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TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XLIII, NO. 22.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In order that there may be no mistakes, and that we may be enabled to acknowledge receipt of any correspondence, we remind our readers that all letters, of business as well as literary nature, intended for the TRUE WITNESS must be addressed to J. K. Foran, Editor of the TRUE WITNESS. By paying attention to this notice and by acting accordingly our friends will confer a great favor upon the management and will have the satisfaction of securing prompt answers to their communications.

ONCE MORE we beg of all who have an interest in the only Catholic organ, in the English language, that our Province possesses, to make an effort to send us in whatever amount they may owe, and to try and secure as many of their friends as possible to aid us in the establishment of a thoroughly Catholic paper. It is not a pleasant theme to write upon; but we feel obliged, under the circumstances, to ask for all the help that can be given. Every little adds to the fund, and what is a trifle to each individual forms an important amount for us, in the aggregate.

ONE of the prominent Protestant clergymen of Montreal, in the course of a lecture, delivered last week, gave his audience to understand that the Church existed before the Bible, and that the Word of God was preached before it was written. That reverend gentleman is very exact in what he states. What surprises us is the fact that a man of education and with a logical mind, who is aware of these truths, should not draw the natural conclusion that must flow from his premises; and once drawn act upon it. His contention is that of the Catholic Church. He agrees perfectly with the teachings of Rome upon that question. If then he admits—and history is there to prove it—that the Church existed before the Bible, and that the Word was preached before it was written, why does he not take another step, and ask "what Church existed before the Bible?"—and "who preached the gospel before pen was taken up to copy it?" The answers to these questions must lead him directly into the ranks of the Catholic Church. If that reverend gentleman is anxious to discover the truth, we will answer these questions to his satisfaction, either privately or through our columns.

We received a letter from Brockway, Michigan, in which the writer informs us that "there is a vagabond by the name of R. W. Pavanie (this is the name as nearly as we can make it out) who so styles himself, and who calls himself an 'ex-priest'; he is lecturing at Yale, a small hamlet near here, and he pretends to give away the secrets of the confessional, and also to expose nuns; he comes from England and charges fifteen cents per ticket to hear him. . . . Do you know such a man, and is he a priest." No; we don't know

any such man; neither does anybody else know him. In the first place the name is evidently a borrowed one, and in the next place he is neither a priest nor an "ex-priest." The woods—especially in Michigan—are full of these animals; they generally hunt in pairs, a male and a female; but now and then we met with a "bank-bearer" of that species. Whenever a man pretends to betray confessional secrets, at once set him down as a person who never was a priest. Not Chiniquy, nor Hyacinthe, nor Macnamara, nor any one of the perverted priests, has ever attempted to reveal a confessional secret. Your vagabond is a rank imposter.

There is a Miss Golding, in England, who has become a professional "ex-nun" and who tells some fearful stories about the manner in which she was treated while in the convent. Eugene Davis, in one of his admirable sketches, after pointing out how the Calais police have disproved many of Miss Golding's statements, her own sister has handed Rev. Father Stapley, Catholic pastor of Eastbourne, the following letter signed by herself:

"I am not myself a Roman Catholic, nor have I any desire to favor that religion, but for the sake of truth and justice I consider that the facts of this case should be made known. My sister joined a religious order in England, and went abroad to a convent at Calais belonging to the same order. While she was there, I used to go once or twice a year regularly to see her. The nuns were always kind to me, and on one occasion I stayed in the convent for a week, and I never saw anything objectionable. My sister said that she was very happy, and had nothing to complain of. It is nonsense for her to say she had a difficulty in getting outside the walls. She used to be allowed out with me on every occasion I called. After leaving the convent she stayed with us for six months, and during that time she never told me of the flagellations she had received, the imprisonment in a dark cell, or the poisoning of several nuns. I am positive, that if there had been any foundation for these statements, she would immediately have taken me into her confidence. The dark room she speaks of is a pure invention, and as for the steel belt she never saw one in her life until she visited the officers of the Protestant Alliance."

It is not probable that Miss Golding will draw very large houses in future. It is a pity that Mrs. Shepherd, O. Chiniquy (D.D.) and Slattery have not some honest relatives who could refute their lies about Catholic convents and homes of education. The only advantage in their cases is that no sane person believes them.

LAST September, a girl at Salford had a man arrested for an alleged attempt to assault her. On trial it was found that the girl had never heard of Jesus Christ, nor did she know what the Bible was. It is a pity that some of the £36,702 17s. 10d. spent last year for bibles and tracts to convert the heathens could not be used in the region of Salford, to instruct the home-savages. There is a story told about a Western miner who heard the account of the

passion and death of Our Divine Lord related by a priest on Good Friday. The miner had never heard the story before, and he was indignant at the Jews for the cowardly manner in which they treated the lone sufferer. On leaving the church the miner met a Jew and immediately proceeded to beat him. When the Jew asked explanations the miner said that he was getting even with him for the manner the Jews persecuted Our Lord. "My friend," said the Jew, "that was not my fault, that happened eighteen hundred years ago." "I don't care when it happened," said the miner, "I only heard about it to-day, and I'm going to have satisfaction." We once thought that this story was an exaggeration; but since we have read of the dense ignorance existing, even in public schools in England and Australia, we begin to think that there was some foundation for the yarn.

THIS is the time for "Christmas Boxes;" we wonder if there will be many "Christmas Coxes" around this year. We are under the impression that the only Coxe that has been seeking cheap notoriety of late has already received so many boxes around his figurative ears that he is not likely to make much more noise this year. We say figurative ears to distinguish them from his natural ones. The latter are, we understand, of ordinary proportions; but the former are evidently very long and conspicuous. Several of our American contemporaries have been offering prescriptions for the Buffalo Bishop's ailment; we are not much acquainted with *materia medica*, but we think that a little bi-chloride of gold would be effective. They say it is a sure cure for opium troubles; and we cannot believe that the reverend enemy of the Jesuits is anything other than an opium-eater. No other human being—in possession of his mental faculties—could possibly dream such terrible things and indict such mad ravings. Of course, if opium is not to blame, there is no other alternative, we must advise a straight-jacket—which will be probably the only straight thing the worthy bishop has ever had about him.

THE Ave Maria is the most choice of Catholic magazines; not one line is lost; even at the end of the page, when the article is not sufficiently long to fill out the last columns, the editor inserts a short selection from some well-known author, and each of these little paragraphs is a gem of thought. In the last number the editor has selected the following lines from the pen of Henry Austin Adams. What a beautiful text; on it one might build a glorious sermon! "When I lie down upon my bed to sleep to-night, I would rather be friends with God and with myself than with the whole round world; and for this reason, that I may wake upon a distant shore with only God and myself, finding myself therefore among my friends; whereas the friendship of the world can only

bury me; leaving me lonely, friendless, guilty, upon that distant shore where I must walk forever." How true!

WE LIKE to read candid avowals when made by most anti-Catholic organs. One of the oldest calumnies against the Church is that she keeps the faithful in ignorance of the Bible. Times out of mind has this false accusation been refuted and as often has it been repeated. The following paragraph from the Illustrated Church Times, one of England's most ultra-Protestant journals, may prove interesting to our readers:

"It is often asserted that Rome, while professing to be a teaching Church, arrogates to herself also the privilege of not teaching—the right to condemn to ignorance. This is true in a sense; but it is a libel in the sense usually intended to be conveyed. What wise parent or instructor does not see it right to withhold knowledge in certain directions, and to safeguard the innocence of ignorance? How many among us have felt tempted to wish, when laymen quote isolated texts to support wild and improbable theological notions, that Anglicans might receive their Scriptures only at the hand of the priest? At no time, perhaps, has this charge of condemning to ignorance been so vehemently brought up against Rome as to-day, and never with so little justice. A really inquiring, earnest Roman, if he desire it, can quite easily compass a copy of the Scriptures. Here, under hand, is a widely advertised new French translation of the Four Gospels, with notes and maps, etc., by Le-maistre de Sacy, appearing under the imprimatur of Cardinal Meignan, Archbishop of Tours, with an introduction by the Bishop of Chartres."

AS A SAMPLE of the men who go about preferring foul charges against Catholic nuns, women whose lives are models of every virtue, we clip the following account of the career of a "No-Popery" lecturer, as it is given in the Staffordshire Advertiser:

"Morris Roberts of Birmingham, died on Saturday. Thirty years ago he was champion light-weight boxer of England, and became a publican. He espoused the cause of Murphy, the anti-Catholic lecturer, whose visit to Birmingham in 1867 led to the famous Murphy riots. Roberts was attacked in his house by a number of Irishmen, one of whom he shot dead, and for this he was tried on a charge of manslaughter, but acquitted. In 1878 he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for perjury. Several years later he identified himself with a religious movement and went about the country preaching. At Worcester he was arraigned on a charge of bigamy, but was acquitted. Later he was the defendant in a breach of promise case, in which it was shown he had gone through a mock marriage with a Miss Florence Day, though he was at the time a married man. The jury awarded Miss Day £2,500, which was, on appeal, reduced by half."

This fellow's life needs no comment. It is the average career of the professional anti-Popery crank.

Steps have been taken to urge the holding of an international exhibition in London in 1896 or 1897.

The man who has a sea of troubles—
The one who has a notion of sorrow,

VICAR-GENERAL M'AULEY

SHERBROOKE'S GOOD PASTOR HONORED.

A Short Sketch of the Universally Beloved Priest Who Has Recently Been Appointed Vicar-General of Sherbrooke—A Life of Devotion, Benevolence, Zeal, and Self-Sacrifice to the Interests of the Church.

We had intended extending to Rev. Father McAuley, the newly appointed Vicar General of the Sherbrooke diocese, our sincere congratulations upon the high and well-deserved honor conferred upon him, and of giving our readers an account of his useful and religiously zealous life; but we prefer to let the praise come from people who are immediately connected with the diocese in which he has labored so long, from the pen of a French-Canadian writer, and from a source that is best calculated to do justice to the fair name and good fame of this venerable and noble priest. Consequently we take from the columns of L'Etoile, of Coaticook, the sketch that will be found below.

Before giving the words of praise and justice that appear in the organ referred to, we desire to say that the TRUE WITNESS is under many obligations to Vicar-General McAuley, and that we wish to extend to him our hearty and sincere congratulations upon this great occasion, and to express the fervent hope that he may live long years, in health and happiness, not only to enjoy the new honors, but also to continue the grand work which he has so long and so successfully carried on in the land of his adoption. The McAuley family has been ever noted for its kindness and goodness; Sister Mary Patrick, of the Mother House of the Providence Community, is a sister of the new Vicar General, and is widely known for her benevolence and countless deeds of charity; Mr. McAuley, of St. Ann's Market, is a brother of the newly appointed Vicar-General and of Sister Mary Patrick, and he and all his numerous family are noted for a kindness, hospitality and generosity, especially Mrs. McAuley, that reflect as great a credit on their lives in the world as do all the virtues of the brother and sister reflect upon their lives in religion. With these few comments we will allow "L'Etoile" to express its views on the subject of this most popular appointment.

"On the occasion of the consecration of the new bishop of this diocese, our venerable parish priest received the title of Vicar-General—a title which he has well deserved by his long career of devotedness as pastor and by his high administrative abilities. The clergy of the diocese, and all the bishops present at the ceremony, received this news with profound satisfaction, and hastened to warmly congratulate the recipient of the title, whose deep humility caused him to be the most surprised of all. Rev. Mr. McAuley is one of those men who desire neither honors nor titles. For him, duty and zeal are far above all honors. Good priest, good preacher, good administrator, easy of access, lively in conversation, always gay, and ever ready with a good word for all, he knows how to charm and please every one with whom he comes in contact. His only ambition seems to have been to do good, and he has been successful most completely in all his undertakings. But rather let us follow him along his lengthy career and we will be better able to judge.

He was born in 1833, at Carickmacross, in Ireland. Fourteen years later—in 1847—he left his native country and with his parents came to Canada, where that same year he lost both father and mother. He remained alone with his two brothers and two sisters. Relying upon his own resources, he entered the St. Hyacinthe seminary to complete his studies; and in 1856 he took the ecclesiastical gown. Noticing his taste for teaching his superiors sent him, the next year, to St. Dunstan Seminary, Prince Edward Island. In the fall of 1858 he was recalled by Bishop Prince, of St. Hyacinthe, to take the direction of St. Charles-Borromeo Seminary, of Sherbrooke, which was founded three years before; and on the 21st August following he was ordained priest and appointed

curate at Ste. Pie, in the county of Bagot. There, as everywhere else, he was remarked for his zeal and bright qualities of heart and mind. How often have we not heard his *ours*, the lamented and witty Mr. Crevier, telling his praises! We remember well the words of that good priest, when speaking of him: "My Irishman is without an equal, he would make the dead laugh." Though then young, these words have remained engraved on our memory, and often have they come back to us, while holding intimate converse with him.

"In 1860, he was made parish priest of Granby, which then consisted of Adamsville, St. Alphonse and a part of Ste. Pudentienne. While there he built a splendid presbytery. Knowing his fine administrative ability, Mgr. Prince's successor, Mgr. Joseph Larocque, gave him the mission of West Shefford, in 1864; that parish having no church he set to work and in less than four years had a very suitable one built, paid the debts of the fabrique and increased the value of all properties. In 1868, Mgr. Charles Larocque, who succeeded his brother, named him parish priest of Stanstead, in order to re-establish on a solid basis the finances of that mission, which were not too flourishing, for it was in debt to the amount of \$1,800, and the church revenue was only \$270.

Although the presbytery was not yet complete, and despite all other disadvantages, he did not lose courage. Setting to work with fresh ardor, he soon paid off the old debts, built a large and beautiful convent, and raised a temple to God, which then, and even now, might rival in beauty and style those of other parishes in the diocese. During the five first years of his sojourn at Stanstead, where he had enough to do, he had to attend to eleven other places, which formed part of the State of Vermont, and the names of which are, Salem, Newport, Coventry, Albany, Lowell, Jay, North Troy, Barton, West Burke, Wells River and Bradford. He built churches in the principal ones of these: namely, Lowell, Albany, Barton, and Wells River, and he organized the others into regular districts. Wherever he went he left his mark, and everywhere kindly remembrances of his passage are kept. The Bishop of Burlington, under whose jurisdiction these places are, publicly recognized the great services that he rendered to the Catholic population of that region. And during the ten other years spent in Stanstead, he raised the standard of religion, especially in the estimation of Protestants, amongst whom he made friends and admirers. He knew how to carry off their friendship and esteem, and his reputation as a sociable gentleman is as well established with them as it is with all others who may have come in contact with him.

"In 1883, seeing that Coaticook needed a pastor of his stamp and ability, the first bishop of the diocese, the regretted Mgr. Racine, did not hesitate to name him to the parish, although he well earned the right to end his days in peaceful enjoyment at Stanstead. No sooner was he here for a few months, than the face of things became changed; we no longer knew ourselves. It was since his advent, and under his direction that have arisen those beautiful monuments which are the pride of the Catholics here. It was he who built the temple whose spire seems to shoot high above all the turmoil of wickedness! It was under him that was built that admirable commercial academy that is doing so much for the rising generation! It was he who gave to the parish a presbytery worthy to lodge the highest ecclesiastical dignitary; one would think he foresaw the honor which has just been conferred on himself by our new and distinguished bishop, Mgr. Larocque. It is since he came here that the convent was enlarged to double its former size! To him we owe the possession of such a convenient and suitable place to lay the ashes of our dead! It is to him, in fine, we owe the honor of having the pastor of our parish entitled Vicar-General—the highest title within the gift of a bishop.

"Re-echoing the sentiments of all, we salute our Vicar General McAuley, and we say to him, from our hearts, gazing upon his sixty years of life: *Ad multos annos!*

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Dear Sirs,—I can truly say that Haggard's Pectoral Balsam is the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. It is worth its weight in gold. Harry Palmer, Lorneville, Ont.

THOSE JESUIT VOWS.

OBLIGATIONS TAKEN BY INITIATES.

Full Text of All the Vows Required of or Taken by Members of the Society of Jesus.

Without any purpose or willingness to enter upon a discussion of the relative merits of the Jesuits and any other society, but to meet the strongly expressed feeling of interest in the matter, the Democrat presents the accepted vows required of Jesuits. If it be inquired what proof there is that these are the genuine vows, it must be answered that all Jesuits unite in the statement that no other obligations are taken by or required of them. The taking of the vows is always done in public. The Rev. Dr. James F. X. Heffer, president of Creighton University, himself a Jesuit, says: "There are no other Jesuit vows."

THE FIRST VOW.

The first of the Jesuit obligations is as follows:

Almighty and eternal God, I, though most unworthy in Thy divine eyes, yet trusting in Thy infinite goodness and mercy, and impelled by the desire to serve Thee, vow to Thy Divine Majesty, in presence of the most blessed Virgin Mary and the whole court of heaven, perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience in the Society of Jesus; and I promise to enter the said society forever to pass my life in it, understanding everything in accordance with its constitution. I beseech Thee, therefore, by the blood of Jesus Christ, that in Thy infinite goodness and clemency, Thou wilt deign to accept this holocaust as an order of sweetness; and that as Thou hast given me grace to desire and offer it, so also Thou wilt grant me grace to fulfil it. Amen.

THE SECOND VOW.

When a lay brother has been in the order some ten years and has given satisfaction to his superiors, he is allowed to pronounce the last vows of the temporal coadjutors or lay brothers. Here is the formula or last vows of the temporal coadjutors or lay brothers:

I promise to Almighty God in presence of His Virgin Mother and whole heavenly court, and to you Rev. Father N., general of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God in my regard, and your successors; (or to you Rev. Father N. in place of the general of the Society of Jesus and his successor, etc.), (God's Vicegerent), perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience according to the manner expressed in the apostolic letters and constitution of the said society.

THE THIRD VOW.

At the close of seventeen years of hard study the brother is allowed to take upon himself the following obligation:

I promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole heavenly court and to you, Rev. Father N., general of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God in my regard, and to your successors, (or to you, Rev. Father N., in place of the general of the Society of Jesus and his successors, holding the place of God in my regard) perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, and in accordance with that obedience, a special devotion to the education of boys according to the manner expressed in the apostolic letters and the constitution of the same society.

THE FOURTH VOW.

After undergoing an examination showing him to be fitted for a college professorship, the Jesuit takes this obligation:

I make my profession, and I promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Virgin Mother and of the whole court of heaven and of all persons who stand around me, and to thee, provincial in the place of the general of the Society of Jesus, and of his successors holding the place of God in my regard, perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, and in accordance with that obedience a special devotion to the education of boys; in accordance with the mode of life prescribed by the apostolic letters of the Society of Jesus and its constitutions. Moreover, I promise special obedience to

the Sovereign Pontiff with reference to missions, according as it is contained in the same apostolic letters and constitutions.

THE FIFTH AND LAST VOW.

After pronouncing the foregoing the newly professed father takes the following vow:

I, a professed father of the Society of Jesus, promise to Almighty God in the presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole heavenly court, and in the presence of provincial holding the place of the general of the society, that I will never in any way do anything or consent to anything whereby the poverty ordained by the constitution of the society should be changed, unless at some time, for a just cause, the exigencies of the case might seem to require that poverty be made more stringent.

I promise moreover that I will never do anything to seek even indirectly to be chosen or promoted to any post of honor or dignity in the society. I promise, moreover, that I will never seek or ambition any preferment or dignity outside the society; nor, as far as in me lies, will I consent to my being chosen, unless forced by my obedience to him who can command me under pain of sin. Again, if I learn that any one seeks or ambitions any of the two aforesaid dignities, I promise that I will manifest the whole matter to the society or its general.

Moreover, if at any time it should happen, that, despite these promises, I be elevated to any dignity in the church, having a care of my own salvation and of the right fulfilment of the duty imposed upon me, I promise that I will so regard the general of the society as never to refuse to listen to the advice which he himself, or some other person of the society whom he shall constitute for himself in this matter, may deem to give me. And I promise that I will thus always follow advice of this kind, if I judge it to be better than that which occurred to my own mind; understanding all things according to the constitution and declarations of the Society of Jesus.

IN CONCLUSION.

According to the statement of all Jesuits, the foregoing are all the vows required of members of the order. Reverting to the question of the proof, the same rule must be followed as in the ordinary affairs of life. Everybody who knows anything about the Jesuits knows that their vows are taken in public. In this country there are scores of most highly reputable members of the order. They are gentlemen of veracity. They assert that the foregoing are all the vows required of or taken by them. Their word would be accepted on other subjects. On other subjects their statements would be taken as a proof. The same principle applies in this case.—The Western Cross.

DOMESTIC READING.

We forgive just as long as we love.

All history is a record of progress from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, from bondage to freedom.

There are crowds that trample a flower into the dust without once thinking that they have one of the sweetest thoughts of God under their heel.

We look back on our happy days of yore and discount the present, but forget that these, too, will be days of yore; and if we do not make them happy we shall discount the future.

Any summary of the women of the middle ages must be faulty, even as a matter of philosophical or ethical inquiry, which ignores the omnipresent and almost omnipotent influence of Mary, Mother of God.

Religion is the atmosphere of the soul. It vivifies, colors, gives strength and light and beauty. The inner spirit of religion is more than an intellectual question; it is a question of conduct, of self-government.

As one of the Holy Fathers has said, the beginning of all things is a holy Catholic Church. There it stands as a landmark in history. There it stands as a monument to the brotherhood of man that was never dreamed of by mere human agencies. Now we are brethren of God and we can walk the earth and can say truly we are the children of one God.—Archbishop Redwood.

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MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

ADMIRABLE SKETCH AND CRITICISM.

Post, Essayist, Novelist, Journalist and All-round Literary Man—The Professor and Student—His Busy and Well-filled Life.

The poet-critic Stedman, in his book on American poetry, gives a few lines to what he terms the Irish-American school. His definition is a little misleading, as some of the poets he cites were more American than the troop of lesser bards that grace his polished pages. It is rather a strange notion of American critics that Prof. Boyesen, having cast aside the language of Norseland to sport in the larger waiters of our English tongue, is metamorphosed into a true American, while the literary sons and daughters of Irish parents, born and striking root in American soil, are marked with a foreign brand. It is the old story of English literary prejudice reproduced by American critics. American *modistes* go to Paris for their fashions, American critics to the Strand for their literary canons. It is pleasant to know that the bulk of the people stay at home. In this Irish-American school one meets with the name of Maurice Francis Egan. "A sweet and true poet" is Stedman's criticism. Coming from a master in the art of literary interpretation, it must occupy a place in all coming estimates of Mr. Egan's poetry. This criticism is nevertheless short and unsatisfactory. It gives no true idea of the poet's place in the letters of his country. It merely, if one is inclined to agree with Stedman, establishes that Mr. Egan has a place among the bards. In the hall of Parnassus, however, there are so many stalls that the ordinary reader prefers to have the particular place assigned to each bard pointed out. The author of this sketch, while not accredited to the Theatre of Parnassus, may be able to give to those who are not under the guidance of a uniformed usher, some hints whereby Mr. Egan's particular place may be discerned; that place is among the minor poets. The major stalls are all empty, waiting for the coming men, so glibly prophesied about by the little makers of our every day literature.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN,

poet, essayist, novelist, journalist, and all-round literary man, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852. His first instructors were the Christian Brothers, at their well-known La Salle College in that city. From La Salle he went to Georgetown College, as a professor of English. After leaving Georgetown he edited a short-lived venture, McGee's Weekly. In 1881 he became assistant editor of the Freeman's Journal, and remained virtually at the head of that paper until the death of its founder and the passing of the property to other hands. The founding of the Catholic University, and the acceptance of its English professorship by Warren Stoddard, made a vacancy in the faculty of Notre Dame University. This vacancy was offered to and accepted by Mr. Egan.

There are few places better fitted as a poet's home than Notre Dame. Beautiful scenery to fill the eye, brilliant society to spur the mind, and a spacious library freighted with the riches of the past. In comparison with the majority of the Catholic writers, the poet's journey in life has been comparatively smooth, though far from what it should have been. The poet has published the following volumes:—That Girl of Mine, 1879; Preludes, 1880; Song Sonnets, London, 1885; Theatre, 1885; Stories of Duty, 1885; Garden of Roses, 1886; Life Around Us, 1886; Novels and Novelists, 1888; Patrick Desmond, 1893; Poems, 1898. To this list must be added innumerable articles in magazines and weekly journals. Judged by the signed output, it is safe to write that the English professor of Notre Dame is a very busy man. The wonder is that a mind so occupied by so many diverse things can write entertainingly of each.

THE POET'S FIRST BOOK,

a few sonnets and poems, was for "sweet charity's sake," and had but a limited acquaintance. It is safe to say that

every first book of a genuine poet, despite its crudities, will show the seeker signs of things to come. Egan's book was not without its promises, but in truth these promises, are only partly fulfilled in his latest volume of verse. There may be many reasons adduced for this disparity between promise and fulfillment. One of them is the haste with which poetry is published. Horace's dictum of using the file has been long since forgotten. The rabble calls for poetry, and, like the Italian and his lentils, care little for the quality. If the poet hearkens to the calls, and who among the contemporary bards has laughed it to scorn, he exchanges perpetuity for the present, notoriety for fame. Nor will the rabble leave the poet freedom in choosing his material. He is simply a tradesman, and must use what is placed at his disposal. Things great and grand must be left unto that day when the poet, untrammelled by worldly care, shall write his heart's dream. If the time ever comes, the poet learns in sorrow that his dreams will never float into human speech, for the hand has lost its cunning. So the days of youth and manhood pass, blowing bubbles or decorating platitudes. Death snatches the poetling, and oblivion is his coverlid. The songs he sang died with the rabble. The new generation asked for a poet that could drill into the human heart and bring forth its secrets—a listener to nature, her interpreter to man. To such a one the vocabulary of a minor bard is useless. Another reason, more applicable to our author, is that he has been unfortunate to be a pioneer in Catholic American literature. His poems, appealing, as they do, to a distinct class, and that far from being a book-buying one, will fail to attract only the lynx-eyed critic who cares only for the general literary purveyor. From such a source the poet's chance of corrective criticism has been slight. The class to which Mr. Egan belongs has no criticism to offer its literary food-givers. If an author's book sells, his name is blazoned forth in half a hundred headless petty journals.

HIS MOST GLARING DEFECTS

become through their glasses mystic beauty spots. He is invited to lecture on all kinds of subjects. A clique grows around him, whose duty it is to puff the master. In a mutual admiration society he passes his days and nights aureoled in glory. Little wonder, then, that such an author comes to look upon himself as a being whose every written word is pregnant with wisdom.

These reasons, frankly adduced, have limited the scope and dwarfed the genius of Maurice Egan. His latest volume, while containing poems that reveal hidden powers, has many of the crudities and faults of his early work. Some of the longer poems are thin of thought. They were evidently written with a haste that has no time to winnow. Here and there we meet with beauties that hold the mind and fill the ear with true music; but, like a slight vein of gold hidden in a mountain, they will not repay the quarrying. There is about them a mechanic-like air as if they were made "to order and for pay."

Product and purchase of the magazine.

In his shorter poems, and notably in his sonnets, the poet is more happy. In these, strange as it may seem, the scope is broader, the touch firmer. The mastery of musical expression, so lacking in his longer poems, is here to be met with in the fullness of its beauty. Even these, lovely as they are, will fail to herald the poet as a master-singer. They argue but talent. That ecstasy, that inspiration, which we experience in the reading of the masters of song are not found in Mr. Egan's book.

"A flower branch of the garden one brings to the town,
But brings not the whole garden of flowers to town."

As yet the poet has shown no higher powers than are required

"To burnish wit in m-a-u-r-d-e-r's, to wind
A weary labyrinth of labored rhymes
And cipher verses on an abacus."

What of the early promise? It may be fulfilled if the poet will consecrate himself wholly to his art, shutting his mind to the rabble shout and eulogous criticism. Then may he hear the rhythms and cadences of that music whose orchestra comprises all things from the shells to the stars, all beings from the worm to man, all sounds from the voice of the little bird to the voice of the great ocean. To these translations man will cling to the last, and in their

clinging is the poet's fame. As a good specimen of Mr. Egan's powers in his shorter flights, "The Old Violin" comes to the mind:

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust
The voice within, it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
A master touch! its sweet soul wakes and sings.

The sonnet "Of Flowers" gives a happy setting to a beautiful thought.

There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, no balmy-breathed heartsease,—
No bell-tropes, nor lads so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed
And white-lashed daisy-flowers, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting, as the young spring
breeds
Runs giddy races, playing seek and hide.
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless while,
Until a little child was laid in earth.
Then, from its grave, grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose petals for its smile;
And so all flowers from that child's death
took birth."

To those who have lovingly lingered over the pages of Maurice De Guerin, pages that breathe the old Greek world of thought, the following sonnets, that paint that modern Grecian with a few masterly strokes, will be keenly relished. It is the fine implications of these lines that is the life of our hope for the poet and the future.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of nature, fawns and dryads fair,
Unseen by others; to him maiden hair,
And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
A sudden from tall reeds, at slight surprise,
Brought charmed thoughts, and in earth every-
where,
He, like sad Jacques, found unheard music,
rare
As that of Syrinx to old Græcians wies.
A Pagan heart, a Christian soul, had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he
sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast!
As if Theocritus, in Sicily,
Had come upon the Ficus crucified,
And lost his gods in deep Christ-given rest!

As an essayist, Mr. Egan has touched many subjects, and always in an entertaining vein. Some of his essays are remarkable for their plain speaking. He has studied his race in their new surroundings, knows equally well their virtues and failings. If he can take an honest delight in the virtues, he is capable of writing with no uncertain sound on the failings, failings that have been so mercilessly used by the vulgarly comic school of American playwrights. His essays are corrective and should find their way into every Irish-American home. They would tend to correct many abuses and aid in the detection of those bunnions so sacredly kept on the feet of the Irish race—last relic of the Penal times. A recent essay throws a series of blue lights—the color so well liked by Carlyle—on

OUR SHALLOW COLLEGIATE SYSTEM.

Will it be read by our Catholic educators? That is a question that time will answer. If they read it aright they will be apt to change their system of teaching the classics parrot-like, an empty word translation. They will transport their pupils from the bare classroom to the sunny skies of Greece and Rome, and under these skies see the religious dogmas, the philosophical systems, the fine arts, the entire civilization of those ancient thought-giving nations. "What professor," says De Guerin, reading Virgil and Homer to his pupil, "has developed the poetry of the Iliad or Æneid by the poetry of nature under the Græcian and Italian skies. Who has dreamt of showing the reciprocal relation of the poets to the philosophers, the philosophers to the poets, and these in turn to the artists—Plato to Homer, Homer to Phidias? It is a want of this that makes the classics so dull to youth, so useless to manhood."

Mr. Egan, as a novelist, has written many books, dealing mostly with Irish-American life. These novels are filled with strong, manly feeling, and Catholic pictures beautiful enough to arrest the attention of the most fastidious. In these days of romance readers such books must serve as an antidote to the subtle poison that permeates the fictive art. While his novels reveal no extraordinary gift of the novelist's craft, they are pleasant and instructive, and that is a high tribute in these days of dullness and spiced immorality. Take him all in all, perhaps the most acceptable tribute is, that whatever may be his gifts in the various roles he has essayed, heavy or light, they have been ungrudgingly used for his race and religion.

WALTER LEON.

PROVE THE CHARGES!

An Episcopalian Defence of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The following sturdy utterances are taken from the editorial columns of the Parish Messenger, a paper published in the interests of the Episcopal church at Omaha, Neb. The rev. editor is the rector of one of the episcopalian churches of that city:

"If the Roman Catholic Church is committing any offence against the laws of the land let it be shown, and let its priests and its bishops be implicated in our courts, and if guilty, convicted and punished; and if need be let its profession be forbidden. If there be anything in its constitution that is in plain statutory contradiction to our laws and constitution let it be so decided by competent authority. If its religious houses be houses of infamy, and its priests and nuns the vilest of the vile, let it be so charged and proved by others than apostates degraded for drunkenness, licentiousness and crimes against nature."

And yet, no priestly apostate is too vile to find a place and ministry in this propaganda of slander and hate; and men who call themselves ministers of Christ do not hesitate to give credence and circulation to stories which, if true, except in rare instances, would present to us a riddle which no man could solve; namely, that no part of the Christian Church can show a more indomitable courage and devotion, a more tireless spirit for the conversion of heathen men and savages, at every cost of comfort, of ease, of home, of worldly advantage, of life itself, than the Roman Catholic Church. Her priests penetrate into every heathen fastness; her nuns also. On every battlefield her Sisters forego the natural weakness of their womanhood, to minister to the dying, on the war-swept field of slaughter. They are found by day and by night in the plague-swept cities of the laud, and in the hospitals amid the dead and dying and suffering. When in Memphis and New Orleans Protestant ministers fled like craven cowards—many of them before the horrors of yellow fever—Roman Catholic priests stood like men to their posts; some of them to die beside their more manly Protestant brethren, and the men of the Red Cross, and Sisters also.

What has become of Protestant manhood, of American honor, if it keeps silent in the face of this utter denial of Christian virtue among men and women who give daily proof of heroic courage and rare devotion on behalf of the bodies and souls of men and women, without waiting to inquire what their creed or nation is?

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are a Roman Catholic Order of Women, whose principal, if not only work, is the reclamation of fallen women. Their work being what it is, their houses, in the different cities, are usually walled in, and have the character of places of confinement.

In some cases, fallen women enter voluntarily; in some cases they are taken to them by relatives; and in some cases they are committed by the public authorities, just as refractory girls are committed to civil reformatories.

Sometimes it happens that a woman escapes from her confinement, or gets word out to pitiful members of some Orange or A.P.A. lodge; and then from end to end of the land goes the tale of oppression of imprisoned virgins by tyrant nuns. Not a word of explanation goes with the slanderous tale, to show that the wronged women are fallen women, whose fall perhaps, could be traced to some of their valiant knights errant, who would riotously tear down the houses of these Sisters; or that these Sisters themselves are Christian women who are giving their lives with a ministry almost divine, to rescue the victims of men's devilish lusts and appetites, from temporal and eternal death.

And then the cry goes out, "Open up the nunneries! Let the light of day in to them! They are houses of shame and oppression!"

What has become of our American manhood, that it can stand by untouched with indignation; that men, alien to American principles of fair play and manly honor, should masquerade in its name to rob women of their honor and fair fame, and of their just rights under our laws, to receive just and equal treatment?—Catholic Columbian.

THE PATRIARCHATE OF VENICE.

Venice—the old queen of the Adriatic—seems to be the center of considerable attention during the present disturbed period in Italy. While Congressman John Davis is filling the pages of the Arena with a quaint account of the famous Bank of Venice, the European press is opening its columns to lengthy essays upon the dispute between the Quirinal and the Vatican over the Patriarchate of Venice. The London Tablet has a very interesting article upon this important subject. In the course of its remarks the Tablet points out that the right of nomination to the vacant Patriarchal See of Venice is part of the confusion into which the breach with the Papacy has been hurrying Italy. The suspension of the royal *exequatur* to all Bishops, pending the settlement of this protracted quarrel, leaves thirty Italian Sees without bishops; and after the next consistory there will probably be over thirty vacant Sees. This struggle between the Italian Government and the Vatican serves the former as an excuse to economize at the expense of the Church. It is a well-known and universally admitted fact that the Italian Government is bankrupt, that ruin stares the country in the face. By this mean trick the Government is saved from paying the temporalities which the State is obliged to pay to each bishop. So it is a shabby way of saving a few francs and at the same time putting the whole country to untold bother and misery.

Signor Antonio Rinaldi has prepared the case for the Government, and it is an elaborate and wonderfully clever factum. The Jesuit Father Salvatore Brandi has charge of the Pontifical case. Rinaldi claims that the election of Cardinal Sarto, of Mantua, to the See of Venice—which See has been vacant since the 31st December, 1891—is a violation of the Italian crown's right to this patronage. And that right he based on the fact that the present Italian Crown is the representative of the former Republic of Venice. But on the other hand it is seen by clause 15 of the Law of Guarantees that the Italian Crown had renounced all such claims or right as far as the present issues are concerned; and yet it is upon the Law of Guarantees that the same power depends so much for justification of its acts of spoliation.

The arguments from legal and historical stand-points, on both sides, are very elaborate; and needless to say that two more powerful advocates could not have been chosen than the two who represent the contending parties. The ground of Father Brandi's plea may be divided under three heads and thus we have a short and complete summary of what seems to us a most powerful and logical argument. He contends that the claim set forth by the Italian Crown, to the right of patronage regarding the Patriarchal See of Venice, is invalid, for three reasons. Firstly: It was enjoyed by the Ancient Republic of Venice, as a privilege not as a right. The historical evidence brought to bear on this point is most elaborate and must have demanded no end of research. Secondly: that the said privilege lapsed, in 1797, when the Republic of Venice became extinct. There is no doubt of it, if he establishes the first contention, the second will follow as a natural consequence. Thirdly: that its revival in favor of the Emperor of Austria, not only excepted it from those rights which pass with dominion, but strictly limited its possession to the descendants of that house. If these different points are

substantiated by the Pontifical advocate the result must simply be that the Italian Crown will be forced to yield, and the Italian purse will feel a strain when all the vacant sees are filled.

But we do not believe that ever this question of the Patriarchate of Venice will be regularly settled. If decided in favor of the Pontifical party we fear it will precipitate a crisis that will culminate in a revolution—and such a revolution as Italy has never before known. If, on the other hand, it should be decided in favor of the government of Italy, that party would never live to enjoy the victory nor to exercise the privilege of patronage at Venice, for the very drain upon the treasury, thus created, would hurry on the same crisis that must eventually culminate in the ruin of the present Italian power and in a change that will be radical. Italy is on the verge of a convulsion that will shake it to atoms, and out of the chaos of parties, factions and governments it is difficult to foresee what kind of structure may arise. However this question of the Patriarchate of Venice suffices to show the hostile and anti-papal spirit that animates the doomed power of Italy.

SINCE we have so much to say this week about "ex-nuns" and "ex-priests," we might as well spring a bright idea upon the public—it is an original one, we have had it in pickle for some months back. Now that Mr. McCarthy's Equal-Rights movement has developed into the P.P.A. organization, and that Mrs. Shepherd is editress of its leading organ, the British Canadian, could not Mr. McCarthy discover, by some means, that he was once a Roman priest, or at least that some of his ancestors was one, and that he got the secrets of Jesuitism, the "occult ways and means" of Romanism, from his distinguished progenitor? The card would take well at this particular juncture. And if Mr. McCarthy does not feel like playing "ex-priest," perhaps Col. O'Brien, M.P., might be induced to take up the role. He is a good actor—if all reports are true.

A Splendid Publication.

In view of the approach of Christmas—that hallowed season when, more than at any other, the heart expands with generous feelings and yearns to find sharers of its joys and blessings—like an echo from another world comes back the verdict of the late Cardinal Manning: "All works of charity are good, but the surest and best are two—the education of children and of priests. Indeed, the latter contains the former; for there is no spiritual work which a true pastor will not accomplish; the seeds of all good works are in his heart." Hence we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an easy opportunity for all to accomplish these two desirable objects. There is at Watertown, N. Y., under the direction of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, a work unique of its kind, which aims at nothing less than to help worthy and talented young men to follow out their vocation who are called to the priesthood, but straitened in means to pay for their education. The institution is known as "St. Joseph's Apostolic School," and appeals to the charity of Catholic Americans for support. A family annual in the shape of a special "Apostolic School Number" of their monthly magazine, *The Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, has been issued for the Christmas holidays in the interest of the work. It is handsomely illustrated, and contains contributions of an entertaining character from our best writers of prose and verse. 25 cents will procure a copy of this publication and a certificate entitling the holder to the spiritual advantages of Benefactors of the School. A better investment could not be made for the amount, which is within the reach of every one. Address, Rev. F. Derichemont, M. S. H., Watertown, N. Y.

Figurative men—Accountants.

INSPIRING WORDS.

The Holy Father on the Condition of Italy.

His Holiness Leo XIII., in receiving a large body of pilgrims from Venezia and Lombardy on Thursday, the 16th ult., delivered the following address:—

Beloved children,—God, who mercifully administers comforts amidst troubles, whilst He permits a wicked act to inflict severe tribulations upon Us, wonderfully console Us at all times with fresh and splendid testimonies of filial piety, which come to Us from all parts of the Catholic world, and especially from Italy, which is particularly dear to us. Every proof of fidelity and love that is tendered to Us is singularly welcoming to the sacred ties which bind Us so closely to those by whom it is offered, and We now receive with the greatest pleasure the address you present in a spirit so thoroughly Catholic.

Most noble indeed is your profession of satisfaction and of gratitude to the great God Who at each of our jubilees has deigned to convert the unanimous joy of the faithful into a source of fresh glory for this Apostolic See; nor is there less impressiveness in our complaint at the terrible wickedness which involves in rebellion against Us and against God so many unhappy men who, as you have just said, despite Our voice appealing to them in His name. We recognize that in such language your fraternal charity chiefly indicates and compassionates the many Italians whom We also compassionate, having for them the heart of the Father. Then you express a lively sense of regret that in order to excite and inflame their evil passions We Ourselves, and the clergy and the Catholics most devoted to the Church, are continually represented as opposed and inimical to the peace, prosperity, and progress of the country, and the propagation of the false insinuation is only too successful. God, who is ever cognizant of the serious anxieties of Our august ministry, knows—and we should not hesitate to appeal to the judgment of those who wish to examine the acts of our troubled Pontificate without passion to prove—that We labor more eagerly than ever for Italy with the object of maintaining in its integrity and vigor the ancient faith, which was the secret of its highest prosperity, its most sacred tie, and the principle and fount of its most signal glories. Lovingly solicitous for these glories. We endeavor, as far as possible to favor science, literature, and the arts, whilst by means of offerings of Our Children, We have sought now to alleviate public misfortunes, now to promote useful institutions, especially on behalf of youth, for whom snares are laid on all sides.

For the purpose of saving the country from greater miseries or securing for it greater benefits. We have addressed frequent and warm exhortations to the clergy and the Catholic laity; and as signs of the happy fruits they have produced, here are the clergy to procure tranquility amongst the agitated people by the dictates of evangelical justice; here are the Catholic laity (and you, beloved children, are to be classed among the most zealous) to engage in excellent works of advantage to the State. Is all this, not to mention other matters, opposition and hostility to the country? Is it not rather a manifestation of true charity? Because We love this land We desire, even in the social and political order, to show the superhuman power of the Papacy, which, ever active and new, can at all times regenerate nations, advance them in civilization and justice, and make them prosperous and great. If Our counsels and suggestions had been met with recitude of intention instead of with suspicion and ill-will, assuredly the most difficult problems would give less trouble, and Italy, sooner perhaps than might be imagined would take her place amongst the nations with renewed vitality and glory. But Our sense of duty could never permit Us to tolerate in calm silence the flagrant outrages committed against it and against morality and religion. Undoubtedly We oftentimes denounce its real enemies, reveal their aims, and expose the pernicious effect of their work, if too many artifices are not employed to stifle Our voice and vitiate Us. But though Our



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Pearline is the new way, and does away with the rubbing. It is as safe as it is sure; be sure to get *Pearline*—nothing else, and you will be safe.

Beware of imitations. 242 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

words torn out so true from day to day and so much alarm is caused amongst all classes by such a flood of corruption, annoying perplexities, and other causes of trouble, who is there that wishes to be convinced of the errors that have been committed or to apply the remedies which alone can lead against safety! These are rejected or overlooked just because they are proposed by the Church, such is the prevailing blindness and pride.

Meanwhile, We sustained by God's arm, shall continue to vindicate the rights and liberties of the Church now trampled upon. We shall continue to beg for peace and a blessing from Him. Thanks to the general prayers, the hour of Divine mercy for fallen Italy is at hand, and many poor, unhappy sinners are returning with compunction to Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Dear children, inspired by ever increasing zeal, add action and sacrifice to prayer. On other occasions We have pointed out the field in which your action can be useful. Take Our advice to heart and observe it with fidelity. Let your votes be unanimously employed to secure the best possible protection of our vital interests in the Provincial and Municipal Councils. You see in families, schools, and shops—everywhere in fact—what is being attempted by the promoters of irreligion, what the bad press can do, what ruins are being heaped up by licentious excesses. Multiply incessantly the means at your disposal for offering a successful opposition to all this; the light and influence of your example will, above all, be efficacious. In acting thus you will perhaps have to make sacrifices neither light nor few; but you have already counted upon them and have declared yourself ready to sacrifice everything for our cause which is the cause of God; fighting for it in this way, show yourself worthy of your fathers, who through their strong love of religion attained genius and ardor in ennobling their native land. Your coming here to join in the celebration of our Jubilee, your numbers and your frank profession of faith splendidly attest the firmness of your intentions. May God bless them and cause them to bear abundant fruit. May He, as you desire, fortify your faith, sustain and crown your hopes, and inflame you with that spirit of charity which suffers everything and nobly effects everything.

Receive with our good wishes the Apostolic Benediction which from the fulness of our heart we impart in the name of God to you, to your families and to all the Italian people.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

The choir-masters of the principal cathedrals of Europe have been invited to give their opinions on the reform of the liturgical chant. The Congregation of Rites has also sent circulars to the Archbishops of Italy seeking their views in order that the alteration may be as well considered as possible.

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LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

An Account of the Brilliant Reception, the Addresses and Replies—A Most Successful Event.

Crowded to its utmost was the condition of the College hall last night. The large academic hall was packed with an immense audience assembled to greet their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Although the opening was announced for 8.15, as early as 7 o'clock people were rapping at the door and begging admission. The ground floor was filled fifteen minutes after the doors opened with an audience eager to demonstrate by their presence and enthusiasm its intense love for the British crown. In looking over the sea of eager and smiling faces, one could not help but wonder why any organization could doubt the true, sincere, devoted loyalty of the Catholic population to the British throne, and desire to deprive them of political privileges. Their Excellencies arrived about 8.45 accompanied by Miss Sullivan, Lord Ava, General Herbert and Captain Kimerley, A.D.C. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and on the back of the stage was stretched a streamer of red and blue satin as a back ground for the word "welcome" formed by incandescent lights. The vice-regal party were accompanied to the hall by a brilliantly robed procession of priests and professors composing the faculty of the university. Among those present, were His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Hon. R. W. Scott, Sir James Grant, M.P., Vicar-General Routhier, Justice Taschereau, Justice Fournier, Police Magistrate O'Gara, the U.S. Consul General Mr. Rilly, Hon. J. J. Curran, Q.C., Solicitor-General, and others. The proceedings were opened by an overture of Scotch melodies by the City band orchestra, which was highly appreciated, their Excellencies joining rapturously in the applause. Then came a song of welcome, sang by a chorus of thirty voices accompanied by the orchestra. The song composed for the occasion was sung with a rollicking lively air and pleased the honored guests so much that the Earl remarked when speaking later on that he felt like giving it a vociferous encore. The addresses were read in English and French; Mr. James Murphy, a student from British Columbia, read the English address, Mr. Joseph Vincent, of Ottawa, reading the one in French.

THE ADDRESS.

To the Right Honorable John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada—May it please your Excellency. The students of the University of Ottawa heartily rejoice at the privilege which is theirs in having the representative of our sovereign lady the Queen, and the noble Countess of Aberdeen as hospitable guests this evening. Any representative of Her Majesty would receive a loyal welcome in these halls, but we feel that our welcome should be more than usually warm and hearty when it is extended to one who, whilst he was its lord lieutenant, won the broad title of friend and benefactor of a country, once the home of the fathers of many here; a land dear to us all. The interest which your Excellency took in the development of the Dominion and your residence in our midst before being called to the high office of Governor-General gave you a claim to the gratitude and confidence of our people. For these reasons, also, we are happy indeed to have this occasion of joining in the assurance of the high personal regard which you have already so often received from Canadians. The scholarly attainments, to which your Excellency brings to the first station in the land lead us to the hope that higher education possesses much interest for you, and will be encouraged by you. Our Alma Mater was granted university privileges a little more than a quarter of a century ago, but already her sons occupy many elevated positions in the church and in the liberal professions. They are now to be found in parliament and even among your Excellency's responsible advisers. Every province in the Dominion is well represented in the University of Ottawa to-day and among those who welcome you are many students from the neighboring great republic and a few from the old world. One and all we are proud

of our Alma Mater, past and present, and we feel that your Excellency's visit and wise counsels will cheer us on to manly efforts in the acquirement of learning and the discharge of duty. We thank your Excellency for the honor of your presence and assure you that our best wishes will accompany you in all your future undertakings and especially in the administration of this vast and important portion of the empire. May the great and good God grant you happy days and the fullest measure of success, to quote your own noble motto, "Fortuna Sequatur."

THE COUNTESS REMEMBERED.

To the noble Countess of Aberdeen we also extend a cordial welcome. No Ottawa student; wherever his home, has failed to hear before coming to this institution and since, the highest praise of the Countess of Aberdeen's earnest efforts in behalf of the least fortunate of her Majesty's subjects in the British Isles. We appreciate her generous acts and trust they will be rewarded here as well as in a better world. Her Excellency's booklet, "Through Canada with a Kodak" and other pages from her gifted pen, have afforded many of us much pleasant and profitable reading. What she has written of Ottawa has especially interested us; most particularly do we recall her charming description of the two little stuffed owls which she procured in the Capital of the Dominion, and to which she gave a place of honor upon her book shelf. We are bold enough to tell the noble lady that her book shelves will contain the wisest and most intelligent of Canadian owls, after she allows us to send to her the University Owl, our College magazine. We hope her Excellency's stay in Canada will be a pleasant one and that when she has left us she will have none but kindly reminiscences of our land. We assure the noble Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, that as students of the University of Ottawa we shall never forget the auspicious occasion on which they first graced with their presence our College home.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.

His Excellency, who was received with vociferous cheers from the students, said:—Your Grace, Rev. Rector, ladies and gentlemen. I need scarcely say that I most heartily appreciate this welcome, this loyal utterance, and this cordial greeting. It is no surprise to me, nor will it be to any of this large and distinguished audience to find that the University of Ottawa will not be behind any public body in Canada in loyalty and in public spirit (loud cheers.) You will easily understand that if my appreciation of this manifestation is, as I have said, cordial and sincere, I wish to respond to these addresses in adequate terms, and that reminds me of a very sympathetic remark that I saw in one of those sources of information from which we learn so much, that on such occasions as the present, the person who has to take a leading part in the speech-making is much to be consoled with, because of the difficulty of committing to memory an impromptu speech. (Laughter.) I do not know how it is with my young friends in the gallery, but I confess that when I was at college I found the utmost difficulty in learning by heart and reciting passages from the classics (laughter) and as time has passed on I have not improved in that respect. But indeed, on this occasion, moved by a desire to express myself at least in some degree in adequate terms, if I had endeavored to prepare a speech I am afraid my efforts would have been futile, because I was so charmed, and I may almost say so excited, by the delightful piece of music that we listened to a few minutes ago that my preparation would have been of no avail. (Cheers and laughter.) I was sorely tempted to surreptitiously suggest an encore, but I was a little afraid lest some of my young friends have been watching me. (Laughter.) As there were in the song some kindly references to Lady Aberdeen and myself, it might have been supposed that I was thinking more of the sentiments of the song than of the manner in which it was rendered; but I am sure the audience must have been delighted with the admirable and spirited manner in which both the vocal and the instrumental parts were performed, and I trust its not the last time that we may hear such excellent music in connection with this institution. (Cheers.) While I deeply appreciate the kind references in these addresses,

they contain some expressions, which, if it were not impolite, I should be tempted to disclaim. I refer of course to the kind and indulgent allusions to myself personally, even apart from the official position which I have the honor to occupy. But there is one part of the two addresses to which I certainly feel no inclination to offer any disclaimer; I refer to those passages in which more particular reference was made to Lady Aberdeen. (Loud cheers.) I am quite sure that she values very heartily those kind and genial utterances; and as to the allusion to her Excellency's little book upon Canada, and more particularly to the owls which were procured in Ottawa, I should like to remark that the primary reason why Lady Aberdeen gave those owls a place of honor was no doubt because they came from Ottawa; but there was another consideration which may have influenced her to some extent, and that was that they were my gift to her Excellency. (Cheers and laughter.) I was delighted to hear that the name of your University magazine is "The Owl." The title is an auspicious one, indicating sagacity and acumen and many other excellent qualities. I wish the magazine all success, and I shall look forward to purusing its pages, if I am fortunate enough to obtain copies. (Cheers and laughter.) One very interesting feature of this great seat of learning is the fact that among the students there are many not only from all parts of Canada, but also from the United States. I look upon that as a very auspicious and interesting circumstance. It is not only a tribute to the excellence of the equipment and organization of this university, but the effect of this interchange of acquaintance and sympathy and good will between citizens of our own country and those of that great federation must certainly be productive of happy results. (Cheers.) I cannot but believe that these young men from the United States, who have come in contact with the genial disposition of the Canadians, and who have learned to understand the meaning of our patriotism and our loyalty, will in the future cherish kindly feelings with reference to our national characteristics of our national attitude. (Cheers.) Besides that and apart from their educational advantage of their stay in this university, there is an indirect advantage of another sort in an enlightenment which they will be able to spread among their friends in the more southern part of the continent as to, for instance, the Canadian climate. (Laughter and cheers.) No longer will they be under the impression, as some of our friends seem to be now, that we are within the Arctic circle and that Canada is to be classed with Lapland or the country of the Esquimaux. (Laughter.) After drawing a comparison between the climate of Canada and that of India and Australia he was very much in favor of the former. Before closing his Excellency spoke at length in French in response to the address in that language.

THE PROGRAMME.

A programme of a literary and musical character was rendered in fine style. In the elocutionary parts, Messrs. J. A. McDougal, M. J. McKenna, W. Walsh, J. Holland and Leo Garneau, acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. J. Clarke, recited the Dream of Clarence from Shakespeare, displaying considerable histrionic talent. A violin solo, "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer," was rendered by little Miss Camille, Hone, in a way that would do credit to some of the professionals. Before the closing song, his Excellency made a few remarks in reference to the noble work on behalf of the Irish, and won for himself the undying esteem of the students by proposing a holiday for Wednesday. The faculty of the university are to be congratulated on the success of their arrangements. Everything went off without a flaw.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 73 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

BREVITIES.

We are glad to hear that the incomparable Christian archaeologist, Commander de Rossi, is rapidly mending from his serious illness at Rome.

The Queen of Roumania is again developing symptoms of paralysis, and the symptoms are more severe than they were in the previous attack.

It is believed that an Anglo-French commission will be nominated to proceed to Siam for the purpose of deciding upon a neutral zone between the French and British possessions.

It is expected that the betrothal of Crown Prince of Denmark, and Princess Marguerite, youngest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, will soon be announced.

It is stated in London that Professor Tyndall's death was caused by an overdose of chloral, which he had been accustomed to taking to alleviate his sufferings from indigestion, rheumatism and insomnia.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen, of Newport, R. I., has declined the office of United States ambassador to Italy, to which he was appointed by President Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland in a personal letter urged Mr. Van Alen to accept the office, but Mr. Van Alen was firm in his refusal.

GIVE HIM FAIR PLAY.

We are ready to put up \$500.00 for the benefit of Notre Dame Hospital that we have the largest stock of Parlor, Bedroom, and Diningroom sets in Montreal, and all exposed in our sample rooms, Nos. 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine Street.

Besides having a considerable choice of Furniture of all kinds we have a splendid choice of useful presents for Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

However, our prices are very low—we give a present to each buyer.

Ask for our illustrated Catalogues for Furniture and Pianos.

Open every night until 10 o'clock.

F. LAPOINTE, 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine Street.

Traveller in haste: Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter? Porter: Plenty of time, sir—10.50 tomorrow morning.

ADVENT REFLECTIONS.

BETHLEHEM THE FOCUS OF HISTORY

The Philosophy of Christianity Confronts the Skeptic.

We are assured by scientists that this globe we inhabit is but a mere speck of dust in the universe compared with the countless millions of worlds which are hung in space by the Creator's hand. Even with the naked eye can we behold thousands of planets which unfailing calculation informs us are far greater than this earthly one of ours. Whether in these other worlds there may exist the various forms of life and the thousand varieties of beauty which amaze and charm us here, science has not so far ascertained, although there seems little reason to doubt the possibility of such fair and fascinating types of being, surpassing in every way those with which we are acquainted.

But however superior in these respects other planets may be to ours, we, at least, can claim one sublime precedence over them all in that here God Himself, the Great Creator, with infinite condescension deigned to stoop down and take upon Him our lowly nature with all its weakness and unworthiness. Here in an obscure corner of this earthly planet the Son of God became the Son of Man; here He lived, here He died and rose again.

From the farthest point in the globe we may now reach Palestine in a few weeks and visit the places rendered forever so sweetly sacred by the hallowed associations of God manifest among men. This earth of ours has been trodden by the Son of God; He has breathed its air, walked its fields and rowed upon its waters. Here grew what sustained His earthly life during His stay among the children of men. Privileged, then, beyond all others is the planet which received the impress of those blessed feet and echoed the accents of the Creator's voice speaking through tongue of man!

The world, wicked and unbelieving as it is, could not forget the place and time of such contact between the Creator and His creature. That incident which took place nearly 2,000 years ago in the midnight silence of a village outskirts has been heralded with ever increasing force adown the ages, and all the enlightened world to-day turns with interest, if not with reverence, to hear repeated for the thousandth time that wondrous story of the Babe of Bethlehem. This world pays unconscious tribute to the singular greatness of that event in reckoning its dates from the year of our Lord.

That first advent of the Son of Man gives its name to the Advent season which Holy Church has chosen to begin her own ecclesiastical year. During those days of loving meditation and prayerful preparation, she would have us recall what that memorable morn of Bethlehem meant for us and for the world. She bids us listen to inspired psalmist and prophetic seer while they announce the tidings of great joy which the angelic choir, with transcendent glory, sang loud amid the village meadows when heaven's oratorio burst forth in accents still re-echoed as they surge athwart and along the centuries of time: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Truly, it was little wonder that the powers of heaven should be moved at this first coming, and that the choirs of the celestial court should touch the confines of earth to make glad music for the God Incarnate. It was to be expected that a sapphire wand from out the skies should point its starry ray to the dark cave where the Maker of Heaven and Earth lay at that moment in the helpless form of infancy, and stretching forth those tiny arms up to the embrace of His raptured Mother. That scene the world will never forget; for it must ever ask in its worst days of sin and infidelity that question which vexes the materialism of to-day no less than it excited the pharisees of old when they anxiously inquired—"What think ye of Christ?" The philosophy of that life so divine, because so intensely human, is the puzzle of the sceptic in every age since then.

It may be interesting in this connection to record the convictions, in respect of the personal reality and matchless character and power of Christ, uttered by a brilliant author and well-known

sceptic, the late M. Renan. The following is the testimony which that notorious infidel bears in an eloquent apostrophe which we select from his *Vie de Jesus*:

"Rest now in Thy glory, noble initiator, Thy work is completed; Thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see Thy efforts crumble through a flaw. Henceforth beyond the reach of frailty, thou shalt be present, from the height of Thy divine place, in the infinite consequence of Thy acts. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which have not even touched Thy great soul, Thou hast purchased the most complete immortality. For thousands of years the world will extol Thee. Banner of our contradictions Thou wilt be the sign around which will be fought the fiercest battles. A thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved since Thy death than during the days of Thy pilgrimage here below; Thou wilt become to such a degree the corner stone of humanity, that to tear Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its foundations. Between Thee and God men will no longer distinguish. Complete Conqueror of death, take possession of Thy kingdom, whither, by the royal road Thou hast traced, ages of adorers will follow Thee."

This is the confession of one who, having lost all faith in the redeeming power of Christ, did not fail to testify to His wondrous human influence on the history of the world, and the incalculable benefit which the race received and shall receive from the Man of Nazareth.

From whatsoever standpoint we regard the coming of the Infinite Love to live in the heart of humanity and by its human chords of sympathy to draw all men to itself, in exercising over all ages the gracious influence of a personal Redeemer, who lived and suffered for all mankind, we must conclude that this unique fact of the incarnation ever elicits our highest gratitude and warmest admiration. We may dwell on it for a thousand years and still find something new, some hitherto undiscovered phase which reminds us that only a God who excels in love could invent such a mystery of boundless love to man.

From the generation which was contemporary with the Christ, and "watched Him," though "He went about doing good," giving those sublime lessons of wisdom and consolation which stir deep the human heart, men have tried every means, both fair and foul, to detect a flaw in that faultless character, or to contradict even a single iota of all He said; but in vain. To-day 400,000,000 of earth's inhabitants, representing the highest culture and most varied learning ever acquired in the world before, bow in solemn reverence to that mighty Name, and apply their energies to fulfil the maxims which fell from those lips of Incarnate Wisdom. Empires, kingdoms and governments have changed and passed away, even old Rome has crumbled to dust, great and proud names have vanished from the lips of men, their memories evoke no living interest, their lives were scarce remembered by their own generation, and save as themes for school boys, or mere figures on the page of history, the world has completely forgotten them.

But it is not so with the Name and fame of Him who, though born in poverty and having spent His life in the shop of a village carpenter, who though he wrote no volume nor by military deeds founded an empire or gained a single victory, yet lives fresh and vivid to-day in the minds and hearts of millions.

Perhaps we could not more appropriately conclude these few reflections than by a short extract from the Life of Jesus, by Theodore Parker, who, despite naturalistic and Unitarian views, felt and acknowledged the unique and everlasting ascendancy of the Christ. With generous candor that clear and copious writer thus eloquently expresses his observations:

"Consider what a work His words and deeds have wrought in the world. Remember that the greatest minds have seen no further and added nothing to His doctrine of religion; that the richest hearts have felt no deeper and added nothing to the sentiment of religion; have set no loftier aim, no truer method, than His of perfect love of God and man. Measure Him by the shadow He has cast into the world—no, by the light he has shed upon it. Shall we be told such a man never lived—the whole

story is a lie? Suppose that Plato and Newton never lived. But who did their wonders and thought their thoughts? It takes a Newton to forge a Newton; what man could have fabricated Jesus? None but Jesus."

Thus it is that believers and unbelievers are forced to pay tribute to the sublime significance of that Birth at Bethlehem which the world so little noticed then, though it has long since confessed that from that day and hour it has been contending with a new and living force which, for the better, has changed and shall change the current of its checkered history.—ROSAURIUS, in the *Providence Visitor*.

DEPEW AND THE POPE.

A VERY INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

Last week Channey M. Depew, who is in Rome, had a private interview with the Pope. The World's correspondent sends a long account of Mr. Depew's version of what took place between the two, of which the following is the most important part:—

"I went to the Vatican at the appointed hour. It was 1 o'clock. The Pope had been continuously engaged since 8 o'clock that morning in receiving and considering the statements of ecclesiastics from all parts of the world, presenting for his decision vexed questions of Church law upon which appeals had been taken to Rome. I have a great deal of that sort of work to do myself, in a different and smaller way, perhaps, and I can appreciate the strain five hours of it must be upon a man as old as the Pope. It was a great surprise to me, therefore, in view of all I had heard as to the extreme weakness of His Holiness, to find him so strong and vigorous in both mind and body as he was on this occasion.

"When I arrived the Pope was engaged. With great tact he sent out a Monsignor familiar with the language and with America to converse with me while I waited. He was a very pleasant and intelligent man and talked interestingly on the attractions of Rome and Italy, and also upon America, whose records he seemed to have studied. Finally word came that the Pope was ready to receive me. He had just been in conference with Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and the Rev. John Edwards, of New York, and at my request they remained to help me out if my poor knowledge of the Italian language should embarrass me.

"Before I went in I asked the Monsignor what were the ceremonials to be observed.

"The ordinary rule is," said he, "that the person to whom the interview is granted, upon coming into the presence of the Pope, falls upon his knees and kisses the Pontiff's hand, but your case is such an exceptional one, you being a Protestant and having a private audience, that I really do not know what will be expected."

"At my request he went within and made some inquiries. Returning he said:

"It is the Pope's pleasure that you act upon this occasion precisely as you would if you were received by the President of the United States." That was very graceful and pleasant was it not? The event, I am told, has excited great comment in ecclesiastical circles in the Holy City. It is said to be the first time in twenty years that the Pope has granted a private interview to a layman."

"I watched carefully, and I can say confidently that the talk about his being in a feeble and broken-down condition is all bosh. He is a slender man, as is Mr. Gladstone, but taller and therefore seeming to be more thin. His face is thin and he has long, finely-cut features, strictly Italian in contour. It has been said that he was weak and that his hands tremble constantly, as with palsy. This is not true. I have dined often with Mr. Gladstone under circumstances where I could judge accurately of his general condition, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Pope shows certainly as much vigor and health as does Mr. Gladstone. The Pope is nine months older than Mr. Gladstone, and I consider him, if anything, the stronger man of the two. There is about a Pope a certain nervous intensity which might be casually mistaken for feebleness in his movements. But to me it indicated rather strength and vigor of mind, as

well as of body. He spoke slowly and very distinctly, so that there was no difficulty in my understanding everything that he said, even with my limited familiarity with the language.

"After his pleasant remarks of welcome, I thanked him and referred to the fact that in America I was at the head of a company employing many thousands of men, of whom a very large proportion profess the Catholic faith. He replied quickly that he knew that and that he had heard many pleasant reports of the kindness and fairness which had marked the dealings of my company with its employees. I told him that about two years ago I delivered a lecture before a body of Catholic students upon the subject of the Papal Encyclical then recently issued, treating of the relations of capital and labor, taking that encyclical for the text of my speech. When the Encyclical was mentioned he straightened up with all the vigor of a man of fifty, his eyes flashed, he grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward as though intensely interested. Then for five minutes he poured forth a clear, succinct, earnest and eloquent statement of the position of the Church upon that question. I wish I could repeat it, or translate even approximately into our language the beauty and intensity of his remarks. But I cannot undertake to give more than the substance of what he said. That Encyclical, he declared, was no new thing in the Catholic Church. It laid down no new doctrines. It simply reaffirmed and enforced what had always been the doctrine and the policy of the Church as to the relations of the rich and the poor, the employer and the employee. The right of property, the right of man to retain and enjoy that which he has earned by the sweat of his brow, or by genius and good fortune, has never been questioned by the Church and never will be.

"Upon all matters affecting property and property interests the position of the Church is most conservative, but the rights and privileges of the laborers, the workingmen, the class called the poor, are not less important or entitled to less consideration from the Church. There is a duty, he continued, higher than all other earthly duties that is owed by those who enjoy the material beneficence of God to those less favorably situated in this world. The duty of the employee to the employer is unquestioned, but so is the duty of the employer to the employee. There must always exist between these two classes, the Pope went on to say, reciprocal relations and duties. Time and circumstances may change the nature of these relations, but in one form or another they must always exist. They are sacred obligations, and must be observed as such. Without their maintenance the world would go to pieces. So far as its industrial and governmental affairs are concerned, the Church, he declared impressively, is founded and rooted upon the doctrines of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and only in the complete and unequivocal recognition of the force of that doctrine by all classes of man can there be true prosperity for mankind and permanent advancement for the human race.

"I referred to my friendship for Archbishop Corrigan and praised the learning and intelligence of that prelate, whereat the Pope seemed well pleased. The interview lasted in all, I should think, half an hour. It left with me the impression that the Pope is a man of intense convictions, very strong intellectuality, great learning and absolute fairness. I am convinced that any question coming before him will be decided entirely upon his conviction of right and wrong, regardless of who may be helped or injured by the decision, and regardless of any personal relations he may have with either party.

"When you think of the fact that the Pope is the keeper, as it were, or the consciences of 250,000,000 human beings, of something like one-fourth of the whole population of the globe; when you remember the 2,000 years of history that lies back of the Church of Rome; when you see before you the essence of all this condensed or concentrated into one man, and surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance—the thousand evidences of his importance—you will find, I am sure, even the most ordinary man a very impressive figure. But I do not think the Pope is an ordinary man. He impressed me, on the contrary, as a very extraordinary man, a man of the most unusual intellectuality."

A PIONEER CHRISTMAS.

Weird Memories of Forest and Fireside
Drawn From the Past.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

The first Christmas that I seem to remember fully has a wonderful quality to me. Like a picture by Rembrandt, it has but one side defined, the other melts away into shadow—luminous shadow, where faint light pushes across and lures the wistful gaze on and on into the unfathomable, where beginnings lie hidden.

The first I recall of my first Christmas I am riding behind my parents in a huge sleigh, amid high snow-drifts, sculptured into strange forms. It is growing dusk. Before us in a similar sleigh, my young uncle, a giant in size, is leading the way. I can see him outlined against the dull orange sky. He stands erect, holding the reins of his swiftly-moving horses in one of his powerful hands; occasionally he shouts back to my father, who is buried in a thick buffalo-skin coat. My mother is only another figure wrapped in shawls.

My sister and brother are beside me under the blankets on the straw. My brother is asleep, but I am on my knees looking ahead. I see now my uncle silhouetted on the dull, orange notch between two purple banks of trees. That is the place where the road pierces the woods. Suddenly, with rush of wind and jingle of bells, we enter the darkness of the forest, and the road begins to climb.

I cannot remember much after that; I suppose I grew sleepy. I have a dim memory of climbing hills, of the squall of sleigh-runners, over bridges, and of the gurgle of ice-bound water, but it is all fused with dreams.

I was roused at last by the vigorous touch of my uncle and his hearty voice: "Wake up a' pay y'r lodgin'." I looked up and saw father standing beside the sleigh. I saw the dark branches of trees overhead, and heard the sound of many voices from the warmly-lighted little cabin's open door.

I bundled out, heavy with cold and sleep. As I stood there my uncle reached up his arms to take my mother down, not knowing of the rheumatism in her wrists. She gave a sharp scream, and my uncle's team started away on a swift run round the curve of the road toward the gate.

I stood like one in a dream, seeing the flying team and the wonderful race of my uncle toward the gate to intercept the runaways. He ran silently, with magnificent action, his head thrown up. As the team dashed through the gate his left hand caught the end board, and then I saw nothing further of the runaway.

We went into the house. It was a little house with two main rooms, the kitchen and the sitting-rooms. In the sitting-room was an open fireplace, the first I had ever seen—wonder and a delight.

The women folks talked and laughed, creating an atmosphere of good cheer. The children were put to warm before the fire, where grandfather sat, a reticent and smiling old man of great size.

I suppose the room was poor enough, but I did not see that in the glow of that open fireplace. I heard my young and pretty Aunt Rebecca out in the kitchen opening oyster cans—a great treat were oysters to us—and Aunt Deborah brought us in a handful of wonderful little crackers.

Mother sat out in the kitchen near the table and visited with my aunts while they worked. Soon father came "stomping" in with his hearty voice dominating the laughter of the women.

"Got anything good to eat?"

"Not unless you brought it," replied my saucy Aunt Deborah.

"Well, I guess I'll go home again. What's the use o' goin' visitin' unless you git somethin' better'n' common?"

The women asked about the runaway, but father knew as little as they about it. At last my Uncle David came in.

"Did you stop 'em?" everybody asked.

"You bet," he replied in his laconic way. "How's them oysters? I'm holler as a beech log."

The fragrance of the oyster soup awakened me more than the loud, hearty talk, and when we drew round the table in the little lean-to kitchen every face shone with the light of Christmas. The big pan of oyster soup (which we had

only two or three times a year) and the paper bag of crackers formed the entire meal. It was an oyster supper in full meaning of the term.

Slowly, one by one, the company drew back, and a subdued jollity succeeded as all went back to the sitting-room. There among the women, a few patterns were shown and exchanged, while the men told stories of logging and hunting, and bears and wolves and Indians.

The children listened with scared and fascinated souls, till at last father (who couldn't whistle a tune, but who never got enough of music) called out in his peremptory way:

"Come, get that fiddle out, Dave. Deb, open up that melodeon."

Ah! that was the best part of it all—the music. It made Christmas worth while. It was sweeter than oyster soup.

Uncle David played—old dance tunes that have passed from fiddler to fiddler until they have become veritable folk-songs. Then they all sang while he twanged the fiddle like a guitar, as an accompaniment. Aunt Deborah and mother sang "Nellie Wildwood," and "Belle M'hone," and "The Drummer Boy," and then father demanded all the old war songs—"Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Day of Jubilee."

Tired of singing at last, Uncle David struck into "Honest John" or some other old fashioned square dance. One of my aunts came skipping across the room to where father sat. There was a saucy daring in her attitudes.

"Come on, old man!" she said. The war had made my father bent and stiff before his time, but he sprang up.

"I don't take no such stumps as that," he shouted. The rest laughed, and Uncle Frank drew a broom-stick along the floor, making hideous howls. Uncle David played on, absorbedly, while we children shrieked with delight to see father bow and scrape and dance all sorts of double-shuffles and single-shuffles and nigger break-downs. Mother joined in too, and it seemed very wonderful to us. Grandfather smiled and patted his knees in time to the music.

"On, I'm too old!" shouted father as he dropped back into a chair, and the gale of fun ended as quickly as it had begun. Laughing and breathing hard, they all took seats and fell into silence, facing the fire, and Uncle David, his soul mellowed and subdued, played wild, strange tunes he had picked up somewhere without instruction—almost without repetition—strangely sweet and weird to me, worth infinitely more than Christmas presents. Love songs some of them were, full of sombre, longing affections, which I could dimly feel, but could not understand.

He played "Maggie, Air You Sleep-in," and the wind outside went to my soul. Voices cried to me out of the cold and illimitable hill-land forests—voices that pleaded and wept:

"Oh, let me in, for loud the linn
Goes roarin' o'er the moorland craggy."

My uncle's handsome face grew sad, somehow, in the midst of happiness. He forgot his young wife and his sisters; his eyes looked away into storms, the future seemed to menace him.

He stopped abruptly, and put the violin in its box, as if to hide his emotions.

My father broke the silence with an abrupt sigh.

"Well, well! Look here, 's time you youngsters climbed the stairs. Backy, where do these fellers go?"

Aunt Rebecca looked at us reflectively. "Well, now, I don't know. I guess we'll need to make a bed here on the floor."

"Goody!" cried my brother, "then we'll see Santa Claus."

The other people looked at each other and smiled. With the indifferent air of one who has a perfect understanding of it all, I scorned to be so silly.

"Mighty little you'll see of Santa Claus this night," said my aunt. "He can't get down here such a night as this."

For once in my life I was to be able to hang my stocking before a fireplace, and it revived my waning enthusiasms. Mother, with her abounding drollery, hung up the big stocking which went over her shoes. Everybody laughed at everybody's joke, and soon everything was arranged for the night.

I felt the illimitable presence of the Wisconsin forests to the north. To my child-mind this cabin was like a ship set in gray seas would seem to me now. All

I knew of the world was in the tales my father told. The road we had come ran back a slender and desolate track, back to our home coule—I could not tell the direction of it. Then my mind came back in a strange way to a visit I had made somewhere to a dark, swift stream which ran under a little bridge. There was a mysterious bag moored there by a rope, and it suggested bags of gold and robbers somewhere. It swung to and fro with a wild motion. It grew dusk as I looked, and the wind grew cold and I ran away as fast as possible and—then my eyes came open and I realized I had been dreaming in the first stages of sleep.

I could hear the women laughing and moving about, and I lost my shiver of fear very soon. I heard the rattle of paper bags and parcels. I knew it was my duty to go to sleep, but I couldn't compose myself to it. People slept close together in those days. Making a bed on the floor was too common to call for comment. The men gave up the beds to the women and went noisily up-stairs to camp down on the floor of the low chamber. There was no fear of ventilation up stairs or down. The wind drove the cold under the door, and along the floor the frost crept.

I lay facing the fireplace, after all had become still, hearing the trees soughing outside, hearing the sad wail of a cat at the barn and watching the fire die away—but when the deep sleep of childhood came upon me I forgot Santa Claus and the stocking. I woke in the early light to hear Uncle David building a fire, and then came my brother's outcries and the hurly-burly of good cheer and hearty greeting from old and young. Mother's big stocking was overflowing with potatoes and wads of paper, with some little present far down at the toe. Everybody had something, if it were nothing more than an old door-knob or a doughnut.

The children had tin horses and tin soldiers, and monkeys on sticks (poor, pathetic little toys these), and best of all, candy—wonderful candies of all conceivable sorts! The war had made candies an almost unattainable luxury—but Christmas would be empty and a hollow mockery without candy and nuts ("boughten nuts," not hazel-nuts and nickory-nuts, of which we had plenty, but the other strange kinds.)

The hurly-burly lasted till breakfast was called, and everybody who could find place sat around and attacked the venison and potatoes which formed the meal.

The forenoon passed quickly with sleigh-rides with Uncle David, with games with the tin horses, and the dinner came, for which the youngsters had little appetite. Turkey bowed humbly before candy. I do not seem to remember leave taking, or the ride homeward. I remember only the desolate cold of the kitchen at home, into which we tramped and sat in our wraps, until the fire began to roar in its iron cage.

Oh, winds of the winter night! Oh, fire-light and the shine of tender eyes! How far away you seem to-night, so faint and far, each dear face shineth as a star.

Oh, uncle by the Western sea beyond the reach of Christmas snow, does not your heart hunger, like mine to-night, for that Christmas Eve among the trees—for the shine of undimmed eyes, for the hair untouched by gray, for the quaint, great figure seated in sombre reverie before the fire?

It all lies in the unchanging land of the past. Its charms, its strange dominion, cannot be felt again, except in reminiscent dream. No money, no railway train can take us back to it. Its power was the mystical union of youth, fire-light, great forests, music, and the voices of moaning winds. A union which can never come again to you or me, father, mother, brother, any more than the prairies can return again, unscarred by the spade and plough.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

The Church Times, in a confidential whisper to its friends, says this week:

"The Queen is not head of the Church. Henry VIII. usurped the title, but it was abolished in the reign of Queen Mary, and when it was offered to Elizabeth she rejected it with horror, and the title has never legally been revived." The respect shown to the conscience of Queen Beas is the only new feature in this familiar shadowing of undeniable

fact. It is comical to think of Elizabeth turning with pious horror from the bait of supremacy. However this may be, the passage reads fairly enough till we bethink ourselves to ask, Who is head of the Church? Then the uncoquid and roguish subtlety of this answer comes out. He knows there is no head if the Queen is not head, and he knows that we know it, and he cleverly slips over the vacuum a proclamation to the effect that so and so is not head, which does not tell us who is. We see in the Anglican Establishment a complete hierarchy up to Archbishops. Then it stops short, and no questioning can draw from even the High Church party, to whom headship is essential, a clear answer as to where or who the head is. The Queen is not head, that is all; a mere negative, one true to the Protestant tradition of negation and denial. Is the Archbishop of Canterbury head? They will not dare to say so, for all antiquity discards the idea of the supreme headship being vested in Archbishops. That would be to create local Churches at once. We, on the contrary, are content with the logic of facts. That one is the head who does the duties of head. The Queen appoints the Bishops, summons and dismisses Convocation, rules, revises, governs the Anglican Communion in all things. Convocation before the "Reformation" could decree and rule; now it cannot pass one law without the Royal sanction. The Queen is head, and all the fine-spun sophistry of legal titles and usurpation is dust to blind dupes, and keeps the figment alive of a Church bound in fetters yet free, of a Church laden with heresies yet orthodox, of a Church not infallible yet to be heard and obeyed.

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CORA: Did you ever go to a fortune-teller's? Merritt: Yes, my dear. I went to Somerset House to find out about your father's will.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

To all our readers and friends we wish a "Merry Christmas." May this Christmas be, for each and all, one of real happiness and perfect enjoyment. There is no festival of all the year like Christmas; none other is so universal in its attractions; none other carries the young and the aged alike back to the cradle of redemption; none other is celebrated in every land with such accord of sentiment; none other tells so strikingly of home and all its blessings, of past joys, present pleasures and future hopes. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," sang Sir Walter; and truly the olden celebrations live only in song and story. But there remain sufficient of those ancient customs to fling an atmosphere of quaint enjoyment around this festive season. While we are in the full flush of Christmas, let us recall those touching lines of Marin MacDermott; they referred to exiles banished from the old land and from the dear firesides of their fathers—to-day these exiles and their children have built up happy homes for themselves in this new world, and at their boards of plenty they can think of their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, who enjoy not the luxuries that surround their own Christmas tree—

"When round the festive Christmas board,
Or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured—
Wine, melody and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned,
Their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill,
And lips meet lips once more—
O! in that hour 'twere kindly done,
Some woman's voice would say—
'Forget not those who're sad to-night—
Poor exiles far away!'"

Gathered around the Christmas hearth,
with young hearts beating joyous in expectation of Santa Claus, and old hearts growing young, for an hour, in the happiness of the little ones beside them—

"When the oldest cask is open,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow on embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old, in circle,
Around the fire-brand close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;
When the old man mends his armour,
And trims his helmet-plume,
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom."

—let us hearken to the olden story, ever old and ever new—the story that has been repeated for nearly two thousand years, and that is as fresh to-day as when the first Christian mother rocked her baby to sleep with the hymn that the angels sang o'er Bethlehem and the account of the Infant that was found in a manger outside the city of David. It is the Christmas story *par excellence*; let us tell it again in our own simple way!

It was a chilly night in early winter; December was drawing to a close, but the spectre of the north had passed over the land and left a mantle of white to enwrap the shoulders and heads of the mountains. The pale moon hung low

upon the western horizon, and millions of stars twinkled in the cold, blue depths of the orient sky; the wind from beyond the Jordan was bitter and biting; it came from the deserts and it gathered strength as it paused amidst the recesses of Judean mountains. The sheep were huddled together on the hillsides; down in the valley the shepherds crowded around the feeble blaze of their fagot fires; the watch-dogs slumbered fitfully, and half-awakened by the cold, they barked in their disturbed dreams. Over in the City of David—called Bethlehem—strange scenes were being enacted. Hundreds had come up from all ends of the land to respond to the call of the Roman governor; the houses of the town were all occupied; men from the confines of Egypt, men from far-off Galilee, men from the "Eye of the East,"—Damascus—men and women from all quarters, in all their variety of costume and accent, filled the streets of the crowded city. Outside the walls was a khan, or stopping place; therein a few of the later arrivals found refuge. And in a grotto, within that khan, where an ox and an ass were eking out a supper of straw, a couple from Nazareth had found shelter. Not one of the thousands sleeping in that city knew of their presence; no one cared whether these poor travelers were housed or not; no one was aware of the wonderful things that were then and there taking place. Oblivious of the fact that the prophecies of four thousand years were being accomplished, the crowd slept on, and not a breath of warning came to the sleepers to tell of the greatest event that had occurred since the day of Creative miracle.

The moon sank below the hills of the west; the milky way still cast its arch across the dome of the sky; the stars twinkled joyously in their silent realm. The hour was midnight; the moment predicted throughout the ages had arrived. The crystal portals of heaven were drawn back, and the advance guard of the celestial army, all glittering in the splendor of God's eternal livery, with harps of gold in their hands and crowns of glory on their heads, stepped out into unmeasured space. Down through the stillness of the night came the first soft notes of an undying canticle, and the sound fell like the peaceful voice of God's sweetest singer upon the slumbering ears of the shepherds. As if aroused by some mysterious presence from their sleep, the half-startled, half-astonished flock-tenders arose and gazed about them. High up in the zenith they beheld a curtain of quivering light, like the fringes of the Aurora Borealis, sweeping downward to the hilltops; and faintly came the unison of harp and voice, both magical and mysterious in their effects. Nearer and nearer came the scintillating splendors, louder and louder came the songs of the advancing vision. The sheep shivered, with awe, and rushed together into a ravine, where they sought shelter from a danger they could not understand; the watch-dogs were mute with fear and they crouched behind the awakening shepherds.

All this time the throng slept on in the City of David; the wind blew its chill blast across the turbulent Jordan; and the world was wrapped in darkness, for it knew not the approaching redemption. At last the whole vault of heaven was filled with myriads of celestial beings; their wings of light flashed glories upon the scene, and the splendor of their sheen fell brightly upon the white turrets and grey battlements of ancient Bethlehem. Brighter grew the light; nearer came the angels; louder swelled the chorus. Down, down, descended the vast, the countless throng of

God's pure spirits, until, over the khan, they collected in one impenetrable mass of indescribable glory. Loud rang the harps on the winter air, and louder and sweeter swelled the voices of the choir; the shepherds listened; the wind ceased to blow from beyond the Jordan; all nature seemed hushed in mute adoration; but from the walls of the city to the distant declivities over by Jerusalem, and even beyond the sacred city, the refrain was wafted. "Gloria, in excelsis Deo," sang the angels; "Gloria, Deo!" replied the echoes that slumber around the lake of Tiberias; "Et in terra, pax hominibus boni voluntatis," responded the angelic singers; "Pax hominibus," answered voices from beyond the Valley of Giants.

The miracle of ages had been performed; the humble shepherds knelt at the Crib, and amidst the display of celestial rejoicing, they adored the Christ-child, the Savior of man! Slowly the heavenly army retired; back up through the blue abyss the angels disappeared; the light faded from the firmament; the voices died away in the distance of the Infinite; the gates of God's glory closed upon His envoys; the message of peace had been proclaimed to men; the Infant remained with the Holy Mother, and the long and heavy path of thirty-three years of suffering was commenced. The shepherds went back to their fagot fires, the sheep returned to their pasture patches, the watch-dogs fell asleep by their masters, the stars shone brilliantly in the sky above, the milky way spanned the blue empyrean, and the December blast swept down from beyond the Jordan. The thousands slept on in the city of David, and the great world rolled upon its axis, just as if no miracle had ever taken place, just as if God had not visited the earth and the hour of man's redemption had not been fixed. Only the Holy Virgin Mother, St. Joseph—the Foster Father—and the shepherds, who were watchers by night, were present at the event and adored the Infant Jesus on His appearance as man. Not one of all the vast throng knew that his own salvation was in the balance and that his Saviour was outside the city walls.

Nineteen centuries have rolled into the great gulf of eternity; each year has the birth of that Divine Child been commemorated by the faithful shepherds of the Christian flock; and each year the great world has slept, and the mass of the human race has been oblivious of the mighty things that were transpiring. Once more has Christmas come to us; will 1893 go past and the miracle of Bethlehem be repeated only for the shepherds from the hill-side? No; not so; let us go to the Crib; it is in yonder Church; there let us hearken to the celestial hymns that are chanted; there let us adore the new born Saviour of the world. While His representative offers up the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, while the incense curls around the deep-pealing organ, while the lights flash brightly upon the sanctuary of devotion, the Christmas chant will again ring in our ears: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" "Glory to God on High and peace, on earth, to men of good will."

Once more may this Christmas be a happy, a holy, and a truly merry one for all; and may the blessings it will bring be as manna, in the desert of this life's pilgrimage, to all who are seeking that land of promise where the eternal and undying glories are chanted around a Christmas board that is styled the "Bouquet of God."

WE NOTICE that the Rainbow, St. Mary's Bazaar journal, is flourishing this season. We trust that our short-

lived, but very lively, contemporary will meet with as great a success this year as it did last. Decidedly the Rainbow is a splendid specimen of a Bazaar magazine. We were very amused with its peculiar editorials; but we hope that Edmund Yates can be held responsible for the communications over his signature that appear in that organ, for we would like to see that gentleman brought to time on several subjects—and in his letters to the Rainbow he leaves himself open to severe criticism. We understand that the young lady who is responsible for the first page of the spirited publication has been asked by the Detroit Free Press to correspond for its columns. This may be only a rumor; but even so it speaks well for the editress of the Rainbow. Long may that sign of peace flourish, and especially at this season of peace and good-will we trust it may be most successful.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

On the 8th December, a writer in the Star attempts to give the history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Commencing with the letter written by Bernard of Clairvaux, in 1140, to the canons at Lyons, and ending with the definition of the dogma, by Pius IX. in 1854, the writer of that article gives dates and names for all the different marked advances made by the Church regarding the promulgation of this doctrine. But all that is not the history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The fact that at any remote period, in the centuries gone past, the Church, or any branch of the hierarchy, saw fit to bring this great truth before the faithful in a more positive manner, is in itself an evidence that some person or other thought well to deny the doctrine and to dispute the dogma. The fact of some person denying the dogma is an evidence that it must have existed, it must have been believed; for if it were not credited by the Church there would be no necessity, or, in fact, possibility of denying it. So that no matter how far back in the ages we can trace the denial of the Immaculate Conception, that denial is evidence that the doctrine existed prior to that period. The fact is that, like all other dogmas of the Church, that of the Immaculate Conception has existed from the very beginning. Even to-day there are dogmas that are of faith, but they have never been defined by the Church; some because they have never been denied, others because the circumstances of the age do not require any positive promulgation of these truths. But if it became necessary, at any moment, the Church would formally define these doctrines; but that would not be a creation of them.

The Immaculate Conception is not due to the definition set forth in the bull *Ineffabilis Deus*; it is the bull that is due to the Immaculate Conception. Had this truth not existed throughout all ages, since the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, there never would have been a promulgation thereof. Here is where our non-Catholic friends are entirely at sea when dealing with fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church. We do not blame them; they are honest in their opinions, but these opinions are based upon a wrong idea of a Christ-established Church. They seem to look upon the Church as upon any human institution—a government or some vast university—that has been set up by a founder and then left to work its own way, to develop according to the talent, genius and views of the individuals called upon to conduct its future. They

do not look upon the Church as a divine institution, founded by an infallible and omniscient God, and perfect in all its principles and truths, even as it issued from the hand of Christ. No human power can add to or take from it one iota of its dogmas. Although Christ did not formally mention—in so many words—that such and such would be the doctrines to be accepted, still He gave them all for He gave the whole truth to His Church. No more did St. Peter and his immediate successors deem it necessary to promulgate each particular dogma; but they existed all the same, and only awaited the time and circumstances when it would be deemed expedient to pronounce upon them.

We have no space to enter into the numerous and incontestable evidences of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; but we will simply place our non-Catholic friends between the horns of a simple dilemma. Either Mary was stainless from her very Conception, or she was not: if she was not then she was unfit to be the Mother of Eternal Perfection and Divine Purity. To say that Christ could take human life from a being tainted with even original sin, is to assert that Christ is not God; or else, that being God, He gave up one of God's attributes in becoming man. This blasphemy we do not think would be even dreamed of by any Christian. If then Christ is God—the all pure—He must have taken life from a being "Conceived without sin." If then Mary were "Conceived without sin," her Immaculate Conception was a fact, a truth; and whether defined or not by the Church, it existed as a dogma from the very beginning, and was first promulgated by Christ Himself, when He declared Himself to be the Son of God, and acknowledged Mary as His Mother.

THE MASS.

"About the beginning of the fourth century, the Discipline of the Secret had been, on some important points, considerably relaxed; and though the Eucharist still continued to be guarded with some strictness, the doctrine of the Trinity was, by degrees, suffered to escape from behind the veil. The edict of Toleration which was, at that period, issued by Constantine, gave to the Christians full security in the promulgation of their opinions; while the schism of Arius, calling into question the divinity of our Saviour, not only rendered a declaration of the Church's doctrine on the subject necessary, but led naturally, from the sifting controversies to which it gave rise, to a more definite marking out of the frontiers of Trinitarian orthodoxy than had yet been attempted. Still it was but by slow and cautious degrees that the entire dogma, in its perfect form as acknowledged at present was developed." We have before quoted a passage from a Father of this age where he says, "Of the mysteries concerning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we do not speak plainly before the Catechumens;" and according to the learned Huet (himself a Catholic), "it is certain that the Catholics durst not plainly own the divinity of the Holy Spirit so late as the days of Basil."

In the meantime, the doctrine of the Real Presence,—following, for once, a fate different from that of its fellow mystery, the Trinity, continued, as usual, to be whispered in the inner shrines, to the neophyte, while, as Gregory of Nyssa informs us the eternal Sonship was become a topic of dispute among the lowest mechanics. Had any schism respecting the Eucharist taken place within the Church, the necessity

of defending the doctrine would have led doubtless, as in the case of the Trinity, to the divulging of it. But no such schism had occurred. Those among the Gnostic sect who adopted the Eucharist, though they denied the real humanity of Christ's body, did not question its presence in the sacrament, while some of them even believed with the orthodox, in a change of the elements, by the power of the Spirit. "The things," says the heretic, Theodotus, "are not what they appear to be, or what they are apprehended to be, but by the power (of the Spirit) are changed into a spiritual power."

"One of these sects, indeed proceeded so far, in rivalry of the Catholic Eucharist, as to contrive by some mechanical process to produce the appearance of blood flowing into the chalice, after the words of consecration, thereby outdoing, as they thought, the orthodox in, at least, the outward show of the miracle. In thus counterfeiting, by means of real liquid, that blood of which they, at the same time, denied the reality, these heretics were, of course, as absurd as knavish, but the testimony which their trick bears to the antiquity of the Catholic doctrine is not the less valuable. Were any additional proofs, indeed, wanting of the revelance, in those times, of a belief in the transubstantiation of the wine into blood, this effort of the Maronite heretics to outbid, if we may so say, the orthodox altar in its marvels would abundantly furnish it." The above is from a famous French work entitled, "Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire des Egaremens de l'Esprit Humain."

There was also some other sects, besides the Gnostics, that adopted peculiar notions of their own respecting this sacrament. The Artoturites, for instance, a branch of the Montanists, offered bread and cheese in their religious rites. The Hydroparastates from a regard to sobriety, used only water in the Eucharistic sacrifice. Among the Ophites, who worshipped the serpent that tempted Eve, the sacrament consisted of a loaf, round which a serpent they kept always sacredly in a cage, had been suffered to crawl and twine himself; and there was a sect of Manichæans, who, holding bread to be one of the productions of the Evil Principle kneaded up the paste of which they composed their Eucharist in a way too abominable to be mentioned.

These heresies, however, though on so vital a point of doctrine, yet, having been engendered out of the pale of the Church, and being, all of them, with the exception of the Phantastics, limited and obscure, were not thought important enough to break the silence of the Church respecting this mystery.

St. Cyprian, on being consulted respecting the nature of Novitian's errors, answered: "There is no need of a strict enquiry what errors he teaches, while he teaches out of the Church."

The doctrine of the Real Presence, therefore, undisturbed by dissent and sacred from controversy, was left, partly through policy and partly through habit, enshrined in all its forms of mystery during the whole of the fourth century; and how well the secret was guarded from the Catechumens as late as the time of St. Augustin may be seen from the following remarkable passage: "Christ does not commit Himself to Catechumens. Ask a Catechumen, Dost thou believe? He answers I do, and signs himself with the cross of Christ. He is not ashamed of the cross of Christ, but carries it on his forehead. If we ask him, however, Dost thou eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man? He knows not what we mean; for Christ

bath not committed Himself to him. Catechumens do not know what Christians receive."

Alger, who defended the doctrine of transubstantiation against Berenger, refuted him chiefly, if not entirely, by passages out of St. Augustin.

St. Augustin, himself, from the peculiar circumstances of his position, was induced occasionally on this subject, to adopt a reserve and ambiguity of language which are not to be found, in the same degree, in any of the writers of his period. Living as he had, in Africa, where the population was still, for the greater part, Pagan, he deemed it most prudent, evidently, to follow the ancient practice of the Church, and in the presence of all but the faithful, to speak of the Mystery with caution. Hence it is that, though in none of the other Fathers are there to be found passages more strongly confirmatory of the Ancient and Catholic Faith on this point, he has, in some instances, employed language of whose vagueness and ambiguity the Sacramentarians have, as usual taken advantage to bolster up their desperate cause.

Even by Zuingle, however, it is not asserted that St. Augustin was against transubstantiation, but merely that he would have been so, could he have ventured to express his opinion freely. This he was forced, says Zuingle, in some measure to conceal, on account of the very general prevalence which the belief in a real fleshy Presence had, at that time, obtained. (*De ver. et fals. Religione.*) And here, we may be allowed to ask, how is this admission of Zuingle with respect to the prevalence of such a belief in the time of St. Augustin, to be reconciled with that other favorite theory of the Protestants, which supposes the doctrine of Transubstantiation to have been first introduced by the monk Paschasius, in the ninth century? But it is useless to ask such questions, there being, in fact, no end to the inconsistencies and contrarieties of Protestants on this subject.

How barefaced must be the assurance that would claim St. Augustin as a Protestant authority on this head, will appear by the following extracts from his writings:—"When committing to us his body, he said, *This is my body.* Christ was held in his own hands. He bore that body in his hands." (*Enarrat. 1, in Psalm 33.*) Again, in another sermon on the same Psalm, he thus, in the mystic language of the Secret, expresses himself:—"How was he borne in his hands? Because, when he gave his own body and blood, he took into his hands what the Faithful know; and he bore Himself in a certain manner, when he said, *'This is my body.'*"

The words "What the Faithful Know" occur constantly in the Fathers. Thus St. Crysostom, for instance, in whose writings Casaubon remarked the recurrence of this phrase at least fifty times, in speaking of the tongue (*Comment in Psalm 143*) says: "Reflect that this is the member with which we receive the tremendous sacrifice, *the faithful know what I speak of.*"

In the exposition of the 98th Psalm St. Augustin says: "Christ took upon him earth from the earth, because flesh is from the earth, and his flesh he took from the flesh of Mary; and because he here walked in the flesh, *even this same flesh he gave us to eat for our salvation; but no one eateth this flesh without having first adored it, and not only do we not sin by adoring, but we even sin by not adoring it.*"

We have already said that most of the writers contemporary with or just preceding St. Augustin, have, as compared with him, spoken more frankly on the

subject of the Eucharist. It was not possible, indeed, that such development, as about this period took place, of a doctrine hitherto so inscribed in obscurity, as was the Trinity, should not encourage by degrees a boldness of language and thought which would show itself in the assertion of the other great mysteries. Accordingly we find, a far more explicit testimony to the doctrine of the Real Presence and of the change of substance than had been ventured on since the days of St. Justin and St. Irenæus. It is worthy of remark, too,—as adding another illustration to the many we have already noticed of the similar fate that has, in some instances, attended these twin mysteries. Transubstantiation and the Trinity,—that the same eminent men, who, in the fourth century, carried the latter dogma to that high region of orthodoxy where it stands fixed at present, where also those who asserted most boldly the entire Catholic doctrine respecting the Eucharist—the same Gregory of Nyssa, who held that "the bread sanctified by the Word of God was transmuted into the body of the Word of God," having been also the strenuous maintainer of the doctrine, "that there was a whole Son in a whole Father, and a whole Father in a whole Son," and Gregory of Nazianzum who desired his hearers "not to stagger in their souls, but, without shame or doubting, to eat the body and drink the blood," having likewise told them that "whoever maintains that any of the Three Persons is inferior to the others overturns the whole Trinity."

In the next number we shall treat of the Ancient Liturgies compared with the present rites of our altars.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The Report of the Hon. Mr. Outmet—Educational Statistics.

The annual report of Hon. Gideon Outmet, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been issued.

He states that in the year 1892-3 there were in the province 3961 Catholic elementary schools and 906, Protestant, under the control of commissioners or trustees; 88 Catholic and 8 Protestant independent schools. Altogether there is an average attendance of 133 183 pupils at elementary schools and 73 304 at superior schools. There are 121 459 boys and 118 784 girls on the rolls of Catholic schools and colleges of all grades; 17 936 boys and 16 743 girls at Protestant institutions. There are 33 866 French-speaking pupils learning English, and 9445 English speaking pupils learning French. In Catholic schools there are 154 654 French pupils, 5637 English; in Protestant schools 1840 French and 25 330 English.

In speaking of the school exhibits at the Columbian exhibition the report states: "The results obtained by our school exhibit at Chicago prove better than any arguments I could advance that our school system is far from being as faulty as some people are pleased to say; and I am glad to acknowledge that the flattering praises of important organs of both the Canadian and foreign press are largely due the intelligent initiative of Canon Bruchesi, to whom the Government entrusted the organization of this important department."

C. M. B. A.

St. Francis de Sales Branch, No. 81.

The following is a list of the officers elected of Branch 81, for the year 1894. Spiritual Adviser, M. J. Stanton; president, Daniel Halpin; 1st vice president, Jno. Mallay; 2nd vice-president, Ed. Hallaman; recording secretary, P. Delaney; financial secretary, Thos. Cushing; treasurer, Jas. Rielly; marshal, Pat'k. McNulty; guard, Gervis Pennett. Board of Trustees: M. Ryan, P. Donegan, M. Healy, Wm. Sutherland, and Wm. Edgeworth elected for two years. Grand Council Representative, D. P. Wood, alternate, P. Donegan.

P. DELANEY, Rec. Sec. Br. 81.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

On the morning that he learned that Lady Maude would join him that day at dinner Atlee conceived the idea of appearing in this costume. It was not only that she knew nothing of the Irish court and its habits, but she made an almost ostentatious show of her indifference to all about it, and in the few questions she asked the tone of interrogation might have suited Africa as much as Ireland. It was true, she was evidently puzzled to know what place or condition Atlee occupied; his name was not familiar to her, and yet he seemed to know everything and everybody, enjoyed a large share of his excellency's confidence, and appeared conversant with every detail placed before him.

That she would not directly ask him what place he occupied in the household he well knew, and he felt at the same time that a standing and position that costume would give him, what self-confidence and ease it would also confer, and how, for once in his life free from the necessity of asserting a station, he could devote all his energies to the exercise of agreeability and those resources of small-talk in which he knew he was a master.

Besides all this, it was to be his last day at the Castle—he was to start the next morning for Constantinople, with all the instructions regarding the spy Speridionides, and he desired to make a favorable impression on Lady Maude before he left. Though intensely—even absurdly—vain, Atlee was one of those men who are so eager for success in life that they are ever on the watch lest any weakness of disposition or temper should serve to compromise their chances, and in this way he was led to distrust what he would in his puppyism have liked to have thought a favorable effect produced by him on her ladyship. She was intensely cold in manner, and yet he had made her more than once listen to him with interest. She rarely smiled, and he had made her actually laugh. Her apathy appeared complete, and yet he had so piqued her curiosity that she could not forbear a question.

As being her uncle's secretary, and in constant communication with him, it was her affection to imagine herself a political character, and she did not scruple to show the hearty contempt she felt for the usual occupation of women's lives. Atlee's knowledge therefore actually amazed her; his hardihood, which never forsook him, enabled him to give her the most positive assurances on anything he spoke; and as he had already fathomed the chief prejudices of his excellency, and knew exactly where and to what his political wishes tended, she heard nothing from her uncle but expressions of admiration for the just views, the clear and definite ideas, and the consummate skill with which that "young fellow" distinguished himself.

"We shall have him in the House one of these days," he would say; "and I am much mistaken if he will not make a remarkable figure there."

When Lady Maude sailed proudly into the library before dinner, Atlee was actually stunned by amazement at her beauty. Though not in actual evening dress, her costume was that sort of demi-toilet compromise which occasionally is most becoming; and the tasteful lappet of Brussels lace which, interwoven with her hair, fell down on either side so as to frame her face, softened its expression to a degree of loveliness he was not prepared for.

It was her pleasure—her caprice, perhaps—to be on this occasion unusually amiable and agreeable. Except by a sort of quiet dignity, there was no coldness, and she spoke of her uncle's health and hopes just as she might have discussed them with an old friend of the house.

When the butler flung wide the folding doors into the dining-room and announced dinner she was about to move on, when she suddenly stopped, and said, with a faint smile: "Will you give me your arm?" Very simple words, and commonplace too, but enough to throw Atlee's whole nature into a convulsion of delight. And as he walked at her side, it was in the very ecstasy of pride and exultation.

Dinner passed off with the decorous solemnity of that meal, at which the most emphatic utterances were the butler's "Marcobrunner" or "Johnnisberg." The guests, indeed, spoke little, and the strangeness of the situation rather disposed to thought than conversation.

"You are going to Constantinople tomorrow, Mr. Atlee, my uncle tells me," said she, after a longer silence than usual.

"Yes; his excellency has charged me with a message, of which I hope to acquit myself well, though I own to my misgivings about it now."

"You are too diffident, perhaps, of your powers," said she; and there was a faint curl of the lip that made the words sound equivocally.

"I do not know if great modesty be among my failings," said he, laughingly.

"My friends would say not."

"You mean, perhaps, that you are not without ambitions?"

"That is true. I confess to very bold ones." And as he spoke he stole a glance toward her; but her pale face never changed.

"I wish, before you had gone, that you had settled that stupid muddle about the attack on—I forget the place."

"Kilgobbin?"

"Yes, Kilgobbin—horrid name! for the premier still persists in thinking there was something in it, and worrying my uncle for explanations; and as somebody is to ask something when Parliament meets, it would be as well to have a letter to read to the House."

"In what sense, pray?" asked Atlee, mildly.

"Disavowing all; stating that the story had no foundation; that there was no attack—no resistance—no member of the vice-regal household present at any time."

"That would be going too far; for then we should next have to deny Walpole's broken arm and his long confinement to the house."

"You may serve coffee in a quarter of an hour, Marcom," said she, dismissing the butler; and then, as he left the room—"and you tell me seriously there was a broken arm in this case?"

"I can hide nothing from you, though I have taken an oath to silence," said he, with an energy that seemed to defy repression. "I will tell you everything, though it's little short of a perjury, only promising this much, that I know nothing from Walpole himself."

With this much of preface, he went on to describe Walpole's visit to Kilgobbin as one of those adventurous exploits which young Englishmen fancy they have a sort of right to perform in the less civilized country.

"He imagined, I have no doubt," said he, "that he was studying the condition of Ireland, and investigating the land question, when he carried on a fierce flirtation with a pretty Irish girl."

"And there was a flirtation?"

"Yes, but nothing more. Nothing really serious at any time. So far he behaved frankly and well, for even at the outset of the affair he owned to—a what shall I call it?—an entanglement was, I believe, his own word—an entanglement in England."

"Did he not state more of this entanglement—with whom it was, or how, or where?"

"I should think not. At all events, they who told me knew nothing of these details. They only knew, as he said, that he was in a certain sense tied up, and that till fate unbound him he was a prisoner."

"Poor fellow! it was hard."

"So he said, and so they believed him: Not that I myself believe he was ever seriously in love with the Irish girl."

"And why not?"

"I may be wrong in my reading of him; but my impression is that he regards marriage as one of those solemn events which should contribute to a man's worldly fortune. Now an Irish connection could scarcely be the road to this."

"What an ungallant admission!" said she, with a smile. "I hope Mr. Walpole is not of your mind." After a pause she said: "And how was it that in your intimacy he told you nothing of this?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Not even of the 'entanglement'?"

"Not even of that. He would speak freely enough of his 'egregious blunder,' as he called it, in quitting his career and coming to Ireland; that it was a gross mistake for any man to take up Irish politics as a line in life; that they were

puzzles in the present, and lead to nothing in the future; and, in fact, that he wished himself back again in Italy every day he lived."

"Was there any 'entanglement' there also?"

"I cannot say. On these he made me no confidences."

"Coffee, my lady!" said the butler, entering at this moment. Nor was Atlee grieved at the interruption.

"I am enough of a Turk," said she, laughingly, "to like that muddy, strong coffee they give you in the East, and where the very smallness of the cups suggests its strength. You, I know, are impatient for your cigarette, Mr. Atlee, and I am about to liberate you." While Atlee was muttering his assurances of how much he prized her presence, she broke in: "Besides, I promised my uncle a visit before tea-time, and as I shall not see you again, I will wish you now a pleasant journey and a safe return."

"Wish me success in my expedition," said he, eagerly.

"Yes, I will wish that also. One word more. I am very short-sighted, as you may see, but you wear a ring of great beauty. May I look at it?"

"It is pretty, certainly. It was a present Walpole made me. I am not sure that there is not a story attached to it, though I don't know it."

"Perhaps it may be linked with the 'entanglement,'" said she, laughing softly.

"For aught I know, so it may. Do you admire it?"

"Immensely," said she, as she held it to the light.

"You can add immensely to its value if you will," said he, diffidently.

"In what way?"

"By keeping it, Lady Maude," said he; and for once his cheek colored with the shame of his own boldness.

"May I purchase it with one of my own? Will you have this, or this?" said she, hurriedly.

"Anything that once was yours," said he, in a mere whisper.

"Good-bye, Mr. Atlee."

And he was alone!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT TEA-TIME.

The family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:

"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay cannot be beyond one day."

"RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me," cried Kearney, as he tossed over the dispatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what they mean."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Queenly Head

can never rest on a body frail from disease any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile soil. When Consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. So certain is this, that an offer is made to refund the money paid for it when a failure can be found under the condition of a fair trial.

What station do you call this? asked a man as he crawled out of the ruins of a carriage after a recent railway accident. "Devastation, sir," replied his fellow-passengers in chorus.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N.W.T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B.B.B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."

THE LATE GENERAL SHIELDS

His Statue Unveiled in the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 6.—The unveiling of the statue of General James Shields at the Capitol, to-day, was made the occasion for impressive ceremonies, in which both Houses of Congress, as well as many distinguished citizens in private life, participated.

The statue was placed several days ago in Statuary Hall, in close proximity to that of Lincoln. It is of heroic size, and stands on a pedestal of gray granite, in all twelve feet high. Leonard W. Volk was the sculptor. In raised Roman letters on the pedestal appear the words "Warrior, Jurist, Statesman." The figure of Gen. Shields is in the uniform of a general of the time of the Mexican war. Its pose is full of life and action, and the head being bared, its noble contour and strong features show strikingly and well. The right hand supports itself upon the belt, the left rests on the hilt of a scabbarded sabre, the point of which is on the ground.

Vice-President Stevenson, the members of the commission appointed to build the statue; Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, and his staff; Representatives Springer and Hatch, State Treasurer Ramsey, of Illinois, and other distinguished guests occupied seats on a platform to the left of the statue. Boston sent a delegation of prominent citizens to participate in the ceremonies; and Col. Chase represented the Governor of Massachusetts.

Miss Katherine J. Shields, of Carrollton, Mo., the only living daughter of the General, occupied a seat on the platform. Miss Shields is an attractive young lady of the brunette type. She wore a dress of brown material and carried a bouquet of Jacqueminot roses in her hand. She was accompanied by her two brothers.

At 2.30 o'clock, ex-Representative Mansur, of Missouri, desired to know whether Col. Fisher, who, he said, was the only living member of the staff of Gen. Shields in the Mexican war, was in the Chamber. Col. Fisher responded, and a seat was given him on the platform. A seat was also given another old gentleman whom Mr. Mansur recognized in the crowd as one of the men who had carried Gen. Shields from the battlefield of Cerro Gordo.

When Speaker Crisp ascended the platform he was greeted with a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Mansur then arose, and after briefly stating the purpose of the gathering, introduced Mr. W. H. Condon, the President of the Commission, who gave a most interesting sketch of Shields's early life and the achievements of his manhood. At the conclusion of his remarks the statue was unveiled by Miss Shields, and an outburst of applause followed. Gov. Altgeld was then introduced, and delivered an address on the life and character of Gen. Shields, which closed the ceremonies.

In the evening there was a banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel in honor of the event of the day.

OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Dear Sirs,—I was troubled with eczema (salt rheum) for about two years, but I did not bother with it until it began to itch and spread over my hand. I then took four bottles of B.B.B., which completely drove it away. It was by my son's advice I took B.B.B., as B.B.B. is our family physician. J. S. Mills, Collingwood, Ont.

SHE: Do you love me for myself alone? He: Yes; and when we're married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

Holloway's Pills.—Cure for Indigestion.—Indigestion, with torpidity of the liver, is the curse of thousands, who spend each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking Holloway's Pills according to their accompanying directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion. Their action is purifying, healing and strengthening. They may be safely taken without interfering with ordinary pursuits, or requiring much restriction in diet. They quickly remove noise and giddiness in the head, and dispel low spirits and nervous fears. These balsamic Pills work the cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary, they conserve and support the vital principle by substituting pure for impure blood.

ORIGIN OF BRAHMINS.

A Description of the People of India.

The following is one of a series of articles contributed to The Collegium, by Professor E. Hughes, the talented son of Mr. J. W. Hughes, of the Justice Department, at Ottawa. The author is only nineteen years of age, and yet he holds a professor's chair in the leading Catholic College on Prince Edward Island.

Having learned in the former chapter that the Brahmins are the most noted of the Hindoo castes, it is only proper to devote a few chapters to them in particular. As the real origin of the Brahmins, like that of the other Hindoo tribes, is not distinctly known, we are compelled to rely on fables of mere conjecture. The most universally accepted tradition in this tribe is that they have sprung from the head of the god Brahma. The Brahmins, emanating, as they believe, from the noblest part of their god, consider that they, in preference to all other castes, are entitled to bear the sacred name of this much venerated deity. Desirous of having still stronger claims to their name, they say that the perfection of Brahma was first comprehended by them, and that they alone have the distinguished privilege of perusing the books that treat of him.

A Brahmin differs much from a Raja, a Vaisya or a Sudra, who are not eligible to a more honorable vocation than that in which they are born; whereas a Brahmin becomes such only after the ceremony of the Cord. Till then he is merely a Sudra, and by birth possesses nothing that raises him above the level of other men. After this rite he is called Dwija, meaning twice born. The first birth admits him to the common rank of mortals; the second, which he owes to the ceremony of the triple cord, exalts him to the lofty rank of the tribe to which he belongs.

Each of the seven castes, into which the Brahmin are divided, traces its immediate origin to one of the seven rishis, or penitents. These penitents are acknowledged by the Hindoo to be the holiest and most venerated personage that ever existed in that nation. They were favored in a special manner by the gods, particularly by Vishnu, who preserved them from destruction during the deluge by taking them aboard a ship which he himself guided. After having, by their holy lives on earth, exemplified all the virtues, these holy penitents were taken up into heaven, where they still retain their place among the most brilliant stars. Those who desire to see them have only to look at the seven stars in the Great Bear, commonly called the Dipper, for these the Hindoo maintain are no other than the seven rishis, not emblematically, but in strict reality. Moreover, there is a belief extant that, without ceasing to sparkle in the firmament, they can descend, and actually do pay an occasional visit to the earth to know how matters stand.

The idea of preserving the memory of their great men, and of making them immortal, by assigning them a place among the constellations which shine in the heavens, appears to be common to all ancient peoples. The worship of the stars, accordingly, seems to have been universally and most religiously observed amongst all idolatrous nations ancient and modern. This species of idolatry being the least unreasonable of any, and of the longest duration, the law-givers of antiquity and the founders of some false religions, perceiving the powerful influence which it had already acquired over the human mind, made use of it as the most efficacious means of perpetuating the memory of their heroes. By thus transforming them into stars, they set them up as objects always to be seen and always to attract the attention of the observer. Thus it was that the Hindoo placed the seven famous rishis in the brightest zone of the starry heavens, being sure that this was an infallible method of preserving their memory amongst a people insensible to all objects but those that vividly strike their senses.

Since, among civilized nations, the honor of having sprung from an illustrious family sometimes causes its descendants to look down with contempt upon lower classes, can we wonder at the arrogance and haughtiness of the Brahmins, and the great disdain which they show to every caste but their own? Again, if civilized people glory in tracing

their origin to some famous personage, have not the Brahmins an equal right to do the same, or is the privilege of vaunting a noble pedigree to be denied them? Certainly not, at least it should not, for it is a matter of no great consequence to us what their lineage may be, so long as it pleases them, be it fabulous or otherwise.

THE FRANCISCANS.

Every intelligent Catholic reader should be familiar with the principal events in the lives of the saints. Alas! the contrary is too often the case. Beyond the names repeated in the litany, how many have even the slightest knowledge of how those holy men and women spent their time while here on earth.

Take for instance the great St. Francis of Assisi. Very few lay persons outside the Third Order know anything of his life and works. Yet no other saint is more deserving of our love and gratitude. Leo the Thirteenth, the present Pope, speaking of this illustrious servant of God, says: "Like Jesus Christ, it so happened that St. Francis was born in a stable. A little child as he was his couch was of straw on the ground. And it is related that at that moment the presence of angelic choirs and melodies wafted through the air completed the resemblance. Again, like Christ and His Apostles, Francis united himself with some chosen disciples to traverse the earth as messengers of Christian peace and eternal salvation."

Bereft of all, mocked, cast off by his own, he had this great point in common with Christ, he would not have a corner wherein he might lay his head. As a last mark of resemblance he received on his Calvary, Mt. Alverna, (by a miracle till then unheard of) the sacred stigmata and was thus, so to speak, crucified."

We see by this how minutely St. Francis resembled his Divine Model. The chief interest of his biography centres in the beautiful and consoling devotions that he and his Order bequeathed to Holy Mother Church. Who amongst us can think of the sweet and simple devotion of the "Christmas Crib" without heartfelt emotion. How often during the season of Christmas have we watched the little ones approach the "Babe of Bethlehem" and entered into their spirit of "reverent wonder and deep delight," as they gazed on the Holy Child; but did we ever pause to think or inquire the origin of this Christmas grace?

St. Francis, ever on the alert for the greater honor and glory of his Creator, being in Rome in the year 1228, asked and obtained from the then reigning Pope Honorius the Third, permission to honor the birth of Christ in some new manner. Hastening to Greccio to carry out his idea, he built a rough stable on the mountain-side, placed therein carved wooden images of the Holy Family, covered with straw the floor and erected an altar. Shepherds arrived and tied an ox and an ass in the stable. People flocked from far and near. Priests, friars and monks came to assist at this ideal midnight mass. St. Francis acting as deacon, the flaming torches of the shepherds, the wild sweet music of their instruments, the fervor of the people, combined to make this celebration the most solemn of its kind. St. Francis preached such an eloquent sermon on the wonderful love of God for His creatures that the vast multitude was moved to tears. During the Mass the Divine Infant was seen by all present to repose in the arms of our saint and lavish him with caresses. The news of this miracle spread and Greccio became a place of pilgrimage. Thus was inaugurated the beautiful and touching devotion of the "Christmas Crib."

In 1587 the "Forty Hours" was instituted by a Franciscan Friar of Milan. Some years later the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan (St. Charles Borromeo) drew up the instructions for the proper observance thereof, which are contained in the acts of the Council of Milan. The "Forty Hours" is one of the most consoling devotions of the present day. Here our Lord Himself holds His court. His courtiers, the poor and the lowly, flock round His throne, and place their prayers and tributes at His feet. He listens and consoles. "In silence holy, Himself the Infinite Grace."

The Blessed Cherubim of Spoleto, a Franciscan, established the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the first or the third Sunday of the month, still in use

in many churches. He also invited the faithful, by the ringing of the bell, to follow the holy Viaticum.

Another Franciscan, the Father Evangelist of Pistoia, caused the bells to ring at night for the holy souls of purgatory, thereby inviting the faithful to pray for them.

Aymon of Favisham, the fifth General of the Order, was instructed by Gregory IX, to amend the Roman breviary and Missal, and to revise and arrange the rubrics. The Pope who ascended the Papal throne in 1277 was so pleased with the excellence of the work that he ordered the use of the revised edition in the Universal Church, it having been for some time in use in the Pontifical Chapel and by the Franciscans.

The final Anthem after Compline was established by Blessed John of Parma, who was the seventh General of the Order.

In 1260 the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception was established by St. Bonaventure, although it was not proclaimed a dogma of the church until the 8th of December in the year 1854. Pius IX of Holy Memory, who sat in the chair of Peter at the time, is known as the Pope of the Immaculate Conception.

In 1261 was also established the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity; the Feasts of the four Great Doctors of the Church—St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Gregory—are due to the zeal of St. Bonaventure. The Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin and also those of St. Ann and St. Martha were introduced by the Franciscans, and were afterward celebrated in the Church throughout the world.

The use of fixing the Paschal wax taper at the right corner of the altar from Holy Saturday until Ascension day is also due to St. Bonaventure.

In 1399 a general chapter of the order was held in Assisi, and established the Feasts of St. Joseph and St. Joachim, in 1530 they obtained the Feast of the triumph of the Holy Name of Jesus, and in 1587 the Feast of the Espousal of the B. V. M. with St. Joseph.

The "Way of the Cross" is another gift of the Franciscans. As early as 1257, Palestine was a Franciscan province. In 1342, the Franciscans were appointed guardians or custodians of the Holy Places,—an office they have kept ever since,—in fulfilling the duties of which nearly eight thousand devoted friars lost their lives.

Pilgrimages to Jerusalem were frequent, but the Franciscans in their zeal and far-reaching charity remembered the vast majority who were unable to go. For the benefit of these the friars instituted the devotion known as the Way or Stations of the Cross. It consists of fourteen scenes taken from the life and death of our Saviour.

This devotion was endowed by successive Popes with the same indulgences as those which pertained to the Holy Places. In 1780 Pope Clement XII. extended this devotion to the Universal Church.

The right to erect and bless the Stations being reserved to the Order of St. Francis.

The "Stabat Mater," that sublime hymn to the Virgin Mother, was composed by the Italian poet Jacopo da Todi, who was a devoted member of the First order.

The solemn and soul-touching "Dies Irae," that forms part of the requiem, was written by a Franciscan friar, Thomas de Celano, a companion and biographer of St. Francis.

St. Bonaventure, like St. Francis, was a poet as well as a saint, and is daily and hourly remembered through having composed the "Sacrosanctae," the prayer with which every priest concludes the daily office of the Breviary. The last words of the "Hail Mary," "Now and at the hour of our death," were added by the Franciscans.

The "Angelus," that most beautiful devotion which has been aptly termed "The Poetry of Prayer," was first instituted by St. Bonaventure in the year 1262 who was at that time General of the Franciscan Order.

A great writer has remarked that the only time when all men are equal, rich and poor, prince and peasant, is when the music of the Angelus bell calls a halt to prayer,—a prayer that ascends heavenward like incense in honor of the Mystery of the Incarnation.

The anthem "Sub tunc Praesidium" was drawn from a sermon of St. Bonaventure of Sienna, an illustrious Franciscan.

Another spiritual gift of St. Francis to

the Church is a devotion not so well known as the Angelus, yet is one of the most potent means of grace. Its history is as follows:—

In the 12th century, the Benedictines owned a little church in Assisi called St. Mary of the Angels. It had also the name of Portiuncula because of its small entrance. The former name was derived from a legend that angels were often heard singing within its sacred precincts.

The Benedictines, with that great charity for which they are known the world over, presented the little church to St. Francis. With what holy joy and gratitude the saint received the gift is only known to the angels that hovered over the chosen spot. Thus the Franciscans came into possession of their first church.

In the fall of 1221 St. Francis was kneeling alone in the church as usual, wrapped in prayer, and lo! he was favored with a vision of Our Lord and His Holy Mother, and a divine voice assured him that the humble little church would be henceforth a privileged place of pilgrimage and prayer. The Voice also commanded him to inform the Sovereign Pontiff of the Vision, and obtain for him a confirmation of the Promise. Needless to say St. Francis hastened to Rome and revealing the event obtained the necessary confirmation. The indulgence was proclaimed in Assisi in the presence of seven bishops and was afterwards extended to all the Franciscan churches all over the world. It is called the "Indulgence of the Portiuncula" and differs from all others in having a direct Divine origin. The time for obtaining this indulgence is from the Vesper hour, two o'clock in the afternoon of August 1st, to sunset on August 2nd, the Feast of St. Mary of the Angels, and can be gained in any Franciscan church during the hours specified. The little church is still in as good a state of preservation as when St. Francis was favored with the heavenly Vision, still a place of prayer and spiritual rest, where entreaties ascend to the throne of God

"From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the fervor and passion of prayer,
From the hearts, that broken with losses
And weary with dragging the cross,
Too heavy for mortals to bear."

The above are a few of the gifts of the Franciscans to poetry and religion.

In a former paper I endeavored to show what the same noble order accomplished in the domains of art and science. Perhaps some inquiring one will wonder how these men, secluded as they were from the world and its affairs, could do so much to benefit their fellowmen. Such a one I would refer to the words of the sacred text, "His just shall not labor in vain."

MISS S. SUTHERLAND.

A HIGH VALUATION.

"If there was only one bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant, of Montebello, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a fancy hairpin in a tram loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of disease Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Sharp: I saw an example of what I could hard lines this morning. Flat; indeed, old man. Well, what was it? Sharp: Railway lines.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure of Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail, by advertising with a stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 821 Bowery, Black, Rochester, N. Y.

Not Worth Anticipating.—Sarcoder: Don't you think my literary style distinctly original. Smarter: Certainly. Nobody ever wrote in that style before.

MGR. SATOLI ON CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The New York Herald has the following special from Washington:

Mgr. Satoli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, declared himself on the subject of Catholic schools at a reception given by the faculty and students of Gonzaga College, in the hall of Notre Dame, the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. The Delegate was attended by the secretary of Legation, Mgr. Sharetti and Dr. Papi. Several addresses were made, to which Mgr. Satoli responded at length. He spoke in Latin.

After a graceful reference to the duty of Catholics to observe Thanksgiving Day and pray for the prosperity of the Republic, Mgr. Satoli said:

"We may be sure of this, that all the Americans, of whatever church they may be members, even if of none recognize the value of the Catholic school; they are interested in it, they honor it, they wish it to continue and progress.

"They have learned by experience that citizens educated in those schools do not fall short in knowledge and in love of the American Constitution; that they do not lag behind the most progressive of the American people; that they are endowed with steadiness of character with constancy of right purpose; that they are just, active, charitable and generous unto sacrifice.

"Such, then, is the magnificent spectacle presented to America by the Catholic schools, not unlike the spectacle given by the first Christians to the whole world in the early centuries of the Church. In those days it looked as if pagans and philosophers might despise the faith and calumniate the customs and religion of the Christians, but in reality they could not conceal very long their true judgment nor hide their astonishment at the spectacle of the social and religious virtues preached by Christians.

NOT POSSIBLE IN AMERICA.

"How advantageous it would have been for the public welfare if they had favored the new religion instead of persecuting it and if they had recognized and fostered harmony between Christian truth and morality on the one hand and on the other hand the spirit of social and public life!

"It was impossible at the time to bring about this harmony, because the civil Constitution was imbued with errors and superstitions and because it was believed with no good reason that ruin of the State would follow inevitably the disappearance of those superstitions. But thanks to God and glory to the men who inspired the American Constitution, such a state of things as obtained in Rome is not possible here.

"I will say that whoever seriously meditates on the principles of the American Constitution, whoever is acquainted with the present conditions of the American Republic, should be persuaded and agree with us that the action of the Catholic faith and morality is favorable in every way to the direction in which the Constitution turns. For the more public opinion and the Government favor the Catholic schools the more and more will the welfare of the Commonwealth be advanced.

SAFEGUARD OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"Catholic education is the surest safeguard of the permanence throughout the centuries of the Constitution and the best guide of the Republic in civil progress. From this source the Constitution will gather on that assimilation so necessary for the perfect organization of that great progressive body which is the American Republic.

"That is the sincere expression of conviction and, as to speak, the profession of my faith in this matter. Up to the present it has been inexplicable to me, and never perhaps shall I find out what was the origin of the suspicion that my views were not favorable to Catholic schools.

"Those who at first, or ever after, have attributed to me such an absurd opinion ought to point to some word or action of mine to justify themselves. Had I spoken differently I should be unfaithful to my mission, ungrateful to the generous hospitality which I have enjoyed and am enjoying in America, and, moreover, I should have given the lie to my first and unchangeable convictions.

"Every Catholic school is a safe guardian of youth, and it is at the same-time

for the American youth a place of training, where they are brought up for the advantage of Church and country.

"Grant, heaven, that the Catholic schools may continue, increase in number, grow stronger, reach the highest perfection, endowed with the blessings of God, commanded by the authority of the Church and the Holy Father, honored and appreciated by every honest citizen, from the illustrious President down to the most humble workman! Those only are against them who do not know them, or who are not animated by the spirit of the Church, and are wanting in the sentiments of true liberty."

IRISH NEWS.

The Rev. M. Clarke, curate of Ballyculla, is dead.

Mary Anne Fearn, matron of the Coombe Lying-in Hospital, Dublin, died recently of blood poisoning.

It is proposed to construct a railway line between Middleton, County Cork, and Ballycotton.

The tenants of W. J. Knox, minor, of Ballyhanna, have received a reduction in their rents of 5 per cent. through his agent, H. T. Martley.

The Rev. Joseph A. Maloney, pastor of Roundstone, has contributed £225. to the Evicted Tenants' Fund, and the Rev. Michael Murphy, curate, £115.

At a special meeting of the Tuam Town Commissioners the retiring chairman, Mr. Patrick Calkin, was unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year. This is his sixth year as chairman of the board.

The Judges of Assize have returned Archibald Colton, of Dublin; James Fitz, Jr., of The Cross, Enniskillen, and High Sheriffs of County Fermanagh, for the coming year.

On the recommendation of Lord Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of the county, John O'Connell, Esq., High Sheriff of County Clare, has been sworn in as a magistrate for County Cork.

These gentlemen will serve next year as High Sheriffs in Sligo County: Simon Cullen, of Rathelmond; Alexander Sim, of Camphill, Collooney; Capt. B. W. Uillas, of Seaview, Ballisodare.

Henry Bruce Armstrong, D.L., of Killylea House, Armagh; John George Masters, of Brienstown, Longford, and John A. Maconchy, of Dublin, have been appointed High Sheriffs of Longford.

W. H. Boyd, I. Sweeney, William McKinney, P. Carroll and M. Doherty have been appointed by the Leitkenney Town Commissioners to see to the school attendance under the Compulsory Education Act.

The Judges of Assize have appointed these High Sheriffs for Leitrim County: William Howley, of Brockley, London; John Merrick Lloyd, of Croghan House, Croghan, Boyle; and Gilbert King, jr., of Jamestown, Drumana.

John R. Singleton, of Hazley, Winkfield, England; Joseph Pratt, of Cabra Castle, King'scourt, and Col. George M. Doherty, of Balford, will serve as High Sheriffs for Cavan during 1894.

The Judges of Assize have returned these gentlemen to serve as High Sheriffs next year in Derry City and County: B. H. McCorkell, of Richmond, Derry; D. C. Stevenson, of Knockan, Derry; Frank G. Watney, of Landmore, Aghadowey.

Captain John Bayly, of Debshoro, Nenagh; William A. Riall, D.L., of Annanville, Clonmel, and Robert Malcolmson, of Malview, Clonmel, have been appointed High Sheriffs of Tipperary for the coming year.

Hans Hendrick Aylmer, of Kerdiffstown, Naas; Lord Walter Fitzgerald, of Killeen Castle, Magency, and William Trench Kirkpatrick, of Donacumpher, Ceshige, have been appointed High Sheriffs of this county.

These gentlemen have been chosen High Sheriffs of Limerick County: General Thomas Lloyd, of Beechmount, Rathkeale; Hon. William Cosby Trench, of Castle Oliver, Kiltinane, and Colonel Lionel Butler Massey, of Cragbeg.

The Judges of Assize have chosen these High Sheriffs for Roscommon County: Major Michael Burke, of Carrowroe Park, Roscommon; J. Merrick Lloyd, of Croghan House, Boyle; Captain H. Pakenham Mahon of Strokestown.

The Judges of Assize have returned these gentlemen as High Sheriffs for

County Meath, during the coming year: Thomas Boylan, of Hilltown, Drogheda; Francis William Blackburne, of Tankardstown, Slane, and William Thompson, of Rathnally, Trim.

The Judges of Assize have chosen these gentlemen to serve as High Sheriffs next year in Waterford County: Chas. Nugent Humble, of Clonookrairie, Dungarven; Chas. Edward Denny of Mary Park, Waterford; Edward Purcell Fuge, of Glenalley, Youghal.

These High Sheriffs have been appointed for Kilkenny County: Richard Wandesford, of Castlecomer House, County Kilkenny; Edward R. B. Tighe, of Woodstock Innisfree, and Harvey de Montmerency Fienning, of Barraghoore House, Gorebridge.

Robert Crawford, of Storewold, Ballyshannon; Henry C Hart, of Carrblagh, Portlinton, Letterkenny; and Captain William Knox, of Clonbeigh, Strabane, have been returned by the Judges of Assize as High Sheriffs for the county during 1894.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The Holy Father has received the Archbishops of Trani and Barletta, and of Chambery.

The proposed monster bell which the Russians of Moscow were to send to Notre Dame, in Paris, has to be withheld, neither of the two towers of the cathedral having been constructed to sustain such an enormous weight.

His Holiness has sent the Cross of St. Gregory the Great to M. Puyo, president of the Catholic committee of Morlaix. This was the first committee of Brittany to adhere to the Pontifical policy, and make a declaration of Catholic Republicanism.

The new cathedral of Marseille, a splendid work of art, was opened to public worship on Thursday (30th of November). The first stone of the building was laid by Napoleon III. in 1855, during the bishopric of Mgr. Mazenod.

By decree of the President of the French Republic Father Schmitt, missionary at Petron (Siam) has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his exceptional services during the conclusion of the treaty between France and Siam.

The death is announced of the Chevalier Hefner, a Bavarian living at Rome, and formerly captain of clothing in the Pontifical Zouaves. His life since the service was broken up in 1871 has been entirely consecrated to charity, and he died surrounded by all the consolations of religion, and strengthened by the benediction of the Holy Father. R.I.P.

There is a change in the Humberto-Italian Administration. We do not know much of it, nor do we care to know much. The truth is, the country is anxious to put on too lofty an air of martial swagger and has not the means to afford the expensive pastime. The consequence is, the finances are all wrong and the exchequer tables would best be represented by what is commonly known as ducks and drakes.

The Holy Father has put the finishing hand to the Encyclical on Biblical

studies, which will be published within the next fortnight. The document, which is of great scientific value, has been already communicated to some very competent ecclesiastics whom His Holiness was desirous of consulting. After having established the fundamental principles of the Biblical exegesis, Leo XIII. warns Catholics against exaggerated interpretations, which in some cases are too broad, in others too restricted, for human science. He indicates what is good and bad in recent systems, and traces the rules to be followed in reconciling the word of Holy Writ with the discoveries of science. The production will be tolerably long.

THE P. P. A. OATH.

The Philadelphia Record gives the following as the oath taken by the members of the P.P.A. on initiation:—"I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will not allow anyone a member of the Roman Catholic Church to become a member of this order, I knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interest of all Protestants everywhere in the world; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity if I can procure the services of a Protestant; that I will not aid in building, or in maintaining by my resources any Roman Catholic Church or institution of their sect or creed whatsoever, but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance, whereby the Roman Catholic employees may undermine and substitute Protestants; and in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them, to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences; that I will not countenance the nomination in any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for nor counsel others to vote for any Roman Catholic, but will vote only for Protestants; that I will endeavor at all times to place the political positions of this Government in the hands of Protestants. To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—The above oath of the P. P. A. and the A. P. A., twin children of that unhallowed Association, Orangeism, has already appeared in your columns; and if I request you to reproduce it again, it is to serve as a warning to Catholics to be on the alert, to band themselves lawfully together, and be prepared to meet the insidious foe in all its shapes, wherever it appears; whether on the hustings or in the field of controversy. The spirit, object and aims of this anti-Christian Association are so vividly set forth in their oath that all well-disposed Protestants have good grounds for blushing at a name that has laid more cruelties and persecutions at their doors since its inception, in 1795, than can be laid to the charge of the combined secret societies of all Europe and America, including anarchists, nihilists, communists, know-nothings, &c. I would warn all my co-religionists of Ontario, where this poisonous reptile is raising its unregenerated head under a new name:—Beware now you cast your votes, in Municipal, Provincial or Dominion elections! The serpent tempted and allured our first parents from their duty and obedience to God; and the same serpent, under a disguised name and appearance in politics, may now try to allure you from your allegiance to duty, honesty, justice and religion. This monster of iniquity assumes many Protean shapes, but its initiation oath, if carefully read and well digested, should be an object lesson to Catholics of the Province of Ontario for their present and future guidance. A ship with the yellow flag of Orangeism flying at her prow is to be avoided as a hot-house of contagion and disease; so, also, is the pestilential atmosphere of P. P. Aism, and all its kindred branches. When the time arrives, meet them with a solid Catholic vote. In all else shun them—pay them home in their own coin, with a pure and unalloyed "Boycott." This is the way to bring cowardly Orangeism, and all other isms of a similar type, to their knees.

HENRY HARDING.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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A TIMELY ARTICLE.

The Catholic Cause in France.

However opinions may differ as to whether the latest tendencies of French foreign policy are pacific or otherwise, it is certain that from a Catholic point of view the internal state of the country is far more satisfactory than it was. A gradual change for the better has been taking place for some years past, interrupted it is true by some unfortunate incidents, such as the absurd prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix for writing a letter to the Minister of Public Worship which was held to treat so high a functionary with inadequate respect; nevertheless the state of things has been growing very much better than what it was before, during that period of religious persecution inaugurated by Gambetta with his cry "Le clericalism, viola l'ennemi!" and brought to its crisis by the atheistic zealot Jules Ferry. There were very dark days indeed for the Catholic cause in France. Politicians in power believed that there was a strong current of public opinion against the Church, and that the policy of the "priest eaters" was the one by which popularity was to be gained. There certainly was little sympathy in the country for the persecuted clergy and the religious orders, except in the higher social ranks. The people had become violently republican, and the clergy as a class, being strongly attached either to the Royal or Bonapartist cause, were regarded as political adversaries, and the whole official organization of the country, from the Cabinet down to the most insignificant clerk employed in the sub Prefecture, was directed against them. Persecution was carried so far that signs of a reaction were soon perceived at headquarters. Even M. Jules Ferry was compelled to recognize the fact that France was still a Catholic country and that although it might like to make its parish priests miserable for a while to punish them for their political leanings, it had not the slightest intention to do without priests. Children had still to be christened, and people had to be married and buried with befitting ceremony. The Frenchwoman, moreover, had to be reckoned with. She, while her husband went to anti-clerical meetings, sent her children to catechism and made elaborate preparations for their first Communion. M. Ferry long before he died is said to have regretted much of the zeal he had shown in the persecution of the Church; not because his conscience pricked him, but because his sagacity told him that he had miscalculated the resisting force of Catholicity in France, and that his anti-religious policy had gained him no staunch friends, but a multitude of irreconcilable adversaries. The threatening movement of Boulangism—so nearly crowned with success—proved among other things that the country had had more than enough of religious persecutions, and that what it desired most was internal peace. Boulanger had been shrewd enough to perceive the blunder that men of the party with which he had been associated and who gave him his chance had been making and one of the leading points in his programme was religious and civil pacification. He failed to achieve his end, but those who remained masters of the ground profited by the lessons he had given them. The last Parliament quite realised upon its election that it was the wish of the country that such burning coals as the separation of Church and State should be left untouched. And they were left untouched, except by a Radical minority without influence. Tactics were much changed or modified. Inspectors of communal schools received the hint that they were not obliged to notice every "religious emblem," even when they saw it, nor to mention in their reports that prayers were said contrary to the law, in certain schools. They were to be guided by the prevailing spirit in the locality. There are hundreds of communal schools in France, mostly girls schools, where the crucifix still hangs against the wall and where the lessons commence with Catholic prayers. The encyclicals and letters of Leo XIII. for the guidance of French Catholics have no doubt done much to soften down certain asperities in this country. The Chamber of Deputies, elected last August, and which has just opened its first session, promises to be more conciliatory to Catholic sentiments and interests than the last one. Moderate tendencies are very decidedly in the ascendant. Speaking in

behalf of two hundred Republican deputies, the other day, M. Raynal said: "We desire religious peace, not religious war. Whatever our theoretical aspirations may be as regards the future, we do not believe that we are called upon in this legislature to touch the questions of the separation of Church and State. The majority of the country has not asked for it." No, and a great change must take place in public feeling before it will be asked for. On the whole, therefore, the new Parliament commences its work under circumstances far more favorable to the Catholic cause in France than those which we have had at any time since the Republican became the settled form of Government.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

HOW TO BE A GOOD HUSBAND.

All husbands want to be helpful to their wives. Their intentions are all right, but they do not know how to go about it in such a way that their services will prove of value rather than act as hindrances. It does not follow that a man is a namby-pamby sort of a fellow because he has the knack of doing many little things about the house in a finished and systematic manner as a capable woman. It comes naturally to some to be helpful, while others try hard, but are continually in their own way, and manage to make more trouble by their clumsy efforts than the original duty would have occasioned.

The helpful man notes when the coal-cuttle needs filling or the grass requires cutting. He can, on a pinch, cook the breakfast or sweep the parlor. He does not walk over and around an article that has been dropped upon the floor, but picks it up and puts it in its proper place. If a rug is disarranged he quickly fixes it and straightens pictures or a cric-a-brac without being told to do so.

If curtains are to be hung, he gets the stepladder and does not contrive to break the best mirror in his passage from one room to the next with the aforesaid flight of steps. He knows where the tacks, pins and hammer are, and he does not call upon each individual member of the family to hand him the various articles that he drops on the floor.

If the baby cries at night, he does not make any uncomplimentary remarks, but is able to fix its food without burning a hole in the bottom of the saucepan or spilling the mixture over his wife or the howling infant.

And the last and crowning virtue that he possesses is that he can find his own possessions in a bureau-drawer without calling wife and children to assist him in search for something that is directly under his nose. The helpful man is a jewel, but, as we remarked before, he is a most decided rarity.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—Patent Spring.....\$3.65 @ 3.80 Patent Winter.....3.60 @ 3.85 Straight Roller.....3.00 @ 3.20 Extra.....2.75 @ 3.00 Superfine.....2.50 @ 2.70 Fine.....2.15 @ 2.30 City Strong Bakers.....3.40 @ 3.65 Manitoba Bakers.....3.25 @ 3.55 Ontario bags—extra.....1.35 @ 1.40 Straight Rollers.....1.40 @ 1.45 Superfine.....1.15 @ 1.30 Fine.....1.00 @ 1.10 Feed.—Sales of car lots have been made on track at \$15.50 to \$16. Short lots of fine quality have changed hands at \$16.50 to \$17.00. Moultrie is quiet at \$20 to \$22 as to quality. Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.50. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.10. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.05 to \$2.10, and standard, \$1.85 to \$1.95. Wheat.—No 2 spring for May sold down to 67c yesterday, at 67c on a through rate of freight to Liverpool of 25c per 100 lbs. In Manitoba wheat No 1 hard 1 held at 61c. Port Arthur with 61c bid. No 1 hard at Brandon is quoted at 41c and No. 2 at 43c. Here prices are purely nominal. Corn.—Prices are nominal at 60c to 61c in car lots. Peas.—We quote No. 2 at 67c to 68c. In the Stratford section sales are reported at 61c to 61c per 60 lbs. Oats.—Lots at 37c to 38c for 34 lbs for No. 2; No. 3 are quoted at 34c. Mixed oats have sold in the West for export at 39c on a 80c through freight to Liverpool. Barley.—No 1 Malting barley is offered freely at 60c in car lots. Feed is quoted at 42c to 43c. Malt.—Sales are reported at 70c to 75c. Buckwheat.—Here we quote 52c to 55c. Rye.—In this market prices are purely nominal at 52c to 53c. Sales in the West, however, have been made at 45c. A sale was made here at 68c. Seeds.—Red clover was sold West of Toronto at \$5.00 for Montreal account, and prices are quoted here at \$7.10 to \$8.25 per bushel. Alsike is steady at \$7.10 to \$7.25. Western Timothy is quiet at \$3 to \$4.25.

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PROVISIONS.

Pork. Lard, &c.—We quote: Canada short cut pork per bbl. \$17.50 @ 18.00 Canada clear mess, per bbl. 17.00 @ 17.50 Chicago clear mess, per bbl. 17.00 @ 18.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 17.00 @ 17.25 Ham, per lb. 12 @ 13c Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 11 1/2 @ 12c Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 10 @ 11c Bacon, per lb. 11 1/2 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb. 10 @ 10 1/2c Dressed Hogs.—Holders in the West asking \$8.25 which means \$8.80 laid down here. We quote prices here \$6.55 to \$8.60. At any rate the market is firm at the moment at \$6.80 per 100 lbs. for car lots.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Creamery, August.....22c to 24c Creamery Sep. and Oct.....22c to 24c Eastern Townships.....22c to 24c Western.....18c to 20c For single tubs of selected, 1c per lb may be added to the above. Cheese.—Finest Western colored.....11c to 11 1/2c Finest Western white.....11c to 11 1/2c Finest Quebec.....1 1/2c to 1 1/4c Underpiced.....10c to 10 1/2c Liverpool cable white.....55c to 56c Liverpool cable colored.....55c to 56c

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of Montreal limed have taken place at 16c to 17c. Fresh long stock is firm with sales at 22c to 24c and for nearby guaranteed stock more money has been realized. Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys meet with ready sale at 10c to 10 1/2c. Good frozen stock and fairly well at 9c to 10c and scalded at 9c. Nice young chickens properly dressed for this market are in good demand with sales at 8c. Scalded chickens have sold at 6c to 6c per lb. Ducks are in good request, and sales have been made 8c to 9c, a lot of fancy dry-picked bringing 10c. Geese are not in such urgent demand although a fair amount of stock has been disposed of at 6c for nicely dressed stock, an occasional handsome dry-picked lot bringing 8c, while common stock is offered at 5c. Game.—Partridges have sold at 50c to 60c per brace. Honey.—White clover honey in comb at 12c to 13c. Dark buckwheat comb is quoted at 10c to 12c. Extracted 7c to 8c for new, and 6c to 6c for old. Maple Products.—Syrup 60c to 65c in cans as to quality, and 4c to 5c in wood as to quality. Dark sugar 6c, and we quote 6c to 7c. Loose Hay, etc.—Sold at from \$6.50 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs each as to quality, the inside price for dark cow hay and the outside for prime clean Timothy. Loose straw \$3.00 to \$5.00 as to quality and condition. Saled Hay, etc.—At \$10.00 to \$10.50 for No 1 Timothy and \$9.00 to \$9.50 for No. 2. There is also some demand at country points for No. 2 shipping hay at \$8.00 to \$9.00 per ton. Beans.—Jobbing lots are quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.50 for good to choice hand picked, and other kinds all the way from \$1.00 to \$1.25.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—No. 1 selling at \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel for round lots and No. 2 from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per barrel. Grapes.—At \$3.75 to \$5.00 per barrel as to weight and quality. Catawba grapes are selling from 2 1/2c to 3c per box. Grape Fruit.—Quoted from \$5.00 to \$8.50 per box. Oranges.—Florida oranges are in good demand from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box according to size. Lemons.—We quote from \$5.50 to \$6.00 per box. Onions.—There is a slight decline in Spanish at 80c to 85c per cwt. Potatoes.—From 60c to 65c per bag in car lots on track. Beans.—The demand is limited, at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per bushel. Cranberries.—Are quoted from \$6.00 to \$7.00 per bushel. Pears.—A lot of pears are in fair demand at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per box. Peas.—Are selling well from 8c to 10c per lb. for choice white fancy are selling from 12c to 13c per lb. Dates.—Are in good demand at \$1 to 5 1/2c per lb. Cocoa-Nuts.—Are in limited demand at \$1 per sack of 100.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—Shore herring are quiet but firm at \$1.25 to \$1.50, in good sized lots, 2 mince Labrador selling at \$5.00 to \$5.25 per bbl. Green cod, N. 1 is quoted at \$4.50 to \$5.00 and is quiet at \$4.50 to \$5.00 per bbl. Labrador salmon in 11-cans at \$2.50 to \$2.75 for No. 1, and \$1.80 for No. 2; in bulk \$2.50 to \$3.00. Oil.—Steam refined special oil continues firm at 48c to 50c. N. W. oil and cod oil is steady at 81c to 85c, and cod liver oil 65c to 68c for W. and 45c to 48c for old.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradual without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Impness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO. Proprietors, Toronto

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DESPITE THE REIGNING PONTIFF'S GOOD HEALTH, SPECULATION IS RIFE.

Joan of Arc's Beatification—Italian Freemasons and Their Anti-Clerical Congress—A Martyred Priest's Memory

PARIS, Dec. 1.—From Rome I learn that although the Holy Father's health continues satisfactory, the great age of the Pontiff is causing anxious thoughts and much speculation as to who will succeed to the chair of Peter. Pope Leo XIII. is a magnificent personality, towering by right of intellect, piety and majesty over all the governors of this world. His superiority is even recognized by States in which the Church has but slight hold. Men are wondering who is there in the Sacred College capable of filling the place of the present Pontiff. Thanks be to God, the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost in the Church will direct all things for good. But from a human standpoint it is not unlawful to discuss a matter of such tremendous issues to the Christian world.

Cardinal Paracchi's name is not mentioned as much as formerly. Cardinal Monaco Valita is scarcely in the state of health to bear the burden. Cardinal Rampolla's French tendencies would meet with opposition from Italy and Austria. Cardinal Ledochowski, who is an Imperial favor, would be distasteful to France. Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli and Cardinal di Pietro are persons of high distinction both as diplomatists and prelates, and attention is naturally turned in their direction. But perhaps Cardinal Galimberti is looked to as the most liked of all. He wields tremendous influence in the Sacred College, and his political views are wide and enlightened. In the meanwhile may our Divine Lord preserve for many years the present Pontiff gloriously reigning.

JOAN OF ARC.

Although I am inclined to accept the statement with reserve, I am informed that there is some hitch in the proceedings relative to the proposed beatification of Joan of Arc. It is even said the process may fall through. There is no dispute as to the great virtue and patriotic mission of the Maid of Orleans, but it is felt that there is not sufficient evidence of the heroic sanctity required by the Church for enrolling her among the saints. The devotion of the French to the Holy Maid is natural and commendable enough, but this is a matter which concerns the Church Universal, and so far no miracles have been worked by her intercession. Other signs required by the Congregation of Rites are also said to be wanting.

SLAP IN THE FACE FOR FREEMASONS.

The Italian Liberals made a great boast of the Anti-Clerical Congress they proposed to hold in the Eternal City a few weeks ago; but now they have been obliged to announce its postponement to 1895. The pretext is that that will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the destruction of the temporal power, and therefore the "better the day, the better the deed!" The real reason, however, it must be confessed, is that notwithstanding every effort on the part of the Freemasons, the idea fell flat, and a spare attention would have exposed them to ridicule. Moreover, the scheme was not favored by the government, which was scarcely prepared to allow so wanton an insult to the Supreme Pontiff.

FUNERAL OF FATHER ICARD.

On November 24th the mortal remains of the Abbe Icard, the nonagenarian superior general of the Sulpician Fathers and rector of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were committed to their last earthly resting place in the Cemetery of Isey. The funeral ceremonies were of a most imposing character. At 10 a.m. the coffin was borne from the seminary to the Church of St. Sulpice, where a plain catafalque had been erected. The Mass for the Dead was celebrated by the parish priest, Canon Meritan, in presence of Monsignor Ferrata, the Apostolic Nuncio; Cardinal Ricard, Archbishop of Paris; Mgr. Coullie, Archbishop of Lyons; the Bishops of Versailles, Chartres, Puy, Meaux and Tenarre and the Abbots of La Trappe, Chambrand and Liffuge. The Sulpician Fathers were

represented by the superiors of the different houses of the congregation in France. Mgr. d'Hulst assisted at the function in his quality of rector of the Catholic University of Paris.

The personal holiness of the deceased was remarkable, and he has left a memory which will be treasured up by thousands of priests all over the world who have known and loved Father Icard during different portions of a long life consecrated wholly to the greater glory of God.—*Correspondence of the Catholic Times.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

In the December Consistory the Pope will create eight Cardinals, of which four are of foreign nationality.

A Redemptorist Monastery, the erection of which has cost over £13,000, was opened recently at Ballarat, Australia.

A new Catholic college, costing \$110,000, is to be built at Sioux Falls, S.D., close to Bishop Marty's residence.

Bishop Keane lectured in Boston, at the Boston theatre, on Sunday, Nov. 26. His subject was "The Future of Religion."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstman blessed last week the magnificent new Ursuline Convent, Cleveland, O. The entire cost of the convent is estimated at about \$200,000.

The Benedictine Abbey of Braunau, in Bohemia, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. This is the most ancient house in the kingdom of St. Wenceslaus.

Mr. Thorpe, for many years rector of the Cleveland Cathedral, goes to the Immaculate Conception of that city. Father Burke, rector of the Cathedral in Dubuque, goes to Waterloo, Iowa.

Lady Herbert of Lee, the Dowager Duchess of New Castle, the Dowager Lady Denbigh and Lady Margaret Howard, sister of the Duke Norfolk, are faithful workers among the Catholic poor of London.

Rev. Edward T. Dunne was consecrated Bishop of Dallas, Tex., at the Church of All Saints, in Chicago, on Nov. 30. Archbishop Feehan was the consecrator, and Archbishops Janssens, Ireland, Katzer, and Ryan were present.

During the past year very extensive renovations have been made on the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, and the estimated cost of the improvements is \$150,000. The ceremony of unveiling the cathedral will take place before Christmas, and promises to be an elaborate and imposing one.

No one, says a Paris correspondent, could have a more peaceful or happier death than Marshal MacMahon. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and after he had made his confession to the Abbe Auvray and received Extreme Unction his life quietly ebbed away.

Rev. John J. Gray, pastor of St. James Church, Salem, Mass., died on last Sunday. He was the second priest ordained by Archbishop Williams. Previous to his death he had been in poor health for years, and on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on Dec. 25, 1891, he was unable to celebrate the Mass.

The entire congregation of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, was nearly asphyxiated, Nov. 13, by escaping gas. So gradually had they inhaled the gas that no one observed its effect until one of the altar boys fell over into a priest's arms. Even then so stupefied had the congregation become that the fainting of the boy caused no excitement. A

member of the congregation who happened to come late to church noticed the smell of gas and the sleepy condition of the congregation, and at once opened doors and windows, thus doubtless saving many lives.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the Hospital of St. Hedwige, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. Its report for 1892, just issued, shows that during last year 5,840 were admitted to the hospital. The majority of these were non-Catholics, the exact numbers being 2,248 Catholics, 3,311 Protestants and 60 Jews.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the distinguished novelist, read from his own works before a large and appreciative audience, in the study hall of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Chester square, Boston, on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 17, under the patronage of the Children of Mary, and for the benefit of their vestment fund. Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, presided, and among the audience were Rev. John A. Buckley, S.J., Henry J. Smandelle, S.J., and Timothy Bronnahan, S.J., of Boston College.

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

COTTOLENE

instead of lard. None but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

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These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ANTHRA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 58 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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THE GRIPPE EPIDEMIC.

A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN CHOLERA.

Medical Science Powerless to Prevent its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada with Great Severity—How its Evil Effects Can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of la grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled, and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with la grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of la grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake, and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form; not so severe, perhaps, as on the former occasion, but with sufficient violence to cause grave alarm, and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimshy, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that it would reach this continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That la grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of a hundred deaths were due to this trouble, and medical science is powerless to prevent its spread, and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from la grippe and the misery it is causing would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after effects of la grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself, and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs, an indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis and many other distressing symptoms. In removing the after effects of la grippe, or for fortifying the system to withstand its shock, no remedy has met with as great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the blood, restore shattered nerves, and place the sufferer in a condition of sound health. In proof of these statements we reproduce a few letters speaking in the strongest and most positive terms as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of la grippe or influenza.

Mr. George Ross, Bednersville, Ont., says:—"I am well to-day and do not hesitate giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the credit of saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe and was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. I had no appetite. I could not sleep because my legs and feet became badly swollen and cramped. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so discouraged I did not think I could live more than a few months, when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I sent for a box of Pink Pills, and by the time it was gone there was an improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep, and the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable, had disappeared, and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills that brought about the change, because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age."

Capt. James McKay, Tiverton, N.S., says:—"I had la grippe about three years ago and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse for an invalid gentleman. The weather was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at

night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used up and continued to get worse until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation as though a thousand needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. It was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes almost closed. The doctors could do nothing for me. I suffered terribly, was only a burden to my friends and actually longed for death, which all thought was in store for me. At this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought there might be a chance for me. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances, who never expected to see me around again. I feel it my duty to advise the use of Pink Pills by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. They saved my life, and you may be sure I am grateful."

John W. Boothe, Newcombe Mills, Ont., says:—"Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good I have received from the use of your Pink Pills. I had my full share of la grippe and it left me in a weak and debilitated condition. My nerves were unstrung and I was unable to hold anything, such as a saucer of tea, in my hands without spilling it. I had terrible pains in my head and stomach, and although I consulted a good physician I derived no benefit. I made up my mind to use your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I now look upon the decision as an inspiration, so great is the benefit I have derived from the use of this marvellous remedy. My pains have vanished, my nerves are strengthened, and I am feeling better than I have done before in years."

Mr. W. A. Marshall, principal of the Clementsport, N. S., Academy, says:—"I had a bad attack of la grippe which left me weak, nervous and badly used up. I suffered almost continually with terrible headaches, hiccups and pains through the body. I tried many remedies without receiving any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the use of seven boxes has made me feel like a new man, as I am now as strong as I was before my sickness. I can heartily recommend them to others so afflicted."

Mr. B. Cronter, Warkworth, Ont., brother of Rev. Darius Cronter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons, says:—"Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. When I get up in the morning, instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I believe Pink Pills have no equal for building up the blood, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Scores of other equally strong recommendations might be quoted, but the above will suffice to prove the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing all the evil effects of la grippe or influenza, and those who have in any degree suffered from this dangerous malady should lose no time in fortifying the system by the judicious use of Pink Pills. They are the only remedy that strike at the root of the trouble and thoroughly eradicate its bad effects. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and do not be persuaded to try something else. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

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We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warehouses, which have been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

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Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais,
Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.
Lavaltrie, December 27th, 1892.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers,
St. Felix de Valois.

I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.

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This Week's Programme.

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The following list may assist you in selecting a Xmas Present :

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- Winter Jackets, from \$2.50 to \$4.00.
- Winter Capes, from \$3.50 to \$75.00.
- Fur Capes, from \$7.00 to \$45.00.
- Fur Ruffs, from \$2.25 to \$10.00.
- Fur Muffs, from 99c to \$12.00.
- Fur Caps, from \$2.55 to \$18.00.
- Fur Collars, from \$1.85 to \$14.50.
- White Handkerchiefs, from 24c to \$4.00 per dozen.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, 17c to \$1.00 each.
- Umbrellas, 25c to \$7.00.
- Kid Gloves, 35c to \$1.75 per pair.
- Lined Kid Gloves, \$1.00 to \$3.60.
- Black Silks, 88c to \$3.70 per yard.
- Colored Silks, 24c to \$1.80 per yard.
- Dress Patterns, 85c to \$16.00 each.
- Print Dress Patterns, 85c to \$1.50.
- Lace Collarettes, \$1.85 to \$7.00.
- Lace Handkerchiefs, \$1.00 to \$13.00.
- White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 4c to 75c.
- Morning Wrappers, 90c to \$1.00.

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PRESENTS FOR THE HOME.

- Chenille Curtains, \$3.65 to \$16.00.
- Lace Curtains, 45c to \$1.00.
- Silk Curtains, \$9.60 to \$39.00.
- Down Chabrous, 75c to \$3.75.
- Rice Portieres, \$1.87 to \$2.25.
- White Blankets, \$1.95 to \$17.80.
- Patent Carpet Sweepers.
- Eiderdown Quilts, \$5.50 to \$40.
- Parlor Carpets, 22c to \$1.50 per yard.
- Carpet Squares, \$1.05 to \$67.00.
- Rugs, 24c to \$24.00.
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Umbrellas and Walking Sticks.

- Ladies' Umbrellas, 50c to \$2.00.
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- Umbrellas with Fancy Handles in Ivory, Silver, Gold and Oxidized Mounted Handles.
- Gentlemen's Umbrellas, 50c to \$2.00.
- Extra Qualities, \$2.50 to \$10.00.
- Gentlemen's Walking Sticks, 25c to \$10.00 each.
- Umbrellas and Canes with Gold, Silver, Ivory, Oxidized Handles.

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The Best Value, Best Assortment of Tools, Toys, Games and Picture Books for Xmas Presents is in

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Come and bring your friends to see the Xmas Grotto in the basement of S. Carsley's Store, Notre Dame st., Montreal.

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- All-wool Dress Patterns, 85c.
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- Special Bargains all this week in S. Carsley's Dress Goods Department.

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MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.

DEAR SIRS:—With reference to "Buffalo" Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last year, we are pleased to say that we find the same very satisfactory in every respect.

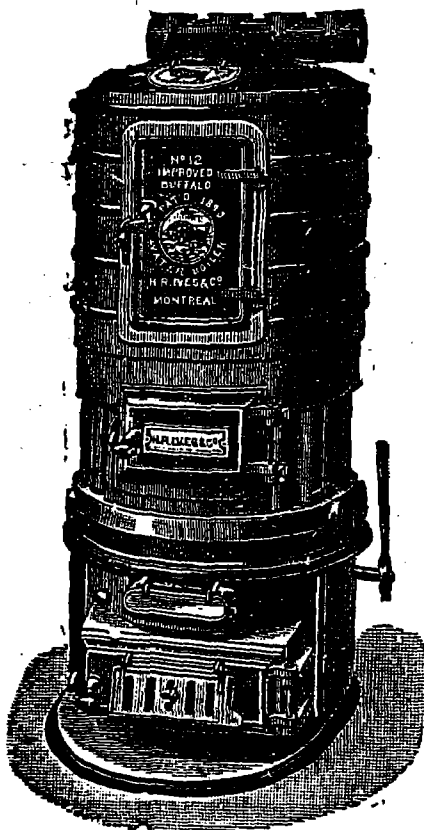
Yours respectfully,

(Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,

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Telephone 1943.

T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.



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Single First-Class Fare

December 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, good to return until December 26th, and on December 29th, 30th, 31st, 1893, and January 1st, 1894, good to return until January 2nd, 1894.

—ALSO AT—

FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

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- Cashmere Mufflers, 25c to \$1.15.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, 15c to \$1.85.
- Initial Silk Handkerchiefs, 35c to \$1.00.
- Silk Umbrellas, \$1.75 to \$5.00.
- Kid Gloves, 25c to \$1.70.
- Lined Kid Gloves, \$1.00 to \$2.25.
- Braces, 25c to \$2.25.
- Scarfs and Ties, 15c to \$1.10.
- Collars, \$1.20 to \$3.00 per dozen.
- Cuffs, \$3.00 to \$3.60 per dozen.
- Linen Handkerchiefs, 90c to \$1.80 per half dozen.
- Collar and Cuff Wallets, \$1.00.

PRESENTS FOR GIRLS.

- Winter Jackets, \$1.00 to \$25.
- Winter Capes, \$2.50 to \$45.
- Fur Capes, \$7.00 to \$45.00.
- Fur Caps, \$2.45 to \$17.00.
- Fur Collars, \$1.85 to \$14.50.
- Fur Muffs, 85c to \$10.
- Fur Ruffs, \$2.25 to \$10.
- Kid Gloves, 35c to \$2.50.
- Lined Kid Gloves, 95c to \$3.50.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, 7c to \$1.50.
- Lawn & Linen Handkerchiefs 2c to 50c.
- Lace Collars, 20c to \$4.00.
- Ready-made Dresses, \$1.75 to \$12.00.
- White Initial Handkerchiefs, 9c to 55c.
- Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 20c to 75c.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS.

- Tweed Suits, \$1.65 to \$10.
- Overcoats, \$1.35 to \$10.
- Overstockings, 85c to 95c.
- Fur Caps.
- Rigby Overcoats, \$8.70.
- Initial Handkerchiefs.
- Kid Gloves.
- Lined Kid Gloves.
- Braces 10c to 25c.
- Ties and Scarfs, 8c to 50c.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, 15c to 75c.
- White Handkerchiefs, 2c to 25c each.

Presents for Young Children.

- Gray Fur Coats, \$7.50 to \$22.00.
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 - A Pretty Sash.
 - Silk Handkerchiefs, 7c to 25c.
 - Mitts or Gloves.
 - A New Dress.
 - A New Mantle.
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 - China Silk Dresses, from \$2.50.
 - Eiderdown Cloaks, from \$3.25.
 - Eiderdown Coats, from \$2.00.
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