thinkin' I'll go back and say: 'Mr. Billings, I know you didn't see who it was, and of course you meant to do the right thing, but my mother thanks God you are a bad shot.'"

Mrs. Earle laughed heartily. It was from her that Dick had inherited most of his fun; but she realized, more than Dick did, how much this mistake meant.

"I'm not sure," she said, "exactly what to say to you. It seems to me the right thing is to ask our lady to pray for you, and then go quietly back and say nothing until something is said to you. Then you will see best what to do."

Dick followed her advice. It was half-past six when he reached the dining-room. No one was to be seen, but he heard Mary Ann in the kitchen preparing things for the cook, who never came down before seven. He began to set the table, and about half-past seven Billings came in and gave the finishing touches before he went down to interview the cook. He neither looked at or spoke to Dick, who was equally silent.

Breakfast passed quietly, but just as everyone else had left the room General Wentworth turned back and said:

"Billings, I wish you would come to the library, after you have finished what you are doing. I suppose you have had your breakfast."

Billings bowed and said: "Yes, sir, certainly, sir," with a very red face. In less than half an hour he returned with a face as white as it had been red.

"Dick," he said, "hi am very sorry for what 'as appened, but there's no use talkin' about it. You hought to 'ave told me you wanted to go hout early, and hi 'ad no right to fire my pistol without seein' who it was. The General wishes to see you and 'ee's waiting in the library."

"Dick's heart beat fast, but he knew he had done nothing wrong, and he remembered the kind face he had seen at four o'clock.

"Merry Christmas, Dick!" said the master of the house. "I hope your fright has not spoiled the day; for even a brave soldier cannot stand being fired at from behind, hey Dick?"

"Thank you, sir," answered the boy. I was scared, but when you came down I knew I'd be all right."

"I sent for you because, after what has happened, I know you and Billings will never feel quite comfortable together. He was very hasty, and you should have told him you wished to go out early, but you were, both of you, intending to do the right thing. Billings is very much ashamed, and, no doubt, you are sorry for your mistake. I have thought of a way out or it that I think will suit all around. I go to Washington to-morrow, and, although you are rather young, I will start you as my valet. When you are older, I will see you have every chance to rise in the world, either in the army or outside; that is, if you turn out as I expect."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick, who was so happy and relieved, he could think of nothing better to say. Like most honest boys, he could not put gratitude in words.

He hurried home to tell his good news; and to pack his small trunk. It was to be the beginning of a new life that was to be, in the highest sense, a success. Some other time we may tell you how he rose, step by step, always having the love and respect of those whose good opinion is worth gaining. But the crowning honor of his life was that his joy in his glorious Mother Church touched the heart of the General, who said one day to his wife: "I have never dared tell that boy Dick that I am, in one sense, at least, a Catholic. Just fancy what an absurd state of thing; I am ashamed to own the truth, and if Dick knew it, I am not sure he would stay with me."

"Well, what will you do, my dear?" asked his wife, rather dreading his answer, never having heard him own he was afraid of anything before.

"Your decision means a great deal," "Yes," answered her husband, "I have thought it over for a long time. I'm not going to be a coward in the church any more than in the army. I am going, to-day, to see Father Wallace, and I shall tell Dick afterward. I will take the lad with me when I make my First Communion."

Mrs. Wentworth burst into tears.

"You will not desert me, my dearest; what shall I do?"

Come with me, my blessed little wife!"

She did not answer then, but there came a happy day when they had one heart and mind. And then the promise was kept which she had made; that their children should be brought up in the faith. And, as the old story books used to say, "they were all happy ever after."

As Mrs. Earle had said, "that was a blessed Christmas, when Dick went to the Wentworth's."—Mrs. E. W. B. in the Young Catholic Messenger.

Household Notes.

ABOUT COFFEE.—"I am glad you think the coffee good," said the fashionable matron. "My whole family prides itself on the coffee I serve, and I confess I am proud of it. As you say, it is a thing that is made in almost every household at least once a day and that not one person in a thousand makes really well. I attribute more than half of my success to an experience I had just after I was married. I often think how many other women might profit by it."

"You know I come from the South. We had an old colored cook in my girlhood home whose coffee was celebrated throughout the entire countryside. When I thought of becoming a housekeeper myself I got Mammy Liz to teach me many of her famous dishes, but especially her way of making coffee. I made it morning after morning under her direction, until I reached perfection."

"When I married and came North I instructed my first cook as Mammy Liz had taught me. But somehow, after the first few mornings, when I had made it myself, the coffee was not good. Of course I accused my cook of being careless. She protested that she followed my directions in every particular, but as the coffee at breakfast continued to grow steadily worse, I again descended to the kitchen and made it myself. To my distress my coffee was no better than that of the previous morning."

"Then I noticed that it had a stale, weedy taste—that the delicious, fresh aroma was lacking—and I complained to my grocer. He assured me it was the best coffee money could buy. I tried other grocers, but without success."

"In my next letter home I begged mother to ask Mammy Liz if she could think of the cause of my trouble. Mother wrote back:—'Mammy has a bad opinion of "poor white trash" servants. She says most likely your cook is too lazy to clean the coffee pot properly, and unless this is kept sweet and clean, the best coffee will lose its delicate aroma. Take a knife and pass it around in that crevice about the bottom of the pot. If you find that stale sediment has collected there you will understand why your coffee seems to have lost its delicious freshness. Clean this crack out thoroughly. Then take sandpaper and scour the pot. Lastly, pour in boiling water and scald it three or four times, until not the least odor of coffee remains. See that your maid does this every time she uses the pot.'"

"Well, my dear, I hastened to the kitchen, applied the knife, and sure enough, in that crevice a ring of stale, black sediment was packed hard. I cleaned, scoured and scalded for ten minutes. When I left it the pot was as sweet and bright as new, and the next morning we had delicious coffee for breakfast."

"How do I manage? Simply by attending to my coffee pot myself. Yes, I know that with six servants in my house I shouldn't have to, but every morning regularly I go into the kitchen after breakfast to scour and scald it properly, and as soon as it begins to get discolored inside or remains redolent of coffee in spite of my washing I promptly buy a new one."

STOCKINGS.—A prominent physician urges the wearing of stockings with white feet, which he says will do much to promote ease in walking and also dispose of many ills of the feet. Socks or stockings of cotton or lisle thread in black bind the feet and make them swell, he has said; no matter how fine and open they may be, the black dye with the hard thread of the lisle variety is a combination particularly trying to tender feet. He recommends unbleached balbriggan, preferably the whole sock or stocking of white, but the foot must always be white. A further caution is added that new cotton stockings, as well as new cot-

ton under garments, should be washed before they are worn to take out the sizing used by the manufacturers.

AMMONIA.—Few people realize the possibilities of ammonia. The preparation known as common spirits of ammonia is valuable in many ailments. For example, ten or twenty drops in a large wine glass of water will revive a fainting person. It is an excellent stimulant in case of nervous depression and headache, as it restores circulation. Again, a few drops of ammonia poured into hard water makes the water soft, and it takes the dirt off of paint more quickly than anything else, takes the stains out of carpets, cleans combs and hair brushes and makes good and silver look as good as new.

THE WEATHER.—A piece of camphor gum is said to be a very good indicator of what the weather is going to be. If when the camphor is exposed to the air the gum remains dry, the weather will be fresh and dry, but if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp it indicates rain.

STEEL ORNAMENTS may be made bright by the use of burnt alum. Burn some alum and pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin. Apply dry with a soft brush. Powdered burnt alum can be procured at the chemists. Emery powder well rubbed on will often remove small spots of tarnish on steel.

OIL THE CLOCK.—It is stated that if a small bottle of coal oil uncorked is placed inside of the clock case the clock will never need oiling. It should be watched and replenished often.

KEROSENE applied with a flannel cloth is most efficacious in removing discolorations in metal or porcelain tubs. These are often occasioned by the mineral properties contained in the water, but more often by the lack of daily care. In either event a brisk application of kerosene will effectually remove all traces of them.

LACE can be given an antique look by dipping it in clear coffee after the rinsing.

A Nice Teacher for Phillipinos.

Some years ago a man by the name of Rev. Mr. Jernegan, who lived in Providence, R.I., got up a swindling scheme by which he lined his pockets with the money of gullible people—whose name is legion. When the swindle was discovered the Rev. Jernegan found it healthful exercise to travel to Europe, with a comfortable sum of \$300,000 in cash, the proceeds of his strenuous industry. He was apprehended in Europe and made to disgorge \$75,000. But we live at railroad speed and events crowd on us so fast that this preacher's exploit would be forgotten were it not for an item in a newspaper telling of his present whereabouts and avocation.

Now, reader, stop and think, and in view of his past record, try to guess where he is and what he is doing. In some European penitentiary walking the treadmill? No, guess again. In State's prison somewhere in America? No; but you might as well give it up. The Boston "Herald" give the information that the Rev. Jernegan is in the Philippines teaching school. He is trying to reform and elevate the little Phillipinos and give them some idea of American ways and Anglo-Saxon civilization. But as the little yellow fellows have no money they are at least financially safe. But the friars must go.—New York Freeman's Journal.

Proposed Statue of Father Mather

A meeting was held recently by a committee of Knights of Father Mather the following resolution adopted:—

"Whereas, in the places of St. Louis, statues commemorating heroes of the civic life of our country, and

"Whereas, this city place and home of most influential body, proclaim and live a temperance views of Mather; therefore, be

"Resolved, That Council, No. 18, Knights of Father Mather, take the initiative in raising a fund for the placing a statue of Father Mather that will stand to the progress in St. Louis and the best Park, to be unveiled at the World's Fair convention of the Abstinence Union will in this city; and be

"Resolved, That six be appointed by Knight to take charge and bring it before the city of our organization may have their aid in operation in carrying out their successful end."

The committee are Messrs. John T. Kelly, J. W. Hannon, E. J. Costigan and Dr. R. C. Two hundred dollars are being raised to fund to be raised to

The members of Council have been receiving petitions of other councils begun this praiseworthy, commemorative work, appeals to Catholics, but are to see the cause advanced. The statue proposed to erect will about \$10,000. Protection of the beautiful statue that ornament Cork, will be made. Some officers of this material pushed vigorously so statue ready for un-

Dr. Da Costa At Char

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Proposed Statue of Father Mathew.

A meeting was held in St. Louis recently by a council of the Knights of Father Mathew, at which the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas, In the parks and public places of St. Louis there are statues commemorative of leaders and heroes of the civic and military men of our country, and

"Whereas, This city is the birth-place and home of the largest and most influential body of men who proclaim and live according to the temperance views of Rev. theobald Mathew; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That St. Alphonsus Council, No. 18, Knights of Father Mathew, take the initiative in starting a fund for the purpose of erecting a statue of Father Mathew—a statue that will stand as a monument to the progress of temperance in St. Louis and the West—in Forest Park, to be unveiled in August of the World's Fair year, when the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will be assembled in this city; and be it further

"Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed by our Chief Sir Knight to take charge of this work and bring it before the other councils of our organization, that we may have their aid and hearty cooperation in carrying it to a successful end."

The committee appointed was: Messrs. John T. Kelly, C. L. Hynes, J. W. Hannon, E. J. Dunne, E. J. Costigan and Dr. R. E. Kane.

Two hundred dollars was contributed by Council No. 18 toward the fund to be raised to erect the monument.

The members of Council No. 18 have been receiving the congratulations of other councils for having begun this praiseworthy movement.

The idea of a statue to Father Mathew, commemorative of his temperance work, appeals strongly not only to Catholics, but to all who desire to see the cause of temperance advanced. The statue which it is proposed to erect will cost in all about \$10,000. Probably a duplication of the beautiful Father Mathew statue that ornaments Patrick St., Cork, will be made. When the supreme officers of the K. F. M. take charge of this matter it will be pushed vigorously so as to have the statue ready for unveiling in 1904.

Dr. Da Costa At Charlottetown.

In the course of his lecture tour through the lower Provinces, Dr. B. F. De Costa reached Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, and, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7, spoke in the basement of the Cathedral on his old and favorite subject of Temperance.

His address was laid out on broad lines, which proved that the drink evil was the feeder of all vices and crimes, though at the same time indicating that vice would flourish independent of drink. He spoke strongly on the opium habit, which now has, it is computed, a million of victims in the United States alone. The Charlottetown "Daily Examiner" has the following notice of the lecture, which was one of three given in this place:

A large audience assembled in the basement of the Cathedral recently to hear Dr. De Costa's discourse on temperance. It was an able and eloquent effort and all present were highly pleased with the broad views and the exquisite delicacy with which the subject was treated. The doctor at the outset emphasized the fact that temperance is not the worst evil in society, and pointed out that in Oriental countries where total abstinence from all sorts of intoxicants is religiously observed, immorality prevails. An abstemious habit, he showed, is not a sure pledge of moral excellence. The folly of expecting the law to do impossibilities was then referred to. A reprimand was given to those who blamed law and pronounced it worthless because it did not do all they expected or desired. It was shown by comparison with other laws evils of all kinds were bound to prevail in spite of the most cautious legislation.

The speaker then discussed the evil influence of drink from the viewpoint of domestic happiness. He quoted statistics to show that in the United States one billion dollars are annually spent in alcoholic drinks. He contrasted the magnitude of this sum with the paltry amount that is yearly devoted to education in that same country. The lecturer delicately abstained from examining the liquor bill of Canada or Prince Edward Island, but ventured the surmise that in this regard Canada was unfortunately following in the foot-

steps of the republic in proportion as she grew and flourished.

The doctor then set forth the rights and duties of society members in respect of strong drinks. He expressed his admiration for that spirit which courageously defended and stood strictly upon its rights, but he forcibly reminded his hearers that right and duty are correlative terms, and, while we are concerned for the assertion of the former, we may easily violate the latter. In conclusion he appealed to something nobler, purer and holier than more personal liberty, and in eloquent and pathetic language admonished his hearers to willingly forego some rights for the sake of their brethren. To aim at something higher than what was theirs in strict justice, and in this way educate the public conscience, for moral power that must be used against the vice of drunkenness. On the whole, the viewpoint from which temperance was treated was a remarkably moderate and commonsense one, and the discourse was most delectable from start to finish. At the close His Lordship the Bishop congratulated the lecturer and impressed the necessity of temperance in the elderly.

Rev. Father Murphy occupied the chair, and after His Lordship had made a few appropriate remarks, a vote of thanks was moved by Judge Reddin, seconded by J. G. Gallagher.

NOTES FROM ROME.

THE HOLY FATHER ACTIVE.

—According to the Roman correspondent of the "Catholic Times," Liverpool, the Holy Father continues to enjoy good health and to take an active interest in everything tending to the progress of religion. Latterly he has been engaged a good deal in considering what fresh measures may be necessary to meet the requirements of the times, and the appointment of a Liturgical Commission and a Commission for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome is the outcome of this review of the situation. Some anti-Catholic journals have been referring in the language of criticism to the appointment of the latter Commission, which is no doubt largely intended to prevent Protestant proselytism in Rome, but the readers of the "Catholic Times" need not be told that it is an essential duty of the Holy Father to do all that is possible to preserve and safeguard the Faith. The Protestant societies in Rome resort to the most subtle arts to secure proselytes, relying on the power of the purse and seeking to capture the young who are of course unable to examine doctrinal and historical arguments.

THE DIVORCE BILL.—The struggle for and against divorce still continues in Italy. As is known the Government has in hand a Bill to provide facilities for the dissolution of marriage. The Parliamentary supporters of the measure have, however, received a notable check. On December 2nd took place the election of the members of the Commission charged with the duty of studying the project elaborated by the Guard of the Seals, Senor Cocco-Ortie, in concert with the President of the Council, Senor Zanardelli. The election turned out unfavorably for the Government. As a rule about 150 deputies attend the sittings, but on December 2nd there were as many as 380 present. The Government had been beating up its forces in the hope of winning the first battle. In the Second Bureau there was a close contest between the former Minister, Senor Carmine, and the Republican and Freemason Socii. Both obtained the same number of votes, but Senor Carmine as the elder Parliamentarian was elected, and this former Minister, whose opinions are strongly against divorce, will represent the Second Bureau on the Commission. The election for the First Bureau will take place at the forthcoming meeting. The elections for the seven other Bureaus have resulted in the appointment of four adversaries of divorce and three partisans of the Government's policy. The Ministry did not expect this check and are in a state of alarm. Although taking no direct part in the Parliamentary struggle, the Catholics are agitating vigorously against the Government's scheme.

A strong circular has been addressed to the heads of all the Catholic associations by the new President of the Catholic Congress. Committee of the Catholic Congress. The committee urging them to take every legitimate means of asserting their principles in this matter. Public meetings against the Bill are being held in various parts of the country, and large numbers of signatures are being obtained to anti-divorce petitions which are about to be presented to the President of the Chamber.

Bishop Elect Of Chicago.

The most important Catholic event of the week is the nomination and confirmation of Rt. Rev. James Edward Quigley, Bishop of the diocese of Buffalo, to the archdiocese of Chicago. His name was submitted last Monday by the College of Cardinals at Rome, and on Wednesday the Holy Father confirmed the nomination. Thus a successor is found for the late Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan.

Our new Archbishop is one of the most earnest, able and capable prelates in the country. Possessing high scholarship, he is also a student of men and movements. He was born in Oshawa, Ontario, Canada, in 1856, and is therefore only 48 years old. As a matter of fact he is the youngest Archbishop in the United States. His early education was obtained at the college of the Christian Brothers, at Buffalo, to which the future Archbishop was yet a child. His theological studies began at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, New York, and were continued at the University of Innsbruck, Austria, for several years. Later, he entered the college of the Propaganda at Rome, concluding his career as student in 1879 by receiving the Degree of Doctor of Theology, Summa cum Laude. The same year he was ordained priest.

Returning to this country he was assigned to St. Vincent's Church, Attica, New York. Here he remained several years, until appointed rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral at Buffalo. In 1896 Bishop Ryan, of the Buffalo diocese, died, and the young priest was appointed his successor. As Bishop he has come prominently before the country on several trying occasions. The first was his activity in the settlement of the great "longshoremen's strike" at Buffalo some five years ago. It was practically a repetition of Cardinal Manning's work in settling the great London dock strike. The Buffalo dock hands by striking had tied up the grain commerce of that section and much suffering was about to result. There was danger, too, of a clash between the forces of law and the forces of labor. The young Bishop went forth and persuaded both sides to settle their differences. The settlement made by him remains in effect to-day.

Other notable instance of his activity might be chronicled; but the most striking, perhaps occurred last spring, when he took a pronounced stand against Socialism. In the dock strike he had proved himself the effective friend and helper of labor; last spring he showed himself a most aggressive foe of one of her most insidious foes. Under specious pretences Socialists had obtained control of a number of labor unions in Buffalo. To those unions a large number of Catholics belonged. Suddenly a German Socialist self-styled labor organ at Buffalo began a war against not only the Catholic Church, but Christianity itself. Bishop Quigley at once ordered Catholics to withdraw from the dangerous labor unions. Then began a fight of the Socialists against the Church, and of the Buffalo Church against Socialism, which attracted the attention of the country. The young Bishop, however, won, thereby bringing new credit to the Church.

The esteem in which the new Archbishop is held by those who know him, here in Chicago, is well shown by the comments of the daily press. He is a new force about to come among us. Under his rule the great archdiocese will advance to yet higher distinction as a centre of aggressive Catholic energy. Believing this firmly, the "New World" soon to become his official journal, cordially bids the young Archbishop-elect all hail and wishes him every success and happiness in his new field of labor. May many years be his!—The New World, Chicago.

Where the Money Was Hidden

There was a man who had the name of having money, and he was at the point of death. None of his sons knew where he had the money hidden, and they were afraid he would die without telling the place to any person, and that they would be deprived of the money. After reflecting and taking counsel together, what they determined on was to ask him where the money was hidden. He did not answer them for a long time. They put him the question again and again. At last he said: "It is buried in that field a broad foot and a half in ground." They failed to get any further information from him. He died and he was buried.

They proceeded to search for the money. They failed to find in the field one place more likely than another to have the money in it. They made a hole here and a hole there, according as they imagined that perhaps they might find it, but they did not find a trace of it.

At last they came in the beginning of the field and dug past them every inch of it, to the depth of a foot and a half. They did not find the money. It was not there to be found. "What shall we do now?" said one of them. Let us sow corn in the field," said another, "so that we may have something for our labor." That was done, and the crop of corn which was on that field in the following harvest was reaped and threshed and sent to be sold, and it made more money than they imagined their father to have had concealed from the start. They tilled two fields for the following year in the same manner, and they made double the money, and so on until they were quite independent.

Notes for Farmers

CANADIAN BUTTER. — Frank T. Shutt, chemist, Dominion Experimental Farms, has prepared a valuable treatise on the percentage of water in Canadian creamery butter. The genuineness and purity of Canadian butter has not been questioned, but in view of a recent enactment in England, fixing the limit of the waters content at 16 per cent., it was thought desirable to ascertain the percentage of moisture in a number of samples taken at creameries all over the Dominion. The samples were from butter ready for final export package.

The result of Mr. Shutt's investigation is very gratifying to Canadian butter exporters. He states: "The fact that of 105 samples only two show more than 15 per cent. of water, that only one exceeds 16 per cent. (a sample churned and washed in unusually high temperature, and that 92 samples fell below 14 per cent. is fairly conclusive evidence that Canadian creamery butter is well within the limit allowed by the English Law. Indeed Canadian creamery butter would appear to be drier than much of the butter made in Europe and which finds its way to the English market. This latter statement receives corroboration from a comparison of the averages obtained from figures from a recent report of the department at committee on butter regulations in England." Danish, Swedish and Irish butter were tested.

The passage of the act was occasioned by the presence on the English market of butters, conditions that incorporated an amount of water, frequently, far in excess of 16 per cent. Churning and washing at high temperatures, salting with hot brine, &c., are some of the causes which result in too watery butter.

To obtain samples of Canadian creamery butter blank forms were sent, upon which could be entered, temperatures and other details of manufacture. A gem jar containing a sample of the butter was required with the blank filled. In addition to samples received in response to the circulars 30 samples were taken by the official referee of butter and cheese at Montreal. These samples were from packages ready for export, so that the data obtained would show what degree of accuracy the percentage of moisture could be learnt from mere inspection.

Of the 105 samples analyzed, 6 were from Prince Edward Island, two from New Brunswick, 15 from Quebec, 26 from Ontario, 26 from the Northwest, and 30 from the warehouses in Montreal. The lowest percentage of water was 7 per cent. Six samples contained less than 10 per cent.

The appearance of a butter as sampled affords, generally speaking, no criterion as to its moisture content. Many of those reported "dry" contain more than the average amount of water, while several returned as moist show on analysis the lowest percentages.

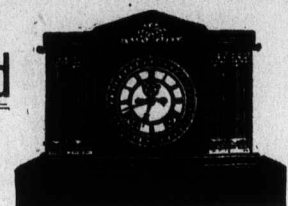
Mr. Shutt concludes his report with a reference to Canada's capabilities as a butter producing country. There exists in the Dominion, he says, the very best conditions for making first class butter. Climate, soil, fodder and water are natural factors unsurpassed by any other country and the skilled workmen, well equipped factories and excellent cold storage facilities conduce to a manufactured article of the first quality.

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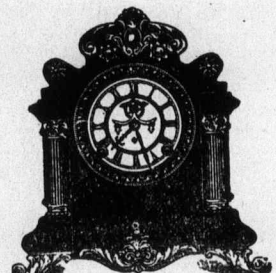
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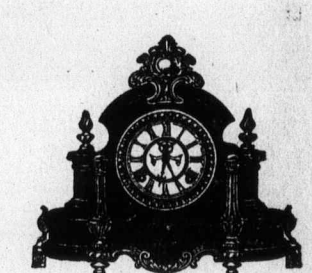
Enamelled Iron Clocks.



No. 10—Boston 8-day, half-hour gong strike, 11x16 inches. Price \$12.

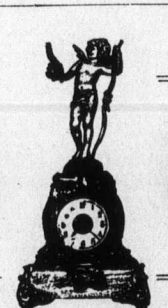


No. 17—Munich, 8-day, half hour gong strike, black enamelled iron, gilt ornaments, height 8 1/2 inches, width 13 1/2 inches. Price \$12 50.

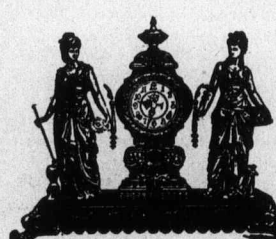


No. 14—Alhambra, 8-day, half hour gong strike, 1 1/2 x 15 1/2 inches. Price \$15 50.

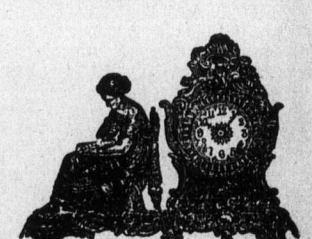
Bronze Clocks.



No. 866—24k. gold plate, 8-day time, height 13 1/2 inches. Price \$18.



No. 20—Art and Commerce—8 day, 1/2 hour gong strike, height 20 1/2 in.; width 20 1/2 in.; 5 1/2 in. dial; French sash; porcelain Roman dial; visible escapement; finished in barbedienne bronze. Price.....\$27

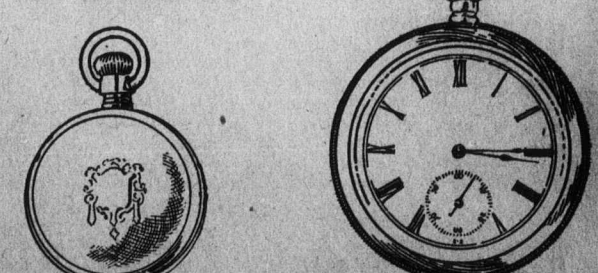


No. 24—Vassar—8-day, half hour gong strike; 11 in. high, 14 in. wide; 4 1/2 inch dial; French sash; porcelain Roman dial; finished in verde and barbedienne bronze. Price.....\$19

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For Illustrations of all styles of Clocks, see our CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE, which will be mailed FREE to any address, on application.

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And can supply Ladies or Gentlemen with an Article Guaranteed for 20 years, at \$12.00.

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MURPHY & CO. HATS FOR MEN Men's Store. Dr. Da Costa At Charlottetown. GLOVE DEPT. Double Boy Gloves. LIVERY DEPT. the Christmas Trade. MURPHY & CO. Telephone Up, 316

Notes From England.

AT THE CHURCH of the Franciscan Fathers, Peckham, Father Cothbert, O.S.F.C., in the course of a discourse delivered recently, said:— "To-day the Nonconformists were for the secularisation of education. Let them gain their end, and tomorrow their political allies of today would be for entire de-Christianisation of all State policy and legislation. The situation, then, with which the English nation was confronted was this: A strong political party is growing up which, under the aegis of Nonconformity, is tending to bring about a divorce between Christianity and the State. And what is to oppose this power? Anglicanism? No, for Anglicanism was itself a house divided against itself, never knowing from one day to another its own mind. Why, on so urgent a question as primary education the Anglicans could formulate no consistent policy to preserve the religious education of our children. No, if England was to preserve its character as a Christian State one power only could save it, and that power was the Catholic Church."

A NEW PRESBYTERY.— In the presence of a large gathering of clergy and laity, Mr. Justice Walton while in Liverpool on circuit, performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new presbytery and sacristy in connection with St. Michael's Church, West Derby Road, Liverpool.

His Lordship said he regarded it as a great honor to come to St. Michael's that day and pay a tribute to the work of Father Flynn. Referring to his early days in Liverpool, he remarked that he well recollected the time when he received in the old presbytery of that church the kind hospitality of one whose name he trusted had not been forgotten—Father Kelly. The church of which they were so proud had been practically re-built, and in that operation a member of the congregation had been particularly liberal in contributing to the funds. The schools had accommodation for 900 children, and it was a pleasure to him to see so many of the rising generation at nine o'clock Mass that morning. He was sure the congregation would not be sorry that the time had come when they would be asked to do something for the priests themselves. They wanted a home which would also provide greater facilities for parish business. During his early days in Lancashire the priest was always the most intimate friend of the people, and to whom a warm welcome was extended. By contributing liberally the parishioners would show their gratitude for the work, the carrying on of which the priests were sacrificing their lives for the good of the people. Concluding, he said that they could look upon that event as a keystone of unity and affectionate and respectful co-operation between the people of the parish and their priests (applause).

LADY BACHELORS.—Under this caption the London "Universe" says: Life is evidently becoming too short for man to try to hold his own academically with his fair competitors. In the pass-lists of the London Bachelor of Arts examination there are some 33 ladies' names in the first division to 22 men's. In the second division the proportion is slightly varied, the ladies being 50 to 43. In the list of candidates recommended for a pass diploma there are six ladies to four men. From these figures, which, totalled up, give 89 lady bachelors of arts for 1902, as against 69 gentlemen bachelors, we must either regard men as losing their former intellectual superiority, or as estimating as mere dross the magic letters B. A., which never yet did much to help on in the stress of money-making—the real art of the present day.

Remarks of Scientists.

AS TO APPENDICITIS.— The views of Sir Frederick Treves, by reason of his exalted position of a surgeon and particularly because of the prominence of his recent operation upon Edward VII., are of great interest. In a recent Cavendish lecture entitled "Some Causes of Inflammation of the Appendix," he pronounces a warning against making a diagnosis of appendicitis simply because the patient has tenderness in the neighborhood of the

appendix. In the matter of treatment he takes a conservative stand. He is an ardent advocate of the interval operation and says that he has operated on more than one thousand patients between attacks, with but two deaths. Regarding the operative treatment of appendicitis, he says:— 1. It is a mistake to base the necessity for immediate operation upon the idea that "gangrene or rupture of the appendix" and "perforation of the appendix" and "appendicitis with acute peritonitis" mean the same danger and require the same treatment that do "gangrene or rupture of the bowel," "perforation of the stomach" and "acute peritonitis."

2. The greater proportion of cases of appendicitis recover spontaneously; if examples of all grades of appendicitis are included, the mortality of the disease will probably not be above five per cent.

3. Operation carried out during an acute attack is attended by a mortality of over 20 per cent.

4. Relapses may occur after operation done in the acute stage.

5. Removal of the appendix, between attacks of appendicitis is attended by only a trivial risk.

He believes that cases which require immediate operation are those presenting ultra-acute symptoms, a type which the term fulminating is often applied, and those in which there is a reasonable suspicion that suppuration has taken place. He also states that he believes that the great majority of cases of appendicitis recover spontaneously without either an operation or the formation of an abscess. In those cases in which an abscess has formed and healed, removal of the appendix may be indefinitely deferred, since by the occurrence of suppuration the patient is, in but a very small percentage of cases, cured of his trouble. Should a recurrence of symptoms take place in such a case the appendix should be removed.

EFFECT OF MEAL-TIME.— The daily family gatherings at the dining table should be made events of good nature and pleasant conversation. The scientific thinker knows the effects upon the digestion of happy surroundings. The influence upon the mind of a joyous and contented mood when partaking of food is invaluable. It is an education in the family of no small importance, and in no way is the standard of the family manners more correctly estimated than by a close observance of how its members conduct themselves at table.

"LAZY DISEASE."—A patient at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, is said by the physicians there to be suffering from a disease which has, as far as records go, only once before appeared in this State. The disease is known as ankylostoma, or "lazy disease," and acquires its name from the fact that the most striking visible symptom is an increasing disinclination for physical exertion of any kind and the most extreme lassitude.

The authorities at the hospital refuse to divulge the name of the patient under treatment, but stated that a brother of the patient recently died from a similar disease. Guided by the facts furnished by a post mortem examination in the former case, Superintendent Hurd, of the hospital, states that the patient will recover.

The only other case is reported in the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin, December, 1901, and was that of an English sailor, who was sent to Bayview Asylum from a vessel which had recently arrived in port from a Southern voyage. He was supposed to be suffering from anaemia, and continued to sink until he died on the eighteenth day after his admission.

A post mortem examination by the physicians at the Johns Hospital, made at the request of the Bayview authorities, revealed the fact that many thousands of infinitesimal parasites were actively at work boring into the mucous membrane of the intestines and causing a loss of blood, with resultant lassitude and inertia, and finally producing death.

These parasites, according to the statement of Dr. Hurd, are especially abundant in certain sections of the Carolinas and Georgia, and the disease is prevalent among what are known as the "clay eaters" of that region.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.— From London, England, comes the report that the School of Tropical Medicine has issued a report on the sleeping sickness, which is now devastating Uganda. Though it was discovered only a few years ago, it is computed that the disease has already killed from 20,000 to 30,000 people, and is spreading to new areas with in-

GRAND TRUNK CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR Holiday Excursion Rates. SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE. Going Dec. 24 and 25. Return limit, Dec. 26, 1902. Going Dec. 21, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903. Return limit Jan. 2, 1903.

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The list is picked out at random. Come and see our offerings. Round Battenburg Doylies, 30c, 38c, 50c each.

Rueda Lace Edged Doylies, 6 x 6 inch, 80c, 35c each. Hand Hemstitched Doylies, 9 x 9 inch, 50c and 55c each.

Hand Hemstitched Doylies, 9 x 9 pair Pillow Cases, \$2.25, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.80, \$4.25 per Set.

Hemstitched and Embroidered Doylies, 6 x 6 inches, 15c, 17c 20c each. Swiss Embroidered Pillow Shams, \$1.40, \$2.00, \$2.10, \$2.60, \$3.15, \$3.25, \$3.50 per Pair.

Frilled, \$2.50, \$2.65, \$2.80, \$3.00 per Pair. Round Fringed Damask Doylies, 8c, 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 18c. each.

Hemstitched Damask Tray Cloths, 40c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00 each. Hemstitched Damask 5 O'clock Tea Cloths, 85c, 90c, 95c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 each.

Fine Hand Embroidered Pillow Shams, \$15.00, \$18.00 \$20.00 per Pair. Beautiful Damask Towels, Knotted Fringes and Drawn Work Ends, 95c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25 each.

Hemstitched Huck Towels, Damask Ends and Borders, \$12.00 for \$9.00 per dozen. Variety and Value at JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS, St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1902.

Hints for the Holiday Buyer

These departments are overflowing with all kinds of dainty and useful articles suitable for Christmas gifts. Among them, perhaps, the very thing to please some relative or friend for whom you have not yet been able to select an appropriate Present. The few items here mentioned give a clue to the rich pickings, and it goes without saying that prices range below usual askings for goods of equal quality.

Parlor Tables. Xmas Curtains. New Parlor Tables in quarter cut oak, fancy turned legs, with shaped undershell, all nicely polished, extra finish. Special, \$2.20.

Parlor Tables in newest styles up to \$12.00. Odd Dressers and Stands in elm golden finish, bureau fitted with 16 x 20 inch bevelled mirror, hand carved combination washstand. Special, \$9.50 for 2 pieces.

Holiday Ties. Ladies' Dainty Silk Ties, tucked round neck, white embroidered turn over, in white, pink, sky, turquoise, cardinal and black. Special 50c.

Ladies' Bishop Stock collar, embroidered in French Knots, all the newest colorings. Prices 50c, 82c. Ladies' pretty Silk Stock Collars, two color combination, trimmed with medallion Guipure lace. Special \$1.25.

Xmas Cut Glass. A choice collection of genuine English cut glass, new cuttings, original shapes. Flower Spills and Vases, 15c to \$10.00.

Chatelaine Bags. Ladies' handsome novelty Chatelaine Bags, real walrus leather, in black, gray and brown, gold mounted frame. Special \$2.00.

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SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

FRANK J. CURRAN, S.A., S.C.L., ADVOCATE

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

Our Curbstone Observer ON CHRISTMAS BOXES.

It is the privilege of one whose writings are as eccentric as mine to intrude his peculiar views, even at a season of general rejoicing, and at sometimes strike a chord that is not entirely in harmony with the music of the hour. Still it is not to criticize that I come this week, but merely to record a few of my observations. I am perfectly aware that they will be thought, by some people, to be inopportune; but I am equally confident that they will find a responsive echo in the breasts of thousands, who would not, themselves, care to give expression to them. As a rule, we are all too delicate about matters that should be treated openly and frankly, while we are dogmatic and bold when there is no necessity for such an attitude. No persons like to be the one who gets credit for disturbing the feast, or for raising the discordant voice. Yet there are times when this species of fear prevents people speaking their true sentiments, or by their reserve, or silence, allowing others to go on deceiving their own hearts while knowing perfectly well that they are doing so. This not by way of excuse for my special observations concerning Christmas Boxes, and the time-honored custom of exchanging presents at Christmas and New Year, rather is it to draw the attention of many who might read this column without asking themselves how their expressions really affect their own situation.

AN OLDEN CUSTOM.—We are all loath to interfere with or undermine in any way, a custom that time, tradition, and loving associations have consecrated. There is none more general, and few more admirable, in a sense, than that of sending presents, at certain seasons, to friends, absent ones, or near relatives. I am not here referring to the visits of Santa Claus, nor the delightful custom of hanging up the children's stockings; these belong to another realm entirely. I am merely writing about the Christmas Boxes that the older members of the family send to others with whom they are connected by either ties of relationship, gratitude, or some kindred sentiment. It is certainly Christmas that brings the "brightest cheer"; it is decidedly the season of peace and goodwill, in every acceptance of the term; and each one looks to it for joys and pleasures that no other portion, or period of the year can afford. Nor is it confined to any one class or grade of society. The very poor, whose misery we pity, and whom we are accustomed to consider as suffering intensely while their more fortunate fellow-citizens rejoice and make merry, are actually more anxious for Christmas than we imagine—for this season brings them relief and charities that at other times they do not expect. Not that many of them are not disappointed unhappily, but they all have hopes, expectations, bright anticipations, real day dreams of something good when Christmas comes. And it is a pity that any of those hopes should ever be crushed by the hand of neglect, or that any of those dreams should be allowed to vanish unrealized. When the season of Christmas Boxes is at hand it is always an act in accord with the spirit of the day to relieve the needy and to bring light, warmth and plenty to the abode of misery and indigence. With this reflection, I return to the theme of Christmas presents. In some circles the Christmas box, the unending annual reminder, is the only link connecting those who spend their entire year moving along different paths. The anticipations, in the family, of the accustomed presents, the innocent speculations on the subject of this one's or of that one's expected gift, are all so many incidents in life that tend to make Christmas the great domestic, as well as religious festival of the year. The olden customs are rapidly disappearing; the yule log, the boar's head, the mistletoe, the frolics and gambols, the familiar grouping around the hearth-fire, the Christmas stories told by the old for the edification of the young, these are all picturesque in print, but rare in reality. Macaulay's lines, in that beautiful picture of ancient domestic bliss, when "Romans were like brothers," if applied to our modern Christmas scenes would be meaningless, for we no longer behold such gatherings as

"When the oldest cask was open,
And the largest lamp was lit;
When the chestnuts glow on embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old, in circles,

Around the fire-brands close,
And the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;
When the old man mends his armor,
And trims his helmet-plume,
And the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom."

AN IMPOSITION.—If I continue on, in this strain, I will never reach my criticisms and observations. The main object of this article on the subject of Christmas Boxes is to call attention to the abuse, rather than to the practice of that olden custom. In fact, I will go so far as to say that many instances it constitutes an imposition, and is the terror as well as the perplexity of hundreds of good citizens. A friend sends you a card for Christmas, you return the compliment; another sends you a toy for your child, you buy a toy equally if not more expensive and send it in return; another sends you a costly book, you must return either an equally costly one, or something else proportionately; ten people send you presents, and you must buy the presents to send to these people. Last year a dozen friends remembered you at Christmas, and your table was loaded with a heap of bri-a-brac and generally ornamental, but rare and useful objects. This year you are bound, by a kind of code of honor, to remember each one of the dozen, to recall what each sent, and to select something more expensive to forward to each of them this year. It does not matter how limited your income, nor how taxed it is to procure the various little necessary extras of the season for your own home; if it be even necessary to go without your turkey, or to deprive your children of a Christmas tree, or of some expected toys, you must return the compliments of last year, or risk the forfeiture of friendships or to say the least, the goodwill of would-be friends. It is a terrible ordeal for some people. In fact, I have noted, in my years of observation, how the question of Christmas presents affected many poor mothers of families. For half a month before Christmas they are on the rack, suffering untold tortures of calculation, of misgivings, of selections, of economies to meet the imperative demands of the season. Yet it is the custom, and they must follow it to the letter or else bear the dire consequences for the next year. They do their best; they give every penny they can afford; they sometimes go without necessities, let alone any luxuries, in order to meet this social demand; and they know, in their hearts, that their efforts will not only be unappreciated, but will be criticised, and compared, and contrasted, and ridiculed, by those who imposed the obligation upon them, and who, perhaps were better able to afford the outlay. Does any one of the readers agree with me? Have any of you ever felt what I am attempting to describe? I am not talking against the custom of Christmas presents, but against the lack of consideration in those who make them.

BE CONSIDERATE.—I would like to give a word of advice to the person who finds himself, or herself, in a dilemma, between sending or not sending a Christmas Box to a friend. Before doing so take into consideration that friend's position, means, and various circumstances. Ask yourself how the reception of your present will affect that person. If it strikes you that he, or she, is not honestly able to afford the pleasure of returning your gift, then either refrain from sending it, or send something of such a small value—a card, a picture, or some such trifle—that will not tax your poor friend when called upon by social and friendly etiquette to return the compliment. Don't imagine that your humble gift be unappreciated. Ten to one you will be blessed and thanked the more in proportion as your Christmas Box is small and uncostly. It will be a relief to the one, who certainly appreciates your friendship, but who does not feel able to give it the same form of expression as you have given to it. It is not necessary that I should dwell any longer on this phase of the subject; but, I have seen so much of that anxiety and that worry on account of Christmas Boxes, that I am actually afraid to send even the slightest token to persons for whom I have the kindest feeling; but I know by refraining from so doing I am conferring a greater favor upon them, and one they will fully appreciate, while they cannot express that appreciation.

The Luxurious Homes Of the Rich.

The New York "Sun" tells, in an elaborate article, of the extremes to which luxury is carried in certain homes—and they are not few—in the millionaire quarters of that immense city. To read the account given of the modes of living in those palaces, one would suppose that Sardanapalus had come back to earth and was taking advantages of our twentieth century improvements to add to the extravagances that marked his few years of life towards the sunset of the Roman Empire. They tell of private houses that may cost over three million dollars, and of State apartments in hotels, at \$1,000 per week, and of other apartments that cost from three to twenty thousand dollars per year. We will select one instance, for we cannot go through the entire list, nor have we space to comment upon the numberless examples of extreme luxury that can be found in American's large centres.

"Fancy a house standing upon a boldly swelling corner where a crossway makes into the drive proper. It is tall, it is wide, it is big everywhere, but so fine in line and proportion that it takes study to realize the mass of it. Strong but light and beautifully wrought iron grillwork guards the open space round about.

Broad, easy marble steps go up the ramp, leading to a pillared entrance. Behind the pillars one catches the gleaming of bronze doors cunningly wrought.

They open upon a great hall, floored with the costliest mosaic and set round with antique columns. The big fireplace has a mantel, also antique, plundered from a ruined palace across the sea.

The great staircase came from another palace, but somehow the architect has managed it so the two shall not war with each other. Perhaps they dare not quarrel in presence of the rugs which lie between.

Some of the rugs are three hundred years old and simply priceless—Eastern fabrics without a duplicate anywhere in the world. They set the pace in furnishing—all else is in keeping.

Each of the five occupants of the house has a separate suite—bath, bedroom, sitting-room, dressing-room and snuggery, for playing at work, or working at special play. Some of the baths have tubs with silver-gilt fittings; others have marble pools big enough to swim in, with marble divans running round the edges of the room.

The dressing-rooms are all in silver, silver-gilt and rare odoriferous woods, each so treated as to bring out every detail of its natural beauty. Cedar, camphor, sandal—each and all are preservative. The clothes presses have drawers of camphor wood, and the closets are supplied with electric lights automatically turned on by the opening of a door.

There is also, of course, a library, a dining room, a breakfast room, a drawing room, and a cosy parlor, but no ball room, for the master of all this is austere. Still, austerity does not forbid a billiard room, nor a music room, richly harmonious, whose frescoed ceiling alone represents a tidy fortune.

Every manner of musical instrument sanctioned by classic taste harbors there, along with the objects of art, pictures, bronzes, engraved gems and antique gold plate, whose cost would endow a hospital. There is a small conservatory whose flowers appear shamefaced, as though they felt themselves somewhat put out of court by the bronze and jewel-glass inclosing them.

The building is about an open court glass-roofed in winter. It has, besides the great state stairway, back stairs and two electric elevators—one for the master, one for the servants.

In the basement there is a complete electric plant for lighting, laundry work, some special cooking and the recharging of automobile batteries. There is also an automobile room, big enough to hold a dozen machines. It is below the street level, and the gay-colored monsters ride up and down upon a special lift all their own.

The big kitchen, which matches and balances, in a way, the electric plant, has a cold storage chamber attached, and is floored with tiles, walled with vitrified brick and furnished throughout in real black English oak. The cooking vessels are of brass, copper, silver or vitrified china.

To make use of them there are a chef whose salary approaches that of a diplomat, two masculine under-cooks—one especially for bread and pastry—a woman vegetable cook, a

kitchen housekeeper, and a brace of scullery maids.

Altogether the number of servants is between thirty and forty, without counting the companion, two private secretaries, and the almoner, who dispenses charity and investigates such appeals for aid as are not upon the surface fraudulent. The electric engineer lives outside, although his helper is reckoned among the household staff.

This is the merest outline of a few salient points. The house, with its furnishings, represents an investment of a little beyond three million dollars.

All this is like a fairy tale, yet it is exact in its every detail. We can imagine the envy that such extreme luxury and ostentation of wealth must create in the breasts the less-very much less-fortunate members of the human family. Still, if we look the situation squarely in the face, we see nothing to excite either envy or jealousy in all this display of wealth and evidence of ease.

Take, for example, the owner and occupant of such a mansion. He is certainly beyond the reach of all chances of want or necessity. He is morally certain to end his days in surroundings of this class. He is in mid-life, or he has already commenced to descend the slope of age. What must not be his reflections, if he ever reflects? If he had any positive assurance that his years of enjoyment and life would be counted by the score, there might be cause for self-satisfaction, perfect ease, and absolute contentment. But all his wealth, even if multiplied by a billion times cannot purchase for him one moment of life. He can have the consolation of knowing that, after twenty, or ten, or five, or less years, when he is summoned to leave all this behind him, he will be deposited in a mausoleum that will cost thousands of dollars; but that is a very poor consolation. Once the fatal and inevitable end comes, it will matter very little to him whether he is laid to rest in a structure of marble, or in a tombless grave. In either his fate will be the same—oblivion. He will not be missed, not even by those who subsist on his bounty.

It must be a fearful and chilling thought to know that one owns and enjoys such unbounded luxury and that no amount of wealth can insure its continuation beyond a very brief period. To think that he must inevitably, and so very soon, step out of that mansion—or rather be carried out of it—and leave it for others to enjoy, is enough to mar the greatest degree of happiness and contentment that man can know on earth. Ah! we do not envy the possessor of such luxury! Rather do we pity him; for he is destined to know, in a few days, or few years, the bitterness of all pangs, that of separation for all time from the ailments which make life a glorious possession. In that one dread hour he expires every keen enjoyment that his millions have purchased.

What Has Protestantism Done?

The Rev. Father Day, S.J., has been preaching at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, on Sunday evenings a series of sermons on "The Empire of the Popes." Under the sub-title of "The Revolt of the Nations," the fourth of the series was delivered on Sunday evening to a large congregation. The rev. gentleman dealt ably with the rise of Protestantism, and proceeding, asked what in contrast with the Empire of the Popes had the Protestant sects achieved. What had collective Protestantism done for the religious world to compare with the works of the Church it had basely deserted and vilely attacked? He knew little of what it had done, but he did know a great deal of what it had undone. It had undone the Catholic Faith of thousands of the population of Germany, which up to the beginning of the eighteenth century was the most Catholic country of Europe. It had caused the secession from Rome of half the cantons of Switzerland. In the year 1540 it extended its ravages to Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and one hundred years later to Holland. The sad story of England's loss of the Faith, which began with the just and pride of Henry VIII, supported by the unchastity and faithlessness of Cranmer, consummated by the worldly pride of Elizabeth, was too well known to need rehearsal. Scotland also later lost its Faith. Such was the story of Protestant undoing. But what had it done? It had sown he-

resy and discord in a few countries of kindred race in Northern Europe. But beyond this what had it done? It had never borne the brunt of the fierce persecution of the world, but had been the world's spoiled child—the world's pet. The world had known it and loved it. Protestantism had opened its ranks to every heresy, so that it now counted over two hundred sects in England and Wales alone. In dealing with human passions it had offered an easy path and given to the halt the crutch of the imputation of the merits of Christ in place of the works of virtue. But it had done more and worse than this. It had betrayed the most sacred cause of the essential morality of Christ. Pagan-like, it had opened its courts of divorce, broken the bonds of marriage, and sanctioned infidelity and lust. Again what had it done? Had it advanced its flag beyond the barriers of civilization into the midst of savage peoples and proclaimed at any time a universal sway over the nations? Where were its missionary champions, its saintly apostles, and the signs of life of a universal religion? It followed the flag of England, its defenders said, all over the world. Yes, but that was not enough for him (the preacher). He wanted to see the Cross in advance and before the Union Jack of England, as it used to be in the Catholic days of yore. Eight centuries ago and before the "glorious epoch" of the "Reformation," England produced apostles, mighty men strong in the spirit of God, who converted distant nations and peoples. The same was true of Scotland, of Switzerland, of Germany, and of Holland. Where were the men now, and where were their works? Where were the Calvinist Churches established in China and Corea? Where were the Lutheran missions in Japan? England, it was true, had established Bishops in her vast Indian possessions, but she established them in the same way as she had established her soldiers, her consuls, her bankers, and her houses of business. It was not the Church of England which had gained ground, it was the British Empire. Show him an Anglican Bishop who had preached the Gospel at the peril of his life. Find him a single one who had given his life for Jesus Christ. Tell him of any good Anglican shepherd who had died not fighting in a rabble rout or struck down in a disgraceful riot, but giving his life calmly, with the grace and spirit of a martyr, for the cause of Christ and for the sake of the sheep. Oh! what a contrast to the Catholic Church of Rome. From the sixteenth century to the twentieth that stately church mistress of all the nations, had carried on her brow, however tarnished, the tiara of imperial sway and of universal dominion. The ranks of her confessors, apostles, and martyrs had never thinned. The present century had seen a prodigious progress of the Church, especially in English-speaking countries. Where were Catholics in England a hundred years ago? They were a wretched and a strong party to-day. In the United States of America in 1800 there was but one bishopric; to-day he believed there were 115. Missions continued to be founded and to make progress in China, Corea, and Japan, whilst Northern, Southern, and Central Africa, as well as Australia and New Zealand and other remote portions of the globe, had their flourishing churches. In Liverpool only forty years ago there were but 40,000 Catholics; the number of Catholics there at the present day was 200,000. Speaking in conclusion of the destiny of Protestantism, the preacher said the seed of corruption and death was latent in the breast of Protestant sects. The principle of private judgment and the negation of all authority formed a cancer in the very vitals of the "Reformed" religion which was eating away its life. The lawlessness of the Church of England to-day was proverbial. Only the other day, in that city a respected and he believed a very respectable vicar opened a defiled and flouted his Bishop, appealing from him to a Catholic power which neither existed for him or his Bishop. How long would a house divided against itself stand? He left the answer to his hearers. The authority of the State was human; it was a shifting sand, and the tide of time would wash over the ruins of the Church that was built thereon. In England to-day and in other European countries the Governments were beginning to reject all care and responsibility of the churches. "What is this to us? Look you to it." The nemesis was approaching. Anglicanism was drawing near to its end. Feresy would divide itself. What was best of it would be infidel. And the great Empire of the Church would go on fighting its way, resisting encroachment, and always advancing, even till the consummation should come and peace should shine over the universal dominion of the Kingdom of God.

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Sacred Images as Aids to Worship.

Preaching on the occasion of the blessing of a painting of the Crucifixion in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Chester, Pa., the Rev. D. I. McDermott, rector of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, said in part:

For centuries our separated brethren taught that God's law forbade us to make images; that reverence shown to them is idolatry. In conformity with their belief they rigorously excluded from their own places of worship every religious emblem, statue and painting; they did not tolerate even the cross, either in the interior or on the exterior of their churches or on the monuments in their cemeteries. While loudly professing their faith in the saving efficacy of the Sacrifice of the Cross, they regarded the material cross as an idol, and some did not hesitate to call it "the sign of the beast." They excluded from their churches everything which appeals to the mind and heart of man through the medium of the eye; they stripped them of everything in the nature of symbol and ornament until they left their churches as bare and gloomy as sepulchres.

Their detestation of image worship as they called it, carried them at times to the greatest extremes. Not content with the influence which their teaching and example might have upon Catholics, they invaded our churches, destroyed paintings and statues, some going so far during the reign of the iconoclasts as to destroy crucifixes by burying their axes in the very face of the images of Jesus Christ. While this frenzy has happily passed away, nevertheless it is not fifty years ago since a pious lady, an Episcopalian in a neighboring town, felt justified in shattering with a hammer a marble cross which surmounted a tombstone erected in her churchyard to the memory of a co-religionist, and there are to-day very good people outside the Church who regard it as inconsistent with their religion to enter a room where there is a crucifix.

It was after contemplating the sad havoc such doctrine had made of Christian art that Bob Ingersoll said: "The Bible was the death of art!" He should have said the Bible as interpreted by Protestants.

In support of their teaching our separated brethren quoted the commandment: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing, nor the image of anything that is in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth: Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them."

In interpreting the commandment against making images, we Catholics agree with Protestants in two particulars. We agree with them, first, that it is forbidden to make any image of the Deity for any purpose whatsoever; for the simple reason that God being incorporeal, invisible, infinite, incomprehensible cannot be described to us under any form or figure; that it is impossible for pencil of painter or chisel of sculptor to produce any representation of the Deity. There are, however, aspects or attributes of God which may be presented to us under sensible forms; for Christ Himself, for example, presents the First Person of the Trinity to us under the form of a father and the Third Person under the form of a dove. And, again, we agree with Protestants that it is forbidden to make images in order to adore and serve them.

Having conceded this much to our separated brethren, we must part company with them, differ from them in their interpretation of the first commandment of God. We contend that the very fact that it is forbidden to make images for a specific purpose implies that it is lawful to make them for other purposes; we contend that a prohibited abuse necessarily implies a lawful use; that images like anything else may be put to a good or a bad purpose. Take, for example, a ring—an engagement or a marriage ring. In itself it is neither good nor bad, but becomes either good or bad according to the use to which it is devoted. When a true lover or faithful husband places a ring on the finger of a virtuous woman, that ring becomes to the sweetheart or the wife the pledge of a fidelity as endless as a circle, and of an affection as pure and precious as gold. When, however, a man shamelessly acknowledges his sinful attachment for a woman by placing a ring on the finger of a mistress or an adulteress, he debases the symbol of pure love by making it the badge of a wicked passion; he debases the pledge of fidelity by making it a bond of in-

iquity. Just, then, as a law forbidding a licentious man to give a ring to a wanton woman would only prove that a virtuous man may give a ring to a pure woman, so does the command against worshipping images as idols only prove that they may be revered as memorials of Christ and His saints.

As to the correctness of the Catholic view on this point, we do not depend upon mere speculation, mere reasoning alone; we have the explicit testimony of the Bible itself. After the law which non-Catholics claim forbade the making of images had been promulgated God Himself commanded Moses to make images, saying: "Thou shalt make two cherubim of beaten gold. . . . Let them cover both sides of the propitiatory, spreading their wings and covering the oracle." (Exodus xxv, 18-20). Then, again, we learn from the Book of Numbers (ch. xxi, 8) that God commanded Moses to make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign that those who were bitten by the fiery serpents might escape death by looking at it.

As one part of Scripture cannot contradict another, it follows from these two direct commands of God that it was not only lawful to make images, that they may be employed in the worship of God, but that their use is most salutary to the people. In St. John's Gospel Christ says: "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the desert; so must the Son of Man be lifted up." The brazen serpent was a figure of Christ. As the Jews through the medium of the brazen serpent looked forward to Christ as their Redeemer, so we through graven and painted images of Jesus look back to Christ who was crucified for us nineteen hundred years ago; as the Jews by looking upon the brazen serpent were saved from the temporal death, the punishment inflicted on their disobedience, so we by looking on representations of the Redeemer escape that eternal death which our sins deserve. From Christ's allusion to the brazen serpent we rightly conclude that it is just as lawful for us to make use of images to keep before our minds the fact that the Redeemer has come as it was for the Jews to make use of the brazen serpent to keep before their minds the fact that He was to come, was promised.

It is, then, clearly a mistake to interpret the Bible as condemning the making of images of Christ and His saints for a good purpose. Mistakes, however, like misfortunes, never come alone. As one affliction treads on the heels of another, so one error involves another, perhaps many others. The mistake that God had absolutely forbidden the making of images necessarily led to the belief that images could not possibly help men to serve God; that images must of necessity divert men from the worship of God to the worship of idols; in a word, it led to the belief that men could not be moved to worship God through the medium of the eye, but only through the medium of the ear; that of all the organs of our body the tongue and the ear alone could be employed in the worship of God. Hence it was said that the highest conception of worship outside the Catholic Church was "that of a man talking to men, of men listening to a man."

This conception of worship is founded on the false notion that there is no language but that of the tongue. The old adage says: "Acts speak louder than words." We may learn as much through the eye as through the ear, we may be moved as much by what we see as by what we hear, a ceremony may make as deep an impression upon us as a speech, we can express as much by a sign as by a word. What speech, what proclamation, for example, could as forcibly impress upon us the fact that Spain's rule over Cuba had ceased and that that of the United States had begun as the hauling down of the Spanish flag over the island and the running up over the island of the Stars and Stripes?

What words, for example, could pay such reverence to the Sacred Scripture when the Gospel is read as the rising to their feet of the whole congregation, thus welcoming and honoring entrance among them of a Divine Teacher? What words could instruct us how to treat the Gospel as do the crosses which priest and people make on their lips, their foreheads, their breasts, in order to show how pure should be the lips which proclaim the Gospel, how enlightened the mind should be to understand it, how clear the heart should be to treasure up its lessons.

Practical Talks To Young Men.

Of all the contemptible youths with whom a father's patience and a mother's aching heart have to cope, perhaps the meanest sneak is the coward who sponges on the family for luxuries when he is not even paying his board at home.

This is not a total abstinence lecture, as regards liquor drinking, or cigarette smoking, or the display of many clothes; though the law forbids the sale of the former two to boys and a fondness for the latter usually tells against a young man with sensible men. These are largely matters of taste, and when a youth reaches manhood's years he can do about as he pleases so long as he is willing to pay for his vices. But what shall we say of the specimen who, at the age when a boy ought to be forming habits for life, idles away his time in bar-rooms and pool-parlors instead of looking for chances to earn something out of school hours, and asks his father (or, by no means seldom, his mother on the quiet) for cigarette money or theatre fares instead of turning to and giving a lift on the price of his winter clothes?

The father who is well enough off not to miss the money which his son spends foolishly may well consider how far he can prudently give free rein to the extravagances of a boy who has got some day to be a man.

To the father who finds it hard to make both ends meet by the strictest economy such extravagances are doubly a grievance; it drags him down and it injures the boy.

Success in life comes pretty near being, after all the art of keeping expenses within the income. That is what has got to be done sooner or his preparation for life without his preparation for life without making a systematic effort to acquire that prime accomplishment might as well quit right where he is. The sooner a boy begins to live within his means the better. Some fathers give a stated allowance. Others dole out small amounts at a time. Most boys will find it a good thing if they can obtain the allowance as a stated stipend. Then a well-kept account book will tell just where the money is going to and habits can be conformed to the means.

It ought not to be necessary to argue that a boy whose family is supporting him during the school period has no moral right to draw on the home purse for expenses which are not necessary. His mother is going without some innocent comfort every time he takes a drink, and his sister is denying herself some advantage every time he opens a pack of cigarettes or takes down a billiard cue. One father once said to his boy, "I don't forbid you to drink or smoke, but don't you expect me to pay for it."

Nobody who knows human nature will worry about the boy who works overtime in order to earn money for vices. Hard work and vices don't thrive in the same soil. The boy who is considerate enough of his parents to seek extra employment in order to relieve their burdens will turn at least part of his money in at home, and the rest will go into a good book rather than a drink, into lessons in a specialty rather than cigarettes. Do it. You will be happier, for you will be making your kin proud and glad instead of ashamed and miserable.

Besides, look into the future. Merely from a selfish point of view it is necessary for you to save, save, save, if you are to have anything; if you are to draw any prizes. You must save money so as not to be tied down when some good opportunity comes requiring a little outlay. You must save time so as to get in among the hustlers who never lose a minute. You must save your strength of mind and body for the race, which to-day more than ever in the history of the world is the strongest, the clearest head and the most fit.

More than all these, you must save your name. Do you suppose the man of whom your prospective employer inquires regarding you will fall to state that you are a dude or a loafer, if you are? His wouldn't be much of an endorsement if he had the reputation of writing "O. K." on every name that was shoved under his nose. The writer of these Talks once had to visit the Federal Building on business connected with a United States prisoner. One of the exhibits was a letter of commendation from a well known Boston clergyman. "Don't be astonished," remarked one of the deputies. "Dr. Blank's letters of recommendation figure in about five cases a year. Business men know this, and Dr.

Blank's signature on a letter of introduction of somebody he doesn't know to somebody he has never met is about as effective as a Masonic signal meaning "Don't you believe it." In order that the commendation upon which you seek employment shall be of any value the statement contained in it must come from a man who doesn't lie favorably "to oblige." Your virtues must be real. The treasurer of the gingham trust can't employ a superintendent who hires shipping clerks that take on smoke-and-drink boys to stencil addresses; treasurer of a trust is too good a job to throw away like that.

The corner stone of the success you expect to build is the name of being a steady boy who works overtime and has no vices. A boy with that reputation is not a boy. He is a man.—Republic.

RANDOM NOTES.

A NEW UNIVERSITY. — A new Catholic University has been opened at Munster, in Germany.

TWO HEROES.—Two Sisters of Charity left Buffalo lately to make the heroic self-sacrifice of caring for lepers on the Isla of Wight Chapel, off the Louisiana Coast, Gulf of Mexico. They are Sisters Jerome and Edith.

STUDENTS IN ROME.—The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued an order directing that students of sacred theology in Rome shall no longer live in private houses, but shall join some of the existing colleges. A Dutch college has recently been opened.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.—An organ for the use of the Catholic Church in Pekin is the first instrument of its kind to be taken into the kingdom of the Celestials. Until now the Chinese Government has prohibited the use of such instruments in Catholic churches.

A CONGRESS of Catholic Democracy was recently held at Mone, Belgium. There were 752 delegates bearing signatures of 160,000 workmen.

CATHOLICITY IN LONDON.—The growth of the Catholic Church in London, England, is shown by the constant extension of buildings, and the erection and restoration of churches, schools, etc., in and around the metropolis.

FIRST ORDAINED.—The first American ordained a priest in the Philippines is a Jesuit, Rev. William H. Stanton, of Missouri. Father Stanton was ordained in Manila by Bishop M. Garcia y Alcocer, of Cebu, who at the time was acting for the Archbishop of Manila. Father Stanton celebrated his first Mass on the feast of the Assumption.

CENSUS OF HUNGARY.—The organ of "the Catholic people's party" in Hungary gives the following interesting figures from the official census of 1900. Whole population in 1900: 19,254,559; Catholics, 11,774,056 (Latin Catholics, 9,919,918; Uniate Greek Catholics, 1,854,143); the Catholics form 65.5 per cent. of the whole population, an increase of 10.3 per cent. during the ten years from 1890-1900. Schismatic Greeks, 2,815,713; Calvinists, 2,441,142; other Protestants (Augsburg Confession), 1,288,942; Jews, 851,378; Unitarians (Societians), 68,565; of no religion, 14,760.

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In the Days of Old.

I.

A frown was on the brow of Charles the Lord Mayor of the Palace of Childeric and General of the Frankish army. The rumor that the Saracens were preparing to cross the Pyrenees had reached him and he quickly saw the importance of opposing their progress.

"They must be checked, either in the narrow passes of the mountains or on the plains below; if not they will overrun all Europe," he murmured half aloud, "but that shall not be, I will gather my forces from every corner of the kingdom and conquer them. We are not so easily conquered as they think, these infidels," and the great general strode angrily along on his way to the palace.

In fact, so absorbed was he in his thoughts, that as he entered the royal gateway he failed to perceive a little figure coming to meet him. It was not until the sweet voice of his motherless daughter, Clotilde, sounded in his ears that he aroused himself from his reverie.

"Oh, my father, thou art troubled, what has displeased thee so much that thou findest it hard to smile at thy little maid?" said the child.

"Why, Clotilde, I am smiling at thee."

"Yes, but thou wert not, when first I came. Please tell me what is wrong, dearest father."

"Well my little one, I was wondering if thou wouldst mind if thy father had to leave thee to go and fight the Saracens?"

"Why thou hast never left me for more than a day and if thou must go away to the South, I will go with thee."

"Go with me, it is impossible, child, thou couldst not go with the soldiers."

"Aye, my father, I could, I would die if thou didst leave me in the palace. Why, Pepin is but a little older than I am, and thou art going to take him, I know."

"Yes, but Pepin is far stronger than thou art, my maiden."

"But I am not going to fight, I am only going to take care of you in case those wicked men hurt you. Duen could come too, we could easily travel with the leech, and I am sure I would be of use. Father, thou must take me."

closed in mortal combat. But now, at last, the Franks were gaining. It seemed to Clotilde as if she dared not breathe, so intense was the strain; she forgot that she had come without a guard, forgot that she had not waited for Duen and that her faithful nurse must be looking for her. She thought only of her father, who was slowly but surely leading his men to victory. But she herself was not unwounded, a lynx-eyed Saracen in the reserve ranks had seen the white figure so clearly outlined against the dark foliage, and into his suspicious mind had come the thought that this must be the goddess of his enemies and that it was she who was giving them the victory. "But the all-powerful Mahomet will give me strength to overcome her whatever she may be," he whispered to himself.

Quick to act upon his thoughts, he retired to the rear of the field, mounted his high-spirited charger and turning its head to the outskirts of the enemy's camp, he urged it into a gallop.

And as he rode, he matured his plans. He could easily reach the low underbrush, which grew in an irregular line from the plain to the summit of the hillock, without being detected. It would then be but the work of a minute to climb to the spot where he would find the mysterious being, and if Mahomet favored him he hoped she would still be unattended, and that he would be able to overcome her. If he attracted no attention he might escape; but if he saw that it would be impossible, it would be but the work of a second to plunge his dagger into his own heart.

By this time he had reached the point where he must dismount, and, imploring the help of Mahomet, he left his well trained steed and began crawling through the underbrush. Noiselessly he made his way until he suddenly found himself directly behind the object of his quest, but he quickly saw it was not an aerial spirit, with which he had to deal, but a Frankish maiden; and, if he could judge by her dress, one of royal blood. This must be the daughter of the great general,—the rumor that he had brought her with him had reached the Saracens camp. He would go away and not molest her; it would do his cause little good to hurt a fragile maiden, and he turned to descend.

But at that moment a cry arose from the Franks—a cry of victory. "It is in my power to take revenge upon their general," thought the Saracen, his passionate nature now thoroughly aroused by the exciting shouts, and he faced again towards the child.

For an instant Charles the victorious, turned his eyes in the direction of the hillock, and his daughter seeing him, seized her mantle and waded it aloft; and then the general turned again to his soldiers. But what is that? Above the war of the battle came a shrill terrified cry, such as no soldier would utter. Why was it Charles Martel started so violently? Was it not to his excited imagination that it sounded like his little daughter's cry of "father?" He turned again but the hillock was hidden from his sight by the men who surrounded him on every side. Ah! it was well he did not see it for on that hillock confusion reigned supreme!

As Clotilde was so eagerly watching her father she felt herself suddenly seized from behind and looking up she saw the dark face of a Moor bending over her. For an instant the child was too frightened to move but, as the glittering dagger flashed before her eyes, she uttered the piercing shriek that had reached even to her father—and then the spirit of Clotilde went forth to meet its Maker. The Moor's stroke had been a true one. His revenge was accomplished.

III.

The Battle of Tours had been won, the Cross had triumphed over the Crescent, the Saracens had been driven back over the Pyrenees and Charles, known as Charles Martel, was the hero of his people; for it was to him they owed this victory. But to the great general himself, it mattered not that he had won the battle,—it mattered not that his people worshipped him,—it mattered only that the one thing most dear to him was not by his side to share in his rejoicings. He cared not for the honor shown him on every side, for the heart of Charles Martel was buried with his daughter. It had been pierced by the same weapon which had left the body of Clotilde cold and still beneath a tall poplar tree upon the plains of Tours.—T. W. O.

"If there is childhood," "which I hope distinct, clear by the rude memory of Charles is one memory wish to have on my mind is the memory at the Friary town."

We were sitting in the room of the P. where we often went or appointed by accident was by accident over the one of the six weeks after picture of a queen in a French v. specially held in this as a begonia conversation in Christmas, its advances. The S. mark in passing possible brogue there was he morally of whom, at the admire, being spoke of Kipling was always emanation of that picture of a queen typify the Irish "The Christian when to my del. "was erected of tar-boys under lay-brother; the understand, a Fr. together with t. was also a lay-sacristan. Poor how well I re. was whose art. a larger and be. the stable of B. customary before was who prevail. riors to obtain some other plac. figures of the p. tivity tableau, a life size, clothes garments (or w. was), and looki. at a little dista. readily deceived. flesh-and-blood a fixed rigidity of was delighted w. first year they were particular. One stalwart sh. one knee and w. with a hood over his arms a little. ing to the new- the lay-brother was "the Prince. He was our part. of course the be. figures represent. gin, the Holy C. eph were not w. appeal, not only to our religious were besides the herds at least a To accommodate see that the stal. large, and so it years as an alta. construct it, and vivid memory of portant incident curred in connect. remember it a.

"You see, about had sprung up in those periodic mo. rebellion against fighting spirit of mant for years, the old country tion (which is not all); but once sweeps over the supreme disgust f. fore people begin. is impassioned sp. ing. pike-heads, a. the moon." At. young men see vi. men dream dream.

"Well, so it was young man of n. This old spirit ha. and I was caught. ment in my nativ. as the straw is su. dy. Of course it. over again. There. most vehement in "Saxon," the most. ganizing the local. the most severe o. spirited slaves' w. wise enough to. clear of the enta. spracy against I. He was the very. group of revolution. though young, was. portance, partly b.

THE SHEPHERD'S CLOAK.

A STORY OF AN IRISH CHRISTMAS CRIB.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

"If there is one memory of my childhood," said the Sergeant, "which I hope will always remain distinct, clear-cut, and unimpaired by the rude hand of time, it is the memory of Christmas; and if there is one memory of Christmas which I wish to have more deeply engraven on my mind as the years go by, it is the memory of the Christmas crib at the Friary Church in my native town."

We were sitting in the reading room of the Public Library, a place where we often met either by accident or appointment. This time it was by accident. He had been glancing over the Christmas number of one of the magazines—out nearly six weeks ahead of time,—and one picture of a quaint Christmas crib in a French village church had especially held his attention. With this as a beginning our low-voiced conversation naturally turned on Christmas, its meaning and observances. The Sergeant, let me remark in passing, had not the remotest brogue of a Mulvaney. Neither was he the type mentally or morally of Kipling's soldier-hero, whom, at the time, I happened to admire, being young. We often spoke of Kipling, he and I, and he was always emphatic in his denunciation of that popular idol, for making such a character as Mulvaney typify the Irish in the British army.

"The Christmas Crib," said he, when to my delight he spoke again, "was erected every year by the altar-boys under the direction of the lay-brother; the chutch was, you understand, a Franciscan Church, and together with the three priests there was also a lay-brother who acted as sacristan. Poor Brother Anthony, how well I remember him! He is was whose artistic sense demanded a larger and better reproduction of the stable of Bethlehem than was customary before his coming. He it was who prevailed upon his superiors to obtain from Munich or some other place on the continent, figures of the personages in the Nativity tableau, which were actually life size, clothed with real woolen garments (or whatever the fabric was), and looking so realistic that at a little distance one might be readily deceived into thinking them flesh-and-blood actors maintaining a fixed rigidity of pose. Everybody was delighted with these figures the first year they came. The altar boys were particularly proud of them. One stalwart shepherd kneeling on one knee and wearing a long cloak with a hood over his head bore in his arms a little lamb, as an offering to the new-born Saviour, and the lay-brother informed us that he was 'the Prince of the Shepherds.' He was our particular pride, though of course the beautiful and life-like figures representing the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Child and St. Joseph were not without their special appeal, not only to our artistic, but to our religious sense, also. There were besides the Prince of the Shepherds at least a half a dozen others. To accommodate all these you will see that the stable had to be quite large, and so it was. For several years as an altar-boy I helped to construct it, and I have to-day a vivid memory of it. In fact an important incident of my life which occurred in connection with it makes me remember it all the more keenly.

"You see, about that time there had sprung up in Ireland one of those periodic movements of armed rebellion against English rule. The fighting spirit of the race lies dormant for years, and men try to free the old country by peaceful agitation (which is not so peaceful after all); but once in a while there sweeps over the country a wave of supreme disgust for all this, and before people begin to realize it there is impassioned speaking, secret drilling, pike-heads, and the 'rising of the moon.' At such a time the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams.

"Well, so it was when I was a young man of nineteen or twenty. This old spirit had reasserted itself and I was caught into the movement in my native town, as easily as the straw is sucked into the eddy. Of course it was the old story over again. There was an informer most vehement in denouncing the 'Saxon,' the most energetic in organizing the local forces of rebellion, the most severe on those 'magnanimous slaves' who were worldly-wise enough to keep their skirts clear of the entanglements of conspiracy against British authority. He was the very leader of the local group of revolutionaries, and I, though young, was the next in importance, partly because my grand-

father had been killed on a skirmish with the yeomen in '98, and partly because I was looked upon as 'a bit of a scholar.' Anyway, thus it was as the season of Christmas approached that year.

"Now from the time I was eight or nine years of age I had been an altar boy at the Friary. Two or three years prior to this momentous Christmas, however, feeling myself, as the lay-brother ironically expressed it, 'too much of a man' to be on the altar, I had ceased to be a regular server, though always on Christmas Eve out of friendship and regard for Brother Anthony I went to the church to help in the construction of the crib. It was I who carried the figures down from the store-room in the belfry where they lay packed away carefully from Christmas season to Christmas season again; and it was I, under the old lay-brother's direction, placed them in the group which was so strikingly pathetic and effective in the eyes of the congregation at early Mass on Christmas morning.

"Well, this Christmas Eve I went as usual to the church. It was late when I arrived there, for our little circle of rebels had been holding a meeting that night, and it had been longer than usual, owing to something which had occurred the day before. This was nothing more or less than the arrest of one of our members—the most influential man among us; a man of substance and standing, whose adherence to our cause had been a great comfort and support to the weaker brethren. That there was a traitor among us we suddenly realized. Yet, who could he be? A feeling of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion pervaded the meeting. Some of the more fearless or reckless members tried to look upon the bright side of the affair, tried to say a few words of hope, but it was a failure. All these addresses began well, but dwindled down at the last to mere condemnation of the informer; and the one who most fiercely denounced the traitor was—well, it was that individual himself.

"Depressed as I was when I left the meeting (some of whose members I was destined never to see again), by the time I had walked halfway to the Friary I had almost regained my usual buoyancy. I was young then and could easily shake off trouble even when, as in this case, it was a matter of life or death. The night was crisp and clear, and though there was no moon the sky was strewn with stars, and they blinked up at me with a reflected light from the bosom of the peaceful river, as I crossed the old ivy-covered bridge which led to that part of the town where the Friary Church stood dark and silent. Often and often had I crossed this bridge as a light-hearted boy. And now, though I did not know it, I was crossing it for the last time. Had I known it I would possibly have lingered a little longer leaning withstood the ravages of time for on the ivy-clad battlements that had hundreds of years, and that are standing to-day, I doubt not, as strong and sturdy as ever. But I did not know then that the placid river flowing beneath was my Rubicon; I could not see that every step of mine across the old bridge, that night, took me away forever from the old home where I had been so happy. Perhaps it was just as well that all this was hidden from me, as I walked along, with my mind every minute losing some of the load which had afflicted it since the arrest of the previous day. The calm peaceful night—the eve of the blessed Christmas Day—was unconsciously soothing my spirit. I had almost persuaded myself that this setback to our plans was merely incidental, and did not at all affect the success of the cause, when I found myself in the shadow of the Friary.

"The church stood in the middle of a graveyard as is customary in Ireland. The white tomb-stones and crosses gleamed weirdly in the starlight. Every inch of the place was perfectly well known to me, yet I confess to feeling, as I walked up the yard to the door, just a bit timid. Arrived at the entrance I rattled the knob and presently the door was opened by Brother Anthony.

"The church was in complete darkness except for the glow of light proceeding from the crib. There was not even the altar light, the Blessed Sacrament having been removed as was customary there on Christmas Eve when the last of the worshippers had gone, lest any unintentional irreverence be offered it during the necessary comings and goings of

those engaged in erecting and arranging the crib. "The lay-brother kept up a good-natured scolding of me for my tardiness as he led the way up to the crib, but once having got me within the circle of light, his manner changed; and turning upon me a keen eye, he said:— "Frank, my boy, you were never so late as this before. Take care of yourself. You are young, and may be led into wild ways. The one in whom you are most confident may be the one to betray you. Take an old man's advice, and don't put your neck in a halter!"

"I looked at the old man in amazement. Could it be possible that he knew? But how could he know? Was our secret no longer a secret? Were the aims and names of the regenerators of Ireland known to everybody? These thoughts flashed through my mind instantaneously. The next moment my youthful buoyancy again came to my relief. After all, I thought, this might be only a random remark of the old man's, intended to frighten me a little for my lateness in coming to help him. This thought was comforting, and it was strengthened by the way Brother Anthony went on as if nothing had happened, telling me how, without my assistance, he had tried to get the crib all arranged—for it stood completed, with the dim light inside seeming to proceed from the manger wherein lay the Child Jesus. My heart paid tribute to its beauty. The lay-brother told me that he and the altar boys had waited for my coming, but as I did not arrive at the usual time, nor for long after it, they had succeeded by great exertions in carrying the figures down from the store-room; and that then, it being late, he had sent the boys home, and had managed, himself, to get the tableau arranged. But as I gazed the crib there seemed something strange about the group of shepherds. Suddenly it dawned upon me that there was no Prince of the Shepherds! I turned and spoke to Brother Anthony.

"Brother Anthony," said I, "where is the Prince of the Shepherds? Have you forgotten him?" "The old man looked at me sadly. "Ah," said he, "the Prince of the Shepherds will offer his little lamb to our Lord no more. In carrying the Prince down the narrow stairs of the belfry loft, to-night, the boys let him fall and he is ruined completely."

"There were tears in the lay-brother's voice. I expressed my sincere sorrow at the disaster, for to Brother Anthony the breaking of one of his Christmas figures was nothing less than that. "His little lamb is there on the floor of the crib in the straw," said the old man, speaking again, "and I have his cloak here. I have been trying to decide upon which of the other shepherds to bestow it. Which ever one I put it on will be the Prince of the Shepherds, now that the real one is dead. Some one of these men over there on that side, who seem to be so poorly clad, would like it, I am sure. That poor lad there, I think, ought to have it, for—and here the lay-brother smiled whimsically—"It is a long and a cold vigil, even if a blessed one, is before him as well as the rest of them. I can't make up my mind which—"

"The old man never finished the sentence, for at that moment came a hurried, insistent, and yet not loud knocking at the door. I looked at him, to find his eyes fastened on me. We stood for an instant—though it seemed an age—transfixed. Then he both started for the door together. I arrived first.

"Who's there?" I asked in a whisper. "Oh, Frank! Frank!" came back a girl's voice, a voice I knew well, "Run! Run! Hide yourself somewhere—anywhere! The police are out! They have taken Jim Roche and Mr. Costello, and are marching across the old bridge now, coming

this way. Oh, I know they are coming for you. Run! Run! Oh Frank—" The agonized voice broke into sobs. I opened the door and clasped the hands held out to me. It was not the first time I had clasped those hands but it was destined to be the last. Before I could say a word the lay-brother was speaking: "Mary," said he, for he knew the girl also, "go home out of this like a good girl. Go home, child, go home. These are troubled times and people should be inside doors at such an hour of night. Go home, now, child, and God bless you. And don't fret about Frank. I'll take care of him for you, never fear, and save him with God's help!"

"He severed our hands, pushed her gently and pityingly into the darkness, drew me inside and locked the door. Again, though I did not know it, another link with the past was broken never to be welded. "Well, now, Master Frank," said he 'tis a fine mess you're after getting yourself into."

"I made no reply. Indeed I had not time to make one, were I so disposed, for even at that moment we heard the steady tramp, tramp of the police on the gravelled pathway without. At the ominous sound Brother Anthony, for all his years, suddenly developed a surprising agility. He seized me by the arm and dragged me toward the sanctuary, for I was for facing the police and making a fight for liberty. The thought that those men outside were the enemies of my country whom I had so long planned to meet, suddenly filled me with rage, and I shook off the grasp of the lay-brother, and had taken a few steps toward the door, when his hand closed on my wrist again, and in an impassioned whisper he begged me to desist.

"In the name of God," he implored, "don't be such a fool!" "I did not know what his plan was. I said none of my own. He told me afterwards that he had thought at first of sending me out the belfry door, but immediately remembered that this door was familiar to the police and would surely be guarded. We both stood utterly perplexed and resourceless. But on Brother Anthony's part this was only for an instant. An imperious knock at the door and the sentinarian tones of the police sergeant demanding entrance 'in the name of the law,' instantly started his shrewd wits to work. He told me, later that night, that he had prayed to the new-born Light of the World for light in this emergency; and he unquestionably received it. Still holding my wrist he dragged rather than led me toward the crib. And there stooping suddenly he picked up the useless cloak and cowl of the Prince of the Shepherds, and with one deft movement covered me with it completely.

"Now," he whispered eagerly, 'up, up!—get up in the crib. Inside—inside! Kneel down on one knee like that shepherd there! Get behind him a little—there! Here, hold this lamb in your cloak—head your head lower! Pull the cowl down farther—there, that will do. Now in God's name, boy, stay that way. Keep cool, and pray hard to the Babe of Bethlehem, and God may see you safely out of this terrible danger!"

"Sorely puzzled I was at first by these extraordinary actions and directions of the lay-brother. But, accustomed all my life to obey him, my bewildered brain now instinctively followed the suggestion of his hurried, yet clear and peremptory words. There was a note of command in his voice at that crisis which I could not resist even if I would. Somehow, anyhow, I found myself in the crib—part of the tableau which represented the birth of Our Lord! I, a hunted outlaw, with a heart torn by warring emotions was, by one quick turn of the wheel of fate, transformed into a shepherd of Judea offering a lamb to the new-born Prince of Peace!

"All this, you will of course understand, was done much quicker than it takes to tell. But short as the time was, the impatience of the police had manifested itself in repeated knockings and demands for admission. The lay-brother with just one backward glance to see if I was sustaining my part with realism, and with, I believe, a muttered prayer for my safety in the ordeal about to take place, hurried to the door. I heard the police state their errand—my arrest! I heard Brother Anthony querulously complaining of their disturbance of him in the midst of his work. I heard him demand to see their warrant, and I

heard the heavy tramp of the men as they entered. They were very respectful to Brother Anthony. Most of them were Catholics and came there to Mass every Sunday. But their sergeant was firm. They had information that the man they wanted was here and they were determined to find him. There was a cordon of police around the church. It was impossible, they said, that I could have escaped. I must be here. The lay-brother said nothing. Once indeed he had retorted to some question of the sergeant: 'If you think he's here, find him!' Then he knelt down and began to say his beads, as if the midnight visit of a squad of police was a mere incident in his life.

"Several of the policemen had each a lantern which they proceeded to light. I could hear them moving around from place to place and I conjectured (for I dared not move my head to see) that they were searching all parts of the church. I could hear the tramp of their feet on the stairs as they went up to look through the choir gallery. The police sergeant stood exactly in front of the crib, directing operations. My eyes were fixed upon the figure of Our Lord in the manger. He seemed to smile up at me and give me hope and courage. Yet the ordeal was terrible and I don't know 'how I bore it. Once or twice during the search the sergeant approached the crib, and I could feel that he was gazing with curiosity at the tableau within, which, in marked contrast to the remainder of the church, was lighted—somewhat dimly, thank God, or I would not be here to-day, but still enough to show its simple beauty. At these times my position was most trying. I felt sure that I was swaying, stirring, twitching, betraying myself in a hundred ways. I prayed—ah, how I did pray!—and yet it seemed almost certain that I must be discovered.

"But no. The church was thoroughly searched in all parts. Belfry and choir and sacristy were explored. Remote corners were revealed by the lanterns' rays. One zealous policeman even went around behind the crib to make sure I was not hidden there. But all reported the same: 'He's not here.' To me ages seemed to have passed when I heard the sergeant call his men together.

"Well, Brother Anthony," said he, 'our bird has flown, evidently. We are very sorry for disturbing you, but duty is duty. We leave you now to complete your work on the crib—I believe that's what you call it—which, though I am not a Catholic, has interested me very much. Those lay figures of yours are very good, and life-like enough, indeed. That shepherd, there, with the extraordinary realistic. He is almost as big as one of my biggest men over at the Barrack. If he were living, now, instead of being merely a stuffed wax-work, we'd have him in the R. I. C. in less than no time."

"And laughing heartily at his own jest the officer bade his men 'fall in.' And then—then, I heard the door slam upon them, and I knew that I was safe!

"I remained hidden with Brother Anthony in the church for a few hours longer, until we were sure that all immediate danger at least was over, and then, just before dawn, I bade him an affecting goodbye, and slipped cautiously down to the river bank, where I roused from sleep one of the members of our circle—a fisherman. Into his 'cot' (as the little fishing boats are called) we both of us tumbled, and with myself dropped down the river favored by an ebb tide, just as the first faint streaks of gray began to usher in Christmas Day. We swept under the dark arch of the old bridge, and passed the quay with its black barges beside it. Then under the new bridge we floated and saw the dawn begin to gild the ruined battlements of the old castle. Then we were away through the devious windings of the river, and I had looked my last on my dear old native town.

"And that's why," said the Sergeant, rising and looking at his watch. "I am likely to remember while I live Christmas and the Christmas crib."

"But, Sergeant," queried I, "who was the girl that warned you that night? It seems to me you make but little account of her in your narrative."

"Oh," replied the Sergeant, whimsically, though I thought a little sadly, "with your friend Kipling let me say that that is another story." —Doochoe's Magazine.

Doings in Germany.

On October 12 the Catholics of Hesse held a great meeting at Mainz, those of Nassau at Wiesbaden on October 13, to meet their leaders, deliberate on the burning questions of the day and devise ways and means of defence against the ever-growing attacks of the enemies of the Church. From among the addresses made at Wiesbaden we single out that of Dr. Koren, member of the Reichstag, who spoke on the duties of Catholics in political life. "Religious antagonism," he said, "has become so acute that if it continues it will be impossible for us Catholics to live in peace in our country. The outrageous insults that are scattered broadcast by our enemies will only make those who love the Church cling closer to it, yet we must meet these falsehoods and calumnies, for by so doing we at the same time fight the modern anti-Christian spirit. Our enemies attempt to invent a distinction between religious and political Catholicism, but the two can never be separated from each other. 'Ultramontanism,' as they choose to dub political Catholicism, which upholds the interests of Catholics in public life, is a thorn in their side. Nothing is so hateful to them as the serried ranks of the Catholics, our self-conscious strength and the clear aims for which we are striving." The speaker claims for the Catholic clergy the right and the duty of taking part in the public life of Catholics, for it is surely their duty to defend the Church.

In this connection we are happy, by way of illustration, to repeat the report which Father Benno, the eloquent and popular Provincial of the Capuchins in Bavaria gives of an audience he had with the Holy Father. "My son," said the Holy Father to me, "do you go into the meetings of Catholic societies?" I said yes, and at that moment I felt very happy to be able to say yes, for I should have sunk under the floor with shame, if I had been obliged to say: 'No, Holy Father, I only go into the church and for the rest I abide in my cell.' 'You do well,' said His Holiness, and continued: 'Some French bishops visited me lately and I said to them: Tell your clergy that they must not only preach, but must go among the people, seek the people where they are still to be found, gather them in Catholic societies, and thus restore Catholic life.' And the Holy Father dismissed me with these words: 'My son, you may repeat my words everywhere.'"

Both at Wiesbaden and at Mainz earnest appeals were made on behalf of the Albertus Magnus Society in aid of Catholic lay students at the universities, a society founded only five years ago at Treves and already spread all over Germany. We need not only priests, we also need Catholic physicians, lawyers, judges, government functionaries, gymnasium and university professors. "This is a matter of life and death to us," said Professor May at Mainz. —The Messenger.

Bigotry in Australia.

Sir Edmund Barton, the Prime Minister of Federated Australia, in, as befits one in his position, a gentleman of broad views, and when during his recent trip to Europe he paid a visit to Rome, he was introduced to the Holy Father by Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, and had an interesting audience with His Holiness, by whom a medal was presented to him. Having returned to Australia, he met with hearty greetings from the bulk of the New South Wales population, and a meeting was held at the Sydney Town Hall on October 18th to tender him a formal welcome. The enlightened Orangemen of the colony had read of the interview with the Pope and were up in arms. A large body, consisting of members of the lodges, endeavored to break up the meeting, and when the attempt failed interrupted the speeches in a disgraceful way. They are now organizing a political agitation against him. It may be taken for granted that the agitation will not only fail, but bring discredit and discomfiture on those who support it. If the obscurantist and intolerant views of the Orangemen were to prevail, the state of affairs which prevailed in Europe during the disastrous wars of religion would be renewed in the twentieth century.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

PROTEST AGAINST DIVORCE.

A petition against the Divorce Bill, signed by 8,500,000 Roman Catholics, was presented to the Italian Chamber on Dec. 5. The petition occupied 177 volumes.

HIS MOTHER.

Sunday Observance

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Recently Cardinal Gibbons delivered a very important sermon on "The Proper Observance of the Sunday." In view of the encroachments weekly made in this country upon the duties that belong to the Sunday, we feel that we can do some good by reproducing a few of the pertinent remarks that came from His Eminence of Baltimore. In his introduction, the Cardinal said—

"It has been the boast of our country that in no nation in the world was the Christian Sabbath better respected than in the United States, at least as far as outward observance is concerned. I have visited many of the cities of Europe, and I am persuaded that in neither Paris, nor Brussels, nor Berlin, nor even Rome, was there so great a regard for quiet and orderly tranquillity on the Lord's Day as in Baltimore. But a close observer can not fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Lord's Day in this country during the last thirty years. If these encroachments are not checked in time, the day may come when the joyous sound of the church bell will be drowned by the echo of the dray and the hammer; when the Bible and prayer-book will be supplanted by the magazine and novel; and the votaries of the theatre and saloon will outnumber the religious worshippers, and when the salutary thoughts of God will be checked by the pleasures and dissipations of the world."

These general reflections led up to the consideration of the growing number of men who are excluded from Sunday worship by reason of their occupation. While he considers that movements of passenger trains (and we might add of street cars) might be necessary on Sunday, still the freight traffic, "involving the employment of thousands of conductors, firemen, and engineers, as well as freight-handlers, on the Lord's Day," could not be viewed in the same light. He then dwelt upon Sunday excursions which are unduly fostered by transportation companies. This is an evil from which we suffer in Canada, and especially in this large city of Montreal. Our readers will recall how, last summer, His Grace the Archbishop was obliged to condemn certain excursions which drew the people away from church and to reports that were not all they should be. In every pulpit in the city—at least in the Catholic churches—severe sermons have been preached in which the priests pointed out the folly and danger of this Sunday excursion mania. We are not of those who claim that the Sunday must be spent in seclusion and that no innocent and harmless recreation should be allowed; but there is a vast difference between honest recreation, or the seeking of open air to invigorate and recuperate after a long week of labor, and the absolute neglect of all Sunday duties for the sake of holiday excursions.

The Cardinal then referred to the Sunday newspaper in language that is decidedly forcible. We know how the Church considers this evil—for evil it becomes when carried to its present extent. He said that the Sunday paper so saturated the business man with unhealthy diet that, "like animals gorged with food, he spends the morning in a comatose condition. There is no class of people on the face of the earth that is more in need of the repose and spiritual refreshments of the Christian Sabbath than the citizens or the United States. Now, the best antidote for relieving this spiritual fever and for removing the dust which adheres to the soul from daily contact with the world will be found in the refreshing and invigorating bath of religious meditation."

There are so many ways of failing to observe the Sunday that it would look as if the very devil was constantly inventing fresh attractions to draw away men from God on that special day of the week. It has often seemed to some Catholics a severe rule of the Church which commands, under pain of mortal sin, the hearing of Mass upon Sunday. But we must remember that had not the Church established such a rule there are tens of thousands who would not scruple to pass the entire Sunday without even a prayer. There is a deep and remarkable wisdom in every rule laid down by the Church, and experience teaches that she is a merciful, as well as a wise mother.

The vacillator is a man who swings back and forth like a pendulum, never a firm, independent stand on any question.

Men of great achievement are characterized by their ability to grasp situations quickly and to seize opportunities. Their vision is clear; they understand conditions thoroughly; they act without hesitancy or doubt of results; hence, in many instances, they carry their projects to a successful issue.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys fung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso-rilievo that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard, frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hollowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery, Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather grave and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and live in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather take?"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the bell of C—, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was a voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone—

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina; but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another, but Kate felt sure—and her cheeks glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to envelop the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted with ivy rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

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Even poverty is better than avarice; for while poverty wants many things, avarice wants everything. God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from him.

Society Directory

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1853 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P.; President, M. McCarthy, Vice-President, Fred. J. Devlin, Rec. Secretary, 1328F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street. M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Anne Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month, in their hall, corner Selma and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R. T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 718 St. Artois street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. Its regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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CAPITAL AND LABOR.—Archbishop Ireland was a prominent figure at the annual convention of the Civic Federation, at New York, last week. The object of the Federation is to promote more friendly relations between employers and employed. In his address Archbishop Ireland said:—

Men of great achievement are characterized by their ability to grasp situations quickly and to seize opportunities. Their vision is clear; they understand conditions thoroughly; they act without hesitancy or doubt of results; hence, in many instances, they carry their projects to a successful issue.