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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted theb best interests, they would seen make of the "True Witness one of the most prosperous and best interests, they would seen make of the "True Witness one of the most prosperous and best interests, they would seen this country. I heartily bless those who endousage this excellenges of the party of the property of the p

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

atre, Chicago, which on the 30th er last, made over six hundred victims. Yet it is one of those sal disasters, the memory of which pass not away, like the smoke that enveloped their victims. In reading the fearful details of that awful event we were struck with two nside ations, the one concerning the dangers to which people who fre quent theatres are exposed, the other regarding some of the most heartthing incidents in the course of that special tragedy.

In the first place, a theatre is al-

ways exposed to fire. A theatre is more or less crowded on every public occasion. The danger generally comes from the stage, where the in-flamable scenery, the lighting appliances, and all the paraphernalia needed for the exhibition present a perpetual menace. The stage section is not sufficiently cut off from the of the hall. In the theatre prothere are not sufficient exits por are the passages or aisles sufficiently large. A thousand or more people are crowded into a space that seats them very comfortably, as long as they remain seated; but the moment they rise to go out, even at the close of a performance, they are crushed and pushed in a most agreeable manner. Then in the maority of theatres there are not two in every ten people present who know where the exits are. Not only should there be large doors at th front, but equally large ones on each side, and they should be so numero that on opening them all the largest audience could disperse in three four minutes. There should be no wood-work at all. The time has gone past when such inflamable material could be tolerated. It was the gas formerly, now it is the electricity that threatens fire. In fact, there is absolutely no security in the vast majority of our theatres. While a thousand people can easily go in and quietly take seats, it is impossible for them to come out in the same order; not even when there is no panic.

We have laws and regulations re garding the safety of public buildings; but as a rule, it is only when mission to dictate to our own civic authorities what course they should adopt in regard to like institutions; but we cannot allow such a striking lesson to exist without calling upon to study it well and to reflect upon the possible consequences negligence in such a vital matter.

That which affected us the most in the story of the fearful death list on that fatal afternoon in Chicago, was that fatal afternoon in Chicago, was the inhumanity of the strong whom we have pictured as crushing the weak and trampling down even the infant in a mad fury to escape im-pending death. There is much hero-ism in the world and we glory in it; but there is also much brutality, cowardice, and selfeliness. Discipline alone is conductive to practical heroalone is conducive to practical her ism; when a panic occurs, when me like sheep, are stampeded, when like sheep, are stampeled, when the sense of fear predominates, it would seem as if all the more noble and God-given characteristics of manhood were trampled under foot, and that the brute instinct of self-preservation swayed the human being. Thus did spectators behold strong people jumping upon the fallen bodies of children in a blind endeavor to seach a point of safety. There was

CHICAGO CATASTROPHE. - It awful the danger the more significant seems almost late to comment upon the unbridled fury of the fear-strick-the fatal fire in the Iroquois The- en people. It is thus that we see our human nature in its darkest as-pect. On the field of battle, and in many scenes of great disasters, men are cool, they calculate, they shield the weak with their greater strength, they display that courage which dignifies humanity. But in the hour of sudden misfortune: when their higher sentiments are deadened by an allabsorbing fear, they trample upon that which they would have, under other cincumstances, bent to raise.

Happily this does not apply generin fact, we are told of many acts of true heroism performed, and of many a noble self-sacrifice made in that hour of trial. But since panic has such a demoralizing effect on buman beings, and since dis has always produced heroic men, we would advise, as one of the most im-

portant elements of education, that of a practical, an almost military discipline. In the course of life the occasions are many when it comes in useful and necessary.

No more sublime picture than that

of the priests standing in the midst of the dead and the dying, and pro ouncing over those whose eyes were closing to this world, the consoling words of the absolution. It is difficult to imagine anything grander than that spectacle. It is one of those events in life that may well i spire us with a great and true Faith

The last, and may be the most im-

portant, lesson to be drawn from

that awe-inspiring event, is that which speaks of life's uncertainties-"In the midst of life we are in death." This truthful saying was never more powerfully illustrated. Just think about thirteen hundred people-principally children and we men-meeting for an afternoon pleasure, assembled to'enjoy the de lights of a fairy tale, and, in the full swing of the drama, in the full activity of the mimic world on the stage, to be summoned, through the portals of an awful death, into the presence of God. And not one, or ten, or fifty; but six or seven hundred of them. There are occasions, such as this, or such as the destruction tion of St. Pierre, Martinique, when we behold clearly our own in cance in the presence of the Almighty Power, and when we learn - in a mercy on the souls of all the vic-time, and may His Mercy spare, for generations to come, the world from such like catastrophes.

JANUARY INTENTION .- "Conf. dence in God'" is "the general inten-tion for January named and blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff." What a cent intention for our prayers during this first month of the year. "Confidence in God," We all have Faith, we all have Hope, we all have Charity; but do we not all, from time to time, lack adequate confi-dence? We pray, and we believe that our prayers are heard, and we have a hope that they will be answered; but not always have we an entire and child-like confidence that Good will grant, if it be for our good, whatsoever we may ask Him with our hearts. If despair be the sin our hearts. If despair be the that counteracts Hope, and if aumption be equally an enemy of that sublime virtue, certainly comfi-dence is its handmaid, its auxiliary. It is Presumption to believe that

God's Love. If we are confident, in the proper sense, we cannot be presumptive-for the terms are contra

Each month of the year has its special intentions, and these are selected with wisdom by the Church, and, if we study them carefully, we will find that they take in all the most important phases of our individual lives, as well as all the most important needs of God's Church or earth. In this age of a peculiar inearth. In this age of a peculiar in-fidelity, when the social structure rocks at every breath of the atheist, the free-thinker, the agnostic, men are taught to forget God and women to ignore the most element ary principles of Christian morality when the divorce court is tearing to shreds the veil of purity that hide sanctuary of the marriage-tie, and the blotant materialist is flaunt and the blatant materialist is flauntin the eyes of wavering humanity; ir this age the Church not only quires that the Faith be spread broad, that new Hope he instilled into the human heart, and that Charity, or Love of Ged, be kindled at eveny fire-side; she also requires that men should return to the simplicity of childhood and innocence, and that Confidence in God should be restored throughout the entire world. It is that confidence which wins the heart of God, draws down His benedic tions, and prepares the avenue happiness, both in this world and in the next.

Hence it is that we begin year's intentions with that of "Confidence in God."

A PLEA FOR FIREMEN.-Proverbially fire and water are antagonistic, and both are looked upon as great enemies of life and property. But we have a third element which, combined with fire and water, plays particular havoc-we mean frost. When the thermometen hangs few days between 10 and 25 degrees merous are the fires that spring hito existence, how difficult it is to secure waten to extinguish them, and how dangerous to human life is the combination of the three elements. During the first days of this year the cold has been exceptionally severe, and it has lasted much longer than at any period for several years past. It would seem as if the element of fire had selected that very time to play its destructive game. During one lapse of twenty-four hours firemen had over thirty calls. would seem as if the intense cold caused people to . over-heat stoves and furnaces, and thus bring about fires that otherwise would not have occurred. Amongst other im portant fires was that of the Mount Royal Club, which unfortunately caused the loss of two lives and the maining of several others.

When such periods come, we awake en in the morning to read accounts of the fearful struggles between the firemen- and the devouring element we begin to vaguely appreciate the ness to duty of those men. And yet there are citizens who grumble if firesome terrific events like the Chicago catastrophe startles people into life of a Kempis—the terrible truth of that any attention is paid to those ing conditions for the members of that service. Just think of the situation. Pause for a moment, reflect calmly. Take last Monday night, for example. The cold was so intense that no ordinary citizen could resist more than a few minutes on the street.

Thousands sat by their warm fires or were rolled in their comfortabl blankets; at that very hour flames were devouring buildings, and their own homes were exposed to similar risks. In all that cold, aremen were risks. In all that cold, aremen were riding of reels through the streets, handling icy hoses, climbing dizzy ladders, swinging axes on roofs, facing flames that were death-dealing-and even meeting grim death, itself, amidst the three awful elements of fire, water and frost. What money can compensate for such services? And when you find a man like the late fireman Hutt, who was the sole And when you find a man like the late fireman Hutt, who was the sole support of a widowed mother, falling at the post of duty, giving up his life for the protection of the lives and property of others, we cannot but feel that the heroism of duty has not died out amongst men, and that a generous-hearted community should

sic: and he is stimulated to action by the consciousness of a glory that will be his. The fireman faces just as certain and as tragic a death, and the only music to inspire him is the hissing of flames, and the only glory is a brief mention in a death column. Let no false and sordid economy ever stint the fireman

THE CRITICS

(Contributed by An Old Journalist.)

The world is full of critics- not

literary critics, but professional fault-finders. If you were to stand for a few hours on the street listen to the conversations going on about you, I am sure you wonder at the number of odd and wise people that the world contains and at the apparent unfitness of the majority of people for their special avocations. You would find that eight out of every ten persons everlastingly finding fault with others, pointing out the mistakes made by those they critise, and telling aloud how they would do things if only they had a chance. The other day, for example, I heard a man criticising a teamster. The latter was trying to back a heavy load into a narrow gateway. It was no easy task, and it demanded great calcula tion. Yet the critic told us what that driver should do, how he went wrong, when he went right, and finally what he would do, himself, had he the reins in his hands. I learned a few moments later, that this critihad never driven a span of horses in his life. Just imagine the would have been for that teamster to have seen his critic trying to back a pair of bob-sleighs into a gate way. I have only mentioned case as an illustration of my thought The man on the street can always explain his views and tell all within hearing what the man who is working should do; but in ninety case out of a hundred the man on the street knows nothing at all about the work, and would not know how to commence to perform it himself Yet, to hear him talk, you would imagine that he had lost his vocation and that the world suffered on account of the incapacity of the workman compared to the ability or the critic. And this is no fanciful picture, nor is the case an exaggerated one; I meet with them by the score every week. Possibly it would be no harm were I to give a few examples.

THE FIRE CRITIC. - Did you ever go to a fire? If not, make it a point the next time that you hear an alarm, to run after the reels and become a spectator. Stand at a reance from the fire, watch the unreeling and laying of the hose, the operations of the men on the ladders, the forcing of entrances through walls or roof, the carrying out of furnitures, the tearing down of walls to prevent the spreading of the flames, and all the various endeavons of the firemen to master the devouring element. And while you are thus observing what is being done. listen to any of those who are around you, and very probably you will enjoy a series of free criticism. You will hear your neighbor telling what should be done, how it should they put on a stream up there?"
"What is that fellow on that roof
doing?" "Why don't they hurry
that other reel?" "Some one should "Some one should run a ladder up to that window."

"Lools at the fools, they don't see that corner over there." "Where is the Chief?" "What's the use of such saw that he was happy in his harmthe rapid fire of questions and ejacu-lations, from some individual who stands with his hands in his pockets, unfit to do any good himself, and unwilling or too lazy to do it if he had the capacity. And when the fire is over, that self-constituted critic will probably go down town telling

tence of the men who had been doing their dangerous duty. Then he will run across some reporter who is inquest of anything and everything that could be used to fill up a corner The rein the local news columns porter "catches on," and the press informs the public, that evening, all about the mistakes made by the firemen, their lack of knowledge in matters pertaining to fires, the want of capability on the part of their chiefs, and the abominable bungling of which they have been guilty. Very possibly, that night, the critic may sits at his own table, reads out for his family the opinions of the reporter, and proudly informs an admiring circle that "them's my ideas.

JOURNALISTIC CRITICS.-These

are not critics who are journalists

quite the contrary. Did you ever

meet a man who could not tell you

how to "run a newspaper?" About

the only person, who will not offer

you advice on the subject, or profess

to be able to make a success of your

newspaper-man, who has worked up

from the case to the management of

paper, is a trained journalist.

an important organ, and who has experience of the business in its every branch and every cetail, will narely tell you what he could do. He knows exactly too much about the business not to be aware that the qualifications needed to attain success are so varied and numerous that no one man can honestly claim to possess them. And no one man can make a success of an enterprise that occupation to half a score, at least, of men, each with his particular trade or profession. Yet there are so many people who tell you that they know what should be done to make a newspaper succeed. This is about the most amusing, as far as I am concerned, of all the crazy criticisms of the character in question. 1 not pretend to know all, nor any thing like all about a newspaper. have put in over twenty-six years in newspaper offices, in one capacity or another. I wrote the editorials and did the local work, as well as read the proofs, on a daily paper from 1878 to 1881. From 1880 to 1885 I was in an office where I set type ran the press, made up forms, cor. rected proof, and wrote almost all the articles, as well as the contents of the advertising columns, country weekly. I went through every grade on the editorial staff save that of managing editor, on one of the largest, if not the largest daily in Canada, I edited, alone, a large city weekly for five years, I ran a weekly publication of another char acter, doing all the business as well as literary parts of the work. During all those years 1 never was a month without some connection with the more important publications of the continent. And with all that experience, running over a quarter of a century, I would not dare pretend to dictate how a newspaper should be run to make it a success. I have seen so many experiments fail, maoy systems miss, so many accidents control the success of organs, that I would gladly give a friend the benefit of any little experience I have had but I would not presume to lay down a cast iron rule for him, not would I have the presumption guarantee him success. You can, then imagine how amused I do be when I am told, almost every day, by men who never spent an hour of wonk inside a newspaper establishment, how such and such a paper should be conducted in what managers are lacking, and all that they, the critics, could do, if only they had a paper under their control A dry goods merchant told me the other day, that if he had only six thousand dollats he could start daily paper, and "make it hum."] no use in dispelling his dream.
knew that he would never have the six thousand to spare; and if ever he did have the sum he was too wise to istic venture. In the next place, I saw that he was happy in his harmless occupation of building aireal castles of a journalistic kind, and there was nothing to be gained by making him unhappy. I felt, how-ever, like telling him that if ever 1 could get possession of sixty dollars that I would start a dry goods store and would make it a "howling suc-

lar's worth, nor sold a cent's worth dry goods in my life; I would not know how to go about purchasing a single line of his wares, would I be able to retail any of them. But that does not matter. Just give me sixty dollars, over and above all debts, and you will see a departmental store that will cast the finest on St. Catherine street into the shade. My sixty dollars will go just as far in the establishment and running of that business, as would his six thousand in the equipping, managing and carrying on daily paper. And there would very little advantage on either side, for I would know about as much concerning dry goods he would about journalism-and not a whit more. The great pity of it is that some of these would-be journalists do not get a fair chance to try their hands at the * task. The result might cure them of their malady, although the example would probably be powerless to make others refrain from like fol-

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. FRANCIS McENTEE .- Time

is unrelenting, and in its constant passage from the realms of the Past towards the domain of the Future, it. effaces landmark after landmark with an impartiality that is remarkable. On Saturday last another of the familiar figures, that association made apparently inseparable from the life of our city, disappeared from the scene. In the death of Mr. Fnanis McEntee: which sad event took place at the residence of his son-inaw. Mr. T. O'Connell, of St. Ann's parish, the Irish Catholic community, has lost one of its oldest and most respected members. Although Mr. McEntee, at the time of his death, had only reached the age of sixty-five years, not an extremely advanced age as we count by years, still for over half a century his life was connected with the rise, progress and development of Irish Catholic institutions in our city. A native of the County Cavan, Ireland, he came to this country when but a little boy, and the whole of his active life has been spent in the Eastern section of Montreal. He worshipped in all the churches and chapels from the days of the old Recollet Church, down through the period when the St. Mary's and St. Bridget's of today, were part of St. Patrick's, and until the organization of the several Irish parishes that at present constitute the ecclesiastical field of our people in Montreal. For over twenty years he had been in the employ of the well known firm of Gurd & Co.

He leaves to mourn his loss a widowl five children three sons and two daughters. To them and to all his relatives we tender the sincere expression of our sympathy and join them in a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul.

The funeral will take place to-day to St. Ann's Church and Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

BROTHER CYRILLE.—This week we have the painful duty of recording the death of an esteemed and widelyknown member of the Christian Bro thers' community, in the person of the late Brother Cyrille. The end of a useful and holy life came in New Year's Day in this city.

It was given him to die on the first day of the New Year, and amidst the very scenes of his life's de-votedness. If it be sad to leave the world when a year is dawning, it is equally glorious to spend the year in heaven—and certainly, if a life of sacrifice, obedience and humilward, surely the soul of Brother Cyrille enjoyed the glory of Heaven on the first day of 1904. rest in peace.

Man often shows the hard side his disposition to mark more strong-ly the generous shades.

What fortunes are wasted by men and women who are strugging to know those who are hardly worth knowing!

There is not much use in asking God to bless the whole world as long as we are not willing to stand our share of the expense.

TAPESTRIES In America.

By "CRUX."

OME weeks ago I gave the readers an account of that great and unique art of tapestry-making, with the story some of the most famous es of tapestry in Europe, as well as of the most famous tapestry-work ers of the past. It is a well fact that since Americans have com ed to accumulate millions, they have also begun to purchase some o e great masterpieces of painting and sculpture in Europe. The result is that many a costly gem of art is to be found in America to-day. And the same may be said of the great tapestries of the old world- not few have found their way across the

In 1854, an enterprising American

antiquarian, Mr. O. L. Sypher, se

cured from the Barberini family which was forced to part with many heirlooms, to give a dowry to daughter of that house, three scenes in tapestry, from the famous Roman elli and Riviere series of "seenes from the Life of Christ." Through this gentleman these tapestries came into the possession of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside Heights. Every Sunday after service, the old verger shows and explains and tells the story of the tapestries to all who are curious to see them. The pieces cost \$75,000. The scenes represented are: "The Visit of the Wise Man," "The Resurrection." and "The Last Supper." must be remarked that all who go to see these splendid works of art are told that they are specimens of the famous Goblein tapestries. However, they are no such a thing; they are from the Papal Manufactory, es tablished in Rome, in 1633, under Pope Urban VIII. They were made for Cardinal Francois Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VIII., and for centuries they covered the walls of the Throne Room of the Cardinal's palace. It is a strange fate that these holy pictures worked with such masterly skill into a fabric of such exquisite texture, and so long the property of the Church that has been mothen and patroness of the arts, should have become the property of an alien church, and of one in which they no longer play the double roll as works of art and of devotion But such is the case. It was only Eugene within recent years that Muntz. Director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, at Paris, unearthed mass of manuscript, long hidden in the famous Barberini Library, and which gives the history of the Papal Manufactory of Tapestries. world associates tapestries with the Goblein factories of France. Yet we have learned of late that no mem ber of the Goblein family ever made a yard of tapestry. One of the Gobins, in the fifteenth century, had a large dye house, some of his descendants secured some skilled tapestry workers from Flanders. Taking credit for the products of these men soombs, the Gobleins identified their names with the tapestries produced In 1625, their factories were at their zenith, when Cardinal Francois Barbecame Papal Legate to the Court of Louis XIII. He was much impressed by the beauty of the tapestries that he found in the churches and palaces of France, that resolved to found a like industry at Rome. He spent three years in studying the matter, at Blauvais and in Flanders. The Papal Manufactory was established under the patronage of the Soverign Pontiff, and it lasted for fifty years. The artist Jean François Romanelli was made purveyor of cartoons for the factory, hile Jacques de la Riviere was director of weavers and dvers. The history of this industry

the biographies of these artists are told in a very concise manner, lady writer, in a number of Dona hoe's, published some three ago. I have only some extracts of that article at hand, and the first page, with the writer's name is missing, hence the impossibility for me to give due credit to the one who penned the contribution from which will quote the following pas Romanelli was a native of Viteraptitude for drawing, that his parents sent him, at the age of ten years, to his uncle at Rome, where he had not only a home, but opportunities for instruction, which their humble means. years later, to return to Viterbo Jesuit Fathers. So rapid was his progress in art studies, that the Fa-thers commissioned him to paint, as early as his fourteenth yeat, an altar-siece for their church, the Congrega-

tione-degli-Scolari. The subject was the visit of the Virgin Mary to Elizabeth. To this day, the picture is regarded a chef d'oeuvre. The genius evinced so delighted the Fathers, that they encouraged the boy to re-turn to Rome and study with the great masters. His struggle with poverty soon ceased. One day while Romanelli was painting in the halls the Vatican, Cardinal Magolotti of the household of Pope Urban VIII, peeped over his shoulder and critic examined his work. So great was his pleasure in the talent played, that his interest in the lad quickened. Subsequently he presented him to the all-powerful Barperini, who, captivated by the boy, took him into his household, treated him as a gentleman of his suite, and encouraged him to apply himself diligently to his art, as ing him that if successful in his studies a brilliant career awaited Romanelli became the pupil of the famous Cortona, whose decoration of the ceiling of the Throne Room of the Barberini palace remains one of the masterpieces of art, and an object of pilgrimage to art students at hood, Cardinal Barberini commissioned him to paint two immense pic tures, designed as presents to the King of England. Before they were finished, however, the revolution the Protestants of England against Catholic sovereign broke out The pictures never crossed the Channel, and they are to-day in the Bar berini palace, together with a "Pie-Romanelli painted for the Pope.

"His fame spread throughout Europe; his work was known in every court, so munificently did his parro employ him in designing gifts for the reigning sovereigns. Pope Urban commissioned him to paint the frescoes in the Salon Clementina in the Vatican, and there he opened school of painting, to which pupils came from all parts of Italy. The school was only abandoned when Romanelli was summoned to Paris by the King of France, where he reservice. Ripe in the best traditions of the schools of Paris, he returned to Rome and began his career as Director of the Papal Tapestry Manu-

"Scarcely less gifted than Roman elli was Riviere, the superintendent of dyers and weavers. Of French birth was this master weaver, whose fame was earned in Italy. The first work executed at the Papal Manufactory by Riviere, of which there is authentic account, was a "Nativity destined for the high altar in the chapel of the Apostolic Palace. More important were the six tapestries woven in gold, silver and silk, one fon the top, four for the sides, and an altar screen, all for the ornamentation of the Sistine Chapel. The subjects were the "Nativity of Christ." 'His Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," "His Glorious Resurrection." etc. No trace of these Sistine tapes tries can now be found. In the Sciarra Palace at Rome there are two tapestries by Riviere representing events in the life of Pope Urban VIII. They are fnamed like pictures and form part of a rich collection of paintings, so highly are they prized as works of art. No less than one hundred and twenty-five tapestries comprise the collection of the Barberini family, the greater part which are signed by Rivierer and bear the princely crown and family coat of arms. The master weavers of that day

did not servilely copy the cartoons of the painters. While adhering to design and subject, they wove cording to their individual interpretation of the subject, changing colors and altering background and accessories, where their skill and experience and in textile art suggested. The cartoon was the tion of one artist, the tapestry the combined labor of artist and master weaver. The difference between tan estry and embroidery is radical. The pictures produced in tapestry are an integral part of the texture, while in embroidery the design is laid on tissue already existing. Tapestry, as is well known, is always the work of the hand. Mechanical reproduction of the same design is impossible in its fabrication. Each piece turned from the loom is distinctly original. Tapestries are as old as the Book o Proverbs, where we read: covered it with painted tapestry brought from Egypt." In the vents of the Middle Ages, especially in Belgium, and Germany, many nuns became celebrated as tapestry designers and weavers. Their subjects were always Biblical.

The Papal manufactory flourishing during the beginning of art decadence, mythological themes vied with the Old Testament in the subjects of its cartoonists. Of all the tapestries of the Papal manufactory, which bear the signature of Romanelli and Riviere, none perhaps surpass Scenes from the Life of Christ, which vicissitude of fortune has brought to our shores. Romanelli is said to have

painted the cartoons in one ants sixteen years to translate them into tapestry. Each piece varies in size from fifteen feet in height to twelve by seventeen feet in width. In the four corners of each tapestry are the armorial bearings of Urban VIII. This emblazonry is a field of azure with three golden bees encircled by a wreath. In the centre of the borders shines a sun, which the Barberini adopted, as a crest to their escutcheon. It symbolizes the luster shed upon the family name by elevation of Urban to the Papacy In the centre of the top border several of the tapestries there is an old Roman plough to which are har-nessed two bees, while a third bee acts as ploughman. The harne bees are emblematic of the increasing activity of the great Papal states man in the advancement of the affairs of Church and State. In centre of the sides and bottom borders of most of the pieces there is in the right a figure of Faith, holding s cross; on the left, Hope clasps her below is Charity suckling child. Woven in each tapestry is the signature of the cantoonist, Roman elli, and the superintendent of the weavers, de la Riviere. Frequently the signatures are accompanied by the date of manufacture. Variation in design adds interest to the borders. In "The Flight into Egypt" and "Map of the Holy Land 1652), the middle of the top borders is decorated with two winged cherubs, one crowned by a circlet of flowers, the other supporting a medallion wreath. In "The Flight into Egypt," the wreath encircles the words Aegyptus Snactificata (Ble Egypt). In "The Map of the Holy it frames Terra Sancta (Holy Ground). Palm trees, alligators and the Pyramids of Egypt sustain the interest of this lower border, while in panels on the sides are reproduced the picturesque wayside chapels to be seen to-day along the roadways of Southern Italy. Each picture of the tapestry is framed, as it were, by richly decorated interior and exterior borders. The interior

"So indelibly are the scenes in the Life of Christ impressed upon the eye and in the heart of every Christian, that it is needless to reproduce here the subject matter of these wonderful Barberini tapestries. Aside from skilled draughtsmanship and exquisite harmony of coloring, they re flect vividly, despite the ages, reverential faith, fervor and tion of that Christian art, which under the fostering love of the Church continues to preserve the Word. Only pure, simple, fervent faith could have guided the brush of Romanelli and thr broche of Riviere in depicting these events in the life of our viour. How could the humility and submission of Mary in the presence of the angel; the earnest and profound homage of the Shepherds and Magi, and the reverential awe and holy joy of Mary in the Adoration; the unflinching faith and thust in the repose before the flight into Egypt the religious fervor of John and the abnegation of the Saviour in the Baptism; the bewildering astonishnent of the Disciples and the glory of Christ in the Tnansfiguration; th ntense solemnity and anxiety of the Disciples, and the loving sadness of our Saviour in the Last Supper; temptation and suffering of Christ the beauty of the ministering Angels in the Passion; the agony and resignation of our Saviour and the pitiful sorrow and devotion of Marys in the Crucifixion: the glorious offulgence and heavenly triumph the Resurrection-appeal to us powerfully through the warp voof of these time-worn tapestries had not cartoonist and weaver painted and woven into them the inmost eelings of their souls?

encloses the scene, and the exterior

the border proper.

"Before the completion of "Scene the Life of Christ," passed away. Then came the death of Pope Urban VIII., the elevation of Innocent X., and the flight of th Barberini family into France. the Cardinal remained true to his protege, and to Cardinal Mazarin so warmly did he bespeak the merit of Romanelli, that the latter was sum noned to the Court of Louis XIV where he remained reaping new laurels until the difficulties between the Barberini and Innocent X, being set tled, he returned with his patron to Rome. With the passing of Urban and Riviere, the Papal manufactory began to decline, and its very exis ence, as has been said, was buried in the manuscripts of the Barberini li brary until less than a quarter of entury ago.

"Since 1660 until 1854, "Scenes from the Life of Christ," hung in the Throne Room of the Barberini Palace, for which they were originally designed. Built of white marble from the ruins of the Coliseum. the Barberini is probably the most enormous in size and beautiful in decoration of all the private palaces of the Eternal City. The smallest appartment has forty rooms."

Our Curbstone Observer

ON MIDNIGHT BELLS

HEN Poe wrote his famous poem of "The Bells," he included, as he thought every imaginable kind of bell that can awaken a sentiment-joyous, or sad, of triumph or of terror-in the heart of man. sleigh-bells; the alarm-bells; the fire bells; the funeral-bells; the tocsin; all find a place in those harmonic verses But the poet has not sung the midnight bells; yet they also have their importance. I have heard them mor than once, and I always found them sublime. On many a Christmas Eve have heard the bells calling the faithful to the Midnight Mass. Or one occasion it was out in the country, I was very young, and first time I had been allowed to go to that grand ceremony in honor of the birth of Christ. As we neared the village, on the cold, crisp, forsty air of the night came floating a cross the white fields the notes of the old Church bell, and they seemed to me, under that starry canopy. like the prelude to the song of the angels that rang over Judean hills. On another occasion the bells

the night-time produced a wonderful effect upon me. Some of the readers will recall that famous pilgrimage to Rome taken by the Irish Catholics of Montreal. The vessel that carried the pilgrims was long overdue. Day after day passed and no news of her arrival on the other side came. The anxiety was greater than I can describe. Finally the calls for inform ation became so numerous and persistent that it was decided that the moment news reached the Palace the bells of the city churches would announce it to the people. From that moment forward every ear was strained for the sound of the bells. I remember it, as if it had been yesterday. I was talking to a that night on the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine streets. We were in the midst of a conversation when suddenly the air vibrated and boom of the big Bourdon rolled, like a minute-gun, over the city. A score of bells took up the carillon, until the steeples and domes seemed to shake with unwonton sound. It was a message of intense joy, of almost stunning nelief; it told the city that the pilgrim ship was safe. Ten thou sand hearts beat, that night, in accord with the clash and clang of the iron-tongued heralds of the gladsom

THE KNELL OF 1903.-All these Thursday night last, when, standing outside my own door-just at midnight-I heard the alarm bells and the Church bells ring out the passing of one year and the birth of another one. That was a solemn moment and it was rendered many-fold more solemn by the might crash of the city bells. I stood for several minlistening to those midnight bells, and as their notes vibrated on my ears I had visions of the past and glimpses of the future; I beheld the scenes of the past twelve month go by in solemn and panoranic proession; and these were followed by the ghostly figures of scenes that may come to us in the year that we now commence. There was no mis-taking the events of 1903; but those of 1904 were filmy and dim, as if they were taking place behind a curtain. And I was grateful for that intervening object, because, I have from past experience the truth of the saying that "the veil of the future is woven by the Hands of

MEMORIES OF 1908 .- The midnight bells rang for only a few min-utes, but that brief space sufficed to allow the mind to range over the twelve months that have gone. One by one bright stars came out on the sky of 1908, and one by one the vanished in the depths of the empy of 1908, and one by one they rean. In that short vision I beheld the crowned head of the illustrious Leo XIII., disappear from the scen upon which his august presence had for over a quarter of a century, cast such a halo of glory. And in succe sion-even as the unbroken succes of Pontiffs from the days of Pet world beheld the unmistakabl action of the Holy Ghost in the in-spired election of the gentle and saintly Pius X.

While gazing upon the vanishing year I beheld the reigning sovereign of Great Br,tain passing, as a friend amongst the people of Ireland, and the changes that operated in the destinies of that old land within the space of a few weeks.

Then coming nearer home I had a vision of the political turmoil of the longest and most extraordinary session that our Dominion has ever known. And as the year neared its last moments there was to be heard a hymn of jubilation, in honor of the jubilee of Montreal's beloved Archhishop. But like all things human the year expired with a piercing cry of anguish. The fearful catastrophe that wiped out six hundred lives—principally young and hopeful lives—in the Chicago theatre.

These are some of the leading events that arose before me as I heard the bells ring out the Old Year. Then there were not a few personal recollections, all of do not interest the public. Each individual has his or her share of the same and each can better recall them than I can do so for them. There were disappointments that have left their impress, there were sorrows that have left their scars. But, on the whole, the year that has gone had its share of blessings, its portion of good things, and for all of these did my heart feel grateful to the expiring year as its knell was rung. Rather should I say my heartfelt grateful to God for those many favors. Amongst them the first and look around and think of the hundreds who have fallen by the wayside-"tired pilgrims on life's jour ney"-during the year just gone, we be thankful to a kind Providence who has given us the privilege of witnessing the dawn of year. Then there is the boon of health; when one sees all that curbstone observer beholds in his rounds, he can appreciate the blessing of health. It is needless to now enumerate all the other good gifts of God-food, clothing, shelter, friendships, endearments-they are all summed up in the one word "sufficient unto the day."

AN OLD QUOTATION .- And while those bells were minging there passed a sleigh laiden with young people, shouting, blowing and exhibiting every sign of an exuberance of festive pleasure. A moment later a poor woman, clothed, in her rags, glided along in the shadow, carrying perhaps a loa of bread that Charity had bestowed on her, destined may be to a home that was cheerless on that New Year's Eve. And as she flitted a long, and the echo of the other joyous sounds died away, I could not refrain from repeating to myself, lines from Thomson's "Seasons" which I had learned by heart years when my own cares were few. They ran thus:

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud, Whom pleasure, power, and affluence,

surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in glddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment

death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouming

flood,
Or more devouring flame, llow many bleed,

By shameful variance betwixt man and man.

How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms; !

Shut from the common air, and com-

mon use
Of their own limbs. How many
drink the cup

drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter
bread
Of misery. Some pierced by wintry

winds,
How many shrink into the sordid

Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the flercer tortures of the

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,

They furnish matter for the tragic muse. Even the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell.

With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation, joined,
How many, tacked with honest passions, droop

In deep-retired distress. How many stand Around the death-bed of their dearest friends

est friends,
And point the parting anguish.
Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills

That one incessant struggle render life.

One scene of toll, of suffering, and of

fate,
VICE in his high career would stand
appalled

appalled,
And heedless rambling IMPULSE learn to think;
The conscious heart of CHARTTY would warm,
And her wide wish BENEVOLENCE

The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work."

This passage tells more eloquently than I could ever per the sentiments that, with the midnight chiming, welled within the breast, and accompanied the last adieu to 1903.

VISIONS OF 1904, - And even in that brief moment did I dream of all that might come to us with dawning year. When Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope" he touched his 'Pleasures of Hope' he touched upon one of the truest chords that vibrates in that "harp of a thou-sand strings"—the human heart. We live in perpetual hope. We hope for the best from the year upon course we enter. We expect that the sorrows of the dead year will not be renewed in the year to come; look upon the silver side of the shield, and we behold reflected in its mirror, ambitions satisfied, anticipations realized, loves increased, joys multiplied. It is well that we should have that glorious hopefulness; for when it proves to be a even mere marsh-light on our pathway, still we have had the pleasure of its enjoyment for a time. It is this, thinks, that lends such a glow to the Christian's life-the "hope in a union hereafter," in the neward promised for all the sufferings of earth. must be a cold and hollow life, that one into which no ray of hope comes. How much the poor atheist is deserving of pity. The heart feels for him, and a great charity takes posession of it when the mind reflects upon the blank, chill, meaningless future that he digs out of the yet to be and into which he is content to plunge. No hope means always no faith, and no faith implies no charity.

There are things that the coming year will infallibly bring to us; there are others that may, or may not come. Of the former some are sad to contemplate, others are very pleasant to anticipate. Without a doubt there are hundreds, and thousands, in all walks of life who are gay and full of health to-day and for whom the midnight bells will be soundless when 1904 goes out. Most certainly there will be sickness, misery, and crime during the coming year. We hope that none of all these ills will come home to any of our friends, to any of those who are dear to us. And if they should, we have simply to accept them in the same spirit that we accept the blessings that are also sure to come. cannot control the events -good or bad-of the approaching year; but we can strive to labor, to unite, to bend our energies in a proper direc-tion and to do, each in his individual sphere, all that lies in his power to hasten the advent of all that is good. Of the things that may happen many now crowd upon my mind. In the broad national field I can catch a glimpse of a new structure erected by patriotic hands and bless-ed by God. It is the stately edifice of Ireland's legislative autonomy. Is it but a vision? I cannot tell; but I seem to see it in all its substantial perfection. I behold the mighty influence of Christ's immortal Church extending more and more over the face of God's earth, and the cross driving before it-as in the days of Constantine - the enemies of human happiness. I see plenty spread over the land and the just rewanded for their unceasing labors. I behold the hydra-headed demon of social disorder crushed beneath the heel of a noble and a more Christian more morality. I can detect the hand of mency effacing the tears that wrought channels down the cheeks of poverty. I see the red-hand of crime that is gradually beginning to assert itself in the world. I see some orthe disgorging their accumulated lions and the streams of plenty, that flow through the land of toil, swollen as are the brooks in the springtime when the winter's snows been melted by the glowing sun. These and a thousand other pictures I behold; but the pity is that they may, after all, be only pictures and not realities. The midnight bolls have ceased to ring; the old 1903, with its crimes and its follies. its virtues and its glories, is finally aid away in the vast tomb of the past. The new year, 1904, is with him have we to do until the sua shall again have reached the short-est days and the world shall once nore experience the longest nights. Henceforth, for a time, the light will Heaceforth, for a time, the light with drive the darkness before it; the morns will be earlien and the even-ings later—and "the days of the spring will grow longer, the nearer the fulness of June." May the lives of each and all be like the days, constantly gradually surely, growThe Lessons Of the Birth o

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PREA

SATURDAY,

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Mary brought ic Son, and wrapped ding clothes, an manger. Luke 2:7 "The feast of th Our Lord and Sa

From the year 51 tion of the world, beginning created 2957 from the del birth of Abraham and the exodus o Israel out of Egy anointment of Da 65th week, accord ey of Daniel, in th the 752nd year of the city of Ro of the reign of th tus, when there v out the whole wo age, Jesus Christ, of the Eternal Fatl sanctify the world ed Advent, was co Ghost, and nine conception was b Judea, of Mary came man. With these so

came man."
With these so brethren, the Chur birth of Jesus Ch Martyrology. In two panticular mentioned, which tion, and which wevening for our imcation, namely:
Lord's birth and the happy event of The Nativity of the time foretoid.

The Patriarch Ja time of the comin when he said: "Th be taken away from from his thigh to be sent, the expectat According to this deemer was to com would have departe is to say, when lost their indepe longer be governed the tribe of Juda has been fulfilled in he was born the Jo dominion of the Herod was not a da, but an Idumean selves acknowledge king, for they said have no King but The prophet Dar the year in which appear and accomp briel appeared and that from the time a king, Jerusalem should be rebuilt of Christ sixty-nine that is, four hu three years, shou which the Redeemen death and those t would perish, and t ple with their lead that in the seventisacrifices of the Old and the Kingdom an end. This prop to the very letter; when by the comm King, Artaxerxes, built to the time Christ, exactly six three years elapsed. after three years at died upon the cr ceased and the New seventieth week of ; ter four hundred at the Romans, under us, destroyed Jerus end to the Jewish

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The Lessons Of the Birth of Christ

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. D. J. HOLLAND, C.SS.R., ST. ANN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Mary brought forth her first born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in manger. Luke 2:7.

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"The feast of the gracious birth of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ From the year 5199 after the crea tion of the world, when God in the beginning created heaven and earth 2957 from the deluge, 2015 from the birth of Abraham, 1510 from Mose and the exodus of the children of Israel out of Egypt, 1032 from the anointment of David as king, in the 65th week, according to the prophe sy of Daniel, in the 194th Olympiad the 752nd year after the building of the city of Rome, and the 42nd of the reign of the Emperor Augus tus, when there was peace through out the whole world, in the sixth age, Jesus Christ, Eternal God, So of the Eternal Father, when He would sanctify the world by his most blessed Advent, was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months after His was born at Bethlehem Judea, of Mary the Virgin and be

With these solemn words, my brethren, the Church announces the birth of Jesus Christ in the Roman Martyrology. In this announcement panticular circumstances are mentioned, which deserve our atten tion, and which we will consider this evening for our instruction and edifinamely: The time of Our Lord's birth and the place in which

the happy event occurred. The Nativity of Christ falls within the time foretoid by the Prophets.

The Patriarch Jacob mentioned the time of the coming of the Redeemer when he said: "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh till he comes that to be sent, and he shall the expectation of nations." According to this prophecy the Re deemer was to come when the sceptre would have departed from Juda, that is to say, when the Jews, having lost their independence, would no longer be governed by a king from the tribe of Juda. has been fulfilled in Christ, for when he was born the Jews were under the dominion of the Roman Emperor Herod was not a descendant of da, but an Idumean. The Jews them selves acknowledge that they had no king, for they said to Pilate: "We have no King but Caesar.'

The prophet Daniel mentions ever the year in which the Messiah would appear and accomplish the work of the Redemption. The Archangel Ga briel appeared and declared to him, that from the time when, by order of a king, Jerusalem and the should be rebuilt, to the public life of Christ sixty-nine weeks of years, that is, four hundred and eightythree years, should elapse; after which the Redeemer would be put to death and those that denied ple with their leader would destroy Jerusalem with its temple; finally, that in the seventieth week, namely, after the death of the Redeemer, the sacrifices of the Old Law would case and the Kingdom of the Jews have an end. This prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter; for from the time when by the command of the Persian King, Artaxerxes, Jerusalem was re-built to the time of the public life of built to the time of the public life of Christ, exactly sixty-nine weeks of years, or four hundred and eighty-three years elapsed. In the middle of the seventieth week of years, that is, after three years and a half, Christ died upun the cross, the Old Law ceased and the New began. After the seventieth week of years, that is, after four hundred and ninety years, the Romans, under their leader Titus, destroyed Jerusalem, and put an end to the Jewish Kingdom. Thus Christ, even at his birth gave a proof of his Divinity and his dignity as Messiah, as he was born at the very time foretold by the prophets.

As we read in the Gospel of Christmas, the Roman Emperor Augustus

This en rollment comprised two things: The number of the inhabitants, and the property of each individual. Here, again, the Providence of God mani-fests itself. According to the prophecy of Micheas, the was to be born in Bethlehem. Now Mary and Joseph lived in Nazareth and had no occasion whatever for go ing to Bethlehem, which was a journey of several days' distance from Nazareth, and especially at a time when Mary was near her delivery But see, the Roman Emperor with out being aware of it, co-operated with the designs of God, that the prophecy might be fulfilled. Since the enrollment was to be made the place to which one's tribe longed, and as Mary and Joseph were descendants of the house of David at Bethlehem, they were obliged to make their way there in order to be enrolled according to the decree Augustus Caesar. Thus the emperor, a pagan, assisted unconsciously bringing about the birth of Our Savior at Bethlehem. Recognize, dear brethren, the wisdom of God which, without the will and know lodge of men, often guides their ac tion, according to his holy designs.

The birth of Christ, at the time of the enrollment of the whole world teaches us that He came to redeem all men. The Jews thought that to them alone, as the chosen people, all blessings and graces would be given. Even Peter had to be instructed by a vision that the Gentiles also were to be made partakers of the blessed fruit of the Redemption. Let us today, my brethren, give thanks to God that he had called our foreinthers, who were pagans, and conse quently us also, to Christianity, and grace by a pious Christian life: let s live so that Christ may not be for our ruin but for our resurrection

Christ was born during the time of peace throughout the whole world, for when he was born the temple of Janus, the god of war, was closed in token that peace reigned all over the

Why did He choose this time universal peace?

In order to manifest Himself at His very entrance into the world, as the Prince of Peace, foretold by the prophets "A child is born for us, and a Son is given to us; and the government is upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be spread abroad, and there shall be no end of peace..' The angels also, the plains of Bethlehem, aned him as the Prince of Peace, when they sang "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men

of good will." He chose the time of peace to indicate that he was coming to bring peace to man. He established peace with God, rendering a satisfaction to Him for our sins, reconciling us with Him, and recovering for us His grace and love; peace with ourselves, taking away sin, the source of all discord, and meriting for us the grace to conquer our evil inclinations, whereby we preserve interior peace; peace with our neighbor uniting all men through the bond of religion, and by giving them the commandment to love one another as brothers and sisters.

He chose the time of peace to show us that He loves peace above all things and rewards the peaceful world and in the world to come Therefore, He charged His disciples "into whatsoever house you enter first say "Peace be to this house," and if the son of peace be there, your it shall return to you. He is coming on. They seek an inn; the also praised peace-makers, saying town is full of people, it being the time of registration. There is no manifest it in our stantic walls in the peace shall rest upon him, but if not, God." How is it with you my dear brethren? Have you this peace which Jesus Christ brought to man? Are you at peace with God and with yourselves? Are you in the state of grace? Does not your conscience re-proach you with sans for which you have not, perhaps, truly repented, which you have not properly confessed and amended? Do you live in peace with your neighbor? Is there peace with your neighbor? Is there no enmity, aversion, hatred in your heart? If you do not possess this peace, endeavor to obtain it during this holy season by making a good confession and being sincerely reconciled with your neighbor.

Christ came in the night-time

Why? Because before His birth mer were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. The Gentiles were sunk in the abomination of idolatry and were so blinded that they worand were so binded that they worshipped the gods by murder, impurity and other vices. Even among the Jews many errors prevailed; their worship was for the most part exterior, a nutshell without a kernel, wherefore God said of them, "This weekle closify me with their line but worship was for the most part exterior, a nutshell without a kernel, wherefore God said of them. "This people glorify me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me." The birth of Christ at midnight symbolizes the night of error and sin in incres of St. Ann's, your reward is

minds us that Jesus Christ is the light of the world. Hence Isadah says: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen," and St. John in one of today." St. John in one of to-day's Gospels calls the Divine Savior "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Let us take to heart the words of the Ap ostle and walk as children of the

Our Blessed Lord chose Bethlehem for his brith-place. Why? First of all, to fulfil the prophecy of Micheas who indicates Bethlehem as the birthplace of Christ, "And thou, Bethelehem, Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel." The Jews understood this prophecy concerning Christ, for in answer to He rod's question where Christ was to be born, the Scribes replied at once: In Bethlehem, and quoted for it the passage which I have just given from Micheas. From this it follows that the Jews very distinctly recognized Bethlehem as the birth-place of the promised Messiah, and if Christ had een born elsewhere the Jews could have refused to believe Him, and with reason, because the prophecy of Micheas would not have been fulfilled in

He chose Bethlehem in order humble Himself at His very entrance into the world. Bethlehem was a small place, scarcely numbering thousand inhabitants, and, therefore, without respect in the eyes of the world. Chr st wished to be born there, in order to show us the way in which He would accomplish our Redemption. It was pride that made man refuse obedience to God, that plunged him into misery. Perdition had its origin in pride. In or der, then, to avert from man the ruir which pride had brought on him. Jesus wished to humble Himself most profoundly, and therefore to be born at Bethlehem. By the humility which He manifested even at His coming into this world, He wanted to show us the manner in which we were to ap ply to ourselves the fruits of the Redemption and work out our salva

"Amen. I say unto you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He even proposes Himself as a model of humility and exhorts us to follow Him and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls.". Let us then be humble in heart, in word and in

He chose Bethlehem in order to be for us what the word Bethlehem sig nifies, that is a house of bread. Jesus is really the true bread; for as earthly bread nourishes the body, and strengthen and preserves life, so Jesus nourishes us and preserves in us the life of grace through the Holy Spirit. He says of Himself: "I am the bread of life, he that cometh to Me shall not hunger." Jesus Christ is that wonderful bread which gives us in the Most Holy Sacra "I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." Thus the birth of Christ at Bethlehem is an invitation to visit Jesus often in the Most Blessed crament of the Altar, to adore Him with the most profound veneration, and as often as possible, and with heart well prepared to receive Him in Holy Com

He was born in a stable. Why? St. Luke tells us, because there was no room for them in the inns. Mary and Joseph arrive at Bethlehem, the day is drawing to a close and night room for them at any of the inns; every place is occupied. How true are the words of St. John in the last Gospel. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." On this mysterious night He could scarcely But why could Mary and Joseph not find room in any of the inns of Bethlehem? Probably for two reasons: Mary and Joseph belonged to the working class; their clothing as well as their whole appearance showed as their whole appearance showed that they were poor people. They were therefore refused admission because the lowliness of their appearance showed plainly that no reward would likely be forthcoming for any hospitality shown them, nothing more than their thanks. If Jesus and Mary would come to you in their poverty looking for shelter, would you act as the people of Bethlehem? Certainly not, you would receive them with joy and treat them the best way possible. Very well, you know what Christ says: "Amen, I was to you see you see the says as the says to you see you see you was to you see y

before you, "I myself," says Jesus, "will be your reward.

Mary and Joseph could not find

room in the inns of Bethleh another reason, and that was Mary's delicate condition. They sought lodging from place to place. might have been willing to receive them, but one glance at Mary imme diately caused them to change their mind, for they feared she might be delivered while there, and cause them inconvenience; therefore, they refused. For a similar reason Jesus is refused admittance even to-day. He asks for many things which are unpleasant and disagreeable to our sensuality, He wants us to deny ourselves and mortify our flesh: "If any man will come after Me let him de my himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." This is too hard for great many; they cannot resolve. to mortify thein passions, to give wicked company and to renounce this or that pleasure; they will not hear of imitating Christ. What blindness on account of comparatively and passing difficulties to renounce eternal salvation, and for fleeting pleasures to plunge oneself into eternal perdition?

The new-born Savior wished to

laid in a crib in order to verify the words of Israel: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." The ox and the ass were in the stable for shelter and the Infant King lay in the crib, warmed by the breath of the two animals, fulfilling the prophecy of Habakuk as the Septuagint version has it. "Thou shalt born, O Lord, between two What do we understand, my dear brethren, by this? That the Jews and Gentiles both were represented in that celd stable; the ox represented the Jewish people who were under the yoke of the law, and the ass the Gentiles steeped in folly and idolatry. Jesus lying in the crib surrounded by the ox and the ass, signifies that he became man for the Redemption of the whole human race. In order to apply the graces of Re demption to all men, the Church today, as she has always done, sends missionaries into all parts of the world to announced the Gospel to Gentiles. Let us assist these messengers of the faith with our alms and our prayers.

He wished to be laid in a crip to remind us of the words of the Psalmist "Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he is pared to senseless beasts, and is te come like to them." In the course of sime, men lowered themselves beneath the level of the brutes, yielding like animals to the desires of the flesh losing all knowledge of God and all liking for higher things. Then it was that Christ appeared upon the earth in order, by His doctrine, example and grace, to rescue man from his depravity and to conduct him unto the path of truth and virtue. Thus paganism', with its abomination and vices, was vanquished and the Christian religion with all its consoling truths and admirable virtues wa pread all over the earth.

He wished to lay in a crib to teach us that His Kingdom was not of this world; and by His example to encourage us to value carthly goods as naught and to seek for the things that are above. When the child of a king is born, a luxurious couch awaits him; even for the child of a la orer a soft, warm bed is prepared: the birds too, find a warm dwelling in their nests, but Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, the Lord of Heaven and earth, lies in a crib, upon hay and straw. Could He have preached His contempt of the world. at His entrance into mortal life in a more impressive manner?

Let me, then, exhort you, my brethren, to love the Child of Bethle hem who, in order to win our hearts. has given us such proofs of His love. manifest it in oun actions and constantly walls in the way of His com-mandments. Let us offer ourselves to Our Savior in grateful love without reserve, forever, so that we can say always and with truth: "Jesus, for thee, I live, Jesus, for thee, I die, Jesus, thine I am in life and in death." Amen.

A WISE PRACTISE.

Monthly Communion is the wise practice of those who are ordinary Catholics. Those who seek perfection go more frequently. Wi those who go only once or twice year? That is a hard question and the answer would not edify. — Ex-

SYMINGTON'S RDINBURGH

COFFEE ESSENCE

kes delicious coffee in a moment. He trouble

GUARAUTRED PURE

The Pope on Gregorian Music.

Under date of Dec. 28, a despatch from Rome says:-

After long discussion with experts, principally with the famous com poser, the Abbe Perosi, Director of the Sistine choir, Pope Pius X. issued a note on the subject of sacred music in churches.

In this note, which appears in the 'Osservatore Romano," His Holiness formulates rules for Church music which recall the churches to a strict observance of the instructions issued by former Pontiffs.

The Pope, who is a passionate lover of music, condemns the transformation of liturgic music into compositions suitable for concerts.

The Pontiff is strongly in favor o the Gregorian chant, and he has or dered the Abbe Perosi to compose a Gregorian Mass for the centenary of St. Gregory the Great, next Easten. This Mass will be conducted by the Abbe in the Chapel of St. Gregory, and will be participated in by five hundred singers.

By a pastoral issued eight years ago, when he was Patriarch of Venice, Pope Pius X, caused a controversy among Catholics and musicians throughout Europe and America. This controversy has been re vived at intervals ever since, but Cardinal Sarto was elected Pope there were few who remember. ed that it was he who Legan it.

It was left to a Madrid paper, the 'Epsca," to recall the efforts of the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice to banish from the churches under his juris diction every form of music not strictly religious, and the "Epoca" in doing so made a prophecy, now fulfilled, to the effect that one of the first reforms instituted by the Pontiff would be to restore to its rightful place the Gregorian chant.

The Pope's pastoral of eight years ago repudiated the "light, trivial scenic, and profane" music, which, it said was now common in so many churches.

Among the "irreligious abuses" specified were the alteration of the text of the liturgy to suit the individual fantasy of the composer, the singing of the "Tantum Ergo" as cavatina or aria, the use of instruments unsuited to the sacredness of church, such as timbals, trombones, and the piano. In general the pastoral demanded the restoration to the liturgy of its original importance, making the musical accompaniment its "humble servitor.

Knights of Columbus

Ottawa Council, No. 485, held very successful initiation of 34 candidates last week. The first and second degrees were conferred on the evening of December 29th, by officers Ottawa and Montreal Councils, and the third degree was exemplified on the following evening by District Deputy B. W. Lucy, of Ogdensburg with a staff from that place, assisted by State Warden A. J. McCracken o Montreal. All the degrees were given in the Club building belonging to Ottawa Council, which is peculiarly adapted fon this work. Over 100 visiting Knights were present, in-cluding several Grand Knights and other officers; and a very pleasant hour was spent in speech and song after the initiations had been pleted.

tawa Council this year, by His Excellency, Mgr. Sparretti, Apostolic Delegate, accepting their invitation to hold his New Year's reception in parlors of their Club building. As the residence of the Delegate situate in the extreme south end of this city, his predecessors had been accustomed to receive in the parlors of the Ottawa University, which was recently destroyed by fire. The Papal flag was displayed on the flag-pole of the Club during the afternoon, and the interior of the building was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

DEATH OF FATHER DESHON.

Rev. Father George Deshon, Superior-General of the Missionary Order of St. Paul the Apostle, familiarly known as the Paulist Fathers, died early last Wednesday morning at the parent house of the Onder, Columbus Avenue and 59th street, New York, His death was due to heart disease, He had been ill for about three

reeks.

Father Deshon was one of the ounders of the Order of which he

was the head. He was 81 years old, He was not ordained to the priest-hood until he was nearing middle life, the original career for which he was intended having been that of a

Fathen Deshon was the last survivng founder of the Paulists. He was born in New London, Conn., Huguenot stock. In his youth he was sent to the West Point Military Academy. He was graduated with distinction, and was for five years a professor in the institution. He was eared a Protestant, but became a Catholic in his early manhood.

In 1855 he was ordained a priest among the Redemptorists, and immediately after his ordination entered ipon mission wonk. He remained exclusively in this work until his separation from the Redemptorists with the other four missionaries. Fathers Hecker, Hewit, Baker and Walworth, who organized themselves into the Congregation of St. Paul, or the Paulist Fathers.-New York man's Journal.

Notes for Farmers.

FEEDING .- Experience proves 'that it is best to water before feeding. If the horse is warm do not give him all he will take at once, but let the amount be divided, part when going to dinner, part after he has rested a little.

FERTILIZERS. - Commercial fertilizers may apparently answer the purpose for a short time, but soil fertility can only be maintained by stock-farming. In England stockfarming is the mainstay of the farmer, and land is worth twice as much as it is here. In the Island of Jersey land rents at about \$20 per acre; still, live-stock, especially dairy, farming is the main occupation.

POULTRY .- At this season, says an American writer, animal must be supplied, as hens cannot from any other source. When producing eggs, both the hen and the duck are greatly benefited by meat, and as meat from the butcher cannot always be conveniently had, a substitute may be found in the ommercial ground meat, which is lways thoroughly cooked before the fat is pressed out. It is sold in bags holding from 50 to 100 pounds, at. about three cents a pound, one pound being mixed with the grain food of twenty hens three times a week, re-

ducing the grain proportionately.

THE DAIRY .- In order to obtain the highest success in dairying we must know our business. There is no other business in which there are so many leaks as in the dairy business, and these leaks must be stopped or there will not be any profit. One poor cow will often eat up the profit of two good ones. There is no way to stop this but by leeping an individual necord, that we may weed out unprofitable animals. The amount of work involved by keeping an exact record of each animal is more than the average farmer can afford to do, but he can weigh the mills one day each week and then average it up at the end of the month.

SEED CORN, both of sweet and ield varieties, is a thing worth looking after this year. We can't afford to pay ten dollars a bushel for seed sweet corn, nor to hunt all over the neighborhood for a bushel or two corn, every spring, when we can just as well save our own in

THE MANURE should be hauled out during the winter about as fast as it is made. If put in small piles it will remain frozen through winter and will thaw readily in the early spring, and the first rains will leach much of it into the ground.

The rest should be scattered early. The ground will get the benefit of all of it, as it is not likely to lose much through chemical action and the throwing off of ammonia

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE

Report for week ending Sunday, 3rd January. 1904:—Irish 167, French 145, English 26, Scotch and other nationalities 12. Total 349.

The largest university building in the world is that of St. Petersburg. which has a length of 1,000 leet.

ing country in the world. Two-thirds of its people are engage! in harvesting the ocean's wealth amidst the greatest perils.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. WILLIAM O'CONNOR.

To save children from squalid, un healthy or evil surroundings and to place them in an atmosphere, healthy in every sense of the word, to look after their physical, mental, moral and religious being, to place in homes and provide them with an education that will enable them to make a way for themselves in the future, and to stand before God and the world as practical Christians and law-abiding citizens, is surely a most commendable work-a work worthy of being well and widely known, in order that others incited by example, may be drawn to the vine-yard and may share in the laborers'

"In the saving of neglected and dependent children, the Province of Ontario is in advance of any district or country in the world." This quotation is the statement of Mr. William O'Connor, inspector of neglected and dependent children, whose headquarters are at the Parliament Buildings. Torontoj and whose official jurisdiction is confined only by the boundaries of the province. The work in which Mr. O'Connor is engaged is of a most important character, and vet with the exception of those in actua touch with it or who come directly under its influence, there are comparatively few acquainted with it.

It is carried on under Government auspices, officers being appointed to see to its carrying out, for the Catholic children who come under the class in question, an officer has been appointed in the person of Mr. O'Con-

Mr. O'Connor was born in Toronto, and received his education and early training with the Christian Brothers in the schools of St. Patrich's parish. He is of Irish descent father and mother being both Irish. For the greater part of his adult life he has been a member of St. Basil's parish, and for twelve years held the position of treasurer of St. Basil's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul; this long term of service proved a grand training for the work in which he is now engaged, it also developed and fostered the in-

clination and liking necessary.

Mr. O'Connor has held the position of inspector for the past three years, during that time he has visited all parts of the province. either placing children in homes, or visiting them some time after being domeciled. Besides looking after children neglected also the work of the inspector visit the various reformative institutions of the province, when requested, or thought desirable. The Catho Mic wards of the Children's Aid Society for the past year were thirtyand in the official report we read that "these children are under special care of Mr. William O'Connor, who has with marked ability and acceptance looked after the interests of Catholic children generally. In addition to the above he has when opportunity offered assistthe various Catholic orphanages by visiting and reporting upon the progress of the wards." During the year, too, seventy-five applications were made at the provincial office for Catholic children to be adopted in Catholic families, these applications ere filled either from the different Children's Aid Societies or from the As an illustration of the closenes

with which the interests of those children are watched, Toronto may be cited, each day two officers attend or police court, and if cases are tion at the time of writing, is not come under the provious of the Children's Aid Society, by are handed over to these offi- itself. The system of "open voting" (and entitled to its sunshine.

cers—one a Catholic— who sees to their placing in desirable environ-ment. A private court is also held twice a week, where cases may be tried without publicity, thus in many instances guarding the children from the many disagreeable features that publicity often carries in its train.

To visit the children at stated periods is one of the works attached to the office. This duty in order to its carrying out with beneficial results, requires thoughtfulness and prudence on the part of the visitor; these are found in the person of Mr. O'Connon, whose gentleness and tact combined with the necessary firmness make him just the desirable officer for this delicate and important taste. The forter parents in whose homes these children are placed, are always by a visit from the spector and far from resenting his coming look gladly towards it.

Mr O'Connor has on several occasions added a good deal of informa tion to the general fund possessed by those interested in the subject of the care of neglected children. In 1901 he was delegate to the Conference of Charities and Corrections, held at Detroit, he was also a delegate to the conference lately held at Buffalo. Toronto societies too, had had the benefit of the lucid explanations which he is always prepared and glad. to impant to those interested. O'Connor is a member of the C.M.B. A., but, apart from this, the many duties connected with his work, do not permit of membership in many associations. Any information con nected with the subject will be gladly forwarded by Mr. O'Connor on application to him at his office at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

AFRICAN MISSIONS -In all the churches throughout the diocese, the collection taken up at the Offertory on the Feast of the Epiphany, is to go towards the support of the Afric-

FOR THE JUBILEE.-Friday being the 8th of the month, devotion in preparation for the coming jubiled of the Immaculate Conception will be held in the different churches. Ves pens and Benediction are announced in addition to the Masses for the day.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT. - At St. Helen's on Sunday last the financial statement of the Building Fund of the parish, was read from the pulpit. A sum, amounting to a little over three thousand dollars, collected since the clearing off of the debt was shown to be on hand; new districts had been added to the collectors circuit, and these during the past three months had raised the average to over one hundred dollars a month. Altogether the system inaugurated in diseases: the parish about six years ago has proved itself the most satisfactory possible to the pastor and executive and one, too, which falls but lightly upon the people at large.

CIVIC ELECTIONS. - During the past week the city has been given over almost entirely to the civic elections. The usually exciting Mayoralty contest was this year missing, Mayor Urquhart being returned by acclamation. So far as we Catholics are concerned, we are not in quite as good showing as last year. This, however, is probably due to the new system of electing and voting which seems to have minimized chances all

service fon the city, is now altogether out; running, not for alderman, but for one of the four comptrollers, by one or both parents, or in charge it is not perhaps greatly to be wonof dissolute or drunken persons, it is dered at that he was defeated, as this position carrying with it \$1.2 a year, was keenly contested. ction of Alderman Hubbard repre sentative of the colored people, one of the four controllers, is one which does Toronto credit, showing as it does that prejudice was not allowed to stand in the way of the recognition of merit. Mr. E. J. Hearn, who ran for aldermanic honors in Ward 4, presented himself to the city for the first time; his defeat is no subject for discouragement though well known to his co-religionists, he was, perhaps, not known to citizens generally; this year's introduction will tend to future success. The re-election of Alderman J. J. Ward, together with his heading the poll in Ward 6, was no surprise. As one whose activity in the City Council has for some years made itself felt, the election of Alderman Ward is assured wheneve he chooses to present himself.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES .- This ele

under which the election takes place, is regarded with so little countenance, that sooner than submit to it the majority of ratepayers absent themselves—as will happen at the coming election—each competent and popular, each, too, a personal friend of many of the ratepayers; at the same time in all probability one possesses, even to the admirer of both, some quality on qualities, which make him better suited to the posi-tion than does the other; to acknowledge this, however, in open voting is to give undoubted offence to the one whom the vote will act against the "ballot" would make recognition of fitness possible without of fence to either. We have still som remnants of old pioneer days, which require to be swept away before the manner of selecting a School Board, will be satisfactory to the minds of the majority.

THE CRIB IN ART. - A marked improvement is noticeable in the pre-sentation of the Crib in our churches at Christmas. Many years ago, crudity in this connection was probably not conspicuous under the then ex isting circumstances, but looking back to a few years only, the make up of some of our cribs was any thing but suggestive of the reality A change for the better is everywhe observable; the paper angels and taw dry ornamentation once part of the make-up, are now rare; occasiona scrolls are still to the fore cheap but in time they, too, will probably

disappear. St. Patrick's Church of our city has long been first in the matter of crib equipment; the Cathedral, too, has now a complete outfit of figures in stone; the Blessed Virgin, St. Jos eph, the shepherds, the sheep, ass, and ox are all there, and the effect is highly suggestive. Even in our poorer churches, where much statuary is as yet impossible, simplicity appears to be the key-note; the bare surroundings and the straw covered floor now presented, seem in much better taste and are much more sa tisfying than the more elaborate and gilded garnishings of the Christmas Crib of the past.

Deaths in United States

There were, according to the cen sus, about one million deaths in the United States in the year 1900, from all causes. Two diseases claimed over one hundred thousand victims, twentythree carried off from ten thousands to one hundred thousand, and the remaining 193 causes of death range from ten thousand downward. The following table gives the number of deaths from the twenty-five principal

Disease No. of death
Consumption
Pneumonia
Heart disease 68,45
Typhoid fever 35,31
Bright's desease 32,15
Old age 29,20
Apoplexy 26,98
Cancer 25,98
Cholera infantum 25,27
Paralysis 22,54
Bronchitis 20,15
Entenitis 19,66
Meningitis 19,40
Debility 16,90
Diphtheria 16,40
Influenza 16,80
Convulsions 15,20
Malarial fever 14,80
Prematire birth 14,70
Measles 12,80
Croup 12,50
Dysentary 11,70
Dropsy 11,20
Brain disease 11,10
Inanition 11,00
Total of above diseases699,04

193 remaining causes 291.800

The birth rate in the northeastern states in 1900 was only 23.8 in the the western states 26.9, and in the southern states 31.5. When to the heavy birth rate in the southern states are added a lower rate and a rapidly increasing immigration, it will require very little figuring to show where the south will stand in the next census.

You can conquer your cares more quickly if you do not continually car ry a long face.

It is sometimes easier to weep with those that weep than to rejoice with those who rejoice.

By a Regular Contributor.)

We have been asked to state why it is that several of the religious orders in France have asked for author ization under the Law of Associations, while others, including the Je suits, refused to apply for such authorization. The person who asked this question seemed to be under the impression that all the orders should have either asked for such authoriza-tion or have refused to ask for it. We could easily answer this ques tion, for there are several reasons why that which suited one order, as a course to adopt, did not suit anto take an extract from the Declaration of the Provincials of the Jesuit Order in France. This document was signed, at Paris, on the 1st October, 1903, by Rev. R. deScoraille, S. J. Provincial of Toulouse: Rev. E. l'elle-Rev. M. G. Labrosse, S.J., Provincial of Paris; and Rev. M. Pouillon, S.J., Provincial of Lyons. The declaration begins with a sketch of the Law, of its aims, of the delays granted for asking authorization, and of the impossibility of putting faith in the promises of the Govern ment. The Provincials point out that this Law is merely another ster in the warfare waged against. the Church; and the fact that each fresh representation made by the Holy See was met by a fresh attack upon the liberties of the congregations, tieves the futility of asking for an authortzation that, even if granted, would carry with it no guarantee of free

In closing, the declaration says:-

'In making this declaration, far from us any thought of condenuing those of our brethren in religious life who think proper to act differently. We know how full of bitterness is the deliberation. Forced to select between two evils, both very grave, between the ruin in all directions that must follow a refusal to apply, and on the other hand, the deep attack made by the Law upon the prerogatives of the Church as upon individual liberty, any hesitation is easily understood, and the Sovereign Pontiff, himself, under certain reser vations, has left to the orders full freedom of choice. Several among them believe that they can find a conciliatory means of satisfying the Government without sacrificing the rights of the Holy See. For our part, between the Government which insists on the condition, prior to authorization, the abandonment by the orders of canonical exemption, and the Holy See which declares-that it "cannot permit any ignoring or les-sening of the direct and immediate exercise of its supreme authority over the orders and religious institutions" (Letter of Cardinal Gotti to the Bishop of France, 10th July, 1903), we admit, with all the religious who have taken the road to exile or have dispersed, that we cannot find any formula of conciliation Being persuaded, moreover, that to ask for authorization would mean to deliver unto the Church's adversaries works a hundred times approved by her, to sacrifice our individual rights, our independence and our dig-nity. That it would be a heavy blow at our very religious life, and in its most intimate relations. That, being placed in a position to render France a signal service, by resisting, according to our strength, a religious persecution that is killing her, it would mean a refusal to sacrific ourselves for her; there remains, we believe, for us nothing else than to accept the part that our duty as gious, dictates. And we trust that no person amongst those who are not blinded by party spirit and sec-tarian prejudices, will see in our conduct an act of insubordination or of rebellion, but rather the fulfilment of that which we consider to be our duty.

"It is a painful resolution that we are forced to take all the works to threatened with destruction. In ur, when the future appears dark est for us, our greatest regret is that we can no longer work for the good of France, and to see expended—even in missions—energies that were not without credit and utility for 'her. without credit and utility for 'her. Still, we assort that in our heart there is no bitterness towards those who condemn us. We do not forget that we are followers of the One who said, 'pray for those who persecute you.' May the mereful Hand of God check France on the fatal incline down which she is being dragged, is our most ardent prayer.''

GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE

5 per cent. for cash in addition to all other discounts or reductions

The undernoted discounts will hold good for the month of January.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

MEN'S ENGLISH WORSTED and GOOD HEAVY SCOTCH TWEED SUITS—value \$15.00 to \$22.00—33; per cent. off.

SPECIAL.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, all sizes and prices—\$10.00 to \$27.00—26 per cent. and 56 per cent off.

CARPETS.

Special line of AXMINSTER and WILTON CARPETS, 15 to 20 per cent.

Special line of BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS, 15 per cent.

Remnants of JAPANESE MATTING and FIBRE, 232 per cent.

Remnants of BRUSSELS and AXMINSTER STAIR, 20 to 33 per cent.

JAPANESE COTTON BUGS, 20 per cent.

TURKISH, INDIAN and PERSIAN RUGS, also PALACE STRIPS, all less 20 p.c.

JAPANESE MATTINGS and FIBRE OARPETS, 15 per cent.

GARPETS, loss 10 per cent.

CARPETS, loss 10 per cent.

WOOL SQUARE and AXMINSTER SQUARE, JUTE, JAPANESE RUGS, 10 p.c.

MADE-UP SQUARES, in Wilton and Axminster, 25 per cent.

MADE-UP SQUARES, in Brussels and Tapestry, 20 per cent

LINOLEUM, OILCLOTH, INLAID LINOLEUM, CORK CARPET, 10 per cent.

CURTAINS.

LACE CURTAINS from 20 to 30 per cent,
PORTIERES from 10, 20, 30 to 50 per cent,
MADRAS CURTAINS, 50 per cent.
STRIPED SILK CURTAINS, 32 per cent.
FIGURED VELOURS, from 40 to 33 per cent.
CURTAIN and DRAPERY MATERIALS from 10 to 33 per cent.
ALL UPHOLSTERY COVERINGS from 10 to 50 per cent.
ARABIAN LACES and PANELS at 20 per cent.
TABLE COVERS from 10 to 20 per cent.

FURNITURE.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.
SIDEBOARDS in Mahogauy, Golden, Flemish and Weathered Oak, 10, 20, 33;
and 50 per cent. off.
EXTENSION TABLES in Mahogany, Golden, Flemish and Antwerp Oak, 10, 20,

334 and 56 per cent.
DINING-ROOM CHAIRS in Mahogany, Golden, Flemish and Weathered Oak, 10,

LIBERAL DISCOUNTS ON EVERY ARTICLE IN STOCK.
full line of BRASS BEDS from \$19 to \$150 at 10, 20, 33 and 50 per cent of

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT.

or the New Year's trade we have on exhibition a large variety of Electrical and Novelties, consisting of the following: Bicotrical Bronzes, from one to five lights.

Art Novesu and Oriental Portables in all the latest European styles and

finishes.

Reading Lamps in Old Brass, Gilt, Pompelian, etc., etc.
Silk and Paper Shades for Holiday Decorations.
A beautiful display of Electroliers, Oeiling Lights, Brackets, etc.
Special attention given to House Wiring, Electric Bells, and Repairs of every description.

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS IN THIS DEPARTMENT range from 20 to Per Cent. off all goods placed on Tables and Counters. 10 Per Cent. off all Shelf Goods.

MEN'S HATS and CAPS.

20 dozen Black Hard Felt Hats, English and American styles, all Fall shapes, fur felts, silk trimmings. Regular, \$2.50 for \$1.50.
15 dozen Black Soft Felt Hats new shapes, in Fedoras, Alpines, etc. Regular \$2.50, \$3.50, tor \$1.50.
22 dozen Heavy Stitched Oxford Hats and Tweed Hats, very warm and comfortable. Regular \$1.50, less 20 per cent.

CAPS.

20 dozen Heavy Winter Caps. (8 styles to choose from), made of fine brown cloth or dark gray frieze, satin lining. Regular \$2.00, \$2.25, for \$1.50
Heavy Winter Caps, neat patterns, very warm (6 shapes). Regular \$1.00, \$1.25, for 75c. Boys' and Men's Hookey Caps, dark and bright colors. Regular 40c to 65c

less 20 per cent.

Boys' Caps, with ear laps, pull bands, or Heavy Golf Caps, 50c to 75c, less 20 per cent.

Scotch Curling Tams, fancy border. Regular \$1.25, less 20 per cent.

Fur Caps, Fur Mitts, Fur Collars, all less 10 per cent.

Umbrellas and Walking Sticks.

2 lines of Neat Umbrellas, steel rods, good covers, cased, etc. Regular \$1.50 for \$100.

1 tot of Fine Gloria Silk Umbrellas, fine mountings, silk cased, tight rolling. Regular \$3.00, for \$2.00.

All Other Umbrellas not advertised less 20 per cent.

WALKING .	STICKS.	
IOKS		0.
IA WOOD CANES	20 p.e	8.
ANDLE CANES		0.
NDLE CANES		0.
NDLE CANES	20 p.	0.

NECKWEARS. This Department offers special inducements during this month. Several lines will be reduced from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. See our Bargain Tables.

Embroideries, Muslins, Etc.

SPIKE ST FINE IND IVORY H. ONYX HA GOLU HA

Embroideries. Muslins, Etc.
OFF ALL REGULAR STOCK-15 PER GENT.
Embroidery Edging and Insertions.
All-Over Embroidery and Skirting, 27 in. and 45 in.
Feather Stitching, Cash's. Frilling, Faggotting.
Moxican Drawn Insertion,
Renaissance Lace Doylles, Centres. Tray Covers, Runners.
Stamped Linen Work, in Doylles. Centres, Tea Cosles, Photo Frames.
Papier Mache Letters, all sizes, in Script and Old English.
Pt. low Shams and Sureau Covers in Embroidery and Muslin Applique.
Down Cushions and Cosles. also Imitation Down Cushions and Cosles.
Bed Spreads and Shams. In Lace and Muslin.
Japanese Silk Mantel Drapes and Tidles.
White Cream and Colored Curtain Muslins. all 15 per cent.
White Grenadine, Machas Swiss, spotter and figured.
Applique Net, Cream and White.
Tambour, in White.
Cream Machas black and colored figures. Green and White and Old
Rose and Terra Cotta
Art Muslin Bobbinet Curtain, with Frills.
Special lines Cushion Covers. In Silk, Velvet, Tapestry and Tinted Linen
Finished Cushion, in Satin Velvet Tapetry, with Frills or Cords.
Tea Cosles. Silk, Satin and Cortonne
Pin Cushions, long and square. 20 per cent.

5 P. C. for Cash in addition to all other Discounts and Reduction

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS,

- - Monreat HENRY MORGAN & CO., -

A war-cloud that in r

aces hangs over the far sia and Japan threaten t conflict at any momen before these lines are in thunders of conflict will moment, there is yet a peace may prevail. If the has been preaching peace has really been in earne not been playing the pan hypocrite, his influence the grasping paw of the Bear, and restore confide an and to that Empire's tegees. But the Czar me those who preach to ot which they do not wish themselves. The utterance Czar nave been "as full precepts as a copy book; he was giving expression delightful sentiments, his gions were multiplying forces were being massed Eastern frontiers. With Siberian railway at her Russia has a mighty eng ter the walls of smaller the Orient. There is no Japan is strongen than the ocean, and may possi to cripple the best fleet Czar can send against l great ocean victory, or e them, cannot settle Russia has her millions she can summon up, at pour into Corea. Even t trength of the Mikado b victory should come to hi the line; still would Rus long run be l,kely to gair ate triumph. She has the the armies, the resources necessary to take full ad For generations has Con ledged the guardianship

and the Japanese are by

willing to relinquish t

Russia, like a huge glacie

slowly, ponderously, but

perceptibly, moving onwa India, Corea, China, Ja word, towards the entire when the Bear of the No his abode in any new sec world, it is no easy mat lodge him. It is true th appears less anxious for Japan; but it is to post time, the conflict, and no it ultimately, that Russ And in this she has hen d Her enemy; more vivaciou ited, is simply boiling of haste to strike a blow. conscious of great strengt ly on account of her sple she also feels that she has on her side, and that the the Powers agree with he It is to be hoped that flict were to be confined and Japan the affair wo to bad-great as the strube; but the danger is th maelstrom would almost Powers. Neither Great I France, non Germany cou with indifference; their re terests in the Orient wou clearly at stake. It wou unfortunate if the twenti of conflict such as marke One hundred years ago was ablaze as the conque an swept, in triumph, fr to frontier. There was r try on all the continent volved, to some degr whirlwind of destruction. happily to come to pass strip of land, in the far such powers as Russia would be felt, not only but all over the civilized a century ago the Crime bone of contention, and t Sebastopol. Inkerman va have remained to tell British, French, Turkish antagonisms. If Peace b declared to be the order we may yet find Corea f

During the coming wee from the far East will it with extra interest. Be ill it will affect us all, for fect the great nations of and it will tend either to versal confide versal confidence or to me equilibrium that has for time prevailed. The eyes are upon the Orient, ar Europe's interested gaze have more or less an int

history even as has figur

It is to be hoped, how better feelings will preva Russia will not force a witinuation of her grasping point that verges on exawar-cloud that in reality me hangs over the far East, Ru

ent, there is yet a hope

Czar nave been "as full of virtuous

Japan is strongen than Russian on

great ocean victory, or even a series of them, cannot settle the conflict.

Russia has her millions behind that

pour into Corea. Even though the strength of the Mikado be such that

victory should come to him all along the line; still would Russia, in the

the armies, the resources, the situa-tion, and the patience and tenacity

For generations has Corea acknow-

and the Japanese are by no means

willing to relinquish their claims,

Russia, like a huge glacier, is ever

slowly, ponderously, but almost im-

perceptibly, moving onward towards

when the Bear of the North sets up

appears less anxious for war than

nd in this she has hen deep designs

onscious of great strength, especial-

she also feels that she has justice up-

on her side, and that the majority of

the Powers agree with her.

It is to be hoped that Providence

flict were to be confined to Russia and Japan the affair would not be

Powers. Neither Great Britain, nor

France, non Germany could look on with indifference; their respective in-

terests in the Orient would be too

clearly at stake. It would be most

unfortunate if the twentieth century

of conflict such as marked the open-ing years of the nineteenth century.

happily to come to pass that, over a

such powers as Russia and Japan were to come to blows, the effects

would be felt, not only in Europe

but all over the civilized world. Half

a century ago the Crimea was the bone of contention, and the names of

Sebastopol, Inkerman, and Balacla-va have remained to tell the story of

British, French, Turkish and Russia.

antagonisms. If Peace be not soon declared to be the order of the day,

we may yet find Corea figuring in history even as has figured the Cri-

During the coming weeks all news

with extra interest. Be it good or

ill it will affect us all, for it will af-

fect the great nations of the world-and it will tend either to restore uni-

versal confidence or to menace the equilibrium that has for so long a

time prevailed. The eyes of Europe

are upon the Orient, and wherever Europe's interested gaze is fixed, we have more or less an interest in the

results.

It is to be hoped, however, that better feelings will prevail and that Russia will not force a war by a continuation of her grasping policy to a point that verges on exasperation.

om the far East will be watched

were to be ushered in amidst a cloud

Her enemy; more vivacious and spir-

all other

or the month of

NG. OTOH TWEED

0 to \$27.00_

r cent. all less 20 p.c. TRY and WOOL

RUGS, 10 p.c. 10 per cent.

, 10, 20, 33 erp Oak, 10, 20,

eathered Oak, 10 cent. Maple, 10, 20, STOCK. nd 50 per cent off

ENT iety of Electrical

ropean styles and ts, etc.

Repairs of every DS.

all Fall shapes

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es, etc. Regula , very warm and

le of fine brown 81 50 ular \$1.00, \$1.25 s, 50c to 75c

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Tables.

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Tinted Lines

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Ionreat'

PEACE OR WAR? REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE. (By a Regular Contributor.)

and Japan threaten to come into onflict at any moment. Possibly pefore these lines are in print the thunders of conflict will be heard along the Corean coast. Still at this The crowds around the confessionals peace may prevail. If the Czar, who seemed never to decrease, but there has been preaching peace so long, has really been in earnest, and has not been playing the part of a rank hypocrite, his influence may check the grasping paw of the Russian was no confusion as each person had a ticket and was not allowed to present himself or herself out of turn. A poor woman came to me one day and asked for a ticket for her son Bear, and restore confidence to Japwho had been a bad boy, but proan and to that Empire's Corean promised her that he would come to confession if she got a ticket for tegees. But the Czar may be one of who preach to others that him. I gave her what she required, and he came to me that same evenwhich they do not wish to practise ing. His predominant vice was in-temperance by which he was led, of emselves. The utterances of the Car nave been as full of victions precepts as a copy book;" but while he was giving expression to all those delightful sentiments, his armed lecourse, into the committal of many other crimes. I gave him the teetotal pledge and he commenced his congions were multiplying, and his forces were being massed along the Eastern frontiers. With the Transfession. He was to come to me again on Saturday evening, and, in fact, he made his appearance, but he had broken his pledge and was too Siberian railway at her command, Russia has a mighty engine to but-ter the walls of smaller powers in much the worse for drink to be able to continue his confession. In the the Orient. There is no doubt that middle of the following week he turned up again, and this time he was all right, because he had not rethe ocean, and may possibly be able to cripple the best fleet that the ceived his pay and had nothing Czar can send against her. But a wherewith to purchase what had been destroying him, body and soul. I told him to give his ticket to his mother, who would come at four o'clock the she can summon up, at will, and following Saturday, and keep a place for him till he himself should arrive. When I was examining these tickets I saw her and she told me her son would surely come between seven and eight o'clock for he had kept sober long run be l,kely to gain the ultimate triumph. She has the population all the week. She was a long way from the confessional, but was gradually wotking her way nearer and nearer to me as those before her were mecessary to take full advantage of disposed of. By eight o'clock she was next to the confessional, ledged the guardianship of Japan, there was no sign of her son. Nine clock struck, and then ten, and still he was not there. At eleven o'clock there were about twenty persons waiting to be heard, but he was not one of them. None of them had India, Corea, China, Japan— in a word, towards the entire Orient. And tickets except herself, and that not for her but for hen son. At halfpast eleven we were to leave the conhis abode in any new section of the world, it is no easy matter to disdessionals and return to the presby tery. I spoke to the heart-broken old lodge him. It is true that Russia mother and asked her to bring her son to me on Sunday, the day on Japan; but it is to postpone, for a which we were to close our mission ime, the conflict, and not to avoid t ultimately, that Russia desires. From the foot of the steps leading up to the Church, narrow streets of small houses, mostly inhabited by the poorer Irish, led straight to the ited, is simply boiling over with haste to strike a blow. Japan feels bottom of the hill and in one of the lowest of these streets the mother and her son resided. There had been ly on account of her splendid navy; a slight shower of rain and little streams of water were trickling down gutters, not two inches deep. When the poor mother came near her own house she saw the body of a man in one of the gutters. His face and mouth were in the water. She gently turned him over. Ah! it was to bad-great as the struggle would be; but the danger is that the fiery the dead body of her own son. Some one had cruelly and foolishly treated maelstrom would almost inevitably drag into its vortex other European him just as he was starting to go

> During the mission another sudden death had occurred, but of a totally different nature. A beautiful little boy, by name and by nature an Aloysius, had served my Mass one ed. He went to school as usual after his breakfast, but took suddenly ill. One of the Fathers was immedi ately sent for and the boy received the last sacraments, in the school in the presence of the Sisters and his school fellows. He died a short time later on. His funeral was largely attended. But the effect upon the school children was something marvelous. For a considerable period afterwards it was remarked that they seemed to be all like angels and saints. It is thus that death under any circumstances must prove eithe a warning or an example.

to St. Mary's. The taste of liquor

was too much for him, and this was

the sad result.

The fortnight's mission which I gave in Deal, on the southern coast, was made memorable chiefly by the attendance of the marines. Their harracks were on the outskints of the town. Some of the officers and a great many of the privates of this useful body of men, who are half solders and half sailors, were Catholics and the little chapel at Deal was more than onewded by them. Every facility was afforded them so that they could have their share in the benefits of the mission, and the men were not wanting in availing them-

My second mission in Leeds was in selves of this privilege. During this the spacious Church of St. Mary's, mission I witnessed a terrific storm. It lasted for three weeks and was well attended from the first day. The ous sand bank, called the Goodwin fishing boats were stranded, and them was a large banque which was in imminent danger. A life boat was launched with great difficulty, and all those who were on the barque were safely brought to shore by means of ropes by which they were dragged through the raging seas. Not one on the barque was lost, but several on the smaller vessels were drowned. Before the storm subsided the large vessel broke in two and instantly disappeaned. The excitement was so great that I had but a meagre attendance evening, and we recited prayers and litanies for the dead.

About that time I was engaged with two other Fathers in preaching a mission in Warwick Street Chapel in London. This was one of the oldest Catholic places of worship in London, but at that time was one of the most fashionable, being in the West End, and not far from the residences of the aristocrats. I could not help being struck with the contrast which existed between my condition at the time of this mission and my state about ten years previously, when, not yet a baptized Catholic, but by conviction on the high road to that happy existence, I used to come from my lodgings near by every week day morning to assist at Mass and learn the ceremonies and mysteries of the tremendous sacrifice. How inscrutable are Thy ways, O Lord! He who in 1843 scarcely knew what the Mass is or how he should at it, is now by his ordination to the priesthood, as well as by his vocation to the life of a missionary, deputed to mount the pulpit and to descant upon these self-same subjects to those who have been children of the Church from the commencement of their lives. I recall but one circumstance con-

nected with this mission which is worthy of special notice. Ohe afternoon when we were nearing the time of leaving our confessionals a singular-looking penitent entered the Church. In London, and perhaps in other large cities, there was a body of men who went by the name of sandwich men. They carried large boards with them, one in front, and the other behind, on which in conspicuous letters were advertisements of a theatrical or commercial nature. These poor men used to march in sion through the streets, one after another, to the number of twenty or thirty or even upwards. Their appearance was of course very striking for only their heads and their feet were visible, the remainder of their bodies being concealed by the boards which they carried. Many of these poor fellows had seen better but had become reduced from one cause or another to their present precarious means of existence. penitent who thus entered the church was one of them. He stood at the end of the church, near the entrance, and after removing his cap remained for a while looking up at the altar. He stood there long enough for me to read what was printed on one of the boards. The words were utterly was ablaze as the conquering Corsican swept, in triumph, from frontier
to frontier. There was not a country on all the continent but was involved, to some degree, in that
which was remarkable for his
innocence and piety. He had made
his First Communion and had been
confirmed a few months previously,
and seemed to have preserved the
which he was standing. They signified that Madame Grici and Signor
Mario were to sing in the Opeca
House that evening in Somnamulaia.
He lowered his boards and coming
out of his shell knelt down to say
happily to come to pass that, over a

He was remarkable for his
innocence and piety. He had made
his First Communion and had been
confirmed a few months previously,
and seemed to have preserved the
out of his shell knelt down to say
happily to come to pass that, over a

He was remarkable for his
innocence and piety. He had made
his First Communion and had been
confirmed a few months previously,
and seemed to have preserved the
out of his shell knelt down to say
his last words were imprecaonce. He had been a postulant lay brother in the house in which I lived, but coming unexpectedly into a considerable fortune had thrown up his vocation and taken to rambling through the world. Finally he went to Brazil where he squandered all that remained of his property. He then worked his passage to London, and landed without any means of support. He came to coofession, and I was the instrument of restoring him to his disconsolate mother, who had not heard of him for more than a year and had mourned for him as for one that was dead or, perhaps worse. His mother sent for him, but he did not live long, as he had undermined his constitution by rictous. was the instrument of restoring

> I will now ask you to accompany I will now ask you to accompany me to our principal house in London, to the Church of the Holy Martyrs. It received this name because it was very near the Tower of London, where so many were imprisoned and tortured for the Faith, and to Tower Hill, the boly ground on which some of them were martyred. I was a member of the community there on

living. His only brother was a member of the Augustinian Order.

engaged in two important missions there, and some retreats. It was very difficult to obtain land in this place for building purposes. A piece of ground was at last purchased, together with two old houses. In one of these houses the Fathers resided for a time, but the other was demoler with two old houses. In one ished, thus leaving land enough, in the shape of the letter L., for the future church. In the meastime a tem porary wooden chapel was erected, manner for public worship. The congregation at that time was large, consisting almost exclusively of hard-working but generous Jrish. There was but one family in the parish who kept a servant. The necessity for a permanent church was evident to all, but the difficulty consisted in obtaining the ground on which another house was standing. This house belonged to a Jew who was a manufacturer of cedar boxes of cigars. I may here remark that nearly every house in the street, Great Prescot street, was inhabited by Jews. The owner of the house in question was a wealthy man, and was at this time building a much larger and more modernly equipped establishment, in a neighboring street. We had paid a thousand pounds for each of the two houses we had already acquired, but they were considered very dear at that price. So Father Cooke went to call on Mr. C-, and announced the object of his visit, which had been anticipated. The following colloquy then took place. "So you are Priest Cooke. And what do you want with me?" "I want to buy this house which you are leaving, if we can come to terms." "Oh, indeed! and what will you give me for it?" "I will pay you eight hundred pounds for it." "But you gave one thousand pounds for each of the other two houses you bought." "Yes, I did; but they were not worth it and besides this house is not as good as they were." "Well, Priest Cooke as I am moving away and shall not want this place any longer I will let you have it for two thousand pounds and not a penny less. I would rather give one thousand pounds to get you and your Popish Irish out of this street altogether."

Father Cooke, not in the least depressed, for he had great faith and had set his heart on getting the ground for the future church, on a Mr. Young, a sincere friend to the Fathers, and laid the matter before him. This gentleman, who was a fervent convert, and an influential man, and had been made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pius IX., told Father Cooke that he would do the best in his power for him. There was a lawyer living in the neighborhood who was notorious for his hatred everything that was connected with Catholicity and was sure to be engaged in every case in the Criminal Court where a poor Catholic was the defendant. So Mr. Young went straight to this gentleman and asked him to undertake the case, telling him that on the day the matter was settled he would saye him a cheque for the amount decided on, but that he would not pay more than eight hundred pounds. Mr. C.— was well acquainted with the character of this lawyer, and therefore never suspected that he was acting as an agent for Father Cooke. He tried hard to get at least nine hundred pounds for his bargain, but finding that the other was determined he at last said, Your client shall have the house, for I am willing to sacrifice the old hundred, so that Priest Cooke shall not get hold of it." But the moment he tions against Father Cooke.

It is only fair to state that the other Jews in the street were totally different from this miserly old reprobate. They were very friendly with the Fathers and with the members of their flock. They would hang out flags and banners from their windows on festal occasions, especially when we were visited by the Candinal the Princesses of the royal house of France, or the Duke of Norfolk. one occasion I went to the Court House to prove an alibi in favor of an excellent young Hebrew who was accused of striking a man, in an adjoining street. I had seen him in an opposite window, talking to his mother, at the very time which had been sworn to by the man who had been assaulted as having been the time when he was struck by him.
The magistrate complimented the young man on his having a priest to stand up for him, and he was in-stantly discharged. The other Jews never forgot me for it, and always saluted me respectfully whenever we met. The street in which we lived was one of the oldest residential streets in London, and was the first in the metropolis to have numlers

(Continued on Page Eight.)

DENTIST.

Walter a. Kennedy, Dentist,

883 Dorobester Street
GORNER MENSFIELD



The Queen of Winter

is the beautiful warm fur that protects in such an efficient manner the human frame from the terrible chills of Zero Weather. And the queen of fur houses is the one that has for a quarter of a century

20 to 40 Per Cent.

more value than any other house for the same prices.

Our Special January Assortment is worth seeing

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE.,

1533 to 1541 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

JOHN MURPHY OGILVY STORE

Great January Clearing Sale.

General Range of Discounts 10 to 75 Per Cent.

JANUARY is the great clearing month f the year. Natural it should be so. It of the year. Natural it should be so. It is the preparatory stage—the seed time—in advance of a whole twelve months' business. Stocks must be reduced to proper proportions—remainders and remnants must be cleared out regardless of loss—room must be secured at any cost for the influx of new goods. It is, therefore, the public's buying opportunity, and we have resolved to make it so in a greater degree than ever before, so far as this Store is conserved. All departments during the month will devote their energies to plling up sales by cutting down prices. Here is a first 'batch' for this week's shopping that is sure to actract the widespread interest it de erres:—

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT,

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT,
Discounts from 10 to 75 Per Oent.
8,000 yds. Colored Dress Goods,
Camel's Hair, Zebilines, Basket Cloth,
Plaids, etc., regular value from 85c to
\$1.50. Clearing Sale Price, 374c per yd.
Oclored Twilled Mohair, 54 inches
wide, regular value, \$1.00. Clearing Sale,
Haif price, 50c
2,000 yds. Colored Dress Goods,
Fancy Plaids, Colored Mohairs, etc.,
regular value, 35c to \$1.00. Clearing
Sale Price, 25c yard.
3,000 yards Fancy Black Dress
Goods, regular value 15c to \$1.50; 25
patterns in the lot. Choice, Clearing
Saie, 271c per yard.
1,000 yards Plain Dress Goods,
colors blue, brown, gray, green, 54 inches
wide: Clearing Free, 374c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2543 St. Catherine Street, corner of

JANUARY SALE! DISCOUNT SALE!

We have made Special Preparations for this GREAT SALE. It is to be one of the GREATEST SALES ever held in the history of our business. Net only in some departments, but in every department, we have made reductions.

GREAT WHITEWEAR SALE!

of Whitewar. This will interest all intending buyers who have been waiting take advantage of our

ANNUAL WHITEWEAR SALE.

Notwithstanding the great advance in Cotton Goods, we are pleased to say that our Orders were placed at old prices, which means

25 PER CENT.

below present prices; and this, with the reductions we have made in this department, will mean a saving of from 35 to 50 Per Cent.

Everything in this department with an extra 10 per cent. for cash.

LINENS FOR JANUARY SALE.

We have made some Special Reductions in this department for this Great January de. We have just put in Stock a Special Line

MARSEILLES QUILTS,

All best quality, and jus, what you need.
\$1.75 for ... \$1.85 \$2.50 for ... \$1.75
\$3.25 for ... \$2.50 \$4.50 for ... \$3.76
\$6.00 for ... \$4.50 \$7.50 for ... \$5.00
A special line with colored design,
\$3.50, for ... \$2.25

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,

Turns Cash Telephone Up, 2:40 St. Catherine and Mountain St



THE STRANGE SAIL. By James Murphy - - - - In the "Irish News," Belfast.

By JAMES MURPHY

"It is very strange."

"Do you see it again?"
"Yes, it is in the offing — due south."

"It is plainly there," said he, applying his telescope again to his eye,

large- three-masted vessel, with a white mark on the water-line. It ap pears this hour every evening, and disappears before morning - every evening for the past week. It is very strange," continued he, wiping in a state of extreme per plexity, and surprise. "I cannot un-derstand it at all."

I had searched the horizon with my field-glass, which was a very verful one, but failed to see any powerful one, but failed indication of the vessel.

"Let me have your telescope," said I. "Perhaps it is more power than mine. At present there is no vessel visible on the waters -not to me, at least."

"It is there nevertheless," said he, he once as with trembling hands more lifted the glass to his eyes, and took a steady survey of the ocean. 'And much plainer than it has appeared yet. Making for the mouth of the harbour with all sails set, and lying a signal of distress. My God! what does it mean?"

He was in a state of extreme tremidation and distress.

Taking the telescope from his hand, after a so long and silent stare one fixed direction, I adjusted the glass to my sight and anxiously to the direction pointed out by him.

But though I concentrated all my trength of sight in the effort to be hold the vessel, I failed, so far as my power of seeing went no sail stood within the limit of our her

"There is no vessel there," I said, handing him the glass. He took it from my hands with a gesture half of impatience and contempt.

'It is even plainer now," said he, once more bending the glass in the former direction. "I see all the sails filled with the wind; she is careening over almost with the strength of the

"There is not a breath of wind out," said I, beginning by this time doubt his sanity.

'Is there not?" said he. looking up with a strange look of horror depicted on his countetance, "I had not noticed that before." As indeed he had, for his mind was so completely occupied with the strange sail that attention failed to catch the im mediate surroundings, "Still there there she is, every inch of canvas set making straight for the Lough. How tosses with the force of the waves. I can see her topmast bending with the force of the gale. It is strange-it is very strange?

He closed up the telescope with look of doubt and anguish on his face that was pitiful to see.

were standing together on the rocks beneath the lighthouse tower on one of the rockiest points of the eastern Antrim cost. It was in the darkening eve of a December day; with the sunless above, the darkening air around, the leaden face of the waters, our horizon was anything at all but an ex-

To our left lay the rocky coast washed by the opening waters of the North Channel, to our right the shoaling waters of the open bay, been, and is still, misnamed harbor. Before us. to our front the Irish Sea, and to the far north the wild Atlantic whose waves came in unbroken succession from th shores of America, as they thundered upon the rocky headlands of North Antrim, or rolled with prodigious strength and fury apast the open gus Bay.

"What does it mean?" he repeated Every evening this week it is there struggling with the storm. I comdown at midnight expecting to see it driving on the rocks or breaking to pieces on the shoals of the bay, but cannot see it. I come down in the first light of the morning, and it has disappeared. But, there it is each there just as I see it now!

at any rate," said I, motioning as if in , order to induce him to delusion: "for there is scarcely ripple on the waters, and there i

My motion upwards induced a cor-seponding motion (half unconscious-y) on his part; but after climbing up a few steps he turned round

gain to take another view of the strange sail that so tormented him.
"It is gone now," said he, with
the same sense of indescribable anx-

iety in his voice. "I cannot see it." "It is but a strange reflection of the clouds on the water," I said glad to fix upon any explanation for the moment to change the tenor of his deranged thought. "It is your imagination that is at work.

'No; it is not that," replied he. "I could see the waves breaking over her side. That is no reflection. I could see her masts, at one time upright; at another, when she careened over, lying almost parallel with No reflection could do that. Besides the same reflection could not constantly occur. I have seen it every evening for the past week."

There was so much force in these words and in his manner of saying them; there was, moreover, palpable distress manifest in his face and eyes, that I could not help sympathizing with him in his mental

misery.

He seemed to me to have in his expression that strange look that we are told exhibits itself in the features-in the eyes, especially - of haunted men.

"I cannot tell what it means; but there it is now. There it has been every evening for the past week. How long will it be there?—God knows."
"Probably never again," said I en-

couragingly; "but we had better be turning homewards. The night is falling fast"-it was already beginning to grow dark-"and it is work climbing up those rocks with out light; at least it is to me, and we shall see what news Norrie for us."

I had struck on the right chord

The bare mention of the name almost at once banished the brooding fancies that filled his mind. brain cleared; and with a much bris ker and brighter step than I expect ed, he-we two together-climbed th high rocks that towered above; and, gaining the level summit, struck for home.

I should have mentioned that he had been expecting his son, Hubert, home from Derry that day after long sea voyage from Vera Cruz. His ship was to touch at Derry, and he would come home by land. he might by sea if a ship suited, but that was highly unlikely, and chances were the mail car would beau him home on Christmas Eve. were all in great heart, Norrie especially; and indeed it was one of the reasons that brought me here eve. The long-absent wanderer would Our home was the lone Hollywood

Cottage-dignified by the name of a oast guard station.

For there was no one there in the capacity of a coast guard but himself, and his business mainly was to inform Lloyd's agent of any wreck material that might be wafted on

He had been there some years liv ing a lonely and isolated life. Scarceanyone, except, perhaps, those at Lloyd's, knew anything of his previ-He was not a native of the locality, and he was naturally morose; uncommunicative.

I had met with him in the office into which in Belfast he once or twice a week came to make his reports. He had asked me out from Belfast-it is many long years ago now-to spend Christmas Day with him, to meet his home-coming son, and to some scal fishing.

I was very glad to get rid of the city air, and equally glad to witness the stormy sea when winter it burst upon the rock-bound coast of Island Magee, and to enjoy

And, perhaps, there was another apant from the wish to wel

The Hollywood Cottage was some distance—a few fields—away from the shore, and sheltered therefrom by a

And a very necessary protection this latter was, for the storm of win

ter burst with great flerceness at times over this exposed coast; and often the white foam of the sea was carried far inland, and lay in white and on the hedges.

mown path along the hedge. We had ust crossed a stile that led from one field to the other, when he suddenly placed his hand on my shoulder. We had been going in Indian file—I pro-

ceeding. I turned round

"Yee," said I, half fearing a recurrence of his delusions.

"This is Christmas Eve." "Yes, of course," I said. "We have

entioned that a dozen times before to-day." "Yes, I know," said he; "but it is

only now I really thought of it. I and not thought of it in the same light before. said he. passing as if to further explain som dea that was running through his head, "it is bound up with that I did not remember before to day; no, not for years."

What might they be then?" said I, without a particle of interest in my question, but more immediately oncerned in the getting home soon as possible.

"It is close on forty years since it happened, and it is many since came into my head before. Isn't it strange how it comes to-night? I see it as clear before my eyes as I did when it happened.

"What was it?" said I, with son show of curiosity, which I certainly did not feel.

'Twas of a Christmas Eve, too,' said he, more as a reflection of own than in reply to my query — which I doubt if he heard. "Strange how it should turn up now, and no for years before. "What was it?" queried I again,

with some faint interest growing up-"It was that ship, Sidney, depend upon it, that was there this even-

ing. I had not thought of that be fore; it was no other." "You forget you haven't mentioned any ship at all to me yet," said

I. "What ship?" "The line of battleship, the Blen

"This is the first time you tioned that name to me," said I, as I tools his arm and walked slowly beside him. "What of her?"

"She was lost, Sidney, lost all hands on board." "How was she lost?" said I, im-

patiently. "You are perplexing me. Vhat was she?' 'She was lost on the Antrim coast

-not far from here.' "Who lost her?"

"You!" said I, with some astonishment. "You! How did you come to command her?"

"I did not command her." "Then how did you lose her? My goodness that is a curious thing you are saying. How could you lose her?

Tell me about it.' "I'll tell you how it was, Sidney," said he, glancing around as if pecting to see the tall masts of the

vessel lifting themselves above the frowning rocks we had left behind. "This is the story-and a strange is. I had been sent down Iron the Admiralty Office in Dublinwas clerk there then-to take charge of the coast guard station for a few weeks during the war with the About 1815 it was. The officer was ill that had been charge; hands were scarce, and I was deputed to take command. It was of a Christmas Eve that I reached.

"The station was a very lonely built high up on the rocks, was something further up on and commanding a fine of the North Channel and the Irish Sea. It was a very stormy day, this Christmas Eve, when I arrived. It had been blowing strongly all minated on this day. The sea was black and leaden, with the dull color of the sky. At times, however, ran white, when, the strength wind being spent for a time, the sur face of the water rose up into moun tainous waves crested with foam. When the wind was at its height the surface of the sea was a dead calm with the great pressure of the storm. with great force against the rocks ceased, throwing up great clouds of spray around the station.

"After dinner I lit my pipe, and, in company with one of the men, strolled out on the high banks to watch the effect of the gale-I might with truth call it a hurricane.

"We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when all at once my eyes ro on the tall masts of a standing out, curiously enough, the teeth of the storm with all sails

me clutched me by the arm. "See!" said he, pointing in her di-

"I see her," I shouted in answ for with the violence of the gale it

vas almost impossible to hear. "That vessel is British rigge said he, "but she is a foreigner is British rigged," all that "

"How do you know?" said I.

"She is trying to tack out in the face of the storm," said he. "She does not know this coast. If she were an English vessel she would run under bare poles and make for a harbor: She is not. She has come too near Carrickfergus and is trying for the open sea. And I know it ther by her build "

That she was trying to tack out was plain enough. With every inch of canvas stretched she was beating about trying to get to sea in defiance of the hurricane. Half a dozen shifts of the helm, and the constant reefing and letting fly of the sails indicated as much.

"She is on dangerous ground this moment," said he, as he watched her attentively, "but they are making a gallant effort to get off; almost mad effort, I think."

"They don't appear to be gaining ground, at any rate," said I, after

watching her for some time.
"They are not losing it," said he "But it is a pity they do not make for Dublin. They will have to do it sooner or later if they do not choose to come on the rocks. They never can get north in the teeth of that gale. They must be utter strangers to the coast or they would nor try

For an hour more we watched the truggles of the vessel.

Right bravely she struggled against the fury of the waves, and right manfully hen crew worked—as could well know by her various tackings-to get her out to sea.

"She's a French vessel," said the coastguard at last; "she is afraid to run for Carrickfergus or Belfast Lough. A man-of-war too; I can now see her line of porthholes. must be though French man-of-war the Languedoc, that's reported cruis ing about off the Northern Coast: she has run down the channel; caught in the gale; and is trying to make for the broad Atlantic. Yes, she is surely French."

He had raised a small glass which had just found in his outside pocket; and watched her closely.

it were a little brighter, could tell more about her," said he 'but it is darkening very fast.' It was darkening very fast. The

line of our horizon became rapidly nore limited. In consequence of the high wind the day had been clearer than usual; lut

when night began to fall it fell very rapidly. A creaking noise to our right at-

tracted my attention.

Looking in the direction, I see two huge wooden arms like the arms of an immensely tall cross way ing in the air.

'They are making signals." said my companion, in response to my look of interrogation.

"Who are?" said I. "The Naval Barracks at Carrick-

fergus," said he. "That is the Sem-I looked with some curiosity at the

huge machine as its awkward arms moved creakingly in the wind. I had never seen one before, though for some few years in th Dullin Admiralty Office, had but a

faint knowledge of their use. "I must go back," said he, watching its motion until it ceased working, "and see by the Code what these signals mean.

He did so, and after a short stay at the station, came running back, 'Well?" said I.

"It is very odd," said he: "but they signal to light the beacon fires after dusk on the tower, over at Island Magee." "What is that for?" said I.

"I don't know," said he, "what it is for; but I know well what it will

What?" said I, with great curi-"You will probably learn time

enough—if you don't know already," said he, looking at me with a rather curious expression in his eyes

"I suppose we had better do it," aid I, "when we are ordered." "I should think so," replied he "and as it will take as some time to reach there, we had better make haste

The night had fallen partly by this time, and before we reached the tower we were completely eneveloped in

Through the dusky

crests of the gleaming surf flung upwards by the furious waves.

It was with much difficulty eached the tower.

The stown at times was sufficient to blow us off our legs, and, to get breathing time, we had occasionally

But gain it we did finally; and, as cending, we applied a match to the beacon. In a few seconds the blaze ascended high and wide. It was a curious scene to see this

brilliant light on the lone solit

ing and reflecting on the furious wat-Having done our work, we crept

of the Antrim coast, its glare flash-

cautiously in the dark along the pre It required all our care and ompanion's knowledge of the paths to get safe, for the beacon shed such

a treacherous and insufficient light that it made every step one of infinite danger. But get home we did, and after tumbler of brandy, smoking hot, I

tumbled into bed, for I was after my journey, and slept soundly Towards daybreak on Christmas morning I was awoke by the coast

guard coming into my room. "Up, Captain! for heaven's sake and come out!" I was not a cap tain, but all the officers were called captains. "Come at once, and don't wait.'

I was up and dressing in a twink-

"What's amiss? What's the matter?" I asked. But he was too excited to make an-

swer or to explain. "Come quick! For God's sake

ome quick! As soon as I was partly dressed he ran out and I followed him.

For about twenty minutes he led me a race along the high banks, until we came to a narrow path that wound round a bay or opening the rocks; and there I stopped, suddenly, still!

My heart almost ceased to heat my head recled round for a moment; and I thought I should have fallen.

Below me in the ravine lay vrecled and broken hulk of the vessel we had seen fighting with the storm yesterday morning. Beaten and twisted out of all shape and form she lay on her side, underneath the treacherous tower; masts and torr sails and cordage; broken planks and twisted iron; cannon balls, can non, and muskets strewed the beach one tangled and promiscuous heap; and around and among all here and there and everywhere, wrapped up in the cordage, jammed in tween huge fragments of masts or washing about on the surf, dead bodies thicker together trees in yonder grove; and all Eng-lish-soldiers and sailors - all English!"

"All English?" I repeated, in tonishment

"Yes; the beacon fire, which I with my own hands lit, had done it all. It was not the Languedoc at all; it was own man-of-war the Blenheim. She had been a prize, taken long be fore from the French. She had only just returned from the Mediterranean and was coming to be stationed Moville to guard Derry and Lough Foyle. She had been with Jarvis the smoke and Vincent; with Nelson of St. She was standing out to sea now in all the storm to watch French invading flest with which we were threatened that were to come up the Irish Sea and make for Derry or Belfast. But my hand—the fires lit sent her to her doom.'

"God bless us," said I in astonishment and horror "why did they send such an order?

"There was the mistake," said he They did not send that order. The order was:- 'Don't light the beacon

But my coastguard read the signal

My duty it should have been Gf knew how) to read it; and under the nfluence of that fatal error, my hand had lured eight hundred Englishmen to their deaths in the middle of one of the fiercest storms that ever swept

my unfortunate friend the coastguard. The end was so singular and

Then I asked-"Were they

"They were all drowned," said he, relapsing again into his former state of anxiety and despondency, from which the narration of his story had partly roused him-"all except one." "Except one!"

"And, that, strange to say, was a young lady."

"A young lady!"

"Yes, she was the daughter of the Captain of the Blenheim. was Norrie's and Hubert's mother!" We were standing during the latter portion of the narrative, and he now pent his head on his breast and walked moodily on. I followed him, full of surprise and horror at his story.

I now felt the clue to his depres-

sion and hallucinations. The event so long banished from his mind had now returned with redoubled force and had partly turned his brain. This was the explanation of his strange derangement. It became clear to me that the sooner his mind was taken off this unfortunate event the better.

Still I could not help asking him before we reached the station

"Good gracious! That was very unfortunate. What was the result? How did you fare afterwards?'

"I was tried by courtmartial, but. I could not be held responsible. I did not know how to read the message, and did not understand it. I was acquitted. But I could not acquit myself. I should not have undertaken duties I could not fulfil; and I was. never afterwards promoted."

By this time we had reached the coastguard cottage, from which the light streamed pleasantly. And from prettier cottage no light in all Belfast or Antrim streamed that Christmas Eve. For within it beamed two eyes bright enough to light up the gloomiest cavern that ever watching gnome lurked in; and a face handsome enough to brighten Paradise, enshrined those eyes. At least I thought so.

"Well, Norrie," said the old man, with a fair approach to cheerfulness, as we entened-(I should like to see one who could be otherwise than pleasant in her presence)

"Well, father?" said Norrie bright-

"Any news yet, Norrie?"

"No, father; but we'll have it before morning, never not the fellow to let the grass grow under his feet once he reaches Derry." "I am afraid the night

'Not a bit, father. What does Hubert care about the storm?' "I think I will sit up till he "Have you comes." said the father.

stormy for him," said the coast-guard. "The wind is likely to rise."

a fire in the parlor, Norrie?" "Yes, father." said she, leading the way for us, "and a right good

There was a good one, a right good one as Norrie merrily phrased it; and what was more, a steaming kettle and tumblers.

of a Christmas Eve before I do verily believe

As for the old man-under the genial influence of the surroundings the late delusion vanished altogether, and, as for myself, the only discomfort I experienced was when I glanced at Norrie's Learning eyes. for, afterwards. I could only see surroundings as one does when he looks from the light of a lamp into the gloom of the night.

I don't know whether Baron Rothschild, the Baroness Burdett Confts, or Prince Esterhazy play cards of a Christmas Eve. If they do, I fancy they must play for higher stakes than we did, for we played for the modest sum of one halfpunny each. But I am inclined to imagine that no voice ever rang with such musical no voice ever rang with sich misses, its laughter in their drawing-rooms (idways they do at all laugh) as broke from Norrie's rosy lips when she won which she frequently did.

We started suddenly—very suddenly—once when Norrie called out, evidently repeating the voice she heard attailed.

forriel' Do you hear it, fath

help him off with f Hurry; he wants us quick And in a twinkling we rit first, were standing

SATURDAY, JAN.

round or in sight! The white clouds were cross the face of the sky, obscuring the moon, ju ient light at times

Who calls) Who spot Norris, but no answer co

could there?
"I declare," cried she, ly retraced our footsteps the words as plainly as spoken outside the door. strange- isn't it?" A chill-a strange sort

came creeping oven my h braced myself to conquer cheerfully-"It was your anxiety you think so; it was the the wind through the tree

'May be so,' she respo fully (reassured, I was by my words), a turned to our places and the game again I did not think it coul quite midnight when North the door to listen for Hu

ing, declared it was day did I think the night ha its character until the r wind through the trees, ment the door was open ed that a gale was going "I don't think he'll morning after all," said ther sadly. "It's blowin gale outside. I doubt if ome by the sea road; an the inner country road he

Not come by a vessel." "Not he! I think he'll inner road," said her we'll wait for an hour. or He may be easily delaye night has been so wild." Then we had better s

here sooner than noon.

of the Rosary, don't ; said Norrie. "Poor mot ways read one of a Chris had even half of it finish lightful a thing it is to cade of the Rosary recited sweet musical voice. Wh ended the prayer, I didn'

had even half of it fin,sh At other times I used, say, consider a decade if little too long; but with ing it, it did not seem long enough. Just as I ing what a pity it was decade or two had not be

er book and jumped up. "That's Hubert!" cried hear his voice. Don't yo crying-'Help, father! H Help! Help!' He is calli and I hear steps comin

door. So there were! But no set of steps, but a multi came running to the door rie or I got there. She "It is not Hubert, fat she from the door. "Bu something amiss on the

people are all running in Come here!-quick! We did not want much go there: we were besid she had ceased speaking. "What's amiss?" I show the gate to one man wh

ning very hard. 'I don't know," he sh ply, without stopping his think it's a house that's "A house on fire," man. "It must be Cyril let us go and see."

We ran forward; but, man and active, I was vance of him when we tur I looked in the directi farmhouse, but there cert

no fire in that direction.

I looked over the sea,

my beating heart sudder Tossing, tumbling, hea on the roaring waters. torn and flapping, or oth as sheet iron with the h the gale; with topmasts, suspended by the ropes w in the wind, with her ru and useless; plunging in the sea, or rearing wild crest of the waves, unn manageable, a huge

three-decker was borne force of the waves and ut she did not look distance, so plainly coul about her be noted. Ev ing forms that held tenacity to the ropes a could be counted by the "There's the vessel no

The old man's ear, and his hand was of er; but, though his vote the old tones of terror inate friend the coastend was so singular and

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was the daughter of the the Blenheim. And she-

and Hubert's mother!

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asked-"Were they

ly retraced our footsteps, "I heard the words as plainly as if they were spoken outside the door. It's very e all drowned," said he, ain into his former state and despondency, from strange- isn't it?" A chill—a strange sort of dread despondency, from came creeping oven my heart. But I braced myself to conquer it, and said arration of his story had d him-"all except one.

could there?

"It was your anxiety that made

ings. "Who calls) Who spoke?"

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1904.

you think so; it was the moaning of the wind through the trees." "May be so," she responded, che

(reassured, I was pleased to think, by my words), and we turned to our places and carried on

I did not think it could have been quite midnight when Norris, going to the door to listen for Hubert's comdeclared it was daybreak. No did I think the night had altered in its character until the roar of the wind through the trees, at the moment the door was opened, betokened that a gale was going on outside

"I don't think he'll come this morning after all," said Norris, ra-ther sadly. "It's blowing a regular gale outside. I doubt if he could come by the sea road; and if he takes the inner country road he will not be here sooner than noon. He'll surely Not come by a vessel."

"Not he! I think he'll come by the inner road," said her father; "but we'll wait for an hour or two more He may be easily delayed when the night has been so wild."

Then we had better say a decade of the Rosary, don't you think?' said Norrie. "Poor mother used always read one of a Christmas morn

had even half of it finished. lightful a thing it is to hear a de cade of the Rosary recited by a girl's sweet musical voice. When she had ended the prayer, I didn't think she had even half of it fin, shed.

At other times I used, I regret to say, consider a decade if anything a little too long; but with Norrie read ing it, it did not seem to me long enough. Just as I was reflecting what a pity it was that another cade or two had not been added on to it, Norrie hastily closed the prayer book and jumped up.

"That's Hubert!" cried she. hear his voice. Don't you hear him crying—'Help, father! Help, Norrie!
Help! Help!' He is calling again,
and I hear steps coming to the

set of steps, but a multitude of steps came running to the door before Norrie or I got there. She first.
"It is not Hubert, father," cried

she from the door. "But - there's something amiss on the shore. The people are all running in that direc tion. Come here !- quick!"

We did not want much pressing to go there; we were beside her before she had ceased speaking.

"What's amiss?" I shouted through the gate to one man who was running very hard.

"I don't know," he shouted in reply, without stopping his speed. think it's a house that's on fire."

house on fire," said the old man. "It must be Cyril Doherty's; let us go and see."

vance of him when we turned the corher of the grove.

I looked in the direction of the farmhouse, but there certainly was

I looked over the sea, and then my beating heart suddenly stood

Tossing, tumbling, heaving about on the roaring waters, with sails torn and flapping, or otherwise taut the gale; with topmasts, broken and the wind, with her rudder broke the sea, or rearing wildly on the crest of the waves, unmanaged and unmanageable, a huge three-masted three-decker was borne along by the force of the waves and winds!



and anguish from all around,

bert!" "Hubert!"-I shall long re-

member the agony of that cry- and

He succeeded in placing his arms

around the youth, but they were

both borne out to sea. No mortal

aid could help them. The furious

waves and the howling wind made

When the storm abated the bodies.

locked in one another's arms, were

Hubert had come home by sea af-

Norrie became my wife; and when

the decade of the Rosary now, my

great sorrow and affliction on that

The vessel that thus met her doom

had only left Derry and come within

morning. But what ship was it, vis-

the previous week beating about on the Antrim coast? Visible to nobody

but himself, but clearly enough visi-

Who can say? Who can tell what

the premonition meant? There are so

many strange things all around us

in this world of ours. At all events,

the strange sail was seen by him and

but him, on the tossing waters for

drowned Blenheim of fifty years be-

Household Notes

Under this heading an exchange says: "You would not think of drinking

stale or poisoned water, would you?

You know that if you were to be

death would result. Of all the neces

sities to life, you can live longer

without any of them than air. Impure air and darkened apartments

are the cause of an untold number of

deaths annually. You know that on

a sunless day, with a close atmos-

best, if you are lucky enough to es-

cape physical ailments, while you are mentally depressed. But once let the

sun shine brightly and clear the at

mosphere,-how different, how much

dows in the sleeping apartments open

enough to at least give you sufficient

dicate that it is healthy; far from it.

A sleeper will soon breathe up all the

fresh air in a room, and if there is

not a constant supply of fresh air, he

simply breathes over and over again the poison thrown off by his lungs. And the breathing of this vitiated air

only tends to lower the temperature

it is not as capable of withstanding

heating to the body; in fact, upon it depends the combustion of the fuel in the body by which we are kept alive. This we should always bear in mind.

better you feel in every way.

phere, you are out of sorts at the

shut in an air-tight

Did it come to warn him of his

the six days of the previous week.

fate? Was it the spectre of

Dear knows? Who can say?

sight of the Antrim shores

ible to nobody but himself, coastguard had seen that day -

other Christmas Day so many, many

ter all, but to meet his death.

heart melts when I think

succor impossible.

washed ashore.

ble to him.

leaped into the retreating wave!

much in accord was it with my own where we stood, his young white face trembling heart.

I felt an extraordinary apprehension of coming dangers; I knew not what.

The laboring ship-driving forward, not riding the waves gallantly, nor facing with brave breast the angry seas, but tossing and tumbling helplessly, as a blinded and beaten price fighter stands up to be mashed and crushed by his victorious opponent— seemed to be unaccountably the Learer of misfortune.

I could only place my hand on his shoulder in sympathy as I watched with riveted eyes the doomed vessel. Strange!-and I noticed it half unconsciously at the time — his form never trembled or quivered under my hand, but remained firm as a rock whilst his eyes like my own, watched steadily across the waters.

"She's gone!" It was the roar of the watching crowd, all eyes bent on

A hoarse roar of voices of those surrounding us went up also on the gale-"She's gone!"

So I thought too. A wave had caught her in the trough of the sea, and had thrown her on her side, her tail masts and white sails lying prone on the water, flapping helplessly thereon.

For a second or two which seemed to the lookers-on as hours, she re-mained in that position, when she slowly reeled back and lifted masts once more skywards. An approving cheer went

round me. The ship for the moment seemed to be a living being, so strongly were the sympathies of the watching mui titude gathered around her.

"She'll never clear the Necdle Rock! she's going broadside on it!" went up in hoarse acclaim from hundreds of voices.

The Needle Rock was a treacherous reef that partly barred the entrance of Carrickfergus Bay, standing to the right of it-in the fair way coming from the North.

The ship was beating helplessly to wards it, but somewhat wide of it and to my mind there was just a faint chance that she might escape it and come safe.

But it was fated to be otherwise A huge wave came rolling along coming with all the strength of north-eastern hurricane to help !t and, catching the vessel, lifted her on to the rock; and, rushing past, left her for the moment high and dry upon it. For a moment she halanced herself, then, with a crash which readily reached our ears, she broke in two and disappeared under the

A crowd of objects-of drowning men, floating barrels, sails, masts, and wreckages of all kinds—floated immediately on the top of the waves! An immediate rush was made to

the beach! Men clambered on to the rocks, heedless of the terrible dangers that were tossed and tumbled along.

Battling with the waves, as tried to keep himself afloat in the dead cold waters, turning now and then with the definess of a skilled swimmer to face the oncoming wave, and succeeding by a stroke or two in getting himself borne inwards on it, was one young fellow! His gallant efforts attracted universal attention, and as by his presence of mind and skill he came nearer and nearer to the shore, making the angry waves, despite of themselves, be his bear-ers, every heart throbbed with wild

Hundreds of eyes watched his every stroke, and hundreds of subdued cheers answered every brave and skilful effort of hist bear in mind.

Even with windows open during the night, bed chambers and bed clothing should be throroughly aired each morning, and allowed all the sunlight possible. During sleep, not only do the lungs throw off more poison than during the day, but it is expecially so with the body in its relaxed condition, and the pores all open. When sleeping, the body should have plenty of covering; better to have too much than not enough both to induce deep alumber and to keep the skin moist and the pores open that they may have the opportunity to rid the system from poison.

skilful effont of his!

All hearts stood suspended as he neared the rocks. Turning himself to

money, as more fuel will be required, but it will be economy, for if it does not save sickness and doctor's bills, which it most likely will do, you will feel better and stronger for it.

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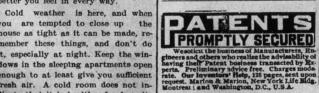
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REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

(Continued from Page Five.)

on the doors. As I have said it was monopolized by the Jews, but they were of a respectable, though by no means of a wealthy class. But there were in the neighborhood thousands of their co-religionists who were miserably poor.

riod of the foundation of our church. guite a famine broke out in our eighborhood, through the faildre of labor at the Docks. Our own poor people suffered intensely, as did many others who were not Catholics. In fact, some of them died, not for lack of sufficient food, but also famine fever. At this time the Mansion House Fund was started. It was presided over by the Lord Mayor of London. On every Monday, for several weeks, a meeting was held in the Mansion House and the ministers of all the religious sects and churches were invited to be present, and were then expected to put in their claims for all the relief tickets they stood in need of. The number which received exceeded those of all other claimants put together, not only because our people were the poorest, but also because many of the more indigent Hebrews applied to us inasmuch as they said they were asham-ed to make their difficulties known to their co-religionists. Of course b fore bestowing a ticket for relief, we investigated every case either personally, or through one of our cents. These tickets were fon bread. groceries, or coal, but never for monev. Hundreds of applicants could could be seen outside our front door every morning, and nothing could exceed the gratitude of all who received such tickets, whether they were Christians or Jews.

After the evil effects of the famine had passed away we decided on giving a dinner to the more prominent amongst the dispensers of relief who lived in our immediate neighborhood. Amongst those who accepted our in vitation, and none refused, were the pompous Rector of the parish, and a learned and amiable man, the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptists who kept Saturday as their day of rest. When Cardinal Wiseman was Archbishop of Westminster some of Spanish admirers sent over to him three hogsheads of very old port. were placed in the Custom House vaults, which extend for miles under that part of London where we lived, to be kept there until redeem ed by the heavy duty imposed them. The Cardinal only lived long enough to release one of the hogsheads. After a centain number years, if the duty be unpaid, such packages become the property of the Custom House officers, who redeem them by the payment of an insignificant fine. One of these officers was a particular friend of ours, and he beame the owner of what was popu-arly known as the "Cardinal's larly Port," for Cardinal Manning was a strict temperance man, and would vaults. At the close of our very en-joyable dinner the celebrated port was produced, for we had bought a few dozen bottles of this unequaled wine at the rate of six pence a bot-tle. After the full history of the wine had been related the decanters were passed around the table. The Rector and the Seventh Day Baptist were seated close to me, and after alling their glasses to look at the wine before they tasted it, for from its extreme age it was lighter in color than pale sherry, each took a luscious sip of it, they then smacked their lips and I heard the appreciative Rector say to the Baptist: "My we shall get as good wine as that in Heaven."

But it is time to come to our first mission in the Church. It took place in the L. shaped wooden chapel which there were two entrances one from the front, the Jewish quarter, and the other from the rear, in narrow street of small houses, most exclusively occupied Irish. On my way thither I met with some adventures which must not be omitted, as they at least happened as preliminaries to the mission itself. I had to come from the north winter. We encountered heavy snow storms on the way, and in one place: quite remote from any staen down with the weight of the snow on the wires and were so completely tangled up that it would take hours for the track to be cleared so that alight and, each one carrying what ple of fields, through at least a foot of snow, to take our places in the train from London which was similar from London whic

harly tied up on the other side of the block. On the road we met those who had to do like ourselves and change places with us. Shivering with the cold and with wet feet we had to remain in our new guarters for some hours until the mail and the heavier luggage could be trans-ferred from one train to another, for we were far from any house and it was still snowing heavily and we could not get more than a couple of men to aid in this work. After a few hindrances of a minor nature reached London, many hours behind time, and found no cabs or other conveyances to take us to our sever-al destinations. One by one our fellow-passengers disappeared until I found myself alone. After a long delay a cab drove up but the driver asked four times the usual fare. I had to agree to his exorbitant terms and we drove off. I had at least five miles to go before I could reach Tower Hill, but the poor driver nearly paid heavily for his cupidity. An enwire suddenly snapped, and one porning on top of the cab. It grazed the head of the driver, knocking off his cap, but leaving him quite uninjured, though it broke in the top of the cab. In a moment I was almost smothered with snow. On reaching the temporary church,

I found that the two Fathers already

settled there had no home, but occu pied a few small rooms in a lodgingmissionary had already arrived, and he and I were located in the same lodging house. Thus we had four small bed-rooms, and a kitchen, but po parlor. After taking some freshments I retired to my bed, for I was both sleepy and tired. I had not time, however, to fall asleep before I saw that my pillow was alive bugs; bugs little and great, all thirsting for my blood. was out of bed in a moment, and lay for some hours afterwards on the floor, with a valise for my pillow That evening the bed was thoroughly purified, and I was able to enjoy good night's rest, undisturbed such unwelcome companions. I afterwards discovered that every house on Tower Hill was a hot-bed for bedbugs. The only house that was entirely free from them was the one that Father Cooke bought from the and dust from cedar-wood seemed effectually to bar their intrusion there. We subsequently took the hint, and after our presbytery was built and cigar cedar-wood boxes under our beds, and although the plague was entirely banished, yet it was comparatively bearable. In fact, I believe that the bugs still troubling us in our beds were brought there by ourselves when we left our confe sionals, which were literally swarming with them.

Mass, the altar boy pulled my vest-ment, and said: "Father, there is an old woman in Chamber street, at the back of the chapel, who is dying, and the people want you to go to her as quick as possible." I removed the chasuble and maniple while I finished the Gospel. Running down to the lower entrance I found quite a crowd of people around an old wo man who was lying, and evidently dying, in the middle of the street She had been seized with her filness while assisting at Mass. I made the people retire so as to give her more she lived near by, though not in that wond of English, and that even if she were conscious she could have made her confession to Knowing that Father Mooney,-who lived at Islington, some miles away at the north of London,—heard con-fessions in Gaelic I gave the Irishman some money to go and bring Father Mooney as quickly as possible. We then had the poor woman carried into one of the houses near at hand. I left word to be inform of the arrival of the priest, and, afments, he told me she had been born in London more than seventy years ago, that she had grown-up grand-children, but could speak in no other language than the Celtic of her ancestons. She recovered conscious sefore she receive the last rites of the Church, and died peacefully that same evening.

One day when I was

Gospel of St. John at the end of my

On two separate occasions I beour Church of the English Martyrs four years of the later period that l was sent by the Superior-General, the Very Rev. Father Fabre, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the year 1886. I took part in anothen mission and several retreats from time to time, but I can recall nothing more special recarding the relative to the them.

Mint, was acting as an unsalaried chaplain to the troops who were stationed there, and amongst these there often a great number of Catholics They used to attend our church for

Tower barracks at the time when war broke out in Egypt, and the Government applied to the command ing officer for recruits. Some dreds responded to the appeal, and amongst them were seventy-five Catholics. Major Herbert was appointed as their Colonel; he was good Catholic himself, and he imme diately wrote to me and requested me to come to the Tower to hea their confessions, as they were start on the following day: and it would be good for them to meet the fatalities of war in the state of grace. So I went to the Tower without delay, and Colonel Herbert collected all the men in a long room in the barracks, where I them, and begged them all to make a good confession. I gave them a quarter of an hour to prepare. I then commenced operations, and the first to present himself was the Colonel Only one out of the seventy-five re fused to go to confession.

This one was a non-commissioned officer, and I afterwards learned that he was a Freemason. On the following morning they all received Holy Communion in our church, and at mid-day marched with their comrades to the Royal Barracks, whenc they all proceeded to the seat o war. Colonel Herbert asked me to get a set of small, but strong, beads for each of them; and his mother, Lady Herbert, sent a messenger to me, from Park Lane, asking me get seventy-five soldiers' manuals for the men, and one more to be nicely bound for her son, who would read the prayers for them, as they not a chaplain. I went to Burns and Lambert's to procure them, waited while one being bound in a handself to Lady Herbert. On the folthe combined troops lowing day started for the sea of war. Outsid the Tower of London on the previous day, as well as when they the Royal Barracks, thousands of people and the streets, cheered them to the echo, and wished them s safe and happy return. But, alas! too many of them were destined to leave their bones to be whitened on the sands by the Nile. Colonel Herbert had given me a complete list of all the Catholics under his command, and I can scarcely describe the avidity with which I used to scan the list of fatalities, as related in the papers, to see if any of my men, as I called them, were among the killed and wounded. On reaching Egypt, the troops all proceeded to

To my intense grief the very first name among the former was that of Sergeant-Major H-, the unfortunate defaulter at the tribunal of penance. Several years after when I met the same good officer, General Herbert, commander-in-chief of the troops in Canada, at the General in Winnipeg, he was pleased to hear that I had often prayed for that poor man, and asked me to offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul.

the Soudan, and a skirmish took

place soon afterwards, in which more

than a dozen men were killed, not to

speak of the wounded.

There were, of course, many other piaces in which I took part in missions given by our Fathers, such as Sicklinghall, Wrexham, Rock Ferry Kilburn, Newark-on-Trent, Bishop-Auckland, Bridgnorth, Marsh Lane and Wellington, Salop; but though many circumstances connected with each of them were without doubt quite worthy of being recorded at the cannot recall, at the present moment anything of special interest, excep an incident regarding Bridgnorth, another in Liverpool, and a few others of an amusing nature at different places. Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, is a jourishing and beautifully situated town. It was formerly under the spiritual control of the priest or priests at Aldenham, the residence of as the learned Lord Acton, who died a few months ago. As soon as a church had been built at Bridgmorth I was invited to give a mission therein. But a few years previously

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two of our Fathers had resided at Aldenham and officiated as chaplains to the Acton family, having at the same time the charge of the Catholics in a widely-extended area in the neighborhood. We had a very saintly man at that period, a Father Itwho was acting as Provincial Master of Novices, and resided Mary Vale, near Birmingham. This Vale had originally been Old Oscot College, but when the new college was ready for occupancy the with Father Newman at their head. When these had their own house fin ished they resigned the old house to the Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, kindly lent it to us for a time. It was here that I made my vows in 1849.

one Saturday afternoon to announce to Father B— that one of the two Fathers theref the only one could preach in English, had been stricken down with fever, and to beg him to send another Father to help him over the discharge of the Sunday duties. Father B-, without hesitation, saiu: "I will go myself." "But," they replied, "you canno preach in English." "I will try," said he. So he took the train for Bridgnorth, carrying with him a copy of "Reeves' Sermons for Sun-days and Holy-days." He studied the sermon appropriate for the day and committed it to memory while in the train, and at the Mass on the next day delivered it to the bes of his altility. After his thanksgiv ing he went to the beautiful little cottage where the Fathers resided, not far from the Hall, to get his breakfast and prepare for his return to Mary Vale. Sir John Acton, the owner of the place, was but a boy at the time. He belonged to an old Catholic family, and was nephew to the well known Cardinal Acton. After his father's death, his mother, who was the daughter of an Austria duchess, was re-married to Granville, a celebrated at Alister. They generally resided at Aldenham, not alone because it was a spacious and beautiful house, but be spaced the first private that the space of t library in the Empire. Lord Acton whose lamented death took place but lately, left this library to his friend, Mr. Morley. At the time of our Fe ther B—'s sermon the Hall was full of visitors, at least half of whom were Protestants, but they all came at Mass. At the luncheon, a little the preacher and his sermon. Lord Granville declared that the sermon was not in English, for he could not understand a word; Lady Granville said it was not Spanish; the old Duchess was certain that it was not German; the young Sir John not recognize it as Italian; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the sister of Earl Granville, pronounced that it was not French. "But," added she, "I don't care what he said, nor in what language he spoke, I am convinced that he is a saint, and after luncheon I mean to go over and have a talk with him before he returns to his home." She carried out her in-tention and had a full hour's con-

versation, in French, of course, with Father B—. Not long afterwards she became a Catholic, and if that interview was not the immediate cause of her conversion, it was at

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calling any Catholic

term "Ten Sacrament

informed on the subj

grave error that the

recognized that num ments. Other church

tional and sectarian

ments, some more so

have one, others two,

four and six, and ever

that has added to the

uncompromisingly exa other church in Christ She teaches that the depends upon the sand from God. And the sources of grace, which the Seven Sacraments channels through which God, by way of the C tion. The seven are th as they ever have be dawn of Christianity, tism, Penance, Confir Eucharist, Matrimony changes not, for it is God. To alter the m sacraments; to take f add to them; to chan to tamper with them would be heretical; a would be the clearest false character of the ing. She is infallfble and in the matter of