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# The True Witness

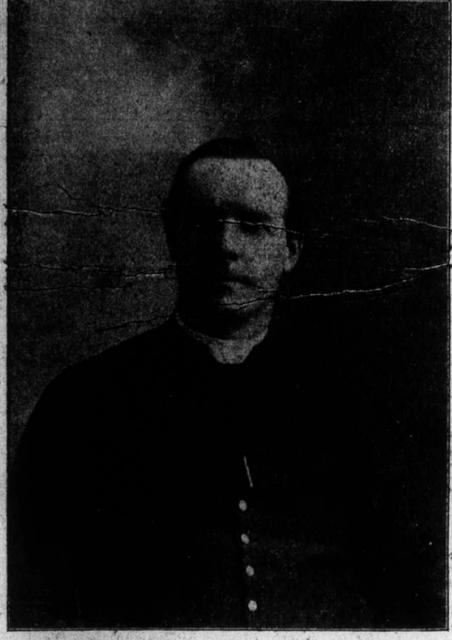


Vol. L., No. 28

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## LAI TO REST AT ST. MARY'S.



THE LATE REV. P. F. O'DONNELL.  
PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S.

"The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord, his pilgrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling, To God, with raised cross, appealing; He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray. And the sins of the dying seem passing away!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

These Catholic lines from the Protestant pen of Ireland's most unique poet, flashed upon our mind as we learned of the somewhat unexpected death of Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, the zealous and beloved pastor of St. Mary's parish. It was only last week that we had occasion to visit Father O'Donnell and listen to the story of his illness from his own lips. As a result of that visit, we referred to the loss felt by his parishioners during what was believed to be only a temporary separation of all in regard to his return at Christmas to commemorate that glorious event with the members of his flock. We had no idea, at that moment, that Death's Angel already hovered, in narrowing circles, above the worthy priest, the true friend, the noble-hearted citizen. Now, as we pen these lines, how many scenes in which his genial smile and manly figure were conspicuous pass before our mind.

In the death of Father O'Donnell, the Church of Montreal suffers a distinct loss; the parish of St. Mary's has been stricken in an unprecedented manner, and the whole community loses a good citizen—a true priest.

Father O'Donnell was a native of the County of Wick, Ireland. He was born in 1832, and he pursued his studies in the Seminary of St. Anthony's, and about eight years ago he was made parish priest of St. Mary's to succeed Rev. Father Salmon.

Father O'Donnell was well known throughout the city. The Irish population, especially in St. Mary's revered him as one of their beloved Soggartha Aroon, full of charity and kindness for all, whether of his own flock or strangers.

What a lonesome Christmas for St. Mary's! What a glorious one for the dead priest! Rich in the treasures that count in eternity, he passed into the presence of his Creator, with hands full of noble, charitable, good Christian works, and with a brow upon which shone undiminished in splendor, the pure gem of sacerdotal greatness. Instead of chanting a Midnight Mass for the faithful, soldiers of Christ in the Church, Militant, he united with the Celestial

army in raising hymns of gladness and thanksgiving amongst the members of the Church Triumphant. No fonder aspiration can ascend from the human heart than that which the Church sings on such occasions, and which finds an echo in every breast; namely the solemn "Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine!"

The remains which lay in state in the parlors of the presbytery until Sunday afternoon, were visited by hundreds of the parishioners of St. Mary's and other Irish Catholic parishes. On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the remains were transferred from the presbytery to the church. The whole parish had turned out in a body to take part in the mournful ceremony. The casket containing the body was carried by priests and the churchwardens and following was a procession composed of the clergy, the Knights of Columbus, St. Mary's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, No. 164, and a large number of citizens. Mgr. Racicot presided, and after the body had been laid in state on a catafalque in the centre aisle, prayers for the dead were recited. During the afternoon and evening, hundreds of parishioners and others visited the church to offer a prayer for the deceased priest.

On Monday the funeral ceremony, at which His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi assisted and presided at the Libera, attracted thousands of the laity, and a large number of the clergy. Every part of the sacred edifice was occupied, and many were unable to obtain admission.

The funeral was the largest yet seen in the church. The parishioners laid aside their daily avocations for a few hours, to come and pay a last tribute to him who had been a father and a friend to them throughout many years.

The body of the late priest lay in state in the centre of the sacred edifice. Draperies of black and gold hung from the different portions of the church. Mr. Michael O'Donnell, of St. Antoine Adbey, Huntingdon, and Mr. Joseph O'Donnell, of New York, brothers, and Miss Margaret O'Donnell, a sister of the deceased from New York, were the chief mourners.

Among the clergy present were: Rev. Canon Archambault, Rev. Father Desrosiers, Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. E. Roy, Chancellor of the diocese; Rev. Canon Dubuc, Rev. Fathers Quilivan, P.P., Spelman, McGrath, McShane, S.S., of St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers Donnelly, Shea and Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Rev. Fathers Strubbe, Holland, Flynn, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Fathers O'Meara, P.P., and McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. Fathers McGarry, C.S.C., Condon, C.S.C., Kelly, C.S.C., Carriere, O.S.C., St. Laurent

College; Rev. Fathers Turgeon, S.J., Devine, S.J., Kavanagh, S.J., O'Byrne, S.J., Cadot, S.J., Rev. Fathers Piche, O.M.I., Frigon, O.M.I.; Rev. Fathers Cherrier, S.S., Cherrier, S.S., St. James; Rev. Father Lecocq, S.S., Superior of the Seminary; Rev. James Callaghan, S.S., Chaplain Hotel Dieu; Rev. Fathers A. Loneragan, J. Loneragan, St. Bridget's; Laforce, Chaplain, Hochelaga Convent; Guertin, Auclair, P.P., St. Jean Baptiste; Leonardo, Chaplain of the Italian Congregation; Prevost, Hochelaga; Belanger, P.P., St. Joseph's; Fahay, McDermott, and Armour, St. Mary's; Heffernan, Montreal College; Brady, Chaplain of the Prison; Kavanagh, St. Vincent de Paul.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's. It was a touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased. Father Donnelly took for his text:

"For Christ we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us (II. Cor. v. 20.)" He said in part:—

A sad, sad occasion finds us gathered to-day, in this beautiful temple of our Lady of Good Counsel, Your Grace, to render the last honors to a worthy lieutenant, you parishioners of St. Mary's—to pay final duty of filial devotion to a well loved father and I to offer my humble tribute to the comrade of boyhood's day, and my associate in after years in the ranks of God's eternal priesthood.

While the angels above were attuning their lyres, to sound to the world the glad anthem of the joyful Christmastide, the Angel of Death sped silently forth and beckoned to the eternal shores, the soul of our our friend and father and the sad strains of the Requiem were to be (in St. Mary's), the first Vespers of the great Christmas festival. When the palsied hand of old age refuses the accustomed service to the mind, when the tired eye gradually closes to the busy scenes of the outer world, and gazes long and earnestly into the vastness of the hereafter, we naturally look for that rest that comes as the expected reward of honored years; we know the hour of dissolution is nigh, but when the summons comes to the strong and sturdy in the noontide of life, and bids the laborer from his active task, then must we bow before this mystery death, and softly murmur—"How inscrutable, the hidden ways of Divine Providence!"

Yet, such is life, and day of labor is assigned us by God, by Him is also fixed the length of that day and the reward thereof is life unending. Ambassadors of Christ, the Master who sends us on his errand, may, at any time, revoke our commissions, cancel our mandate, then do we cease from our labors. That day of labor for the one we mourn, was eighteen years of a well filled priestly life, and he died, as we would wish to die, still vigorously pursuing the tasks of his holy vocation.

To him may be applied the words of the Book of Wisdom: "Being made perfect on a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

Nine years of life together, in the association of college companionship gave me special opportunities for the study of his sterling character. The ambassador of kings is fitted for his future career by the special training of the court and equipped for every delicate mission by long and earnest research. The ambassador of Christ must also tread the classic halls of learning to imbibe the lessons of knowledge and virtue that will fit him for his sublime calling. Never was there more clearly defined vocation than that of your lamented father. Others might hesitate swayed by doubt as to the will of God in their regard, not so with the late priest. His one purpose, his sole aim to fit himself for the sacred ministry and an intelligence above the average, and untiring energy made study to him a pleasure. No mentor, no professor ever inspired us with more respect or consideration than did the student O'Donnell. How at his approach, the idle word, the unkind joke would die away upon our lips, his pained look chiding our inconsiderate conduct. The soul of charity, in those days, as in after years, all those who knew him can bear me out in the assertion that nothing grieved him more than the ill-considered criticisms of others' shortcomings, while by an indulgent word he always strove to excuse their weakness.

It has been said the priest is another Christ. The Master came into the world to preach by word and by example, that all might hear and follow after. Father O'Donnell was ever ready at the call of duty and in his 18 years of ministry, he was ever a true priest. Had he consulted but his own ardent wish, he would have hid himself to the missionary fields where heroes sacrifice themselves, of whom it is said "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things." (Rom. 10, 15.)

The Master loved the little ones. "Suffer the little ones to come unto me." All through life the late priest took a most vivid interest in all that appertained to the welfare of the lambs of his flock. Indeed, the last official act of his career the eve of his death was to visit and address the children of the magnificent convent of which he was so proud. How energetically he struggled to obtain the best advantages possible in matters of education for the children of his parish, feeling, that, in a cosmopolitan community like ours, success in this respect must be attained only by dint of constant effort. The educational monuments which surround the church will tell to generations to come the zeal and energy of your late pastor, to encourage you to retain what he fought so bravely to establish.

Father O'Donnell was a patriot. He loved the land of his birth, the land of adoption of his parents, that none had a fonder regard for that land beyond the seas the home of his forefathers, none desired more ardently to see it achieve the dream of its ambition by every constitutional means.

How dear to him was the temple of God. He would have it grand, magnificent in its attractiveness, that all might be drawn thereby to honor God more sincerely. The devotion of this fair church was his last effort in this respect and now he lies in death beneath this beautiful dome which was destined to be come his mausoleum.

Need I, dear brethren, expatiate on his work in your midst. You who have seen him by the bedside of your sick and dying, so untiring in his zeal, so consoling by his gentleness, you who entrusted to him the care of your souls in the tribunal of Penance you can tell what a kind and wise director he proved.

By no means a wealthy man, yet did he always find in his scanty store the wherewith to alleviate suffering and want, but, in the truly evangelical spirit, the right hand knew not the benefactions of the left.

The ambassador of Christ has recalled his mandate has expired, a soldier has dropped on the fray. Tomorrow we reform our ranks, we press the line, and the Church goes calmly on to her immortal destiny. To-morrow another foot shall scale those altar-steps, another hand will offer up the holy sacrifice where those consecrated hands were wont to minister, while he shall sleep his long last sleep 'neath the shrine of that Mother whom he loved so tenderly, and to whom he prayed so piously. His spirit will be ever with you, may the echoes of his voice that resounded so often from this pulpit, so energetic and persuasive, long linger throughout this edifice to perpetuate the lessons of love and duty he ever taught. No-morrow, when gathered once more (within those walls) to celebrate the birth of Christ, the priest shall invite you to pray for those who sleep in Jesus, remember then before God the priest you loved and revered in life and although I feel more like addressing my prayer to him, yet must we not forget that the all-seeing eye of God may detect blemishes ever in his angels. Pray that his place may be hard by the throne of God for all eternity.

After the sermon, the Libera was chanted at the conclusion of which the coffin was borne to its last resting place 'neath the altar, where Father O'Donnell had so long officiated. As the coffin was lowered, Rev. Father McDonald, of St. Gabriel's recited prayers, in which a little band of the parishioners who remained to see the last part of the sad event piously joined.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., a Jesuit college, and Harvard university met for the first time in their history in a debating contest on last week, and Holy Cross won.

## THE RECENT CONVENTION IN DUBLIN.

In the Round Room of the Rotunda, says the "Irish Weekly," in its special report of the recent convention, held in Dublin, the scene of many an historic gathering in the past, to-day was witnessed scenes of enthusiasm and spirited outbursts of genuine Irish Nationality, which forebode a happy future for the cause of the country. The occasion was the assembling of the chosen representatives of the Irish people from all quarters of the island, for the purpose of solidly welding the unity of the Irish party, and putting the seal of doom on faction. The arrangements for the success of carrying out the convention were so carefully attended to that the slightest hitch did not occur throughout the day, and the thousands of delegates left the room at the close of the proceedings inspired with a strong determination that the dead past should lie buried, and that those who would spread the seeds of dissension should not find a place in the respect and trust of the country, and that faction should no longer exist. Seated and standing within the spacious hall were Nationalists hailing from every city, town, village, and district there with their minds made up to strike a telling blow in defence of a long suffering land. Well and truly did they fulfil the object for which they were sent there. Many priests were amongst the crowd, and instilled by their presence the feeling of love and veneration which characterizes the Irish people. Who well remember that in times of trouble and strife the soggarths stood nobly by them. Conspicuous in the balcony was Canon McCartan, the beloved parish priest of Donaghmore, whose commanding appearance so often has a charm in the National platform, whilst interspersed through the hall were several other clergymen prominently identified with Nationalist politics. The thousands of fine, respectable, intelligent young men told of the feeling of the rising generation in regard to their country's welfare, and left no doubt as to their fitness to wear the mantle of their fathers which has fallen upon them.

The Ulster priests present were—Very Rev. Canon McCarty, P.P., Donaghmore; Rev. J. McCartan, P.P., Aughagallon; Rev. D. Quinn, C.C., Killyleagh; Rev. M. O'Malley, P.P., Glenavy; Rev. F. O'Hare, C.C., Derrymacash; Rev. Father McCorry, C.C., Lurgan; Rev. A. Lowry, C.C., Mayobridge; Rev. Father McNecco, Coalisland; Rev. Father Dempsey, P.P., Newcastle; Rev. W. J. Boylan, C.C., Killeel.

The members of Parliament present were—William O'Brien, M.P., Jerviswood; John Hanly, M.P., M.P., J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., Hon. E. Blake, M.P., J. C. Flynn, M.P., J. Campbell, M.P., John O'Donnell, M.P., Eugene Crean, M.P., John Dillon, M.P., William Redmond, M.P., Major Jameson, M.P., W. O'Donoghue, M.P., William O'Malley, M.P., J. Gilhooly, M.P., Captain Donelan, M.P., E. McFadden, M.P., J. G. Swift McNeill, M.P., James Boyle, M.P., Dr. Ambrose, M.P., Patrick White, M.P., James Daly, M.P., Dr. M. A. McDonnell, M.P., J. P. Hayden, M.P., William McKillop, M.P., Kendal E. O'Brien, M.P., T. J. Condon, M.P., P. C. Doogan, M.P., Jas. O'Connor, M.P., John J. Mooney, M.P., John Roche, M.P., M. J. Flavin, M.P., Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., P. McDermott, M.P., James O'Mara, M.P., E. Haviland Burke, M.P., P. A. McHugh, M.P., Jasper Tully, M.P., P. J. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., William Landon, M.P., J. P. Farrell, M.P., Connor O'Kelly, M.P., T. Harrington, M.P., Joseph Nolan, M.P., P. O'Brien, M.P., J. Boland, M.P., Edward Barry, M.P.

The Very Rev. Canon Shinkwin, P. I., Bantry, said—Gentlemen of this convention, I beg to move that Mr. John Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, do take the chair of the convention.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who was again warmly welcomed, said—I rise to second that resolution.

Mr. J. C. Flynn, M.P., seconded the motion, which was carried. A letter was read from the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe. Letterkenny, 10th Dec., 1900. Dear Sirs, As one who looked with hope to the United Irish League from the start, I take the deepest interest in the proceedings of the convention. I earnestly trust that so many priests and representative men from all parts of Ireland will not separate until they have made the National organization the fittest engine a nation can devise for remedying those deep-seated evils of which wholesale emigration is at once the consequence and the proof. The old policy of denying Irishmen any share in the Government of their own country, except as the instruments of oppression, of depriving us

of higher education, of taxing us beyond endurance in addition to maintaining a ruinous land system, has been very little changed, and if the League is to arrest once for all this horrible practice on the life of a nation it will need, under God's blessing, to give unmistakable signs of a determination not to die until its ends are accomplished.

For that purpose the League must not depend on any one man or set of men for its vigorous existence; and, on the other hand, it will always be of the first importance that the men who work the organization in each district, as well as the means employed, should be worthy of a high-toned Christian people. A constitution which makes the people masters, but at the same time secures the right of ready appeal for any one who considers himself aggrieved, to a central authority appointed by the people, gives at once popular strength to the organization, and provides a guarantee of justice to the individual.

The best men, the best means, the best machinery, that can be found are all required for the programme of the League. With that programme the League has swept almost the whole country at the general election; and its branches have already made up their minds that the voice of the National Party will be the voice of the National organization.

May wisdom and strength be with a convention that marshals the National forces for this struggle to save the people of our country. The people come first. I hope if not now at least in your next popular Parliament there will be time for practical attention to the language, education, and industries of our native land—I am, dear sirs, sincerely yours,

PATRICK O'DONNELL, Secretaries, Irish National Convention. The Chairman, who was received with loud cheers on rising, said—It now becomes my duty to formally open the proceedings of this convention. First of all allow me, just in one sentence, to express to you my thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me in selecting me to fill the chair. I am glad that I can commence our proceedings to-day by offering sincere congratulations to you and all Ireland upon the events which have occurred since our last assembly in this hall. Upon that occasion I also had the honor of sitting in the chair—(cheers)—and I declare that in my opinion the convention last June was the most representative assembly of Irish Nationalists that had come together in this country since the Union. Gentlemen, the truth of that statement of mine was instantly challenged. The representative character of that convention was denied, and we were told, so far from representing the great masses of the National opinion of Ireland, it was a rigged assembly. Fortunately for the representative character of this assembly, and I say, fortunately for Ireland, the character of that assembly has since that date been put to the most searching and conclusive tests that could possibly be applied. In the first instance, gentlemen, that convention made an appeal for funds to the people, and anyone who is at all acquainted with political organizations knows that no more searching test can be applied to the representative character of an assembly than the response of the people to an appeal for funds. If the convention really were not representative of the people—if the convention really had been a sham and rigged assembly—then it follows with absolute certainty that its appeal for funds to the masses of the people must have ended in failure. But I ask you to allow me to state precisely what you know in general terms was the result of that appeal. Within a few weeks the appeal which went from this assembly last June for funds brought into the hands of the National trustees a sum in hard cash of \$55,000. (Cheers.) Of that sum about \$5,000 only came from America, Canada, Australia, and South Africa grouped together. A sum of about \$7,500 came from our brethren in Great Britain, and the rest of this money—the enormous balance remaining of this sum—was subscribed entirely in Ireland, and after an analysis of the subscriptions, I am able to tell you that not one single county in Ireland is absent from the roll. (Cheers.) Now, surely, gentlemen, no more conclusive proof could possibly be given of the representative character of the assembly of last June. Allow me to explain to you now how that money has been dealt with. When the elections sprang suddenly upon us, we, the three National trustees, who had charge of this fund, found ourselves in a great difficulty. They knew that the collection was on foot all through the country, but we required the money at once, and we made an appeal to our friends to come forward and guarantee an advance to us of a certain sum of money, and within twenty-four hours we received advances to the extent of \$11,000. Well, we have paid back, as we were bound in honor to do—we have paid back in full the advances made by those public-spirited gentlemen, to whom the thanks, in my opinion, of the whole country is due. This fund was administered

CONTINUED ON PAGES FOUR AND FIVE

## Catholic Editors

On Many Themes.

**VAUDEVILLE CHURCHES.**—A Baptist minister out in Chicago takes a rather pessimistic view of the future of Protestantism, says "The Republic," Boston. He is pained by the indifference of the people, especially in the matter of attendance at church services. He finds that even the startling devices invented to attract worshippers are "insufficient. These observations induce him to animadvert as follows upon the existing situation out in the Windy city: "Unless the church becomes a continuous vaudeville it cannot hold its congregation. And the minister must be the whole show and orchestra as well. Some of the churches have now adopted the plan of having concerts instead of church service for evening programme. Others have lectures on popular subjects, which have no pertinence to Sunday. They have even gone so far as to introduce the stereopticon as a means of holding audiences. Will the time come, we are asking, when all the churches will have adopted these methods?"

We sympathize, "The Republic" proceeds to say, with our Baptist friend in Chicago and with his Protestant brethren elsewhere who are struggling against terrible odds to capture and hold congregations. But has it never occurred to them to try a little real religion? Why do they ignore the eloquent object lesson set forth to them by the Catholic church, whose temples of worship are filled four or five times on Sunday by earnest, pious, Christian worshippers? No vaudeville shows are employed to gather them into the churches or to hold them. They go because they have faith and because they wish to strengthen and supplement their faith with works.

**NOTIONS ABOUT WILLS.**—The peculiar notions which seem to seize the minds of men of wealth just about the time that they realize the necessity of making their wills is well illustrated by the following clipping from the "Ave Maria." It says:—

The California millionaire whose will provides that his infant daughter shall, twenty years hence, come into full possession of his fortune, "if she has led a proper and virtuous life," has probably ensured some singular litigation on the Pacific slope in the year 1920. Just what constitutes in the eye of the law, even nowadays, a proper and virtuous life, would perhaps be difficult to ascertain; and two decades from the present time the question will hardly be more readily soluble. If the baby is a Catholic, possibly the safest plan for her guardians to adopt would be to enter her as a pupil, as speedily as may be, at a convent school, and allow her to remain there for a full graduate and post-graduate course. If that doesn't keep her "proper and virtuous," her chances of possessing the millions will be small.

**ABOUT POLITICS.**—The "Catholic Columbian" thus practically and sensibly deals with this question. It says:—Everybody seems to think that politics is hopelessly corrupt and that no one can enter either the management of a party or the race for office, without becoming defiled. So low in popular esteem has the conduct of public affairs fallen that young men at the outset of their career in life are solemnly warned not to go into politics and old men, when they have achieved some success in trade or professional life, are urged not to accept a nomination to office lest they be dragged down "into the mire of politics."

It is good advice to a young man without a fortune not to make politics his bread-and-butter calling; for without independence he will have to submit to the wicked dictation of the bosses or lose his hold on public employment.

But young men and old men, American citizens, ought to be in politics to the extent of fulfilling their duty, at party caucuses, at conventions, and at the polls. Yet, wherever they are, they should take their principles with them. They should stand up for honesty, truth, justice, and they should oppose improper measures, unworthy politicians, corruption, and frauds, party or no party, defeat or victory.

If a Catholic young man has a prosperous business of his own back of him and can give his leisure to politics, by all means let him force his way into the councils of his party; or if an elderly man, with a competence, has a chance to serve his city, or State, or nation in public office, by all means, let him accept the nomination.

Let every good citizen be in politics to the extent of his duty and his opportunities, but let the Catholic citizen not lay aside his conscience or his principles there to do evil, as others do, who are without his

light and grace and training, to his own degradation and to the reproach of the Church whose unworthy member he is. Let him be true to God and he will be a power for good in public affairs.

### VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

Preaching at Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis the other day, Archbishop Kain said:—

"I fear that there are some Catholics so worldly-minded as to impede rather than to encourage in their children vocations to the holy priesthood.

"And I fear, moreover, that these worldly-minded Catholics are found di-

rectly among those who have the means to give an ecclesiastical education to their children. They wish to see their children rise to eminence in secular professions. They wish them to gain wealth and position and the applause of men. Not, I say, that they underestimate the sublime dignity of the Christian priesthood, but they themselves are so enamored with the glare of worldly honors and the tinsel of human praise that they imagine their children will be happy only in the attainment of these passing objects of worldly ambition. Hence there are, indeed, few vocations amongst those possessed of an abundance of worldly goods.

"When a boy hears at home nothing of the glorious privileges of the sacred priesthood, but has held up to him from infancy to youth and manhood only visions of earthly glory and projects of worldly aggrandizement, would he obey and not rather seek to strangle any call, however clear, however unmistakable, to follow the Divine Master and labor for the salvation of souls? Would he not be most apt to imitate the young man whom our Bless-

ed Lord called to follow Him, but who went away sad, because he had many possessions?"

"This refusal of a divine vocation pained the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and doubtless it pains that Sacred Heart to see the conduct of so many rich parents who encourage their children, not to accept, but to refuse the proffered vocations. Herein, then, we have one reason for the dearth of these vocations, especially in a class of Catholics whom God has blessed with abundant means necessary to qualify their sons for the work of the sacred ministry."

### FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

On Sunday, December 9, in Cincinnati, the first State Federation of Catholic Societies was successfully organized, and Ohio again takes the lead in this grand movement. Representatives from the three cities—Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati—effected the work, adopted a constitution and elected temporary State officials.

It was developed that the dele-

gates present represented 146 societies, with a membership of about 30,000, and that new federations were in contemplation in many towns and cities.

A communication from Mr. Henry Fries, supreme president of the Knights of St. John and temporary chairman of the National Federation, in which that gentleman officially announced that the permanent establishment of the National Catholic Federation would take place in Cincinnati on May 7, 1901, was enthusiastically received.

### WEARING OUT THE BRAIN.

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that the brains of military and naval men give out most quickly. He states that out of every 100,000 men of the army or naval professions 199 are hopeless lunatics. Of the so-called liberal professions, artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the lawyers, followed at some distance by doctors, clergy, literary men, and civil servants. Striking an

average of this group, 177 go mad to each 100,000. Domestic servants and laborers are not far behind; the professional men supply 155 out of each 100,000 as candidates for the lunatic asylum. Next, but with a long interval, come the mechanics, of whom only 66 in each 100,000 lose their wits. Wonderful in relate, commercial men retain their sanity the best of the whole group; as they send only 42 out of the 100,000 to the madhouse.

The French scientist may be right, and doubtless he is so far as France is concerned, but in the United States we are convinced the order would be different. Doctors as a class would take a higher rank and the commercial men of this country go mad more frequently than the "beavers of wood and the drawers of water."—Medical Record.

### ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 23rd December, 1900: Males 355, females 58, Irish 238, French 142, English 17, Scotch and other nationalities 26, Catholics 368, Protestants 45. Total 413.



# CHAS. DESJARDINS ET CIE

## Les ROIS de la FOURRURE

\* \* \*

### One of the Sights of Montreal.

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## Our Cur On the

Last year certain general sentiment, as Christ to the New Year night, alone hence broken of the clock, that are passed old year, of the New Year ask myself make merry, year, with all about its vain a twelve-month than I was at it because the ried off, forever because I am year, with its and its trouble new year that prosperous, be than the year tell; all I know regret at the d

Yet this is n Day that we fi century dies w tury dawn wi a great section erations come passage. Still, small compared Time itself. W years compared that carry us the world, to miracle? And hundreds of ceed to the unne eternal duration amongst the bi hold the minutes in favor of the of us like to c insignificance; great century re bly of our noth of the clock, my pen, and th pen rest, I see protest" of St. go on ticking, when the pen ed, the ink, dri guides it but a that controls t entirely among emancipated cr

Ah! That is the knowledge in me that par the feeling of h Creator in my h tainty of a vit lapse of time! away; it will anical noise cees, while I sh mortal life of n years die and let the century cessor replace i these changes a from—the unen to me. Let the march down to grow old and b heavens; let the ment pale unde rapidly flying, t ing centuries, t the bewildering ters very little shall outlive the ishable nature t has imparted sense of this str to deplore, to I can only rejo enjoy, and expr the soul that G

Strange New Y "Curbstone Ob come to me as tion as from down Blurry str met an old acqu each other a "I came down th morning; I met moving slowly t the mountain; a stopped to wish Year," told m plumes waved o of a few days ag sincerely wish h Year" than to- Year is Happy, ending existence a gorgeous pr spanking horges, ness, coachman e beaver caps, das street. I had kn that equipage w cents, except wh his daily labor; hand New Year's take the trouble gree of sincerity. fice I met an o snows of advent him; sick unto d lack of clothing known him when he was a prospe early settlements I went up to Happy New Year the happiest h would be in the strange rest. Ye immortal souls; both will enjoy a if not that of i one in the futur

Since last year have marked t political spheres, religion, General every country Great Britain, th

Our Carbonate Observer On the New Year.

Last year I mentioned that, in a certain sense, I had a dread of such general occasions of festive enjoyment, as Christmas; I can almost repeat the same observation in regard to the New Year. As I sit here to-night, alone in my room, the silence broken only by the regular tick of the clock, that tells of the hours that are passing, of the agony of the old year, of the inevitable approach of the New Year, I am inclined to ask myself why I should rejoice and make merry. Is it because another year, with all its opportunities, is about to vanish? Is it because I am a twelve-month nearer the grave than I was at the close of 1899? Is it because the expiring year has carried off, forever, several of those who were friends of mine? Or, is it because I am glad to see the old year, with its burdens, its crosses, and its troubles, make way for a new year that may be happier, more prosperous, better, in every sense, than the year that goes? I cannot tell; all I know is that I assist with regret at the death-couch of 1900.

Yet this is no ordinary New Year's Day that we have at hand. A whole century dies with 1900, another century dawns with 1901. A century is a great section of time. Several generations come and go during its passage. Still, it is infinitesimally small compared to the vastness of Time itself. What are one hundred years compared to the six thousand that carry us back to the origin of the world, to the day of creative miracle? And what are all those hundreds of centuries when compared to the unmeasurable vastness of eternal duration? And what am I, amongst the billions of men who hold the nineteenth century abdicate in favor of the twentieth one? None of us like to contemplate our own insignificance. Yet, this passing of a great century reminds us most forcibly of our nothingness. In the tick of the clock, that keeps pace with my pen, and that continues when the pen rests, I seem to hear the "quid prodest?" of St. Paul. The clock will go on ticking, just as it does now, when the pen shall forever be rusted, the ink dried, the hand that guides it but ashes, and the mind that controls that hand, a spiritual entity amongst the myriads of God's emancipated creatures.

Ah! That is the point! The soul; the knowledge of a something within in me that partakes of immortality; the feeling of likeness to the Great Creator in my humble being; the certainty of a vitality that defies the lapse of time! Let the clock tick away; it will have ceased its mechanical noise centuries upon centuries, while I shall live on in the immortal life of my soul. Let the old years die and the new years arise; let the century expire and its successor replace it; in no way can all these changes alter—add to or take from—the unending life that belongs to me. Let the generations of men march down to oblivion; let the sun grow old and become dim in the heavens; let the stars of the firmament pale under the influence of the rapidly flying years, the swiftly moving centuries, the majestic tread of the bewildering aeons; it all matters very little to me now, for I shall outlive them all in the imperishable nature that Divine Goodness has imparted to my being. In presence of this stupendous fact I cease to deplore, to speculate, to regret; I can only rejoice in the privilege I enjoy, and express my gratitude for the soul that God gave me.

Strange New Year's thoughts for a "Carbonate Observer;" yet they came to me as much from observation as from reflection. I passed down Bleury street the other day; I met an old acquaintance; we wished each other a "Happy New Year." I came down the same street this morning; I met a funeral cortege moving slowly in the direction of the mountain; a friend who had stepped to wish me a "Happy New Year," told me that the black plumes waved over the acquaintance of a few days ago. Never did I more sincerely wish him a "Happy New Year" than to-day; for if his New Year is Happy, he must be his unending existence beyond. I observed a gorgeous private sleigh, with spanking horses, silver-mounted harness, coachman and footman in huge beaver caps, dash along Sherbrooke street. I had known the owner of that equipage when he had not five cents, except what he took in for his daily labor; he threw me an off-hand New Year's greeting—I did not take the trouble to consider its degree of sincerity. Near the post office I met an old man, with the snows of seventy odd years upon him; sick unto death, shivering for lack of clothing and of food. I had known him when I was a boy, and he was a prosperous trader in the early settlements of South Renfrew. I went up to him, wished him a Happy New Year, while feeling that the happiest he could ever spend would be in the quiet of death's strange rest. Yet both of these have immortal souls; and I hope that both will enjoy a Happy New Year, if not that of 1901, at least some one in the future.

Since last year wonderful changes have marked the social, national, political spheres, as well as that of religion, general elections in nearly every country—in particular Great Britain, the United States and

Canada; thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims fixing on the Heart of Christendom as a holy rendezvous of devotion; great congratulations, such as the one that swept Hull almost out of existence; terrible volcanic eruptions, such as Vesuvius and Kilimanjaro; cyclones such as swept over Texas and the Atlantic; wars, of a most unusual nature, like those of the Transvaal and of China; and amidst all these strange things, these wonderful events, Paris held the greatest universal exhibition ever known. While the natural and social orders were thus stirred to their innermost depths, men, as in the past, were dying away unnoticed and others were being born and sent forth unperceived upon the highway of life. A century is over; a year is done; and if the race and faith have not profited by the former and the individuals by the latter—which is not the case—then others as well as I can well ask "quid prodest?"

SOME SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.

In so far as there can be said to be any secrets of long life, they may be stated to be three in number. The first is the conservation of energy; the second is moderation, and the third is system. And the greatest of the three is conservatism of energy, with which the others are bound up. Practice these to the utmost, and you will live to the maximum. A man works forty-nine weeks of the year in the city, and works hard, and then he spends the three weeks' holiday roaming about from place to place, and keeping both mind and body continually at work. He practices about the benefits accruing from change of scene and so on. It is a terrible mistake. Holiday times in the case of such people should be made a special period for the conservation of energy. How, then, should such people make holiday? Lie in bed all the time? That is the best thing for them to do and will tend to the prolongation of their lives.

Too much is said in extolling the virtues of exercise. In moderation it is beneficial; but many of the public have strange ideas of moderation in such matters. A clerk will work all day with his head and work with his legs at night. He thinks the long walk is good for him. The fresh air is, but in the exercise he is not conserving his energy as he should do to make his life long. Mental and bodily energy come to the same thing at the finish. Having first drawn upon the stock of one you must not then tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source. "Eat good food and plenty of it," is a maxim of the first part of which is right and the second wrong. Far too much food is eaten nowadays. A man with a healthy appetite goes in for a full satisfaction of it when he should stop very considerably short of that point. The stomach is given far too much work to do. Give it less, and now and again let it have an absolute rest and the system will be all the better for it and the likelihood of long life much increased. Don't trouble about special diets. Eat what you like and what you have been accustomed to, but do so more sparingly than in the past. Practice moderation in smoking and drinking. There is no need whatever for total abstinence, for there is nothing in the habits which is in the least inconsistent with nonagenarianism.

The man who drinks a quart of beer a day must not expect great length of days. He may never be in the least intoxicated, and may believe that he experiences no ill effects whatever from consuming so much alcoholic liquid, but it is too much. Give a stricter meaning to the word moderation, and drink accordingly. As far as is practicable live throughout your life on the same system. Let it be a good one to begin with, and then adhere to it unaltered. A great mistake is made in supposing that a man at forty requires this, and at fifty he requires that. Radism is bad. Regularity is a sound principle; but it should be regularity from year to year and not merely from day to day. Conserve your energy—wisely; be moderate—carefully; be systematic—thoroughly. And don't worry. These are the secrets of long life. There are no others.—R. B. Long, M.D.

PERSISTENT PURPOSE

We hear a great deal of talk about genius, talent, luck, chance, cleverness and fine manners playing a large part in one's success. Leaving out luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life. Yet the possession of any or all of them, unaccompanied by a definite aim, a determined purpose, will not insure success. Whatever else may have been lacking in the giants of the race, the men who have been conspicuously successful, we shall find that they all had one characteristic in common—doggedness and persistence of purpose. It does not matter how clever a youth may be, whether he leads his class in college or outshines all the other boys in his community, he will never succeed if he lacks this essential of determined persistence. Many men who might have made brilliant musicians, artists, teachers, lawyers, able physicians or surgeons, in spite of predictions to the contrary, have fallen short of success because they were deficient in this quality. Persistence of purpose is a power; it creates confidence in others. Everybody believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but every one who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do.

People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling blocks as stepping stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never shrinks responsibility; who always keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him. The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

The success of a dull or average youth and the failure of a brilliant one is a constant surprise in American history. But if the different cases are closely analyzed we shall find that the explanation lies in the staying power of the seemingly dull boy, the ability to stand firm as a rock under all circumstances, to allow nothing to divert him from his purpose, while the brilliant but erratic boy, lacking the rudder of a firm purpose, neutralizes his power and wastes his energy by dissipating them in several directions.

Comptroller Bird S. Coler, of New York, who long has been a collector of rare books and manuscripts, received in the foreign mails last week a letter, written in 1659. The letter purports to have been written by St. Vincent de Paul. Mr. Coler discovered the letter in the catalogue of a recent auction sale in London, and sent word by cable for the purchase of the manuscript. His wishes were complied with, and the letter, still clearly legible, except in two or three places where worms had done destructive work, is in good condition. The letter, it is understood, sold for about \$125.

The church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, which was a parish church under the administration of the secular clergy until recently, has been turned over to the care of Fathers of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament. It will hereafter be a church of perpetual adoration, the first established in the United States.

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CATHOLIC BEQUESTS. By his will, which bears date July 9th, 1897, Sir Henry Page Turner Barron, of Glenanna, Waterford, says the London "Universe," left some £30,000 to be expended on charitable and religious objects. His estate has been valued at £306,472 5s the trustees, and he bequeathed other National Gallery his picture "The Magdalene," by Carlo Dolce, and other pictures at present on loan to the trustees, and he bequeathed other pictures to the Irish National Gallery. He left in trust for a Catholic church at Ferry Bank, respecting which he gave detailed instructions, £3,000, and for a family mausoleum £3,000. He left to the Charity Organization Society £5,000, to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund in London £8,000, to the Archbishop of Westminster for Catholic charitable institutions in his diocese £2,000, to

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to and so much petted, and so much cringed, and that nothing would apprise me. I won't go into these things to-day, but I will tell that when the story of these last few years comes to-day, to be told, of all we had to endure year after year in silence; how he succeeded in tormenting everybody, taking the spirit out of everybody, starving the Party, starving out the evicted tenants in pursuance of his own cold-blooded policy—the way he manufactured the vilest and most infamous charges against colleagues, and then ran away from them the moment he was faced by a full attendance of the party, and then repeated them all over again the moment that the majority of the party had their backs turned. I tell you that whenever the story of that time comes to be told you will find that no body of men ever showed so much patience—"criminal patience," I hear somebody truly say—so much criminal patience in dealing with a tyrant so unreasoning and so wicked. It is to the Irish constituencies that these gentlemen complain of their ingratitude. Why the patience of the Irish constituencies for these men who their soft-heartedness towards men who never showed their noses in their own constituencies from one general election to another—the patience of the Irish Party, if it erred at all, erred on the side of want of moral courage, backbone, bearing with too much and bearing with it too long. We hear the cry of toleration. Is there to be no toleration for the majority or for the interests of the Irish cause? Toleration. The only toleration we ask is to be left free to make the best fight we can for Ireland, without being handcuffed to an implacable enemy. The only toleration that we ask for here to-day is this—that you should remember what we have got to go through, and that if you expect us to face the whole power of England, and to make a fight for Ireland, you shall not begin by hanging this millstone round our necks to strangle us and to drag us down. I know that the cry of "Ireland over all," which is once raised, is capable of a wider application than to the man to whom he originally applied it; and that, whatever may have been the merits of our differences, there is not a man in this hall that would not say that Parnell's little finger was worth more to Ireland than Mr. Healy's whole body. Anybody who knows Mr. Healy's strategy knows very well that while he is probably the last man living who would yield so long as he thinks that you are appealing, and that threats of further dissension will have any effect, knows, on the other hand, that there is no man who is more prompt to recognize accomplished facts and to respect the man who he knows know their own mind, and who he knows will stand no more nonsense from him. In point of fact I tell you candidly, gentlemen, that I do not at all despair of very considerable reformation in Mr. Healy's temperament if the lesson that was taught him at the general election is pressed home here to-day. Now, gentlemen, I do not think I ought to waste your time in arguing the question, the almost, I hope I won't be offensive if I say the ridiculous argument, that this convention has no power to exclude Mr. Healy and Mr. Carew. The chairman in his able speech to-day has answered that argument. This, as the chairman said to-day, this convention is the sovereign and supreme power. Without this convention there could be no Irish Party, without the backing of this convention that Party could not hold together for six months. I believe at the Convention, of last June it was liberally decided by the convention that they would not give the control of this movement in the future to the former Irish Party. They could not agree to any programme. They could not get the money to pay their election expenses. Even as it was, barely half that old Parliamentary Party succeeded in getting elected. The old Parliamentary Party—I say it as one who took part in some of its best days and some of its worst—the old Party, I regret to say it—had broken down, and that mainly owing to the very man whose game it is now to set up that party as a sovereign authority over this convention. (Cheers.) Why, every man who signed that party pledge at this last general election himself confessed in writing that a majority of his colleagues have the power to expel him, no matter what may be the rights of his constituency, and yet we are told that this convention, from whom the whole party proceeds, has no power to prevent any man from wrecking the whole party and wrecking the whole movement.

Mr. O'Brien closed with a strong appeal for unity.

The Very Rev. Canon Shinkwin, P. P., who, on rising, was loudly cheered, seconded the resolution. He said if unity were to be effected, and if that unity were to be useful and to be fruitful, it must be safeguarded and preserved. The great question that they were now to ask themselves was would the adoption of Mr. Healy into the Party be a step in that direction, or might it not be the very reverse? Yes, he believed the effect would be the very reverse.

**Mr. Healy Defended.**

Mr. T. C. Harrington, M.P., who was received with applause, then said—Mr. Chairman and fellow-delegates of the National Convention—Mr. O'Brien, in proposing the resolution, said that he had expressed an opinion upon this question in the

country, and he thought it only right that he should take the responsibility of proposing it here. (Interruption.) I, too—(great disorder)—have expressed an opinion elsewhere upon the policy embodied in this resolution.

I think it is right that I should have the courage to come here and express my opinion. The chairman has told you that a great deal of responsibility for the future of Irish politics rests upon this convention. If you have entered with light hearts upon the discussion of the policy which this resolution breathes—I say if you have entered on it with light hearts—you will find the country back again into the depths of despair. I say if that be the result of your deliberations here to-day future generations of Irishmen will curse the convention and the men who took part in it. (Cries of "Never" and "No, no.") After ten years of terrible strife after ten years of shameful vituperation of one set of Irishmen against another. (Cries of "By Healy" and noise.) Gentlemen, say "Mr. Healy," but you never repudiated him (Interruptions.) I say after those ten weary years, Irishmen were brought together, Irishmen were induced to forget the unfortunate differences which separated them. Does my friend Mr. O'Brien think, does Canon Shinkwin think, do you think that if you go to open.

Chairman—I wish to seriously ask the convention whether they are in earnest in desiring to transact the business that is before them? (Hear, hear.) I tell them that the responsibility which is upon my shoulders as the chairman of this body, that if they will not listen to both sides of this matter, the convention will be competent and able to transact the business that is before them, therefore ask the great body of the convention, who, I am bound to say, have shown an example of good order, not to tolerate a few men here and there scattered through the hall bringing disintegration to this assembly, but upon Ireland.

Mr. Harrington, who was received with cheers, said—I do hope, sir, that the appeal which you have made to the convention will be heard by all sides. I think it would be exceedingly deplorable that a great gathering of this kind, which comes together to consult upon the best means of promoting the Irish National movement, should mar its Irish peacefulness of character and should stamp itself with incompetency by refusing to listen to the views of those who may be opposed to the majority. I have never in my life been afraid to be in a minority and if I stood absolutely alone to-day to face this convention, so long as my conscience told me I was right, I would not shrink the responsibility. I was appealing to Mr. O'Brien and to Canon Shinkwin to consider in the two speeches we have listened to from them here to-day if they themselves really are satisfied that the speeches and the policy enunciated in them, and the going back to the very controversies of the past will contribute to peace and unity in Ireland. What is the burden of the two speeches that we have delivered in support of this resolution? Has there been one word said—and I challenge the speakers who come later in the debate to point to one expression of opinion on the part of the Chairman of the Parliamentary Party, where he has publicly or privately declared that he could not work with Mr. Healy in the party. He must have some responsibility. You have put him into a position of trust. We have heard of how Mr. Healy conducted himself in the Party of the past. I say, why didn't the gentleman responsible for that Party deal with him? And why is it left to a new party and a new chairman, and why are their hands to be tied to judge as to the merits between the gentlemen who raised this unpleasant controversy against one another?

A Delegate—It is you who are doing that.

Mr. Harrington—And are we who are no party to that quarrel, are we the forty members of the Irish Party, who never heard one word of these differences in the ranks of Mr. Dillon's party and Mr. O'Brien's, are we to be asked to pronounce judgment upon conduct that we had no opportunity of judging. (Cries of "Oh, oh.") Is the present chairman of the Parliamentary Party the only gentleman whose hands are to be tied, and who has to be placed handcuffed in the chair—(cries of "Disrespect")—with regard to his treatment of the gentlemen who may be returned in good faith by Irish constituencies into the Party over which he presides. I could not help, during the course of the two speeches that we have heard, going back to the very unpleasant controversy with my colleagues in the endeavor to bring about the reunion of the Irish Party. What were the objections with which I was met by none more eloquently, more ably, and more forcibly, than the Chairman of this convention to-day? We heard how Mr. Healy treated Mr. Justin McCarthy, treated Mr. Sexton, and treated Michael Davitt, and John Dillon. (Cries of "All true.") What business, I want to know, is of the Chairman's, or of mine, or any Parnellite or anti-Parnellite? (Interruption.)

A Delegate—What did Healy do to Parnell?

Mr. Harrington—A friend in the crowd reminds me of what he did to Parnell, and the men who are passing resolutions to-day condemning him and against him, were not afraid to raise their forces against the greatest Irishman of the century. Do not think, if you go back to the tomb where we hoped these unfortunate controversies were buried twelve months ago—do not think you can select from off that tomb your own pet skeleton and prevent any one else. This question was settled by the Irish Parliamentary Party last session. (A Voice—"The country settled it, and the Harbor Division will settle you.") (Cheers.) Do not the convention know that apart from the differences of opinion here—that outside and throughout the country, South, North, East, and

West—there are numbers of men who were never partisans of Mr. Healy, numbers who take sides against him and condemn his actions and words, and who are not still in favor of his policy of evicting? We made up our minds to bury these controversies; we made up our minds to let the constituencies of Ireland return a new Party, and I say it is subversive of every principle of constitutional law and of constitutional representation that any body, Convention, or anybody else, should step in to bar the right of the new Party meeting out its discipline to its own members. (Cries of "Certainly" and "No, no.") Yes, but my friends, what are you engaged in? Remember the position of your country. (Cries of "Two Tims.")

Mr. Harrington—One of the Tims, any way, can look after himself, and I do any man to point to a blot upon his career. Until the moment he is dismissed by his constituency you can pass no greater or heavier sentence on a member than go and mind his own business, and the advantage might be his and the loss yours. This is unity; this is toleration. This is unity you hope to win respect for the Irish cause amongst those who differ from you in Ireland and all over the globe. We heard of the tribute to the South African burghers in their fight for liberty. But what would be said on the eve of the battle if they gathered together in council with no better purpose than to differ bitterly amongst themselves. I don't want to deprive Mr. O'Brien of a position in Irish public life.

But I won't be his instrument, no, nor the instrument of this convention, to drive any other man out of Irish politics except for a just cause and for reasons that I would not have against him. The convention may be very powerful, and your mandate may be very authoritative, but I refuse to take from your hands a dagger to plant in the breast of a brother Irishman.

Now, I should like if it were possible to address a few words of reason to this convention if you had not made up your minds not to hear me. (Interruptions.) What is the burden of the two speeches that we have heard with regard to the United Irish League? We are told he never gave it any assistance and that he never entered it. Did he ever get the chance? I should like to point out to you that the League kept outside its fold, and every machinery that could be devised was devised to prevent him coming near it or, expressing sympathy with it from the beginning.

A Delegate—You are stating what you know is wrong.

Mr. Harrington—I don't state what I know to be wrong. On the contrary, if there was a disposition to allow all Irishmen to loyally join in this movement, why did the Delegation of the United Irish League continue to hold its meetings in the office of Mr. O'Brien, where they knew perfectly well Mr. Healy, owing to the previous controversy, could not go in to take part in the meetings? (Cries of "Bosh.") Let us have fair play equally for Mr. Healy as for every other Irishman. It may have been right to hold the meeting wherever they liked to prevent Mr. Healy coming in, but it is not honest to come here to this convention and say he refused so completely when you have shut the door in his face. (Cries of "Bosh.") I want honest dealing between leading Irishmen to one another; and I do not want to see the League going round to get up resolutions. (Great interruption, which was continued for some minutes, during which Mr. Harrington sat down.)

The Chairman here intervened.

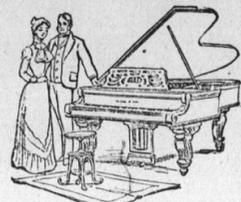
I would be advised and scarcely dignified for me to go on repeating appeal after appeal and to beg of you to show some seriousness of demeanor. This is far too serious a matter to have it treated with the levity of those who are interrupting. I beg of the convention to remember that this is a serious National matter, and not to destroy the efficiency of their own power by persistent interruption. I beg of you then, in the name of Ireland to listen with patience to Mr. Harrington's views.

Mr. Harrington, resuming, said—I know well that Mr. O'Brien's position in this matter is consistent. I know that when the Irish Party met in every stage of the proceedings, and by which unity could be restored in their ranks he had not sympathy in their proceedings, and he had no belief in any unity which would include Mr. Healy. All through, at every stage of the proceedings, he stores unity to the Irish ranks so long as the effort was directed to the restoration of unity in the Parliamentary Party, he was a strong and determined, if a silent, opponent at every step. It was, therefore, perfectly consistent on his part, believing as he then believed, and as he does now, that he could not act with Mr. Healy in the Party and take the line he has taken to-day. But with all respect to-day I say that the issue between him and Mr. Healy should have been decided in North Louth. But what becomes, I want to know, of the action of the other members of the Parliamentary Party who are going to take part in this division to-day? They, Mr. Chairman, joined with Mr. Healy in electing you to the chair at the commencement of the last session of Parliament. They joined Mr. Healy in the conferences which took place in the Party during the whole of the period of the last session, and I challenge any one to say that in those whole twelve months Mr. Healy did not act calculated to obstruct the Party. (Ironical cheers.) Having said so much, Mr. Chairman, it is unnecessary for me to proclaim that I have never in Irish politics been a partisan of Mr. Healy, or a follower of his. I speak for fair play. I speak for liberal-minded, broad-minded action, worthy of men looking for freedom. If you, I say, if you treat an Irishman, who has worked with you in the National ranks, if you treat an Irishman

whose whole selfish interests would have been to make use of his talents and his abilities for his own self-advancement—(cries of "He did")—but who, instead of devoting his life and his exertions to the furtherance of the Irish National cause, I say that if you mete out that treatment to an Irishman who has worked for you, how would you hope that the thousands of the people in Ireland should differ from you in opinion would ever trust themselves with confidence to a Government of which you had control? We have to teach lessons of toleration and broad-mindedness and fair play to the men who differ from us in opinion and how could we hope to convince them of the earnestness of our motives and the sincerity of our convictions if we enter upon such a course of oppression and tyranny as this resolution embodies? For my part, my course is determined upon. I am anxious to be useful in the Irish political movement. I am anxious to take part in the Irish political fight in the future as in the past; but not at your mandate, not at the mandate of the Irish nation, not at the mandate of the Irish race would I enter upon a course which I deem unworthy of myself and unworthy of the position I hold. (Cries of "Resign.") Your resolution is one of force, coercion, and eviction. I am no believer in coercion wherever it should come; and I will take no hand, act, or part in the eviction.

task, and a task from which he shrank to go through, the awful catalogue of the crimes against National unity and against National decency; and when he heard that talk about conciliation he was reminded of the reply of the witty Frenchman to the friend who was arguing for the abolition of capital punishment, "By all means," said he, "but let the assassins begin." He said—let the assassins begin. They approached this question with clean hands; they had used no poisoned weapons; they had made no war on women. Their mouths were not racked with foul charges of personal corruption against opponents, and if at long last, after years of patient waiting, they had adopted an uncompromising attitude, if at last they had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, it was that they might rescue the cause of the dear land from an unscrupulous conspiracy as ever had threatened the life of a nation. Conciliate Mr. Healy, conciliate a tiger! Conciliate the man whose sole conception of public duty seemed to be to let his tongue rake like fire amongst the noblest names, polluting, defaming, and defacing; whose sole function in public life seemed to be to spread distrust and suspicion of the men to whom the people were wont to look for guidance, and to propagate the belief that the men who could not see eye to eye with him (and they were the bulk of Irish Nationalists) were reckless adventurers of their venal parasites; conciliate the man who in late years when the people were asking and pining for unity and to work for the country, never opened his lips or handled his pen except to widen the breach amongst

[Continued on Page Eight]



# Canada's Favorite Piano.

## The Heintzman Piano

Can be seen and heard; for sale only, in our warehouses. You can see over 3,000 others in the homes of Montreal, and to these homes, owned by people in every station in life, we refer prospective customers for the best of all reference—that which comes from actual experience.

The Heintzman & Co. pianos were always great pianos. By use of new and exclusive patents of great practical benefit, the Heintzman pianos are greater and more desirable than ever before. Unusually large choice now in our warehouses, 2366 St. Catherine street.

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We have cut prices on all, and offering Special Inducements to clear our very limited stocks of

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[NEW YORK.]

Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap, Perfumes, Cologne, Face, Tooth and Violet Powders, Champagne, Taps, Sachet Powders, Combinations, etc., etc.

RICKSECKER'S SOAP.		
Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap ... Large tablets	.....	Each. \$0.15
Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap ... Small tablets	.....	0.09
Dog Soap	.....	0.15
RICKSECKER'S CHAMPAGNE TAPS.		
Champagne Taps	.....	0.90
RICKSECKER'S POWDERS.		
Pink and White Martha Washington	.....	
Face Powder	..... in boxes	0.15
Tooth Powder, Pink and White	..... in boxes	0.15
Violet Powder	..... in boxes	0.15
RICKSECKER'S PERFUMES.		
Assorted Double Couplets, 1/2-oz. bottles, 2 bottles in a box, assorted odors, per box of 2 bottles	.....	0.45
Assorted Perfumes, Double Couplets, No. 50, 1 1/2-oz. bottles, per box of 2 bottles	.....	1.75
Assorted Perfumes, No. 95, 1 1/2-oz. bottles, six side bottles, assorted odors	.....	0.90
Assorted Perfumes, cut glass stoppered bottles	.....	1.25
Assorted Perfumes, in 2-oz. new fancy cartons, assorted odors	.....	0.90
Assorted Perfumes, in 4-oz. glass stoppered fancy cartons, assorted odors	.....	1.75
Peace Maker Perfumes	.....	0.15
RICKSECKER'S SACHETS.		
Palace Sachets, assorted odors	.....	0.25
RICKSECKER'S COMBINATIONS.		
"Midget" Combination, containing 1 bottle Tooth Powder, 1 bottle Perfume and 1 Sachet Complexion Soap	.....	0.25
RICKSECKER'S COLOGNES.		
Violet Cologne, in handsome flasks	.....	1.75
Assorted Colognes, 7-oz. sprinkler tops	.....	1.50
Assorted Colognes, in long green glass stoppered bottles with silver stands, assorted odors	.....	0.75
Assorted Colognes, in long fluted screw-cap bottles, assorted odors	.....	0.75
No. 4 Cologne, in screw-cap bottles	.....	0.75
Assorted Colognes, in 1 1/2-oz. tall corked stoppered bottles	.....	0.25
FRASER, VIGER & CO.		
CALIFORNIA WASHINGTON NAVAL ORANGES.		
In boxes of 112 each	.....	Per box. \$4.90
In boxes of 150 each	.....	4.90
In boxes of 200 each	.....	4.90
All of the choicest quality only varying as to size of fruit.	.....	
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	.....	30c
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	.....	35c
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	.....	40c
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	.....	45c
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	.....	50c
FRASER, VIGER & CO.		
Italian Warehouse, 267, 269, 271 St. James Street.		

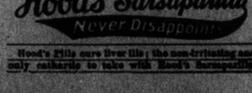
### "Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By"

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Bole—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLAWNS, Truro, N. S.

Could Not Sleep—"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles and it restored me to perfect health." Miss Jessie Tupper, Cranbrook, Ont.



Hood's Pills are the only ones that will take hold and cure.

Our Boys and Girls.

THE DYING YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

A GOOD START.—It is very important that we start well in life. Many persons wreck their happiness and prosperity by adopting in life a course entirely opposed to that to which God has called them.

LITTLE THINGS.—We find a great many young people who seem to pay very little attention to "little things." In order to make life a success, and a true success they must learn all they can, for life after all is made up of little things.

THE TIME TO MEND.—Now as the New Year is approaching, we should carefully look back over our past year's work, and remedy all our wrong doing. There is no person but has committed faults of some kind one against the other.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—I cannot close my few observations to my young friends without wishing one and all a Bright and Happy New Year. A year I trust that will be full of joy, peace, and happiness.

GOOD READING.—The young should carefully cultivate a fondness for pure, entertaining reading. They should carefully select something to their taste, amusement with instruction, golden truths and sound morals.

IT SERVED HIM RIGHT.—There are some men who go through the world endeavoring to outwit fate by getting something for nothing.

KEEP your blood pure and your stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be WELL.

with them sooner or later. Concerning such a man the following good story is told: A young lawyer moved into a Connecticut town where there was only one lawyer before, an old judge. A close-listed old farmer thought there was a good chance to get some legal advice from the young man, gratis, so he dropped into his office, told him how glad he was that he had come into town, because the old judge was getting superannuated, and contrived in the course of the talk to get the legal information he wanted, and then bidding him good morning was about to leave, when the young man asked for his fee.

THE CANON'S SERVER.

Seven o'clock was the good old Canon's time for saying Mass. At the time of which I write he was considerably over seventy, was more than a little deaf, and was exceedingly short-sighted, yet he was anything but feeble, and every morning of his life found him on his knees in the church at half-past six. At five minutes to seven he was in the sacristy, and at the stroke of seven was vested and ready for Mass.

Now, the outer sacristy, in which the altar boys vested was very little more than a wide passage leading straight to the priest's house, so that when Bridget had finished her trifling duties with the church, she had necessarily to pass through the outer sacristy on her way back to the presbytery kitchen. This morning Nora passed and looked round in dismay. Within the inner sacristy stood the Canon ready vested; but there was no server awaiting him in the usual place. Nora couldn't remember that such a thing had ever happened before—at St. Patrick's.

Turning back into the church, the old woman made her way to the principal entrance, fully expecting to meet a breathless boy in the porch or at the very least to hear the sound of running footsteps in the street outside. There was neither the sight nor the sound. She stepped out into the street, but the morning lamps had already been put out, so thus her view was a limited one.

"Shure now, the pity of it!" she murmured to herself, as she re-entered the church. "Ah! likely enough the children are laid up! But what will I do for my Reverence?"

Nora really thought she was speaking in a whisper, but regarded objectively at a whisper it was a pretty loud one. To begin with, she was greatly startled. Kneeling at the bottom of the aisle on the Gospel side of the church was a boy. For a moment she thought it was Wan Burn—the lad whose turn it was to serve for the week. She soon perceived her mistake.

The stranger had risen from his knees and, rosy head in hand, was retreating towards the porch. Nora's coming in a manner scared him. "Come back wid ye!"—Nora still thought she was whispering—"you'll have to elerk for the Canon! Ye hear me, now!"

Fortunately, this time they were in the porch—the boy still retreating, and Nora following. She was determined he should not escape her. A boy was a boy, and therefore a server at such a juncture as this; though, to be sure—well, Nora paused as she eyed him under the gaslight at the entrance. Was he capable of such a duty? She began to be a little doubtful. He was certainly not an English lad, though there was nothing distinctly foreign-looking in his dress, which was tidy, but coarse; his age may have been fifteen. His hair was jet black, thick and bushy, and his skin brown, as only a southern sun could have made it. Two big, dark, frightened eyes looked up into Nora's face.

"Can ye, or can't ye, answer Mass now? Tell me that!" Nora whispered fiercely. It was clear that the boy did not understand the question; it seemed to him that the old

woman was chiding him for being in the church, slightly lifting his rosy head, he said in broken English—"I But," he added, "I must be getting very short-sighted, I think, or very abstracted, or—something."

"Very dead to the things of this world," said Father Wood, in a low tone to his colleague. The latter nodded, and both the young priests glanced at their reactor with looks of veneration and affection.

"Poor Dan!" the Canon was saying, half to himself. "This is very sad indeed. But how could I have been so abstracted! A strange boy—foreign-looking, you say? He turns out to be a most interesting experience. Why, it reminds me of a beautiful story of—but no, that was quite another matter."

"Don't deprive us of the story, Canon," Father Riley pleaded. "If I don't mind, you may tell it to me at the point—not at all. No, it is only an incident in the life of a holy Franciscan for whom I have a special affection; but it does not bear upon the matter in hand, even remotely, except that—"

"In the matter of stories, Canon, we are all boys," Father Wood said. "Come now do give it to us." "Well," began the Canon, a little reluctantly, "it really is a beautiful story, but I do beg of you not to think that I am lying to you. It is not a story, not a legend, not a fable, not a representation of the Crib. Well, one morning he wished to say Mass at an earlier hour than usual, but when he called his server, the Brother was so heavy with sleep he could not rouse himself. However, he rose after a short time and ran to the church. To his amazement Blessed John was at the altar with a server clothed in a Franciscan habit, but having the face and appearance of no mortal man the Brother had ever seen before. Later in the day, Blessed John, the young religious, who, as he thought, had served his Mass: 'My son, I bless you this morning with so much reverence and devotion that, through you, Our Lord gave me very great consolation. The Holy Spirit filled with confusion and confessed that sleepiness had deprived him of the privilege of serving Mass that morning, and that when he came to the church he saw that his place had been taken by a stranger. Yet he was sure no visitor had arrived that day, and thus of none of the other brethren had served the Father's Mass 'Well,' said Blessed John, 'whoever he may be, I bless him. And blessed be the good God in all His gifts.'"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Father Riley. "Just the scene for a picture. Why don't some of these artists read the lives of the saints to some good purpose? Imagine the dark church in the very early morning, the dawn stealing in through the altar window and struggling with the light of the taper—the venerable Franciscan in the act of saying Mass, and then—the angel server, full of adoring reverence, and enveloped, as he is in a soft luminosity that appears to be a part of the religious habit he is wearing."

"Well, Canon," said Father Wood, "it is a delightful story; but I should not be at all surprised to find an angel serving you."

"Please, please, my dear Father," broke in the Canon, with evident distress, "please do not say that! That is just what I do not want you to say. Whoever my server may have been, I am positive he was not an angel."

"In this instance I don't think he was," Father Wood answered laughingly. "In fact, I am pretty sure of it. He may be a very good boy, but he is much too substantial-looking—I was going to say too dark-looking—to be mistaken for an angel. And now I come to think of it—yes; I am almost certain 'tis the same lad. He is an Italian, Canon, and—don't be shocked—takes his turn at organ-grinding with an unpleasant-looking man, possibly his father."

"Well, well, well," ejaculated the Canon, throwing up his hands. "I must really be getting exceedingly short-sighted! But really I feel greatly interested in this poor lad. I hope you have not forgotten all your Italian," he added, turning to Father Wood. The latter re-assured him.

"Then would you be so kind as to speak to my mother, who, like the good woman she is, came to Mass this morning, to pray against it, as she says. She assured me Dan was unable to get up."

"But he served my Mass this very morning," the puzzled Canon insisted. "And who is he, Canon?" inquired the second assistant priest, Father Wood, who entered the room while the Canon was speaking.

"Who is—who?" asked the bewildered old man, looking from one to the other of his colleagues; "really, my dear Fathers, you are puzzling me very much."

"The boy who served Mass this morning is an utter stranger to me, at least," said Father Wood. "I entered the sacristy just as he was leaving, and rather wondered what the dark-looking lad was doing there."

is a very singular experience, very singular indeed. And interesting. But," he added, "I must be getting very short-sighted, I think, or very abstracted, or—something."

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see this boy, or make some inquiries about him?" "I will certainly do so, Canon," said Father Wood. And he did.

"A tonsured cleric!" exclaimed the Canon, looking from Father Wood to the dark-eyed boy, who stood in the presbytery parlor, and who had just risen from his knees with the Canon's most fervent blessing.

"Nothing less," said Father Wood; "but while I tell you his story, shall we send him to the kitchen? I fancy he is hungry."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Canon quickly. "Well, well! What a very interesting occurrence! Yes, my dear, go with Father Wood, and have something to eat."

"It is a sad enough story," Father Wood began, when he returned to the parlor, "though I hope it may have a happy ending. The boy—his name is Andrea Trivari—was being educated for the Church, when his mother, a good, holy woman, died. The father, a free-thinker, and I fear, a bad character all round, took the lad away from his seminary about six months ago, and brought him to England. Andrea had just received his first tonsure. Imagine the child's misery at being forced away from everything he loved! The wretched man forbade him ever to enter a Catholic Church, or even to keep any article of a religious character about his person. In spite of this the child has managed to secure his mother's rosary beads, and has contrived to say them every day since he left the seminary. This morning he got up very early, and stole away to hear Mass while his father was sleeping. He has done the same several times before, and always with the same result—a brutal whipping. The marks of the cords with which he had been tied up were upon his wrists and ankles when I first saw him this morning. What the marks on his body may be I dare not think. They are living in some wretched rooms in Barley lane, together with several other Italians. When I called this afternoon the lad was helping one or two of them in the making of plaster facings. For reasons of his own the father had not the boy at home for the day. In fact, I strongly suspect that the child was too feeble, or too giddy to walk when his father set out with the organ. One of the image-makers expressed great sympathy with Andrea, and admitted the brutal character of the scoring."

"Only a hour ago I called again. The father was at home, and my knowledge of Italian stood me in good stead, for I succeeded in frightening him very thoroughly. He is, doubtless, at this moment awaiting the arrival of the police. He admitted that the lad is as good as gold—my dear Canon, I have distressed you too much already. (The Canon was in tears.) Perhaps, I am premature, but I have brought the boy away, and if you think anything can be done—"

"Something must be done—shall be done," exclaimed the Canon with decision. "They had not waited for the police," Father Wood said to the Canon a few hours later. "Dread of the English law has driven them back to Italy."

"Andrea will be happy enough on the English Mission," said the Canon simply. "But the entire credit of everything was claimed by Nora, whose fears, however, for Andrea's success were not wholly dissipated until ten years later, after assisting at his first Mass, she heard him preach—in English."

THE BOER WAR.

The following statement of losses in the South African war which, from present indications, is far from being at an end, is published in English newspapers. Total reduction of the field force, South Africa, due to casualties, to end of November, was—

Table with 2 columns: Officers, Men. Rows include Killed in action, Died of wounds, Died in captivity, Died of disease, Accidental deaths, Missing and prisoners, etc.

Lameness in the muscles and joints indicates rheumatism. Don't dally with it a minute. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure it.

A PRIEST'S BRAVE ACTION.

Rev. Father Spigardi, of St. Louis, Mo., risked his life recently to save the Holy Eucharist from destruction in his burning church. The effort almost cost his life. He was rescued by the firemen soon after he had fallen unconscious in the middle of the church. In his hands he still clasped the ciborium containing the Eucharist.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. C. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice President, Stasia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlitt, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Curran, 888 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Fin. Secretary, E. J. Coffey; Treasurer, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: — J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1893 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 796 Pallace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2444 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, 658 R. President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maiden, Treasurer.

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killfeather; Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Rosal street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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