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FATHER DOWD

Passes Away From His People

A GREAT AND WIDE-FELT LOSS TO THE COMMUNITY.

General Expressions of Public Sorrow.

FUNERAL SERVICE AT NOTRE DAME AND ST. PATRICK'S

All Classes and Creeds Unite in Honoring the Memory of the Deceased.

PRELATES, PRIESTS AND PEOPLE AROUND THE COFFIN.

It is with pain and sorrow that we announce that the hopes of a satisfactory termination to the illness of the Reverend Father Dowd have not been realized. The improvement in his condition, chronicled in these columns last week, proved only of a transitory character, and he passed away, after a fatal turn in his malady, early on Saturday morning. Symptoms of pneumonia set in after his first indisposition with a violence not to be checked by any medical skill and he sank slowly and died calmly, in the presence of his late colleagues of St. Patrick's and other priests of the city of both races, shortly before five o'clock on Saturday morning. His dying benediction was bestowed on his flock he loved so well and labored for so faithfully. The event has fallen like a domestic affliction upon the members of the people of St. Patrick's, who have naturally come to regard the noble priest as a father and confessor as well as spiritual director. But the weight of the blow and the sense of the loss reaches far more to the people. It is day by day evidenced in the press and communicated through the press, are made known that the passing of Father Dowd has left a void in the community which is hard to fill. A great and noble man has passed on to his heavenly home. He was a man of prayer, of all in all we shall not look upon his passing as a loss.

The body of St. Patrick's on Sunday was placed in the church and yellow from pillar to pillar. The coffin, occupied in life by Father Dowd, was shrouded in purple and the pall was yellow and purple. Rev. Father Toupin preached the sermon at two o'clock. The church was crowded, no room not being able to accommodate the people. The Rev. Father spoke in eloquent and touching terms of the dead pastor. He referred to his works of charity and education and pointed to the grand educational and charitable institutions which surrounded the church as a proof of the late pastor's merits. "When Father Dowd came here," said Father Toupin, "there was nothing but the ruins of St. Patrick. To-day what has become of it? He instanced the Refuge, the Asylum, the orphan asylum and the other works of his zeal, and said he was a man among men, a man of power, and one whose word was sufficient to restrain the hasty action of others and heal dissensions arising among his people. In the course of his remarks Father Toupin spoke down several times, and when he spoke of the love the dead pastor had always felt for St. Patrick's congregation, and how, on the Friday afternoon previous to his death, he had received Father Dowd's last benediction, the vast congregation was visibly affected, and a death-like silence reigned over the sacred edifice.

The body of the beloved priest had been laid in the sacristy, and there his flock viewed the remains. In the afternoon catechism class was held, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan afterwards bringing the little ones into the vestry to view the remains. At 2 o'clock there was a meeting of the parishioners of St. Patrick's and representatives of the Irish Catholic societies, national and benevolent in the city, when a series of resolutions, expressing grief at the loss of their pastor, were adopted, and arrangements were made in connection with the funeral. In all the Catholic churches in Montreal, both French and English, and also in many of the Protestant churches, feeling references were made to the death of Father Dowd. In Ste. Cuthbert's Vicar-General Castonguay at the morning service, delivered an eloquent eulogy in French on the deceased priest. He said he had done great service to Canada, and all who loved Canada should pray for his soul. In St. Anthony's, Notre Dame, St. Mary's, St. Gabriel, St. James, St. Peter's and St. Ann's Father Dowd's death was the theme of the morning discourse.

The various Irish Catholic societies held a meeting in St. Patrick's Hall in the afternoon, the Rev. J. A. McConlon presiding. The Hon. Senator Murphy

made a few felicitous remarks, speaking with emotion, and called on Dr. Hingston to speak. Dr. Hingston said he felt it was appropriate that the meeting should open its proceedings with the expression of their deep sorrow at the great loss that had befallen the Irish Catholics of Montreal and their fellow citizens generally. Father Dowd had been a source of strength to the community at large. He had many noble qualities of head and heart, and they were all concentrated in doing good work, the result of which would be permanent. His was a great intellect, but stern as he often appeared, no heart was more tender than his. Amongst his many noble qualities the example he gave beyond all was his respect for authority. That respect excited him to the obedience he exacted. He asked for nothing that he was not prepared to give. Many times, no doubt, his views clashed with those of his hearers, but time always proved the unerring judgment of the great pastor, and "Father Dowd was right" would be the feeling of all. The speaker gave many instances within his own know-

ledge of the humility of Father Dowd and his generous disposition, and concluded by proposing the first resolution.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., president of St. Patrick's society, seconded the motion in a very affecting speech. He said his friend, Dr. Hingston, had said all that could be expressed at this moment. They were assembled on a sad and solemn occasion. It was not now when tears were streaming down their cheeks and their emotion was too great for utterance, that they should attempt to voice the depth of their affliction. Father Dowd was dead; the greatest Irishman in Canada was no more. His was the giant intellect, and the superiority of his mind was only equalled by the tenderness of his heart. They were assembled there, representatives of every Irish Catholic parish, but around the bier of their common spiritual father, their sure adviser, their constant friend, they felt they were once more but one family, united still more closely in the bonds of brotherly love, by the remembrance of all the labors and sacrifices of the departed one, whose life had been a constant endeavor to promote their welfare. That he had been a peacemaker all his fellow-citizens were there to testify to, and no man had done more to strengthen the ties of Christian charity amongst all creeds and classes. Their loss was great; it was no mere parish loss, but one that affected the country at large, of which he had been so distinguished a citizen. Many hoped that on the church grounds of St. Patrick's, if the rule permitted, a monument might be raised to his memory, but here it might be said, "Look around for the monument." The noble edifice where they were assembled, the church of St. Patrick's, the asylum where the fatherless and motherless little orphan had as home, the school where the children were educated, the refuge where the poor, the aged and the afflicted found solace and shelter, all these were there to attest his virtues, his self-sacrifice, his wise and never-receding vigilance of administration. He concluded by saying that the spirit of the great departed would remain with them in treading the path of virtue and good citizenship, of which the deceased's life was so illustrious an example.

The Late Father Dowd was born in the county Louth in the year 1813. It was evident very early in his career that he had a vocation for the priesthood, and this tendency was evidenced in many ways, and his desire to devote himself to the service of the Church clearly manifested. He made his classical course at Newry and went to Paris in 1832, and made his theological

studies in the Irish college in that city. His course was a brilliant one. In May 20, 1837, he was ordained priest by Monsignor Quelen, archbishop of Paris, and after his ordination returned to Ireland, where he lived about ten years, six with the Archbishop of Armagh, and was president of the Diocesan seminary of that town for one year. In 1847 he resolved on joining the Order of St. Sulpice, went to Paris for that purpose, and after spending a year in the novitiate was admitted a member of that illustrious body. Father Dowd came to Montreal June 21, 1848, in company with Rev. Fathers O'Brien, McCullough and others. He was even then distinguished not only for his piety, zeal and eloquence, but also for his great administrative abilities. It was not long ere his great powers were called for and his earnest zeal put into operation. The story of the great ship fever visitation is to the present generation a matter of history, but the dreadful tale has frequently been told with sufficient clearness. Death was sweeping down the Irish people by thousands and it seemed as if the pestilence was

not to be checked. Priests and faithful people were not wanting in the dire emergency, and foremost among the noble band of workers was the heroic priest who has now passed to his reward. He survived the terrible ordeal, but many of his fellow clergy and religious assistants, including many nuns, died at the post of their arduous duty. For many years after he labored at St. Patrick's, and in 1860, after the departure of the Rev. Father Connolly from the church, the deceased priest received the appointment of chief pastor. Although many offers have been made him, and the mitre might now adorn his brow, the Rev. Father continued until the day of his death among the people he loved so well and served so faithfully. The parish, during the term of nearly fifty-four years which witnessed his ministrations, has grown marvellously under his fostering care. Very shortly after his arrival in this city he saw the necessity for an asylum for orphans here, and early in 1849 established one, and the same year commenced the building of the present St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which was opened in November, 1851. In 1855 he established St. Bridget's home for the old and infirm, and the night refuge for the destitute. In 1857 he created the present conditions building on Lagache street for the home and refuge. St. Patrick's school for girls on St. Alexander street, attended by some 500 pupils, is another monument of Father Dowd's untiring zeal to forward the interests of his people. Aided by the ladies of St. Patrick's congregation, Father Dowd organized the annual bazaars for the support of the orphan asylum, the first being held in October, 1849. They have been held regularly ever since. The deceased priest has also watched with zealous care the development of the ecclesiastical building in which he has ministered, and the present superb architectural appearance of St. Patrick's is mainly due to his devoted efforts. In 1866, when the dismemberment of the ancient parish of Notre Dame was proclaimed, Father Dowd saw that the congregation of St. Patrick's and the other Irish churches of this city would suffer thereby, and he promptly petitioned the Holy See that the Irish Catholics of Montreal should be left in undisturbed possession of their old privileges. His petition was received and substantially granted, and their position confirmed and defined to their satisfaction. Among the responsibilities thus entailed upon him was the payment of a debt on the church of \$124,000. One of the most noteworthy of the events connected with the ministrations of the deceased at St. Patrick's

was the organization of the pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome in 1877. It has been stated that Father Dowd has on more than one occasion been named for the Episcopal dignity. Twice at least he refused the mitre, namely: The sees of Toronto and Kingston. On December 17, 1882, he was named Bishop of Canoe in *partibus* and coadjutor of Toronto, but he declined, preferring to remain with his dear St. Patrick's congregation.

His Jubilee. But his devotion to St. Patrick's did not prevent his services being recognized by those who did not belong to his congregation or his faith. The incidents connected with the jubilee anniversary (in 1887) of his consecration to the priesthood showed that neither creed nor distance had availed to prevent the recognition of his worth. Along with the addresses of his congregation and the societies to which its members belonged, the orphans, and the "Poor Old People of St. Bridget's Home," were the engrossed testimonials of the City Council.

The sanctuary was filled with clergy, among whom were Archbishop Lynch, Bishops Walsh (London) and Dowling (Hamilton), and representatives from every diocese. The Mass was splendidly sung by the choir under Professor Fowler and was to the music of Nini. The sermon was preached by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, now Archbishop of Toronto, upon the text, "Let the priests who rule well be esteemed of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." The sermon was an eloquent and learned exposition of the duties of the priesthood. At the close, referring specially to the occasion he said: "For 39 long years Father Dowd has been doing the work of Christ in your midst in this city. He labored here in 1848 to take his part, if required, with the noble band of martyrs of charity who sacrificed their lives in bringing the consolations and graces of religion to the dying Irish immigrants. All who that witnessed them can ever forget the heart-rending scenes that then took place in the fever sheds in the suburbs of this city; dead priest has not waned in zeal, devotion, and he has died working to the end, and wearing the white flower of blameless life."

THE FUNERAL SERVICES. It was nine o'clock when the grand Requiem services began in the parish church of Notre Dame, and it was not until half-past ten that they were concluded. Within the altar rails were ranged the Chancel choir from the Seminary fully three hundred voices. In addition to these were fully one hundred priests belonging to the various orders, the Trappists, Oblats, Redemptorist, Jesuits, and Sulpicians, as well as about fifty secular priests from the various Catholic churches in the city. The orators present were their Graces Archbishop Fabre, Archbishop Cleary (Kingston), their Lordships Bishop Macdonald of Alexandria and Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro. The Archbishop of Toronto is seriously ill, but he sent as representative Vicar-General Rooney. With the Vicar-General the journey east was a labor of love, for the dead pastor of St. Patrick's had been his parish priest in Ireland when he was a boy. This circumstance had built up between them both a bond of sympathy and friendship which only death could sever. The church itself was crowded to the very doors, the two large galleries could not afford standing room for the very large congregation, and seldom before in the history of the vast edifice had it held so large a gathering. The attendance was variously estimated, but it is probable that fifteen thousand would be near the mark. The committee of arrangements performed their duties with judgment, and with such attention to detail that from the first to the last there was not a single hitch. The various societies fell into their respective stations in the church without confusion under the direction of their marshals. The banners they carried were draped in black, and the same hue of sorrow covered the regalia worn by the officers.

The Mayor (Mr. McShane) and the City Council of Montreal arrived in a body a few moments before the solemn service was commenced. His Lordship Bishop Bond, Canon Ellegood and the Rev. Dr. Norton, the Rector of the Anglican Cathedral, attended as an official representation of the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Ellegood, it was stated, was a fellow worker, as representing his church, with the deceased during the terrible ship fever period and the long train of distress which followed. There were also many other Protestants among those who not only visited the church but followed the remains to their final resting place. The venerable Archbishop Fabre sang the Requiem Mass, with Father Toupin as Deacon, and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan as Sub-Deacon. The rules of the Sulpician order forbid a funeral eulogy on any of its members, and owing to that there was no sermon.

After the Mass, the Archbishop, preceded by the clergy, went to the bier in which rested the body of the dead priest. There, after the *Litania* was sung, he pronounced the final benediction upon it, and the solemn ceremony closed.

The congregation was so large that it was deemed necessary, in order to prevent a crush on its leaving the church, to open every means of exit, and Rev. Father McCallen, in a few words from the steps of the altar, gave the necessary instructions to the throng how to depart without accident.

The order of leaving the church, by the funeral procession, was as follows: First, the pall bearers, the Mayor and members of the Corporation, the St. Patrick's societies, the Young Irishmen and the Catholic Foresters, and after them the citizens. In this order the procession proceeded to

St. Patrick's Church. There the body was received by Bishop O'Connor as celebrant and conveyed to a bier in the central aisle. The *Litania* was again sung, Bishop O'Connor giving the absolution, Rev. Father Toupin as assistant priest, Rev. Father Callaghan as Deacon, Rev. Father Jas. Callaghan as Sub-Deacon, Father Quinnivan as Cross-bearer, and Rev. Father McCallen as Master of Ceremonies.

It was in his own church, where he had labored so hard and so faithfully, that the grief of the congregation made itself felt, the aged members of the church, men and women, who had known the dead pastor better than the younger portion could ever know him, could scarcely control their grief. Their sobs broke through even the solemn chant of the choir, and made the scene one of inexpressible grief. If ever a pastor was beloved of his congregation Father Dowd was that pastor, if the sorrow expressed by that congregation is a proof. The solemn tones of St. Patrick's bells at last gave notice that the time for a final farewell was at hand.

Reverently the pall-bearers, all old friends, carried the plain deal coffin from the bier, down the aisle and along the snow-covered ground in front of the house, and the last start was made. The hearse with the coffin took the lead, with the pall-bearers ranged on each side. Then immediately followed the clergy of the city to the number of about fifty. In the first rank were the venerable Father Toupin, Rev. Father McCallen, and the Rev. Father James Callaghan, with Rev. Father Quinnivan and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan next. After the priests came the Seminarians to the number of one hundred and fifty. From the church up Alexander street to Dorchester street the procession silently wended its solemn way. Thence it proceeded west to the Orphan Home, the little one-way street, where it turned south. The dead pastor, crowded the hearse, watched the remains to the

like a terrible nightmare they haunt the memory for life. These were indeed days that tried men's souls—these were the days that tried the charity and zeal of the priests and religious of this city as fire tries the gold. Hundreds, nay thousands, of our countrymen, driven from their native land by wicked laws and a dreadful famine, arrived on our hospitable shores; but the famine fever, like an angel of destruction, pursued them and smote them with pestilence and death. The fever sheds in the suburbs of the city were veritable Gethsemanes, where hearts and souls were sorrowful unto death, where hundreds of men and women were writhing in their awful agonies. Heroic priests entered that Gethsemane like comforting angels, to bring peace and hope to the agonizing, and to prepare their souls for immortal joys. Some of those priests passed from the Gethsemane to their Calvary, where they laid down their lives in sacrifice for their fellow-men. His priestly virtues, his great talents and his sound judgment were so conspicuous as to attract the attention and to win the confidence and esteem not alone of the faithful but even of the episcopate of Eastern and Western Canada, and in 1853 the Bishops unanimously petitioned the Holy See to appoint him coadjutor Bishop of Toronto. The Bulls of his appointment arrived, but he resolutely declined the proffered honor and dignity, preferring to labor till the last amongst his faithful people. For twenty-seven long years he has labored as pastor amongst you, and God alone knows all the labors and sacrifices for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock. In season and out of season, in the cold of winter and summer's heat, in the midst of anxieties and trials, in absolute disinterestedness and in purity of purpose and loftiness of aim, he has invariably toiled to fulfil the duties of a true and faithful shepherd. St. Patrick's school, St. Bridget's Refuge, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, are some of the monuments of his holy zeal. And in this connection may it not be said of him that "his bones, when he has run his course and sleeps in blessing, will have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them."

Protestant Tokens of Regard. The congratulations presented at the jubilee were not mere empty words. With them came gold—a tribute to the good works Father Dowd was most active in. The congregation of St. Patrick's gave him \$16,593, the St. Patrick's society \$100, the St. Patrick's choir, \$320, the pupils of St. Patrick's school, \$365, the Ladies of the Congregation and their friends, \$1,000, the Society of the Living Rosary, \$251, the Catholic Young Men's society, \$215, the Leo club, \$200, the Catechism children, \$235, the St. Patrick's Temperance society, \$500, the Children of Mary society, \$201, the St. Patrick's orphans, \$50, and Catholic friends, \$387. Protestant friends made him a personal gift of \$600, and in addressing them his thanks he was able to say that that was not the first time that Protestants had proved to him there is a common ground of holy charity upon which all Christians can meet and shake hands and be kind to one another. For he added, during many long years, when his people were poor and few and the little orphans numerous, half of the proceeds of their yearly bazaars came from the open-handed charity of Protestant friends.

The Jubilee Mass was celebrated on the 18th of May, 1887, and was a red-letter day in the annals of St. Patrick's. It will be remembered that this was a double jubilee, the Rev. Father Toupin also celebrating his golden jubilee, and receiving with his venerable associate the congratulations of the faithful. The Mass was, as far as the clergy were concerned, a representative one. The Rev. Father Dowd himself officiated, with Fathers Vaillieres as deacon and Kiernan as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop pontificated and the assistant priest was Vicar-General Marschal. The deacon of honor was Father Murphy of London, and sub-deacon Rev. J. O'Rourke, of Ogdensburg.



THE BODY OF THE LATE FATHER DOWD LYING IN STATE IN THE MORTUARY CHAPEL AT ST. PATRICK'S.

A CAPE BRETON MIRACLE.

A Case that Fairly Outrivals the Wonderful Hamilton Cure.

Homeless, Helpless, and Given Up as "One Who Must Soon Go"—An Interesting Story as Investigated by a Reporter.

Haltifax Herald, December 16th.

A few months ago all Canada was astounded by a remarkable cure reported from the city of Hamilton, Ont., and vouched for by the press and many of the leading residents of that city.

The remarkable narrative of Mr. Marshall's cure and the remedy to which he owed his recovery were given wide publicity by the press throughout the Dominion, and naturally it brought a ray of hope to others who were similarly suffering.

After the interview with Mr. Gerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of McGill and Edinburgh universities.

medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there. I then decided to send to Brockville, Ont., for the Pills, but my neighbors only laughed at me, saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good.

After the interview with Mr. Gerritt, the reporter called on a number of his neighbors, all of whom endorsed his statements, and said they considered his cure one of the most wonderful things that had come within their observation.

Drunkennes. Here is the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of drunkenness. It is so clear, in such accord with common sense, that it requires no explanation. A simple statement will suffice.

SPECIAL CITY AGENTS WANTED by a first class British Fire Office. None but men of standing, and those who can show a reasonable prospect of being able to influence business, need apply.

materials for it are rapidly accumulating. Many local histories, some of them general and some of them ecclesiastical, have been published in recent years; and these, along with the State papers, the annals, and the abundant manuscript materials, sacred and profane, must necessarily be made the basis of a really satisfactory history of Ireland.

There are several works on Irish history; and, although no one of them can be said to be in any way satisfactory, it is possible by studying and comparing a few of them to get at all, or nearly all, the average reader would require.

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong."

Incense. The incense ordered for the service of the Tabernacle, to be burned in a censer and on the altar, consisted of stacte, onycha, galbanum and frankincense in equal parts.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a white, transparent shell, resembling in shape the human finger nail; hence its Greek name onyx, a finger nail.

MAGGIE MURPHY'S HOME. The words and music of the above song, and 100 other popular songs and parodies, mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

THE ROMANCE OF A COUNTY DOWN GIRL. The following story of the romance of a Downpatrick girl is related by a Scotch Journal.

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.

Missing. John McAvoy, of 447 Wellington street, aged 25, has been missing from his home since Monday night.

The Fast Mail Service. Sir John Thompson and the Hon. Mr. Tupper have been to Montreal to confer with those interested regarding the Allan Line Atlantic mail service contract.

Makes the Weak Strong. The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong."

Fagged Out. "Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business."

Worn Out. "Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla."

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1891

CHRISTMAS.

To its friends THE TRUE WITNESS, on this most glorious festival in the calendar, extends its greeting in the words of an old poet:

"Long may you live to hear, and we to call A happy Christmas and New Year to all! May each New Year new joys, new pleasures bring.

In these humdrum days, when only the ledger reigns, and everything is judged by a commercial standard, the popular manner of celebrating Christmas is very different to what it was in the olden time.

The same spirit that vindicated the pouring rich ointment on the feet of Our Lord, because it was a homage paid to sentiment in His person, knew how to bless the gift of a cup of water.

And Milton's Eve, who suggested those epithets to her husband, would have thought so too, if we are to judge by the poet's account of her hospitality.

But though so many of the old ways of celebrating Christmas have fallen into disuse, or have not been imported into this newer and more matter-of-fact country, enough has been preserved in the memories and associations which cling about it to make it ever the dearest season in the year.

In these days we realize the awful sublimity of the most wonderful announcement that ever came to mankind from the throne of God.

child is born,—fill the breasts of hundreds of millions with a hope the most consoling, the most sublime, that a human mind can conceive or the heart can entertain.

"Star unto star speaks light, and world to world Repeats the passage of the universe To God; the name of Christ—the one great word— Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven."

Apart, however, from its religious associations, Christmas has associations which deeply influence the social life of our people.

As nothing is sweeter than the poetry and music of Christmas: as the bells, when rung at Christmas, have a sound more solemn than on any other day in the year,

"God rest ye, little children; let nothing you fright, For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night; Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks, sleeping lay.

Let us, therefore, be thankful that we have lived to see this blessed day—once more, and may the lesson it teaches help us to live better during the coming year.

FATHER DOWD.

of some men it has been said that their works were for a time, of others that their words were for all time, but of Father Dowd it can truly be said that his works are for eternity.

When the Irish Catholics of Montreal knew so intimately of those works, feel so deeply that they are ended on earth forever, yet mourn so profoundly at the loss of him who so long held the first place in their affections, it is a most difficult task to adequately give expression to the emotions that arise when endeavoring to write on a theme so affecting as the death of Father Dowd.

But it is not any section of the Catholics, nor indeed all the Catholics of Montreal, but the whole community of all creeds and nationalities, who feel that a great loss has been sustained, and all creeds and nationalities are touched with a common sorrow.

And if today those differences are held with less discourtesy, while all classes live together in greater harmony and toleration of each other's views and opinions, the change must be largely attributed to the wise, kindly and consistent spirit which Father Dowd infused into all his actions in dealing with those of other religious persuasions.

But it is among the poor that the loss of Father Dowd will be most deeply felt. He was always their best friend, their wisest counsellor, their most earnest advocate.

Under his ministrations men and women have grown from childhood to age, and to them his loss is irreparable. The attachment between him and his flock was founded on the most sincere fatherly love on his part, the most profound reverential affection on theirs.

priest of St. Patrick's in Montreal than to become a bishop over some of the most important sees in America.

Early in his career his extraordinary administrative ability marked him out, in the estimation of all who knew him, as one fitted to rise to exalted rank in the Church.

In his time Father Dowd had many difficult problems to solve, many great obstacles to overcome, but he brought to bear against them an indomitable will and a spirit which no reverses could appeal.

"Such roofs as pity could raise And only vocal with the Maker's praise,"



THE LATE FATHER DOWD.

his congregation came to hold the idea that "Father Dowd was right," which grew to be almost a lesser article of faith among them.

But now, his long life, full of deeds that will sanctify it forever, is ended. He is gone to his reward. We all feel how poor are the greatest tributes we can pay to his memory.

THE CABINET DISMISSED.

On the interim report sent in by their Honors Justices Davidson and Baby, His Honor Mr. Justice Lett being to fill to take part in the preparation of the document, the Lieutenant-Governor has seen fit to dismiss Mr. Mercier and his colleagues as being no longer worthy of his confidence.

fulfil his promise to give us representation in the cabinet. Mr. McShane held a portfolio for a few months, and was unceremoniously ejected from office, since which event no other Irish Catholic could gain admission.

Since the above was written we are pleased to find that two Irish Catholics, Hon. Messrs. Flynn and Hearn, have been sworn in as Members of the Cabinet.

If we may judge from the tone of a letter, addressed to us by a correspondent,

tier, provincial secretary; L. R. Masson, L. O. Taillon, J. McIntosh, ministers without portfolio.

HON. FRANK SMITH.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Record, of London, Ont., gives currency to the rumor that the Hon. Frank Smith is likely to be appointed to the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, when the term of His Honor Sir Alexander Campbell shall have expired.

READING CIRCLES.

The establishment of what are termed "reading circles" has been attended with a great deal of success in several Catholic parishes in the United States and Judging from the reports of their progress, they might well become an institution in this country.

Each member pays fifty cents for initiation and an annual fee of one dollar. This money is used in buying books. The object of each circle is to purchase a printed list of members arranged according to residence. To every member is sent one or two books, to be returned two weeks, and then to be passed to the one whose name stands next on the list.

There is nothing in this machinery and procedure beyond the powers of any ordinary parish. So far as secular books of merit are concerned, they can be bought very cheaply, in lots, on application to Muller's, the great London lending library, who dispose of their enormous stock for a mere trifle after the books have had a certain time to circulate and to pay for themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The columns of the TRUE WITNESS are open to correspondents writing on subjects of interest. But it must be understood that no letter inserted is to be regarded as representing the opinions of the paper.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—May I ask, whether, in the event of its being proved that money, voted by the Dominion Government and consequently by the people of Canada, has been diverted from its legitimate purpose by the Provincial authorities or their agents, the Federal authorities can stop the amount from the next annual allowance or subsidy paid the Province by the people of the country at large.

It is a matter of course, that after this verbal demonstration of constitutional usage a repetition of an unconstitutional act should be attempted.

Profession. Rev. Canon Racicot, on Sunday morning in the Good Shepherd chapel, received before a large gathering, the profession of the following ladies as novices: Sister Marie de St. Guillaume, nee Emelia Meyer, of Guilleme; Sister Marie du Bon Pasteur, nee Freg. Landry, Muskogee; Sister Marie de la Salette, nee Marie Normandin, of Montreal; Sister Marie de St. Pierre, nee Mary Ann Gou-

man, of St. Sophie; Sœur Marie de St. Joseph de Bethleem, nee Emeline Beauchemin La Baie du Febvre. The following took the veil: Marguerite Helene McKerron, of Halifax, Sister Marie de St. Joseph de Sacre Coeur; Marie Marie de Lanoraie, Sister Marie de St. Viateur; Adeline Montreuil of St. Foye, Sister Marie des Victoires of St. Foye, Martin, St. Stanislas, Sister Marie de St. Philémon; Josephine Lemieux, of St. Georges, Sister Marie de St. Mathias; Alexina Ducheneau, of Ste. Cecile de Milton, Sister Marie de St. Cajetan; Hermine St. Germain, of Montreal; Hermine Marie de St. Irene; Celina Chenette, of Lanoraie, Sister Marie de St. Anaclet.

OBITUARY.

Another of the old business men of Montreal city passed away on Friday in the person of Mr. W. C. Evans, of 15 Plateau street. Mr. Evans was born in the county of Athlone, Ireland, in the year 1818, and his parents removed to Canada when he was about 2 years of age.

The death is announced of Mr. Andrew Keegan, the oldest school teacher amongst our Irish fellow-citizens. Mr. Keegan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1811, and came to Canada in 1850.

The death is announced of Rev. Abbe Normandin, of Lachenaie, at the age of 79 years. The deceased gentleman had been a priest for fifty-five years. He was at one time vicar of Notre Dame, afterwards a director of Chambly and L'Assomption colleges, chaplain of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at their mother house, and then curé of Lachenaie, which he resigned in 1883.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the eternal repose of the soul of the late Father O'Donohoe the beloved priest of Perth, was celebrated on the 19th in St. Bridget's Church, Burgess. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Twomey, P.P., Westport.

The oldest resident of Nepean township, if not of Carleton county, died last week in the person of John Tierney, sr. He was born in Ireland in 1802 and came to Canada when quite young with other members of his family.

Lady South. Lady South, widow of Commissary General Sir Randolph Isham South, K.C.B., formerly a member of the old Legislative Council, and sister of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, died on Wednesday last at the residence of her son, Mr. F. A. South.

FATHER DOWD.—Having made arrangements with Messrs. Notman & Son, the eminent photographers, for the exclusive sale of the photographs of the late Rev. Father Dowd, taken within the last month, I will be able to supply orders after to-day. Price, 50c. each, mailed free. J. T. HENDERSON, 139 St. Peter street, next to Craig.

"The straighter a man takes his whiskey," said a temperance lecturer, "the crookeder it seems to make him."

New Music.—The New Detroit, the dance of the day. Columbus' Grand March; Darkies' Dream, all 10c., or 15c. mail. Also, Holst's grand new March, On to the Battle, 20c., by composer of Vera. Hma, Diana Waltzes, all 20c. each. Also the famous dance, the Waltz Quadrille, 20c. Also ready, our cheap edition of the famous song, "The Picture that is Turned Towards the Wall," 10c., and the old bass song, "The Diver," 10c. W. STREET, 20 Bleury.

FATHER DOWD.

(Continued from first page.)
the grave. Many looked at the crowded galleries and thought of the untiring zeal and boundless charity of their pastor...

It is an old saying, that "Happy is the corpse the rain rains on," and it would seem in adding this tribute to the general sorrow, Nature itself had this in mind...

The grave of Father Dowd is in the basement of the Seminary chapel, in the southwest corner, the last of thirty of his brethren who had gone before...

The Order of Procession.
The following was the order of procession as observed at the funeral:

- House, Rev. George, Seminary, Montreal College Students, Mayor and City Council, Faculty of Theology, St. Patrick's Society, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Catholic Young Men's Society, Irish Catholic Benefit Society, Congregation of St. Patrick's, St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society, St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Congregation of St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society, Congregation of St. Gabriel's, Congregation of St. Mary's, St. Anthony's Society, Congregation of St. Anthony's, Young Ireland's T. A. and B. Association, C. M. B. A. Association, Catholic Order of Foresters, Citizens generally.

Sergeant O'Keefe and Mr. J. Whelan marshalled the Young Irishmen. There were eighty in line, and that on only two hours' notice.

The Catholic Foresters turned out a two hundred strong. There was never before such a gathering of the different St. Patrick's societies.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. and St. Ann's Young Men's Society made a noble showing.

From the far west, the large showing of the societies of St. Anthony's church was proof that Father Dowd was well loved there also. It was a large contingent.

The Catholic Young Men's Society, the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, and C. M. B. A., all answered to the full roll call.

St. Gabriel's and St. Mary's T. A. & B. Societies also sent large delegations.

M. Feron & Son, Undertakers, conducted the funeral arrangements, and gave general satisfaction.

The Pall-Bearers.
The pall-bearers were Leon, Ed. Murray, D. Hingston, J. J. Curran, M.P., B. Tansey, F. A. McKenna, O. McGarvey, John H. Semple, Mayor Meshaun, James O'Brien, M. P., Ryan, Wm. Wilson, W. E. Doran.

Some of those present.
The City Council was represented by Ald. Cunningham, Grenier, W. Kennedy, Shorey, Stevenson, McBride, Rolland, Villeneuve, Farrell, Thompson, Lamarche, Conroy, Boisseau, P. Dubuc, Martineau, Gauthier, Tansey, Clendinning, Robert, Nolan and Wilson.

Among those seen in Notre Dame Church and in the procession were: Rev. Fathers Quinlan, Martin Callaghan, McCallen, Salmon, Strubbe, O'Donnell, Brady and O'Neill (Oblates), and Bro. Arnold, Ex-Judge Doherty, Judge C. J. Doherty, J. P. Whelan, Hon. John Cosgrave, Richard White, City Treasurer, Robt. Sir Joseph Hickson, Henry Bulmer, T. J. Quinlan, D. M. Quinn, Frank A. Quinn, Wm. Eward, R. Thomas, Lieut.-Col. Massey, Ald. P. Kennedy, president St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, Mayor E. L. Bond, Assistant-Chief Jackson, Dr. Guerin, Chief Detective Gullen, Messrs. J. P. Cleghorn, Charles Garth, John Kerry, J. H. Isaacson, J. M. M. Duff, M. J. F. Quinn, Charles Alexander, B. J. Coughlan, O. J. Devlin, J. S. Thomson, Walter Wilson, M. Scannan, J. J. Costigan.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE

To the Memory of the Deceased Priest.
At High Mass in St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, the Rev. Father Catulle, after reading the regulations for the funeral of the Rev. Father Dowd, addressed his congregation in the following words:—"What better subject can I choose for my discourse than the late pastor of St. Patrick's—the Rev. Father Dowd. He is dead; and the humility that strove to veil his virtues can conceal them no longer now, and we may look at the life-work of this good man, and draw lessons of Christian virtue from his bright example. Father he was in the fullest and

truest sense of the word. A good father has four principal duties to perform towards his children: to care for their bodily wants, to provide for their spiritual needs, to exercise a watchful care and correction over them, and to set them a good example. Let us see how Father Dowd performed these duties. Thirty-six years ago he came to St. Patrick's parish, and, going amongst his flock, he found many destitute and needy. To shelter the orphan was his first care, and immediately he set about the erection of an asylum for them. He organized bazaars—a laborious task requiring tact and patience—in aid of the good work, and himself solicited subscriptions in its behalf. A sister institution, St. Bridget's Home, for the old and infirm, was his next undertaking; and during his whole life he labored assiduously to put these two establishments on a substantial footing. Standing on the threshold of the Presbytery with him one day, he pointed to the two buildings and said: "I have labored for years for these two institutions, but thank God, I have lived to see them

just criticisms. And did Father Dowd set a good example? Look at the benevolence of his character, the simplicity and humility of his whole life, for answer. His talent, his life, his health, his strength, were devoted to his God. Pious and prayerful, he spent hours before the Blessed Sacrament. A short time ago I visited him, and during our conversation he said: I have given away nearly all my books, but I have kept the one you gave me, for I delight in reading it. It was St. Alphonsus Liguori's "Preparation for Death." Generous and hospitable—like a good Sulpician—he welcomed all, and his joyous, cheerful disposition pleased, while it surprised, those who think solemnity and severity are the necessary virtues of a Christian. His fatherly care extended not only over his own parish, but a father he was to the Irish Catholics of Montreal. He cared for St. Ann's parish, and it was at his request the Archbishop of Montreal placed the Redemptorist Order in charge of your parish. He was my friend and yours, and we must unite our prayers for him. Saint though he was, he may

reverend priest had done as pastor of St. Patrick's Church and as a citizen at all times ready to promote peace and harmony among the citizens of Montreal and of Canada.
Ald. Stephens endorsed what had just been said, and held that in the case of Father Dowd the council would have been very remiss if it had neglected to show its sympathy with the bereaved congregation. Father Dowd had done great service to the city, and everyone felt his loss deeply; although differing with him (the speaker) on theological matters, he was respected as a true Christian by all Protestants as sincerely as by Catholics.

Ald. Shorey reiterated the sentiments already expressed.
Ald. P. Kennedy said he wished to make a few remarks, and he would consider he was very remiss if he did not. On behalf of himself and his co-religionists and countrymen he desired to return thanks to the Protestants who had expressed such kindly sentiments about the venerable dead.
Ald. McBride said he could only en-

The Quebec Government.

As indicated in the TRUE WITNESS last week as being more than probable, the local government led by Mr. Mercier has been dismissed. Last Wednesday the Lieutenant-Governor handed the Provincial Premier his dismissal.

The interim report of the majority of the Commissioners, Judge Jetté being very ill, had previously been handed in. That document showed that at least culpable carelessness and want of attention to duty had been exhibited by the ministers. It implied a great deal more, and on the strength of it, the Lt. Governor, who had been giving his advisers the benefit of the doubt, dismissed the Cabinet. As will be seen in another column a new ministry has been sworn in.

Ordinations.

On the 13th inst., at the Cathedral, Monseigneur Fabre ordained as deacons, Messrs. J. J. Desjardins, A. J. Magnan and E. J. Poitras, of Montreal.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Judge Sinclair, Hamilton, Ont., has admitted Mr. Mousseau's election in Spring Lake, Que., has been voided.

It is the opinion in Ottawa that Parliament will not meet until March.

The German Reichstag has finally adopted the new commercial treaties.

Belleville will vote on the question of reducing the number of liquor licenses.

Hon. C. P. Brown, ex-Minister of Public Works of Manitoba, died at Winnipeg last week.

Dr. W. Allison, M.P. for Lennox, has admitted bribery by agents sufficient to void his election.

Rev. Father O'Sullivan has left St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, for a charge in Minneapolis.

The million of North Dakota have donated \$50,000 worth of flour to the starving Russians.

The London Times regards Mr. Chamberlain as the new Unionist leader in the House of Commons.

East Bruce Reformers have re-nominated Mr. Traux as candidate for the House of Commons.

The first issue of the Irish Independent, the new Parnellite paper, appeared in Dublin yesterday.

The reciprocity negotiations between the United States and the West Indies have been completed.

Richelieu Conservatives yesterday nominated E. A. D. Morgan of Sorel, Que., as their candidate.

An unknown man attempted to murder and rob Mr. Abbot, the Rideau Canal paymaster, at Ottawa yesterday.

Colored families who emigrated from Georgia to Liberia have returned to their old homes in a destitute condition.

A Chicago mail wagon was robbed Tuesday night of \$3,000 in cash and \$200,000 worth of negotiable paper.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate providing for the construction of a canal around Niagara Falls.

Mr. Ira Morgan, a prominent member of the Agriculture and Arts Association, was fatally injured in a street railway accident at Ottawa.

The Dowager Lady De R's is dead. She danced at the famous ball given in Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo and was the last survivor of that ball.

It is claimed that the lumber cut of the McLaughlins, whose saw mills are at Annapolis, has been greater during the past season than that of any other lumber firm in America. The cut amounted to eight million feet.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has decided not to take part in the Chicago fair as a local centre, on the ground that the McKinley law has deprived Liverpool merchants of their Chicago trade and American manufacturers would only copy the English exhibits.

The painter Verestchagin writes to the press that the selling of the "Angelus" and the re-selling to France was a bogus transaction, being part of a trick of American art dealers to enhance the value of the painting. Verestchagin says Sutton, the supposed purchaser, made a similar offer to him, which he declined.

The Duke of Devonshire, who has for a long time been lying ill and near to death's door at his residence, Bolker Hall, Milbethorpe, died on 21st inst. By his death his eldest son, the Marquis of Hartington, succeeds to the peerage, thus leaving a vacancy in the House of Commons for the Northeast division of Lancashire. The deceased was born April 27, 1808.

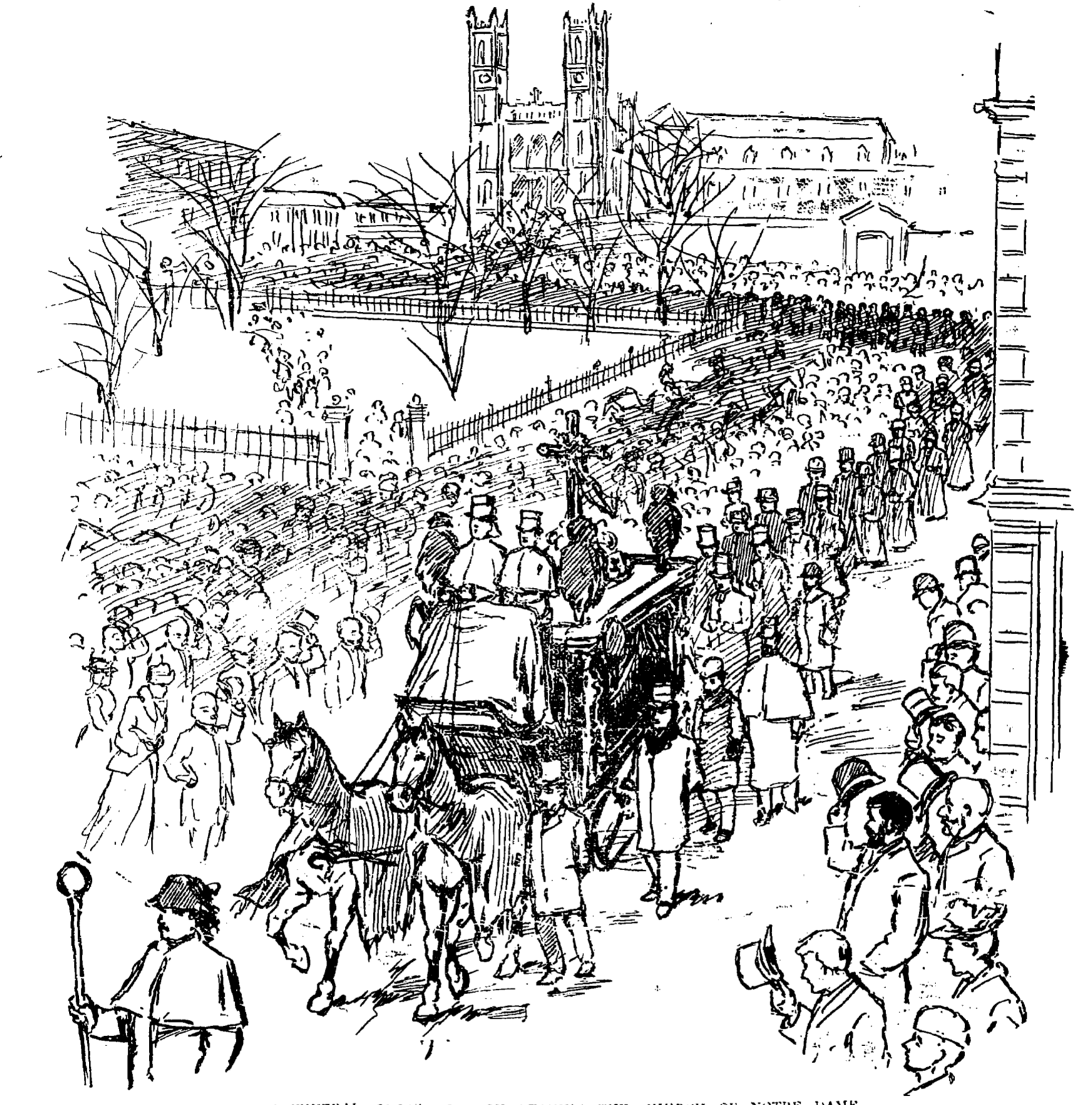
Some time ago an investigation was held by the Civil Service examiners into the conduct of three railway mail clerks named Elliot, Armstrong and McDonald, who, with the assistance of a printer named McGillivray, got hold of some Civil Service examination papers. The examiners have reported the matter to the Postmaster-General and the three clerks have been suspended.

The Paris Eclair publishes an interview with Mr. Fabre, the Canadian commissioner in Paris. Mr. Fabre said he felt certain that the colony of Newfoundland would join the Dominion of Canada as, in view of the embarrassments which the Government of the colony had created in the relations between Canada, Great Britain and France, the Imperial Government would insist upon the incorporation of the colony with the Dominion.

Others Will Follow.
The seditious libel case was again called on Tuesday morning in the police court, but as Mr. Dunbar said that the prosecution was not authorized to proceed any further, Judge Murray discharged the defendant, Tardivel, from further attendance in the case.

A Bad Mot.
The Irish are proverbially a witty race. Their fun is spontaneous, and flows from them as naturally as water from a spring. It is limited to no class of the Irish people, to no particular section or grade of society, but is common to all alike. The Irish peasant can be excruciatingly funny, but there is never the slightest suspicion of coarseness or vulgarity in his wit. His innate love of gentleness and purity prevents that. Some little time since a special train was about to start from Dublin on the occasion of the famous Punchestown races. Two of the saloon carriages were reserved—one for "His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant," and the second for "Sir E. C. Guinness, Bart." One of the porters in attendance at the station noticed the writing, and was instantly struck with a bright thought. He resolved to improve the occasion, and wrote upon one carriage in large letters: "For His Ex.," and, in equally large capitals, on the other: "For His Excellency."

The Detective Umbrella.
Customer: Lookee here! The other time I used this miserably cheap umbrella I bought of you, the blanket soaked out, and dripped all over my coat. Dealer: Mein fiend, that was only a patent self-defeating umbrella. Customer: I should steel that you should have bought a better one. Dealer: Yes, but you should have bought a better one. Customer: Yes, but you should have bought a better one. Dealer: Yes, but you should have bought a better one.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION, ON LEAVING THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

legally and financially secure not only for the present but for the future. Surely he fulfilled the first duty towards his flock, and those he has left behind him will find their pathway smoothed and realize the great work that has been done; while future generations of suffering poor will bless and love the name of Father Dowd. Nor was his charity confined to these two worthy institutions. He gave with generous hand where her poverty was found, and grateful hearts will long cherish the memory of their beloved benefactor. The second duty of a father is to provide for the spiritual needs of his children. Did Father Dowd do this? Look at the beautiful building on St. Alexander street, St. Patrick's Academy—where the Sisters of the congregation of Notre Dame, one of the best religious communities for the instruction of youth, have been established by this good priest, and where the young girls of St. Patrick's receive a sound Christian education. Ample provision was made for the instruction of the boys by the introduction of the Christian Brothers. Every Sunday found Father Dowd in the pulpit, either at High Mass or at one of the earlier Masses, preaching, in his simple but impressive manner, to the flock he loved so dearly. Hours did he spend in the confessional, speaking words of hope and comfort to the sinner and pointing out the path that should be followed. Missionaries were brought from distant parts to arouse the lukewarm, and the Missions and Retreats so frequently held were sources of great blessing to the parish. The third duty as necessary but often more painful than the others, and one that brings no consolation to the pastor. But Father Dowd, ever unmindful of himself, followed straight the dictates of his conscience, and when danger threatened the well-being of any of his flock, it mattered not what form it took as long as it was evil, his watchful eye detected it, and his truthful tongue condemned it. It might seem, at times, his words were harsh, but no; it was the love from out his fatherly heart that prompted these

still need our prayers, for bright is the light that may shine forever. A solemn High Mass will be celebrated here on Wednesday morning, in grateful remembrance of the departed soul. He will still care for his people, and now that he is in heaven, or on his way to heaven, and powerful with his God, let us ask that he may obtain for us the graces necessary to root out the existing evils that he strove so hard against in his life time.
A Requiem Mass was sung at St. Ann's Church on Wednesday morning, for the repose of the soul of the deceased priest.

CITY COUNCIL.

On the assembling of the City Council on Monday, after routine, Ald. Rolland, who is an old schoolboy of St. Patrick's, rose and moved the following resolution:—

That we, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Montreal, in council assembled, desire to express our sorrow and regret for the calamity that has befallen the Irish Catholic community of the city by the death of the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's church, the Rev. Father Dowd; that we deeply feel and deplore the loss which our friends and fellow-countrymen and also the Seminary of St. Sulpice, have sustained in the removal of one so illustrious and dear to them; that we desire to convey the expression of our deepest sympathy to the Irish Catholic people of Montreal and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of which he was so eminent a member, and beg sincerely to condole with them in their bereavement.

Resolved, that as a mark of esteem for the late parish priest of St. Patrick's, and of sympathy for his bereaved fellow-countrymen and the gentlemen of the Seminary, the Mayor and members of the council attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, that said resolution of condolence be inscribed in the minutes of the council, and a copy thereof transmitted to the Seminary of St. Sulpice and to the clergy of St. Patrick's church, and that as a further mark of esteem the council do now adjourn.

Ald. Stevenson seconded the motion. It was an unusual thing, he said, for the council to adjourn in such cases, but Father Dowd was no ordinary man and this was no ordinary case. Therefore he believed that it was proper that they should adjourn, and he believed that every citizen would approve of such an action. He had known Father Dowd for forty years, and he held that no one would ever know how much good this

dorse the remarks already made and express the hope that all would be present at the funeral.

Ald. Clendinning having spoken very highly of Father Dowd and his work, the motion was carried by a standing vote.

Further speeches of an eulogistic character were delivered by Aldermen Cunningham, Wilson, Robert, W. Kennedy, Thompson and Taussey.

The Mayor then closed the discussion with a few well chosen observations of a feeling nature and expressed the hope the City Council would attend the funeral in all its strength. A resolution was passed asking the citizens along the line of route to close their stores during the passing of the cortege.

At a meeting of the general committee representing the various Irish Catholic congregations of the city and the National, Benevolent, Temperance and Literary societies, held in St. Patrick's hall, St. Alexander street, on Wednesday evening, Dr. W. H. Kingston in the chair, and Mr. J. J. Costigan acting as secretary, it was unanimously resolved, on motion of Hon. Sena or Murphy, seconded by Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.,

That this day has been laid to rest the mortal remains of the Rev. P. Dowd, member of the distinguished order of St. Sulpice, for forty-three years a beloved priest of St. Patrick's church, and for thirty-one years its wise and judicious pastor; that all Irish Catholics, and his parishioners in an especial manner, deplore the loss of one who was their counsellor and friend, who for so long a period ministered to their spiritual needs with untiring devotion, and who for their sake twice refused the proffered mitre; that by his energy chiefly were built up around the church which he served asylums for the orphans, houses of education for our youth, houses of refuge to shelter the poor, the aged and the infirm; that the vast concourse of citizens which took part in the funeral services or lined the route of the procession gave evidence of the affection and respect entertained for him by persons of every condition, creed and race; that the committee desire to place upon record their appreciation of the sympathetic acts of courtesy tendered by their fellow citizens, and more especially to thank the civic authorities for their resolutions of condolence and their attendance in a body at the funeral services; that they also wish to express their gratification at the presence of His Lordship Bishop Hoad and many members of the Protestant clergy, and to thank the Rev. Father Dowd for his thoughtfulfulness in having the bells of the Christ Church Cathedral tolled at the funeral went past.

Dissolution.

The Lieutenant Governor has dissolved the present Legislature. The general election will be held on the 8th of March and the nominations on the 1st. A Provincial Commission will be appointed to examine various financial and business transactions of the late ministry.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]
Beneath the southern cross gleam the dew-drops on the grass,
And the shrubs rare incense pour,
To greet His advent mild, who comes a little child,
To that vast, strange shore.
In the people's sunny climes wave reacias and limes,
Scarlet fruit and opening bud,
And heralds as warm sing in the bland perpetual spring,
To the dear infant God.
Where blue, soft Italian skies bend like angels' tender eyes
Over the gentle and bold,
In each grand cathedral shrine a thousand bright lamps shine
On flowers, gems and gold.
Rich, joyful music peals, while lord and peasant kneel
At the crib of Bethlehem,
And the whole glad world round young hearts with rapture bound—
'Tis the feast of feasts with them.
The frozen Northland sees celebrations not like these,
At the sweet Christmas-tide,
But the spirits of the air wave their brilliant banners thro'
O'er the snow wastes wide.
And the Indian in his hut thinks, while plays the Northern light
Of a home as bare and wild,
Of a cave among the rocks, where, between the Lay the fair Christ child.
By his lonely fire-dreams, is it one of many dreams,
That the heavenly Babe is nigh—
With his mother ever kind, with his angels close entwined,
With his love, hope and joy.
E. C. M.

Who is there who has not a friend in Purgatory? If you have no relative in the Church Suffering, make friends there by good works offered to God for their relief; for they will aid those who aid them.

"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows."

CHAPTER XXIII.

And all this while remorse pursued Bruce Laidlaw, gazing him before he was many yards from the house in Bloomsbury...

He knew he had been horribly in the wrong, but he felt too that he had been horribly provoked. He had been thinking perpetually of Lola for days past...

And so, with a heart aglow with gracious warmth, he had driven up to the door of his London house at about half-past eight in the evening to learn from the frightened servant that there was a gentleman with Mrs. Laidlaw who would go up, although I tried to stop him...

A blow in the face would have disconcerted Bruce Laidlaw less than this announcement, and as with gathering rage in his heart, he stole through the inner room to break unperceived upon the lady alone, the first sight his eyes fell upon was his wife holding out her hand to Aubrey as he turned to go, and the quick but passionate embrace her action had provoked.

Yet even now he could not believe her really unfaithful to him; truth itself seemed stamped upon every word of her defence, and in every line of her fair, suffering face. Had she refrained from the taunts and reproaches she had ventured to a dress to him, he would have been ready, after a sufficient show of contrition and humility on her part and of soothing reprimand on his, at least to listen to her explanations and abject apologies. But to his face she had braved and defied him, citing Ella Granville against Aubrey de Vaux, and repeating the old lies, the old calumnies, concerning his relations with the actress until, in his fury, he had struck her, and had hurled at her such words as he knew were surest to wound her to the quick.

And for all this he was sorry, intolerably sorry, as he walked up and down the platform waiting for his train, trying to justify himself for his conduct, and failing lamentably in the attempt, up to the moment when, as the ten o'clock train began to slowly leave the station, he actually jumped from the compartment in which he had seated himself resolved upon another interview with Lola before he should leave town.

"The midnight train will suit me equally well, and I can at least learn what took her to Manchester," he said to himself, half to excuse his erratic conduct as he drew near home. He meant to be severe with Lola, but just, and even to commend to explain to her his meeting with Mrs. Granville, should she first account satisfactorily for Aubrey's visit, and implore his pardon for her indiscretion. But a sudden jealousy took possession of his mind again as he reached his own door and saw an empty hall waiting before it.

The blinds in the sitting-room were still drawn high, the one solitary lamp lit, as Bruce burst open the door and glanced round the room. "I will kill any man, I will burn any house, and I will burn any man," he said to himself, and as he stood by a sound in the adjoining apartment, he sprang towards the door, he came near to fall with his feet on a carpet, but with the quickness of a cat he sprang back to the door and saw an empty hall waiting before it.

He fell back a step, staring stupidly down upon her in wonder and distrust. "Where is Lola?" he asked, and she raised his question. She was trembling with excitement, and leaned upon the door for support.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Don't you know where your wife is?" The servant told me she had left her chambers, but she is not here, and my business with her is imperative. Surely you can tell me where to find her. You look strangely pale, Mr. Laidlaw, is Lola ill?"

"No, but a wife should have no secrets from her husband, Madame de Vaux, and if your business is so urgent, you had better confide it to me."

In his present state of mind he was ready to believe this venal idea of body a go-between from her son to Lola, or even to suspect her of assisting in his wife's flight; for that she had indeed told he could hardly doubt.

His face was deadly pale, and his voice rang out harsh and discordant. "Mr. Laidlaw," said Aubrey's mother, "you have quarreled with Lola and about my son, or you would not so far forget yourself as to be rude to a woman of my age in your own house. In a letter I received three days ago, and which has brought me up to London, Aubrey tells me you do not wish your wife to meet him. Your jealousy is as childish as it is wicked. My son has always loved Lola; he may even be mad enough to love her still. But he respects her far too much ever to tell her so, for he knows she worships her husband with all her heart and soul."

"She has a strange way of showing her affection," said Bruce, with a short, fierce laugh. "Here, in this very room, not two hours ago, I returned from Manchester to find her in your son's company. You must be mad, Mr. Laidlaw, Aubrey has never been anything to her; she was only engaged to him out of pique at your desertion; she has always been indifferent to every man but you. Ah, in Heaven's name, think of what you are saying!"

She laid her hand upon his arm in her excitement. Bruce frowned down upon her in gloomy mistrust.

"If all this is new to you, why have you come up?" he enquired. "What was there in your son's letter which made it necessary for you to see my wife? And where is she now, if not with him?"

"If not with him?" she repeated with

blanched lips. "God forgive you, Mr. Laidlaw, for holding such a thought about the best and purest woman that ever blessed a man's home! What have you done to her? How have you treated her that you should think such things possible?"

"My private affairs are my own," said Bruce haughtily. "You have come to see my wife. She is not here, and I see no use in prolonging this interview."

He walked to the door and opened it for her to pass out. He was gnawed with a terrible anxiety as to Lola's fate, but before Aubrey's mother he was too proud to show it. By sending Madame de Vaux at once to her son's rooms Lola would still have a chance of escape, and he himself he saved the humiliation of tracking down an erring wife.

But the will of this woman was as strong as his own. She closed the door he had opened, and stood against it. She who had faced Gaston de Vaux in his gathering madness was not to be cowed by the displeasure of any sane man.

"In this case your affairs concern others besides yourself, Mr. Laidlaw," she said; "and more depends upon them than you have any idea of. The work of my life for twenty years, the safety—more, the very lives both of your wife and of my son hang upon your conduct and mine at this moment. And until you have told me the perfect truth I cannot tell what mine must be. It is true that my poor Aubrey has always loved Lola. It was I myself who broke off the match between them, and before Dr. Marsden died he knew my reason. The secret I told to him I have journeyed up from Oxford to tell to Lola now. In my son's love for Lola there lies a great, a horrible, danger both to him and her. Not one that concerns your honour; only your own selfishness or harshness could endanger that, and the husband who could drive Lola into another man's arms would deserve no pity. It is of my son I am thinking, it is from him the danger springs. In this letter I saw it shadowed in his wild threats—against you for making your wife unhappy—threats that would be mere vapouring from another man but which, coming from Aubrey, are sinister horrible. And as soon as I read them I came straight to Lola to put her on her guard."

"Against what?" "Against exciting the passions of a man who is hovering on the brink of hereditary madness, and who may at any moment change before her eyes to the likeness of a wild beast—a murderer!" Her voice sank to a whisper as she spoke the last words. Bruce gazed at her horror-struck while he lived again through the scene that had passed between himself and Aubrey in that very room on the morning of his wedding, and recalled the impudens attack the young Frenchman had made upon him.

"Great Heaven! if it should be true, and she has gone to him!" For an instant the room swam round him, and he sank dazed and giddy into a chair. But the woman's presence of mind never deserted her. Seizing his arm, she insisted that he should at once rise and accompany her to her son's rooms.

"And, pray God," she may not be too late," she murmured, as with strained eyes and hands tightly clasped in prayer, she drove through the moonlit streets by Bruce's side. The man was like one possessed. His strength of mind, his self-reliance and his sense of duty were all gone. He had spent his three or four hundred pounds to the cabman to drive him to his son's rooms, and he was now in a state of nervous excitement, and he was now in a state of nervous excitement, and he was now in a state of nervous excitement.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "I have a place of my own now—an old farmhouse in Sussex, with yellow walls and a red tiled roof. It stands high above a country lane bordered with hedges taller than I, behind the hedges are orchards, and through them a peep over meadow lands, of the sea. But I have never lived there yet, because I should be lonely in the winter evenings without my wife."

"She caught her breath and looked up at him, surprised not less by his words than by the look in his eyes when he finished speaking. Then she shook her head. "One cannot go back," she said. "I did love you very, very dearly once. But I was headstrong and wicked, and it is all over now. I have suffered horribly, and now I cannot feel anything either of love or sorrow any more. You are better without me, and long ago I learned that I was not a fit wife for you."

"Bruce looked down by her side. "It is I who was not fit for you, Lola," he said, drawing her hands up against him and softly kissing them, "and it is my turn to feel now. My dear, if I am very good to you, do you think you will ever forgive my selfish, cruel, my harshness and my miserable jealousy? Child, I have broken your heart and milled your life, but you love more than half an angel, and will you try to forget?"

Teas rushed to Lola's eyes, she quivered and hung her head, and the rosy flush which crept over her cheeks gave back some of the old beauty and brightness to her face. Then she looked up quickly. "That woman," she faltered. "Ella Granville." She had never been anything to me from the moment when I first met her husband and child. I have not seen or heard of her since you left me. The day you saw me with her in Manchester she had called to

borrow money to take her to her husband, and she was to sail from Liverpool that same night. Lola, these rooms are lonely, and the fireside in Sussex is lonelier still, and my heart is loneliest of all. Will you come?"

She was sobbing this time, with her hands upon his shoulders. But for a moment she drew back. "This is pity," she said doubtfully. "He drew her closer into his arms, and rested her head upon his shoulders while he kissed her lips. "No," he said; "it is love!"

"The Marriage Altar." Let us sketch a bright and beautiful scene of life. Behold a wedding party, around the altar of God. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and so passing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just pledged her faith; to whom she has just given herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and ye hard-hearted bachelors, and tell us, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Wee to him that forgets his oath and his manhood.

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Who now can doubt that there is poetry in a woman's look, in a woman's word, in a woman's heart? See it here; the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and its rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's father saw only knew her strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unthought; how much unhappiness and coldness would be avoided. Man was born to rule the storm, but woman to rule its master.

tumult and confusion of stumbling men and shrieking women, a light flashed upon the faces of the pair locked in that deadly contest. Aubrey suddenly shook himself free, and turned from the real enemy before him to the imaginary foe in the street below. Striking wildly at the unresisting air, he let the body of Lola slip from his arms and fall heavily upon the floor, whilst he reached out to grapple with that unseen wrestler; then, overbalancing himself in the attempt, he fell with a howl of triumph into the arms of Death waiting for him in the street below.

And Lola did not die. Two years later she was living still, but aged before her time, her glorious beauty dimmed for ever with the shadow of that night of horrors. Life and reason were both despaired of at first; lever and the wound in her throat threatened the former, whilst the very sight of her husband imperilled the latter so seriously that by the doctor's orders Bruce was not allowed to approach his wife's bedside during her convalescent moments. Before her health was restored, Mrs. de Vaux, who could hardly forgive herself the ill her silence had brought about, took the girl away with her to Italy.

Aubrey's mother was greatly changed. The fire of resistance, of an indomitable spirit struggling against the decrees of Fate, had kept her young and active by its animating heat. Burned out now, the woman seemed to shrink, morally and physically, and a mute resignation to take the place of her old energy and alertness. The mainspring of her existence had departed, and the rest was little more than quiet waiting for the end. Meantime, she used to write to Bruce Laidlaw long letters on two subjects only—religion and Lola; but from Lola herself came never a word.

It seemed hardly likely that these two, so hastily bound together, so swiftly parted, would ever meet again on this side of the grave, when, one dull November morning, Bruce, shortly after leaving his new rooms in the West End of London, came face to face on the pavement with a woman, at sight of whom a thousand bitter-weet memories rushed into his mind.

It was Lola, indeed, but not the Lola he had known; a pale, faded woman, drowsily dressed in clothes that hung loosely upon her thin figure, the lovely curves of which had disappeared with the old gleam in her eyes, the old rose-pink flush in her cheeks, and even the old sheen of her hair.

And he, the man who stopped before her and tried to speak to her with trembling lips, was in the very zenith of his fame and of his perfect physical beauty. Bruce Laidlaw, the brilliantly-successful author and dramatist, on whom the world and fortune smiled, and who, during the past two years, seemed to have acquired the gift of turning gold into gold.

A faint flush spread over Lola's face as she raised her eyes to his. Then she bent her head and would have passed on when he stopped her by laying his hand on her arm. "Don't go yet," he said in a low voice. "I had no idea you were in London. I have something I must say to you."

"I am only here for a day. And there is nothing you can tell me which I do not know. Even your anger would be appeased. Of what use is it to go over the past again? You cannot judge me more harshly than I judge myself."

"Great Heaven! Lola, what do you think I am made of?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "My house is close by. I will wait with you and let me speak with you here, for a few moments only, just for the sake of old times, when you loved me. And look in my face to see whether I shall be harsh to you."

She glanced up and saw that his eyes were full of tears, and that his whole face was softened and bathed by a pitying tenderness. The blood came and went in his cheeks, and she was still hesitating when he gently drew her hand through his arm, and brought her in closer to his person. Here, the first that met her eyes was a life-size picture of herself, arranged on porcelain from a photograph, and placed on an easel beside her husband's desk.

"She sank into the armchair he offered and wasted for him to speak. "These are only my town rooms," he began; "I have a place of my own now—an old farmhouse in Sussex, with yellow walls and a red tiled roof. It stands high above a country lane bordered with hedges taller than I, behind the hedges are orchards, and through them a peep over meadow lands, of the sea. But I have never lived there yet, because I should be lonely in the winter evenings without my wife."

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For Pain or Colds. GENTLEMEN.—Fifteen months ago I had a bad cold. I tried a number of remedies but got no relief. I then tried Hays' Fluid, and it gave me instant relief. It is the best thing I ever used for all kinds of colds. MRS. JOHN CORBETT, St. Marys, Ont.

In Protestant pulpits there is no doubt a great deal that is refined, as we read of them in the newspapers, but it is simply ludicrous to those who know anything of the state of society to think there could be anything in this kind of preaching to cure the failings of men's hearts.

It is no more important to earn the money than to put it into the character and happiness of the home. Money in its use is of no absolute value. It is the use to which it is put which makes its value, and the judgment of the wise should be exercised in determining this.

It seldom fails. DEAR SIR, I took two bottles of Hays' Fluid, and it cured me of my cold. I had a bad cold and it stayed all the time, but now I am healthy and happy. It is the best thing I ever used for all kinds of colds. MRS. JOHN CORBETT, St. Marys, Ont.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER. Mr. Henry Maconbe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

DON'T MISS THE CHANCE OF BUYING HOLIDAY GIFTS AT J. A. LALANNE'S, 70 BEAVER HALL HILL (CORNER DORCHESTER). ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF ART CHINA WARE, FANCY GOODS, PLUSH GOODS, LEATHER GOODS, OPERA GLASSES, OPERA CASES, FANCY STATIONERY, BOOKS, TOYS, GAMES, ETC., ETC. Are Selling Rapidly at Prices that will Astonish You. THE Montreal Brewing Company's CELEBRATED ALES - AND - PORTERS Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S-EYE." INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER XXX PALE ALE. If your Grocer does not keep our Ales, order direct from the Brewery—Telephone 1168. The Montreal Brewing Co., Brewers and Distillers, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. DRAWINGS IN JANUARY, 1892.—January 7 and 20. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. Ticket, - - - \$1.00 11 Tickets for - - \$10.00. Ask for Circulars. 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

When preparing the Christmas Dinner JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF should be ON HAND making Rich Gravy AND FOR Warming STRENGTHENING DRINK. MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO. St. Lawrence Paper Mills, 588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. Manufacturers of and Dealers in Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters, Bleached and Unbleached Manillas, Do and Sewing Wrappings, White and Colored Envelopes, Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms, and General Printers' Supplies. SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION. TELEPHONE, 2690. P. O. Box, 1133.

SEELEY'S HARD-RUBBER TRUSSES. They contain the most perfect form of HERBIA or RUPTURE. They are made of all sizes, and are perfect in construction. They are made of all sizes, and are perfect in construction. They are made of all sizes, and are perfect in construction.

FURNITURE. FIRST CLASS Bedroom & Diningroom Furniture. Oak & Walnut Sideboards. Bed-room Suites. ELEGANTLY CARVED IN OAK AND WALNUT. John Lorigan, Mantel and Grate Manufacturer, 1828 NOTRE DAME ST. G. TORONTO, EAST MCGILL ST. P.S.—Solid Oak Extension Dining Tables, 8 ft. long, \$7.50.

SATISFACTION Is guaranteed to every consumer of HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.



INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES CURED BY CUTICURA

EVERY INJURY OF THE SKIN AND SCALP... CUTICURA SOAP...

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER.

IRISH NOTES.

In 1841 the population of the King's county was 146,000. From that year to the present there has been almost uniform decline...

Mr. Henry Campbell, M.P., is at present residing at Avondale, and is in the charge of the late Mr. Parnell's lands, quarries and residence.

George Brown, a Fenian, who was convicted of taking a prominent part in the disturbance of 1867, is dead. He was a Dubliner of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood...

Very Rev. Thomas Reilly, P. P. V. F., Swaminar, Cavan, died last week after a long and painful illness at the ripe age of 85 years.

Recently a dreadful case of suicide occurred at Ballycraugh, about five miles from Ballyvaughan.

A few days since the dreadfully mangled body of Sergeant Michael McLoughlin, of the 10th Buffs, was found in the water near the mill race at Ballyvaughan.

A young man, named John J. O'Connell, of the 10th Buffs, was found in the water near the mill race at Ballyvaughan.

It seems to have been a satisfaction in the minds of the British authorities...

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their defence with the registrar of the Exchequer Court at Ottawa. A notice reads: "This information is filed by the Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, Her Majesty's Attorney General for the Dominion of Canada, on behalf of Her Majesty."

Fatal Accident. George Meldrum, a shunter, met his death Monday morning by his foot catching in a railway switch frog in the Grand Trunk yards, Point St. Charles.

LADIES. - We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new.

THE CANADA PLATING COY., 763 Craig St.

COMMERCIAL. FLOUR AND GRAIN. Flour - The flour market has continued quiet owing to the fact that country buyers have been holding off to some extent...

Quebec's Prospects. Mr. W. Weir, of the Ville Marie Bank, says that Quebec Province trade this year has been exceptionally good...

The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes and who has not seen more than one window in it?

St. Catherine St. CARSLEY BROS. 2342 West End. 1575 East End. ON ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Special Attention to Ladies' Dress. Suede Jackets \$7.50. Cloth Jackets \$5.50. Children's Mantles \$5.00. Eider Down Quilts \$4.50.

FURS IN GREAT VARIETY. Opposum Muffs \$1.75. Storm Collars \$2.50. Dress Goods 10c worth to 75c. Kid Gloves 35c, 50c, 75c. Stockings from 10c per pair. Flamelets 5c per yard.

Fancy Goods Specially Reduced. FOR ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS. CARSLEY BROS., 2342 West End. 1575 East End. ON ST. CATHERINE STREET.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS. Offices: 710 Craig Street and 1672 St. Catherine Street, Works: Corner Shaw and Logan Streets.

PRESENTATION GOODS. Table Linens, Jewels and other cases. Work Boxes, Photo Frames, Albums, Writing Desks, Handkerchiefs, Holders, in Leather, Wood, Glass and other materials.

C. Maguire, 1575 East End. St. Lawrence Main Street.

Stopped Again. Traffic on the streets has been stopped again on the Montreal and St. Lawrence streets.

A Foul Crime.

On Saturday night about ten o'clock a murder was committed in the village of New Germany, Ont., about ten miles from Berlin, by Martin Reinhard, a man about sixty years old. The victim, Michael Hauss, a young man about twenty-eight years of age, was walking into the village when Reinhard met him and without a word plunged a knife into his heart, killing him instantly.

LADIES. - We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware and replating old goods equal to new.

THE CANADA PLATING COY., 763 Craig St.

COMMERCIAL. FLOUR AND GRAIN. Flour - The flour market has continued quiet owing to the fact that country buyers have been holding off to some extent...

Quebec's Prospects. Mr. W. Weir, of the Ville Marie Bank, says that Quebec Province trade this year has been exceptionally good...

The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes and who has not seen more than one window in it?

St. Catherine St. CARSLEY BROS. 2342 West End. 1575 East End. ON ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Special Attention to Ladies' Dress. Suede Jackets \$7.50. Cloth Jackets \$5.50. Children's Mantles \$5.00. Eider Down Quilts \$4.50.

FURS IN GREAT VARIETY. Opposum Muffs \$1.75. Storm Collars \$2.50. Dress Goods 10c worth to 75c. Kid Gloves 35c, 50c, 75c. Stockings from 10c per pair. Flamelets 5c per yard.

Fancy Goods Specially Reduced. FOR ALL KINDS OF DRY GOODS. CARSLEY BROS., 2342 West End. 1575 East End. ON ST. CATHERINE STREET.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS. Offices: 710 Craig Street and 1672 St. Catherine Street, Works: Corner Shaw and Logan Streets.

PRESENTATION GOODS. Table Linens, Jewels and other cases. Work Boxes, Photo Frames, Albums, Writing Desks, Handkerchiefs, Holders, in Leather, Wood, Glass and other materials.

MOUNTAIN OYSTER GAME AND POULTRY MARKET

CORNER BEAVER HILL AND DORCHESTER STREET. Choice Maitreque and American Oysters, in shell and bulk. Poultry and Game dressed and delivered FREE OF CHARGE.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Table showing profits taken in cash for the year ending 31st December 1891. Columns include Age, Premiums Paid, and Annual Profits.

INSURE NOW AND SECURE PARTICIPATION IN FUTURE PROFITS AT NEXT DIVISION IN 1891.

J. W. MARLING, Manager, 186 St. James Street, Montreal.

FATHER KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC. Six Years of Experience. Rev. W. Smith, D.D., writes: "I have used your Nerve Tonic for six years, and it has done me more good than any other medicine I have ever used."

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Ache would be almost needless to these who suffer from this distressing complaint, but for the fact that they are not cured by their own efforts...

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. Some Children Growing Too Fast become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak.

Best Body Brussels Carpets. Sixty cent an inch of best, choice, Brussels Body Carpets at special prices...

THOMAS LIGGETT, 1884 NOTRE DAME STREET. S. CARSLEY, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779.

S. Carsley's Column. GIVE A USEFUL PRESENT to your friend. S. Carsley is now showing a splendid assortment of shawls for travelling or indoor wear.

Bottles of Perfume GIVEN AWAY. From Monday morning until Christmas Eve we give a bottle of beautiful Perfume with each pair of Kid Gloves at 10c and higher per pair.

Cards for Nothing. A pretty Xmas Card given away with all Print Dress Lengths, Stuff Dress Lengths and Remnants.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. CONTAINING 1281 PAGES. given away until Christmas with all purchases of \$30 or over made in one day.

NEW MANTLES. FOR DECEMBER TRADE. Just Received Large Numbers of New Mantles, New Styles, For Winter Wear.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT. SHAWLS. FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. A wide and varied variety of New Shawls in all the following styles:

MANTLE DEPARTMENT. LADIES. For the coming winter season, we have a large stock of the latest styles of Mantles, Shawls, and Caps.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT. MISSES' MANTLES. Just received, the latest styles in Misses' LONG MANTLES with Nicholas Capes.

KNABE PIANOS. UNEQUALLED IN Touch, Workmanship and Durability. BALEMORE, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street, New York.

S. CARSLEY, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779. Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Carsley's Column

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Oh, come with me to Bethlehem
This blessed Christmas morn,
To hallow the wondrous mystery
Of God, incarnate in our birth.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THERE never was a more dreary day, in the dreariest winter, than that which set in the middle of a huge snow-drift over the little town of Kilsbane on a Christmas Eve forty years ago.

"Mrs. Keogh," said he, "is there any where I could bring Mary until I make a settlement with Tom Corckran here?" The hostess stopped for a moment in the full flow of her occupation and looked at the interrogator.

of great political excitement. Informers had their golden opportunity, and they did not neglect its use. They told them some specious tale about a union of Irishmen extending over the country in solemn league for her redemption.

father, as the drunken fellow addressed this speech to her, but she knew the difficulties which surrounded him commanded her civility to Phil, and she answered: "I don't mean to leave my father, Mistor Corckran, an' I don't think he'd let me if I was willing—which I am not."

Poor Rich Miss Tucker.

GRANDMA dear, it's a very pretty verse; isn't it?" said Ethel. "But," she hastened to add, in a decisive tone, "all the same, it isn't true."

somehow make other people think too, I shall give Jane Tucker a hyacinth for Christmas, if I die for it."

ERRATA. I have a misgiving in this affair... the father said when he gave away the bride.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY LOUISE M. ALCOFF.

In the rush of early morning, When the red berries through the gray And the white world less waiting For the glory of the day...

AN ANGEL-WHISPER.

BY CHRISTIAN BEID.

MY DEAR KENNETH, I am so sorry that you are not coming with us," said Mrs. Marshall, as her son was settling her comfortably in the train that was to take her away from home for the Christmas holidays...

floating yellow hair, that kept intruding itself on his memory with a pertinacity which baffled his powers of resistance. For the first time he said to himself, "Perhaps I was partly to blame. But however that may be, it is too late now for regret—so what is the use of thinking about it?"

ject himself to such a suspicion, he would not go to Riottan. A train from the opposite direction met the one he was on, at Leanington, and he could take it and return home.

lay the fragments of Rosetta's lamp. Smoke poured out in their faces as they approached; for though paved and walled with stone, the place, being used as a store-room, was full of combustible material in the form of barrels, boxes, and wooden shelves—and the fire had already attacked some of these.

I see that your feet are like my hands—a good deal the worst for this business." "Yes, sir," answered the servant, lowering rather than sitting down on the floor, and stretching out his feet with a movement significant of intense pain.

amazement and alarm. Then she made a backward step, her lips unloosening to utter a shriek, when both movement and utterance were arrested by the sound of his voice, which she recognized at once.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND

IN no land under the heavens is Christmas celebrated with such fervor, joy and unity as in Ireland. Let every other day in the year witness a pall of misery hanging over the land, on this great day it is lifted, and the heavenly anthem, "Peace on earth to men of good will," brings joy and gladness to all hearts.

THE STORY EVER NEW.

Only an old, old story
Of infinite love and grace;
Only a beam of glory
Lighting a baby face.
But through the rolling ages,
No story half so dear;
Of all earth's sunshine glory,
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly,
Wherein the sweet Child lay;
Only a mother holy,
Watching the hours away.
Only a sweet song stealing
Down through the quiet skies;
Only a star's soft beaming,
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherds kneeling,
Paying their homage sweet,
Pouring their richest treasures
Down at those Baby feet.
Stains of that far-off anthem
Float through the world since then,
Breathing of "Joy in Heaven
On earth good-will toward men."

Hark! to the joyous chorus—
"To you a King is born";
Star of the East now lead us,
Lead us this Christmas morn.
Till, like the faithful shepherds,
We kneel in homage sweet,
And pour our hearts' best treasures
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,
Old, but still ever new;
Know we the wealth of glory
It brings to me and you?
Know we those tiny figures
Opened Heaven's portals wide?
But for that helpless Baby
All the whole world had died?

Christmas With the Holy Souls.

By ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

HOW OFTEN, as the Christmas comes around, do we hear said, by one and another: "Oh, the Christmas is no longer Christmas for me; I am glad to escape from its festivities. To see over them is a relief. There is nothing, now, to interest me in the preparations. I have no one to whom I care to give presents. I live in the past, with memory and with my dream."

With the dead? What a strange living with the dead is this! Rather say, living with one's own selfish regrets; cherishing one's own unavailing repentings; lying in the face of traditions which are beyond and above all which can be called personal or domestic; having their root not in family reunions, but in a dogma by which time and eternity are working out an exceeding weight of glory for the entire human race, from Adam to the last child to be baptized upon this earth. Before such considerations, how the individual is lost, excepting so far as it unites itself to this universal family, to which belong all peoples and climes and epochs; but, thus united, how the grandeur of life, of destiny, is sustained; how world-wide become the sympathies of the individual heart; what fountains of supernatural joy open amid the wildernesses of mortal existence!

What broad horizons, too, spread forth from these Christmases of time; how the festivities of earth become a part of the festivals of heaven; are even shared by the holy souls in their prison houses; as we read of that hymn by Fortunatus, *Vesilla regis prodantur*, which, sung in procession by an army of conquering soldiers entering a city won from Muslim power, was answered from below the pavement; thus disclosing the dungeons in which the captive Christmases were immured; disclosing, too, the joy which suddenly changed darkness into light at the assurance of a speedy release; and attuning voices, hoarse with long disease, to the glorious psalmody of a Church triumphant.

It is with this thought at heart that we take up the indulgenced devotions of Advent, Christmas and Christmas-tide, in order to show how all times and seasons, when observed according to the mind of the Church, are not only in harmony with the most delicate instincts of tender and affectionate natures, jarring upon no chord, however sensitive, but actually abounding with those consolations found by generous souls in the relief of suffering; as the taking of portions to the hungry, clothing to the naked, fuel to the hearth-stones of the poor. These devotions are not matters of sentiment, are not enriched because appealing to a poetic instinct; but because, while possessing all these charms, while commending themselves to our aesthetic sense, they are living fountains of the dogma of the Incarnation; are instructors, surpassing any erudition of the learned, in that mystical theology which has spread through the world like some resistless aroma, sanctifying the imaginations of whole nations; or, like some winged seed, blown from continent to continent to disseminate a knowledge of God through an irresistible love of Him; taking up His sentiments, furthering His intentions and obtaining everything it asks for from the Heart of God because absolutely at one with It. This may be called the secret of "Indulgenced devotions"; and we are to regard them as the most powerful instruments for effecting our own sanctification in our struggles with the things of time, while they are like ransoms, paid in precious ivory and pearls of great price in the order of grace, for the captives in purgatory.

That this idea of companionship may be more real to us, let us recall some mourner left desolate in the midst of a society aflush with happiness, radiant

with the anticipations of a coming festival; everything bringing back to this bereaved friend those seasons of joy when a beloved one was ever at the side interested in the affectionate preparations, sharing the midnight vigil, the walk over the crisp snow for the first Mass, the Pappal Benediction after the glorious solemnity of a Pontifical Mass. How shall the regret be stilled which haunts this bereaved soul, tortures it with the recollections of a happiness never to return? Philosophy fails; and while the mind seeks to lose itself in practices of piety they recall the very images they were expected to banish. This is an every day experience which is concealed from all but the eye of God. There are no human considerations which can still this regret, although time may accustom the soul to bearing it.

Let us now take this mourning one by the hand, and lay this hand into that of the departed loved one. The first flake of snow has fallen from the sky of November, the first gleam of the Advent purple is in the sanctuary. But with this first Sunday of Advent, what comes to the Cathedral church in the midst of the purple, giving a wondrous uplift to the soul, attracting it like a living presence? It is the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, and with it begins that round of visits which Our Lord makes to the churches: under sacramental veils, indeed, but as if the glory of Godhead gleamed on the fringes of His garments as man; for it is the Forty Hours of Adoration, when the beauty of symbol and the perfumes of flowers are given like the precious spikenard of Magdalene to the feet of a hidden God on our altars. No matter how duly all this is expected, it comes at last like a surprise; a surprise even to our mourner, and one look at the Raccolta tells how rich in the gifts of ransom or in the joys of a participated paradise, is the hand laid into that of the departed. (The churches of Rome, numbering, as they do, almost as many as the year numbers days, give the devotion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" the year round. The Romans, too, understand what we heard there from a Monsignore, now a Bishop in the United States, with a certain delighted surprise, that next to the indulgences granted to assisting at Mass sacramentally, are those accorded to a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during the "Forty Hours Adoration"; and there are families among these old Romans whose carriages never fail to pause, on the afternoon drive, at the church where this devotion is named for the day. This is no fancied companionship, no idle dreaming; a reality which implies a direct participation in spiritual favors. An Advent Commemoration of the Saints comes to mind also: *Ego Dominus veni*—"Behold the Lord will come and all His saints with Him, and there shall be a great light in that day. Behold the Lord will appear on a white cloud, and with Him thousands of saints." Will the beloved one be among them? Heaven is swift in its canonizations; but is there not something to be done, something to be won, for the beloved one? How can it be done most swiftly? and all the ardor of the old companionship comes over the soul in the midst of devotion.

Three days—processions, orations, visits, satisfactions, filling these three days with an ungod sense of the nearness of Jesus to His faithful, of the nearness of those who have passed beyond our mortal senses, and the Communion of Saints becomes a living fact, not a mere article of the creed to be daily recited. This is the first week of Advent for our desolate friend, but the indifference, we may say the actual dread of the approaching festival is over. There is an anticipation, such as was believed could never come again, of the first Christmas Mass, of the first note of the *Veni Advenna*. It may be heard with tears streaming down the cheeks, but it will be fraught with consolations; and as the "Aurora Mass" succeeds to the Midnight, as the organ and the voices of the choir are hushed, a peace such as one mortal never has given, never can give to another, will take possession of the desolate and bereaved soul. When the Pontifical Solemnity opens, a chastened exultation, a subdued assurance, will come with the burst of the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; and when this dreaded Christmas is over, what will there not have been for angels to record, of the joy of a Christmas with the Holy Souls?

But there is something more definite to be placed before our readers, each one of whom has a spiritual preparation to make for Christmas; and each one of whom has not only one, but many beloved friends to remember, who have passed from this world; with all the sacraments, it may be, but still with many an imperfection to be atoned for, many a debt to be cancelled. In the Raccolta we find a devotion so attractive, so easy, in fact, to perform, that we do not believe anyone can resist it. A Novena for Christmas Day, with these Indulgences attached to its fervent recital:

"An Indulgence of three-hundred days, every day, to all those who, with at least contrite heart and devotion shall prepare themselves for this solemnity by a novena, with pious exercises, prayers, acts of virtue, etc."
"A Plenary Indulgence on Christmas Day, or on any day in its octave, to those who shall have made this novena, provided that, being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray devoutly for the welfare of Holy Mother Church, and for the intention of His Holiness."

And what is this novena, to which such indulgences are attached? Simply

five "Offerings" to the Eternal Father, of the mystery of the birth of our Saviour, and of the sufferings of the Divine Babe on His coming into our world; repeating five times the "Gloria be to the Father," etc.; the versicle and response: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us;" followed by the prayer: "O God, whose only begotten Son was made manifest to us in the substance of our flesh; grant, we beseech Thee, that through Him, whom we acknowledge to be like unto ourselves, our souls may be inwardly renewed. Who liveth and reigneth forever and ever, Amen."

Another devotion is similarly indulgenced: "In order," as the rescript goes on to say, "that Christians may meditate more frequently on the Incarnation, birth, and all the other mysteries relating to the holy childhood of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and may render Him meet and worthy thanks, and imitate those virtues, which He, in His childhood, has taught us by His example: A Plenary Indulgence is granted to all those who, on the twenty-fifth day of any month, shall be present in any church or public oratory where this pious exercise is performed, and the prayers here prescribed are said; provided that being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray, for some time, for the intentions of His Holiness."

An Indulgence of three-hundred days, once a day, to any one who, with contrite heart and devotion, shall perform it on any other day of the year."

There is an Indulgence promised to those who visit the Crib of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Basilica of S. Mary Major in Rome. But we, who, in this New World, love to have the crib make one of the incentives to our Christmas devotion, can easily see how the previous exercise can be performed in a public oratory or chapel, or the church itself, where a crib has been prepared, with the utmost satisfaction to the living and consolation for the souls in Purgatory. The devotion to which we refer, and which we have quoted as so richly indulgenced, is called: "The Mysteries of the Holy Childhood." This exercise consists of the "Twelve Mysteries of the Holy Childhood," by way of meditation, with prayers and ejaculations of such sweetness and of such poetic imagery, that no one can fail to regard it as a devotion which might nurse the poetic genius of a Prudentius or the artistic genius of a Raphael; while the indulgences attached to it are so rich, that piety alone, compassion alone for the departed, would urge one to its practice.

We have always remembered a sentence in a letter from the late Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore: "All good works are indulgenced;" and we may well deem this true of the crib, the mother prepares for her home, around which will gather, evening after evening until the Eve of the Purification, her little ones, to recite their rosary and to make acts of love to the Infant Jesus; and certainly is the true of those Cribbs prepared in the loveliest churches in Christendom, in order to draw before them, as they do invariably, crowds of worshippers, thus sensibly reminding of the sensible sufferings of the Infant Redeemer. The Crib has always had a charm for artists. Again and again do we see the little one depicted on His bed of straw, encircled by the arms of His Virgin Mother. Tenderly, then, like the angels who gather around the Crib, let us prepare ourselves for the coming mystery of Bethlehem, that so the fervor of our adoration may bring an angel to some waiting soul, over whose silent dust we have shed many a tear, to bear it on gentle wings to heaven.

A FRESH AIR BOY.

AN old man, evidently from the country, walked into the room used as the headquarters of the Fresh Air Fund Association. His face was kind, though furrowed with care and time; his clothing of the strictly rural sort. In one hand he carried a small satchel and an umbrella, in the other a large paper bag neatly tied up with homemade twine twisted out of woollen yarn. He looked around for a moment, then addressed himself to a woman with a kind face, who was standing at a desk.

"Are you one of those who has charge of the Fresh Air children?" he asked: "that is, are you one of them folks what sends the little chaps to the country?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, courteously. "Do you wish some one sent to you? It is rather late in the season."

"No, ma'am; not exactly. You see, last summer we had a little chap with us for a week or so, mother and me and Susy. He wasn't very pretty, and he wasn't much bigger than a pint of cider; but he was awful good, and you jest ought to have seen him eat! I believe he never had enough to eat before. His favorite was apples; but they was green then, and we didn't dare let him have all he wanted. His name was Willie Murphy. I've brought him some ripe apples now, in this paper bag. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

The kind woman said that she would find out where Willie lived, if possible. "And you see," went on the visitor, "there's another reason why we take an interest in him. Mother and me haven't never been very pious. We wasn't brought up to be, you understand; and we got to thinking that religion was a humbug, and that if we paid our debts

and behaved ourselves, the rest didn't matter. But the first time that little chap set down to our table and crossed himself solemnly, mother looked at me and I looked at her, then we both looked at Susy. We tried to reason the religion out of him, but it wasn't no use. He was a poor Fresh Air boy, with ragged clothes, and not as much learning as our Susy has in her little finger; but, somehow we've always thought different about religion since he was there. I don't enjoy Bob Ingersoll's talk any more. If I try to read what he says, I see the little Fresh Air chap's face between me and the print—oh, you've found the direction, have you? Thank you, ma'am!"

"I will go with you," said the gentle woman. "It will not be out of my way."

They walked through streets, reeking with all sorts of uncleanness and smelling of everything that was vile, and finally reached the house. Then up and up and up, to a room under the roof. Upon the door-knob a bit of tawdry black was hanging. A woman responded to their knock.

"Are you afraid to come in?" she asked.

"Why should we be afraid?" said the man, in surprise.

"Diphtheria," was all she said.

"Well, if you're the mother of Willie Murphy, ma'am, I hope you won't let him catch it."

She gave him a startled look. "He did catch it," she said, beginning to weep.

The old man looked at the bit of black, and understood it all. "I'll sit down a minute," he said. "The city air always chokes me somehow."

Presently Mrs. Murphy led him to a poor little room across the hall, the use of which a neighbor had allowed for the occasion; and there was freckle-faced Willie Murphy, with two candles burning at his head.

The visitor stood for a minute thinking, then laid the bag of apples down.

"I'm Samuel Williams, ma'am," he said. "Willie spent a week on my farm last June."

"Yes," she sobbed: "Willie would talk for hours about you. You were very good to him, sir. I thank you for it."

"I hope he will know what he did for me—and the old lady." And he told her the simple story in his plain way.

He stayed to see the "little chap" laid away in the sweet earth, and then went home, first helping poor Mrs. Murphy out of her awful poverty. Next year, if all goes well, two Fresh Air boys, in memory of Willie, are to spend the whole summer on the Williams farm.

FRANCESCA.

CHRISTMAS.

Lo! the Day is waking
In the East afar;
Dawn is faintly breaking—
Sunk is every star.

Christmas Eve has vanished,
With its shadows gray;
All its griefs are vanished,
By bright Christmas Day.

Joyous chimes are ringing
O'er the land and seas,
And there comes glad singing,
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry,
Bed-clothes cozy fit,
And, in such a hurry,
Prattle "Christmas gift."

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early,
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
O'er their Christmas toys;
Older ones are qualling
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
Faces all are gay;
None are sad and tearful
On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding,
All from care are free;
Homes are all resounding
With the sound of glee.

Feet with feet are meeting,
Bent on pleasure's way;
Souls to souls give greeting
Warm on Christmas Day.

Gifts are kept a-going
Fast from hand to hand;
Blessings are a-flowing
Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way,
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the earth;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Fill each heart with joy;
Merry, merry Christmas,
To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Better gifts than gold;
Merry, merry Christmas,
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas!
May the coming year
Bring as merry a Christmas
And as bright a cheer.

FATHER RYAN.

CURING THE DRINK HABIT.

DRUNKENNESS is an inherited physical trait; so the physiologists tell us. Drunkenness is a disease; so the doctors tell us. Drunkenness is a sin; so the Church and common sense tell us. As a sin it must be atoned like other sins. It has its temptations and its proximate occasions. The former must be resisted; the latter avoided. Sin long indulged in becomes a vice, and a drunkard is simply a vicious man.

According to the different views taken of the cause, we observe a difference in the proposed methods of cure. The doctors prescribe gold and remedies that dull the drink appetite. The physiologists prescribe restraint and seclusion. The Church has no other remedy for drunkenness than she has for any other sin; her prescription is contrition, accompanied by a firm resolution of amendment. But it will be urged against this position of the Church that there is something exceptionally strong in the drink habit that seems to defy ordinary sacramental antidotes. That is not true. The fact is, there is something inherently weak in the drunkard's resolution of amendment. Many things conspire to weaken the drinker's resolution. Drunkenness does not entail social disgrace, like other vices. Society does not visit the drunkard with the same measure of vengeance it metes out to the thief and the adulterer. Men being more lenient, God's judgment is lost sight of. If we were to brand with social ostracism the man who habitually drinks to intoxication; if we denied him our society; if we debarred him from our homes; if we shunned him in private life and refused to have business dealings with him, as we refuse to consort with other criminals and law breakers, we would find it as easy to reform drunkards as other sinners against the laws of God and man. With society ever ready to condone, it is difficult for the Church to enforce the rigor of her laws. Society is the *particeps criminis* in the case of every drunkard in the land. We blame the saloon keeper; he is not the real culprit. We preach prohibition; that is only turning every state into a home for inebriates. We blame the drunkard himself; he is not the only one guilty. We are ourselves to blame. We should cultivate a horror of drunkenness and of the drink habit; because between the two there is only a difference of temperament. We should begin the crusade against intemperance with the first lessons in the Catechism. We should continue it in our Sunday addresses to the people; because what we teach the children we should be able to demonstrate in the conduct of their fathers and mothers.

There is no doubt that drunkenness is frightfully on the increase, and we ascribe the spread of the evil to the growing habit of drinking beer. When whiskey was the tipple of the people, the young were slow to form a taste for it. In Kentucky, in the days of the black-bottle ornament on the mantelpiece, boys did not drink. Young men seldom drank. The liquor was too strong, and healthy stomachs rejected it. Now, the beer can come as regularly to the table as the milk picher, and all hands have a quaff. The baby at the breast can stand a sup or two. This educates a race of beer drinkers, and among such drunkards will always predominate. Beer is becoming cheaper and more injurious. There is no beverage so much adulterated, and none in which the drugs used are more poisonous. The lager beer of long ago has given place to the steam brew of the chemist. This is not only true of this country, but largely the case in the native land of Garibaldi. It was thought once that beer would eventually settle the temperance question. It has become the most potent agency in the spread of drunkenness.

How, we check this avalanche of death? We have only one remedy to suggest; it is the temperance pledge. Drunkenness is a sin. It must be avoided. It is, for him who often drinks to excess, a sin to drink at all; a sin to take on glass; it may be a sin to go where drinking is indulged in by others. The same safeguards that morality suggests to a justful man must be adopted by the drinker. Avoid the occasion. Flee from the temptation. Young men must be kept from saloons, and these more seductive vestibules of insanity, the beer-canning social clubs. This city is full of such clubs. Fifty young men rent a room; put in a few chairs and a table; buy a bump and a beer can, and the club is equipped. In such places a full drunk will cost less than fifty cents, and an ordinary full much less. These young men are doing among themselves only what their fathers and mothers are doing at home. It is horrible.

We are sorry to find that some of our brethren of the clergy are opposed to temperance societies. They are thought to be purely Irish institutions and not suited to the habits of other and more steady people. And they have no sympathy with total abstinence, even as practised among the Irish. Our temperance advocates are derided as fanatics, and our organization as savoring of Puritanism, if not of Protestantism. Our observation leads us to believe that the Irish are not by any means the heaviest drinkers in the country, nor are they specially in need of the assistance of total abstinence. We predict that before many years this temperance movement will spread over the entire American Church, and will count among its champions as many priests of German extraction as of Irish. Our eyes will soon be opened to the growing evil, and, once apprised of the unmistakable spread of the disease, we will not be long in finding the only remedy that is efficacious, namely, total abstinence. We will become strong only in proportion as we become total abstainers. We shall conquer the forces of error among our separated brethren only when we shall have vanquished this monster immorality among ourselves.—*Western Watchman*, St. Louis.

How to Cure a Scold.

A simple woman once went to a wise man for advice. "Tell me," she asked, "what to do. My husband is such a scold that I am constantly unhappy." The wise man filled a bottle with a muddy-looking

liquid, and muttered some mysterious words over it. "Take this," he said, "the next time your husband scolds, you fill your mouth with the liquid for five minutes." In due time she came back again. "I want some more of this medicine," she said; "it worked like a charm. My husband has stopped scolding entirely."—"Ah," exclaimed the wise man, "just as I expected!" (The liquid was molasses and water.) "Continue to keep silent when your husband begins his tirades, and you will need no more. The grateful woman went away, following the sage's advice and her husband scolding no one to answer him, found scolding uninteresting, and so scolded no more.

YOUNG MEN.

THIS is the day of the Catholic young man, and we have the country for the Catholic young man. By the Catholic young man we mean the young man attached to his Church, by his living up to itscepts. A straightforward, manly fellow on whose open, ingenuous countenance is written Catholic in great burning characters of honesty, purity, sobriety, he steps from the threshold of youth and breathes himself for the struggle of life; he is aware of the splendid opportunity that awaits him. Does he realize his fine position? Here is advancement, place and position are to be had, slowly it may be at the outset; but they will come. He must have a fair education and ambition; with his good habits, he is equipped. Our Catholic young man should banish the absurd notion that his religion is a bar. Never was there a more false impression. The Catholic young man who has the advantages and the habits mentioned will find his religion a help and a stepping-stone to success in life. Go to our successful Catholic business men and they will give testimony to the truth of this assertion. When a Catholic young man is known to be an attentive member of his Church, and especially a frequenter of the confessional, for on this point business men outside of the Church place great reliance in their Catholic employees, he is very sure of not only permanency, but advancement; even being placed ahead of his fellow employees not of his faith. Take the great iron industries, the manufacturing interest, the large wholesale and retail houses in our city. In them you will find many of our bright, successful Catholic men who commenced life poor boys, some of them partners, some whole owners, and very many at the heads of the various departments. Among our most successful mechanics, at the head of our civil and engineering corps, on the lines of our many railroads centering in our city, are hundreds of Catholics who have succeeded, an honor to the Church, and citizens whose word is their bond.

The successful business man can tell good material when he sees it. What he wants is young blood to train up to his business, and he is on the alert for the right kind of a young man. When he discovers him, as between a question of religion and no religion, it is religion has the preference.

A Catholic young man who finds his leisure hours a drag, and seeks relief from *gamini*, by haunting the saloon or the billiard hall, whose coat pocket is bulged out with the unwholesome literature of the day, and which furnishes him his *mentis pobulum*, is not wanted. This fellow will never push himself forward. If, perchance, he finds employment, his situation will be a precarious one. This is the young man who has the glib excuse for his shiftlessness that there is nothing for him, because he is a Catholic; and there should be nothing for him. He is the one who, a disgrace to himself, reflects discredit on his Church. So, young man, if you would succeed, be true to yourself, to the teachings of your Catechism. Remember, those are the golden days. Every day lost is lost for good, and weighs heavily against you in the turning past to success. Discover what position fits you in life, back it up by morality, and go in and win.

Here you have a vast and diversified field in this great and growing country. Providence has not placed you here to be a drone. Society has need of you, the Church demands the fulfillment of your obligation to it, as a child of God, to become a good and useful citizen and a helpmate to her. Having found your true place, cling to it; surmount its difficulties; do not be tempted by shallow experiments nor vain promises. If, filled with enthusiasm, you promise a great future to yourself, do not realize your expectations, remain even in mediocrity you fill a worthless. All may not hope to have wealth of a Carnegie, but all may have and all may have what, after all, is better, the reward of a good conscience duty nobly done, and which will come by laying now the foundation of the solid bed rock of principle and honesty. The every-day duty, conscientiously done as if it were to be the last, this avails. Disabuse yourself of the idea you are a Colossus. Over-confidence is oftentimes destruction and makes life a burden. Labor is the only genius, and greatness is as ingenuous and unpretending as a little child. Given a young man, sober, honest and industrious, courteous and polite to his employer and to the trades-people, united to labor and pluck, and you have the one who will win success. He will strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate. Our successful Catholic men have been of this stamp.—*The Pittsburg Catholic*.

Small Change.

An emblem of pride: Smoke—when it is puffed up.
Eaten out of house and home—The picnic lunch.
Birds with bright plumage do not always make good potpie.
The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.
Occasionally the wisest owl hoots at the wrong time.
An infallible recipe.—What to do to obtain white hands—nothing.
It isn't so much what a man is that makes him happy. It's what he thinks he is.
"I'm not in it," sorrowfully sang the mosquito, as he buzzed on the outside of the netting.