

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

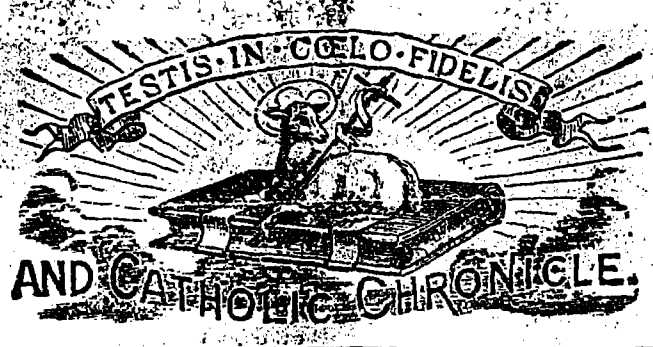
Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

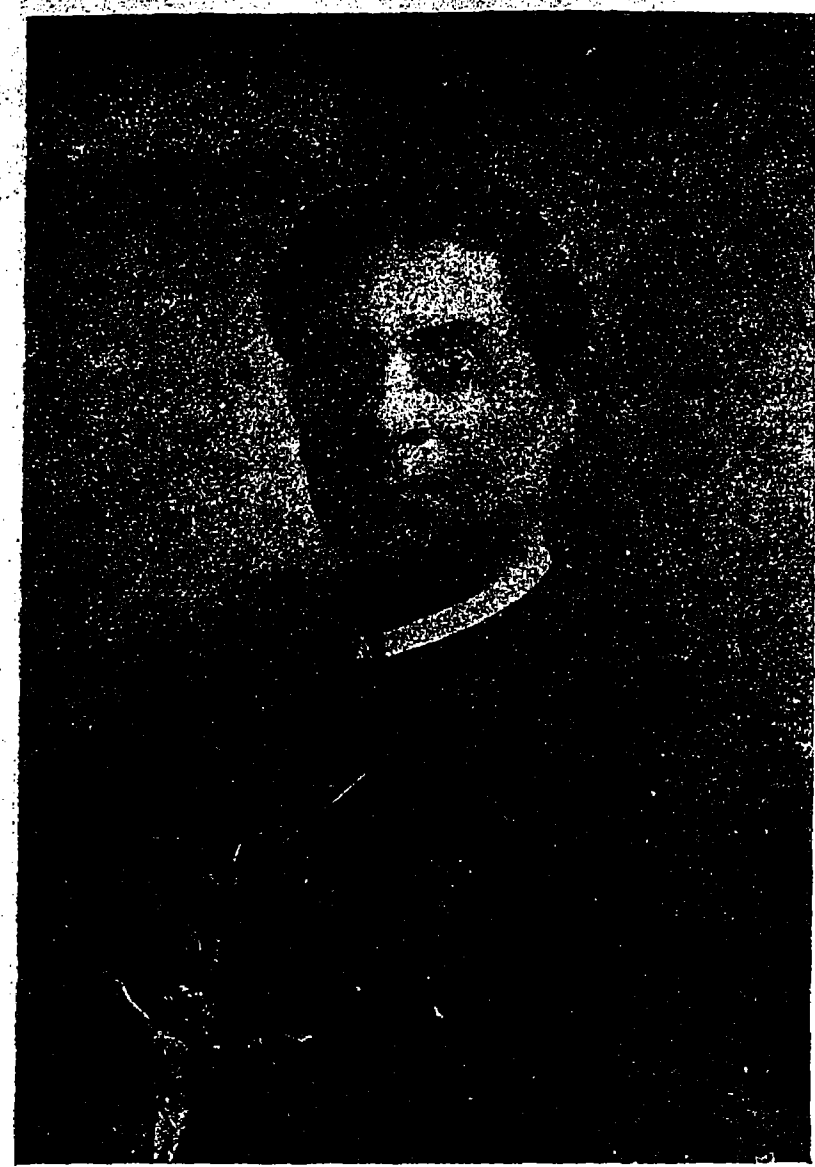
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The True Witness



MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1899. PRICE FIVE CENTS



REV. ELIAS YOUNAN, C.S.P.

Rev. Elias Younan was born in Calcutta, India, of purely Syrian parents. His father a native of the ancient Ninevah, spoke the language of our Lord, the Syro-Caldaic or Aramaic, and the family claim to have received the faith handed down to them from the very Apostles. Father Younan was educated in Calcutta. He took the highest honors in literature and science and exchanged the bar for the pulpit. Ordained in Calcutta in 1879, he spent 18 years of his life as a missionary among the Pagans. He joined the Paulists in February, 1893, and has ever since given missions all over the States to Catholics and non-Catholics. He is the first Catholic priest who was privileged to preach for a week in the tabernacle of the assembly hall of the Mormons in Salt Lake City, Utah, last June. He is to begin a very important non-Catholic

mission in St. Patrick's, Montreal. Lectures to non-Catholics by the Rev. Father Younan, a native of India, and a member of the Paulist Fathers of New York, in St. Patrick's Church Montreal, will open Sunday, the 7th of January, and close on Sunday, the 14th of January, 1900. The subjects to be treated are of vital importance, and concern our happiness here, our eternal destiny hereafter. All are invited to attend regardless of creed or denomination. There will be no controversy, and the services which begin every evening at 7.30 will be conducted in the spirit of charity, the true bond between Catholics and their separated Brethren in Christ Jesus. Catholics are allowed to attend the services only when accompanied by their non-Catholic relatives and friends.

N.B.—Put in the Question-Box any question you wish answered.

benefits received during the course of the present century, and owing to the urgent necessities of the times, that greater favor be implored in order to begin auspiciously the new era.

"Therefore, in order that the approaching year, 1900, may begin happily through the supplication of the assistance of God and His Only Begotten Son, our Redeemer, and that it may end, after a prosperous course, by ushering in a still more happy century, as it is right for us to expect; Our Most Holy Father, Leo XIII., graciously conceives that, with prudent consent of the Ordinary of every place, midnight of the 31st day of December, both of the closing and of the coming year, in all churches and chapels where the Most

Blessed Sacrament is rightfully kept, the same Most August Sacrament may be exposed to adoration; and permission is given to read or to sing at the same hour "Coram Sanctissimo," or Mass of the Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord and the Octave of the Nativity; and permission is given, by special favor, to the faithful to receive Holy Communion either during the Mass or after it; all necessary conditions to be observed.

"All things to the contrary, notwithstanding, 13th day November, 1899.

(Signed) C. Bishop of Pragone Card. Mezzella, Prefect.

Sacred Congregation of Rites.

D. PANICI, Secretary.

BEHIND GRIM WALLS.

Sunday morning at the hour when the average good citizen is about beginning to think of the possibility of rising to dive into the morning paper, a little band of devoted Catholic young men are making their way toward the melancholy fortress, the State Penitentiary, bent on an errand of mercy and comfort to many despairing souls within.

For several years they have been doing this work, and their long, weary story of repulses, indignities, disappointments and other hardships and misadventures as compensation, is a long story which must be cut short because only those who have passed through it can well realize the full force of these things.

Mass at the regular Sunday morning services.

At 7.45 o'clock each Sunday morning Mass is celebrated in the commodious chapel of the prison and immediately following it the prisoners divide themselves into groups in various parts of the room where they are joined by their instructors, and the lesson for the day begins. Father Kelly has asked for, and is about to receive permission from the proper authority, to have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the morning immediately following the Mass.

Gathered under the leadership of Rev. F. L. Kelly, these gentlemen are Messrs. Charles Ober, Frank Ogier, Dennis Buckley, John Brown and James A. Quinn, all of St. Patrick's parish. Until a short time ago, when business engagements demanded their full time, Messrs. Michael A. Leman and Walter Hamilton, were associated with the others in teaching and conferring with the prisoners at the penitentiary.

The ordinary work of the instructors is necessarily of a very elementary character, for many of their pupils have become so steeped in crime and have been for so long away from anything connected with the faith that they hardly know how to make the sign of the cross. Such ones are first taught the ordinary prayers and then by slow and tedious degrees they are worked into the catechism and the doctrines of religion are gradually brought back to their long darkened intelligence.

In the great mass of criminals gathered here from all parts of the nation and for every conceivable offense, there are perhaps 250 who are of some sort, or should be, Catholics. Of this number about 250 are members of the classes taught by Father Kelly and his assistants and their

Every chance is given the members of this prison class. While dutiful and faithful, their sincerity of purpose is not questioned. They are treated like men and brothers who are honest in the desire for the uplifting influences of religion.—Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

Despatches from Ottawa state that the council sat for four hours on Wednesday finishing up the details with respect to the second contingent, and at 6.30 o'clock Hon. Dr. Borden, minister of Militia gave out the formal announcement that the contingent will consist of three squadrons of mounted rifles, totalling 531 men of all ranks and 536 horses, and three batteries of field artillery, totalling 531 men of all ranks, 393 horses and eighteen 12-pounder breech-loading guns of the most modern type. This makes a grand total of 1,044 men and 929 horses. The mounted rifles will have for its nucleus one and a half squadrons of North-West Mounted Police, ex-police-men and others qualified as horsemen, scouts and good shots. These men will be recruited throughout Manitoba and the North-West at Mounted Police outposts. The remaining one and a half squadrons will be recruited at the regimental headquarters of every cavalry regiment in Canada.

stand at Stormberg and are massing a great force at the abandoned British camp. One commando of 2,000 consists chiefly of rebel Dutch.

"The Boer position already formidable on December 11, has since been greatly strengthened, extending for an area of twelve miles. It is entrenched according to most modern methods throughout its entire length wire fences have been placed before all the trenches at every point; guns have been got into position and there is every evidence that the Boers are well supplied with ammunition. Only a powerful attacking force can hope to make a successful assault."

The news comes from London as we go to press that the gravity of the military is again becoming accentuated in the public mind, owing to the complete absence of news. Nothing has been heard from Lord Methuen since Sunday, and it is feared that his communications have been cut off.

The latest despatches received seem to show that the British forces are standing on the defensive at all points. General Buller is ordering the troops now arriving at Cape Town to proceed to Durban to reinforce the Natal column. Absence of news from him has led to the surmise that he is trying to join General White by a flanking movement.

Further accounts of the Tugela River battle, according to English correspondents, emphasize the ignorance of the British intelligence department in regard to the disposition of the Boer forces. The British were not aware that the Boers were entrenched along a series of low-lying hills immediately northward of Colenso bridge, until a staggering fire compelled them to retreat, when the attack seemed about to succeed. The Boers also were in greater strength than anticipated. It becomes clearer that the British guns were lost in attempting to get within effective range of the Boer artillery, showing the latter outwitted the British ordnance, which in spite of numerical superiority, was wholly inadequate to reply to the long range Boer guns.

There was no news this morning to enlighten the general situation. The War Office reported that General French reconnoitred northward of Arundel on December 18. After shelling Jansfontein farm, three miles eastward of the Boer position, the New Zealanders advanced and occupied the farm. The Boer guns then opened and the Boers advanced to the attack so General French ordered a retirement.

The London Daily News has the following despatch from Cape Town, dated Saturday, December 16:
"The Boers intend to make a big

VEUILLOT'S MONUMENT.

On the 30th November, in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, in Paris, took place the unveiling of a monument to Louis Veuillot. This memorial which is the conception of Faeger, an eminent artist of the day, is in accord with the general impression left on the world by the life and works of the great writer. The bust of Veuillot is placed between two figures, "Faith" and "Strife." These two are symbols of the author's entire career. His attachment to the Faith, and his gigantic struggles in the interest of the Catholic cause, constitute the two most important characteristics of his life. Behind these figures may be seen the shadowy sketches of St. Peter's of Rome and Notre Dame, of Paris. What a splendid subject for a pen dipped in the electric fluid of religious inspiration.

his bones are carried to the national Pantheon and there enshrined amongst the "immortals" whose works have been far from calculated to benefit the only "immortal" part of his being. But when it is a question of a man whose pen glittered like a sabre in the haze of conflict, whose armor was that of religion, whose life was one of gigantic struggle in defence of Truth, and of whom it can be most emphatically said, that he "has fought the good fight"; when, we say, it is the case of such a man, were it not for his works which must live despite the indifference of the world, he would soon sink into oblivion. We do not claim that the great editor of "L'Univers" was entirely above criticism, but he certainly stood out as the foremost lay defender of Catholicity during the lengthy period of his life. We do not pretend that he was always perfection in his writings or methods; but decidedly he was an epoch-making character. He deserved an amount of recognition far beyond that which is accorded to the most conspicuous exponents of grand principles. It is, however, a pleasure to know that at last Catholic France has paid a debt due the memory of the foremost Catholic journalist and "littérateur." It is also becoming that it should be in the grand Basilica of the Sacred Heart, on the Martyr's Hill, a temple which he loved, even as he was devoted to the Sacred Heart.

That Louis Veuillot should be so honored in death is not a matter of surprise; but that his death should have taken place sixteen years before any commemoration of his life and works was inaugurated, is a reason to deplore that indifference which causes men to forget in short space even those who engrossed for long years the world's attention. The moment one of the leading freethinkers, free-masons, or free-living "littérateurs" dies, his praises are sung in every key, his remains are honored with almost idolatrous rites.

A NEW MASS.

The name of Professor Fowler has long been a household word wherever, in Canada and especially in Montreal, the beauties and charms of church music are appreciated. Apart from his grand reputation as an organist and choir-organizer, Professor Fowler has composed three very fine Masses. During his last vacation time, he devoted himself to the composition of a fourth Mass entitled a "Mass in honor of St. Joseph." This production is said to surpass any previous work by the same composer. On Christmas night the lovers of sacred music will have an opportunity of enjoying and appreciating Professor Fowler's last contribution to the somewhat restricted list of Canadian Masses. It may be mentioned that this new and

masterly production, has been dedicated, with a delicacy indicative of the author's fine sentiments, to Mr. Robert Warren, President of St. Patrick's Choir. Mr. Warren enjoys the distinctive honor of being the only living member of the choir whose connection therewith dates back almost to the building of St. Patrick's Church. For over half a century has this warm-hearted Irish Catholic citizen been prominent actively as a chorister of St. Patrick's. In choosing Mr. Warren as the one to whom this grand Mass would be dedicated, Professor Fowler gave a touching evidence of his kindly sentiments towards and deep interest in the members of St. Patrick's choir. The composition is a credit to the composer, who has doubly honored himself in so dedicating his masterpiece.

INAUGURATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH

As announced in a previous issue, the grand inauguration of this sacred edifice with its wealth of new decorations, will take place at Midnight Mass. The church has been in the hands of artist workmen for a period of nearly eight months and the enthusiastic and zealous pastor, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, is to be congratulated upon the magnificent improvements that have been carried out under his loving care. St. Mary's is quite safe to say, now ranks as one of the prettiest Catholic temples in this Province. In our next issue we will give our readers a more detailed account of the work, which it is said, will cost nearly \$10,000.

The choir has prepared a special programme for the occasion. It is as follows:—Assisted by an efficient orchestra the "Messe de Faneonier," will be given. At the offertory

Wilson's "Adesto Fideles," solo, duet and chorus. Solists, Messrs. Hammell and Emblem. At the Low Mass, Christmas Hymns. The same music will be repeated at Grand Mass on Christmas Day. In the evening at 7.30. Musical Vespers and Benediction. At Benediction—Cor. Jesu-Wilson—"Eunetus" Faneonier, "Sub Tuum" D'Atjou, "Tantum Ergo," Wilson "Laudate," Novello. Soloists:—1st tenors, Messrs. J. A. Hammell, J. Clelland, L. Prevost, W. Kelly, 2nd tenors, J. Emblem, J. Phelan.

Bassos, T.C. and A. Emblem, leader of orchestra, Prof. Wm. Sullivan, Conductor, Mr. J. B. Paquette, Organist and musical director, Prof. J. Wilson.

Visitors may secure reserved seats for the occasion in advance at the prosbtery or at the church door on the evening.

RECENT DEATHS.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Miss Rose Ellen Booth, wife of Mr. Louis G. Derval, (formerly of Duluth), and daughter of Mr. William Booth of this city. The sad event took place at the residence of her brother, Mr. George H. Booth, 97 Shaw Street. Deceased was well known in this city, and highly respected for her many noble qualities, of mind and heart. The funeral which took place Friday morning was largely attended. The remains were brought to St. Mary's Church, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted for the repose of her soul by Rev. Father McDermott. Among the chief mourners were:—Messrs. L.

G. Derval, William Booth, George Booth, J. H. Kennedy and P. Derval.—R.I.P.

Mrs. John Dunn, an estimable and valued member of St. Anthony's parish passed to her reward a few days ago. She was well known in St. Patrick's where she had worshipped for many years.—R.I.P.

Some of the best lessons we ever learn we learn from our mistakes and failures. The error of the past is the wisdom and success of the future.

Temptations are the crises which test the strength of one's character. Whether we stand or fall at these crises depends largely on what we are before the testing comes.

EXTRAORDINARY MIDNIGHT MASSES.

As an evidence of how imperfectly some of the most important non-Catholic journals are acquainted with the practices and teachings of the Church, we might quote from the New York Post, of the 16th. instant. It is well known that in order to sanctify the night of December 31, 1900, the International Committee for the Solemn Homage asked the Holy Father to grant permission for the celebration of midnight Mass in all the churches of the world, and for the faithful privilege of receiving Holy Communion at that time. The Holy Father not only graciously acceded to the request, but in order that the faithful might at the beginning of the Holy Year greet the author of time, he extended the concession so that the Midnight Mass may be said on the 31st of December, 1899, as well as on Dec. 31, 1900. During this Mass the Blessed Sacrament may be solemnly exposed, with the prudent permission of the Ordinary, and the faithful may receive Holy Communion. This is the most extraordinary permission of the whole reign of Leo XIII., and it shows how intent his wishes are fixed on the celebration of the Holy Year as well as on the International Homage to the Redeemer of mankind.

In this connection we have an aptly edited and generally well-informed journal like the "Post," telling its readers that:

"By special dispensation of the Pope the privilege of celebrating Midnight Mass on Christmas eve has been granted to members of the Roman Catholic Church. This will be a rare event in American dioceses and its passing will be marked by due rites and ceremonies. Ordinarily Mass on Christmas Day is not publicly celebrated before daylight, because of the customary making and festivities which usually take place the night before, but on account of the ap-

proach of the year 1900, the coming Christmas is to form an exception."

This must sound funny in Catholic ears. Imagine the century honored office of Midnight Mass, at Christmas, being declared a new departure. Then the amusing reason given for what the writer believes to be the regular rite of the Church. He thinks that merry-makings and festivities of Christmas Eve caused the Church to not allow Mass before the day-time. We will make no comment on this, "where ignorance is bliss, etc., etc."

However, what will really be of interest to our readers is the "Universal decree" signed by the secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It reads thus:

"It is most becoming that we who are about to celebrate the commencement of the Holy Year, happily proclaimed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., should, in the depth of night rise to greet the Author of time, and prostrate before His Altars, to offer the most acceptable Victim, who is the Immaculate Lamb, assisting at the Sacred Banquet, so that at this most opportune time we may find the assistance of His Grace and mercy; for our salvation is nearer. Behold now is the acceptable time: behold now is the day of salvation. And, if the Kingdom of Heaven, which is the Church on earth, is likened to ten virgins going forth in the night to meet the Bridegroom, each one of us may, on the occasion of this solemn festivity, consider more attentively these Sacred Works: trim your lamps; for behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him.

"Since, moreover, at midnight of the last day of December of the opening year of the present century will come to an end, and a new one begin, it is very appropriate that thanks be given to God by some pious and solemn ceremony, on the

FANTASTIC PICTURES OF IRELAND.

"La Patrie" published last week a peculiar article from the columns of an Irish contemporary. The editor of the journal in question must have an elastic imagination, or at least be a dreamer of the Jules Verne class. The article contends that Ireland would be better off to-day were she annexed to France, instead of forming a portion of Great Britain. He claims that the French would not come as conquerors, to crush out the life of the race and to reduce the country to a condition of slavery; but would bring arts, science, letters, culture, refinement, and would treat Ireland more as a friendly neighbor than a dependent.

This is very beautiful and quite expressive of the sentiment of friendliness that survives between the Irish and the French. This feeling is very natural considering the many mutual attachments of these two peoples, many reciprocal favors rendered by each of them in their respective hours of need. But we must not forget that we are living in a hard, practical age that the days of romantic chivalry have been succeeded by times of commercial competition and mathematical calculation on the part of governments. It was not the English people, but the tyrants, the grasping parliaments, the robber administrators of English law, that reduced Ireland to her condition of almost chronic suffering and national misery. It would not be the French people who would dictate the treatment to be accorded Ireland in case she were joined to their country; it would be the unbelieving, anti-religious, and fanatical governments or administrations that would rule the land of our ancestors. It is, therefore, very problematical whether Ireland would be more happy, or more prosperous, under a French regime than she is under the present system of constitutional government that obtains in Great Britain. One thing certain, she would never have the Home Rule under France, that she has every hope of some day winning from England.

France as a sympathizing neighbor, a kind-hearted friend is one thing; France as proprietor of your estates, as mistress of your destinies is a very different affair. The same of any other nation as well as France. As to the culture, letters, sciences, and other accomplishments, Ireland possesses

ed these "before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch," as McCauley said of the Church: It is only a visionary who could imagine that the Government of France, if once in possession of Ireland, would not make her pay tribute and tax her for the purposes of central revenue. And as far as the faith of St. Patrick is concerned the Irish-Catholics would have but scant recognition from a Government that, at this age deliberately suppresses religious orders at home and persecutes the Church in a manner worthy the worst foes that Catholicity ever had in Ireland. The infidel spirit of French government can have no sentiment in common with the conspicuous fidelity to the old religious principles of the Irish race.

But, it is almost useless to treat the subject seriously. The writer of the article which "La Patrie" translates would, evidently, be content to resign all Ireland's present advantages to France, and would gladly become the protégé of that nation. This is not in accord with the spirit of independence characteristic of our people. Besides, his article might be prolonged to an indefinite degree, and treat of what Ireland's condition might possibly be if annexed to Germany, or Austria, or Russia, or China, or any other country. That she would be better off in some cases than she is to-day it is quite possible; but it is certain, that in many cases she would be infinitely worse off. In fact this is all speculation, all dreaming, all building up imaginary castles upon the foundations of "what might have been." We have but scant time, and life is too serious, to expend our energies in such profitless system building; it would be of infinitely more practical utility were such writers to leave aside the speculative and the imaginary, and to map out plans for the union of the various elements in Ireland's representative ranks. The Home Rule issue with which we are dealing is a real, a tangible one, and, despite the predictions and assertions of Ireland's enemies that it is a dead issue, there is force sufficient in it yet to shake the very pillars of Britain's Gaza temple, and to menace the Imperial Government with incalculable difficulties should Ireland's just rights not be soon effectively recognized.

A CATHOLIC'S SOUL SAVED.

The Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Trenton, N. J., had a memorable experience a short time ago. While returning by train to that city from Philadelphia, a passenger was taken dangerously ill, and as no physician went to attend him, it occurred to Father Hogan, that possibly he might be of some assistance to the sick man. His first inquiry of the latter naturally was whether he could be of any service. The man answered: "You can if you are a doctor." Father Hogan admitted that he was not a doctor of medicine but seeing the serious state of the patient, he added pleasantly that he might be called "a doctor of souls" and inquired whether he could not administer any religious comfort. "Are you a Catholic?" he asked. The man replied rather energetically that he was not. His manner awakened the suspicion of the priest, who asked the stranger's name. "David Hennessy," was the reply. "Well, you will pardon me, I know," said Father Hogan in kindly tones, "but I think it safe to say from that name that if you are not a Catholic you ought to be."

The stranger finally admitted that he had come of Irish Catholic parents and was a Catholic in his youth but had not been in church or spoken

to a priest in twenty years. During that time he had been in the United States Navy, enlisting when about eighteen years of age, and being finally advanced to the position of boatswain. He had just received an honorable discharge on account of illness and was on his way home to Boston where a sister resided. He demurred at first to returning to the practice of his religion, but after several protests agreed to receive the sacraments. Meanwhile the conductor realizing the stranger's serious condition, advised that he leave the train at Trenton for medical treatment. Father Hogan volunteered to take him to his home over night or see him safely to St. Francis' Hospital. Hennessy decided to go to the hospital. Supported on one side by the priest and on the other by a trainman, the invalid was escorted from the car to a cab and thence to the hospital. Father Hogan accompanied him, kindly ministering to the stranger's comfort till he placed him in the care of the good Sisters. The patient who was sinking rapidly from lung trouble, received the last Sacraments of the Church devoutly the following day, and a day later he peacefully breathed his last.

The remains of Mr. Hennessy were forwarded to Boston in care of a relative.—Boston Pilot.

LUTHER EXPOSED.

Strange as it may seem, the Sacred Heart Review—which is so intensely Catholic—has a somewhat regular correspondent who is a minister. Rev. Dr. Starbuck, makes one of the most remarkable statements concerning Luther which has been our privilege to ever read. He points out how Luther considered that "every zealous Papist is possessed of the devil." Our readers will peruse with pleasure the first part of the letter. It says: "We have seen how Martin Luther, in his relations to the Catholics, expressly disavows all obligation or intention of being governed by truth or by the rules of evidence. He establishes one settled principle: Every zealous Papist is possessed of

the devil. Therefore every accusation brought against him is ipso facto just. It expresses something that he has done or something that he means to do, or something equivalent to some wickedness that he has done or means to do. Therefore a verdict of guilty is always in place, and a verdict of innocent is never in place. If at any time even such a presumption halts, the only question to be raised is: Will the condemnation of this man mortify the Papists? If it will, then of course he is to be condemned. "Against the Papacy we account all things lawful to us." "Throw mud enough, and some of it will stick." A sample of Luther's conscientious-

ness may be found in the following words of that so-called reformer: "A man who hesitates for the sake of the true religion, to come out with a good plump lie, is a poor stick. Here we have propounded, with cheerful shamelessness, the principle: The advancement of Protestantism is the supreme moral good. A violation of truth and rectitude is a very great wickedness, but for the sake of Protestantism it is a holy and virtuous act. The sublimity of the end sanctifies the foulness of the means."

One of the most striking passages in the Starbuck letter is the following: "What if the Protestants could find such a thing in the life of Loyola? It would damn him, and damn his society. We would never hear the last of it, and we ought not. And, pray, why should we ever hear the last of this scandalous transaction of Luther's, and of the turbid current of immoral teaching which flows through the last twenty-five years of his life?"

The writer then continues with the following splendid tribute to Jesuits: "Protestants often feel this and resort to expedients worthy of Luther himself to help themselves out of the mire. Thus, Charles Carteton Coffin, in his 'Story of Liberty,' sets down, as Loyola's, this proposition: Any action, however wicked in itself, becomes holy if done in the interest of the Church. He presents it as something original in Jesuitism, constitutive, formally avowed and established. True, no such thing appears in the writings of Loyola, or of his colleagues. It is mentioned in the Constitutions as something to be abhorred, and is denounced by the great Jesuit cardinal as a heresy worthy of the stake. The utmost

that learned research, on the part of enemies, can do is to bring forward from a few Jesuit writers, a number of generations later, a sentence or two which it is contended may be interpreted in a sense somewhat approaching the reproached one. Indeed, one Jesuit writer says that another, in his zeal for a sound principle, has, without knowing it, almost betrayed himself into this error.

"Such round-about tactics, however do not content Mr. Coffin. He boldly puts down Luther's maxim, in the blackest of black and the whitest of white, as being Loyola's. Each name begins with an L, so where is the difference? The two men were contemporaries. One was denounced, the other suspected, and twice imprisoned by the Inquisition. Each brought in a new order of things and a new spirit into the Church. If, then, we find it expedient to make over Luther's maxim to Loyola, who is to say us nay? It is very awkward for us to have to carry it, and Jesuit shoulders have long been used to it. The Jesuits profess universal benevolence, and often show a good deal of it. Then let them, for charity, take this banking of Luther's off our hands. It is really unkind in them to refuse the adoption."

The first thing we may hear is, that Rev. Dr. Starbuck will find himself where Rev. Dr. De Costa is at this moment, and where such writers as W. H. Mallock should have long since been. We can only pray for the conversion of such a free and easy, outspoken, unprejudiced, man. There is a tide of conversion from the rank of Protestantism, and especially from the Protestant ministry, which seems to rise and swell at our feet. To what extent exactly this tide shall affect the Catholic cause is yet a mere matter of conjecture.

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST IN BOSTON.

The defeat of the Democratic candidate, Hon. P. A. Collins, for Mayor on Tuesday casts a serious reflection upon the Democratic voters of the city says the Boston "Republic." It may be admitted that Mr. Hart owes his election largely to the great reserve Republican vote which came out, but this vote could not elect him had the Democrats done their duty. Mr. Collins was beaten by Democratic treachery at the polls. With a voting list much larger than that of two years ago his vote fell 1300 below that of Mayor Quincy, while Mr. Hart's vote exceeded that of Curtis by 4731.

It is particularly regrettable that a man of the character and eminent qualities of Mr. Collins should be the victim of this mean and contemptible treachery. Democrats all over the country were expecting and hoping for his election. Irish-Americans everywhere felt confident of his success.

They did not for a moment imagine that he would be stricken down by his own people. But defeat under such circumstances cannot dull his prestige or lessen his national and international reputation. He stands to-day as he stood before the election, the foremost man of his race in America.

The vote was as follows:
Hart, R. 40,675
Collins, D. 38,594
Plurality for Quincy, 4,087.
The vote in the last Mayoralty contest two years ago was as follows:
Quincy, D. 39,984
Curtis, R. 35,947
Plurality for Quincy, 4,037.

It will thus be seen that Hart gained 4,731 votes on the total cast for Curtis, while Collins lost 1,300 from the Quincy vote. This shows a net Republican gain of 6,121.

DEFENCE FUND FOR FRANCE

A despatch from Paris, last week says: "M. Lockroy, President of the Budget Committee of the Chamber of Deputies and formerly Minister of Marine, introduced a bill to-day providing for an appropriation of 500,000,000 francs, for the purpose of placing France on a secure footing against foreign naval aggression. The money is to be used in strengthening the French Navy and the home defenses and in fortifying coaling stations. The belief was expressed in the lobbies that the Government would support the measure. The Cabinet Council to-day discussed the proposal of M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce, in regard to the establishment of a network of cables by which France can communicate with her colonies independent of the English cables."

GREENWAY'S DEFEAT.

Give him youth, my father, it is The Manitoba School Question appears to have played no small part in defeating the Greenway Ministry up in Manitoba last week, and it will be interesting to watch and see how the Conservatives up that way will handle their issue when they come into power. Greenway and his followers probably wish now that they had treated the Manitoba Catholics more justly than they did when they took away from them their educational rights; and Premier Laurier is probably doing some prolonged thinking on that subject himself just now.—Boston Republic.

A DANGEROUS COMB.

Mrs. Noah Brown, residing in Colerain Avenue, Cincinnati, met with a peculiar accident last week. Mrs. Brown was waiting on her husband, who was in bed suffering with a sprained ankle. She had occasion to stoop down in front of an open grate fire, and as she did so a colloid comb worn in her hair exploded with sufficient force to throw her to the floor some distance away. Following the explosion the comb ignited. Most of Mrs. Brown's hair was burned off, her eyebrows and

CURIOUS CUCKOOS.

The cuckoo is generally known only as a bird with a very monotonous note: a continuous cry of "cuckoo, cuckoo" over and over again. Among naturalists, however, the cuckoo is known as a bird that never builds a nest for itself, but takes advantage of one already built by some more industrious bird. There is a good deal of the cuckoo about these advertisers who, instead of making a success of their own, seek to profit by the success which some one else has made with much effort and labor. It is so with those imitations of Dr. Pierce's methods, by which free medical advice is offered, although those who make the offer are without qualified medical ability or experience. And the cry raised in some cases of "woman, woman, woman write to woman" makes the resemblance to the cuckoo even stronger.

There is as far as known no qualified woman physician connected with any proprietary medicine establishment, and none therefore competent to give medical advice. It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, who can offer free medical advice backed by such knowledge and experience as is possessed by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. For over thirty years Dr. Pierce has made a specialty of the treatment of diseases peculiar to women. In that time he has treated over half-a-million women, ninety-eight per cent. of whom have been perfectly cured. Every sick woman is invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge or cost. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are mailed securely sealed in perfectly plain envelopes bearing no printing whatever upon them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

CBS. DESJARDINS & CIE.,

Largest Retail Fur House in the World

1533 TO 1541 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
... MONTREAL ...

While cordially inviting all and every one, at this important season in the Fur Trade, to visit them and inspect their immense assortment of Fine Furs of all descriptions, beg to draw special attention to the fact, that on account of the very heavy stock on hand, **WHICH MUST BE DISPOSED OF WITHOUT DELAY,** They have decided to sell at such low prices as will surprise everyone who may honor them with a visit.

OLD FURS re-dyed, re-made and repaired with neatness and despatch.

Our SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS are world renowned.

HEMSLEY'S

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

FOR A LADY.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tooth Brush, mounted sterling silver, \$1.00. | Hair Combs, mounted sterling silver, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.35. |
| Button Hook, mounted sterling silver, 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.75. | Thimbles, sterling silver, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. |
| Embroidery Scissors, mounted sterling silver, \$1.00. | Manicure Sets, sterling silver, in cases, \$7.00, \$8.50, \$12.00. |
| Shoe Horns, mounted sterling silver, 35c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.75. | Leather Purses, to carry on 2 fingers (latest style), \$1.25, \$2.75, \$3.50. |
| Hat Brush, mounted sterling silver, 65c, \$1.25, \$2.00, \$2.75. | Leather Purses, 75c, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$5.00. |
| Vaseline Jars, mounted sterling silver, 40c, 60c, 75c, \$1.25. | Leather Purses (silver mounted), 75c, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$6.00. |
| Puff Jars, \$1.25, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00. | Leather Travelling Cases, containing eight pieces, \$4; containing 11 pieces, \$5; containing 15 pieces, 12. |
| Smelling Salts, 40c, \$1.50, \$1.75. | |
| Mirrors, sterling silver, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$9.00. | |

FOR A GENTLEMAN.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Hat Brush, mounted sterling silver, \$2.50. | Leather Cigarette Cases, \$1, 1 50, 1 75, 3, 4. |
| Clothes Brush, mounted sterling silver, \$3.50, \$4.00. | Leather Cigar Cases, \$1, 2, 3, 4 50, 6 50. |
| Hair Brushes (Military), \$5.50 per pair. | Leather Wallets, \$1, 1 75, 3, 4 25. |
| Cigar Cutters, sterling silver, \$1, \$2.75, \$3.50. | Leather Bill Holders, \$1.25, 2.00. |
| Match Boxes, sterling silver, \$2, \$2.50, \$4.50. | Leather Travelling Cases, containing 6 pieces, \$3.75; containing 8 pieces, \$6; containing 12 pieces, \$9; containing 18 pieces, \$15. |
| Ebony Military Brushes (per pair), \$3, \$3.75. | Sterling Silver Pencil Cases, 75c, \$1, 1 50, 2 50, 3 50. |
| Ebony Military Brushes, in leather case, \$5. | Rolled Gold Pencil Cases, \$1.25, 2 00, 3 00, 4 00. |
| Silver Mounted Walking Sticks, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3, \$4.50. | English Pocket Flasks, \$1.2, 3 50, 5, 8 50, 15 00. |
| Silver Mounted Walking Sticks, real ivory handles, \$4, \$6.50, \$9. | |

The above list is only a partial selection from our large and complete stocks.

Any article will be sent by mail, on receipt of its cash value, and the money refunded if you are not satisfied.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS
Mail Orders Receive Special Attention.

R. HEMSLEY,

253, 255, 257 St. James St., 1915 No're Dame St., Montreal.

MY RELATIONS WITH PARNELL

AFTER THE SPLIT.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in the "IRISH PEOPLE"

THE LAST MEETING.—I am not likely to forget that September night when I saw Parnell for what proved to be the last time. I was then living in Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, and Parnell, had been in my Chelsea house many times. For this particular meeting he had not fixed an exact time, but I felt sure that he would come late, would wait in fact for an hour when it seemed to him likely that the whole household, except myself, would have gone to bed. So I waited up for Parnell alone, and he came at last. We sat down and set to work at once. There were a great many matters of small detail to be gone into, and these occupied us for a considerable time. There were some claims to be settled, certain of which Parnell thought disputable, and about these he gave me elaborate explanation. Parnell was not habitually a man who liked to deal with the details of business, but it was a part of his character, when such work became necessary, to go into it with the closest attention, to bring the whole force of his intelligence to bear upon it for the time.

When we had got through the work which just then was most pressing for arrangement I produced a decanter and some tall glasses, and soda water bottles, and a box of cigars, and we settled down for a talk. Parnell was always the most moderate of drinkers, and a single whisky and soda was enough to occupy him during a long sitting, and indeed it seemed to be often with rather a symbol of conviviality than a necessary part of his evening's enjoyment. But he liked a cigar, and so we sat and smoked together, and put business aside for that time, and talked on all manner of subjects excepting only the questions which kept us politically astir.

I remember that he suddenly said something to me about the number of remarkable people I must have seen in my house from time to time—such was his assumption—and some names came up in our talk.

Just at that time public attention was a good deal directed to the career of the unfortunate General Boulanger, and I mentioned that Boulanger had been to see me in that house, and that he had given me a copy of his book on the German invasion of France. This turned us on to a talk about France and Frenchmen, and Parnell told me a good deal about his interviews with eminent men in Paris, Marshal MacMahon and Victor Hugo, among others, whom he had met when he went over to appeal for the sympathy of leading Frenchmen on behalf of the Irish Home Rule movement. Parnell seemed to find much pleasure in going over these recollections, as if it were a relief to him to get back for the time into the past, and to put away even for a casual hour or so the cares and troubles of the less genial present.

THE BRAVE OLD DAYS.—From Parnell's recollections of what he had seen and done in Paris we glided naturally enough into recollections belonging to the common work of the Irish party in parliament before any question had arisen which brought up a thought of division.

In this way he recalled several episodes of our past work together. Parnell reminded me of some occurrences and scenes which I had almost forgotten, and I could bring back to his memory some incidents in our Parliamentary warfare, the recollection of which seemed to amuse him. If there could have been any observer present who was ignorant of recent events in our political history, he might have taken us for two comrades who met after a time of separation, and were recalling random recollections in a spirit of unbroken companionship. Parnell's instinctive good feeling and his steady judgment kept him from saying a single word which might have seemed to invite any discussion of unwelcome topics, and I need hardly say that I for my part was not in the least disposed to invite any controversy.

So we remained talking thus pleasantly until it occurred to Parnell that the hour was growing late, and that

he had to be up early in the morning. I assumed at first that the word "early," was only used in a comparative sense, and that he was going back to his lodgings to have a reasonable amount of rest; but he suddenly told me that he was to start for Ireland by the early morning train, and could only snatch some two or three hours of sleep at the Euston Hotel meantime. I thought that he was terribly overtaxing his energies, and I told him so, but he only shook his head quietly, and said with his characteristic smile that "one had to clap on the steam sometimes."

"Don't you remember," he asked of me, "that morning when you and I started from the Westminster Palace Hotel to catch that same early train, after we had sat in the room all night, and how we travelled without stopping until we got to Longford?" I remembered the time very well, but I told him that all the same I had known he was going across to Ireland by the morning train I would never have allowed him to stay talking with me until so late an hour. "Never mind," he said, good humoredly, "we have had a pleasant talk, and we may not have a chance of such another for a long time to come."

THE PARTING.—Then I told him that I would accompany him as far as the nearest cab-stand, and we walked out together into the raw September morning, no gleam of dawn yet showing in the sky. We had to walk some little way before we could get a cab, and I felt still renegade for having allowed him to remain talking so long when he ought to have been taking a good rest to prepare for his journey. I could not help saying this to him over again; but he treated the matter quite lightly. Then I began to say that I thought he was over-doing the travelling and speech-making just now, and that he ought to allow himself a little rest.

I could not help growing more and more earnest in my advice, for it seemed to me that he was looking worn and wasted to a degree much more alarming than I had observed during any of our recent meetings, and I pressed my advice on him with increasing warmth. In truth the recent events had faded from my mind for the moment, and I no longer saw the political leader whom I could follow no more, but only the Parnell of a former day, the dear old comrade and leader and friend with whom I had gone through so many trying experiences—between whom and me there had never passed one unkind or unfriendly word. Just then a hansom-cab was passing, and I hailed it. "Don't over-do it, Parnell," I said again.

He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then he spoke with earnestness. "It is not doing me any harm," he said. "I think it is doing me good. So many things are on my mind just now that I cannot keep quiet, and I think all the knocking about and travelling, and the speech-making take me out of myself, and are the best sort of rest I can have." Then he exchanged a few friendly words, and we shook hands and said good-bye, and Parnell got into the cab and drove away. I never saw Parnell again.

THE END.—Some three weeks after I was leaving my house one morning when a telegram was put into my hand. It came from a newspaper office in the city, and told me that Parnell was dead. There was, and ever since has been, something consoling to me in the thought that our last meeting had been so friendly, so free from any bitterness, from any ideas of recrimination, that it had been just like one of our meetings in the old days, when the leader and the follower were comrades devoted to the one purpose and united in the one policy.

Even now as I call it to memory it almost seems as if no split had ever taken place in the Irish National Party, and as if that last night spent with Parnell were but another chapter on the old story.

commended. They have benefit and insurance features which are decidedly helpful. Through them Catholics are brought together in social and friendly intercourse—a most desirable result; and their influence is, in the main, excellent. But they do not go far enough. Their rules as to the personal conduct of their members are not strict enough. They do not insist upon that high standard of Catholic life, which the Church expects from people who come together in her name. While all their members are supposed to be practical Catholics, it is a well known fact that many of even their high officials may be found who are careless in the observance of their religious duties; and the personal habits of more than a few can hardly be called edifying.

There is not much use in having a society composed exclusively of Catholics if the members do not show by their faithfulness to the Church, by their loyalty to her commandments, and by their proper appreciation of her spirit, that they really understand their position. When an association assumes the name "Catholic," or when it is understood that it is composed only of Catholics by and for Catholics, as far as the generality of outsiders think, its reputation and that of the Church are bound up, one in the other; and if the society suffers through any discrediting conduct of its members, wrongly, of course, but none the less surely, the Church is held blame-worthy also. This is one of the most serious faults to be found with our Catholic orders—while their constitutions and laws and mottoes contain high-sounding phrases there is not, apparently, on the part of the members at large, any attempt either to understand or obey their spirit.

If these numerous and growing organizations were filled with a proper desire for the promotion of Catholicism, what a great amount of good might they not accomplish! What an impetus might they not give to God's work, which for want of help and helpers is now in so many places languishing!

It is the custom to point proudly to these organizations as a proof of Catholic progress, Catholic unity, Catholic strength, Catholic intelligence, Catholic activity. But surely the Catholic life which manifests its highest activity in smoke talks and pool tournaments and little entertainments is not to be admired too highly; and certainly we have not progressed if the time which should be given to education and enlightenment is wasted in the numbers of the secret society. If for the ambition which possessed our men in former days to be good plain American citizens and good Catholics we substitute a craze for high-sounding titles in secret Catholic societies we have not gained much.

Insurance conducted on a common-sense and business basis is all right. So is sociability. So also are the many excellent features which our Catholic orders certainly contain, but there are many things for them yet to do, before they can become truly worthy of the name Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE THREE STAGES.

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure; for the second stage, it cures many; and for the last stages of consumption it soothes the cough and prolongs the life.

Don't run chances of taking whisky or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened, will do you more good. Avoid substitutes; there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 cents and 50 cents.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists, 10 cts a bottle.

For Holiday Presents!

Nothing so acceptable as a P. ETTY PAIR of SLIPPERS.

We have some very neat ones in Embroidered Velvet, Black Kid and Fancy Colored Leather.

Newest Designs by American Manufacturers.

PRICES Run from 75 Cents to \$2.50.

RONAYNE BROS.

2027 Notre Dame Street, Cor. Chaboillez Square.

HOLIDAY SUPPLIES.

We offer you for the Holiday trade a specially assorted and fresh stock of Groceries in the very lowest prices. Our Wines and Liquors are of the choicest

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| McGregor & Co., (imported direct to use), Scotch..... | 85c |
| Club Rye..... | 85c |
| S.agram's Rye, 1892..... | 60c |
| Finest Canadian Wine, gall..... | 80c |
| Richard O.S., O.P. Brandy..... | \$1.25 |
| California Muscatel Raisins..... | 9c |
| Barton & Guestier Claret..... | 50c |
| do do Sauterne..... | 50c |
| Sweet Oranges..... | 12 1/2c |

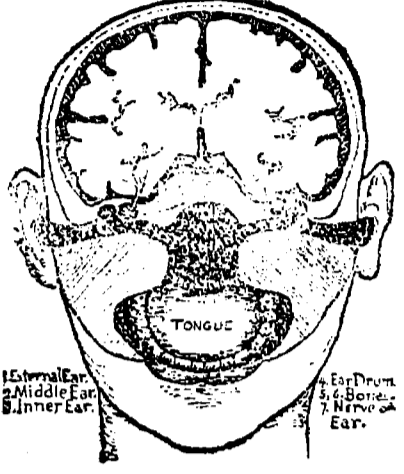
A full line of confectionery and cake Each article guaranteed or your money refunded. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

A. D. GILLIES, 450 St. James Street.

WELL KNOWN TORONTO MERCHANT-TAILOR PERMANENTLY CURED OF DEAFNESS

Mr. Chas. C. Hughes is a well-known and highly esteemed citizen of Toronto, where he has lived for twenty-four years, being engaged for nearly half of that time in the merchant tailoring business. He was for many years the victim of severe Chronic Catarrh which greatly affected his hearing and produced constant buzzing and roaring sounds in his ears. The increasing deafness was so much of a hindrance in his business that Mr. Hughes tried everything he could learn of; but he met only with failure until he applied to Dr. Sproule. The eminent Specialist soon cured him, and, although this was a year ago, there has been no return of the trouble. The gentleman's description of his case and the peculiarities of its cure will be of interest to all who are similarly afflicted.

DEAR DOCTOR—Your diagnosis of my case was absolutely correct and certainly your treatment was just the thing. Although I must say that its action was peculiar. The Catarrh and the noise in the head and ears soon disappeared. But the deafness was not apparently affected. I made up my mind to another disappointment; but took the medicine as directed up to the last dose. Two days afterwards, to my surprise and delight, my hearing returned suddenly and entirely. And the best of it is that the work has been permanent. I have since had a very severe attack of grippe and yet my hearing has not been in the least affected. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you. I feel that I owe it to others to tell them of my cure and its thoroughness, so I shall be glad to have you use this letter and will answer any letters of inquiry. Wishing you continued success, Yours very truly, CHAS. C. HUGHES, 46 Sauter St., Toronto.



Dr. Sproule makes no charge for diagnosis or advice. He leaves you free to take his treatment or not after he has told you its exact cost which he always makes as low as possible. Address DR. SPROULE, R. A., 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.

PAID-UP POLICIES ISSUED BY THE

Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society

1756 ST. CATHERINE STREET, NEAR ST DENIS.

- 1—From birth to 5 years, \$1.00 per year. Paid-up Policy after 25 years.
- 2—From 5 years to 30 years, 75c per year. Paid-up Policy after 25 years.
- 3—From 30 years to 45 years, \$1.00 per year. Paid-up Policy after 20 years.
- 4—From 45 years to 55 years, \$1.50 per year. Paid-up Policy after 15 years.
- 5—From 55 years to 65 years, \$2.50 per year. Paid-up Policy after 10 years.
- 6—From 65 years, \$2.50 per year with arrears. Paid-up Policy after payment of \$25.00.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO ALL PARTIES PURCHASING PAID-UP POLICIES IN ONE PAYMENT. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE HEAD OFFICE, 1756 St. Catherine Street, (near St. Denis.) OR TELEPHONE and OUR AGENT WILL CALL. Telephones: Bell, East, 1235. Merchants, 563.

Established 1852.

LORGE & CO.,

Manufacturing Furriers, 21, ST. LAWRENCE Street.

SPECIAL SALE OF FURS.

COMPRISING EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN .. SEAL-SKIN COATS .. Persian and Baby Lamb Jackets, Neck Pieces, Scarfs, Collarettes, And Muffs in all Furs.

AT PRICES FULLY 25 Per Cent LOWER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS :: No. 21, St. Lawrence Street.

T. COGGINS,

Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Choice Butter a Specialty.

Goods delivered free of charge Telephone Orders Promptly Attended. 319 St. Antoine Street, Cor. St. Martin Street. Telephone 8284.

Liquors on Draught. Port Wines, Cherry Wines and Claret Wines, both in cases and on draught.	
Canadian Port Wines.	Corban Port Wines, Imported.
Per bottle, - - - \$0.25.	Per bottle, - - - \$0.50.
Per gallon, - - - 1.00.	Per gallon, - - - 2.00

Grosse & Blunkwell's Goods at Cost Prices. Canadian Peels in 1 lb. pkgs. the finest sold at cost. A fine assortment of Imported Liquors just received. \$15,000 worth of stock to be disposed of for the holidays. For the convenience of customers we have a first-class Butcher Shop in connection with the Grocery, at 274 St. Martin Street. Special prices for the holiday trade. Turkeys, 10c; first class quality. All kinds of Game and Poultry on hand. Everything first-class.

Telephone 8284. T. COGGINS, 319 St. Antoine Street

TOOTHACHE,

There are several kinds of toothache, due to very different causes, and as not all sorts are capable of relief by the same means, it is useful to be able to distinguish among them.

One form of toothache is due to disease of the tooth itself, another to disease of the parts of the tooth, and still another to neuralgia of the nerves, the teeth themselves being perhaps perfectly sound.

The most common toothache is caused by congestion or inflammation of the pulp of a tooth. The pulp is a soft material filling the centre of the tooth and serving as a bed for the nerve and the blood-vessels. When the blood-vessels are enlarged, as they are in case of congestion or inflammation, the pulp is compressed, since the hard walls of the tooth prevent expansion, and so the nerve is pressed upon and becomes painful.

The ache so caused by fire and throbbing (a jumping toothache). It is worse when the sufferer stoops or lies down, and is increased by contact with cold or hot water or food, with sugar or salt, or with the air. The only difference between the pain of a congested tooth-ache and that of an inflamed pulp is that the latter is worse.

If in a case of toothache of this kind there is a cavity resulting from decay of the tooth, the pain can usually be relieved by the insertion of a little pledget of cotton soaked in oil of cloves.

Severe toothache may be caused by inflammation of the socket of the tooth, which may go on to an abscess, with swelling of the face and great distress. In this case the tooth is sore when tapped or pressed upon. The pain is severe and continuous, not intermittent, as in inflammation of the pulp—and is usually relieved a little by cold, but aggravated by heat.

Sometimes relief is afforded by cold applications to the cheek; but of course a dentist should be consulted as early as possible in order that the inflammation may be controlled before it result in the formation of an abscess.

The worst form of toothache, or at least the most obstinate, is usually a neuralgia. In this case there is not apt to be swelling, the teeth are sound, and the pain is not increased by sweets or salt, or by moderately cool or warm food.—Your Own Companion.

W. G. KENNEDY Dentist, 756 PALACE Street, Hours: 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Corner Beaver Hall Hill.

WM. P. STANTON & CO. 7, 9, 11, St. John Street, Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers. Church Pews and School Desks a Specialty. Also Store and Office Fittings, Counters, Shelving, Partitions, Tables, Desks, Office Stools and Used Counters, Partitions, Tables, Desks, etc. Bought, sold and Exchange. New and Second Hand Desks always on hand. Terms: Cash. Telephone 2406.

COWAN'S ROYAL NAVY CHOCOLATE and HYGIENIC COCOA. Are always the favorites in the homes. THE COWAN CO., TORONTO.

New Publications.

FOR SALE BY B. HERDER, 17 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

BECKER, REV. WM. S. J.—Christian Education, or the Duties of Parents. Rendered from the German into English by a Priest of the Diocese of Cleveland, 12mo. 424 pages, Cloth \$1.25 net.

BELLORD, REV. FRED. JAMES, D. D.—Titular Bishop of Meville, Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar. Outlines of Meditations. Extracted from the Meditations of Dr. John Michael Kroust; S. J., 18 mo. 16 and 180 pages. Cloth—40 net.

KUENMEL, KONRAD.—In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories. From the German by Mary Richards Gray. 18mo. 136 pages. Cloth, special cover design.—50.

HAMON, E. S. J., BEYOND THE GRAVE.—From the French. By Anna T. Sadler. With the "Imprimatur" of the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, 12 mo. (301 pages). Fine cloth, gilt title on cover and back, net \$1. "This book is a treasure of spiritual truths—the most consoling ones. A few moments given to the reading of the work would lighten our crosses considerably."—The Carmelite Review, Niagara Falls, Ont., 1898, No. 6.

ABOUT CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Of late there has been a sort of awakening on the part of Catholics to the advantage of forming themselves into societies, orders, legions, associations and other such organizations. Women as well as men seem to have caught the fever, until at present it is difficult to find a Catholic man who is not affiliated with several organizations, and the Catholic women who belong to associations are every day growing more numerous. Many of these orders are to

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

Printed and Published by the True Witness P. & P. Co., Limited,
178 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

P. O. BOX 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

CITY OF MONTREAL, Delivered,	\$1.50
OTHER PARTS OF CANADA,	1.00
UNITED STATES,	1.00
NEWFOUNDLAND,	1.00
GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND and FRANCE,	1.50
BELGIUM, ITALY, GERMANY and AUSTRALIA,	2.00

All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director,
"True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 23, 1899

News of the Week.

At the annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Sacred Heart Home, Drummond, on Sunday, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin in scathing language condemned the vile and sinful traffic in the souls of Catholic children which is still carried on in the most brazen manner by proselytisers in the capital of Catholic Ireland. It was to combat this hateful traffic that the Sacred Heart Home was established. That it has done good work is evident from the fact that it has already rescued 750 children. In the course of his address, the Archbishop said he did not expect that these Protestant philanthropists would pay much attention to what he said, but he would like to ask had they not pastors of their own? They must know that it was grievously sinful in a mother to hand over her child to be brought up in a creed which her faith taught her to be untrue. In the second place, this act of the mother being a sin of the deepest dye, those who tempted her to it became partakers in that deadly sin, and the punishment which awaited it. There was no minister of religion in any Church in any Christian Community acquainted with the first principles of morality who do not know that to be true. Was there any one on the Protestant side in Dublin to proclaim that to those who seemed to be so strangely ignorant of it? He would say what they were doing under the guise of philanthropy was such as no Christian moralist would endeavor to defend—namely, enticing poverty-stricken, degraded women to give up their children. There was no meaning in the plea they put forward unless they took for their maxim that of the old Pagan moralist, that the end justified the means.

Anything connected with the Catholic Truth Society has an interest for the Canadian members of that admirable association. A correspondent in the Liverpool "Catholic Times," thus speaks of the Catholic Truth Society in Ireland:

"An address, which should meet with a ready response from those for whom it is intended, has just been issued to the Catholic clergy and laity by the Catholic Truth Society recently established in Ireland. The address, which is signed by the president (the Most Rev. Dr. Hoaly, Bishop of Clonfert), says the main object of the Society is, as its name implies, the diffusion by means of cheap publications of sound Catholic literature in popular form, so as to give instruction and edification in a manner most likely to interest and attract the general reader. It is well known that various printing presses in Great Britain daily pour out a flood of infidel and immoral publications, some of which overflow to this country. We have a confident hope that the society's publications will remove the temptation of having recourse to such filthy garbage, will create a taste for a pure and wholesome literature, and also serve as an antidote against the poison of dangerous or immoral writings. Grateful acknowledgment is made of the excellent work done in this city."

This means co-operation with our own Catholic Truth Society, in Canada. The affinity between all branches of this society, no matter in what lands they flourish is akin to the solidarity existing between all sections of the Church. Scattered over the earth every ray of Catholic Truth concentrates at one burning focus—the Vatican.

In the Providence Visitor we find the following editorial note upon the recent Mayoralty contest in Boston, and in view of the fact that we are about to have a battle of the same kind to fight in Montreal, it may serve as a note of warning to our fellow-countrymen. That organ says: "The experience of General Collins in the Boston City election of last Tuesday is one more proof of the justice of the observation that 'disension is the vice of the Celt.'" The episode is a delicate one to touch upon and yet the moral which it points, viz., the need of unity, is one which the Irish ought to take to heart. Mr. Sanford, the rejected candidate for the Republican nomination accepted his defeat like a man and worked faithfully for the triumph of his party. The Honorable Mr. Murphy "kicked," abused his rival, and bolted. Party interests cut no ice with him or with his following. They resolved that if Mr. Murphy could not be Mayor neither could Collins. The affair has brought ridicule upon the Irish, our brothers in Boston and done grievous harm to the local Democratic prospects."

A new political organ has just made its appearance in the form of a French morning daily, "Le Journal," is the title of this last addition to the ranks of Canadian journalism. It has been specially established in the interests of the Conservative Party.

For some time our French-Canadian fellow-citizens have had no morning paper, the result being that the only morning daily "The Gazette" had to supply all the night's news to the city.

St. Joseph's Royal Navy Fund, is the title, not exactly of a mere fund, but of an Association started in connection with the Apostolic College, Limerick, Ireland, the aim of which is the training of students for the priesthood. These priests are to devote themselves to the service of the navy.

The terrible tragedy which occurred some time ago at the Charity Bazaar, rue Jean Goujon, Paris, must be still fresh in the memory of thousands at least the remembrance of the many victims of that fire is not destined to die out. A chapel is being erected on the spot to commemorate their deaths, and it is now nearly complete.

Anna Gould (Countess de Castelano), who contributed \$200,000 toward it, says she expects the religious consecration will take place with great pomp on March 1.

While the secular press—our Daily "Witness" in particular—sought to impress on the public that the Pope considered next year as the first one of the twentieth century—a statement which his recent decree flatly contradicts, we find the German Emperor—not at all an infallible authority doing exactly what the Pope

was wrongly accused of having done. A Berlin despatch says:

"Following the Emperor's lead in ordering festivities in the schools, etc., the Bundesrath has decided to regard January 1, 1900, as the official beginning of the new century."

With all his millions the life of John Gretton, of London, must have been a miserable one. The following item might serve as his epitaph as well as an index to his character and principles:

"John Gretton, owner of a fifth share in Bass's brewery, has just died, leaving \$14,415,000 personally. Not a cent was bequeathed to charity."

This is interesting:—"The London County Council has proposals before Parliament for various improvements in the water supply, sanitation and new streets, which if adopted will raise the indebtedness of the council \$330,000,000. The schemes are undeniably of public utility, even of necessity, but Parliament won't sanction them. The Council majority confess their only means of raising the necessary funds for such expenditure is by taxing ground values." London might still take lessons from Montreal. Our aldermen would soon show them how to raise the amount, and how to spend it.

Dr. Samuel Ketch, the specialist in spine and hip diseases, was found dead in bed at his home, No. 71 West Fifty-fifth Street, in New York. There is no question that death resulted from neuralgia of the heart. Dr. Ketch had long suffered from heart trouble.

He was in his usual good state of health on the day before he died. He supped heavily on oysters and lobster in the N. Y. A. Athletic Club about midnight, and a few hours later was in intense pain. This was relieved by Dr. L. B. Ratt. He was dead when his servant went to call him next morning. Dr. Ketch was forty-four years old.

Right Rev. Bishop Scanlan, of the Diocese of Salt Lake City, has been warning the members of his flock against an evil that, we regret to say, is not entirely confined to that diocese. He calls attention to what is undoubtedly an abuse, viz., the collection of money for alleged religious purposes without the consent of the Bishop of the diocese. Not only should those who ask the faithful for contributions obtain the permission in writing, from the Bishop of the diocese, but courtesy requires that the same expressed permission be obtained from the pastor of the parish in which collections are made.

The corner stone of Trinity College Washington, has been laid. The "Church News" of that city says: There is no longer any room to doubt that within another year the Catholic young women of America, will be able to enjoy the advantages of higher education without attending a college in which many errors regarding Church history are taught.

A report from Omaha says: Ex-Judge M. R. Hopewell, of Tekamah, must appear before Judge Scott and explain why he advised the persons having charge of the Doid children not to produce them in Court in obedience to a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Hopewell formerly sat on the bench now occupied by Judge Scott.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

As in years gone past, so this year shall we hear on all sides that kindly greeting, "A Merry Christmas." In the great rushing, fevered world of to-day, men have scarcely time to pause for a brief moment to wish each other well, and many of the familiar or conventional expressions of the season, are merely sounds—formed according to the code of social politeness—falling from the lips of men. But there is a deeper, a grander, a holier sentiment that wells up in the true Christian breast on the approach of Christmas. Sincerity leaves its impress upon the usual greeting exchanged between honest friends, or loving relatives. It is in this sincere sentiment that the "True Witness" wishes each and all of its readers a Merry, a Happy, a Holy Christmas.

The story of Christmas is old, and yet ever new; it is old by nearly nineteen hundred years, and it is new for each succeeding generation of men. There are countless numbers of the human race for whom this will be a first Christmas on earth—for them, the story must be new and charming; equally are there thousands for whom this will be the last Christmas in the world, and for them it is an ancient story. It is unnecessary that we should repeat that holy page of sacred history—it must shine vividly before the eyes of all our readers.

When the mind travels back, over

the desert space of nineteen centuries, it seems to accompany the wise men of the East on their journey to the King of kings. Imagination fails to summon before us the details of that holy night, where the mighty work of Redemption was commenced in a stable. But with the faithful record of these events before us, we can allow our thoughts to soar off into the misty regions where the sun of faith sheds a lustrous beyond the power of human words to describe, upon the surroundings and upon the events that have transpired. We can figure to ourselves the vast concourse of tribute-payers, flocking into the Royal City of David; the forlorn aspect of an old man and a young woman vainly seeking shelter from the tempest that was abroad; the chill and uninviting stable in which they were forced to find refuge, the silence of midnight hanging over the whole scene; the glittering of the stars high upon the blue empyrean, the shepherds collected around their faggot-fires on the declivities of the hills; the sheep huddled together both for warmth and self-preservation; the watch-dogs lumbering in lazy oblivion of the meal that is being prepared for them, or of the wonders that are happening that night; the awakening of the sleepers by a glorious light in the mid-heavens and by the sweet and distant sounds of the "Gloria," as chanted by the Seraphim vanguard of God's Angelic Army. We can form an idea, vague as it may be, of the astonishing scenes that took place in the stable, while the great world slept on, oblivious of redemption's work having commenced.

In the vast extent of Christendom to-day we can find a countless host of faithful men, like the shepherds on the hillsides, watching for the advent of the Holy Infant, and offering up prayers that arise from their heart's deep love and fidelity. But, alas! on the other hand, this glorious anniversary of the most momentous event in the world's history, will pass unheeded by those thousands of sleepers, whose lives are given to the pleasures of the vices of an unrestful age. The mid-night Mass will be sung, and not one of these so-called Christians will attend that tribute of adoration paid to the Infant Son of God. Revels will go on, intoxication will increase, thoughtless amusement will be indulged in, and the great world will heed not the echoes of their surroundings broken by the repetition of eternal "Glorias." It therefore, behooves the faithful children of the Church to compensate Our Lord, and His Holy Mother, for the neglect, the very insults dealt out to them, by the vast category of unbelieving and dangerous people of the day. It is thus by example as well as by precept, we would have our readers, one and all, celebrate the Holy Christmas festival—by attending Mass, by frequenting the Sacraments—and by setting models of Christian perseverance and rectitude before the eyes of the great world. In wishing a "Merry Christmas" we express far less than we feel—but language would fail us were we to attempt the transcription of our sentiments. Our greeting implies not only happiness, and consequent merry-making, but that peace of heart and tranquillity of soul which constitute the reward of virtuous and religious lives. In thus figuratively grasping the hands of our friends, we pray that all the blessings peculiar to this season, may fall upon them, and that plenty, contentment and comparative happiness may be their lot. And while we are thus extending our well-wishes to all, we must not forget the absent ones, and, we trust, they also may enjoy the grand festival in union of spirit all over the world.

MISSIONS CLOSED.

The grand and general missions ordained by His Grace the Archbishop to be preached during Advent, in all our Churches, as a preparation for the last year of the departing century have closed. In St. Patrick's, St. Ann's, St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's parishes the several reverend preachers have declared themselves entirely pleased with the attendance, the fervor, the zeal, and the devotion of the faithful.

The blessings and the graces that must have come down upon thousands who flocked to hear the instructions, who crowded the confessionals and who appeared at the Holy Table could not be other than abundant. A new spiritual life seems to have been imparted to every section and every class of the Catholic community. It must be gratifying for the preachers, the pastors, and the Archbishop to know that so much good has been accomplished, and that such vast numbers will enter upon the year 1900, in peace with God, and with consciences that are light, joyous, and prophetic of great happiness for the future.

An Irishman For Mayor



MR. WILLIAM McNALLY.

Nearly one year ago, it became apparent to the "True Witness," that a crisis was approaching that would affect the dearest interests of the Irish-Catholic element in this city. We knew that 1900 would bring about the election of some one to occupy the seat of Chief Magistrate of Montreal; but we also knew that, in accord with the tacit agreement so long adhered to by the different sections of the community, it would be the turn of an Irish-Catholic; but, knowing all this, we yet did not see any occasion for making mention of the subject. The declaration of Mr. Prefontaine, on his being elected by acclamation was still fresh in our memory, and we never for a moment, dreamed that he would eventually seek to do violence to his own expressed convictions and to break away from the happy arrangement which had so long produced most desirable results. Seven or eight months ago, however, we began to perceive along the municipal horizon, a tiny cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," and we felt anything but reassured. From that day forward, with weekly increasing earnestness and insistence, the "True Witness" has agitated for the safeguarding of our fellow-countrymen's civic rights. We sought to create amongst the people of our own element, a strong and unanimous spirit such as that which animated them a generation ago—in the good days when "turn about fair play," was a motto that found practical application in the arena of municipal affairs.

As a result of that agitation, of the increasing and often forcible appeals made by this organ, a series of meetings were called, to which almost all the men still living who have held, or still hold, representative public offices were invited. The presidents of the various national societies lent their aid, and such unanimity existed as was never before experienced in the varied history of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. This fact was very strongly emphasized on Monday night, when the Rev. Father Quinlivan, Pastor of St. Patrick's declared that he was proud to find such harmony amongst the many sections of the Irish-Catholic community. To the honor of the delegates who attended these meetings and to the credit of the race in Canada, every word used was kept most religiously private. Nor did a single expression appear in the public press, until, in our last issue, we announced the calling of a mass-meeting. When the "True Witness" stated that Mr. McNally had consented to consider the question of his candidature the announcement created a great deal of enthusiasm on all sides.

Monday night's public meeting was an unqualified success; it was attended by Irish-Catholics of all ranks and conditions, as well as by a number of English-speaking Protestants and French-Canadians. Seldom if ever was so much spirit displayed and so much unanimity exemplified. This public assembly confirmed all that had been done by the delegates during their different meetings, and decided, without one discordant voice, to tender the nomination to Mr. McNally. It was a delicate and difficult task that the delegates had to perform, and they did it in a manner that demands the highest and heartiest praise.

It is not our intention to here enter into the details of that animated meeting, beyond stating that the different addresses—all brief and to the point—were of a nature to inspire any Irish-Catholic with a sense of pride, in his race and his religion. In our last issue we referred to the

many qualifications possessed by Mr. McNally, and we are proud to say that our expressions have the practical endorsement of every man who was present in St. Patrick's hall, on Monday evening. The daily press has given full reports of the speeches, and we might say that the key-note of them all, as well as of the interviews since published in the "Herald," was that the tacit agreement should not be violated. Of these addresses we might specially signal out that of Sir William Hingston, Under any circumstances, Sir William's high professional, social and patriotic station would command particular attention to his words, but when we consider his lengthy experience of civic life in Montreal, and his keen powers of observation and appreciation, there is an additional weight to be given to what he may say on such subjects. If brief, it was a practical speech, and one easily understood by each one who heard him. The strongest point made by Sir William was when he explained the conditions that existed prior to the inauguration of the alternate system of representation. He drew a graphic picture of the struggles and difficulties that attended each changing of Mayor. Then the English-speaking, French-Canadian and Irish-Catholic elements scrambled, as it were, for office, while the party possessing the largest numbers generally carried the fight. To-day, and for years back there have been many issues which in older times would have been laughed at, or would have created unpleasant strife; these issues—under the reign of that tacit agreement—are settled in a most harmonious fashion. Sir William's keen perception of the situation should add zest to the efforts now being made to perpetuate the tacit existing practice.

In a word: the result as far as the "True Witness" is concerned, may be thus stated—in the selecting of a candidate of whom the Montreal "Star" said:

"It is very pleasing then to see that they have risen to the occasion and put in nomination a splendid specimen of their race, a man worthy of the confidence of every citizen. Mr. William McNally, is a bright, progressive young Irishman, reflecting great credit upon all men of the same blood; and, if elected, he will do them and us all honor in the important office of the Chief Magistrate."

"Mr. McNally is a man behind whom the best elements in the community can rally with perfect confidence that they will have no reason to regret their work when they have seated him in the Mayor's chair. A thoroughly capable business man, a good and vigilant citizen, an ardent Montrealeur, he is precisely the sort of representative whom the people of this progressive commercial centre should rejoice to see at their head. Our Irish fellow-citizens have already commended their good judgment in the eyes of all by their selection of so worthy a candidate."

As an evidence of the approval which this action has elicited from the non-Catholic element, we need but reproduce the words of the Herald:

"Mr. McNally is well qualified for the position of Mayor. He is a native of Montreal, a successful business man, a man of education, culture and ample means. He has the respect of the business community and the good will of men of all classes with whom he has come in contact. If elected, he could, we believe, be counted upon to discharge the duties of the high office of Mayor of Montreal in a way to bring honor to himself and credit to the city."

Once more we must sacrifice a little to gain much. In the language of the requisition to Mr. McNally, we are told that "we the undersigned electors of the City of Montreal, being desirous of perpetuating the harmony and good-will that have heretofore been secured by adherence to the tacit agreement with regard to the occupancy of the office of Mayor of our City, hereby request you to come forward as a candidate for the Mayoralty, and pledge yourselves to give your support in securing your election."

THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S CORNER.

THE KNIGHTS' CONCERT.—As announced in a recent issue, the concert of the Hibernian Knights, in the Windsor Hall, on the 15th January, should be for many reasons well patronized.

the mission in St. Patrick's to which parish many of the members belong. President Lavelle, presided, and initiated four new candidates, and received the applications of three others.

DIVISION NO. 3, held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening and went through the regular routine of business.

THE OLD TONGUE.—The classes of the Gaelic Society have taken their vacation until the second Tuesday, in January.

ANOTHER BRANCH.—With the beginning of the New Year, it is expected that a Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be organized in Maisonneuve.

DIVISION NO. 7, A. O. H., held one of their old-time meetings on Thursday evening, President Tansey in the chair.

AN OLD CITIZEN GONE.—In the death of Mr. John Davis, which occurred on Thursday morning, at his residence on Nazareth Street, the Catholic Order of Foresters has lost an able and energetic member.

A HINT.—One of the most important committees of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is the committee of investigation.

THE MONTHLY MEETING of the County Board of Directors of the A. O. H., held on last Friday evening was well attended.

"LET THE DEAD past bury its dead." No good comes from the reopening of old wounds.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—St. Gabriel's T. A. and H. Society at its annual meeting last Sunday afternoon, re-elected Mr. Patrick O'Brien as its President for the ensuing term.

UNITED WE STAND.—During my rambles this week I have been considerably impressed with the earnestness which animates the members of our national societies towards perpetuating their rights in civic matters.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all my readers, society members, their wives, families, brothers, sisters old and young is the sincere wish of the CONNAUGHT RANGER.

DIVISION NO. 8.—The semi-monthly meeting of Division No. 8, A. O. H., on Wednesday evening was but fairly attended, owing to

delegate, but it should be remembered by those who are inclined to offer such criticisms that Unionist delegates were asked to take part in the business of the General Council on the distinct understanding that no political resolutions or questions would be introduced or considered.

It is the following and closing paragraph that appears to us very significant. In fact we do not quite grasp the aim that Sir Thomas has before him; we know it is the bettering of Ireland's condition, the securing of Home Rule; but by what road does he propose traveling to reach his goal?

Does this mean that a new party is about to spring out of the divisions that have so long existed? If so it must be either a party sufficiently strong to absorb all the others, or else it can only constitute an additional faction, and become a fresh cause of delay, turmoil and misfortune.

A UNIQUE MISSION.

Commencing upon Sunday, 7th January next, and closing on Sunday the 14th, a most special and unique mission will be given in St. Patrick's Church. In another column we present a picture of the Rev. Father Younan, Superior of the mission just closed, accompanied by a brief sketch of his interesting life.

We do not flatter when we say that Father Younan is an ideal pulpit orator. A man gifted with a grand voice, animated with an enthusiasm that becomes the more contagious in as much as it is under perfect control.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

The Knights of Columbus Committee having in charge the collection of funds for the establishment of the proposed chair of secular history in the Catholic University, Washington, requested that the donations should be made by the various councils in time to have the amount ready for presentation during the Christmas holidays.

H. Drury, William S. McNary, and Charles A. Webber, secretary, 60 Court Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. The Committee which issued the address was composed of Edward L. Hearn, Supreme Knight; James A. Flaherty, Philadelphia, and John J. Dolany, New York.

A TIMELY HINT.

A good Catholic newspaper will necessarily always give more than it receives, both to its subscribers and to the community, defends the Church and is the champion of religion often in the midst of enemies.

A good Catholic newspaper in a family strengthens the faith and its silent words and examples often make the individual members more earnest, practical and enthusiastic in their religion.

There are some Catholic newspapers like the "Universe" which need no subsidies, but most of them could be better equipped for their work if each subscriber could say "I owe no man anything."

NEW BOOK.

Under the title "Rerum Novarum," Hon. Dr. Guerin, Minister without portfolio in the Local Government, publishes a little book of 77 pages, very daintily got up with antique paper and type, red letter initials, and fancy scroll work.

LACHINE CONVENT.

For the occasion of the "Jubilée Celebrations" of the Sisters of St. Ann, to be held August next, the Mother General requests each of the former pupils of the Mother House to send her address as soon as possible.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly; he who aspires to nothing and learns nothing is not worthy of living.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF PERFUMES, ATOMIZERS, SOAPS, and TOILET ARTICLES.

P. McCORMACK, Cor. McGill and Notre Dame Sts., Cor. Prince Arthur and Park Ave.

FOR SALE.

A Solid Brick House No. 16 Fort street, size of lot 25 x 100; situation excellent and attractive. Also a block of Solid Brick Tenement Houses, Nos 18, 20, 22 and 24 Hermine street; size of lot 62 x 56.

M. SHARKEY,

1340 or 1723 Notre Dame St.

COMMON SENSE

Is but another name for judgment. Good judgment demands caution. Caution demands care. Care demands McCORMACK'S PECTORAL BALSAM for Coughs and Colds.

P. McCORMACK & CO., Cor. McGill and Notre Dame Streets, Prince Arthur and Park Avenue.

Table Fruits

For the Christmas Dinner Table.

FINEST WEST END TABLE RAISINS.

In one pound Cartons, Quarter Boxes, Single Layers and Full Boxes. Buckingham Clusters, in 1 lb carton, \$0.35 each. Angeles Imperial Clusters, 8 Crowns, in quarter boxes, very finest fruit, 2.00 per box.

FINEST SHELLLED ALMONDS.

Jordan Shelled Almonds, finest extra quality, 0.60 per lb. Valencia Shelled Almonds, finest extra quality, 0.40 per lb. Bitter Almonds, 0.60 per lb.

COOKING RAISINS AND CURRANTS.

Finest Sultana Raisins, 8 Crowns, in 31-lb. boxes, per pound, 0.15 per lb. In full boxes, 4.00 per box.

Table Figs and Table Prunes.

TABLE PRUNES.

"Imperiales Fleurs," in 2-lb. glass jars, \$1.00 per jar. "Imperiales Superfines," in 2-lb. glass jars, 0.85 per jar. "Imperiales Fleurs," in 4-lb. glass jars, 1.50 per jar.

STEWING PRUNES.

Choicest, in 56-lb. boxes, 0.20 per lb. Extra Superior Stewing Prunes, ("Rome Superieure") in 56-lb. boxes, 0.15 per lb. 2 lbs. for 25 cents.

NEW CROP TABLE FIGS.—In Large and Small Boxes.

Choicest Locoum, 4 Crowns, in patent knock down boxes of about 4 lbs., net each, \$1.00 per box. Choicest Locoum Figs, 5 Crowns in patent knock-down boxes of about 1 1/2 lbs., net each, 1.50 per box.

Crystallized and Glace Fruits.

In half pound, one pound and six pound Boxes.

Assorted Crystallized Fruits in 1-lb. boxes, 0.90 each. Assorted Crystallized Fruits in 1/2 lb. boxes, 0.50 each.

Assorted Crystallized Fruits in 6-lb. boxes, for sale by the pound, 0.75 per lb.

Crystallized Fruits, Assorted. Glace Fruits, Assorted. Crystallized Apricots. Crystallized Red Peas. Crystallized White Peas. Crystallized Marcellis Figs. Glace Red Cherries. Glace Red Peas. Glace White and Red Pine Apples. Crystallized Angelica.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Table Fruits for the Christmas Dinner Table.

Finest Extra Quality California Fruits "The Golden Gate Packing Co.'s Brand," in full weight 3 lb. Cans.

White Cherries, per can 4 dozen, \$5.00. Greengage Plums, per can 4 dozen, 4.50. Golden Drop Plums, per can 4 dozen, 4.50. Egg Plums, per can 4 dozen, 4.50. Damson Plums, per can 4 dozen, 4.50. Lemon Gling Peaches, per can 4 dozen, 5.00. Yellow Crawford Peaches, per can 4 dozen, 5.00. Apricots, per can 4 dozen, 4.50. Bartlett Peas, per can 4 dozen, 4.50.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Kennedy's Cambridgeport, Mass., Biscuits and Fruit Cakes.

KENNEDY'S FRUIT CAKES.

Kennedy's One Pound English Fruit Cakes, per dozen, \$7.50 each. Kennedy's Two Pound English Fruit Cakes, per dozen, \$12.00 each. Kennedy's Five Pound English Fruit Cakes, per dozen, \$18.75 each.

KENNEDY'S BISCUITS.

Kennedy's Pretzels, Kennedy's Rifle Nuts, Kennedy's Coconut Macaroons, Kennedy's Macaroon Drops, Kennedy's Newtons, Kennedy's Grandma's Cookies, Kennedy's Molasses Cartwheels.

Mrs. McFarlane, Lang & Co., Glasgow Fresh Biscuits and Cakes.

CHRISTMAS BISCUITS IN FANCY TINS.

Christmas Biscuits, in "Jannene's Baskets" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Seaside" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Home Pets" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Scottish Scenes" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Love Birds" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Queen Hess" tins, 75c each. Christmas Biscuits, in "Juvenile" tins, 25c each.

SCOTCH SHORTHREAD.

Scotch Shorthread, in Court tins, 50c per tin. Scotch Shorthread, in Tartan tins, 90c per tin.

CHRISTMAS CAKES IN CARD BOARD BOXES.

Almond Cake, in 2-lb boxes, 90c each. Genoa Cakes, in 2-lb boxes, 90c each. Fruit Cakes, in 2-lb boxes, 90c each. Iced Almond Cakes, in 2-lb boxes, 1.25 each.

BISCUITS

Rich Oat Cakes, in "Special" tins, 75c per tin. Granola Biscuits, in "Cabinet" tins, 80c per tin. Parmena (Savoury) Biscuits, in "Special" tins, 85c per tin. Ice Cream Wafers, mixed flavors, in "Special" tins, 50c per tin. Clifton Biscuits, in "No. 1" tins, 45c per tin. Cremona Biscuits, "No. 1" tins, 45c per tin. Cafe Noir Biscuits, in "No. 1" tins, 50c per tin. Scotch Macaroons, in "No. 2" tins, \$1.25 per tin. Muree Biscuits, in "No. 2" tins, 70c per tin. Parisian Wafers, in "Special" tins, 50c per tin. Parisian Wafers, in Square tins of about 7-lbs. each, 60c per tin. Chocolate Biscuits, in "Special" tins, 50c per tin. Cream Sandwich Biscuits, Lemon or Raspberry Flavors in "Special" tins, 60c per tin. Jam Sandwich Biscuits, in "No. 1" tins, 50c per tin. Rich Tea Biscuits, small, in "No. 2" tins, 50c per tin. Rich Tea Biscuits, Round or Oval, in "Cabinet" tins, 60c per tin. Cornish Cream Biscuits, in "No. 2" tins, 50c per tin. Abornethy Thin Biscuits, in 2-lb. tins, 50c per tin.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

FRUITS

For the Christmas Dinner Table.

IS IT A NEW PARTY?

There seems to have always been some cloud or mist of mystery hanging over the Irish cause. Even in the brightest days of expectancy there was a shadow upon the mirror and no person seemed ever able to penetrate that political or national phenomenon. While we can pretty fairly gauge the meaning of the different sections of the Irish Parliamentary Party, still we are not sufficiently in touch with the leaders to be able to pronounce upon the details of their respective programmes.

the idea of the Council, again presided. The meeting was remarkable for the fact that there were present at it a number of Ulster Unionist County Councilors, who were induced to attend the meeting on the understanding that nothing of a political character would be introduced in the discussions.

Having spoken of the divisions, factions and squabbles that for many years have distracted the Irish Party, the article continues:

"The second meeting of the General Council of County Councilors was held on Wednesday in Dublin, and Sir Thomas Esmonde who originated

THE CRUCIFIX OF BADEN.

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Will you follow me to Baden? Not to that elegant and wild and whirling Baden of painted faces and flashy toilettes, where gentlemen of the turf display their horsemanship on the plain of Iffezheim; where the majesty of old Germany elbows, in the Trinkhalle, the princes of Bohemia; but to the fresh, dark, silent, almost unknown nooks of that Baden which God has made and which man has yet left untouched; where the artist wanders for his picture, the poet for his inspiration, the dreamer for his vision, the Christian to murmur his prayer; for it is to a burial-ground that I am about to lead you. But fear not on that account; this burial-place of Baden has comparatively but little of the mournful, in its appearance; it is truly, as its name declares, the Fried Hof—the Court of Peace. Under that green turf under those flower-clad hillocks, there lie bodies that suffer no more, but sleep in quiet; their souls may suffer, indeed, and be in pain, but there souls are no longer there; and can repose alone in frightful? Look around, and, as far as the eye can reach, what beauty shines in the landscape, what a charm invests the distant meeting of earth and sky! Look up to the gray blue heaven, pale and transparent, as is ever that sky which stretches over the valley of the Rhine; to those pure white clouds floating like distant sails on a stormless sea; to those distant hills with outlines softening as they recede; to the green woods that fringe their sides; to those walls which time has breached; those crumbling towers; those ruined castles which seem to overhang the plain of the dead—man's work, and the hands that created it, becoming dust together. These sights may, indeed, be melancholy, but they are peace-giving too; for there in the midst hangs Christ bowing his weary head and stretching out his bruised arms in yonder great crucifix of stone.

In a churchyard, nothing is more frequent, nor so to speak, more natural, than to see a crucifix. It is there like the flag on the bastion, the mast on the vessel. Without it the place would be accursed and desolate for hope would be wanting there. All know and acknowledge this, but, nevertheless, few passers-by bestow a glance on the holy image. Some faithful ones may, when they see it, make the sign of the cross; others bend slightly before it; well-bred people uncover; free-thinkers, with proud look and step, with unbending knee and body erect, pass it by, they who would bow so low before the coronet of a prince or even the key of a chamberlain.

And certainly indifferent, timid, and free-thinking ones come to the Fried Hof of Baden; but there, few stop not and marvel, if by chance their eyes fall upon its crucifix. There is upon that rigid face—those features of stone—a look of life, of flesh and blood, which enchains you, moves the depths of your heart, speaks to you. To understand that gaze; it is not necessary to be a Christian; alas! it is enough to be a man. Those lips, half parted in a sigh, tremble in the stone; those half-closed eyes seem really to weep; agony sits upon every feature; bitterness of soul has worn every one of those furrows, the arch of the brows has been contracted, the pure lines of the profile broken, the calm of the forehead destroyed by sorrow, overwhelming, silent, inconsolable; and you would have before you the image of human misery the most complete, the deepest, the most horrible, if a ray from the Majesty on high did not come to elevate and illumine that petrification of grief.

When you have long studied those features and contemplated their agony, you involuntarily ask yourself: "Where did the sculptor find so suffering a face, so living an agony? whence came his model? for you feel that those features once were the flesh of one to whom ordinary grief were as nothing. That look of life, that pain so real, came certainly from a human heart that once beat beneath them, and in them painted its wounds, its tortures, and its agony. They were seen, and not merely created in the artist's brain.

Yes; you are right. Those features are those of a suffering, repentant, and miserable man. If you approach the base of the crucifix, you will see graven in the once soft stone, in long Gothic letters, and in the Suedan dialect of the fifteenth century,

these short and simple words, which are the explanation and the ending of this story:

"Mina, Otho."
"May God receive you and pardon me."

Nothing more, no signature to the work, nor name added to the prayer. But young souls, simple hearts, poetic spirits, which still may be found at Baden, in spite of "sport" and "the turf," will relate to you the birth of the work and the fate of the artist; for, alas! the story of the crucifix is also the story of the sculptor.

CHAPTER I.

It was a populous, busy and bright city, Baden of old, as it flourished in the fifteenth century, in the days of the Margrave Bernard of Stachberg. Less noisy than to-day, it was more picturesque. Where great hotels, white villas, and regular edifices now rise, then only narrow crooked streets were seen; where Gothic houses, those of old German dwellings, of which a few still stand at Augsburg, at Ulm, and especially at Nuremberg, reared their sculptured gables and pointed roofs, wherein were set windows looking like half-opened eyes, while beams projected from the wall beneath and supported little balconies, and long, narrow windows with leaden sashes glistened in the glory of their little thick, green-tinted and diamond-shaped panes.

Nevertheless, those streets in which the sun-rays rarely penetrated (caught as they were in their way by the projecting fronts of the houses,) were one day of the beautiful month of May, 1435, filled with people in holiday dress, bearing curious and smiling faces, with fluttering pennons, shining armor, and broad banners. It was the day of the tournament, and the gossips grouped themselves together to see pass the barons of the mountains and plains, and to relate to each other the high achievements of each doughty noble and the traditions of his family, while they awaited the return from the burg of the proud victors or humbled vanquished.

But of the general joy, the cries that rang through the town, only a few faint and expiring echoes reached a lonely and distant street, where the houses, lower and more scattered, no longer stood close together, but began to grow scattered through the fields. One of those houses, the largest and almost the last, was distinguished from its neighbors by two peculiarities. The front of the first story, instead of being cut by those narrow leaden-sashed openings joined one to the other, through which the light of day might scarcely enter offered to the gaze a huge window with larger, neater, and more regular panes than any around. Through the openings on the ground floor a narrow spiral staircase might be seen winding its polished steps and balustrade of stone, carved like lace, beneath a roof of wood delicately cut in graceful flowers, branches, arabesques, and interlaced figures. Above all, in a little wooden niche, a little carved shrine, which surmounted the pointed gable, was the form of an angel with folded wings, chiselled in pure white marble. One might imagine that the heavenly messenger had stopped there to rest in the middle of some long journey; that he gazed calmly down and protected with his frail hands the high gray house which he seemed to bless; so that the gossips, who all knew the dwelling and held its master in high esteem, called his abode The House of the Angel.

And the good burgesses wondered
What is Scott's Emulsion?
It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.
It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.
It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

What is Scott's Emulsion?
It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.
It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.
It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.
Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

not to see the white statue on that gray front, nor did they marvel at the graceful scrolls and arabesques of the pretty staircase, and that huge dazzling window, for they knew that the last served to light the studio of the sculptor Sebald Koerner, and that the two ornaments of the house, the marble angel and the carved roof, were his work.

Sebald Koerner was justly esteemed and even admired by the burgesses of Baden. It was not that he was very famous or very rich; that he earned much money or made much noise in the world. But it was because he was honest, patient, true; at once pious and dreamy, modest and intelligent. He lived only for his art, and scarcely partook at all of the passions, the aims, the entanglements of the crowd. He did not place himself above it, but without it, and men hold in high respect those who from a calm retreat behold the torrent of human life rush by. As an artist, he had rivals, but no enemies; as a man, he had his failings, but no vices; as a father, he had a treasure, a fair-haired daughter, named Mina, who had seen the flowers of seventeen springs bloom. Sebald Koerner might call himself a happy man.

But he was not only a happy man, he was a wise one, and what God had given him of strength, genius, calm and happiness he guarded carefully, lest he might lose it in the tumult of the life of men. Therefore the day of the tournament, which had so stirred the peaceful city of Baden with rumors of pleasure and joy, saw old Sebald shut himself up in his atelier. He had worked since dawn, while the swords of others were clashing and shields and breastplates resounding, while plumes and banners flashed through the air, and horns and clarions awoke the echoes; and he had first prayed, for such was his custom, and he imagined that prayer brightened his aspirations—men were so ignorant and barbarous in those "dark ages!" Then with a skilful and pious hand he wielded hammer and chisel through long hours well employed, and now, although the sun was sinking behind the mountains, he still worked, standing before his great stone bas-relief, only interrupting himself from time to time to cast a glance full of parental love on his daughter Mina.

Upon Mina fell the last ray of the sun, which, after kissing the verdure of the mountain, shone through the panes and made her long silver-gray gown glitter like silver itself, and seemed to light a beam of dark light in the centre of each of her large black eyes. Those were splendid eyes and rarely seen in one so fair, for Mina was a blonde, and the golden threads of her purse were not brighter than those of her hair, but only less soft and close. Nothing could equal the perfect purity and grace of her forehead and cheeks, the whiteness of her skin, the delicacy of the lines of her face; she seemed a beautiful statue, to which God, in reward to its designer, had given life and motion, and a loving heart and golden hair.

The bas-relief which the old sculptor was finishing seemed indeed as if long and difficult labor had been spent upon it. It represented a religious subject, for any but religious subjects were scarcely known, in those times when minds were so simple, imagination so quiet, and intelligence so limited, according to our strong-minded ones of this age; in those times when pilgrims marvelled at the beauty of a Child Jesus, or the chaste grace of a Virgin Mary; when the Appollos, the Minervas, the Venuses and Adonises, forgotten or unknown, were yet hurried in the darkness of centuries and under the dust of ruins.

What Sebald Koerner wished to represent was the dawn of the resurrection day. The cave of the sepulchre was there, rocky, vaulted, and low. At the entrance knelt Peter, with wide-opened eyes and trembling lips, and Magdalene wept, stretching forth her arms. Yes, she wept, for the sepulchre was empty. The stone which closed the tomb moved to one side, allowed the scattered bands which wrapped the sacred body and the abandoned winding-sheet to be seen, and the angel seemed to announce to the two faithful followers the glad and great tidings—the tidings of triumph and of consolation—Resurrexit; non est hic; words graven on the bandedole which hung from his hand.

Old Sebald's angel was noble, radiant, and beautiful, as became a messenger of heaven. The sculptor, with something of artistic caprice, had placed a golden star upon his forehead, and with the fond pride of a father had given to his face the features of his beautiful Mina, so that, when he smiled upon his angel, it seemed to him that he smiled upon his daughter, and, when he turned to his daughter, he became grave, and moved as if he looked upon a celestial visitant.
"I am satisfied with thee, my

daughter," said he, "after silently comparing for some moments the two faces. "I find nothing to change in thy pure brow, thy modest attitude or thy soft gaze. All that I cannot copy is thy smile. And thy smile is sweet my Mina, but it is too lively, too childish, too mocking; it is earthly, and not, I am sure, the smile of the bright ones above."
"Marvel not that it should be so, my father," replied Mina, while her eyes glistened: "Above, angels smile in ecstasy, love, and piety, while I here can only bear the smile of youth and hope."
"Thou art right my child; I would not blame thee. Hope is natural to the young. Long years are before them; they may expect to see their projects accomplished, their brightest dreams realized. Melancholy and weariness are the lot of old fathers, old dreamers, and old workers such as I."

"And why, father," returned Mina gayly, "shouldst thou be sad? Hast thou not an art which is better than a fortune? a name which is known throughout Baden as well as those of our oldest barons and bravest knights? Thou art never idle; thou lackest a companion never. Noble ladies and proud lords offer thee a respectful salute as they pass the door of the House of the Angel; and, when they are not here, thy little Mina remains; and thou thyself make holy companions for thyself when carving some beautiful Virgin or sweet child Jesus."
"Tis that which often makes me tremble, my child. Hast my spirit enough of inspiration, are my hands pure enough to reproduce those holy features? to give to stone or marble, or wood the charm and majesty of those divine forms which from their golden halos call and smile on me? to express the sweetness of the Christ-child, the tenderness of Christ the Mediator, or the virginal motherhood of His holy mother? No, to inspiration must be added the heart of a Christian; and if I have dared too much and but ill succeeded; if to those sacred faces I have given too much of man's fall and misery, then am I guilty, and then have I failed in my aim—in more than my aim, for then my peace of conscience and repose of soul, too, are lost. These Mina are the fears that weaken and the questions that disquiet me, and so often render my hand unsteady, and mark care upon my brow."
"Thou art very wrong to be so troubled my father," said Mina, hitting her head with a little air of triumph. "From Strasburg to Nuremberg, from Constance to Augsburg, all who have hearts and eyes and frequent the churches say there is in this would no man like thee to carve angels and saints."
"Ay, so say men," replied Sebald. "but God hath not said it, he who sees and judges my works; and from him must come my courage and my strength, for I would destroy all the works of my hands if by them I knew that he was offended. Look, my child, this bas-relief is nearly completed, and until now I was satisfied with it, but a scruple comes and weighs heavily upon my mind. This angel is very beautiful, Mina, since he bears thy face, but have I not presumed too much in giving him thy features? As one of the host of heaven he is perfect, so far as aught beneath God himself can be perfect. But thou art but a child of earth; thou art good, thou art tender to thy old father; thou art his only treasure, and yet more beautiful than this angel, but wilt thou be always calm, pure, and radiant as he?"
"I will try, my father," answered Mina, with an air of half-rebellious resolution, mingled at the same time with deep tenderness.
"Promise me, Mina, that thou wilt ever seek to be angelic and joyous, and in the midst of the world to live retired from it, that the weaknesses

and the griefs of men may ever remain far from thee and never afflict thee. I am old, and when I shall rest in the tomb, thou wilt be the heirless of my name and the guardian of my memory. Then learned men, princes, travellers, who may perchance have heard of my fame, may come. Thou wilt salute them at the threshold, and when they ask for old Sebald, thou, pointing to my deserted studio and empty seat, wilt reply: 'Resurrexit; non est hic.' He hath succeeded; he hath finished his years of toil, and reposeth in his fatherland." And I, my Saviour!" continued old Koerner, "I will then know whether I knew thee on earth. After thou hast done this, my daughter, dismiss the travellers and bid the princes farewell. Live in simplicity and retirement with a few old friends, my poor child, for thou hast no mother, or with some faithful companion whom thou mayest wed."
"Father, father!" cried the young girl, "why speak of sorrow and death in the beautiful spring, when the sun shines so brightly, and when thou art finishing the beautiful angel to whom thou hast given such radiance and youth? If thou couldst give him youth, my father, it is because thou yet possessest youth and long wilt possess it. And thou art not that, if thou wert no longer on earth, many would give a thought to thy little Mina, who is young and ignorant, and who is not a lady? No, those to whom strangers would come to speak of thy fame, whom after thy departure, they would seek, are sure to be thy pupils Johann Muller, Franz Steinbach and even—and even—Sir Otho of Arneck, who carves so bravely, and wears such glistening arms."
"As to the two first, thou art perhaps right, my daughter," said Koerner, who had again begun to work, and was lightly polishing the tunic of the angel with the edge of his chisel. "Franz hath ardor and Johann almost genius. But for the knight, Sir Otho, he amuses himself with sculpture as with training his hawks or with the wrestling of his varieties."

"Art not too severe?" asked Mina, lowering her eyes and puckering her rosy lips into a little pout. "I thought the knight of Arneck had something of talent; that thou thyself saidst so the day he modelled the great St. Michael."
"In good truth, he might have talent, were he more pious, more humble, and were he not a noble. Think'st thou, Mina, that inspiration will come in the midst of the clamors of a passage-at-arms, the charms of a concert of lutes, or a circle of great ladies listening to the words of a handsome cavalier, or the lays of a nimble-singer? No; who would consecrate his labors to the honor of God, and the saints must seek his inspiration, looking upward to heaven studying the mountains and the fields, or praying in the churches. Then let him return and work and adore, lest the holy vision fly or the sweet fervor grow cold."
"Nevertheless, my father, the cavalier Otho, is very assiduous, and I have more than once heard thee marvel at his zeal."
"Assuredly, he has been zealous. But can he really bear that zeal in his heart, wherein he bears the pride of his high lineage, the gallantry of a courteous knight, and all the cares of his seignoury? No; his ardor is but the flame of burning straw, which quickly dies. I cannot even understand why the knight of Arneck should take up the chisel—the who should content himself with the sword."

"Yes, yes, father, he wields it marvellously!" cried Mina, in a burst of enthusiasm.
"And therefore should be content with it. But Sir Otho knows not what he wants. To-day he practices a new thrust, and to-morrow he cuts stone or models a statue. See, he has not finished the fine armor of his archangel, and yet he could not keep from the tournament. And nevertheless, he promised to be here before evening."
Mina did not reply to these last words, but threw a vague, sorrowful glance toward the sun, which yet shone, but was fast sinking.
Sebald, yet touching upon various parts of his bas-relief, did not turn his head, and for some moments silence reigned in the atelier.
Soon the fall of a light and vigorous step was heard on the little pointed black stones which formed the pavement of the street.
"It is perhaps Sir Otho," said Sebald, and continued his work.
"If it were he, he would come on horseback," replied Mina, whose cheeks, despite her, were covered with the blush of expectant happiness, and in a moment she had left her seat, opened a portion of the large window, and was leaning joyfully over the sculptured balcony.
But she soon returned, looking sad.
"No, father, it is not he; it is only Johann," said she, and she

seemed to awake from a dream.
"Then let him come up quickly," replied the old man, well pleased with the news but still working on. A moment after he arose, as he heard the footfalls on the stair, and turned to greet the most beloved and studious of all his pupils:
(To be Continued.)

CATARRH

Attacks the head first, but it soon creeps down into other and more vital organs. It is the cause of many stubborn and misunderstood illnesses. Doctors do not recognize its many forms.

DR. SPROULE

has made a specialty of this treacherous disease. His treatment is constitutional and reaches all parts of the body. He will advise and diagnose your case FREE and tell you just what the proper treatment would cost you. Send for a FREE BOOK on Catarrh. Address Dr. SPROULE, 7 to 13 Duane St., Boston, Mass.

Pain-Killer

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME, PERRY DAVIS & SON.

REFRIGERATORS.

The Public are taking advantage of our Great Clearing Sale and Discount of 30 per cent. off Catalogue List. Buy while this chance offers.

Several sizes already sold out.

GEORGE W. REED & CO.
MANUFACTURERS.
783 and 785 Craig Street.

SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY.

FOR THE HAIR:
CASTOR FLUID..... 25 cents
FOR THE TEETH:
SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, 25cents
FOR THE SKIN:
WHITEROSE LANOLIN CREAM, 25cents

HENRY H. GRAY,
Pharmaceutical Chemist
122 St. Lawrence Malin Street.
N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH PAIN-KILLER.

A Medicine Chest in itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for GRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

25 and 50 cent Bottles.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE PERRY DAVIS'

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Fast Express Trains,

TORONTO and WEST.

Daily.		Ex. Sun.
Lve. MONTREAL.....	9.00 a.m.	10.25 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO.....	5.20 p.m.	7.15 a.m.
Arr. HAMILTON.....	6.55 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS.....	8.40 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO.....	10.00 p.m.	12.0 noon
Arr. LONDON.....	9.50 p.m.	10.00 a.m.
Arr. DETROIT.....	6.45 a.m.	1.10 p.m.
Arr. CHICAGO.....	2.30 p.m.	8.45 p.m.

*On Sundays leaves Montreal 9.00 p.m.

City Ticket Office, 127 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

Pyny-Pectoral

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the THROAT or LUNGS

Large Bottles, 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited
Prop's of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars, and a bonus of two dollars per share, on the capital stock of this institution, has been declared, and the same will be payable at the Building House in this city, on or after TUESDAY the SECOND day of JANUARY next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager.
Montreal, 30th November, 1899. 21-5

MENTHOL D & L PLASTER

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL
Beware of Imitations

A Blessing to the Fair Sex!

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of ORIENTAL POWDER, the only Powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Price per box with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00.

General Agent for the Dominion:
L. A. BERNARD,
1522 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.
United States: G. L. DE MARIGNY, Druggist,
Manchester, N. H.

BISHOP HOWLEY'S DEDICATION SERMON.

In the course of the dedication sermon at the Church of Holyrood on Thursday, His Lordship Bishop Howley spoke, in part, as follows:— It was by a happy thought and holy inspiration, my dear people, that your esteemed Bishop chose this day for the dedication of your beautiful new church. This day on which we celebrate the festival of the great Apostle St. Andrew, the Apostle of the Holy Cross. In this most appropriate dedication you are embalming in imperishable memory and in perpetual benediction the beautiful name of your settlement—the "Harbor of Holyrood," or Holy Cross. This was the name given to your noble harbor by the early navigators who first discovered this country some four hundred years ago. In reading the narratives of those fine old men, we are filled with admiration for their robust and simple faith and deep religious feeling. When on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, the great and saintly-minded hero, Christopher Columbus, first set foot upon the virgin soil of the New World, his first act, after falling on his knees and kissing three times the verdant sod, was to raise aloft a rude cross made from a tree hewn from the primitive forest, and to name the country after the Crucified Redeemer—San Salvador. Again, when a few years later our own noble-hearted Cabot landed upon the shores of this island, history tells us that he was accompanied by priests, who on landing undoubtedly raised the cross and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And when in the year 1534 the great French navigator Jacques Cartier, explored these coasts, he tells us how at Gaspe Bay they erected in presence of the savages a large cross of 30 feet in height, and kneeling down before it made signs to the savages, pointing to Heaven to signify that through the cross came our Redemption, and that the savages were deeply impressed by it.

One of the early French Missionaries, Pere Jeanneau, tells us that they found the Indians of New France, and especially about the country of Merrimack, to have already had a knowledge of the cross when the missionaries went among them, and that they found several large crosses erected on the surrounding hills, and hence they gave the name to the River of Riviere Ste. Croix—Holy Cross River. This venerable old missioner says they must have received the knowledge of the Cross from Heaven. It is more probable, however, that they received it from the Christian Norsemen, as this is supposed to be the site of Vinland into which Christianity was introduced by the Norsemen from Greenland in the year 1000. Or it may have been brought there by St. Brendan five hundred years before. Certain it is that on the very earliest maps extant of Newfoundland (as that of Majollo, 1527, we find the name of Holy Cross, Santa Cruz, more than once repeated as Baja de S. Cruz, Punto de S. Cruz, etc. So you see, my dear people, that the

beautiful name of your harbor is of great historical antiquity, and is one of which you should be proud and which you should guard and cherish with jealous care, and I hope you will not become infected with the senseless craving which seems to have taken hold of some people, for changing those beautiful historical names and substituting inane and meaningless modern terminology.

The cross which was once an object of ignominy and contempt, became after the crucifixion of the Redeemer of the world, an emblem of honor and glory. It shone upon the diadems of kings and princes. It was emblazoned upon the banners of armies; it crowned the spires and domes and pinnacles of Christian temples. It is interwoven with every holy thought of our minds every sacred aspiration of our hearts. It is the symbol of life and hope and spiritual grace. It is held in the highest reverence by all peoples and nations. In the Southern hemisphere of the sky there is a beautiful constellation consisting of four bright stars in the form of a cross, like the beacon that beamed last night from the top of yonder hill over the harbor. It is called "The Cross of the South." In those regions near the equator, the dry season of the year sets in in the month of January and lasts till April. During all this time no rain falls, and all nature becomes parched and burnt. The trees lose their foliage, the grass its verdure. Even the very beasts of the forest, overcome by intense thirst, lose their savagery and venture forth to the abodes of men, seeking wherewith to slake their fearful drought. But as the month of May approaches the glorious "Cross of the South" begins to appear in the heavens at nightfall. This brilliant constellation is, therefore, looked upon as a messenger of joy, a harbinger of good tidings to the parched and weary inhabitants of the earth. It is a sign that the flood gates of Heaven are again about to be opened, and the cooling dews, and three-weekly showers are about to pour forth their life-giving moisture over the starved and burning face of Nature, to bring new life to plant, and tree, and flower. So wonder, then, that it is hailed with thankful hearts and saluted with songs of gladness as the symbol of life and immortality. Such to you will be this elegant church which you have erected on this commanding site, with its cross-crowned spire pointing heavenward and ever speaking of hope and eternal life to come. It will be a centre of attraction that will draw your hearts towards it like a spiritual magnet; and every time you enter its sacred portals you will hear in your inmost souls those sublime words and solemn promises made by Almighty God to King Solomon some three thousand years ago, and which I have already repeated to you: "My eyes shall be opened and my ear attentive to the prayer of him who prays in this place." (II. Paralip. vii. 12-16).—The Evening Telegram. St. John's, Nfld.

County Councils in England. Once the thing is ready for working, Mr. Collins will hand the schools over to the men, who will work them as they choose and free of all control, save that of a Visiting Committee of Inspection, whose duties will be mainly advisory."

WOMEN WHO WEAR WELL.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life will make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliancy vanish like the bloom from a peach which is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant drains which are often consequent on marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness. As surely as the general health of the face and form at once withers, so the health of the delicate organs are established in health the face and form at once wither. Half a million women and more have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

THE OBERFULF WOMAN.

The finest compliment we ever heard paid to a woman was from her husband, and he said in speaking of her:—"We always think of her as a morning-glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table." How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty! The clean, that household duties kept women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved. That woman commits an error who looks unattractive and badly dressed in the morning. And Franklin adds: "What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions."

The DRINK HABIT CURED.

(From the St. John's News, Nov. 10.) Many homes have been made bright and cheerful, and many erring sons have been restored to happiness, and many husbands brought back to enjoy the blessings of their promises at the altar by using The "Dixon Cure" for the drink habit and the writer was astonished when in the office of the Company, on the 16th Oct., to be shown the many letters from mothers and wives, also men patients who testified that their sons or husbands or men themselves had been entirely cured, and the cost is much less than most cures. For particulars and price apply to J. B. Lalime, No. 572 St. Denis Street, Montreal, or to Doctor J. M. Mackay of Belmont Retreat, Quebec.

THE PLUMBER'S METHODS.

Forman Parisi, of the Gas Company, while boring a hole under the pavement at Oak and Fourth streets yesterday, so as to get in a service pipe for gas without breaking up the pavement, ran his augur through a lead service pipe connected with a water main. Water was flying in all directions, and as the lead pipe had been laid some thirty years ago, and there was no record to show with what main it was connected, the water could not be shut off. Finally Mr. Parisi broke open the pavement and jammed the end of the lead pipe, and stopped the water from flowing through it.

The conundrum then was how to get the pipe repaired. A plumber was found who was equal to the occasion. He procured a lot of ice and some salt, and packed the mixture around the "live" end of the pipe, and soon froze the water solid in it. He then cut off the jammed end, inserted a piece of the broken length, made two joints, and then, removing the ice, the pipe soon thawed out and the water flowed through it all right. The spectators who saw how it was done voted the plumber a genius, but he claimed no extraordinary credit for his skill, stopping such leaks being only a part of his business.—The Oregonian.

Sleepless nights caused by a persistent, rasping cough. Pnyx-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

A. BROUSSEAU,
DENTIST,
7 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.
Telephone 2001.

Mantels Tiles for Bathrooms, Fireplaces, etc.
Hardwood Brick and Tile.
ANDREW F. MURRAY & CO.
CONTRACTORS and IMPORTERS,
40 BLEURY STREET MONTREAL, Que.
Gas Logs, Gas Fires, Gas and Coal Grates.
Furnace and Wrought Iron Fireplaces, Furniture.
Designs and Estimates Submitted.

SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS. Bags of BROWN'S "XXX" Self-Rising Flour which preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in solid gold frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in fine gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. **BRODIE & HARVEY, 10 & 12 Bleury St., Montreal.**

Business Cards.
TEL. MAIN 3090.
T. F. TRIHEY,
REAL ESTATE.
Money to Lend on City Property and Improved Farms. VALUATIONS.
INSURANCE. Room 33, Imperial Building, 107 ST. JAMES STREET.
Office, 143 St. James. Tel. Main 644.
JOHN P. O'LEARY,
(Late Building Inspector C.P.Ry.)
Contractor and Builder.
RESIDENCE: 3 Prince Arthur St., MONTREAL.
Estimates given and Valuations Made.

LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER.
Successor to John Riley. Established 1860.
Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders accepted. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

DRUNSWICK LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE. Fine Carriages and Road Horses for hire. Special attention given to Boarding. 53 and 55, St. Alexander street, Montreal. Bell Telephone 1526.
D. McDONNELL, Proprietor

J. P. CONROY
(Late with Paddon & Nicholson)
228 Centre Street,
Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter
ELECTRICAL and MECHANICAL BELLS etc.
Telephone 8852.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
C. O'BRIEN
House, Sign and Decorative Painter
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING
Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence 645, Office 647, Dorchester street east of Bleury street, Montreal.

CARROLL BROS.
Registered Practical Sanitarians.
PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS
795 CRAIG STREET - near St. Antoine
Drainage and Ventilation a specialty
Charges moderate Telephone 1894

TELEPHONE 8388.
THOMAS O'CONNELL
Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.
137 McCORD STREET, Cor. O'Connell
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER.
RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE CHEAP.
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

DANIEL FURLONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in:
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, Pork
54 Prince Arthur Street.
Special Rates for Charitable Institutions.
Telephone, East 474. 11-G-98

Professional Cards.
J. A. KARCH,
Architect.
MEMBER P.Q.A.A.
No. 3, Place d'Armes Hill.
FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L.
ADVOCATE,
SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS,
130 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

C.A. McDonnell
Accountant and Liquidator.
180 St. James st., Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms and public corporations a specialty.
Loans negotiated on Real Estate, Superintendence of Real Estate, such as Renting, Collection of Rents, and Repairs. Fire and Life Insurance. Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all matters.
TELEPHONE 1182.

Society Meetings.
Ancient Order of Hibernians
LADIES' AUXILIARY
To the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.
Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Monday at 7 p.m. and third Thursday at 8 p.m. of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Maria Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McManhan; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lina Howatt, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.
Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, MICHAEL LYON; Recording Secretary, THOMAS DUNN, 432 Hibernian street; to whom all communications should be addressed; PETER DOYLE, Financial Secretary; E. J. COLFER, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. J. CAVANAGH, D. S. MCCARTHY, and J. CAVANAGH.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.
Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1821 York street. President, McCall Officers: G. Gallery, President; P. T. McDermick, Vice-President; Wm Hawley, Recording Secretary; Wm Mansfield, Secy.; John Hughes, Fin. Secy.; A. O'Brien, Treasurer. Committee: J. Fennell, Chairman of Standing Committee; Marshall, Mr. John Kennedy.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 4.
President, H. T. Keenan, No. 32 Dorchester av.; Vice-President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlity; Treasurer, John Traynor; Recording Secretary, B. Matthews; Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Sheehan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Sheehan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello; A. O'Brien, Division No. 4 committee and 4th Monday of each month, at 1133 N. Ave. Dame street.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.
President, H. J. Hummel, 25 Visitation street; Vice-Secretary, W. J. Clarke, 25 Visitation street; St. Catherine's Division No. 4 committee and should be addressed; Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 134 Balmoral street; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 794 Palmer street; Chairman of Standing Committee, K. Diamond; Marshal, W. J. O'Brien. Division No. 9 committee and 4th Friday of every month, in the York Chambers, 2414 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26
(ORGANIZED 12th November, 1883.)
Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.
Applicants for membership or anyone desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:
D. J. McGillis, President, 156 Nance street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Philip street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 2 Brunswick street; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary, 82a Visitation street.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.
Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875.
Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 15 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meet every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, E. HALLIY; Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. J. Hinkley, D. Gallery, Jas. McElhannon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society
Organized 1885.
Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STUBBS, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITE; Secretary, J. COUGHER; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. White, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Catholic Order of Foresters
St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.
Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger JAMES P. FURBER, Recording Secretary ALAN PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

Total Abstinence Societies
ST. PATRICK'S T.A. & B. SOCIETY.
ESTABLISHED 1841.
Meets on the second Sunday of every month at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street; immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McGILLIS, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary; 24 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Walsh; M. Sharkey; J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society
ESTABLISHED 1863.
Rev. Director, REV. PATRICK FLYNN; President, JOHN KILPATRICK; Secretary, JAMES BRADY, No. 97 Rosel Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month at St. Ann's Hall, corner 30th and 31st streets, at 2:30 P.M. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: (Messrs.) J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Oulor.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY
TROY, N.Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK City.
Manufacture Superior Church Bells.

IRELAND'S PAPER INDUSTRY.

"New Ireland" gives some interesting details concerning the revival of the once famous paper-making trade of Ireland. A few extracts will show all the benefits to accrue from the establishment of a new paper mill at Clondalkin, County Dublin. We might be permitted to remark, that owing to the lack of wood supply, the price of paper in France is going up most wonderfully. Even the Norwegian Pine so much depended on by the paper manufacturers of France, is falling off, and there is no place whence the old time supply can be procured. Would it not be a most favorable opportunity for Ireland's new—yet very ancient—industry? The report says:
"On the equipment up to the present time of the mill for manufacturing all qualities of paper, which the Leinster Paper Company has erected at Clondalkin, the sum of £180,000 has been spent, and something like £17,000 has gone to the laborers of the district in wages within a comparatively short space. The mill itself is worthy of note, because it is the largest paper mill in the world, because it contains the largest machinery ever used in places of this kind, and because it has begun where the best of English or American mills have left off. It is the only paper mill in the world which is worked by the latest description of triple expansion engines, and it is the only mill in which devices have been successful to make the complete manufacture of paper one single operation."
"The mill provides its own electric-

ity, and by an ingenious arrangement in the machinery which pumps water for the mill to the reservoir, and which gives a pressure of 80 lbs. to the square inch, or considerably more than can be obtained in Dublin, the pulling of a lever transfers the pumping power to the use of the Edison dynamo. It is hardly possible to realize the amount of work which has been done, even when one sees the vast length of river gated, and fitted with screens and filtering apparatus."
"To provide skilled mechanics, Mr. Collins intends to build schools for the men and their families, for teaching every trade employed in the mill, and the trades are numerous, on account of the use of electricity, water power machinery, steam engines, the use of chemicals and the rest. Mr. Collins intends to model these schools largely on the Lancashire principle. Nothing will be taught there which is usually taught either in the ordinary schools or those available elsewhere, as he intends his merely to be a "nursery" for the mill, and supplementary to the others. He will build and equip schools, provide lecturers and teachers, who must be competent men, and the subjects will be freehand drawing applied mechanics, designing, electrical engineering, chemistry and all others of a like nature, which may provide useful aids to the main ones. He intends them to obtain grants from the County Council, under the Agriculture and Technical Instruction Act, similar to those given by the Science and Art Department and the

DR. CODERRE'S RED PILLS

UNHAPPY WOMEN

Are those who are always sick and ill-humored. Do they fully realize that their ill humor, which we know is caused by sickness, is often the reason why their husbands stay away from home at night? The men are not entirely to blame. They are discouraged and disheartened by such exhibitions of temper from their invalid wives. Thousands of men to-day have had happy homes since their wives began taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. These pills cure all forms of women's diseases. No matter how serious the case may be, they cure. Ask your neighbor about Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. Surely someone around you has been cured or benefited by their use. If not, write to the following ladies who have had the experience and know their merit. Do not doubt any statement we make about Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They are not to be compared with cure-alls or old-fashioned liquid remedies sold for women. Here are living testimonials of their merits. Write and ask if they are not all that is claimed for them.

Mrs. J. Dempsey, 240 Valley Street, Providence, R. L., writes:—"I have been a terrible sufferer from female weakness and womb trouble. I believe that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills is the only remedy for women, for they alone have cured me when nothing else could."

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure women's troubles just as sure as there is a sun. They are not a cure-all. They are made for women's diseases only. All women, young or old, can be cured by them. Married women can take them under any conditions. They are intended for no improper purpose. Women who have been sick for years should write to our French specialists on women's diseases. Send a full description of the case, and receive by return mail, the best medical advice absolutely free, or, if possible, call at our office. This is a chance you cannot afford to miss. Send us your name and address and we will mail you free, our Doctor's book, Pale and Weak Women. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are not a purgative. Women suffering from constipation should take Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, together with the Red Pills. The Tablets cost only 25 cents. Follow directions accompanying each, and wonderful results are guaranteed.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all first-class druggists at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. We mail them all over the world upon receipt of price. Beware of all red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred pills, or at 25c. a box, for they are not ours; they are imitations. In the interest of your health do not be imposed upon.

Address all correspondence to
THE FRANCO AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.
Boston, Mass. office. Montreal, Can. office. 841 Tremont, St. 874 St. Denis St.

Mrs. Holmes, 567 Antoine Street, Detroit, Mich., writes:—"I suffered terribly with pain in my head and back, and from female weakness. I have tried a great many remedies without success. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills alone have cured me of my troubles. I do not think that there is a better or a cheaper remedy."

Mrs. P. A. Gillett, 228 Chestnut Street, Manchester, N. H., writes:—"I was sick for a long time and could not get cured by the Doctors. I was so run down and nervous that I was the most miserable woman on earth. I had headaches and great pains in the region of the heart. I am glad to give you a testimonial about Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, believing that others will get cured."

Mrs. Carleton, 108 Henry Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes:—"I was greatly benefited by a few boxes of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. I suffered for years with irregularities in the worst way. I am now as well since I took these Pills that I think it my duty to recommend them to all women who suffer as I have."

**The Lightest,
The Strongest,
The Best**

Value ever offered to the public in Skating and Rubber Sole Boots. We have bought them at a discount, and cannot be duplicated for the same money; so do not fail to call as early as possible and see these goods before buying elsewhere for we are certain it being money saved for you.

Ladies' Fine Box Calf Skating Boots

In Black and Tan with nice Lambs Wool Lining, really cheap at \$2.00 for **\$1.50**

Men's Oil Grain Skating Boots.

This Boot is all solid and is the lightest and strongest Skating Boot. Others sell it for \$2.00. We sell it for **\$1.50**

A few pairs of Men's Sample Rubber Sole Boots, at factory cost, \$4.00.

Just Received a new line of Men's Rubber Sole Boots made in the best American Calf, felt insole, etc. Every pair guaranteed, for **\$5.00**

Just Received Large Lot of Ladies' Fine Satin Bedroom Slippers, which we will sell for \$1.00.

Large Variety of Men's and Ladies' Slippers, Overshoes, Felt Shoes and Boots, suitable for Xmas Presents, at Prices to Suit all Purse.

E. MANSFIELD, The Shoelist,

124 St. Lawrence Street,

Phone Main 849. Corner Languechetera Street.

THE ROSE OF THE VATICAN.

One lovely summer evening in the year 1853, the beloved Pius IX. was quietly strolling through the Vatican garden, when he suddenly came on a child of five or six carrying a bouquet, which had evidently been gathered in the pontifical flower-beds.

At sight of the Holy Father, the little rogue stopped, blushed, lowered his eyes and dropped his fragrant harvest on the gravel-walk.

Pius IX. smilingly went up to him. "Where did you pick the flowers, my child?" he asked, sweetly.

"There, in your garden, Holy Father."

"Tell me: Why did you throw them away when you saw me coming?"

"Because my mother forbade me to touch the pretty flowers," stammered the child.

"And you have disobeyed her; that is very bad, very bad. But you are sorry, I know, for I see tears in your eyes. So I forgive you for her and for myself. Would you like some more flowers? Do you like these pretty roses?"

"Oh, yes, Holy Father, I love them, and camellias and lilies, and all flowers."

"Very well; you may pick whatever you like."

"Thank you Holy Father, I will pick only this white rose."

"Why do you take such a simple flower?"

"I will give it to my mother, and she will keep it to remember you by."

"What is your name my child?"

"They call me Lionello."

The Pope asked the boy a few questions, all of which the little fellow answered in the frank manner of his age.

Before leaving, the Holy Father kissed the child and blessed him. Lionello had grown very quiet. He raised his great black eyes timidly and looked at the Pope.

This mute appeal spoke at once to the loving heart of the Holy Father. "You want something else, do you not my son?"

"Holy Father, you have given me your blessing, you have robbed your garden for me," replied the child, in accents which seemed inspired. "Then send your blessing to my father, who at one time fought against your soldiers."

"I bless him from the bottom of my heart, my child."

"Then he is no longer your enemy? You forgive him?"

"I forgive him as I forgive all my rebellious children."

"Oh, how happy my mother will be!"

"Go to her, my child, and do not forget always to love God, to obey your parents in all that is good and right, and remember that the Pope has given you his blessing."

Then the Sovereign Pontiff, followed by his chamberlains, took his leave.

It was November, 1867.

Italy had been the scene of stirring events, an army made up of the hired assassins of secret societies, of revolutionists, free thinkers, Jews, atheists, had thrown itself furiously upon this corner of the earth, which served as a refuge for all that is just and holy here below.

Rome, threatened for the moment by the Garibaldian hordes, had been saved by the heroism of the Pontifical Zouaves and the battalions of France.

A few days after Mentana, Pius IX. lovingly visited a hospital in which there was a number of Garibaldians; he stopped before a young man who was seriously wounded.

"He is a Carbonaro," said the nurse, in an undertone. He refuses

all religious consolation, and he is dying."

"Poor child," murmured Pius IX., as he moved over to the wounded man and looked at him attentively. Suddenly he caught him by the arm, and in a loud voice cried out "Lionello!"

The young man started, opened his eyes, and a faint color suffused his pallid face.

"You know me, my son?" asked the Pope, urgently. "You remember that white rose which I gave you in the Vatican garden?"

"Oh, I remember it constantly," answered the dying man, trying to hide his face in his hands. "I was happy then."

"Yes, and to-day you are unhappy, miserable, and suffering."

"I have no friends in this place."

"No friends? Am I not here, your friend, your father?"

"Ah, but I have offended your Holiness, I have borne arms against the Pope; my life has been one tissue of crime."

"Our Lord whose unworthy servant on earth I am, pardons all who repent. And you do repent sincerely, my son, do you not?"

These words, uttered in a voice so filled with love and pity, touched the heart of the young Carbonaro, so long wandering from the right path, and the tears trickled down his wasted cheeks.

"Ah, Holy Father," he murmured through his sobs, "would that I had shed in thy cause what little blood remains in my veins. I was led astray by false friends. Ah, if I had only followed my mother's advice!"

"Your good mother! Where is she?"

"Alas she is no more. How sad it would make her to know that I had died in this sacrilegious conflict."

At those words a bitter remorse seized him, despair was written on his features: the dying man, it seemed, was neither to ask for nor receive pardon for his sins, and during this moral torture he grew livid, and gasped at his throat; his wound opened and the blood gushed forth; then his eyes met those of Pius IX., who was still at his side, and he summoned up strength enough to cry out:

"Holy Father, forgive Lionello once more, as you forgave him in the garden!"

The Pope stooped over him, there were a few last words in a low voice, and then the Holy Father raised above the Carbonaro the hand which opened heaven to the dying.

A few moments more and Lionello, saved by a precious memory of his childhood, yielded up his soul in peace, murmuring, as he died, the name of his mother and the name of his Saviour, Jesus.—Little Folks Annual.

There is no enjoyment to equal the enjoyment of the great intellectual treasures which are always at hand and always at our disposal.

ABOUT SIDEWALKS.

Something must be wrong about the management and supervision of Chicago's streets and sidewalks. During the last month one law firm, that of Sullivan and McArdle, of which our friend, Alexander Sullivan is the senior member, secured three verdicts for citizens who were hurt in consequence of the defective condition of sidewalks and viaducts. These verdicts were for \$5,000, \$8,000, and \$11,000 respectively, in all \$24,000. It would seem to the average man to be greater economy to employ enough men to keep the sidewalks in a safe condition.—Chicago Citizen.

"An ounce of essence is worth a gallon of fluid. A wise saw may be more valuable than a whole book, and a plain truth is better than an argument."

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described. But it is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease.

NOTICE

It is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Trustees of the Parish of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of Montreal, for a continuation of the powers to them conferred by Chap. 45-49-50 Victoria.

Montreal, Dec. 28th, 1899.

N. FAVREAU, Secretary.

Bernier & West,

Corner St. Catherine and University Streets.

Great Christmas Offerings.

Blouses.

There is nothing nicer or more suitable as an Xmas present than a nice silk Blouse. For the balance of this week we will sell at the following prices which have never been equalled in Canada.

Lot 1.

A nice Dress Blouse in checks and stripes, cheap at \$6. While they last **\$1 98**

Lot 2.

French Flannel Blouse in Stripes and Spots and Plain Colors, worth \$5.00. To be closed **\$2 98**

Lot 3.

Silk Blouses in Plain Black, Black and White colored Stripes and checks in light and dark shades, cheap at \$6.50. Our closing price, **\$3 59**

Lot 4.

150 Fancy Silk Blouses, worth \$7.50 to \$9.00 each. While they last **\$5 00**

Lot 5.

All our celebrated Plain Taffeta Silk and Satin Blouses, well made and newest shades, worth from \$9. to \$12.00 **Till Xmas, \$6 50**

Curtain Dept

Twenty-five per cent. discount off all our Lace Curtains and curtain nets.

Gloves.

Special Line of Ladies' 4-button Kid Gloves, in Black and colors, worth \$1.25 to be cleared **75c**

Ask to see our special One Dollar Kid Glove in all Colors, **\$1 00**

Ladies' Collars.

Call and see those beautiful New York Chiffon fronts and Collars from **\$1.25 to \$3.75 each**

Purses.

Special Line of Ladies' Purses, newest styles from 15c up to \$1.50 each.

Fancy Boxes

A large assortment of Fancy Handkerchief, Glove and Tie Boxes. All newest designs.

Perfumery Dept.

Murray and Janman's celebrated Florida Water sold elsewhere at 50 cents a bottle. Our price **39c**

Soaps.

Pear's unscented Soap. Sold by all Druggists at 18 cents a cake. Our Price, 10 cents.

Other Specials in Soaps.

Twenty-five per cent. discount off all our Flannelette underwear.

Linen Dept

Fifteen per cent discount of all Linens including Towelling and Towels.

Skirt Dept.

A Lady can always depend on getting a suitable Skirt here at any price she may desire to pay. Each evening this week we will sell a nice well-made Skirt in Black and colors at 99c.

Remember these are only on Sale from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

If you want a nice plain or fancy check home spun Skirt worth \$3. to \$9.00 each, call and get one from us for \$5.00

The prettiest Skirt in Canada, no two alike, to be cleared at \$9.00 to \$12.00 each.

Skirts made to order a specialty.

Corsets

A Special Line of Ladies' Corsets in white and grey, worth \$1.50. Now while they last **79c**

Blankets

Thirty-three and one-third per cent discount off all our Blankets, including Canadian, Scotch and English. Ask to see our Victoria Blanket, \$2.60 less discount, or \$1.73 nett.

Handkerchiefs.

We have a beautiful Line of Fancy Handkerchiefs suitable for Xmas trade, which are being sold at very low prices ranging from 10 cents to \$2.00 each.

STORE OPEN TILL 10 P.M.

Nothing Will Make Your Home Look Better for Christmas than a KARN PIANO.

BERNIER AND WEST.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

IN THE SERVICE OF SANTA CLAUS

Every Department Loaded with the Needs of the Season.

TOYS

Of every description and at every price!

An Unrivalled Assortment

Of all the latest, and brightest, and best Novelties of the Old and New Worlds.

TOYLAND

our Fairyland of Toys is a Children's Paradise! Bring them to see it!

XMAS CARDS, XMAS BOOKLETS, XMAS CALENDARS,
Etc., Etc.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

2343 St. Catherine Street, Corner of Metcalfe Street
TERMS Cash. TELEPHONE Up 933.

MARKET REPORT.

DECEMBER 21.

GRAIN.—Some business is reported doing in the West at prices which show no change. Oats at 25½c; peas at 57½c; buckwheat at 48c; barley at 89c; west of Toronto freights. There is little local business doing. Manitoba wheat is steady at 66c.

FLOUR AND FEED.—The de-

Can You

Find a more acceptable Xmas Present than a piece of good Furniture! We don't think so. You certainly can't find a cheaper store to buy really good furniture than ours. Come in and see for yourself.

Renaud, King & Patterson,

Down-Town: 652 CRAIG STREET. Up-Town: 2442 ST. CATHERINE, near Stanley.

See the Display

of Christmas requisites in Mats, Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Poles, Draperies, Cork Carpeting, Inlaid and Printed Linoleums, Stair and Hall Carpets, Dining Room, Library and Drawing Room Carpets. Put your home in order for the Holidays.

Thomas Ligget,

1884 Notre Dame Street, 2446 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, 175 to 178 Sparks St., OTTAWA.

mand for flour is quiet but steady, and prices are unchanged. Manitoba patents, \$3.90 to \$4; strong bakers, \$3.60 to \$3.70; Ontario patents \$3.50 to \$3.90; and straight rollers, \$3.30 to \$3.40 in barrels, and \$1.57 to \$1.62 in bags. Ontario bran \$15.50 per ton in bulk; Manitoba bran, \$15 in bags. Moultrie is in fair demand at \$19 to \$20.

POULTRY.—The market exhibits a healthy tone this morning, turkeys being in particular demand. Prices are as follows:—Turkeys, 9c, to 10c; ducks, 8c to 8½c; chickens, 6½c to 7c; geese, 5½c to 6c, old fowl 5c to 6c.

EGGS.—Market is steady and values unchanged. Good holling stock is selling at 22c to 22½c; straight candled eggs are quoted at 13c; lined, 15c to 16c; cold storage, 14½c to 15c; seconds 11c to 12c.

PROVISIONS.—The supply of dressed hogs is rather large and prices are easy. For fancy stock

a rule \$5.00 is the best price obtainable with rough and heavy stock selling down to \$5.

Trade in cured meats and lard is steady and prices are unchanged.

Quotations:—Compound lard, 5½c; pure refined lard, 6½c to 6¾c; kettle rendered, 8c to 8½c in tierces. Barrel pork is in fair demand at \$14 to \$15. Hams are steady at 10c to 11c, according to size; boneless breakfast bacon, 11½c; Wilshire hams, at 11c; green bacon, 7c; barrel beef, \$18.

BUTTER.—The market is steady. Local jobbers are paying 21½c and exporters ½c less for fancy stock, the range being from 20c to 21½c.

CHEESE.—The market shows nothing new, the actual business being of a hand-to-mouth character, while holders are perhaps not quite so firm as a few days ago. They have not weakened enough to bring in any orders. Holders ask 12c up, and buyers offer 11½c to 11¾c for finest Westerns.

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

MR. DILLON'S REMARKABLE SPEECH AT TIPPERARY.

At the magnificent meeting held at Rosmore, (County Tipperary) on Sunday, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., delivered a stirring, powerful, and eloquent speech. He met with a most cordial reception, the people cheering for prolonged periods and waving their hats in the air. Mr. Dillon said—Nationalists of Tipperary, I must commence by giving my warmest thanks to Canon Ryan for the words of welcome he spoke to me to-day on visiting this parish, and to you, amongst whom I may claim to have many old-time friends, for the welcome you have given me after twenty-four years of absence, for I think it is twenty-four years this year since last I stood upon a platform in this parish. That I should find after all these years, that have rolled over us, and after all the contentions that have divided some of us, that here to-day in this old county, this glorious old county, which I once represented, I still have friends, and lots of them, is, I can assure you, the greatest possible encouragement and comfort that can be given to an Irish politician in these troublesome days. This great meeting has been called for the purpose of planting in this parish, and in the parishes around it, the organization which you have heard alluded to in the resolutions which you have just passed, the organization of the United Irish League. I like the name, and I like its programme. There is nothing that the Irish people require to-day more than to be united, and now after 100 years have rolled over us, since that great organization, the United Irish Society, carried the banner of Irish liberty nearer to success than it ever carried before or since, may it be, and I trust it will be, the mission of this organization, which you are assembled here to-day to support and to spread, to unite the people of Ireland, and send a message of hope to the scattered children of the Gael, who will be at your back the very moment you are united. If you are united, I affirm with confidence, that there is no power to-day that can stand successfully in your path.

The United Irish League has had many critics, as all great organizations, all great movements have in their infancy, but, while it has many critics, it has no rivals, for I know of no other organization to-day in this country which offers to the people a platform on which they can stand and advocate shoulder to shoulder their right to live in the land of their fathers. I ask those who find fault with the United Irish League what do they propose to put in its place, and I think that they ought to be moderate and cautious in their criticisms until they are prepared to come before the persecuted people of this country and offer them some other policy, and some other platform from which they can defeat their enemies. It is stated that the United Irish League, is a purely Connaught movement. Well, many good things have come from the Province of Connaught, and it always seemed to me to be one of the most striking cases of poetic justice in all history that the Land League should have come out of Connaught, to which province, as an alternative to hell, the remnants of the old Celtic race, which had survived a hundred years of famine, fire, and the sword, were invited to betake themselves 250 years ago by Oliver Cromwell. But is it only a Connaught movement? The idea, at first, no doubt, took most vigorous root in Connaught, because there the soil is most crying and the suffering most acute. But the idea is fruitful and is genuinely National in its application, that the land of a country was intended by Providence for the use of the people of the country, and that it is lying in the face of the law of God and of Nature that the people should be driven from that land in order that it might feed more bullocks for the markets of a stranger, and produce more rent for alien land owners. And while in Connaught the question of the repopulation of the grass ranches takes prominent place inevitably, and as a consequence of the circumstances of that province, here in Tipperary and throughout the whole of Ireland the question of the ownership of their farms and of the reduction of the rents they have to pay is a question of vital importance, and it is a National question in the widest possible sense.

Many years ago it was said that those who own the land of a country, own the country, and the root and source of all the miseries and oppressions of the Irish nation has been the confiscation of the soil of Ireland and the reduction of the nation to a serfdom in the land of their fathers. Talk of the Ulsterians

in the Transvaal. We have heard recently much of their grievances, and now a war has been declared to remedy those grievances. But the Irish race have been for three hundred years Ulsterians in their own country, suffering from grievances incomparably greater than any which the Ulsterians in the Transvaal state have ever had to complain of. And now, after twenty years' experience of public life, I am as much convinced now as I was when I first joined the Land League in 1879, that when you strike at landlordism in Ireland you strike at the tap-root of that poison-tree—the rule of the stranger—which has cursed and blighted National life for three centuries. But we live in strange times. Lately we have been told that there is no land question now in Ireland. According to some authorities the whole question was settled finally by the great Land Act of 1896, and yet I cannot see in what respect the great bulk of the Irish farmers have been bettered by that Act. Again, another set of political physicians who undertook to settle Ireland's troubles through the agency of a round table and a recess committee, evolve the most interesting doctrine that it really mattered little what rent a farmer had to pay in Ireland. "Set up a creamery," say these gentlemen, "and a co-operative store, and the land question is solved." According to them the true cause of the agrarian troubles in Ireland was not landlordism or excessive rents, but ignorance and incapacity on the part of the farmers, and that if the farmers are properly instructed the produce of Ireland could be more than doubled, and the rents would be found to be of little consequence. That is a very dangerous doctrine to preach at a time when rents are being fixed, and when I saw it preached by some of the chief organizers of the Recess Committee and of the Agricultural Organization Society I felt that the department charged with the fixing of rents and the agents of the landlords would not be long in availing themselves of these statements. And I had not long to wait for proof of the accuracy of my forecast, for before the Fry Commission witness after witness was asked by the counsel for the landlords whether it was not true that owing to the co-operative societies, the prices of manure and the general cost of production had been reduced; and I have not the smallest doubt upon my mind that at the present moment many, if not all, the Commissioners settling rents are influenced in their judgment by these considerations. Great things are promised to us from the new department set up by Mr. Balfour last session, and of which Mr. Horace Plunkett has been appointed Vice-President. But when I saw the dogged obstinacy with which Mr. Gerald Balfour resisted every proposal tending to give the people any real voice in the control of the new department I was led to expect that it will be animated with the same evil spirit which has characterized all Castle departments in the past, and that it will be more concerned in trying to carry out Mr. Horace Plunkett's policy of disinfecting Irish life of politics, which means National politics, of course, and in bolstering up the rotten fabric of Dublin Castle Government than in improving the methods of Irish agriculture. And here let me say a word as to the methods of Irish agriculture. It has become a fashion with some of the prophets of the Agricultural Organization Society to run down Irish farming and declare that the poverty of Ireland is mainly due to the incapacity of the farmers. But is it true that Irish farmers as a class are so wretchedly ignorant and incompetent? I am no expert in these matters, and I do not profess to speak with authority. But I do not believe that it is true. I believe that when compared with English farmers, and making due allowance for the different conditions as regards capital, assistance from landlords, etc., the Irish farmer is on the average quite as good as the English farmer, if not better; and he most certainly has fought a better battle against agricultural depression, although obtaining less concessions from his landlord than the English farmer has obtained from his.

In spite then of the Agricultural Organization Society, and in spite of all those who declare that the land question has been settled in Ireland, I hold that the land question is not settled, and that it lies at the root of and is inextricably bound up with the National question, because so long as the people of this country are at the mercy of landlordism the entire influence of the landlord class will be used, as it always has been used since the confiscations, to beat

down and paralyze any national movement and to support and bolster up the Castle and all its rotten machinery of government. Are you satisfied with the present proceeding of the Land Courts? Is there a farmer in Ireland who has confidence in the Land Commission as now managed? Is it not like every other department of Government in Ireland, packed in the interest of the minority and of the landlords? And what hope, what chance is there for the Irish tenant farmers to get justice from such a tribunal? The only effective remedy for this condition of things is to abolish landlordism, root and branch, with all its machinery—agents, landlords, attorneys, writs, processes, eviction-made-easy notices, and ejectments, and to establish firmly every farmer as the owner of his farm, and every laborer in a decent house and an acre of land at a reasonable rent, and in a position of independence. That was the original programme of the Irish League, which in '79 and '80 was denounced as confiscation and communism and since then has been accepted in principle by successive governments. But when this great settlement comes to be made it will be essential, in my judgment, that the price at which the land of Ireland is to be transferred must be fixed by some impartial tribunal, and not by such a packed and one-sided body as the present Land Commission. We have a warning on this point in the proceedings connected with the 40th section of the Land Act of '96, which had it been decently administered, would have been turned into a machinery for raising the price of land and robbing the liberties of the people. So far as I can make out, Judge Ross and the Land Commission between them are compelling tenants in many cases to buy their holdings for their full market value as they stand, and so pay for all their improvements. Be that as it may, it is clear that the only chance for the people of obtaining their farms at a reasonable price will be the existence of a really powerful organization to protect their interests and counteract the constant, steady, and well-organized pressure exercised by the landlords' combination in all the machinery of Government in this country.

No settlements of the Irish land question will be satisfactory or bring peace or contentment to this country which leaves out the just claims of the Irish laborers. And I would say to the laborers that they should make their voice heard, put their programme clearly forward, take care that their demands should be distinct, reasonable, and practical, and I venture to suggest to them that the sure plan of obtaining their rights is by throwing themselves heartily into the general National movement, as they did in the Land League when, for the first time in the modern history of Ireland, some real steps were taken to improve the miserable condition of the Irish laborers, and by insisting that a fair and ample measure of reform for the laborers of Ireland should form an integral part of the National programme. The United Irish League may have originated in Connaught, but it is not longer confined to that province. In this great county there are, I believe, at the present moment upwards of twenty working branches of the League, and the organization is spreading rapidly in Ulster and in Leinster, and, in my judgment, it will spread more widely still, because its programme is one which recommends it to earnest Nationalists in every part of Ireland. The foremost plank in that programme is the assertion of the national right of Ireland to govern herself, and to abolish forever the Government of the stranger in this island, and as a means to that end, and indeed as an inseparable part of that principle, to restore the land of the country to the people of Ireland, to abolish and utterly sweep away the accursed institution of alien landlordism, which, since it was first planted on us by the confiscators of the seventeenth century, has poisoned the well-springs of our national life and assailed our people with every form of calamity and suffering. There is another reason why, in my opinion, the United Irish League will spread more and more widely as time goes on. Wherever the League has taken root it has exercised a marvellously healing and uniting influence on the Nationalists of the district. I could give you by dozens the names of districts where for nine years Nationalists had been divided into hostile camps full of bitterness and ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats, to the infinite and inexpressible joy of the London "Times," the land-grabbers, bailiffs,

and all the gang who suck the life-blood of Ireland when she is divided and helpless. And in these very districts a branch of the United League is established, and in a short time the contentions and animosities of the past nine years have disappeared. Nationalists of all shades of opinion as regards past controversies find themselves working harmoniously together again in perfect accord as to the future, and in perfect agreement that the least said about the immediate past the better. The proof of the pudding is the eating, and it is this last characteristic of the League and its work which will, I believe, ensure its rapid spread throughout the Irish race, more even than any point in its programme. It is the effect which it has had wherever it has appeared in exorcising the demon of disunion and drawing Nationalists together, and the marvellous resurrection of the National spirit and National enthusiasm which has immediately resulted from its beneficent work—it is these ascertained results of the work of the League which will be accepted by the Irish race as the mark and sign of a genuine national movement, and will ensure for it a great future.

And the union which has been sought by the United Irish League, and which has been affected by it in so many districts, is a real and not a sham union; it is a union not depending on artificial arrangements between individuals, which might break down at any moment when the temperance of some individuals goes wrong, but a union growing naturally from the passionate resolve of a united and self-respecting people, with foundations deeply laid in an organized nation, and which will last so long as those foundations are unshaken.

THE INTELLECTUAL FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM.

Last week we gave a summary of Mr. W. H. Mallock's article in the "Nineteenth Century" on the above subject. We then stated that we would criticize in this issue, some of the details of that writer's contribution. Since then we have read a short paragraph in the "Ave Maria" which seems to cover, in a few lines, the ground we had intended going over. The Notre Dame publication says: "In the 'Nineteenth Century,' Mr. W. H. Mallock, repeats his oft-expressed conviction that 'if the Christian religion holds its own at all in the face of secular knowledge, it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not any form of Protestantism, that will survive in the intellectual contest.' Mr. Mallock is forever repeating that, once the first principles of any revealed religion are admitted, there is no halting place short of Rome for a logical mind. He himself seems not to profit by his conviction, but he has done yeoman's service in propagating it among many others who have followed the leading of the kindly light."

This is exactly what has puzzled us; we could not make out how a man of Mr. Mallock's education and acquirements could possibly reason as he does, and remain outside the Catholic fold. The only explanation that seems at all plausible is that he is not a believer in any Christian doctrine, for he always covers himself with the doubt-inspiring supposition—if there be any truth in Christian revelation, if he has gone on for twenty years formulating the same principles and never stopping over the Rubicon of Truth, nor ever accepting that which he seems to so perfectly understand, we can only conclude that, faith being a gift, a special grace of God, he has not received, or else has not responded to such super-natural favor. Under such circumstances we need not trouble ourselves with his slight mistakes or his graver errors of doctrine. What we had intended writing has been written by hundreds before us, and only when the occasion calls for a repetition of those arguments do we deem it well to make use of them. We thought, on a first reading, that Mr. Mallock's article furnished an appropriate occasion; but now that it vanishes in the light of information concerning his peculiarities of theory and idea, we may drop the subject, and simply express the hope that some day he may have the good fortune to put into practice that which he so admirably preaches.

THE ITALIAN CATHOLICS.

Archbishop Corrigan has taken a practical step towards providing priests for the many thousands of Italian Catholics residing in his jurisdiction. He has made the study of the Italian language obligatory upon all theological students of his archdiocese. With four years' study of Italian, these seminarians ought to be competent, when ordained, to hear confessions and preach in that language.—Sunday Democrat.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The reverses that befell Methuen and Gatacre effectually dispelled any illusion that the war in South Africa is not a serious one, for a feeling of grim determination has taken the place of light hearted assurance writes the London correspondent of the New York Her. ald.

This is particularly noticeable in clubs, where many vacant chairs testify to the great number of members who are now at the front. One does not hear to-day talk of when the British troops will enter Bloemfontein and Pretoria, but it is now, "When will Buller be able to relieve Ladysmith?" or "What are the probabilities that Methuen will be able to resume his advance?"

Another topic of conversation is the tremendous number of fatalities among the officers. The name of this is well known. Many a discussion is waged as to whether the officers at the front were right or wrong in refusing to remove all the little marks that distinguish them from their men.

Notwithstanding the fact that both officers and men are dressed in khaki the keen eyed Boer sharpshooters have no difficulty in picking out the former by means of their shiny buttons, stars, sword hilts and pipe-clayed belts and straps.

While the officer is thus making a shining mark, so as to speak, the ordinary "Tommy" goes to the other extreme. He washes his buttons, water bottles, in fact everything that can be so treated, in thick mud paste. The result is that on the field the "Tommys" are practically invisible, and at a little distance look as like as peas in a pod.

A retired army officer says there are several reasons that prompt officers to act in this manner.

In the first place, he said, it is a tradition of the officers who fear that should they dress without any distinctive marks their men would imagine that they were afraid and lose confidence in them, which everyone knows, would render a regiment perfectly valueless. The English soldier, as a rule, will follow his officer anywhere, but should the latter show a disinclination to go forward "Tommy" would be very apt to start reasoning instead of moving.

The question of the bullets used by the British and Boers again gives food for talk. The *Lancet* to-day, in a leader upon the effects of four different kinds of bullets says that the Mark II. bullet, which is employed in the present campaign is more destructive than the Mauser steel mottled bullet, but each inflicts only small wounds. The dum dum and Mark IV. are of far greater destruction. Against a civilized foe we can use mark II. or the Mauser with the knowledge that we are doing as little damage as is consistent with our object of firing at all, but with savage races the bullet must be unprotected at the tip, so it may spread. For this the dum dum bullet is very suitable.

With regard to surgical treatment, these small bore bullet wounds may be said to be flesh wounds, the wound made by either the Mark II. or the Mauser steel mottled bullet will in general heal quickly, but in cases where the bone has been hit amputation is frequently necessary. There is very little scope for brain surgery, except in cases of spent bullets.

The London correspondent of a leading American daily journal says: Pathetic scenes are almost daily enacted at the War Office in the eagerness of hoping for news that does not come or the fear of the news that comes. Crowds, chiefly women, assemble daily.

The lobbies and waiting rooms were filled with sobbing, hysterical women on the day of the publication of the Magersfontein casualties. The scene was heartrending when the official, carrying blue sheets, appeared. All the suppressed emotion burst forth in pitiful cries, as if beseeching Heaven that the bitter cup might pass by them.

The official in sympathetic tones, before fixing the list on the green baize boards, first read the lists, so that all might know as quickly as possible the best or the worst.

How the war levels all ranks was pathetically illustrated by one incident. A lady clad in costly furs and a poor starved looking little woman in a faded Tartan shawl were carried out together, fainting, into the air. The rich woman had swooned on hearing herself proclaimed a widow, and the poor one because there was no news of her dear one at all. To relieve the terrible strain for the officers the casualties are always published a day or two ahead of the rank and file.

London, Sunday.—Although no

more news of importance has come through from the front since the depressing despatch telling of General Buller's reverse, it was quite enough food for talk all day yesterday in London.

One writer giving his impressions says:—"People marvel how one general after another, and Buller last of all, allowed his troops to be drawn into such traps. What was done in the way of scouting is, of course, not known here, but it is certain that very little had been learned of the enemy's position, nor do the war balloons appear to have helped in any respect."

"The military experts here do not see how the action of Buller, from whom so much had been expected, can be defended, viewing it by the light of his despatch. But many other men think the despatch was written hurriedly, and refuse to take condemnation from his own mouth. They prefer to believe that Generals Hart and Hildyard attacked simultaneously, and that, while the former failed, the latter would probably have succeeded had not the reckless action of the commandant of artillery led to the destruction of the batteries and consequent abandonment of the attack."

"The opinion is that Gen. Buller, having been taught a lesson, may try again very soon."

A despatch from London, to the New York World says:

It is acutely feared in court that this war will kill Queen Victoria. Her Majesty is more than eighty years of age, but for the first time in her long life she complains of insomnia. The repeated reverses, the heavy losses of her troops, are incessantly on the Queen's mind she cannot sleep. Her intense anxiety is more easily understood when one remembers that many of the officers commanding the troops in South Africa—were—personally known to her Majesty and many of the troops are those who closely surrounded her.

When Sir Redvers Buller took leave of Her Majesty on his departure to take command in South Africa, he assured her the war would be difficult but would soon end. Now comes to her the news of Buller's defeat.

The information received by the War Office is filtered to the Queen through her private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge. He receives it over a private telephone which was laid for this purpose between Windsor Castle and the War Office.

But the news thus received does not satisfy the craving nor allay the anxiety of the Queen, who knows that hundreds of English women are being made widows and thousands of English children fatherless.

The news of Buller's reverse was telephoned to Windsor on Friday night and was communicated, after dinner, to Her Majesty by her second secretary, Sir Fleetwood Edwards. Sir Arthur Bigge was in London making inquiries commanded by Her Majesty, and he remained here until this morning, in the hope that he could convey to her later and more hopeful intelligence. It was hours later before the War Office gave out Buller's report.

The despatch of a siege train from England to South Africa, is an indication that the British Government anticipates the investment of the Boer capital before the war is brought to a conclusion. Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to a description of the defenses of Pretoria, which according to report, are of the most modern description and formidable in their completeness, says a well known writer in an exchange.

They consist of five powerful forts and five lines of mines and enormous entrenchments with redoubts, the mines being so laid as to cover all the approaches to the principal points of defence. The centre of the system of forts lies about 1,200 yards to the westward of the northern end of Pretoria, and has a radius of something more than 7,000 yards. The centre of the city itself is only about 3,800 yards, nearly due South, from the fort on Signal Hill, which is about 400 feet above the plain on the west side of the railway to Johannesburg, and about 4,900 yards from the fort on the hill to the east of the railway, and the Aupios River running to the north. Between this fort and the river are fountains that furnish the water supply of Pretoria. The distance between the forts on either side of the railway is 2,700 yards. The railway station where the lines from Johannesburg on the south, Dolagon Bay

Continued on Page Twelve.

MARY OF THE NATION.

In that admirable publication conducted by the Dominican Fathers, "The Irish Rosary," appears a most interesting memoir of Sister Mary Alphonsus Dowling, of the Third Order of St. Dominic, better known to the world as "Mary of the Nation." Our readers are certainly familiar with the beautiful poetic effusions of this charming Irish poetess. "The Old Castle," "My Own," "The River Lee," and scores of other equally lovable and patriotic poems flash upon the mind at the mention of "Mary of the Nation." According to the present biographer she must have been very young when her sweet lines charmed the Irish people; she was born in 1828, and as early as 1842, some of her best and most popular productions appeared in the "Nation." Still very little has been generally known by more modern readers concerning the life and tending of this young contributor to that mighty revival of Irish literature. The article, therefore, in "The Irish Rosary," comes like a revelation to us and possibly to thousands of others. Like Griffin, "Mary" spent the principal years of her short life in a religious community and to God consecrated the muse once inspired by the patriotism so intense in the Irish heart. This may account for the comparative oblivion into which she had fallen. But as long as the "Spirit of the Nation" survives, so long shall "Mary's" poems charm the lover of Irish literature and the student of that wonder-working movement inaugurated by Davis, Dillon, and Duffy. It would simply be repeating for our readers that which they mostly all know to quote the poems which from 1843 till 1848, flowed from the pen of "Mary." She was one of the brightest stars in that galaxy which spanned the sky of Ireland's literature; with Mary Eva Kelly, Speranza (Lady Wilde), and the other inspired female writers of that day, she occupied a place by no means secondary, and in many instances foremost.

But it is to the closing years of this gifted Irish girl's life that we will refer; possibly many of our readers will be as surprised as we were to learn the story of "Mary of the Nation." According to the revered Dominican who writes the short memoir before us, Ellen Mary Dowling was born in Cork on the 19th March (Feast of St. Joseph), 1828; she died in the same city, on the 27th January, 1869. Forty-one years of life, prolonged beyond expectations by fully twenty years, sufficed to build up a glorious reputation in the world of letters, and that— which is far more important—a magnificent career of sacrifice, piety, suffering, devotion—all for the love of God. She was certainly one of the most attached clients of St. Alphonsus.

"When about twenty years of age, her health which was always very weak, gave way completely." At that period she came under the spiritual direction of Father Pius Leahy, O.P., afterwards Bishop of Bromora, and into contact with the works of Saint Alphonsus. This was the turning point of her life. When comparatively restored to health she dedicated her future to God and her chosen patron saint. The first little volume she published after the period of her entry into religious life was dedicated to Saint Alphonsus.

"She entered the Presentation Convent in Cork on the feast of St. Teresa, 1849; she received the habit on the 29th of May, 1850, and chose as her patron her beloved Saint Alphonsus." Now she was Mary Alphonsus, and this name she retained to the end of her life.

Unnecessary to follow the lengthy account of her humility and fervor, her devotion to her sacred calling and her constant desire to suffer for the sake of Our Lord. Soon, however, she received a large share of His Cross. Her health again gave way,

and it became absolutely necessary that she should leave the Convent. She had the consolation of a hope that she might ultimately recover and return to the house of God. She was carried to her mother's home in September, 1850. She had still eighteen years of life before her—years of mental anguish and physical sufferings of the most acute kind. Her maxim was: "To wish always to please God perfectly, but let Him choose the way."

When eventually it became certain that she could never return to religious life, she begged for the habit of a Tertiary of Saint Dominic, and having received it, she led a life as closely in accord with religious rules as is possible for one not actually in a community. Her love of prayer was intense, and her affection for the angels was one of the holiest passions of her pure life.

"We said she was born a poet. For several years it seemed as if she had lost the gift; it was owing to her almost continuous illness; but she considered it a punishment, because of the use she had made of the gift. Hence, when her spirit began to revive, she prayed to God:

"Give me my early gift, and then No more for earth that gift shall be, Make me a minstrel once again That I may sing sweet songs to Thee."

"Well did I know the gold was Thine, And only given in trust to me, Yet, laid in many an earthly shrine, So much, there's little left for Thee."

"If I had songs of countless store, For Thee they'd charm the souls of men; But if my silence please Thee more, I'll never wish to sing again."

Cardinal Cullen once said that he wished to see her little volume "Voices of the Heart," in every household.

In 1860 she lost her good mother, and for her years her sufferings, as she battled with ill-health, a harsh world, and un congenial surroundings, cannot be described, nor even adequately imagined. In 1868, her physician, who was a father to her, had her removed to the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy. The account of her last year of endurance and torture is one of the most edifying and inspiring pages we have ever read. During her last days, the late Archbishop Kirby, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, obtained for her of Pius IX., the Apostolic blessing. He also procured a triduum of prayer for her before the altar of our Lady of Perpetual Succor, in the Church of Saint Alphonsus in Rome. The days fixed for the triduum were the 23rd, 24th, and 25th January, 1869. On the morning of the 26th, all pain left her; towards midnight a great change came over her, and at 2 a.m. on the 27th, she deliberately closed her eyes and gave up her pure soul to God.

"If we consider carefully the life of Sister Mary Alphonsus, we shall easily conclude that one who so generously embraced our Lord's Cross, now enjoys his reward in heaven. Many of her poems were the expression of her daily hopes and daily prayers."

Such is the account new to us, of the earthly career and sublime ending of "Mary of the Nation." Yet when we read over her early poems in the light of this information, we feel that the pure and noble effusions of her youth must have added to, rather than detracted from, her great sanctity of life. Her love for Ireland, and the consecration of her primal muse to the sacred cause of her fatherland, will preserve her memory green in the hearts of her fellow-countrymen for generations to come; while her intense love of God, and the dedication of her more mature genius to His honor and glory, most reap their reward in the mansions of unending peace.

opportunity of positive confession. It is not at all likely that they will all accept the grace; nevertheless, they must have some great merit on the solemn day when the general reckoning will be made up by God's Recording Angel.

Last week, and again this week, reference will be found in these columns to the extraordinary writings of Mr. Mallock. Here is a man, who has a lucid conception of the Catholic Church, and who does not hesitate to make them public. Even should he never go one step towards personal acceptance of the Church's doctrine, he decidedly is opening the eyes of hundreds and thousands of non-Catholics upon the reasonableness and stability of Rome's teachings.

Another of this class of writers is H. D. Sedgwick, jr., who contributes to the Atlantic Monthly, an article entitled "Trend towards Rome." There is a special section of this article which deals with the Catholic Church and the laboring classes, and to which we may have occasion to refer in the near future. For our present purpose we merely take a few extracts from the opening of this contribution to illustrate our contention that, despite errors and misconceptions, such writings tend to awaken a Romeward spirit in the domain of Protestantism. Mr. Sedgwick thus opens:

"The democracy of American institutions will be no hindrance to the Church of Rome, for that Church has been the greatest democratic power in the western world. With a few exceptions, the Popes have always been elected; and the Papacy has always been open to every Catholic, regardless of his birth. Popes have been chosen from all ranks of society. In the most vigorous period of the feudal system the great councils of the Church, were great representative assemblies; their members came together from all Christendom. The Church has always taught the spiritual equality of rich and poor. The great monastic orders practiced equality. The Order of Jesus has always set the degree according to talents."

Not a bad start for a non-Catholic; but follow the author in these remarkable paragraphs:

"It may still be objected that the Roman Church is not modern, and is not adapted to the nation which more than any other lives in the present; it is said that age and youth cannot live together; that young America will find the aged Church lame and slow; that if any Church shall have influence it will be one untrammelled by tradition. The contrary may have a greater share of truth. This ancient institution has acquired a toughness and deep roots which give it enduring strength. Generations have grown up in its shine or shadow. It encounters the horizon, and every man has adjusted his course by it, every nation has framed its government and laws in fondness or fear of it. Antique custom has a thousand clutches. One may love the Alps or flood the Desert of Sahara, but the very people who shall benefit must first be overcome. Men will not suffer you to destroy their deities or their deities. In its long life the Church has learned means to supply the needs of all—of the pious, the wayward, the ambitious and the meek, the libertine, and the anchorite, the sceptic and the believer, the active and those that do nothing. Those old hands have a strength, and their softness a touch beside which the young are

made and incapable. History announces that no man can safely say that the Church is unequal to the requirements of latter-day success. A generation ago after Victor Emmanuel's army had marched into Rome, general belief among Protestants was confident that the Papacy had fallen; but during the pontificate of Leo XIII., it has been stronger than it had been for a hundred years. So it has been through history. Anti-Popes and Babylonish captivity, rebellion and reformation have shaken the great edifice, but have left its foundations seemingly as strong as ever."

Dealing with the question of Catholic dogmas—the most difficult one that arises as a barrier in the Romeward path of learned Protestants—Mr. Sedgwick says:

"To an outsider the separate dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church are no more difficult of acceptance than the dogmas which she shares with the Protestant sects. The fall, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, are longer and more exacting beliefs than the authority of the fathers, the immaculate Conception of Mary, the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. To the outsider the dogmatic Protestant seems to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

Still more important is the following peculiar explanation of the dogma of the infallibility:

"Now that dogma has little to fear from its enemies, its success much depends upon its friends. The particular dogmas of Catholicism have no hindrances greater than those which stand in the way of any hitherto unaccepted dogma. The doctrine of Papal infallibility is commonly presented by Protestants in the gross form that a man by virtue of an elective office shall be able to ascertain absolute truth. The true foundation of the doctrine is this: In the life of many a man comes a moment when he sees a vision; the grossness of his members falls from him; he hears a voice. At that moment his nature stands a-tiptoe; he has come nearer to something larger than himself than ever before. He will not let the memory of it die, but embodies it in some belief, so that his enthusiasm may not be lost. In like manner, when Catholic Christendom feels a sentiment of larger life than is its wont, and recognizes the presence of its creator, it will not suffer that moment to pass, its spirit to fade away, but through the Pope, who by his position is sensible in all the movements of Christendom the Church embodies the noble sensation in a form which, in spite of the inadequacy of human symbols, is most able to preserve it. A new truth is proclaimed in order to help all Catholics remember their best selves."

We are not here going to enter into the details of these subjects, nor to discuss the theological merits or demerits of Mr. Sedgwick's statements; we merely wish to indicate the influence—indirect, if you will—which such works must have upon the great reading public—rather the great body of the thinking public. The foregoing is sufficient to suggest to some non-Catholic minds the possibility of the reasonableness of Catholic dogmas; the suggestion may engender doubt as to the anti-Catholic teachings; that doubt—in an honest mind—will rarely lead to investigation; and investigation must necessarily lead to truth. The sole question, then is the existence or not of the grace to accept the truth when in face of it.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

FROM FYLES OF THE TRUE WITNESS, YEAR 1877.

A very large congregation was present at Midnight Mass at St. Patrick's Church, at which Rev. Father Dowd officiated. Miss Alice Crompton rendered with much taste the "Adeste Fideles." Hady's Fourth Mass was given by the choir, under the able direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, and the soloists were Miss B. McNulty, Miss Fanny Fallon, and Messrs. T. C. O'Brien and James Shea.

Mr. Edward Murphy lectures under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association this evening January 5.

Saturday's newspapers announced Dr. Hingston's decision not to continue to occupy any longer the position of Chief Magistrate of this city. This will be a matter of general disappointment; but the reasons given by our worthy Mayor satisfies the citizens that it would be unfair to force him to continue to occupy a position which requires so large a demand upon his time, and we believe on his purse. There is no denying Dr. Hingston has during his time

of office, done more than his share of serious work.

The Irish Catholic Union held its first concert on January 16, in the City Concert Hall, Bonsecours Market. The attendance was large and the sister societies were well represented. During the evening, Mr. B. Devlin, M.P., delivered an address upon the importance of thriftiness, and the power of combinations. He spoke of the value of penny-banks; and suggested that the officers of all the Irish Catholic societies should meet, as a Grand Irish Council, every quarter, and discuss questions affecting Irish interests.

There are 84 notaries and 256 lawyers practising in Montreal.

We are pleased to notice among the list of gentlemen who have been successful at the recent examinations for practice at the Irish Bar of the District of Montreal, the names of Charles J. Doherty, of Montreal, and John S. McDonald, of Prince Edward Island, two sterling Catholics.

There are 22 Roman Catholic

churches in Montreal, 10 Protestant, 17.9 Methodist, 4 Congregational, and 4 Baptist.

On Sunday January 14, a highly interesting event took place at the Grey Nuns' establishment, Guy St., which will long be remembered by those who took part. It was the annual feast provided by the St. Vincent de Paul and other societies for the destitute old men and the little children of the institution. His Worship Mayor Hingston was present. More than 100 persons representing all ages sat down and regaled themselves from the well-supplied tables. Children of two years of age affiliated with grandfathers of 90 and upwards, the oldest being 102 years of age. The feast illustrated how much happiness can be achieved with a very little sacrifice on the part of those able to afford it.

PERFECT METAL JOINTS.

Perfection in manufacture is what all live manufacturers are striving for. Perfection. Years ago ornamental glass was put together with lead and lead only. Since the Luxer companies commenced with their electric system in copper without cement, others have striven in every way to make as perfect a joint at as low a cost. The result is a number of weak systems of glazing which look strong, but require only a fair trial to show defects. In the Luxer electric system the whole series of joints become one piece—so made electrically—and it is wonderful how strong a panel so put together becomes. No method of glazing has yet been devised that gives at once a joint so neat and strong. Door panels so glazed can be seen at the office of the Company at 1838 Notre Dame Street, and every one knows the liability of ordinary door panels to fall to pieces.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. and L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS.

Mens' Furnishings Department

NEW GOODS FOR XMAS GIFTS.

THESE in rich colorings and patterns. Our stock of PUFFS and BLOWING ENDS is unequalled. Call in early and secure a splendid choice. A suitable Xmas Gift we have in the Now Muffler which is fast selling. We have repeated the order for more. Colorings are beautiful. Prices from \$1.00 upwards.

We would call attention also to our BLACK SATIN DRESS SHIRT PROTECTOR, \$2.00 only, which would make a handsome gift.

We have received a beautiful line of FANCY BRACES, specially for Xmas presents, ranging from 50 cents up.

LADIES' 2-CLASP BELMONT KID GLOVES, blown fingers, newest plique sewn, in Modes, Tans, White, Pearl Grey, warranted a perfect fit, \$1.50.

LADIES' 4-BUTTON DOE SKIN GLOVE, Tan, Grey and White, with black and white stitching, 85 cents. A special glove in Black Kid, 'Westmount,' 4 clasps, fancy black stitching, warranted the black will not rub off, \$1.75; an entirely new cut.

4-BUTTON SUEDE, fancy self and black stitching, worth \$1.20, reduced to 60c; color, Grey, Mode, Tans and White.

2-CLASP KID GLOVE, fancy evening shades, Rose, Pearl Grey, Cream, Malze, etc., fancy stitching, \$1.25.

OPEN LATE TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK.

OGILVY'S,

Cor. St. Catherine and Mountain sts.

Largest foundry on Earth making CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS. Finest copper and tin only. Terms, etc., free. MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.

Musical Instruments Great Reductions for the Holidays.

Largest Stock and Cheapest Place in the City.

Guitars, \$4.00 up. Mandolins, \$3.00 up. Violins, \$3.00 up. Cornets, French Make, \$8.00 up.

All kinds of Musical Instruments at reduced prices. Strings for all Instruments. All kinds of Repairing done on the premises.

CHAS LAVALLE, 35 St. Lambert Hill.

A Piano for Christmas.

The most royal of all gifts, bringing permanent pleasure to your home. At once a source of life-long entertainment, and a sound investment if the Piano be a good one.

The place to go for a Piano of this kind is the Lindsay-Nordheimer Co. Best Pianos in the Dominion. Prices and terms to suit you.

STEINWAY, NORDHEIMER, HEINTZMAN, HOWARD, ENNIS.

All the world knows them as the best. Only one week more. May we?

Lindsay-Nordheimer Co., 2366 St. Catherine Street.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS.

Presents that are lasting should please the eye, give ease and comfort to the body, and not be too hard on the purse.

WE HAVE THEM.

See our SKATING BOOTS, all kinds and prices. Warm lined goods in great variety. Slippers for Ladies, Gents, Girls and Boys, Gaiters, Leggings, Moccasins, Overshoes, Rubbers, Ice Creepers, Ankle Supports and Skating Straps. Reliable goods at lowest prices. No trouble to show or exchange goods. All goods guaranteed as represented. Mail and Telephone Orders receive prompt attention.

J. SLOAN & SONS,

Cor. ST. ANTOINE AND MOUNTAIN STREETS. Bell Tel. Up 2417.

XMAS BOOKS

Our stock of Books contains the choicest literature, from which all minds can make a selection and of which all purses can afford to buy. You will make some Christmas Presents, of course, to your home folks or your intimate friends. You could not select anything better than a good book nor anything that will cost you less in proportion to its real value. Here are a few selections which will give you an idea of some of the good things that await you, or that can be ordered by mail, and to which prompt and careful attention is given.

THE ALTA EDITION 175 Volumes, 50c per volume, reduced to 40c.

Popular books at low prices. We give a few of the titles:—Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire; The Murders in the Rue Morgue and other tales, by Edgar Allan Poe. True Stories from Modern History by Agnes Strickland. The Conquests of the seven Hills by Mrs. O. H. P. Lewis. The Battles of the Republic by Sea and Land, by Henry W. Harrison. Lenny, the Orphan, by Marguerite Bonner. Holidays at the Grange by Emily Mayer Higgins.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

A STRONG UNDERCURRENT.

The conversion to Catholicity of such men as Austin Adams, Do Costa, and others mark a decided progress on the part of the Church; but there seems to us to be another, a less conspicuous, and yet powerful undercurrent—often unnoticed by the general readers of to-day—which is bearing irresistibly like a gulf stream—vast sections of Protestantism towards the centre of Christendom. We refer to the multitude of non Catholic writers, all deep thinkers, profound students, and serious as well as sincere men, who fill the pages of the most important publications with admirable articles, upon the Church of Rome. It is true that they nearly all give expression to

some erroneous theories, but these are generally the result of non-Catholic training, and in no wise take from the fair-mindedness of those writers. While some of them are not ever likely to accept the truths of Catholicity and to enter the one fold, still their works have set thousands thinking seriously, and are calculated to lead thousands of future subjects into the Church. Although not possessing the grace necessary to acquire Faith, these writers are doing a glorious work, they are "making straight the way of the Lord," they are performing the work of Christ; and we have an intimate conviction that sooner or later each of them must be afforded an

NOTES FROM ROME.

A Requiem Mass for the British soldiers in the Transvaal was sung on Wednesday, 29th ult., in the Church of San Silvestro in Capite. The ceremony has been thus described:

"The exterior door of the Ohron was completely covered with black and gold draperies, and in the interior a magnificent three-tiered catafalque occupied the centre of the nave, festooned with heavy draperies of black and gold, and covered with the Union Jack, which was also placed at the two ends. Long before the hour appointed crowds of the English-speaking colony and visitors to Rome were already assembled, even the side-chapels being filled, and not a vacant place left, the people standing in the aisles down to the doors. The Most Rev. Archbishop Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, pontificated at the Requiem Mass, the deacon and subdeacon being members of the English college. The solemn Gregorian music of one of Palestrina's Masses was ably rendered by a choir composed of students of the British College in Rome, under the direction of the Very Rev. Mgr. Claud Lindsay. The absolutions were given by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Stonor, and among the prelates present in the stalls was the Most Rev. Archbishop Sambucetti, Archbishop of Corinth; the Very Rev. Mgr. Giles, Rector of the English College; the Very Rev. Mgr. Stanley, the Very Rev. Mgr. Frazer, Rector of the Scots College, the Very Rev. Mgr. Lemmon, the Rev. Father Le Clerc, Rector of the Canadian College, and many other prelates."

The new Papal Nuncio to Brussels, Mgr. Granito di Belmonte, before leaving for his new diplomatic charge, received episcopal consecration at the hands of the Cardinal-Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, del Tindaro to the titular See of Edessa. The interesting function took place in the church of the Sisters of St. Anna in the Via Merulana on Sunday last.

The ceremony of the installation of the Cardinal Major-Penitentiary.

Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, in his new office took place in St. Peter's on Thursday afternoon last. The Cardinal was accompanied from his residence by the members of the Penitential Office, and received on the threshold of the basilica by a deputation of the Archbishops and Canons of the Vatican Chapter. From the entrance Cardinal Vannutelli proceeded processionally to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel for a few moments' adoration, then ascended to the throne of the Major-Penitentiary, where His Eminence listened seated, while the Pontifical Brief of Nomination was read. At its conclusion, all present approached and paid reverence to the new Penitentiary, and were lightly touched on the head with the penitential rod of office. Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli in his capacity as Cardinal-Penitentiary will present the gold hammer to the Pope for the opening of the Holy Door in St. Peter's also the trowel for the close of the same at the end of the Jubilee Year.

The feast of St. Andrew (patron of Scotland) was solemnly celebrated at the Scots College in Rome, on November 30th. The Rector of the college, Mgr. Frazer, celebrated the High Mass, and the students rendered the music.

An English Academy, or Institute of Art is shortly to be established in Rome.

Prince Emanuele Ruspoli, Syndic of Rome, died suddenly on Thursday morning. He was a great favorite of the Romans, and his funeral was of unusual splendor and solemnity. The deceased nobleman leaves a widow, nee Josephine Bears Curtis, of New York.

Sir Rennell Rodd has left Rome for Brindisi and Egypt, having brought to a satisfactory conclusion the negotiations with regard to the delimitation of the Anglo-Italian frontiers on the Soudan border.

King Humbert and Queen Margherita will visit Queen Victoria during her projected stay at Bordighera.

THE CHRISTMAS VACATION.

"Our Catholic Schools and Colleges have closed for the Christmas vacation. The attendance at the different institutions this year has been the largest on record. Good progress has been made by the pupils, the teachers seem to feel well satisfied with their work, and parents and guardians must also be pleased with their children's progress. The closing week was indeed a very busy one. Christmas examinations, entertainments, Christmas trees were the order of the day. In many of the schools the rooms were tastefully decorated with bunting, flags and exhibitions of children's work. We are glad to see such things take place as they teach the pupils neatness in their homes, make them more careful in their work, spur them on to greater activity and give them a relish and a fondness for school. What our children want is more encouragement.

The road to learning is a rugged one and unless made easy by the skill and tact of the teachers many stumble, get discouraged and give up in disgust. There is no doubt that our children need a few days' rest after nearly four months of hard honest and conscientious toil. The teachers too, need a rest of body and mind, few people know the great strain they have to suffer while attending to the many duties of this onerous and important mission imposed upon them. We know the children are happy and delighted with the thought that dear old Santa Claus will bring them an abundance of good things during this festive season. In our next issue we hope to be able to publish a list of the prize winners of our Irish Catholic Schools, and in the meantime the "True Witness" wishes both teachers and pupils a Happy Xmas and a very pleasant vacation.

BISHOP VAUGHAN'S REMARKABLE SERMON.

The Very Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in the first of his Advent sermons, in the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester England, made some actual appreciations of the actual state of the British Empire, and the condition of the majority of individuals composing it. His subject was Dives and Lazarus. After a graphic description of the modern Dives, the preacher said: Lot them but shake the kaleidoscope and they would see almost the same combination. But it was not from the point of view of the world, of clubland or Exchange-land, or of the merchant of Mincing Lane, that they must regard this man. God saw through all his purple and fine linen, and what was highly esteemed before men was an abomination before God, and they must strive to purify what it was to stand for judgment, not before the members of their club, but what it was to stand before God alone. Turning from Dives the reverend preacher presented to the minds of the congregation a pathetic portrait of Lazarus standing; and having contrasted their earthly condition, he went on to say: And the rich man died, and what did the poor man think of himself? He thought that he was a creature of God. He knew that God is love. He knew that his life is a mystery. And

he knew that it did not very much matter when he saw Heaven there, whether he was in wealth or poverty for so short a time when there was eternity beyond, and he reflected: "Perhaps if I had what that man has I might lose what now I have—the love of God. My God, Thee I long for, Thee alone. All I am I give to Thee. Do what'er Thou wilt with me. Riches!—a curse upon them if they be giv'n upon your wrists chaining you to the eternal dungeon. Purple and fine linen! Feasting sumptuously every day! Why," he says, "even with my passions starved I find it hard to keep them in order. If my flesh were wrapped in soft and sweet things, if my body were lined with hot drinks and exciting food, I am not sure that I could keep so pure. Better, better, best for me, poverty. Best for me to be struck now by God that I may feel His arms tight about me on the threshold beyond the stars." And so this man, who was an abomination before the world, was high before God. Oh! how splendid! exclaimed the reverend preacher. Having drawn several morals from this parable the Rev. Father Vaughan delivered the following remarkable peroration: "And I say we are the citizens of a prosperous city, belonging to the

great empire in the world; and empire are made up of individuals. It may be that we members of the British Empire have some resemblance to the rich man. We have lately been speaking of dying, beaggarly nations." We have told other nations to "mend their manners." We have exasperated and whipped them into fury with our language, with our domineering ways. We have called another "fool" and they are all an abomination before the Englishman. There are many Englishmen who have no God, no home to go to. God help them! Remember that what is highly esteemed by man may be an abomination before God. And above all things, as members of this Empire, I charge you, my brethren, to look to the history of all past empires that have risen to great fame. They have all died of suicidal corruption. And I see in the luxury of the rich man to-day, in this gratification of all his passions, I see in the gambling and the betting of the boys in the street; I see in the get-money and professionalism of the games among the people; I see in the immense consumption of strong drinks; I see in the zeal for and the yearning for pleasure and self-gratification; I see in this nation a leprosy weaving itself—the microbe of dissolution. Beware!—and from the past learn for the future; for, as the poet has said:

This is the moral of all human tales. It is the same sad rehearsal of the past. First freedom, then glory. When that is past, Wealth and vice, corruption—barbarism at last, And history through all her volumes vast, Hath but one story. And on that page, proceeded the reverend preacher, I write, "what is high before men is an abomination before God. What is an abomination before men is esteemed by God. There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and feasted sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar called Lazarus who lay at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; and no man cared to him. Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores." Dives and Lazarus—which of the two was an abomination before men? Which of the two high before God? Which of the two high before men and an abomination before God?

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE PRESS.

THE CATHOLIC DAILY.—Look upon them as we may, newspapers are a power, a power for good or evil. As the constant drop of water wears away the stone, so the continuous reading of a journal imperceptibly influences the mind, often against former convictions. The whole tide of non-Catholic writers, anonymous and otherwise, throughout the land, is consciously or unconsciously hostile to the Church, to its Vicar and to its members. We know that the world is against us, as it was against our Lord, but when a strong arm keepeth his court these things are in peace which he possesseth. We should seek to be strong in defence and in offence when the good of souls, the welfare of the Church and the honor of God demand it. Such are the conditions of our times and the state of modern society that the existence of the Catholic newspaper is a necessity, if the baneful influence of the majority of secular journals is to be counteracted. In justification of this view we quote the following extract from the letter of the Holy Father, Paternae Providaeque, sent to the Latin-American episcopate on September 18, 1899:

"We renew the counsel to work with as much zeal as prudence for the publishing and spread of Catholic papers. For in our time the people neither form their opinions nor regulate their conduct except following the daily reading of the papers. It is really painful to see those that are good neglecting the weapons. Most of them read secular by the impious, lead to the deplorable ruin of faith and morals. Let the pen therefore be sharpened and literary ability be so employed as to make the lie yield the way to truth and cause the voice of right reason and justice to be listened to by those who are deceived."

The Vicar of Christ, alive to the importance of the commission, "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep," turns to the Catholic press as a potent and watchful sentinel to guard the flock from the wolves. This guarding and defense need not be left solely to the editors. Others are fitted by position and ability to assist in the good work. Their presence and their power would impart courage and make victory doubly secure.

PEOPLE READ, people will read. Most of them read secular newspapers, and we all know that many of these are entirely unfit to enter Christian homes. They are messengers of evil, and as agents of Satan do his work with fruitful and pernicious activity. Parents too often welcome the enemy of religion disguised as a daily paper. Cardinal Manning declared: "The all but universal effect of the daily newspaper is to wipe religion out of the minds of men. Even if religion be not directly attacked, the principles assumed and insinuated are incompatible with faith. And yet great numbers read little else. * * * The newspapers pour out lies like water and we drink down poison with perfect credulity." Many will recognize the fact and agree that since the weekly Catholic

newspaper is desirable, useful and necessary, the Catholic daily newspaper would be a still more potent and desirable medium for upholding faith, for opposing error and for disseminating truth. It does seem strange that the millions of English-speaking Catholics in the United States have not a single daily newspaper to speak out for the Church and instantly to counteract constant misrepresentations. This want is not practically realized, otherwise a strenuous effort would be made to meet it.

ANYONE conversant with the newspaper business knows that the expense of a daily paper, excluding all "boiler-plate" and using nothing but "live matter," is very great. For some time such a publication would have to be subsidized from some source. Being a Catholic daily, it would necessarily labor under some restrictions. Certain sensational and fallacious news could find no place in its columns. It would not meet the requirements of the lovers of such provender. But there would be compensating advantages. The wholesome tone and the high principles of the paper, together with the reliability of its statements would win it standing, influence and friends.

The "boiler-plate" weekly or daily cannot be truly a Catholic paper. The matter which it buys for \$1.25 or \$2 a page comes in a stereotyped form, over which the purchaser has little or no control. That matter is frequently un-Catholic or anti-Catholic. It would be better to go out of the business than to disseminate it under Catholic auspices. There cannot be much demand for a Catholic paper that to exist must resort to such means.

WHERE COULD THE Catholic daily get its staff? There is an abundance of experienced talent and ability among Catholics now on the staffs of secular daily papers. If funds were available to compensate them properly for the change and for their work, they with others could be engaged in the new field of journalism. Other departments could find Catholic men and women of such ability and reputation as to make them equal to the best in secular journalism. But why go on, over brake and briar seeking a "will-o'-the-wisp." The apostolic spirit that would prompt the necessary sacrifices for such an undertaking must first find a home in Catholic hearts and heads.

We make no sacrifices for a principle which we do not love. Catholic zeal has done much, but there is much more to be done. We may quote again from the Holy Father: "It is really painful to see those who are neglecting the weapons which, used with a deceptive charm by the impious, lead to the deplorable ruin of faith and morals. Let the pen therefore be sharpened and literary ability be so employed as to make the lie yield the way to truth and cause the voice of right reason and justice to be believed by those who are deceived." A magazine article would hardly suffice to cover this subject.—Catholic Universe, Cleveland, O.

AN AMERICAN JUDGE ON PARDON.

In sentencing Levi Moore to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary, Judge John W. Wofford, of the Criminal Court, recently made some re-

markable statements. Among other things he said: "When you go down to the penitentiary behave yourself, and some fool Governor, who wishes to distinguish himself for philanthropy, benevolence and kindness, may par-

Open until 10 o'clock every Night. SPECIAL EVENING ATTRACTION. The **S. CARSLY CO., Limited** Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Dec. 23, 1899

A Rush for Xmas Gifts. No previous Christmas season has found The Big Store so crowded or well prepared for the thousands of eager Holiday Shoppers who daily throng to it. Every department is filled to overflowing with the latest and best merchandise appropriate for the season. Irresistible suggestions in Xmas Gifts lurk in every nook and corner of the Big Store, at prices lower than it is impossible to buy at in ordinary stores. Just a few timely hints.

A Jolly Time in the Toy Bazaar Every Night. This is the greatest selling week of the year, and thousands upon thousands of toy buyers will invade this wonderful bazaar. Twenty extra assistants will be ready to help you in choosing among so many glittering toy novelties. Remember, stocks with this Company are unlimited and its prices 15 to 20 per cent lower than ordinary stores.

Given Away With Kid Gloves. A Handsome "Kimberley Gem" Scarf Pin. A Big Bottle of Perfume. Remarkable success attended the first day's giving away of 'Kimberley Gem' Scarf Pins and Bottles of Perfume. They are given away with every pair of Kid Gloves sold at 60c and over. The prices and quality of the Kid Gloves sold by the S. Carsley Co., Ltd., are known all over Canada. The assortment is better than ever before, and prices are from 10 to 15 per cent lower than ordinary stores.

Kid Glove Prices.
Ladies' 4 Button Kid Gloves, perfect fitting, 60c pair.
Ladies' 2 Stud Kid Gloves, select quality, 75c pair.
Ladies' 7 Hook Lacing Kid Gloves, extra quality, 90c pair.
The Jo Brabant 4 Button Ladies' French Kid Gloves, extra selected stock, \$1.10 pair.
Ladies' Novelty Bel Air Kid Gloves, 2 tone fasteners, silk points, \$1.25 pair.

Fine Furs.
New Mink Ruffs in good well suited fur, with head, tail and eyes, special \$1.95
New Cream Lamb Skin consisting of cap, muff and collar, made newest style, special \$2.15
New Electric Seal Collarettes, 12 in. long cut full sweep, lined satin, special \$15.95

Write for the New Special Holiday Catalogue just issued.
The S. CARSLY CO., Limited.
785 to 1788 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

Visit ALLAN'S For Suitable Xmas Presents for Ladies and Gentlemen also for Boys and Girls. **ALLAN** Corner Craig and Bleury Streets and 2293 St. Catherine Street. Both Stores open till 10 p.m.

KARN PIANOS ABRAHAM LINCOLN. No person has ever been disappointed in a KARN piano, and it is our intention that no person shall be. Its beautiful tone, artistic case-work and great durability have placed it in the LEAD of ALL others of Canadian manufacture. Another KARN piano has been sold to the convent of St. Andrew's Que. See our beautiful stock of Xmas pianos before you decide to purchase elsewhere. If you cannot afford to buy a new one, we have a large number of good second hand pianos.

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Karn Hall Building, St. Catherine Street. Sole Agents for CHICKERING Pianos.

don you. Yours is an extraordinary case, and some Governor may think he can become distinguished by pardoning you. Therefore the jury do you a great benefit not to hang you. They have given you a chance to be pardoned. "We have had examples lately of Governors seeking to become heroes by pardoning murderers and criminals in this State. The hero factory has been working overtime in the last eighteen months. If a man can become a hero by wading a river with the water up to his suspenders' buttons, why can't a Governor become a hero by pardoning you?"—Kansas City Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FARMERS' COLUMN

There remains another subject of very deep and practical interest in connection with the question of poultry raising. In the continuation of this report before the Standing Committee on Agriculture and Colonization Mr. Gilbert deals with it as follows: During the months of October and November of last year an interesting experiment was conducted in the poultry department of the Experimental Farm in the fattening of 36 chickens composed of the following breeds, viz: Eight barn-yard chickens which were purchased from a neighboring farmer, at forty cents per pair. Their average weight was three pounds each, and they were perhaps a little better than the ordinary scrub so often found on the market. Four cockerels of the light Brahma Buff Cochins, first cross bought from a farmer at fifty cents. They were fine large birds weighing respectively six pounds, thirteen ounces, six pounds nine and a-half ounces, five pounds ten ounces and six pounds, three ounces. They were probably hatched about the same time as the first named group but were nearly double their weight, going to show that the nearer the large thoroughbred flesh forming types the crosses are, the better the birds. The remaining fowls consisted of Barred and White Plymouth Rocks, light Brahmas, Silver Laced and White Wyandottes and four White Indian Game White Java crosses. The birds were from our poultry department and were fine specimens some of the Plymouth Rocks and light Brahmas weighing six and six and a-half pounds each. The chickens were divided into nine groups of four each and placed in suitable fattening pens with narrow trough in front in an upper compartment of the main poultry building. They were fed morning, noon and afternoon with regularity on rations composed of Two parts finely ground oat meal. One part finely ground barley meal. One part ordinary ground corn meal. After the fifteenth day beef suet, in proportion of one ounce to the group, was added to the ration. The whole was mixed with sweet milk made hot. Of these rations the birds were fed all they could eat. No forcing machine was used. Full particulars of the experiment are given in my report recently placed in your hands and which I trust will be found equally interesting and instructive. I need not repeat all the details but the following will show the weights of certain chickens before and after fattening. Group two was composed of four barn-yard chickens which went into the fattening pen on 31st of October weighing 14 pounds 5 ounces and at the end of five weeks weighed 20 pounds 8 1/2 ounces, showing a gain in that period of 6 pounds 3 1/2 ounces. Group No. 8 was composed of four Barred Plymouth Rock chickens weighing 23 pounds 12 ounces, when they went into the pen. At the end of five weeks they weighed 30 pounds 4 ounces, making a gain in that period of 6 pounds 8 ounces. The barn-yard chickens were apparently of the same age as the Plymouth Rocks (Mix chickens). The barn-yard chickens consumed during the five weeks food to the amount of 36 pounds and 3/4 of an ounce, and the Plymouth Rocks consumed during the same period 37 pounds 1 1/2 ounces, showing that the Plymouth Rocks consumed one pound and three quarters of an ounce more food. Valuing all the grain food at one cent per pound the average cost of one pound of flesh increase in both cases was seven cents. The above shows that the Barred Plymouth Rocks both before and after the fattening were much the heavier fowl. Four White Plymouth Rocks weighed at the end of five weeks thirty pounds and a half an ounce. Most satisfactory results were obtained from the four chickens of the Light Brahma, Buff Cochins cross. They weighed on going into the fattening pen 25 pounds 3 1/2 ounces, and after five weeks they weighed 33 pounds 6 1/2 ounces, being a total gain of eight pounds three ounces, and the consumption of food during that period was 39 pounds 7 3/4 ounces, I estimate the cost of production per pound in that case at about six cents. In connection with the foregoing there are certain points which make themselves evident, and which are important enough to warrant my bringing them to your notice and to let it go out to the country. 1. In poultry fattening it is very much a question of breed. 2. If the rapid flesh forming breeds such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandottes, Brahmas, and Cochins

are kept by the farmers of the country and are properly cared for and properly fed for three or four weeks previous to being killed. 8. No "forcing" or "cramming" process by machine will be necessary to produce the superior quality and quantity of flesh desired for export to English markets or for home consumption. 4. That the ordinary barn-yard chicken does not make as satisfactory a market fowl as the Barred Plymouth Rock on other thoroughbred. For instance we find a barn-yard fowl No. 8 in our experiment weighing four pounds six ounces, while Nos. 25 and 26 Barred Plymouth Rocks of same age and with the same treatment weighed nine pounds respectively. The Barred Plymouth Rocks showing more than double the weight of the scrub. A very important difference. By Mr. McMillan: Q. Were the birds put away from the other chickens? A. Each bird was in a small pen by itself, isolated entirely. 5. The aim should be to choose such foods and adopt such treatment that flesh will be made rather than fat. Experience has shown that birds penned up in limited quarters and fed all they can eat without opportunity to exercise are inclined to put on fat rather than flesh. It is quite possible that in case of scrubs or ordinary barn-yard non-descripts, to be found in such numbers on the markets, that the "forcing machine" or "crammer" may be used to good effect, but our advice to the farmer is to abandon the scrubs, which experience has shown to be neither good egg producers nor heavy weight market fowls, and to take those thoroughbreds which are good winter layers and rapid flesh formers. Our farmers want fowls that are good winter layers and heavy flesh makers and they can have them in the Barred Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte and Light Brahma. It is genuine matter for congratulation that our instruction and advice are being widely acted upon, as the letters I have read go to prove. It has been my aim, since coming to my present position, by both pen and voice to bring the fact prominently before the farmers of the country that it costs no more to produce the good winter egg laying, thoroughbred hens or rapid flesh making thoroughbred cockerels than it does to rear the nondescript, which is in most cases a poor layer and equally unsatisfactory as a market chicken. 6. Our experimental work proves our contention to be correct. The fact stands prominently before the farmers of the country that if we are to capture the British market with a superior quality of poultry, and we can undoubtedly do so, it must be done with thoroughbreds and not scrubs. While on this subject of flesh versus fat I beg to read part of my evidence before your committee in 1896, on the subject of proper feeding of poultry by the farmer, which will show you that the feeding of poultry so as to obtain flesh rather than fat is one that I have been studying and agitating for many years past. The extract reads—"It may not matter so much to the man who is selling what he has his weight in, but it is a matter of some moment to the producer whether he gets his weight in flesh or fat. Fat would be so much waste. It is important to ascertain if possible, which are flesh rather than fat producing rations." In connection with this subject I may say that I had a long conversation with a gentleman Prof. Robertson sent to me, Mr. Crane, an English expert, in the rearing, killing and dressing of poultry for the London market. He said that the fowls fattened by cramming machines were not so much sought for in London as formerly, that the birds now most asked for are hand-fed Surrey fowls of large proportions and carrying as much flesh as possible. The following extract from an article on "Specially Fatted Poultry" by Mr. A. F. Hunter, a practical poultry breeder on a large scale and the editor of "Farm Poultry," of Boston, one of the leading journals in America, will be interesting at this point. I may say that Mr. Hunter spent many months in England, France and Belgium the year before last studying the fattening of poultry in the different countries named. Mr. Hunter says: "For our American markets we are of the opinion that the half-fatted fowl is the best, for this reason, the bird that has been finished off by the cramming process is very rich, the flesh being quite equal to that of the capon; indeed, it is too rich for most palates, and would only be used where a small slice of fatted fowl (or capon) was served

as one course of an eight or ten course dinner. If the ordinary fowl is put down to roast fatted, the fat will be the principal objection, as it would be too rich; hence we say with due deliberation, that we think the half-fatted process, to put our birds in first-class market condition, is better for the million than the hand-crammed, delicate and finely flavored chicken. There are many arguments in support of this position which we shall have occasion to touch upon at a future time." My experience in raising a superior quality of poultry flesh has been a large one for years past, and I have never had any trouble in obtaining a weight development of one pound and over, per month, on Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Light Brahmas. But there are some important points in connection with the proper fattening of thoroughbreds, or any kind of poultry that our farmers will find indispensable to success. Summarized the most important are: First. The proper breeds. Second. Breeding from none but large robust birds. Third. The proper caring for and feeding of the chickens from time of hatching. It is well to bear in mind that chickens ill fed, or neglected in the first five weeks of its existence will not make an early layer or satisfactory market fowl. Fourth. The penning up of the birds at three or four months of age for three or four weeks, or less seems to give the best results. To prove my contention that fowls of the larger breeds, properly treated, require little fattening I may say that at the end of October last I purchased from a farmer in Huntly Township near this city four Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels which weighed 7-14, 7-14, 7-07, 6-05 1/2. Most satisfactory weights, you will admit, from birds brought up by a farmer.

People look round at a nice head of hair on the street, so rare has that beautiful ornament become at the present day. Why is this? It certainly is not LUBY'S Parisian Hair Renewer, which is an almost intangible remedy against premature grey hair. Only 50 cents a bottle.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Continued from Page Nine. on the east, and Pietersburg in the north form their junction, is immediately outside the city on the south side. The railway to Pietersburg, after winding some distance to the westward, passes out of the plain on which Pretoria is situated, through the Daspoort or defile in the range of hills behind the city, through which also the Appies River runs, the railway and river running together across the plain through the Winderboom Poort, under the guns of a large fort, 7,100 yards, and a little to the eastward of north, from the centre of Pretoria. The westernmost fort is on the range of hills behind Pretoria, and lies at a distance of 10,800 yards northwest of the centre of the city. The powerful redoubt to the southwest of Pretoria, 3,800 yards from the centre of the city, on the range of hills through which the transport road to Johannesburg passes, completes the circle of the larger works defending the Boer capital. Behind this redoubt are the principal magazines, one excavated out of the solid rock with bomb-proof roof, and the other built in the kloof, also bomb-proof. Communication between the redoubt and the last mentioned magazine is by means of a covered way. Roads connect all these forts with the capital, and they have pipes laid for water, as well as electric cables for searchlights. The number of guns mounted on the forts and redoubts is said to be 120 of large calibre and quick-firing of different kinds. It is stated that some of the guns are of 23 centimetres calibre, but this is doubtful; it is known, however, that there are quite a number of 15-centimetre guns of French make from the "croutot works and of long range, as has been shown by their performances at Ladysmith. Among the others there are Krupps, Maxims and other machine and quick-firing guns. The forts are open to the rear toward Pretoria, and are of masonry heavily faced with earth toward the open country. On the east side of the circle of defence there was no regular fort in existence when hostilities began, but it is probable that since then the ridge to the eastward of the city, by which the railway to Delagoa Bay runs, has been fortified. The D. and L. Menthol Plaster is the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there is nothing equal to it. Each plaster is in an air-tight tin, 25 cents. Davis and Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

EXPERT TESTIMONY ON HANDWRITING.

No man can altogether escape from himself, even in his handwriting. In his signature there can be traced, unerringly, the characteristic features of style and of method that render him different from other men. Among children differences in handwriting are slight and unnoticeable. All write the same large, open, copy-book style that they learn at school. An eight-year old boy's handwriting like himself, is crude and immature. But as the boy becomes a man his writing gradually develops features that are peculiar and easily discerned by students of chirography. The identifying characteristics of a man's writing are produced by his deviations from this original copy-book style. All the influences that operate to produce variations in character also tend to produce these variations of penmanship. For example, two boys may sit at the same desk in school and write compositions so nearly alike that the teacher may fail to distinguish between them. But when the boys leave school one goes to Texas and lives an open-air life on a cattle-ranch, while the other becomes a bookkeeper in his father's store. In ten or fifteen years it will be an absolute impossibility for either of those men to successfully forge the handwriting of the other. Occupation, temperament, environment and all the variations of physical and mental health leave their imprint upon the handwriting quite as distinctly as upon the face or character. The secret of the expert's success in identifying handwriting lies mainly in this fact which is not uncommonly known, that men do not know their own characteristics. This is what renders the disguising of one's handwriting an impossible task. A man cannot avoid a hole if he does not know that the hole is there, and neither can a man conceal the peculiar characteristics of his style if he does not know what those characteristics are. Before one man can successfully forge the handwriting of another he must know two things, one of which it is impossible for him to know, and the other he is very unlikely to know. He must know, first, his own peculiarities of style, and, secondly, he must know the peculiarities of the handwriting which he wishes to imitate. Furthermore, he must have the ability to avoid his own peculiarities as a writer and at the same time to adopt the peculiarities of the writer whose writing he wishes to imitate. Of course it is not difficult for a forger to deceive the unpractised eye. He may use different pens, hold the pen in different positions or vary the quality of the ink. These are slight modifications which are taken into account by experts and which do not conceal the essential character of the handwriting. A clever impersonator on the stage may personify a number of quite dissimilar celebrities and may possibly even deceive many of his audience; but his make-up would not endure the close scrutiny of a sharp-eyed sceptic, who would pull off the false whiskers and wash off the deceptive paint. This is just what the expert does in his identification of handwriting. His task is to trace those inevitable and inseparable peculiarities of style which reveal the identity of every writer. While, therefore, the degree of conclusiveness must vary according to the peculiar circumstances of every case, it is a fact beyond dispute that circumstantial evidence of the most convincing and unassailable kind may be adduced from handwriting.—W. J. Kinsley, in the N. Y. World.

MARY ANDERSON'S GIFT.

Mary Anderson's loyalty to her religious faith while on the stage, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, was a subject of favorable comment among her friends all over the English-speaking world. On Sunday, no matter which city she happened to be in, she attended the services of her Church. Since she left the stage, it is stated, she has become even more devout, her attendance at Church devotions at her home in England being daily instead of only on Sunday. Few of Mrs. de Navarro's friends, however, are aware of the fact that her love for her Church and her generosity have prompted her to endow one of the oldest religious orders in the Catholic Church with lands on which to build a monastery devoted to the cause of religious education or charity, as the head authority in the order may determine. Still fewer people are aware that this monastery is already built and is situated not more than 12 miles from Louisville. Mary Anderson's uncle was a Franciscan priest, P. Anthony Miller, O.M.C. He was for some years rector of St. Peter's Church, 1618 Southgate Street, in Louisville. He died in November, 1873, and is buried in St. Michael's Cemetery, on Gode Avenue, near the city limits, which is the usual burial place of

German Catholics in this city. The older members of St. Peter's congregation often now remember P. Miller as a "good" man, who was generally called "Father Miller" with reverence and affection. It was the training which he gave to his nephew, the late Rev. Fr. Anderson, which may be the reason why the latter has the reputation of being the best and most successful of the priests who have done so much to do for the German Catholics in this city.

HENRY MORGAN & Co
COLONIAL HOUSE,
PHILLIPS SQUARE,
Are now showing the Latest Novelties in every Department and an almost endless variety of Attractive and Useful Articles.

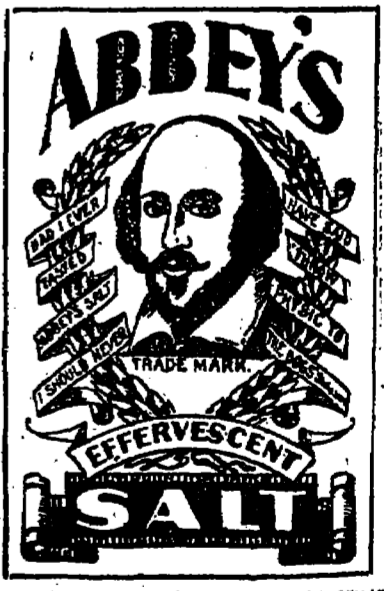
THE TOY DEPARTMENT
In Making a splendid Display on the Ground Floor, and in the Toy Gallery
of an immense collection of attractions for the children in TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, CARDS, CALENDARS, MECHANICAL TOYS, SOLDIERS, UNIFORMS GUNS, SWORIS, TRUMPETS, DRUMS, etc., etc. Special line of BOYS' COASTERS and GIRLS' CUTTERS at 50c, 75c and \$1.00. These are extra good value. DOLLS' SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, GO-CARTS, etc., etc. Games of every kind and price. An immense collection of NOVELTIES arriving in this department, and children of all ages will be charmed by the variety and splendor of the show. A beautiful selection of DOLLS, both dressed and undressed, from the lowest price to the most expensive. Sleighs and Cutters for Boys and Girls, cheap and good. Arrivals of a large purchase of Children's Sleighs and Cutters, better in finish and quality than usual and lower in price. Splendid value.

THE DRESS GOODS STOCK...
is very complete. All the leading fabrics for Winter Wear, 48-inch Homespuns, worth 50 cents. Now selling at 32 cents. The colors are NAVY, BROWN, MYRTLE, RED. Also, 2 lots of HOMESPUN TWEEDS, at 16 cents and 21 cents DOUBLE FOLD.
A large assortment of Fine Black Dress Goods at a discount of 20 per cent, and 5 per cent. off for cash. Many reductions are made and rare values given.

MEN'S TAILORING.
A collection of WEST OF ENGLAND Worsted Trousers, extra good value, usually sold at \$8.00 and \$9.00 per pair, now offering at \$5.00 and \$6.00 per pair. Made in best style. Only the best trimmings used. Fit, finish and workmanship guaranteed.
THERMOMETERS for indoor and outdoor use, in Glass, Metal or Wood Mounting. Prices from 20c and upwards.
MAIL ORDERS given prompt and careful attention. SAMPLES sent and every information supplied.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - - MONTREAL.

Every-day Health.
Success in this world is only for the healthful. The disease-worried worker is a failure. You can have health—every-day, all-the-year-round health—if you take daily that excellent preventive and cure of disease, **Abbey's Effervescent Salt.** Its constant use will fortify your system, and keep it in condition to withstand disease. Abbey's Effervescent Salt is endorsed and prescribed by some of the most prominent physicians of Continental Europe and Canada.



Here is what the Canada Lancet, one of the leading Medical Journals of Canada, says of it: "This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of it. A sample is offered to each physician, and most favorably is it commented upon. There is no doubt, but that the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will be a great preventive and aid in warding off attacks of disease."
Sold by all druggists, 60c a bottle, trial size 25c.

For pure blood, A bright eye and A clear complexion, A keen appetite, An easy digestion And refreshing sleep.
TAKE
Bristol's Sarsaparilla
It arouses the Liver, Quickens the circulation, Brightens the spirits and Generally, makes life worth living.
Sixty seven years trial have proved it to be beyond question, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.
All the leading Druggists sell BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA