

SOCIETY.—Established 6th, 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in Fall, 92 St. Alexander street, Monday of the month. Rev. Director, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Burran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green; correspondents, J. Kahala; Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE



Gardiens de la Salle de Lecture 24 Assemblée Legislative

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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.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.—Each year we repeat this familiar greeting, and each time it is with the deepest sincerity. In the words that pass from lip to lip so often in the course of the Festive Days, there may be only a hollow sound of formal politeness, or the outpourings of a heart that wishes well to all and that grows happier in their happiness. In thus addressing our many and kind readers we feel that we are taking each, individually, by the hand, and uttering the sentiments that are uppermost in our breast.

There are thousands of our readers whom we have never met, whose faces we know not, whose voices are unfamiliar to our ears; yet we feel that we are thoroughly acquainted with each one and that between us has sprung up a bond of unity and of friendship equal to any that unites us to life-long acquaintances. Week in and week out we have been in communication with each other, we have enjoyed the same thoughts and ideas, we have lingered over the same stories of life—some bright and hopeful, others dark and mournful—and thus has come into our existence a fellow-feeling that makes us seem to be of one great family.

And so we are all of the same vast family. We belong to the same Church, we enjoy the same faith, we live with the same hope, we participate in the same love and charity; for us all the same sacramental streams flow down from the fountains of grace, and the same truths shine upon our common pathway down the vale of existence. We are then of the same great family on all festive occasions, and on none more so than Christmas. The Christmas hearth is the scene always of happy reunions; young and old gather there to solidify the domestic ties, to bring together those long separated and to revive the sweet associations of the past.

There is the vacant chair; the dear one that was with us on last Christmas day, and whose seat is unoccupied this year. We need not insist upon this picture of domestic joys and sorrows that are revived by every Christian hearth at Christmas. As it is in the private home, so is it in the great family of the Church. On Christmas Eve we will all meet at the central hearth, at the Bethlehem shrine, and we will recall the glories and tribulations of the past. In that family gathering there will be one important seat vacant—or rather one important and beloved figure gone, for the seat has been filled. On Christmas Eve, 1902, when the faithful children of the Church gathered around the Holy Table and knelt together at the shrine of the Infant, the principal place was occupied by the illustrious Father of that great Family, the pious, gifted and glorious Leo XIII. To-day that place is taken by the Father whom God sent us to replace the one He has taken to Himself.

We pray and hope that this will be not only a "merry," but also a "Holy" and a "Happy" Christmas for everyone, and that peace and good will may reign by all the firesides, that the Angel of Death may wing his flight far afield from any of the homes, and that sickness and misfortune may be unknown in our midst. With this greeting from our pen, and with a sincere prayer for its realization in our heart, we once more repeat the time-honored words, and address them to each and all who may chance to read them—"A merry Christmas to all," and "peace on earth to men of good will," and "Glory to God, on High."

CHRISTMAS BOXES.—As a rule, the Christmas box is in order at this season. It is a pleasant, a happy, a traditional practice that has its delights and its beneficial results. It is one of the olden customs from which we do not care to depart, nor would it be wise to do so. To do away with the Christmas box would mean to deprive the festive season of an element of enjoyment that seems to be particularly its own.

But the abuse of a good thing often leads to great inconvenience, not to say sorrow. And, in modern times, we find that the custom of sending Christmas boxes is frequently abused in a manner that augur ill for the practice in the near future. There is in this, like in everything else, a certain amount of discretion, of judgment, and of real charity to be exercised.

When you send a Christmas box to a friend you, in a certain way, place that friend under an obligation to you, and you make it very uncomfortable if that friend should happen not to be in a position to return you the compliment. If you are sending a Christmas box to one who is much poorer than yourself, you should use a great deal of caution. If your present is very costly it might happen that your friend would have to make very bitter sacrifices in order to meet your apparent kindness with a return of something equally as valuable. Be very careful how you allow your generous feelings to become the source of misery and of anxiety to others.

Then one more word of advice on Christmas boxes. It would be well to always select something useful. It is easy to find out the circumstances of a friend and to know what might be the most acceptable, most beneficial, the most useful article to receive on Christmas day. By this little thoughtfulness you may often perform a two-fold act of kindness—an act of friendship in sending the gift, and an act of charity in making it suitable and appropriate.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.—One of our exchanges tells of a little girl who had heard her parents speak about a new altar for the Church. The writer then continues thus:—

"She had a savings bank given to her a couple years ago, and in it went all the pennies and coins, she could get until now. She informed her parents of her determination to give her entire saving to the New Altar. Accompanied by her father last Friday the bank was brought unopened, and the offering made. Upon its being opened the treasure was counted and \$2.80 was found to be the savings of her life, which she gladly and willingly gave to the good cause. There is no question but what God will bless the offering of the little child, and doubtly bless the parents of the generous little one, for so promptly seconding the wish expressed by their little girl. This is an example that all might rightly follow, with great profit to themselves."

There are two lessons to be taken from this little incident; one is of a material character the other is spiritual. The first lesson is one in economy, whereby parents should learn the wisdom of having little saving banks for their children, in order to make them feel the responsibility of owning something and the advisability of saving a little out of all that they get. And the second lesson is one of charity and self-sacrifice for the cause of God, whereby the parents teach their children the solemn truth that whatever they do for God and for His sake, be it to decorate an altar or alleviate a suffering, will

receive its due reward, even in this world, but most certainly in the next. We cannot refrain, especially at this season, from drawing the attention of parents to the practical wisdom of having their little ones feel the independence of possessing something of their own, and of having their little banks to hold their tiny savings. Above all to make them feel that while they are to learn to save, they must blend generosity with economy, and practise charity and good deeds for the love of God.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.—In a small note in a corner of an exchange we came upon a little piece of advice regarding Christmas stockings, and we cannot let it pass unnoticed. It says:—

"Hanging up the stocking is a custom that ought not to be allowed to perish. Certainly the child who dresses decorously and goes down to breakfast before receiving his Christmas presents is a child to be condoned with. He must lose a great deal of the enthusiasm of the hour. By all means hang up the stocking. If one wants to be modern and hygienic there is no objection to using perfectly fresh white stockings bought on purpose, and wrapping the candy and oranges in white tissue paper. Put the trifles, the jumping jacks, the horns, and the balls in the stocking, reserving the more serious gifts for the breakfast table or the tree."

What a lot of sound sense in these few lines. There is no joy that childhood has which can compare to that of waking up on Christmas morning and looking for the presents that good Santa Claus brought. Once the regular day's meetings and greetings begin, and that all the family have assembled in the dining room, there is an every-day air about things. The halo, or glamour, has gone. It is when the little one is alone in the cot, and when there are no older eyes to watch, and when the dreams of the night have not quite vanished, and the realities of the day have not yet begun to make their matter-of-fact impressions, that the little one feels all the deliciousness of the sensation of discovery. Alone with his, or her, stocking, alone with the gifts for which tiny letters had been written to Santa Claus, alone in the full enjoyment of that hour to which, for long weeks, the infant mind had been waiting and making pictures of fancy, alone, in the bed with the Christmas stocking. The joy to open it, to go over the contents; then the impulse to impart some of that happiness to others. The getting up to run to mamma or papa, or both, and to show them the newly arrived treasures; to have some other fond soul to participate in that joy. This is life, this is happiness; by all means, hang up the stockings at all the tiny beds this Christmas Eve.

MORE CONVERTS.—The Paulists who are to hold the Lenten mission this year in St. Patrick's, this city, according to a recent report, have received into the Church 61 converts at a mission in the Milwaukee Cathedral and 44 converts at a mission in Minneapolis. In other places there were correspondingly large numbers of converts.

MISSIONARY WORK.—"The Missionary" says:—

The Passionists have been very busy in the non-Catholic field this fall. Father Alexis, C.P., gave four non-Catholic missions in Belleville diocese; Father Richard several non-Catholic missions in the Northwest; Father Leo gave one in Illinois, and other fathers were actively engaged in this branch of their missionary work. The reports indicate that not only is there a growing demand for this special kind of work, but the fact that the fathers are engaged in non-Catholic mission work has increased the applications made to them for Catholic mission work.

LESSONS OF THE NEWS.

PRIVILEGE OF THE RICH.—An American journal in its commercial department says:—

"The Sub-Treasury authorities are serious people, who do not say such things in jest, and they have testified in the past to the existence of demand at this season for new \$10,000 bills, suitable for Christmas gifts. It is therefore reassuring to be informed, on such authority, that inquiries for fresh pocket money of the sort have already reached the Sub-Treasury, and is being properly prepared for."

Those who enjoy the privilege of circulating such large denominations in bills, have other privileges which they do not enjoy and consequently would like to put them in circulation such as bodily ills, but they must nurse them.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., for Galway, Ire., who will address Irishmen of Philadelphia on January 4, will leave shortly afterwards for Ireland. Mr. Devlin's friends will regret to learn that he is yet suffering from the effects of a surgical operation to which he submitted in Dublin, a couple of years ago.

PROMOTERS AND BOOMERS in commercial ranks were never so numerous as now. A certain class of men, in all cities on this continent, with the wealth of financial resources at their disposal, are rulers in many ways. Men in public life are cowed into humiliating positions and afraid to call their souls their own. A New York newspaper says:—

"Public wrath against projectors of hollow investment schemes is doubtless one motive for the intenseness of popular interest in the Shipyard litigation, and for the delight with which Receiver Smith's plan to sue the promoters was received. This is not a new incident in booms and bubbles; such incidents have varied for two centuries only according to the fashion of the times."

Such trade combines, trusts, mining manipulations, as exists at present in such abundance, has never before been known. The chilly day will dawn ere long as such a state of affairs cannot survive the lives of the first promoters.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—Our subscribers will do us a very great service if they patronize our advertisers and in making their purchases mention the fact that they were pleased to read the trader's advertisement in the "True Witness."

Such a thoughtful act will help the old organ in a very material way.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.—Lord Bray's premium which is to be awarded for the best work on some subject connected with Holy Scripture is to be at the disposal of the Biblical Commission, and this learned body will allot the prize to the individual whose work they may deem to be most worthy. The prize implies a competition, and the Biblical Commission will select the theme, and judge the work of the competitors.

QUEER CONDITIONS.—A Dublin correspondent of an English Catholic exchange says:—

The Right Rev. Dr. Meade, Protestant Bishop of Cork, Lord Justice Holmes, and Mr. Savage French, J. P., constituted a Diocesan Court of Inquiry which sat in Cork recently to hear an appeal of Mrs. Axford, wife of a staff surgeon in the Royal Navy, for permission to re-erect a cross over her brother's grave in Kilbrogan Cemetery. From the evidence it appeared that the lady had caused a plain Celtic cross to be erected over the grave in April last, but it had been removed and thrown on the roadside by the Rev. B. C. Fawcett, B.A., incumbent, and two churchwardens. Mr. Samuel, K.C., who appeared for Mrs. Axford, urged her case in vigorous language. He could not see what objection there was to the cross, which was the emblem of

the common faith. Evidence was then given as to the strong feeling which existed amongst the Protestants of the parish against the cross. The judgment of the court was that it declined to interfere with the refusal of the defendants to permit the erection of the monument, although the Bishop said that there could be no more appropriate emblem put over the grave of a Christian man or woman than the cross. What a precious judgment! It should be treasured up by opponents of the Cross everywhere. "Strong feeling" against the "emblem of the common Faith" is all that is necessary in order to have it banished or thrown on the roadside.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—From the Roman correspondence of the "Catholic Times," Liverpool, we glean:—

His Grace has been administering the See of Westminster since his appointment in the midst of the summer, but he has not appeared in public ceremonies because of his not having been enthroned. The ceremony of his enthronement will take place with great solemnity on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, it is hoped, and in the new Cathedral.

From January onwards this will be open and regularly used. Its partial completion was hurried forward of late years because of the declining health of the Cardinal, its founder. He inaugurated its use in his death, if not in his life, by a unique rather than a rare instance in the long story of cathedral builders. The sad grandeur of those requiems will not be forgotten for long. It was due, I believe to the future Archbishop, certainly His Grace has since his appointment regarded the edifice as dedicated by those mortuary prayers and poms around the remains of the Prince of the Church, his predecessor, whose heroic devotion had raised the pile, and by his orders those who have been working there since have moved about with uncovered heads. The consecration of the Cathedral can be delayed for three or four years, and I think that His Grace will then give the largest attractiveness and splendor to the great occasion.

CATHOLIC SCOTS.—The twenty-seventh annual reunion of the Caledonian Catholic Association took place recently, in the Waterloo rooms, Glasgow. There was a record attendance, which included a large and representative number of the leading Catholic clergy and laity of the West of Scotland. His Lordship the Right Rev. A. Chisholm, L.L.D., Bishop of Aberdeen, occupied the chair and delivered a characteristic speech, wherein His Lordship's humor rose rightly to the surface and delighted all who listened to him. Mr. John Stuart, the hon. secretary, read the annual report, which besides being all round highly satisfactory, specially mentioned that two notable events occurred during the past year. The first and only president since the establishment of the society, Mr. James Brand, K.S.G., had received a Papal knighthood from the late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., and the present Marquis of Bute had accepted the office of hon. president held so long by his late worthy father.

IS IT FREE SPEECH?—It would seem that of late the New York "Sun" has been receiving considerable correspondence from Catholic sources—both clerical and lay—upon a subject of very grave importance, and one that we do not believe, should be ventilated in the secular press, or, in fact, in any press. The "Sun" says that it has printed letters from "Roman Catholic priests complaining of restrictions put on freedom of thought and speech, more especially concerning conclusions reached by modern science," and that these letters "drew out a very caustic rejoinder from a Catholic layman." It is to be regretted that there should have been any such correspondence, or that any persons should have deemed there was a necessity for the same, for we fail absolutely to see what good results can flow from it.

A MINISTER'S REMARKS.—In Ottawa, on Sunday last, the Rev. G. F. Salton, of the Dominion Methodist Church, gave some statistics, which may have the effect of setting

the members of that denomination seriously thinking. He stated that the Dominion Church, with a membership of nearly six hundred, and a most scholarly pastor, could not make last year a net gain of a single member. There was not a single gain in Westboro, Hintonburgh, Eastern Church and Dominion Church. Neither was there a net gain in the Ottawa district with all its forces. In Ottawa, Quebec, Pembroke and Perth districts the combined Methodist churches made no advance membership.

NEXT IMPERIAL SESSION.—There is no doubt that the last session of the Imperial Parliament was more Irish than any for long years past. But it is anticipated that the coming session will be still more so. A recent telegram from Dublin to the "Times" points out that no other than an Irish session is possible next year. The wording of that telegram is very significant. No matter what the source whence it came, decidedly it was the production of some one conversant with the situation. It says:—

"Once again in the weltering chaos of British parties the Irish National Party are united and determined, knowing what they want and how to get it, and absolute masters of the situation. The Government, therefore, must come to terms with the Irish Party."

"The Irish Party want a Laborers' Bill, a University Bill, and, above all, a Home Rule Bill. Finally, the Irish Party are ready for a deal, with either English party, and whichever offers the best terms and fulfills the offer will get their support."

"But we are not going to buy a pig in a poke. The Government will have to act promptly and clearly if they desire to retain that Irish support without which their position is, we believe, hopeless."

It is quite evident that the Irish National Party is perfectly united; that it has not been led, by the concessions granted last year, into abandoning the ultimate aim of the Irish people; that it is determined to build greater successes for the future upon the smaller ones that the past twelve months have witnessed; that it is bound hand and foot to no party in British politics; that the great Catholic university question will have to be settled; and, finally, that it will hold the balance of power until such time as the Home Rule Bill, that must very soon be brought in, becomes an Act of Parliament.

A BEQUEST.—By the will of the late Hebrew capitalist, Henry Klein of Montreal, the sum of \$45,000 was left to the Catholic Bishop of Helena.

POPE AND CARDINAL.—Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, has written a letter to his coadjutor describing his first audience of Pope Pius X. "I have had a great many audiences during the last thirty years," he remarks, "but I never before was received with so much cordiality. He appears to be the very embodiment of earnestness and simplicity, affection and piety."

POLICE IN IRELAND.—Father Cleary, pastor of St. Charles' Church, Minneapolis, who recently returned from a tour of Ireland, says that one of the most grotesque features of British Government in Ireland consists in the maintenance of a police force of 12,109, the expense of which is foisted on the most orderly and crimeless countries in Christendom. San Francisco has 400 policemen, Dublin has 1,100. The cost of policing the whole country is 5,000,000 annually. As indicating the lack of necessity for such a police body as the Irish have to pay for, it is pointed out that there are only 500 convicts for the 4,500,000 population on the island.

MGR. HAMEL.—A distinguished figure in the ranks of the clergy in the archdiocese of Quebec, recently celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. From all parts of the province, prelates and the clergy came to manifest their esteem for the venerable priest, who has rendered such great services to the Church, to education and to charitable works.

Subscribe to the "True Witness."

OUR TORONTO LETTER

By Our Own Correspondent.



JOHN A. AYMOT, M. D.

It would perhaps amuse and interest those readers who have been kind enough to follow your correspondent through the "Young Men" series, now and for some time being published in the Toronto letter of the "True Witness," were an account given of the various ways and means by which week after week, information has been obtained; opinion varies so as to the "fitness" of the subject of giving information regarding oneself for publication, and while all seemingly recognize the honor of being classed with the prominent Catholic young men of Toronto, and introduced as such to the people of Montreal and other readers, yet in many cases some diffidence more or less had to be overcome before the desired result was obtained; in the present instance the well known dislike to publicity of any kind outside of that which comes directly and naturally from his work, rendered a broadside attack on Dr. John A. Aymot, something not to be thought of at the same time our "series" would be in no wise complete without him so resort was had to divers side issues, relatives, friends, published reports and so on were consulted, and as a result, we are able to present your readers with the following sketch:—

John A. Aymot, M.D., is a name that should find for its holder many friends throughout Quebec and Lower Canada generally for by both father and mother Dr. Aymot is of French descent. His father, Mr. Aymot, now of St. Thomas, Ont., still lives to enjoy the respect of all who know him, while his mother was Miss Fere, of St. Eustache, aunt to Doctor Gregory Fere, who some years ago gave up his practise in Toronto for the purpose of entering the Jesuit Novitiate, where he now is in Montreal.

Doctor Aymot, of Toronto, has a brother practising medicine in Belle River, and a sister, Madame Aymot, at the Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont.

Doctor Aymot was born in Toronto thirty-seven years ago, but as the family shortly afterwards moved to St. Thomas, he was sent to the college in charge of the Basilians at Sandwich. His medical course was taken at Toronto School of Medicine, where he took a scholarship and from which he graduated with the degree of M.D.; he also spent a year at the General Hospital, and another at Paris, France, attending lectures relating to the work of his profession. With this equipment it is not astonishing that Dr. Aymot has obtained eminence in his calling, nor that many bodies and institutions have availed themselves of his knowledge and services. He is above all things a student who loves his work for its own sake and for the good that may accrue to humanity through it; he possesses the power of so elucidating a subject as to make it all luminous and beautiful, and what in ordinary hands is merely the dry bones of science, becomes under his skilful treatment not alone science but also art; this being so it is not surprising to learn that he is one of the most admired and popular lecturers in Toronto, and that the students are always interested in his discourses; he on his part is never too busy or too tired to help any who may ask for assistance. Dr. Aymot has been regular lecturer to the veterinary students and at the different city hospitals; he is at present lecturer and professor to the

4th year students in pathology. He is also Government analyst for the Province of Ontario, and in the publication of the Provincial Board of Health for last year is found a report covering forty-seven pages, submitted by John A. Aymot, M.D. The report deals with "Sewage Disposal," and is a resume of the work done by Doctor Aymot, his chemist, and other associates at Berlin, Ontario. The examinations and experiments then conducted occupied the time from May 2nd until Oct. 4th, and the application to various manufacturing districts of the results then obtained have proved wonderfully successful and beneficial; the report was adopted in many places in the United States, even Boston and the great New York itself benefitting by the work of the provincial analyst for Ontario. Doctor Aymot is often called on to lecture across the line, and at the last annual convention of the American Public Health the name of John Aymot was included in those of the executive.

Doctor Aymot is a member of St. Basil's parish, and medical examiner to the C.M.B.A.; he has also lectured before the Canadian Catholic Union. He is married to Miss Kellar, of Uxbridge, and they with their five children, live on St. Joseph's street, near St. Michael's College, and conveniently situated for easy access to the University, Medical Building and other places to which his work calls him. It needs not to be stated that Doctor Aymot has so far done pre-eminently well in his chosen work; that the future has even brighter prospects there is no room to doubt.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT.

At the High Mass on Sunday last, at the Church of the Holy Family, His Grace the Archbishop presided; the Mass was sung by Rev. Father Coyle, and despite the exceptionally cold weather and slippery side walks, a goodly congregation assembled. At the conclusion of the Mass, His Grace addressed the people, telling them that he had not found it convenient to visit them before since the coming of their new pastor; he had promised them a good priest, and though he had not come there to praise him, he believed they would find he had kept his word. On their side it was their duty to give their priest financial and moral support, to pray for him and always to speak kindly of him—all of which he—His Grace—had no doubt but would be faithfully observed. He also wished in the name of himself and those present to thank the late pastor and his assistants—Fathers Walsh and McGrand—for the work they had done in building the church and in connection with the parish. "I must also," said His Grace, thank one member of the congregation, who is one of many who have done what they could for the interest of the parish, and it is owing to this gentleman that are able to have a resident priest here to-day. The gentleman referred to is Mr. J. J. Walsh, who has given a house for a year as a residence for a priest. His Grace then preached on the Immaculate Conception, taking for his text the definition of the dogma as defined by Pope Pius IX. The Archbishop afterwards gave his blessing to all present.

RECEPTION AT ST. HELEN'S.

At St. Helen's Church on Sunday evening last, the day was marked by the reception into the Sodality of nineteen young ladies of the parish. Rev. Father Walsh sang Vespers, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Father McGrand, who entering warmly into the spirit of the time, outlined the Immaculate Conception and the life of the Blessed Virgin, paying a loving tribute to Mary Immaculate as the highest of God's creatures, the only one worthy to become the mother of God Himself. After the sermon the aspirants for the Sodality advanced to the altar rail where the ceremony of reception was performed by Father Walsh, the hymn "On this day, O beautiful Mother," being sung by the members of the Society, who occupied the front pews in the church; a procession which gave an impressive finish to the work of the evening then took place: first came the cross-bearer and acolytes in black soutane, lace surplice and red garnishings followed by the Sodality of the Holy Angels, each veiled and wearing the scarlet insignia of the society, these were followed by the long line of sanctuary boys who immediately preceded the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin headed by its beautiful banner; on they came row after row each enveloped in spotless veil and wearing her blue ribbon badge of Mary Immaculate; lastly, came four altar boys robed in white soutane, lace surplice and blue sash, bearing on their shoulders a stand artistically adorned with natural flowers in the midst of which stood

the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the parish priest closed the procession which as it wound in and out the aisles of the church sang the Litany of Loretto each alternate verse of which was sung by the choir. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the devotions of the evening which so fittingly began the jubilee year.

CHARITY SERMONS. — At St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening, the Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, P.P., preached a sermon on the Blessed Trinity, ending with an appeal for the object then especially before them. This was the Ladies' Aid Society, which provides clothing and other necessities for the children and those in need during the trying months of winter. The ladies of the Society then took up a collection for the cause they represented.

DEATH OF MR. P. J. GRIFFIN.

—On Wednesday, the 9th inst., at his late residence 196 St. Helen's ave., the death occurred of Mr. Patrick J. Griffin, who was thus released from the sufferings occasioned by a long and severe illness arising from an affection of the throat. Mr. Griffin was the head of the Griffin Curled Hair Company, and had business connections with Montreal, Winnipeg and other centres throughout Canada. He was only forty-four years of age, and were it not for the untimely setting in of the painful disease, might have looked forward to a long continuance of a successful career in the business in which in connection with his brother, Peter, he had been engaged for eighteen years; it was only eight months ago that he had bought out his brother's share, and the entire business has been since, altogether in his own hands, and under his own name. The quiet and unassuming manner of the deceased brought him the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was the son of the late Michael Griffin, and is survived by an aged mother, who together with a widow and three young children, are left to mourn his loss; he is also survived by four brothers and three sisters, to all of whom the sympathy of the community is extended.

Mr. Griffin was a member of the C.O.F. The funeral took place from St. Helen's Church, where a Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Father Walsh. The pall-bearers were Messrs. F. B. Morrow, Chas. McCabe, J. Glynn, J. Simpson, J. Barlow and W. Crampsey. The interment took place at Mount Hope cemetery. May he rest in peace.

RETREAT AT ST. FRANCIS.

The first retreat given to the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality since the organization of the parish, took place last week. It was conducted by Rev. Father Murray, of the Cathedral, assisted by the parish priest, Rev. Father McCann. The exercises began on Wednesday, and were formally concluded on Sunday. Mass at six o'clock, Benediction and instruction in the evening together with the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, made up the order of the retreat. The attendant success was satisfying to all concerned.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.—The jubilee spirit has already taken possession of all our churches throughout the city. On Wednesday last when the odors of the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception were yet pervading our sanctuaries, a retreat was begun for the young women of St. Patrick's parish. Rev. Father Shule, C.S.S.R., was to have taken charge of the exercises, but a sudden indisposition prevented this, and his place during the first days was taken by Rev. Fathers Heydon and Orben. Father Shule, however, was able to appear on Sunday afternoon when the exercises were solemnly brought to a close.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The society known as the Deep Sea Missions was founded in 1895 in Paris, under the auspices of the French Congregation of the Assumption. Its aim is to give material, medical, moral and religious aid to French seamen and those of other nationalities, but more especially to deep-sea fishermen. It proposes to fit out hospital ships to cruise during the season on the fishing grounds, each vessel carrying a doctor and a chaplain. These vessels will respond to the signals of fishermen, taking to them, free, the necessary aid, and devoting themselves entirely to their service. It may also found sailors' homes. It renders aid regardless of creed, and strictly respects liberty of conscience.

Colonial House, Phillips Square.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

RICH AMERICAN CUT GLASS

NEWEST DESIGNS, LATEST CUTTINGS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED GLASS CUTTERS

The following illustrations give a slight idea of the variety of goods carried in this line, though they do not all bring out the beauty of the design or the richness of cutting.



- No. 1—Rich Cut Glass Jug to hold 3 pints ... \$20.00
No. 2—Rich Cut Glass Whiskey Bottle ... 7.50
No. 3—Rich Cut Glass Decanter, to hold 1 quart ... 15.00
No. 4—Rich Cut Glass Jug, to hold 1 quart ... 13.50
No. 5—Rich Cut Glass Water Bottle ... 6.00
No. 6—Rich Cut Glass Clarot Jug ... 15.00
No. 7—Rich Cut Glass 10 in. Tube ... 16.00
No. 8—Rich Cut Glass Ice Fruit Bowl ... 15.00
No. 10—Rich Cut Glass Cream and Sugar, per set ... 12.00
No. 12—Rich Cut Glass, 8 in. bowl ... 8.00
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OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

In the religious world there is little of importance this week. We mention the fact that had been made by city representatives and municipal should be done to a city in the present tion in which the faculty. It was Council would be a sum of \$50,000 to the institution. As did not seem to be by all the members was decided to take upon it. At this juncture of the University, in Faculty, wrote to declining the offer. As animously supported a great delicacy in a gift, and he naturally matter would not be the ordeal of a plebeian be regretted that in there should have been ant voice. It seems the Ontario Government something for the University in the circumstances. The precedents, and one should stand out in the "eighties" the Toronto city was burned, the Moment of Quebec, voted 000 for its reconstruction. There was a rumor as after the fire at the University. Rev. Father Fallon, J. tor, would be recalled tion in Buffalo, and ship of the University, gentleman made a clear regard to the rumor, follows:—

"The rumor is absolutely true. There is not a word in it. If the law could such a case, and I could thor of the rumor, I would the law. The affair has many reasons, and above all, personal reasons."

It is exceedingly unfortunate that persons who have no conception of the amount of worry, anxiety, and vexation which afflict upon the very people who admire and love. Not of dread, not one in five hundreds, of the people in the world, has a practical knowledge of the inner life of a religious community in a religious order. generally a case of "saving my friends." Your correspondent had twenty-five years of intimate acquaintance with our religious communities often has he not found them begging, praying, with their eyes and trepidation hearts, to have their names of print, to be saved from to be protected against but over-zealous and worldly friendship that men and only happiness at ment in life. It is to be the plain statement of Rev. Fallon will put an end to any such inopportune

On Saturday morning in long and painful illness, Rev. Lavan, the popular-gifted, versally beloved parish priest of Packenham, Ont., died. He was born on the 2nd of June, 1864, and was ordained in 1884. For over thirty years Lavan has been parish priest of Packenham; but his name fame as a truly noble priest were not confined to his own nor yet to his own province. In his last days he had the honor of a special visit from Grace Archbishop Duhamel, tawa, and Vicar-General. He was one of those great in the ranks of the Church whose deeds are not all recorded, but whose heroism is known to God who rewards it.—R.I.P.

NOTES OF NEWS.—After university the rector took quarters in the beautiful residence of Dr. Chabot, that gentleman some of his best rooms at the rector's disposal. On Saturday morning was rung and the brigades

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

In the religious world at the Capital there is little or no news of any importance this week. Still I may mention the fact that a suggestion had been made by some prominent city representatives—both parliamentary and municipal—that something should be done to assist the University in the present unfortunate position in which the recent fire placed the faculty. It was stated that the Council would be asked to grant a sum of \$50,000 to the rebuilding of the institution. As the proposition did not seem to be taken to kindly by all the members of the Council, it was decided to take a popular vote upon it. At this juncture the rector of the University, in the name of the Faculty, wrote to the Mayor, declining the offer. As it was not unanimously supported the rector felt a great delicacy in accepting such a gift, and he naturally asked that the matter would not be submitted to the ordeal of a plebiscite. It is to be regretted that in such a case there should have been any discordant voice. It seems to many that the Ontario Government should do something for the University under the circumstances. There are several precedents, and one in particular should stand out in relief. When, in the 'eighties' the Toronto University was burned, the Mercier Government of Quebec, voted a sum of \$10,000 for its reconstruction.

There was a rumor started, shortly after the fire at the University, that Rev. Father Fallon, former vice-rector, would be recalled from his position in Buffalo, and given the rectorship of the University. That reverend gentleman made a clear statement in regard to the rumor, which was as follows:—

"The rumor is absolutely ridiculous. There is not a word of truth in it. If the law could deal with such a case, and I could find the author of the rumor, I would appeal to the law. The affair is ridiculous for many reasons, and above all, for personal reasons."

It is exceedingly unfortunate that unreflecting persons should allow their personal predilections, or personal ideas and prejudices, to lead them into such a course; for they have no conception of the immense amount of worry, annoyance they inflict upon the very people whom they admire and love. Not one in a hundred, not one in five hundred, perhaps, of the people in the outside world, has a practical and proper knowledge of the inner life of community in a religious order. It is generally a case of "save me from my friends." Your correspondent has had twenty-five years of close and intimate acquaintance with our various religious communities, and how often has he not found members of them begging, praying, with tears in their eyes and trepidation in their hearts, to have their names kept out of print, to be saved from notoriety, to be protected against a generous but over-zealous and misguided worldly friendship that menaced their real and only happiness and contentment in life. It is to be hoped that the plain statement of Rev. Father Fallon will put an end for all time to any such inopportune rumors.

On Saturday morning last, after a long and painful illness, Rev. Father Lavan, the popular-gifted and universally beloved parish priest of Pakenham, Ont., died.

He was born on the 2nd August, 1842, and was ordained priest in June, 1864. For over thirty years Father Lavan has been parish priest of Pakenham; but his name and fame as a truly noble priest of God were not confined to his own district nor yet to his own province.

In his last days he had the consolation of a special visit from His Grace Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, and Vicar-General Routhier. He was one of those great soldiers in the ranks of the Church Militant whose deeds are not all recorded by men, but whose heroism is known to God who rewards it.—R.I.P.

NOTES OF NEWS.—After the University fire the rector took up his quarters in the beautiful residence of Dr. Chabot, that gentleman placing some of his best rooms at the rector's disposal. On Saturday an alarm was rung and the brigade rushed

to Dr. Chabot's to extinguish a blaze that had commenced in the cellars. We can readily imagine the dread that Rev. Father Emery must have, by this time, of the fire alarm. One such experience is enough in a lifetime.

On the 21st instant, a general assembly of the priests of the diocese will be held, at the Archbishop's palace, for the purpose of devising plans to come to the aid of the University authorities. His Grace is the Chancellor of the University.

Rev. Father Bourque, O.P., the famous Dominican preacher, who is curate at St. Jean Baptiste Church, has returned from a prolonged mission tour to St. Hyacinthe and Quebec. Rev. Father Stickney, former secretary to Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, left Ottawa on Monday for Hartford, Conn. Thence he will go to Baltimore to visit His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; after which he will go to Washington to take up the pastoral charge of St. Peter's Church.

Last year the Catholic Board of School Commissioners obtained permission to have the election of their commissioners held on the same day as the municipal elections. They have sought also to have the voting take place in the same polling booths; but this was refused. Nominations will take place on the 30th December, and voting on the 6th January. The commissioners are in favor of having short-hand, taught in the Breboeuf, Duhamel, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Joseph, and St. Patrick's schools. The pupils who desire to learn this extra branch will pay an extra fee of twenty-five cents per month.

In the political world there is no news to send. In fact, your readers are just as conversant with happenings here as is your correspondent. It is only during a session of Parliament, when the eyes of the country are centred on Ottawa, and when events on Parliament-Hill succeed each other with panoramic rapidity, that the correspondent can find material of a really interesting character to send the readers of a weekly publication. For the present there is nothing more to be told about the Ottawa happenings of this week.

On Tuesday night a most interesting and highly instructive lecture was given in St. Patrick's Hall, by Rev. Father Van Beecelarre, P.P., on the Old Testament, in the light of the recent discoveries in the East. In addition to the lecture was a fine musical and literary entertainment; but the lecture, in itself was a wonderful revelation, and went far to prove that the members of religious orders are just as zealous to-day as in the past, in scientific, historic and other researches.

The Catholic Bible Class, at its meeting on Sunday last, took up the question of "the Brothers of Our Lord," of whom mention is made in four different passages of the Gospel. Three explanations have been offered in the past, of this difficulty. Some say that these are sons of St. Joseph from a first marriage; others among them almost all modern Protestants have claimed that they were children of Mary, the Mother of Christ; the Catholic interpretation is that they were cousins, or blood relations of Our Lord. The statement of the director of the Class, Rev. Father Van Beecelarre, O.P., is most interesting. He said: "The first opinion seems to have no foundation whatever in the texts or in tradition. The second might claim some rationality on the basis of the sacred texts, or the words of some of the fathers; still, the Catholic opinion is quite as rational and logical on the basis of the same sacred texts, but it has moreover for itself the enormous weight of the argument of propriety. How could the mother of the Son of God, who objected to the very idea of becoming a mother at all, even after the salutation of the angel (how shall this be, etc.) have consented to become the mother of other children, and after having been the spouse of the Holy Spirit, to become the wife of a man? The church has made for Catholics the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin a dogma of faith. The present textual difficulty is a fresh instance of the necessity of some dogmatic, supreme and infallible authority to decide the problems which the texts themselves do not enable us to solve by our own researches."

And this is the most sure and only way out of the difficulty.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

In many important departments of life that materially touch our happiness and well-being in this vale here below, Catholics are sadly indifferent. Among those are the press and our literature.

Recently Rev. Francis S. Betten, S.J., delivered a lecture on the subject of Catholic literature. Incidentally he pointed out the evil which the pernicious literature now flooding the world exerts over the minds of our people. He said:—

We are now facing the fact, that there exists a wicked literature, that there are books and papers which subvert the interests of the devil; that the press, which ought to be a sanctuary of the Most High, has been converted by the powers of darkness into a factory of infernal machinery. This is truly a deplorable fact. But unspeakably more deplorable would it be, should we deny this fact from sheer supineness and ignorance. I say from supineness, for if there are so many bad books, then it becomes our duty to ward off the danger from us and those committed to our charge, and this means that we must be active; from ignorance, for it requires, indeed, a vast amount of conscientiousness to ignore the warnings of our God-appointed pastors. Or, do we want to act like the ostrich, who when he spies the hunter, closes his eyes and hides his head in the sand. Of course, he sees nothing, and forthwith concludes with his ostrich sense, that no danger is nigh. Whether he has yet sense enough to wonder afterwards, how he got caught, is not told in the story.

Such tactics, gentlemen, cannot be ours. We cannot sit idly by and look on and smoke our pipes and say: "There are no bad books, no newspapers that exert a baneful influence over us." Such wisdom might fit the pate of a fowl, and it seems too stupid even for a fowl. For, with the ostrich the question is one that concerns only animal life, with us it concerns our immortal soul and the souls of our neighbors. The policy of remaining inactive in such danger is certainly very un-Catholic, and does not at all tally with the practical, prudent and provident mind of the sons of America.

I have already made repeated mention of those branches of literature, whose first purpose is entertainment, viz., novels, magazines and newspapers. I would like to add a few quotations, to throw further light on the true nature of such productions of the present day. "In the light literature of the day," writes a Protestant, "there prevails a tendency to avoid all mention of religion and even the slightest allusion to the truths of Christianity. But infinitely more reprehensible is the proneness to adorn vice and disguise inner foulness with all the attractions of elegant diction. In the long, dismal catalogue of crimes, there is hardly one, which has not been stripped of its repulsive heinousness by the art of the writer. Revolt, murder, lust, debauchery have all been decked out with romantic fancies and literary pomp."

That the female character should fare the worst in such travesty, need scarcely be mentioned. Nor is it at all surprising, that some two months ago a non-Catholic American lady could write: "The idea of womanly purity has no attraction nowadays in the world of letters, rather the contrary. Conjugal infidelity and whatever leads to it, is the only thing that is forever being glorified and paraded."

The Archbishop of Freiburg writes in his latest pastoral: "There are books and periodicals that must be called breeders of immorality. Under the guise of instruction and entertainment, they sully the mind, lure to sin, and pander to the lowest instincts."

If this be so, if the general trend of our current literature be of such dangerous sort, then every sensible man must know where his duty points. I am bound to save my soul; but can I do it, as long as I court the company of books that reek with evil suggestions, or in hours of lassitude yield passively to sensations which such books are sure to arouse?

Impossible, we have the duty, the bounden duty to use judgment in the selection of our reading matter, and when we have our grave doubts about its character, to spurn it manfully. Why do people buy bad books? I do not understand. Even when you buy a pen you try to make sure that its

point is good. And you would buy a book without examination! It is a puzzle to me. It matters little whether the book is well bound and printed, but it matters much whether its contents are good or bad.

This concern is especially called for in the selection of reading for youth. In their young hearts a bad book will awaken far more dangerous instincts than in maturer age. To them apply with particular force the words of the Archbishop already quoted: "Everything is so fascinating that the reader soon begins to devour his poisoned food and is rendered insensible to the loss of his innocence. His mind is tainted, his former love for prayer and earnest work is dissipated, and there is no telling to what depths of degeneration this once virtuous soul may sink."

What a serious obligation rests, therefore, on all parents! As the guardians of the family, they are responsible for what is read by their children. "Do not deceive yourselves," continues the same Archbishop, "one single godless and immoral book can readily destroy all that home and school and church have with great effort built up in the soul of the child. Many parents whose hair has turned grey with grief over their children, reap only the fruits of the unconcern with which they tolerated the printed poison in the hands of their children."

Therefore, banish from your homes every bad book that is a bane to faith and morality; keep them out of the hands of your children; keep them out of your own hands, even though they were given you by your best friend; even though they were bound in gold and jewelry, and were obtained from the shelves of an excellent library. Away with them lest you realize too late the warning of Holy Scripture: "Can a man hide fire in his bosom and his garments not burn? Or can he walk upon hot coals, and his feet not be burnt?" (Prov. vi., 27, 28.)

Though we were the most learned and virtuous men in the world, we must shun bad books and newspapers, otherwise we shall suffer harm in our souls.

I have known a man, a priest, who enjoyed merited reputation for learning and gave many evidences of excellent moral character. He is now an apostate, and fills Germany with the scandal of his double life. Among the causes of his ruin was foremost his want of discretion in promiscuous reading. If ever a priest can suffer such shipwreck of his faith, others have much more reason to steer clear of seas that seem to wave harmlessly over hidden reefs.

But the Church would not content herself with deploring the existence of so many bad books. She had to take steps. This she did by her legislation concerning the protection of books in general and by branding some very pernicious works individually.

The most effective means, however, is the production and spread of good books. For this reason the profession of Catholic writers and newspapermen is so much thought of and so highly praised and recommended by the last Council of Baltimore.

But the books, are written to be used. So it is absolutely necessary to buy them. In the first place, there should be in every family not only a catechism, a bible history, but also an explanation of the gospels, a life of saints.

But we should as far as can be done always prefer Catholic books. There is such a vast number of them that no one is excused who spends his money for non-Catholic productions.

A special way of spreading Catholic books is by the formation and support of libraries under Church supervision. The Church has always been a patron of learning and libraries, and in spite of the wanton destruction by misguided fanaticism of many old monastic libraries, she still owns in Rome and elsewhere some of the most valuable book treasures of the world.

Catholic Buffalo is not 100 years old, yet it need not be ashamed of its love for books. Some of you may be agreeably surprised to hear that the Catholic institutions of this city, such as the Catholic Institute and the North Buffalo library, together pile up the handsome total of 50,000 volumes. Among these are not comprised the libraries of most church societies and one or another academy whose possessions could not be ascertained.

You cannot patronize and encourage these libraries too much.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

She: "Is she a business woman?" He: "Yes." She: "What business is she interested in?" He: "Everybody's."

CATHOLIC ENDEAVOR IN ENGLAND.

PARISH PROGRESS.—The correspondent of the "Catholic Times," writing from Tunbridge in the diocese of Southwark, says:—

"Quietly and steadily the Catholic Church seems to be making headway in the Protestant town of Tunbridge. The new Catholic Church, which is being erected in Lyons-crescent, is rapidly approaching completion, and the design of Mr. W. B. Hughes, of Tunbridge Wells and Craven street, Charing Cross, will evidently give great satisfaction. Beyond this, an exiled community of nuns from France took possession of the property known as "Shrublands" at the beginning of the week, and on Friday the Rev. Father Stapley, rector of Tunbridge Wells-Tonbridge visited the premises, blessed the house and chapel ready for the installation of the community on the following morning. On Saturday, being the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, the Reverend Father said Mass in the newly-established Home, and administered Holy Communion to the community.

The Reverend Father also visited the new church and expressed his great satisfaction at the progress made in its construction and the effects produced by the designs of the architect. It is hoped that the new church will be ready for Divine worship early in the New Year, and this is the more necessary because the temporary iron church in Waterloo road is now no longer capable of providing accommodation for the congregation, which is greatly due to the devoted and untiring efforts in the cause of religion of the Rev. James Walsh, assistant in the Rev. Father Stapley.

A handsome oak pulpit was opened at St. Patrick's Church, Huddersfield, on Sunday, the 22nd ult. The new pulpit is octagonal, supported on a circular moulded base and shaft with a boldly carved capital, from which spring the moulded vaulting ribs which terminate behind shields placed at the angles in a band of carved foliage running around the bottom of the octagonal body of the pulpit. The circular shafts rest upon the shields and have carved capitals. The panels are deeply recessed and surrounded by cinquefoil arches supported on small shafts with carved capitals. The panels are so arranged that they can be removed, as it is intended at some time to substitute panels painted with figures for the present plain oak ones. The whole of the mouldings and foliage are in the style of the thirteenth century or early English Gothic. The work has been well carried out in the town, in the shop of Mr. H. Holland, the carving being executed by Mr. E. Armitage, under the supervision and from the designs of Mr. John Haigh, of the firm of Abbey and Hanson, who has also designed the decoration and superintended the repairs of the church.

TO NON-CATHOLICS.—A most successful mission to non-Catholics was brought to a close in St. Mary's Church, Rugby, recently, by a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction. The mission was given by the Rev. Father Filmer (Westminster Diocesan Missionary), and is the first mission of the kind ever given in this country outside London. The success attending it was immediate and lasting. No such congregations have ever been gathered together in St. Marie's, and even week-night after week-night the church has been more than full, and chairs have had to be repeatedly requisitioned to accommodate the numbers who have followed the sermons. Catholics, of course, have been interested, and have thrown themselves into the work with the greatest zeal and earnestness, but Protestants have shown themselves most anxious to come and listen to what Father Filmer had to say. The great feature of these missions is that they are absolutely non-controversial, the aim is to explain the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, and from beginning to end not one word was said that the most critical Protestant could take objection to.

Judging by the readiness of Protestants to come and listen, there can be no doubt that this work has the blessing of God upon it, and is a work most suited to the present needs of the Church in England. Night after night the same people have come to the church and a great many enquirers have already come forward, anxious to learn more about

the truths of Faith. "Why has this not been done before?" is the question a great many of them ask explicitly and implicitly. Why not, indeed, may we ask, too.

The "question box" where people may put their questions in and have them answered the following night, was most extensively used and showed the number of people there are in our midst who are ready enough to embrace an opportunity of learning the truth. The local Protestant press, too, solicited full information as to all that was taking place, and showed itself very desirous of obtaining pure and accurate reports.

As far as can be judged, therefore, the work has met with approval on all sides. There has been no ill-feeling created, no susceptibilities wounded, and many misconceptions have been removed and much good done. Father Filmer has done a good work in Rugby. The mission that he and his colleagues of the Westminster Diocesan Association have undertaken is a noble one, and, judging by the results attained at Rugby, is one certain to be crowned with success—one that will lead many souls to God and His Church.

IRISH FORESTERS.—A ceremony which occasioned great interest amongst Irish National Foresters, and those residing in Ardwick and Ancoats particularly, took place in St. Aloysius' Catholic Club, Park place, on Friday night last, when the Rev. David Power, rector of St. Aloysius', Ardwick, and his esteemed assistant, the Rev. F. Barton, together with Mr. P. Earley, a prominent parishioner, were initiated honorary members of the Hope of Erin Branch of the Irish National Foresters. Bro. Councillor Daniel Doyle presided over a very large attendance of members, the visitors including all the district officers, and Bros. A. Madden, J. McDonald (dist. treasurer), John Doyle (dist. secretary), Thomas (in costume), and Mr. Wm. Masterson. The two rev. gentlemen on entering were accorded a "Caed Mille Fialthe." Father Power has been the source of great strength to the cause of Irish Forestry ever since he came to Ardwick four years ago, and Father Barton, his popular assistant, although an Englishman, has fairly found his way into the hearts of Irishmen in the district, sympathizing with everything they have in common. Bro. Councillor D. Doyle, after the formal ceremony of initiating had been gone through, welcomed the new honorary members, and proceeded to speak in eloquent terms of the objects of the Irish National Foresters.

MORE UNITY.—The Catholic "Times" reports a movement for secondary education which is evidently going to bear good fruit. The remark of the Bishop Casartelli that parochialism should be put aside to enter the wider field is full of import, even to us in Canada. The report says:—

"Active measures are being taken by the Catholics of Bolton to carry into effect the projected Catholic secondary school and teachers' centre for the town and district. To this end the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion have promised £1,000 and a very suitable site adjoining the Mount St. Joseph Convent, Deane. With the object of further considering the projected scheme a meeting of the Catholics of the district was held in the Temperance Hall, Bolton, on Wednesday evening, November 25th, when the Lord Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Dr. Casartelli, delivered an important address on the question of Catholic secondary education. St. Mary's brass band discoursed selections while the audience were assembling, and when the meeting opened at 7.30 p.m., the spacious hall was filled from floor to ceiling. The Very Rev. Dean Averdonk presided. In opening the proceedings the chairman remarked that a worthy successor of Bishop Bilbrough had been found in Dr. Casartelli. They as Bolton Catholics are all proud of him, and extended to him a hearty welcome. At the outset of his address, the Bishop expressed his thanks for the heartiness of the reception on that the occasion of his first visit to Bolton; he also thanked those who had organized that magnificent meeting, which he took not only as a personal compliment to himself, but as showing a spirit of co-operation among the clergy and laity. In framing the scheme for a Catholic secondary school for girls for Bolton and the surrounding district there had been united action among the Catholic missions of the town, and this marked the beginning of a new era—the putting aside of the old-fashioned system of what he might term parochialism, and the entrance upon a wider, and therefore a more influential sphere of Catholic life and activity. Various liberal subscriptions in aid of the proposed school were announced.

Magazines

Chaplain Educator.)

The Week's Anniversaries.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

This has been a week fruitful in general anniversaries; but we have so many important reasts at present, both local and belonging to the Church at large, that we need not do any more than indicate a few of the events that are most important and the commemorations of which have fallen on some of the days of the week just elapsed.

Sunday last, the 13th December, was the anniversary of the birth of Pope Sixtus V., which event took place in 1521. On the same day, in the year 1545, the famous Council of Trent opened. Needless to say that this forms one of the most important events in the ecclesiastical history of the world. It was on the 13th December, 1654, that the County of Tipperary was cleared of the last Irish family. The same date, in 1862, took place the famous battle of Fredericksburg, one of the most fiercely contested of all the great battles of the American Civil War. In 1867, on the 13th December, was opened the Clerkenwell Exposition.

On the 14th December, in the year 37, the notorious Roman tyrant and persecutor of the Christians, Nero, was born. We may add, in parenthesis, that one of our several contributors is at this moment preparing an article on the "Life of Nero" that will be of great interest to our readers. In the year 402, on the 14th December, Pope Anastasius I. died. And it was on the same day of the month, in 1799, that George Washington, the Father of American Independence, closed his grand and wonderful career in death. In 1819, on the same date, the State of Alabama was admitted to the American Union.

On the 15th December, 882, Pope John VIII. died. In 1782, on the same date, Charleston was sacked by the British. In 1798, on the same date, Henry C. Carey was born. The great "Peace Convention," at Hartford, Conn., was commenced on the 15th December, 1814. And two years ago, on the 15th December, 1901, Bishop Lenihan, of Cheyenne, departed this life.

On the 16th December, 1687, Sir William Petty died. The same day of the month, in 1773, was made famous by the "Boston Tea Party," the first step taken in the direction of the breach that ended in the independence of the United States. On the 16th December, 1796, the French expedition, sailed from Brest. It was on the same date, in 1830, that General Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Peru, died. And in 1835, on the 16th December, New York was swept by the great fire that almost wiped out the entire city.

The 17th December is a day of many important anniversaries. On that day the great musician, Beethoven, died, in 1770. And on the same date, in 1778, Sir Humphrey Davy, the extraordinary scientific genius, was born. Also was the American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, born on the 17th December, in the year 1807. On the same date, in 1813, took place the capture of Fort Niagara by the British and Canadian forces. The Americans still persist in recalling the event as the "massacre of Fort Niagara." On the 17th December, 1884, the first railway in Ireland was opened. It was a short line from Dublin to Kingstown, and for years it was the wonder and the talk of all the Island. On the same date, in 1885, Bishop Krauthauer, of Green Bay, Wis., died.

It was on the 18th December, 1777, that Washington reached Valley Forge. In a letter to the President of Congress, dated the 23rd December, 1777, speaks of the terrific sufferings endured by himself and his men at Valley Forge. It was the winter of 1777-78 that was spent by these patriots in the cold, and hunger, and exposure, that combined to make the name of Valley Forge forever memorable in their minds. On the 18th December, 1787, the State of New Jersey accepted the American

constitution. It was also on the 18th December, in the year, 1865, that the famous Thirteenth Amendment was ratified by the President of the United States, and that slavery was actually abolished. The abolition of slavery brought about the close of the war that for three long and bloody years had rent the North and the South in twain. No sooner was this great civilizing deed of emancipation done than the one who was prime mover in the whole matter, the President of the United States, Lincoln, was laid low by an assassin's shot. Thus peace was purchased at a fearful cost.

PRIEST TALKS TO UNITARIANS.

A somewhat unusual scene was presented at the conclusion of the regular monthly dinner of the Wollaston Unitarian Club, Quincy, Mass., a few evenings ago, when there was introduced as the principal speaker the learned Jesuit priest of Boston, the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., professor of ethics at Boston College.

The dinner was served in the vestry of the Wollaston Unitarian Church. This was the first time a Catholic clergyman had ever spoken in the edifice, although Catholic laymen have spoken at the club's dinners. The address by Father Gasson was the first of a series of talks on "Essentials of Religion" which will be delivered the coming winter by clergymen of all denominations. Father Gasson's special subject was "Essentials of Religion as Contained in the Catholic Faith." He said in part:-

"The ties which bind nearly 255,000,000 of human beings into a compact organization, living an active, vigorous life, must ever command the consideration of intelligent observers.

"What are the links which so effectively unite the Catholic body that neither persecution from without nor treachery from within has ever been able to break them? We may, for the sake of brevity, reduce them to four—the existence of a Supreme Being as made known by the light of reason, the unfolding of religious truth as made by this Supreme Being, that this revelation has been made through Christ and through those messengers who either prepared the way for Christ or received their commissions for Him, and finally the revelation finds its direct and adequate exposition in the teachings of the Catholic Church.

"The Church claims to be not merely the depository of revealed truth, but the authoritative moral teacher and guide of humanity. She holds that the divine spirit has not suspended its action; that true religious life is not a meshwork of accident and of human motives, but the harmonious development, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of man's higher faculties along the lines of the loftiest spiritual perfection. For this man needs a teacher who will never fail, and this is what the Church avers she is."

Father Gasson was warmly applauded at the close of his address, and afterward an informal reception was tendered him.

A LESSON.

There is a lesson, for young and old, in the following letter published in "The New World," a Catholic newspaper of Chicago:-

"While reading the last 'New World' I saw a letter written by one of the boys from this school, so I thought I would write you a few lines. I attend the Holy Name School and I am in fifth grade. We are taught by the Viatorian Brothers. Our teacher's name is Bro. Brown, and he is well liked by all his pupils. I am studying arithmetic, Bible history, spelling, catechism and grammar. We write a composition once a month. Our brother often speaks to us about our vocation, and when I am old enough I am going to study for the priesthood. All the boys of our class wear old gold and blue ribbons. Hoping to see my letter in the 'New World,' I am your devoted reader, Harry Quinn.

THE BEST MONUMENT.

A towering monument deceives nobody, not even the man who built it or the man who sleeps beneath it. A block of granite is a cold pillow for the head to rest upon. Better a thousand times, to rest in the sweet memories of those whom we loved and to whom our lives have been a blessing, than to win a bronze or marble immortality by defrauding our fellowmen.

IMPROPER PUBLICITY

(Translated for the True Witness.)

Under this heading "La Semaine Religieuse" of Montreal has an admirable page this week, and we feel that we are meeting the wishes of its writer and of the ordinary whose organ that publication is, by translating it for the benefit of our readers. It runs thus:-

"In accord with the wishes expressed by some friends of our review, we feel it a duty to publish, almost in its entirety, the following article, which first appeared in the 'Moniteur du Commerce,' and which was afterwards reproduced in several of the daily papers."

The article thus reproduced reads:-

"Have a police, guardians of good morals?"

"We are on the way to corrupting the physical portion of our youth, with the obscene cards and labels, that are distributed in a clandestine manner, from hand to hand, for the purpose of drawing attention to such and such a medicine. It is amongst our young boys, specially, that this distribution of dirty things takes place, the sole object of which is to stir up in them the animal passions and to drag them down to the lowest depths, mentally and physically. Some promoters push their cynicism to the point of signing their names to such abominations. The sales and profits due to such means can only bring malediction upon a business; and our most ardent desire is to see those who make use of such means, as soon as possible, in the hands of justice, and that their business affairs may end in the most ignominious bankruptcy.

"Have we any guardians of morality? One must have the moral sense very depraved to have so little respect for our young people. We all understand easily the daily temptations that assail youth. But what we cannot understand, is the imbecility of those who, to advertise their tablets, tobacco, cigars, even laces and jewelry, make use of obscene pictures, revolting things that are put into the goods sold.

"If people want to advertise with effect, in an honorable manner, and with benefit to the merchant and the consumer, let them use the press, or pamphlets, or circulars; it does not cost any more, and it is more public and more moral. Canada has need of strong, vigorous men to develop her unlimited resources; and, if, already, impure, hidden, insinuating, provocative publication, advertising product of the lowest vices, can be allowed amongst us, what are we to expect of the coming generation?—It will be a generation, alas, of abortive, shattered slaves.

"We must respect our young men if we wish them to be a source of national strength later on, in every sphere of life; and above all must we keep an eye upon this dangerous clandestine advertising. Have we no police who have the guardians of our morals?"

This is plain, outspoken, and to the point, and we hope that it will get still further publicity. For our part we rejoice in the opportunity of circulating still farther such a timely and honorable article. Protect our youth for the sake of the future generations.

Catholicity in The Philippines.

Bishop Kendrick, the newly appointed head of the diocese of Cebu, Philippine Islands, will soon start for the archipelago. He talked of his new see to a representative of the Utica, N.Y., "Observer" last week.

"The diocese of Cebu," he said, "which, by the way, means Jesus, is located in the southern and eastern portion of the Philippine archipelago. There are about twenty-five islands in the diocese, with a Catholic population of 1,745,000 people. This is seventeen times larger than the diocese of Syracuse, and its has 250,000 more souls than the archdiocese of New York. In the Syracuse diocese there are about 100 priests, while in Cebu there are 450, and this is only about one-fourth of the number that is needed. The diocese is well provided with churches and has among its other properties a college for women of the same grade as Vassar and Wellesley.

"The people are, as a body, of superior intelligence and, probably, on the whole, are as well educated as the people of New York, according to their social rank. They are courteous, hospitable and fine musicians,

and altogether are of a superior race. The main difficulty to be met arises from the complete change from the old to the new conditions. Instead of the Church being an arm of the government, the Church in the Philippines now expects nothing more than is expected in Utica—fair treatment to all and no favoritism. With this condition assured—and I believe it is—the future of Catholicism in the Philippines is safe. Bishop Rooker, of the diocese of Jaro, is in charge of the district next to the westward of Cebu. His headquarters will be about 150 miles from mine.

"The great navigator Magellan who was the first to circumnavigate the globe and who, on his second tour, went to Cebu and met death at the hands of a native chieftain while trying to settle a tribal quarrel, is buried in Cebu. The cross which he planted as a symbol that the lands were under the sovereignty of Spain and the Catholic Church, has been preserved and is kept in the Cathedral of Cebu.

"The Bishop's Cathedral and palace at Cebu are remarkably beautiful and the climate is the best in the Philippines, much preferable to that of Manila."

THE VIRTUE OF ECONOMY.

"I did not expect to get a cent from you," said a lady who had gone to ask of John Murray a contribution for a benevolent purpose, and received \$100. "You blew out one of the candles by which you were writing when I came in."

"It is by practicing economy that I save up money with which to do a charitable act," was the reply; "one candle is enough to talk by."

If we look closely at the lives of most philanthropists, and those who have acquired considerable fortunes, we shall find that they are now, or were, in a position to give largely, or to carry out great enterprises, because they never lighted, or else they constantly practiced the habit of blowing out waste candles.

The people of Peabody, Mass., tell many anecdotes of the great philanthropist for whom the town was named, showing that he never burned two candles when only one was needed. Extravagance was to him a sin, which he, in the smallest things, avoided. Lydia Maria Child was never appealed to for any worthy object in vain. Her response was ever hearty and munificent for one with her comparatively small means, and yet she turned envelopes which had been used, that she might use them again, and, in every possible instance, snuffed out the unneeded candle.

Emerson used to relate an anecdote of a rich business man who, when approached for a contribution for charity, was found admonishing a clerk for using whole wafers, when only half wafers were needed. When he had finished the admonition, he turned to the caller, heard his story, and subscribed \$500. When his visitor expressed surprise that a man who readily gave so large a sum should be so particular about expenditure in wafers, the merchant said: "It is by saving in half wafers, and attending to such little things, that I have now something to give."

JESUIT MARTYRS.

Two Hungarian Jesuits, Revs. Stephen Pongracz, S.J., and Melchior Grodeckzy, S.J., have just been declared beatified by Pope Pius X. They were martyred during the religious persecution at Kashun in 1619. The process of their beatification was begun under Pope Urban VIII. in 1628. After a time it ceased for some reason, and was finally resumed in 1896 by Cardinal Vasary. In June of this year the decree was issued, but the death of Leo XIII. delayed its formal proclamation until now.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

In Toledo, Ohio, on Thanksgiving Day Bishop Horstmann dedicated the magnificent new school which has just been completed for St. Mary's parish at a cost of \$100,000. Speaking on that occasion, the Bishop said:-

"In my travels through Europe, and especially in France, Spain, Austria and Italy, I have seen scores of beautiful cathedrals. But here in this country we have something which is greater than those cathedrals in our parochial schools. And there is the future. What the school is, that is what the parish will be. What good are fine churches if we have not people to fill them? All over this diocese we have beautiful schools filled with hard-working students. I would rather have the schools than fine cathedrals."

Cost of Panama Canal.

It is estimated that it will cost the United States \$184,283,368 to acquire and complete the Panama canal, besides the amount to be paid to the government in control of the isthmus for the concession.

Already there has been an immense amount of money and energy expended on the canal. It is safe to say that a sum more than sufficient to dig a waterway from ocean to ocean at sea level has been collected from investors at different times in its history.

When De Lesseps organized the first company in 1880 for the construction of the canal, it started work with a paid up capital of \$60,000,000. For eight years the company toiled, employing at times as many as 15,000 men. Then came a necessity for changing the plans and the company failed, after having collected in round figures from the sale of stocks and bonds \$260,000,000. Of this it was shown that the expenditures actually made on the isthmus amounted to \$156,400,000, and that the cost of excavation and embankment proper was \$88,600,000. The ultimate cost was then estimated at \$174,600,000. For several years an effort was made to capitalize a new corporation to complete the work, and at last, in 1894, the present Panama Canal Company was organized with a paid up capital of \$13,000,000. Since that time work has advanced at the rate of about 1,200,000 cubic yards of excavation each year.

The total amount of excavation up to the present has been about 81,000,000 cubic yards. Unfortunately only about 40,000,000 cubic yards of this is available for the waterway proposed in 1899-1900 by the Canal Commission, of which Rear Admiral Walker was president. The Walker commission's recommendations included this available excavation in the \$40,000,000 to be paid the canal company for its work, maps, records, drawings and the property of the Panama Railroad Company. The commission estimated that the total amount of excavation which would be required for the canal to be built from its plans, exclusive of that for the Bohio dam and the Giganti spillway, would be 94,863,703 cubic yards. The work remaining to be done, therefore, represents the difference between the amount of available

excavation which it will acquire by purchase from the Panama Canal company, or nearly three-fifths of the entire work. It is estimated that the cost of this work will be \$144,283,358, in addition to the sum to be paid to the present owner of the property. By the time it is completed more than \$450,000,000 will have been obtained in one way or another for use in building the canal, while nearly \$812,000,000 will have actually been spent in connection with its construction and administration.

It was the intention of the Panama Canal Company to make the canal 29.5 feet deep. The increased dimensions of steamers now being built has made it necessary to plan for a much deeper canal, and the Walker Commission's plans are for a waterway thirty-six feet deep.

A FRENCH BISHOP'S VIEW.

The opinion which we expressed last week, that the unauthorized French religious should maintain their work in France itself, and among their own countrymen preach the Gospel which no law can prevent them from doing is not our own opinion merely, but that of the Bishop of Perigueux, Mgr. Delamain. He too has bidden the religious, banished from their monasteries and churches, to go forth into the lanes and byways, and in word and example make of themselves missionaries of truth, liberty, and right. "They forbid you the pulpit," he says; "then go to meetings, go to the squares, go wherever men gather together, and while opening their eyes to your sufferings, open them to the injustice of your enemies." This counsel would seem to be as sensible as it is necessary. Religion in France had never so much need of missionaries as now; and, since no tyrant can deny that the monks and nuns are citizens, and as such, when secularised, may claim the protection of that common law by which they are governed, they have an opportunity, even outside their monasteries and convents, of advancing the cause of religion among the people.—Catholic Times.

HASTINESS.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

Our Holiday Cases are in demand from Yarmouth, N.S., to Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Here they are:

1903 Holiday Cases of Wines and Liquors

HOLIDAY CASE No. 1 at \$5.90.

- 2 Bottles Pale Sherry Wine.
2 Bottles Claret Wine.
2 Bottles Port Wine.
2 Bottles Walker's Rye Whisky.
1 Bottle Brandy.
1 Bottle Scotch or Irish Whisky.
1 Bottle Ginger Wine.
1 Bottle Holland Gin.

HOLIDAY CASE No. 2 at \$8.90.

- 1 Quart Bottle Champagne.
2 Bottles Table Sherry.
2 Bottles Tawny Port Wine.
2 Bottles Superior Claret Wine.
2 Bottles Walker's V. O. Rye Whisky.
1 Bottle 1878 Brandy.
1 Bottle "Diamond Blend" Scotch or Irish Whisky.
1 Bottle Holland Gin.

HOLIDAY CASE No. 3 at \$11.75.

- 2 Quart Bottles Champagne.
2 Bottles Superior Dinner Sherry (dry or fruity).
2 Bottles Very Superior Port Wine.
2 Bottles Superior Claret Wine.
1 Bottle Walker's Extra Old Rye.
1 Bottle 1865 Brandy.
1 Bottle V. O. Scotch or Irish Whisky.
1 Bottle Bols' Liqueur Holland Gin.

No. 4—SPECIAL HOLIDAY CASE OF STILL AND SPARKLING RED AND WHITE BURGUNDY WINES AT \$11.25

- 2 Quart Bottles Macon.
2 Quart Bottles Beaune.
2 Quart Bottles Chablis (White).
2 Quart Bottles Beaujolais.
2 Quart Bottles Pommard.
2 Quart Bottles Ultra Sec Champagne.

Holiday Case of Fine Wines, &c.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY CASE No. 5 for \$12.75.

- 2 Quarts Still Hock or Still Moselle.
2 Quarts Fine Sauternes.
1 Quart Fine Table Sherry.
1 Quart Fine Claret.
1 Quart Fine Burgundy.
1 Quart Fine Old Brandy.
1 Bottle Bols' Orange Curacao a la fine Champagne.
2 Quarts Fine Champagne.

Prices Net Cash, and free on board cars at Montreal. Prices reduced on all. We DO NOT PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES on the above Holiday Cases.

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New Archbishop Of Milwaukee.

Right Rev. Sebastian Gebhard Messmer, whose appointment as Archbishop of Milwaukee in succession to the late Archbishop Katzer, has been announced in these columns, was born August 29, 1847, at Goldsch, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland. He is the eldest of a family of five. His first education was obtained in the primary schools of his native town, after which he was for three years a pupil in the High or "Real" school, in Rorschach, which is situated on Lake Constance. In 1861 he entered the Diocesan College of St. George, near St. Gall, where he soon became recognized for his devotion, close application to his studies and strict obedience to his superiors. He remained at this college until 1866, when he entered the University of Innsbruck, in Tyrol, Austria, where he pursued the study of philosophy and theology for the next five years. On July 23, 1871, he was ordained to the priesthood for the American mission.

Prior to leaving for America he had applied for and received the appointment from Bishop Bailey, of Newark, N.J., as professor of theology at Seton Hall College, South Orange, which is also a diocesan seminary. In this position he remained until August, 1889, making himself beloved by the ever thoughtful and kindly interest he manifested in those with whom he was brought in contact. A teacher, chaplain and friend, his life was conscientiously devoted to the interests of those dependent on his care and in the service of the Church.

During the eighteen years of his administration in New Jersey a considerable portion of his time was given to pastoral work in St. Peter's Church at Newark. This church, whose congregation is German, has attached to it the largest parochial school in the diocese, the total attendance numbering some fifteen hundred children. It was in this church, where much of his most earnest work was done, that he was, at his own request, consecrated by Bishop Zardetti on March 27, 1882. While still holding his professorship at Seton Hall, Bishop Messmer was for eight years in active charge of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum as chaplain. He was also pastor of St. Leo's congregation at Irvington, N.J., for two years.

Being called in 1889 to the chair of canon law in the University of Washington, D.C., he at once went to Rome, the better to prepare himself for the new responsibilities devolving upon him. Canon law having been one of his classes while professor at Seton Hall, he devoted himself entirely to the study of Roman civil law, and finally graduated from the Collegia Appollinare with the degree of D. C. L. In September, 1890, he entered upon his duties at the Washington University, remaining there until called upon to fill a more exalted position at Green Bay, Wis.

Some time prior to the convening of the Baltimore Plenary Council in 1884 he was elected as one of the eight theologians whose duty it was to prepare the draft of decrees for the consideration of that body. He was also one of the secretaries of the council at its sessions, and afterwards, in collaboration with Dr. O'Connell, now rector of the Catholic University at Washington, prepared for publication the deliberations of that famous body. The work was published in 1886 and is regarded as a model of scholarly effort. For the arduous labor implied in bringing this work to a successful termination the Pope conferred upon him the title of D.D.

This, however, is by no means the limit of his literary undertakings, as not a few other scholarly and practical works which bear his name attest.

Bishop Messmer was appointed to the See of Green Bay December 14, 1891, but did not take active charge of the diocese until April 7, 1892. He was the first president of the Catholic Columbia Summer School at Madison, Wis., and in association with Bishop McFall, of Trenton, has been a leading spirit in and supporter of the American Federation of Catholic societies.—Catholic Standard and Times.

SOCIALISM.

In an interview with a Catholic American journal, Bishop Spalding said:

"Why should Socialism grow? What radical wrong has it upon which to erect its ladder of vague promises that leads into the clouds? In the United States there is no gulf

between the very rich and the very poor, but a graduation of widely distributed wealth. Remember that more than eight million families in this country are land-owners, and of the thirteen million families among whom the wealth of the country is divided, eleven millions families, run the tables of statistics, belong to the wage-earning class. The very rich man? No problem there, surely, for it will be found difficult to hold these enormous fortunes together, and if plutocrats spend their time between uttering futile, almost blasphemous, sentiments on Christianity and wealth, the people, without any radical reconstruction, will, in an appreciable time, be strengthened by the wine of a released plutocratic fortune running swiftly through the veins of our national life. Socialism is frequently but the pouts of the petulant. Diatribes against wealthy men frequently spring from unworthy passions rather than from any sense of wrong inflicted by them."

English Catholic Old Boys' Dinner.

A dinner promoted by English Catholic old boys was held at Welsh's Banqueting Hall, St. Peter street, on Saturday night last. There were present: Mr. Cecil Arden, Hon. Canadian agent, Catholic Emigrating Association, in the chair, Mr. J. R. Thomson, agent, Canadian Catholic Emigration Society, Ottawa; Mr. Jno. Hoolahan, Dominion immigration agent, Montreal, and about 22 old boys resident in this country for varying terms, of from six to fifteen years.

The gathering was promoted in order to draw together, for the purpose of uniting into an association, the Catholic boys immigrated from the Old Country, and to demonstrate the fact, that their condition in life to-day has justified the authorities at home, in sending them to this New Land to make their way in the world.

An excellent dinner was provided by Mr. Welsh, and was much enjoyed by those present. After dinner Mr. Jos. Rooney explained in a few well chosen words, the object in view in thus meeting together.

The chairman read letters of apology from Mr. Jas. A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, and Mr. G. Bogue Smart, superintendent of Receiving Homes, etc., after which he addressed those present. In his remarks the chairman expressed the hesitancy he had felt in accepting the honor they had conferred upon him, but assured them of the pleasure it afforded him to find such a spirit of genial fellowship prevailing amongst the boys. In establishing an association such as they proposed, it was essential that the basis of it should be comradeship—a comradeship by loyalty—loyalty to each other, loyalty to their former homes, to the great country from which they came, and last but not least, to that Church to which they were all so proud to belong. With these as a basis, the association would be bound to be both a successful and a useful one, without them it would be bound to be a failure. Concluding he wished them every success, a joyful Christmas, and a very happy New Year.

Mr. Thomson, Ottawa, supported the remarks of the chairman. He thanked the old boys for inviting him, and assured them of his hearty co-operation in the formation of the association, and would promise to try and promote the spirit, he found in Montreal, in Ottawa. He was only sorry that in this matter the Capital city had allowed Montreal to take the lead.

Mr. Jno. Hoolahan urged the immense value to the work of child immigration, which such an association might be. It was necessary demonstrate both their strength, and social standing to-day, to justify to a critical community, not only what a benefit, the transference from England to Canada, was to themselves, but also what a valuable asset they were in the building up of this great Dominion. He wished them every success, and promised whatever help lay in his power to promote their project.

After dinner a flash-light photograph of those present was taken, and the remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent.

Any old boys who might wish to join the association are asked to send in their names and addresses to the St. Vincent's Home, 28-30 Park Avenue, St. Henri.

AMBITION.

Many a noble cause has been sacrificed by ambitious men having a personal aim.

UNINTENTIONAL TESTIMONY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Sometimes, from the mouths of those who are against Him, does God cause great truths to be told; it was so in the past, it may equally be so in the present. There are witnesses to the truth that rests perpetually with the Catholic Church, and yet they give their testimony without ever having the slightest intention of doing justice to Catholicity. A couple of weeks ago a Rev. Mr. G. A. Gadrich, speaking against the Church, to a congregation in Birmingham, said:—"Rome has always put forth her absurd pretensions, and has, since the days of Peter, constantly claimed a right to dictate religion to the world." This is the absolute truth. Leaving aside the qualifying word "absurd," which applies far better to that reverend gentleman's own attitude, we are perfectly in accord with him.

By Rome, of course, he means the Catholic Church. Since the days of Peter she has certainly "claimed a right to dictate," that is to preach and teach the dogmas of the only true religion. Peter received the commission from Christ—none will deny that. Constantly, and without a change, and without a break, the successors of Peter, right down to Pius X., have "claimed a right," based upon Christ's own mandate, to tell the world what the world must believe, in order to obtain salvation. There is nothing more "absurd" in the exercise of this right by Pius X. than there was in the exercise of it by Peter; and nothing more "absurd" in Peter's claim than in that of Christ, from whom Peter received his authority. Surely the reverend preacher would not hazard the insinuation that Christ's "claims" to the "right to dictate religion to the world," were absurd. It would be a fearful blasphemy; and yet this zealous divine skirts the wilds of blasphemy when he makes such a statement. He avoids the sin, because he does not mean what he insinuates, nor does he perceive the logical outcome of his assertion; and he admits the perfection of Apostolic succession in the Church, even while seeking to ridicule that institution.

Bishop Bradley Dead.

Early this week came the sad news of the death of Mgr. D. M. Bradley, the first Bishop of the Catholic diocese of Manchester, N.H. The sad event took place on Saturday evening, the 12th December, in the episcopal palace, Lowell street, Manchester. Bishop Bradley was a noble specimen of the grand Irish ecclesiastic. Young comparatively when selected to preside over the newly-formed diocese of Manchester, he performed a life-work of organization and construction, in a very few years, for he was only fifty-seven when death came. He was born at Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland. He was a mere child when his parents emigrated from Ireland to the United States. On arriving in America the family settled at Manchester, then almost a hamlet in the State of New Hampshire. He made his classical course at Holy Cross College, and studied theology at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N.Y. In this latter institution he was ordained to the priesthood, on the 3rd June, 1871, by Mgr. McQuade, Bishop of Rochester, N.Y.

Shortly after his ordination, Rev. Father Bradley exercised the duties of his sacred ministry in Portland, Maine. He was, after a few years, given the pastorate of his own parish at Manchester. This was almost like a coming home for the young priest. In fact, Manchester was the only home that he really ever knew, and to be "arish priest of St. Joseph's Church there was like ministering to the spiritual wants of all who had been his dearest friends since childhood. We can readily understand that Father Bradley went heart and soul into the work. And so successful was he in the administration of his parish, and such an impetus was given to Manchester, that soon it was deemed well to recommend to Rome the erection of this important section into a separate diocese. The recommendation was acted upon, and when the question arose of selecting a Bishop for the new diocese, there was not the least hesitation. All eyes turned to Father Bradley, to whom the creation of the diocese was greatly due. And the eye of Rome was also upon him. Consequently he was selected as



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Sporty young men who visit our great fur rooms become our most enthusiastic customers.

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We have the appropriate article in furs for any kind of sporting events or for travelling. Fur caps, mittens and gloves of all kinds, etc., etc.

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Club-men will find here the real "WINTER SWELDOM."

Do you want a fine overcoat of wild-cat fur? We have the very finest, and an inspection of our stock will prove it.

We offer actually thousands of these overcoats, which are considerable, last a long time and are always in fashion. The prices are \$30, \$40, \$50 and for those who want the ne plus ultra, we have something still better.

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ALL THE LADIES HONOR US WITH THEIR PATRONAGE. OUR AMBITION NOW IS TO SATISFY THE OTHER SEX.

Clothes make the man, and it is important that people in the social world, or business, should be well dressed. A well shaped coat makes a man feel good. We have constructed marvels of elegance in the art of making up, in the endeavor to

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MINERS MUST BE SOBER.

Still the evidence crowds in of the determination of business men to insist upon total abstinence among their workers. A Chicago journal says:—"The latest steps to enforce temperance on the part of employees is the publication of a notice to miners in Pottsville, Pa., to the effect that "in order to reduce danger of accidents in the anthracite mines to a minimum and to assure steadier work by the men the officials of District No. 9 will hereafter discharge all miners who become incompetent by reason of drink."

A RECENT CONVERT.

On Sunday, Nov. 22, the Rev. Thomas Daniel Kennedy, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Elkhart, baptised and received into the Catholic Church Mr. George M. Adams, who is proprietor and editor of the Elkhart "News" and of the Williamsville "Index." Mr. Adams is a noted speaker and newspaper man, a graduate of Detroit College. Father Kennedy has had many converts on account of his lectures in the last ten years.—Iowa Catholic Messenger.

ANOTHER CONVERT.

Rev. Hardy Little, Anglican vicar of St. Martin's, Brighton, England, one of the latest converts to the Church, is a brother of the famous Anglican orator, Canon Knox Little.

Remember, When You Buy

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate

You Get Absolutely Pure Goods.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best.

A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office.

10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

A STRIKING NOTE.

The Pope recently received in audience Mgr. Fraser, of the Scotch College, who stated that he had now thirty-two students, of whom six had been ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGEL.

Report for week ending Sunday, 13th Dec., 1908: Males 310, Irish 161, French 126, English 15, Scotch and other nationalities 8. Total, 810.

Petition Of Promoters Of New Parish.

The following is the text of the petition addressed to Archbishop Bruchesi, by the promoters of the new parish of St. Stephen, which it is their aim to organize in the north-easter section of the old mother parish of St. Patrick's.

The humble petition of the majority of the English-speaking resident freeholders and heads of families of the hereinafter described portions of the parishes of St. Louis de France, St. Jean Baptiste and St. Patrick, in the city of Montreal, professing the Catholic religion, respectfully sheweth:

1. That the said territory forms a square mile in width and depth.

2. That the said territory is bounded as follows: Towards the southwest by Park Avenue, towards the northwest by Mount Royal Avenue, towards the southeast by Sherbrooke street, and towards the northwest by Park Lafontaine west and Christopher Columbus Avenue.

3. That the district in question is inhabited by a large number of English-speaking Catholic families, forming a minority of the inhabitants of that faith, and the number of such English-speaking Catholic families in the said district is constantly increasing.

4. That the English-speaking Catholics in the said district are well able to provide for the support of a pastor, and the proper maintenance of a church and ecclesiastical service.

5. That they reside at a considerable distance from any English parish Church, and find great difficulty and expense in obtaining religious instruction and service in their own tongue.

6. That it is in the interest of the Church in this archdiocese and of your petitioners in particular, that a parish should be canonically erected, composed of the English-speaking Catholic minority residing in such portions of the three above named parishes in the limits above described.

7. Wherefore, your petitioners respectfully pray that Your Lordship be pleased to canonically erect a parish under the invocation as patron to St. Stephen, the English-speaking minority residing in the district above described.

Non-Catholic Missions

The Flood City is known to the world. The world stood silent in deep sympathy when the wires flashed the news of the calamity that came on the Conemaugh Valley in May, 1889. Through the pluck and energy of those left, a fairer Johnstown, Pa., has risen over the ruins of the old. The population has doubled since then. Fine business blocks, splendid hotels, and commodious and luxurious homes are seen on every side.

The Church is in the lead. There were four Catholic churches before the flood—now there are nine. During the coming year there will be two more. St. John's is the oldest. Fathers Michael, Xavier, and Urban gave a very successful mission which lasted two weeks, and during that time was announced a non-Catholic mission to begin after the Catholic one closed. Cards of invitation, and an explanation of the object of the mission, with a list of the

subjects for each evening, were enclosed in envelopes, and the Catholics were asked to send them to their non-Catholic friends. Three thousand were sent out.

Father Xavier lectured every evening, beginning Monday, the 23rd, and ending Monday, the 30th. His lectures were masterly. Never were the truths of faith put forth more clearly. His rich voice breathed charity and good will to our separated brethren in every word. The vast crowds drank in the message with a greedy ear. All were very favorably impressed, and the comments were very flattering and consoling to the zealous, humble, and eloquent follower of St. Paul of the Cross. Several evenings hundreds were turned away from the doors, who could not find standing room. The church can seat twelve hundred; besides, every available space was used for temporary seats. The sanctuary, sacristies, and the steps outside the sanctuary were packed with men.

The church itself, grand and beautiful as it is, was an object-lesson to every non-Catholic. They were filled with admiration and awe when, the electric lights being turned on, the majesty and beauty of St. John's stood revealed to them. After service many lingered to take a nearer view of the altar, statues, stations, and decorations. One evening a prominent gentleman was seen standing near the Pietà (Our Lady receiving the Body of Christ in her arms). He was observed to take his handkerchief and wipe away a tear. The pastor, Father Boyle, saw him and said, "I need not explain to you the object of these statues." "Oh!" said the gentleman, "is it not sad? It is a sermon in itself."

I need not describe the method followed by Reverend Father Xavier in these lectures. Your readers are familiar with them. Questions of every description poured in, and their answers gave additional interest to the great work. Twelve hundred copies of "Clearing the Way" were given to non-Catholics. The members of St. John's parish were never done expressing their surprise at the attendance of non-Catholics and their eagerness to obtain a book. "I never would have believed it," was the common expression heard on all sides.

One lady, who came to be received, said: "Well, I've four children, and I want them to be baptized with me. When I informed my husband of my intention of becoming a Catholic, he said, 'Well, if you and the children become Catholics, I suppose I'll have to go along too; so let me have that book, 'Clearing the Way,' to study.'" Some of his friends, hearing what was his intention, said to him: "If you become a Catholic we will also; so get us a book, 'Clearing the Way,'" and as the lady said: "I expect, father, you will have several come into the Church from my neighborhood."

Father Xavier asked a young man as he came up for a book, "Are you a non-Catholic?" "I am more a Catholic than anything. You cannot tell me anything about the devotion of priests to duty. I saw them in the Philippines cast themselves into the trenches to assist a dying soldier, when bullets were flying around thicker than hail."

A mother and her seven children were baptized. Several others are under instruction, and some are waiting for the consent of their family to take the step.

A general interest in the Catholic Church has been aroused.—The Missionary.

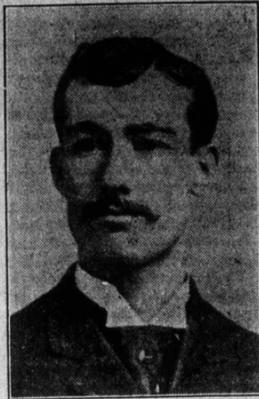
Mr. Yates to Lecture.

Mr. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, who is to deliver a lecture in Montreal, just as we are going to press, recently visited Brooklyn and addressed a large audience. We take the following extracts from the reports of the local newspapers of that city:—

Mr. Yeats is a slenderly built man of pleasing appearance. He was a little ill at ease for the first few moments of his discourse, but after he had warmed up to his subject he lost all self-consciousness, and before he was through he showed that he is not only a man of culture and learning, but that there is in his make-up much of the wit and humor that are characteristic of his race. He was favored with an appreciative audience, which both welcomed him cordially and applauded liberally.

Mr. Yeats was introduced by Assistant Corporation Counsel James McKeen. There were also on the platform Dr. St. Clair McKelway and ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren. In his lecture Mr. Yeats dealt principally with the revival of the Irish language in Ireland and with the events which led up to it. He referred in passing to the efforts of the political parties in Ireland to bring about a union.

DEATHS IN CATHOLIC RANKS.



LATE MR. J. J. BARRY.

There died at his home in this city on Sunday evening last a man whose sterling character was often referred to years before the summons came that called him, in the prime of life, away. When, after an illness of but four days it was announced last Sunday evening by the pastor of St. Michael's parish, during the service, that John J. Barry, a leading member of the choir, was dead, the silence that fell over the throng there assembled told only too plainly that in the parish the noblest heart had ceased to beat. Well may his character be summed up in the following:—

"Rich in saving common sense, An iron will, to true occasion true, A tower of strength, that stood four square To all the winds that blew."

Mr. Barry was 37 years of age, a type of physical manhood, as perfect as his heart was pure. He was at the time of his death, Chief Ranger of Father Dowd's Court, No. 622, Catholic Order of Foresters, and president of Division No. 10, Ancient Order of Hibernians. He leaves a wife and three little children to mourn the loss of one whose presence has been the sunshine of a happy home.

"Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days, None knew thee but to love thee, Nor named thee but to praise."

Tears fell when thou wert dying, From eyes unused to weep, And long where thou art lying, Shall tears the cold earth steep."

COMRADE

BROTHER SIGISMUND.—Last week a member of the Irish section of the great teaching order of the Christian Brothers—Bro. Sigismund—died at the Mother House in Maisonneuve. He had been during his long and active career connected with the establishments of the Order in Toronto, Quebec and other cities.

The funeral service, which was held at Maisonneuve house, was most impressive.

Rev. Henry McRory, of the Bishop's Palace, Chatham, N.B., a nephew of deceased, officiated at the Requiem Mass. Brother Sigismund was a native of Ireland, and, like many of his countrymen, silently and humbly performed his duty. May his soul rest in peace.

JOHN POWER.—At the ripe old age of 90 years, Mr. John Power, father-in-law of Mr. Thomas McBrearty, passed to his reward last week. Mr. Power was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and came to Canada in the pioneer days. He, like many others of his nationality, legated in old St. Ann's, where he beheld the rise and progress of that great commercial district during the past two generations. The funeral, which was held on Sunday, from his son-in-law's residence, was a large one. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. JAMES J. BOGUE.—Another member of a family well known in commercial circles of Montreal, a quarter of a century ago, in the person of Mrs. James I. Bogue, died last week. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Walsh, a well known pioneer in the Irish Catholic section of that courageous and enterprising little band of our fellow-countrymen, whose names were prominent in the trade of this city in the good old days that are gone.

The funeral, which was held at the Gesù Church, and to Cote des Neiges

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

HOLIDAY EXCURSION

At One Way First-Class Fare:

Dec. 24th and 25th, 1903, good to return until Dec. 28th, 1903, and on Dec. 31st, 1903, and Jan. 1st, 1904, good to return until Jan. 4th, 1904.

One Way First-Class Fare and One-Third

Dec. 23, 24 and 25, and Dec. 30, 31st, 1903 and Jan. 1st, 1904, good to return until Jan. 5, 1904.

Special Fares to points in Maritime Provinces.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 120 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK Christmas AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Round trip tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 24 and 25. Return limit Dec. 28, 1903.

Also going Dec. 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904. Return limit Jan. 4, 1904.

FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Going Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904. Return limit Jan. 5, 1904.

CITY TICKET OFFICES,

37 St. James Street. Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

Cemetery, was largely attended by citizens of all classes. May her soul rest in peace.

A DISTINCTION. — An exchange says:—

Speaking before an audience composed of public school teachers, Professor E. Hershey Sneath, head of the philosophy department of Yale, and brother of one of the leading congregational clergymen of New Haven, said on Nov. 21: "In this matter of divorce, I am a Roman Catholic to the backbone."

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. — A most successful and well attended dramatic and musical entertainment was given by the young ladies on Dec. 9 in the Monument National. Prof. Jas. Wilson, the well known organist of the parish and experienced in dramatic presentations, assisted the ladies in staging "The Chaperon," in which the following young ladies took part:—Misses M. Altman, M. A. Hynes, B. Benson, L. Robitaille, A. Doyle, M. Coyle, L. Cox, A. Hayden, E. Ryan, M. Brennan, K. Carrington, M. O'Brien.

Between the acts several specialty artists entertained the audience. The proceeds were intended for the "Building Fund" of the Church and netted a good amount.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.

Editor of the True Witness.

Sir.—It seems passing strange to me that the Irish Catholic element of St. Lawrence Ward, the old home of hundreds of pioneers of our race in this city, where the parent Irish parish Church is located, and where the late Bernard Devlin, and other fellow-countrymen won victories in the civic domain, that there should be so much lack of public spirit, so much indifference, so much want of nerve and pluck to go into the arena and secure one representative in the City Council for that district. As I pen these lines the names of a score of Irish Catholic residents are recalled, all men of integrity and honesty, men who have proprietary interests in the section, men who would be acceptable to the non-Catholic element. What are the Irish Catholics afraid of? Can they not unite and select one of their number?

AN IRISH ELECTOR.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to make. In small and large bottles. From all grocers.

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| Large Size Wooden Horses, on platform and wheels..... | 86c | Pretty Jointed Dolls, neatly dressed, bisque heads, fair hair, with bonnets, shoes and stockings, 15 in. long..... | 45c |
| Dolls' China Tea Sets, prettily decorated, comprising cups and saucers, plates, etc..... | 22c | Kid body Dolls, bisque heads, closing eyes, with shoes and stockings, 16 inches long..... | 67c |
| Pretty Toy Stables, with two horses and carter..... | 45c | Mechanical Automobile, with driver and naughty boy..... | 15c |
| Pink body, hair stuffed Dolls, with bisque heads, fair hair, shoes and stockings, 18 inches long..... | 42c | Fire Engine, with three horses and driver, neatly painted..... | 70c |
| | | Dolls' White Enamelled Pianos, 8 keys..... | 53c |

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In The Big Store's selections. A summary of some of the lines: Boys' Blanket Overcoats.....\$3.50 Boys' Frieze Raglanette Coats.....\$3.15 Boys' Ulster Coats.....\$4.25 Boys' Nap Reefers.....\$3.00 Boys' Beaver Reefers.....\$6.75 (Store No. 2, Notre Dame street side, 1st Floor)

A Gift to Purchasers of Clothing

The Big Store is giving away free with each suit, overcoat or pants—either men's or boys'—at \$2.00 and over, in these departments from now until Christmas Eve, **A HOCKEY STICK.** This Hockey Stick is made of the best Hardwood, and is always a most acceptable gift for a boy.

SKATES, From 30c Per Pair. Slippers for Gils

They are the Acme Spring Skates, made of No. 7 hardened steel, all sizes. Hockey Skates, from, per pair..... 36c Another line at..... 56c Another line, nickel plated, for..... 78c The Perfection Hockey Skate, a popular line now-a-days. Blued top, nickel plated runners. Per pair.....\$1.25

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NEW BOOKS.

An old subscriber has handed us a prospectus which outlines the scope of a new work from the pen of Rev. William Carrigan, C.C., M.R.I.A., and entitled "The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory," with numerous illustrations and a carefully prepared map, in four quarto volumes.

Rev. Dr. Kelly, at one time Professor of Ecclesiastical History of Maynooth, is quoted as follows:—

"If a priest in each diocese can be found to undertake his glorious and meritorious work, of completing a history of the Irish Church, he would bequeath to his country a priceless treasure."

"What Dr. Kelly so anxiously desired to see accomplished, says the prospectus, for every Irish diocese, has now, nearly half a century after his death, been accomplished for his own native Ossory."

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

THE POET CRE

BY "ORI"

S Chaucer was English poetry, sense Cromazie sent of French-Cyry. Not that language, or gave it a in a new avenue, as dis because he was the first to weave the French l imperishable verse. S we have had just as gr ongst the French-Cantours; men who wrote did Cromazie; men, ir who wrote better than he was the first and a cial honor is due to h to his memory. He no admirable verse, much of Lamartine, but he the most patriotic son ada has ever had. It of Saitoun who said: making of a people's b care not who makes the Ireland this saying be spiration of that ga who arose in the "fo through the columns tion" fairly entranced They felt that to make songs was far more of destinies of a people the privilege of making And what stood good i Thomas David, when he spirit into Ireland," w in the case of Octave C he struck his lyre to g to sing her patriots, h victories, to tell, in po her wonderful natura and to map out a futu race on this side of th

A CHECKERED CAR

the individual life of t have nothing to do. W alize the personal lines bards of different countr find in many of them—a the very greatest of th and shortcomings that ever pardoned by an ex So sublime are their w grand their conceptions so noble their expressio are inclined, when judg their poems, to elevate rank of demi-gods. The shocked beyond all mea find, from facts, that th human beings like ourse not like to see in them that belong to the com men; and, while we knw the same, we feel a inw in their regard, and we to be much less just, mifical, much less consider than for ordinary men a It may be well to learn takes in order to utilize ledge as a warning; but careful not to allow the anceship with their fault the effect of their great above all, we should no exaggerate their errors, them through the magn of envy. If we take up ture we will find that i parts are the products o lives were not devoid of with them we have not h They have gone with the their virtues to their re grave precludes all possi ture repairation, repe change. But they have l them the imperishable m their genius, and these s as long as literature last nationalities exist, as lo are men to enjoy the o their labor and children struced in the glories o All the personal mistak cannot take one iota fr spiration of "Scots w "A man's man for a t the sins attributed to E never change the fact th Harold," and such poem Descent of Senacherib," r all time unshakable pille temple of English literat "Raven" and "The Bells" rive and will charm gene after the brief and boist of the poet shall be fo misery-haunted life and death of poor Marlowe a deep regret and a t not take up the tific and patriotic tempo admirable and uncomfio is it not a pity that he had struggled for a early method he liked r followed by a book-sell

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THE POET CREMAZIE.

By "CRUX."

Chaucer was the father of English poetry, in a certain sense Cremazie was the parent of French-Canadian poetry. Not that he changed the language, or gave it a fresh impetus in a new avenue, as did Chaucer, but because he was the first, in Canada, to weave the French language into imperishable verse. Since his day we have had just as great poets amongst the French-Canadian litterateurs; men who wrote far more than did Cremazie; men, in some lines, who wrote better than he did. But he was the first and as such a special honor is due to his works and to his memory. He not only wrote admirable verse, much after the style of Lamartine, but he also intoned the most patriotic songs that Canada has ever had. It was Fletcher of Saltoun who said: "Give me the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws." In Ireland this saying became the inspiration of that galaxy of poets who arose in the "forties" and, through the columns of the "Nation" fairly entranced the people. They felt that to make the national songs was far more effective on the destinies of a people than to have the privilege of making their laws. And what stood good in the case of Thomas Davis, when he "brought a spirit into Ireland," was equally so in the case of Octave Cremazie, when he struck his lyre to glorify Canada, to sing her patriots, her heroes, her victories, to tell, in poetic strains of her wonderful natural advantages and to map out a future for his race on this side of the Atlantic.

A CHECKERED CAREER.—With the individual life of the poet we have nothing to do. Were we to analyze the personal lines of the great bards of different countries, we could find in many of them—and amongst the very greatest of them—faults and shortcomings that are scarcely ever pardoned by an exacting public. So sublime are their writings, so grand their conceptions of life, and so noble their expressions, that we are inclined, when judging them by their poems, to elevate them to the rank of demi-gods. Then we are shocked beyond all measure, when we find, from facts, that they were only human beings like ourselves. We do not like to see in them the faults that belong to the common run of men; and, while we inwardly resent the same, we feel a kind of vexation in their regard, and we are inclined to be much less just, much less merciful, much less considerate for them, than for ordinary men and women. It may be well to learn their mistakes in order to utilize that knowledge as a warning; but we should be careful not to allow that acquaintanceship with their faults to mar the effect of their great works. And, above all, we should not, in justice, exaggerate their errors, nor look at them through the magnifying glass of envy. If we take up any literature we will find that its grandest parts are the products of men whose lives were not devoid of blame. But with them we have nothing to do. They have gone with their faults and their virtues to their reward; the grave precludes all possibility of future reparation, repentance, or change. But they have left behind them the imperishable monuments of their genius, and these shall live on, as long as literature last, as long as nationalities exist, as long as there are men to enjoy the songs of their labor and children to be instructed in the glories of the past. All the personal mistakes of Burns, cannot take one iota from the inspiration of "Scots wha hae," or "A man's a man for a that." All the sins attributed to Byron can never change the fact that "Childe Harold," and such poems as "The Descent of Senacherib," remain for all time unshakable pillars in the temple of English literature. Poe's "Raven" and "The Bells" will survive and will charm generations long after the brief and bolterous career of the poet shall be forgotten. The misery-haunted life and the lovely death of poor Marlowe are subjects of deep regret and pity, but they cannot take from the poetic perfection and patriotic fervor of his admirable "Roses" and "The Song." In his youth he had a struggle for a living. In early manhood he had but a scanty allowance as a book-seller in Quincey.

Our Curbstone Observer On Snow-Storms

less sensitive man would not have minded, that ninety, out of every hundred, would not have lost an hour of sleep over. He could not stand what he believed to be a disgrace to the eyes of his fellow-men; and, above all, he felt the humiliation all the more, since he was giving them noble advice in his imperishable verse. As a result, he suddenly abandoned everything and ran away to France. There he hid his identity under a fictitious name, and he made a living, the Lord only knows how. Finally he died, solitary, broken-hearted, with all the misery of an exile banished, by a self-imposed decree, from his native land. At Havre, in a solitary room, without the consoling voice of a friend, without hope of ever re-establishing his name, without the means necessary for ordinary life and its preservation, the lone and sad poet died. And he was buried in a cemetery some place near the city of Havre. For a time, it is said, that his last resting place was known. But gradually it vanished from the knowledge of man, and then Cremazie was actually forgotten. That is to say the man was forgotten, his grave was unknown, but his works had stirred up a fire in the French-Canadian heart, that was destined to increase in strength and to propagate itself more and more as the years went past. Finally another generation, inspired by the reading of his grand poems, resolved to build him a monument and to commemorate the poet amidst the scenes that he sung and in the land that he loved so dearly. At this moment, Hebert, the now famous Canadian sculptor, is chiselling a statue of Cremazie, and when it is completed, it will be erected on St. Louis Square in Montreal. For this was a great meeting held two weeks ago in the Monument National; for this did poets tune their harps and did orators pour forth the praises of the great departed. The act is a generous one, and is worthy the poet and the people whose glories and whose troubles, whose triumphs and whose sorrows, whose aspirations and whose future he related in lines worthy of the national bards of all other lands. And we also have reason to say a kind word of Cremazie.

HIS IRISH SYMPATHIES.—Fifty years ago and more, when the scarlet bird of fever hung over the emigrant ships that carried the dying Irish exiles to the shores of Canada, when the French-Canadian clergy and laity combined to succor the sick, to bury the dead, and to take to their homes and hearts the orphans, the poet Cremazie gave the watchword and the inspiration in one of his magnificent poems. We cannot forget that noble use of the great gift of song. In every humble verse, and in an imperfect manner I have translated those lines of the French-Canadian poet; and while my imperfect rendering falls far short of the beautiful original, still it will be useful in pointing out the sentiments of the bard. It was thus Cremazie sung:—

"Hail noble sons from green Hibernia sprung, Oh, race of martyrs that in blood grew young, On happier shores we tend to you our hand; 'Neath the same flags we'll battle side by side, 'Neath you pure sky, in faith we shall abide, You need th' inhuman power no more withstand."

And in conclusion, after he has pictured the sorrows of the Irish and appealed to his countrymen to protect and welcome them, he sings:—

"And Erin's Harp, with loving maples crown'd, Canadian flags forever placed around Trembling 'neath touch of inspired poet, free, Shall to the future sing, in rhythmic notes of yore, Two words that God has bless'd and men adore, COUNTRY AND LIBERTY."

Nor is this all. In those days of colonizing efforts it must be remembered that in 1853, half a century ago, Cremazie gave the grand plan of colonization its first embodiment in song. And in so doing he asks, in his poem, if the French-Canadians recall the splendid sermons of "Bernard O'Reilly," whom he characterizes as a "great Catholic and a great citizen." Then he tells of that day when Father O'Reilly addressed the French-Canadian people, in their own language, and pointing to the great north, cried out, "Friends, yonder the forest awaits you." It is thus that Cremazie so loved the Irish gave them credit for all they did, lamented their sad fate, begged for hospitality for them, and dedicated to them the best of all his poetic efforts. We, too, should honor the memory of the great Canadian poet.

Our Curbstone Observer On Snow-Storms

I HAVE written, already, on the interesting subject of the first snow of the season; it may now be in order that I should have a word to say regarding the second snow. It seemed, during the entire month of November, and for the first week of December that we were going to be treated to a "green Christmas." The snow threatened to come, but it only pretended, for our streets were devoid of the "beautiful" long after they had good sleighing both East and West of us. Still experience taught that the season of the snow was at hand and that it would not at all be likely that our holidays would be spent without the great white mantle on the earth. "Long threatening comes at last" is a very old saying and one that has its application in many ways. The snow did come; it began one evening last week, to fall in gentle flakes; these grew thicker as the night came on; they multiplied by the million in the earlier hours, and before midnight the clouds—charged with miles of snow—seemed to have been turned inside out. In the morning we awoke to look out upon a scene that only a Canadian or a Russian city can present. Fully two feet of snow had fallen during the night, and some people beheld the picture revealed to them next morning with feelings of consternation, while others looked upon it with a joy that could scarcely find expression in words. It is the same in all the affairs of life; what one person dreads another desires, and what the latter fears the former covets. I will have a brief word to say about each of these two categories of citizens.

THE DISCONTENT.—The discontented, on the morning after an immense snow-storm, are by far in the majority. They are all those who are obliged to keep their front doors and sidewalks clear; who are forced to attend to business and be on hand at a certain hour; who are accustomed to taking the street cars to attend to their affairs down town; who have important engagements to keep; and all who are in any way inconvenienced in an unusual manner by the condition of the streets. These people by no means enjoy the snow storm. They say that it is a lovely thing to look at, but that it is horrid when it comes to tramping knee-deep in its drifts. Then there are the people who make their season's harvest in great departmental stores, who have paid high prices for Christmas advertisements, who have marked "discount" after the more or less regular prices on their goods, who anticipate a veritable rush from all quarters to their counters. Empty stores, on such days and at such a season, by no means help to popularize the snow in the minds of the departmental store keepers. They are a hard class of people to satisfy. They were "in the blues" for a few weeks, fearing that their trade would suffer on account of a lack of snow; and now they are "in hot water" because their trade suffers from too much snow. Then there are others who are fearfully discontented. For example the directors and shareholders in the City Street Railway. The old Electric Car Company, and the new Terminal Electric Company have both to put up with the severe consequences of a severe snow storm. To them the storm means money. Loss of time; wages paid out without any labor done; traffic tied up at the most busy season of the year. And next come the members of the City Corporation who are in a fix on account of the cost for the clearing of the streets. It is said that this last storm will cost ten thousand dollars. The snow fell and drifted for about ten hours. The City Fathers must have felt anything but happy as they saw it come down, to the tune of one thousand dollars per hour. A costly servant is this snow king. And yet, despite so much discontent, there was a vast amount of happiness and joy in the city on account of the snow storm.

An Irish Centenarian.

Mingling among the people of South Boston can be seen daily Lawrence Sullivan, who, if he lives until May 17 next, will celebrate his 104th birthday. He is the grandfather of the Hon. Michael J. Sullivan, a member of this year's Senate, and elected to the Governor's Council in 1904.

Mr. Sullivan was born in Derrish, County Galway, Ireland, May 17, 1800, and came to this country in 1858, residing ever since in South Boston. His wife, Barbara O'Mealey, who was 10 years his junior, died in 1893.

Mr. Sullivan is the father of five children, Mrs. Mary Dunn, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, all of whom are living. In Ireland Mr. Sullivan was a schoolmaster, and is at his advanced age well versed in the affairs of the time. He can talk the Gaelic language fluently. His health is perfect, with the exception of his sight, which has been failing for the past few years. He is of firm step, and on pleasant days takes a stroll about the beautiful streets of City Point, where he now resides. He has never used tobacco in any form, and has been in his long life of temperate habits.

Mr. Sullivan is surrounded by a large and interesting family, of whom all but two are living. There are 17 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren, of whom Louise Mary Sullivan, the daughter of Senator Sullivan, is the youngest. Two of his grandsons are Captain J. H. Dunn, who served in the Spanish and Philippine wars, and Lieutenant Thomas Sullivan of Company D, Ninth Regiment. Captain Dunn was breveted major for meritorious service in the United States army Boston Post.

this world that we think firstly of our own conveniences and happiness and then reflect upon the comforts and needs of others, when we are at ease in our parlor chairs. The immense fall of snow meant work for fully one thousand men. It meant shovels by the hundred and carts and horses by the score, and men to handle the shovels and men, or boys to drive the carts. And the meaning of all that work is money in the pockets of the poor, and bread and meat in their mouths, as well as fuel on their hearths, and warmer clothing on their backs. Take any of the gentlemen, and the ladies are not excluded, who grumbled so much at being obliged to trudge through the snow on that special morning, tell them of the misery, the cold, the suffering from a thousand ills that the poor are experiencing, and nine out of ten of them would gladly walk miles to alleviate that great suffering; they would feel that they were doing a great deed of charity. Why not, then, suppose the same condition of affairs. Let us stop the man who is walking knee-deep in the snow to his office and worrying himself about the danger of missing an engagement. Tell him that there is a poor family in the East End, where the mother is ill, the children hungry, the house without fire and the father without work; and add, that he is helping to remove all that misery, for the snow through which he must plod his way has furnished enough work for that father to purchase the necessities for his family. If he imagines that he is actually putting up with one day's inconvenience for the sake of numbers who are unfortunate and needy, he will look upon the exercise as a pleasure, and will, very probably, feel a pride in facing all the vexing obstacles that the snow storm has raised in his path. This seems to me to be about the proper way to consider the situation. There is no use in grumbling; we cannot change the course of nature any more than the will of God. Consequently, we should make up our minds to be thankful for all that we receive from heaven, the snow included. No matter what it may be that comes to us in the ordinary course of nature, we may rely that it is for the greater good of humanity. Individuals may not see it in the same light; but such is the case. For there are always those for whose greater good each dispensation takes place. I said that the majority were dissatisfied with such a superabundance of snow; but in reality the greater number were pleased, for there are more who are in need than there are people who have plenty. Then, in the grand economy of nature, according to climate, we find that fruits of next year depend on the snow of this year. Thus we should learn not to grumble; but to take such inconveniences as so many blessings in disguise—and as a result we will draw a much larger percentage of happiness out of life.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

(Paris Correspondence of the Courrier des Etats-Unis.)

When the news came that a fire had broken out in the Vatican, the civilized world shuddered at the thought of the irreparable loss to humanity which would follow even the partial burning of the palace of the Popes. Happily we have only to deplete the destruction of the Codex Marcellianus, of one very ancient papyrus, of a few early printed books and some old engravings.

The Vatican is a world in itself, and its archives, recently threatened, are in a sense the archives of humanity. Even those who have visited the Vatican have only a small idea of its immensity. It is not one palace; it is an entanglement of palaces, in which there are museums, luxuries of all sorts, riches and poverty. Many of its apartments are as empty of all ornament as the cells of a cloister.

The Louvre, the Tuilleries and Versailles cannot be compared in extent to the Vatican with its thirty magnificent halls, nine galleries, seven grand chapels, twenty courts, eight state staircases, two hundred staircases for ordinary use, several museums, the library, the archives and twelve thousand rooms. One single palace in Europe rivals the Vatican in grandeur, and few people know that that palace is in Portugal. It is the convent-palace of Maria, one of the follies of King John V., who was a megalomaniac.

The Vatican, taken as a whole, presents at first sight nothing regular or imposing. From that viewpoint the Versailles palace who commenced the Vatican, and almost all the Popes since his time have added to it a building or some interior decoration. Each one left his mark. The last was made by Leo XIII., who finished the Borgia apartments. On entering the Vatican the visitor becomes bewildered by its splendors, and as he advances he is puzzled by the obscurity in the order of the labyrinth. He is astonished at the apparent irregularity of construction, at that absence of harmony in the palace of a religion in which all is unity, hierarchy and harmony. It presents, so to speak, the republic in architecture; but a close study of the curious ensemble of buildings throws a clear light upon the chaos of centuries, and startles the intelligence.

All the great artists of the Renaissance have adopted the Vatican with their masterpieces, while the museums were filling with the works of antique art. The most conspicuous are found in the Raphael galleries, the frescoes of Michael Angelo, the antique frescoes and mosaics, the museum Pio Clementino, where we see the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Mercury, the Antinous, the Perseus, the Wrestlers and the Meleager. In regard to the last named there is an amusing little story. When the Czar Nicholas I. visited the museum of the Vatican he was accompanied by Baron Visconti, whose erudition at last began to plague him. When he stood before the Meleager, the Emperor pointed to the dog of the hunter, and in a commanding tone of voice asked, "To what race does that dog belong?" "The lost race, Sire!" replied Visconti.

The Emperor had no more questions to ask; so he remained silent.

Then we come to the Claramonti Museum, the Galleria Lapidaria with the pagan and Christian inscriptions, the Egyptian Museum, the Etruscan Museum, the lay museum with its jewels, statuettes and utensils of antiquity, the holy museum with the objects found in the catacombs, the papyri room with manuscripts of the fifth and eighth centuries, the room of the "Aldobrandini Wedding," with a fresco of ancient Rome, the hall of the Byzantine paintings, the cabinet of medals, the picture gallery, the gallery of tapestries which in Italy are called "Arazzi," because the first tapestries came from Arras, and finally the library and the archives.

The library built by Sixtus V., was formed by Nicholas V., who gathered into it 9,000 manuscripts, to which were added many libraries, including one from Queen Christina of Sweden, who, as is known, had Monaldeschi killed in her presence in the palace of Fontainebleau. At the

present time the library of the Vatican contains more than 2,500 Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts, and more than a hundred thousand volumes, which is a comparatively small number, but it is the extreme rarity of several of the works which makes the value of the collection.

The library is on the ground floor, and the books are not visible, shut up as they are in low cases surmounted by busts and vases. As for the archives which reach from the famous Constantinian donation to the question of the Nominavit Nolis—they were kept strictly secret up to the time of Leo XIII., who ordered them to be opened to all in search of historical truths. No doubt, matters of contemporaneous history are not given out, but everything which belongs to ancient history is open to the public. One day a Cardinal said to Leo XIII., "Let me tell you, Holy Father, that the most indefatigable of the seekers to whom you have opened the archives of the Vatican is a Protestant."

"Very well, so much the better," replied the Pope. "We have nothing to lose through the appearance of the truth in history." Leo XIII. was always pleased to see the seekers at work, and often at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the great folding doors of the library would open to admit the portatina. The Pope, as he was carried along slowly, smiled upon the workers, who all rose and bowed. Some of them approached to kiss the hand of the Sovereign Pontiff. He gave them his blessing, and then made a sign to the others to continue their work. Sometimes he used to chat with one of them, taking an interest in his labors and encouraging him with extreme benevolence.

These archives are not catalogued, like ours, by subjects to facilitate the search, but by chronological order, by nunciature and by correspondence. The missionaries present to us the history of the world, covering ten centuries, and the nuncios give us the history of every country. Of course, everything is not absolutely accurate; but here and there an indisputable statement of fact sheds new light upon history and some recent explains an event. We know what treasures have been given to us in this way by the archives of the Republic of Venice through the reports of its envoys.

What a disaster the loss of the archives of the Vatican would have been! But, fortunately, they are saved, and little by little the patient seekers, those Benedictines of history, will give us the strange revelations of that wondrous library.

A Big C.M.B.A. Euchre

Branch No. 232, of the Grand Council of Canada, will inaugurate their social season by a monster euchre party and social, which will take place on Friday evening, January 22nd, 1904, in the Windsor Hall. Arrangements have been made by the Committee of Management with the Windsor Hotel Company to supply the supper, and the genial manager, Mr. Weldon, has assured the committee that he will please the most exacting. The large dining room will be used on the occasion. The tickets are now in the hands of the committee, and are limited to 200. So the friends of this popular branch should lose no time in procuring the same for the evening of January 22nd, 1904. Watch these columns for further news of the euchre.

Patent Report.

- Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C. Nos. 83,642—Henri Harnet, St. Etienne, Le Marais, (Loire) France. Process of casting steel ingots. 83,655—Gustav Tuschel, Odessa, Russia. Quick varnish composition. 83,768—T. H. Ibbotson & R. Meldrum, Kent, Eng. Process for the manufacture or production of asbestos, millboards, slates, etc. 83,840—Christian C. van der Walk, Voorburg, Holland. Gold washing machine. 83,889—Arthur Krebs, Paris, France. Oil engine. 83,979—Henry Jas. Brooke, Svendborg, Denmark. Ship's anchors. 84,105—Gustaf Erikson, Sodertelge, Sweden. Internal combustion engine. 84,112—David Alfvén, Stockholm, Sweden. Apparatus for separating butter from milk.

HOLIDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We are now at the eve of the "Christmas Holidays," we are also within a very brief space of the Eve of the Church's most important Holy Day. We have more than once noticed that people generally make no distinction between the terms "Holiday" and "Holy Day." The former is a secular expression, the latter is a religious one. Take the Sunday for example. Scarcely any person would ever dream of calling Sunday a Holiday; and yet it is a day when people are free from work and are at liberty to rest and recreate themselves, if so they desire to do. But Sunday is a Holy Day, in the religious sense, that Our Lord has ordained that it should be kept so: "Keep holy the Sabbath Day." And, again, it is not called a Holy Day, for the reason that it is a regular, weekly day of religious observance; it is the seventh day, which recurs fifty-two times in each year, and which the entire Christian world acknowledges as the "Lord's Day."

When the Church declares that a certain day, is a "Holy Day of Obligation," she means that the faithful are obliged, under the same pain of sin as attaches to the observance of Sunday, to "keep holy" that day. By this is meant that whatsoever you are obliged to do on Sunday, you are equally obliged to do on that special Holy Day. You must attend Mass, under pain of mortal sin; you must refrain from all servile work; you must insist upon all those under your control, and for whom you are responsible—such as children, servants, employees,—doing likewise. But this differs vastly from a "holiday." Any day in the week you may take, or give to others, a holiday. That means a regular working day that, by way of exception, becomes what is commonly called "a day off." There are national holidays, which are generally observed, but which have no special religious significance. The First of July—Dominion Day—is a holiday all over Canada. But there is no special obligation to attend Church on that day, nor is there any penalty prescribed for the man who does not choose to celebrate that day, or to refrain from work thereon. You have the summer holidays, when pupils take two long months of recreation. In those two months there may be found one or two Holy Days, but these no more affect the holidays than do the Sundays.

We speak of the "Christmas Holidays;" these mean the eight, or ten, or more days, around Christmas time that are considered as days of relaxation from work and of special enjoyment. But in these holidays come Christmas Day, New Year's Day, and the Epiphany, all three Holy Days of obligation. It will be noticed that the Catholic Church alone of all the churches that claim to be Christian, properly fulfills the obligation to "keep holy the Sabbath;" for she alone makes it an obligation, under pain of sin, to "go up to the temple" on that day. Equally, she alone, in all Christendom, ordains that the feast be kept holy, that is to say, that certain days, which for others are Christian holidays, must be observed as Christian Holy Days of obligation. Of all the days of the year, Christmas is the most universally observed holiday; it has its domestic associations and its admirable traditions, for all Christians on earth. But for the Catholic it means far more. Without divesting it of any of its home associations, the Church accentuates its importance, by declaring it to be a Holy Day of Obligation—that means a day to be observed as is the Sunday.

In many Protestant denominations Christmas is observed by prayers and varied forms of services. But these are absolutely voluntary. There is no more obligation to participate in them than there is to attend morning or evening service on Sunday. Of course, it is popular, and even fashionable to be present in Church on such occasions; but there is no strict law of that church violated, nor any special law of God, (according to their individual interpretation of the same) disobeyed, by the one who stays at home, and seeks to make up for the lack of public devotion by a special and private reading of the Scriptures. It is entirely otherwise with the Catholic. On that Holy Day of Obligation the Catholic is "obliged," as the words mean, to "keep holy" that day; obliged to attend Mass; obliged to refrain from work; obliged not, because it will

save appearance, but because to disobey constitutes a mortal sin, for which absolution is absolutely necessary. Consequently, we are perfectly justified in claiming that the Catholic Church alone has Holy Days; and, while others have Holidays, she alone commemorates in a purely Christian manner such events as the Nativity of Christ.

Cardinal Gibbons on The Sweatshop Evil

Cardinal Gibbons in a sermon to a large congregation at the Cathedral, Baltimore, on Sunday, December 6, made a vigorous attack upon the sweatshop system and strongly advocated what is known as union-made goods. The sermon was delivered by special request, the Cardinal being one of the vice-presidents of the Consumers' League, which advocates the purchase of union-made goods. Bishop Curtis and a number of priests were in the sanctuary and many members of the league was, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He said, in part:—

"My purpose to-day is not to commend to you indiscriminate charity, but my aim is to set before you a special class of persons in this city, that you may help to improve their condition, to redress their grievances, and enable them to earn by their industry and honesty a comfortable livelihood.

"To come to the point—there is a class of persons in Baltimore and in other large cities who are employed by proprietors of large clothing establishments. Some of these workers are employed in the stores, others make garments in their own homes and bring them to the establishments.

"Many of these workers, men and women, are compelled to toil in sweatshops, of which there are eighteen in one section of this city, which are contracted in space and poorly lighted and ventilated. They are overworked and underpaid.

"After a careful investigation I have discovered that after laboring for six days, at ten or twelve hours a day, their weekly compensation amounts to \$6 or \$8. And with this pittance they have to pay for house rent, food and clothing, and other expenses incident to family life.

"There is something radically wrong in our social and economic condition when the employer becomes suddenly rich, while the toiler, with the utmost thrift and economy, can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. These toilers ask for no alms. All they demand is living wages. They appeal to you and the public for compassion and consideration. They are our flesh and blood. You may not be able to aid them directly, but you can do so indirectly in various ways. You can agitate the question; you can arouse public attention to pressing grievances; remove the veil so that one-half of the world can see how the other half lives.

"You can appeal to the conscience and humanity of employers themselves, who may be disposed to repair a wrong when their attention is called to the situation. And surely a little reflection will enable them to realize that they will derive more substantial happiness from the contentment and gratitude of their workers, than from the money hoarded in their safes. If they are deaf to your expostulations you can have recourse to more drastic measures.

"Thank God there is in Baltimore some clothing houses that treat their employees with justice and charity. In making your purchases you can discriminate in favor of these establishments. You will thus exercise a moral pressure on the oppressors by appealing to their self-interests.

"You can encourage and co-operate with that excellent society, existing here and elsewhere, called the Consumers' League. It is composed of ladies zealous in works of charity, and has already accomplished a great deal in improving the conditions of these oppressed toilers and of establishing happier and juster relations between them and their employers.

"Perhaps you will say, 'continued the Cardinal, 'why should I concern myself about other people's affairs? I have my own business to attend to. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' These were the words of Cain, the first murderer. What would have become of you and me if Christ, the Lord, had said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We would be groping to-day in the darkness of idolatry and infidelity. What would have become of society of the apostles had said: 'Are we our brother's keeper?' If they had returned to their homes and closed their ministry after the death of their Master, we would be deprived of the priceless blessing of Christian civilization."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

To our little boys and girls we offer the following touching little story of the last Christmas Eve, which one Catholic girl spent on earth so that in their homes they may offer a prayer of thanksgiving for the blessings with which God has favored them. It is taken from the "Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," and is from the pen of Mary Agnes Finn. It runs thus:—

It was a quiet little bush township, with quaint, old-fashioned houses, nestling among the picturesque mountain heights. The Angelus bell was sweetly, softly tolling from the tower of a grey old church, and on the verandah of the adjoining presbytery a priest, who was diligently reciting his office, paused in his walk to murmur the heaven-sent prayer. It was the close of a sultry mid-summer day, and being Christmas Eve the Father had been more than usually busy superintending the rustic decorations that had transformed the bare walls of the little church into a bower of beauty. A band of happy children who had toiled cheerfully and unceasingly since early morn, gathering evergreens, weaving garlands, arranging a wealth of flowers in every nook and corner, still lingered around the church door, their merry chatter and joyous laughter every now and then reaching the ears of the tired priest, as he snatched a few moments' respite from the arduous duties of the day.

"Who is this coming in the gate?" exclaimed a voice, and a chorus of thoughtless laughter accompanied the remark, as a small ill-clad, weary boy advanced timidly to the group, and asked:

"Does the priest live here?"

"There is the presbytery, if you want him," said another, and the boy looked around in a bewildered manner as no one attempted to direct him to the house half hidden by shady trees.

"Children, I am ashamed of you!" said the priest, coming quietly forward. "Are none of you kind enough to assist this forlorn little boy! And on Christmas Eve, too! The holy time when the Divine Infant came in poverty and lowliness into this heartless world." And the good Father glanced reproachfully at the thoughtless group, who had evidently been excited to laughter by the ragged appearance of the child.

"What is it, my boy?" continued the kind-hearted priest, stretching out his hand to the tired little traveler.

"Katie, my sister, sent me," he said timidly; "she is very ill—perhaps dying."

"And where do you live?" asked the priest.

"Oh, far over the mountains," was the reply. The Father looked serious. Evidently it was a long journey, and to-morrow would be Christmas Day. He had three Masses to celebrate at different stations in his straggled Mission, and many confessions to hear. "How did you come, my boy?"

"I walked; but it is a very long way. Do you know a place called Fletcher's Crossing? Well, we live some distance from there. Our name is Donovan. I must go back now, but I will meet you at the crossing. Oh, please come! Katie begged so hard for a priest."

"Of course I'll go, my child; but you must have something to eat before you set out again," and the Father looked pitifully at the unkempt, ragged, tired boy who had braved the trying heat of a mid-summer day, and a long, weary bush tramp to bring aid to his suffering sister. But the name and the place were alike strange to him, for he had been but a very short time in the parish, though rumors had reached him that a gang of lawless men, whose object was plunder, infested the locality, though the place of their concealment could not be detected, as they moved about from one district to another, and so well laid were their plans that it was difficult to trace home their crimes to them.

The priest led the boy to the kitchen, where an appetizing meal was placed before him, and then he withdrew to make his plans. He would hear as many confessions as possible, and would then start out on his journey at moon-rise, with the hope of getting back towards midnight, or at least sometime before morning.

"I will go now," said the lad, after giving the priest directions which were somewhat difficult to follow, "for Katie is alone."

"Are your parents living?" asked the Father, as he accompanied the boy to the gate.

"Mother has been dead many

years; father is living, but he has not been home for days. I do not know where he is; he often stops away for weeks."

The sun was settling like a great globe of fire when the boy set out on his homeward journey across the mountains, but it was moon-rise ere the priest, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, mounted his horse to seek out the lonely bush home of the dying girl. Soon he had left the township far behind, and was trying to follow the mountain track, seeking out the landmarks indicated by the lad. All was hushed and still, there was no sound but the "song of the cicada," or the gentle rustling of the forest leaves. No thought of danger disturbed the heart of the priest, as he quietly murmured loving words of praise and adoration to the God of Love who accompanied him on his lonely ride; but, as the hours wore on, and he seemed no nearer his destination, he grew uneasy. He glanced at his watch—it was just midnight—and as he called to mind it was Christmas morn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo" burst from his lips as he pictured to himself the shepherds who kept their night-watch on the hills of Judea on that first Christmas night when "an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone around them," and now on this lonely mountain side he knelt for a moment and adored the "Word made Flesh" hidden beneath the lowly sacramental veils.

But the thought of the dying girl urged him onward, and a fervent prayer for guidance issued from his heart. Was that a light gleaming at a distance? or only the dying embers of a bushman's fire? The priest directed his horse's head towards the light, and found that it proceeded from a half-burnt log, and he was about to ride away, when he was suddenly stopped by a rough-looking man who seemed to have risen up from behind the log.

"I am afraid I am bushed," said the Father, "can you help me?"

"Who are you?" said the man in gruff tones.

"I am a Catholic priest on my way to visit a sick person," was the answer.

A jeering laugh broke from the man, who said: "Come with me; I will see." He laid his hand on the horse's bridle, and in a few minutes led the priest to the entrance of a kind of cavern, which was closed by a rude wooden door. He gave a peculiar low whistle which was immediately answered from within, then the door was cautiously opened.

"Come inside," said the man; "I will look after your horse."

"But," protested the priest, "I must continue my journey without delay." Then, thinking it wiser to humor the man, he did as desired, and entered the hut, which seemed to be enveloped in smoke. For a moment he could not see, but somewhere out of the dense cloud came sounds of laughter, and when the Father was able to discern anything at all, he discovered that it proceeded from some men seated round a rude deal table in the centre of the hut. Great rough-bearded fellows they were, and they looked at the poor tired priest with a kind of amused curiosity.

"I am in want of a guide," said the priest; "will one of you come with me?"

"Not until you have handed over your valuables, my good friend," was the reply.

Then it suddenly dawned upon the Father that he had fallen into the clutches of the lawless mountain gang, and with no thought in his mind but that of saving the Adorable Sacrament from outrage, he made a rush for the door.

"Stop!" thundered a voice, and turning he saw a revolver pointed at him. A sudden thought occurred to him to tell these desperadoes the whole truth, and to throw himself upon their generosity.

"My men," he said, "you are welcome to the little money I have; also so freely if you will give me your word to spare the other treasure I bear with me. I am taking the Blessed Sacrament to a dying girl."—"And," interrupted one of the gang, "you carry it in a golden box—jewelled, too, perhaps—so you needn't think we shall let a prize like that escape us."

The priest's heart was filled with anxiety, but he determined to make another effort. "Do you know that this is Christmas Night? the night that brought 'peace on earth?' Surely, then, for the sake of the holy memories it must recall, you will not commit any violence. But, remember, the Holy of holies that I carry with me I will defend to my dying breath, and if you lay sacrilegious hands upon it, it will be only when mine are clasped in death. So, my men, reflect a moment before you commit so terrible a crime."

A coarse burst of laughter followed the pleading words of the priest, and then a rough voice shouted: "You may talk as you please, but the golden box is ours."

On hearing these words a fierce-looking man, whom the priest had not noticed before, came from the further end of the hut, revolver in hand. He was of immense stature; the others were lambs in appearance compared with the newcomer, whose eyes gleamed like live coals in the semi-darkness.

"You must let this man go free!" he thundered out in fierce tones.

"We have a word to say in the matter as well as you," said another.

"I say you will not harm him," and he interposed his giant form between the priest and his companions. The hard heart of the man had suddenly been touched with remorse, for when he heard the Father pleading for the Blessed Sacrament, time had, for a space, turned backward in its flight, his thoughts flew back across leagues and leagues of ocean to his childhood's home—the Island of Saints. He saw again the little thatched-covered cottage, and the mother with her children around her, reciting at even-tide the Rosary of Our Lady. He saw the ivy-covered church, half hidden by trees, noon and night, and the long-forgotten "Angelus" was sounding again in his ears. He saw the venerable village priest with a flock of bright-eyed children around him, to whom he was imparting the Divine truths of religion, and then came their First Communion Day, one happy Christmas morn. Could it be true that he had been one of that happy band, that for him a tender-hearted mother had carefully brushed and made ready his best garments, the knot of white ribbon so long and lovingly treasured, and the candle laid aside with reverent care! Could it be true that now on another Christmas morn he was to permit his lawless gang to lay sacrilegious hands on the Holy of holies! No—bad, sinful, terrible as his life had been, he would not allow such an outrage as that!

There had been silence in the hut since his last remark, but the ominous looks of the rest of the gang plainly said that he was not going to have his own way.

At this crisis the door was pushed open and the boy who had visited the priest stood in their midst. His face was very pale, and bore traces of tears. "Have any of you seen a priest passing this way?" he asked imploringly. Then catching sight of the burly form holding the revolver, and the priest who stood with his hands firmly clasped over his breast as if guarding the Blessed Sacrament from harm! "Father," burst from the lips of the boy, "what are you doing here? Let him go free! Poor Katie is dying."

"God, forgive me," exclaimed the man, "Katie dying! Oh, my child, my child!" Then Donovan turned to the others, saying, "You must let him go in peace! My child is dying!" Evidently they were somewhat afraid of him, for he turned to the priest and said "Go at once, I will defend you."

The Father needed no second bidding. He rushed out and mounted his horse, which was tethered outside, Donovan the while guarding the door. The horse his son had ridden was there also, and in a moment he was on its back with the boy on the saddle before him.

"Ride on now, for your life," he shouted. But the words had scarcely left his lips, when the report of a pistol shot was heard, and Donovan reeled in the saddle.

"Are you hurt?" anxiously shouted the priest.

"Never mind me," was the reply, "hasten on to the child."

When they reached the cottage they found the poor girl very ill, and suffering from want of proper care. Her father's remorse was pitiful to see. She was the creature that he loved best on earth, his one redeeming point was his affection for the girl who seemed far too fair and gentle to be the daughter of such a man.

But time passed. Poor and hasty were the preparations made for the Heavenly Visitor, but the sick girl's heart was comforted when Jesus entered therein, bringing with Him the Christmas gifts of peace and hope, for on his knees by her bedside her father promised to return to God, who had, by a miracle of the Blessed Sacrament, subdued in a single moment a heart hardened by years of sin.

Then, and only then, did the priest discover that Donovan had been wounded in the side, but with all the strength of his rugged nature had concealed his suffering until his child's wishes had been gratified. The priest after carefully bandaging the wound, left on his return journey, promising to return as soon as he could.

It was just day-break when he entered the presbytery, and when a little later he stood at the foot of the altar to celebrate his Christmas Mass his heart was filled with joy, for he knew that the Angels in Heaven

were rejoicing over the sinner who had resolved to do penance.

Many weeks of suffering ensued for both Donovan and Katie, but in the end they both recovered, and he was true to his resolve to lead an honest life. He removed from the mountains to the township and so thorough was his reformation that in a short time there was not in the parish a more exemplary Catholic than he. His conversion was truly a miracle of the Blessed Sacrament, and love and devotedness to it was now the mainspring of all his actions. Every evening at the close of his day's work he repaired to the church to pour out his thanks at the foot of the altar for the wondrous mercy vouchsafed him, and tears of repentance flowed from his eyes when he oftentimes recalled with a shudder how near to insult and outrage was our Blessed Lord that memorable Christmas Eve when He, in His mercy, subdued the heart of the sinner by His tenderness and love.

It was not long before he found his way on; he gave Sir Philip full account of the with some interesting in as to the reflection guns, and the color frock. Then he sang all through, and produced the music of it next so that Sir Philip could the piano. This was of a real friendship, went by Leo rarely from school without only a few words of balustrade. In him a new medium for with the outside world greens, his interest in his people began to day seemed to bring and he found the hou lighter feet. He was new spring welling up ing, from which, it he drew in deep drau inspiration, of energy the joy of living had and he knew that she to him, who came in Mary the Mother of leaned down to him, his dream, and stretch hands to draw him slough of misery and he was sinking out o man aid. Every nigh brance of that vision him, to fill him anew ness; and ever his tho to her in unconscious praise, while Leo's A known by heart, was lips. He was learning prayers, wherewith to the library, amongst illuminated missals, v Catholic books of dev through these, and h with a strange rever beautiful book of "The Lady," which had belc the Queens of England illuminated, and bou with gold clasps—a from a collector's s. This, Sir Philip took a and he kept it always yet another token of to this sweet mistress gallery, in the western house, partially close only by one large unsi dow of painted glass, exquisite picture of the Titian, brought from V gone Ralston with a t Sir Philip had himsel the gallery several tim his eyes on the fair in found so much to depre in the silence and with the furniture all Holland covers, that h der for the picture to hang in his own sittin placing himself before ed an unspoken vow, t never part with it. Ho of great value, and al gent had been makin some of the more va pictures and cabinets a great advantage, be ce ready cash; but the th him greatly—he felt he break up his home at see it go to pieces by day Leo came to hi state of excitement, wi a fight with poachers, ture of one of them, f game preserves. Poach very rife of late on the staff of keepers had be that the game was looked after, and poach tiple their numbers, come very bold. Leo w ly disturbed state be them had fired at Dadd hit him, "but he migh you know," and the bo close to Sir Philip with apprehension, Sir distressed.

Joliette College Fire.

Coming almost in the wake of the terrible conflagration that reduced to ashes the splendid edifice of the Ottawa University, the news of the destructive fire that played havoc with the College of Joliette, on last Saturday morning, would seem almost like a great warning to all large institutions of education, telling their directors how true it is that "eternal vigilance is the price" of safety. No doubt one of the principal cares of the directors and professors in all our homes of education is to see to the safety and comfort, the health and necessities of the pupils. Yet, with all the good will in the world, there is one terrible enemy that we can never dread too much and against which we can never take too much precaution—that is Fire.

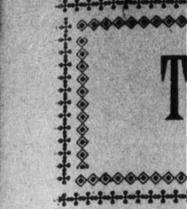
About eleven o'clock, on Saturday last, just an hour before the call to dinner, a fire broke out in the study-hall of the Joliette College. While the firemen were able, after an hour's battling in a most heroic manner, to get the flames under control, it was not until immense damage had been done. Very happily there was no loss of life. There are about three hundred and twenty-five students in the institution, and the staff consists of about thirty priests and ecclesiastics. The Blessed Sacrament, the chapel ornaments, and the sacred vessels were saved; but the chapel, which was one of the most beautiful in the province, was ruined. None of the private belongings of the pupils could be saved. All went up in smoke. The Rev. Father Beaudry, who is the Superior of the College, is also Superior-General of the Order of St. Viator, in the Province of Quebec. It must have been a sad and affecting spectacle for that venerable and devoted priest, for his great heart was in his college. In all Quebec there is scarcely a college that was better equipped than that of Joliette, and its reputation as an institution of higher education has long since gone beyond the limits not only of the province, but of Canada. We most heartily sympathize with both the Fathers and the pupils in the severe losses that they have sustained, and we trust that the ordeal through which they have bravely passed will serve as a stimulus to renewed activity in repairing the losses, and not as a damper upon the well known courage and zeal that have always characterized the inmates of that admirable establishment. There is no need for discouragement, for Providence has certainly a grand future in store for an institution that has done so much good in the past. But, we must repeat, without the faintest idea of finding fault in any way, that these severe lessons, coming one on the other, should teach us that where so many young people dwell together under one roof, the precautions that should be taken, are almost innumerable. Not the shadow of a risk should ever be allowed, and the buildings, especially those that are of years standing, cannot be too safely protected against the eternal menace of fire.

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III.—Cont

that there is so much tempt them." said Leo never known the pleasant or soon such great tridges; he does want y ter and see about it," then, throwing his arm Philip, he cried impetu do get better soap, Sir praying to Our Lady e make you well, but sh time." Sir Philip's eye "She is making me bet answered gently, "but I that I shall ever be ab shooting again. I ca

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL.

—JESSIE READER, IN THE "MESSENGER MONTHLY MAGAZINE," NEWYORK.

III.—Continued.

It was not long before little Leo found his way on to the terrace again; he gave Sir Philip a long and full account of the choir practise with some interesting details thrown in as to the reflection of negus and gams, and the color of Miss Cecily's frock. Then he sang the Antiphon all through, and promised to bring the music of it next time he came, so that Sir Philip could play it on the piano. This was the beginning of a real friendship, and as the time went by Leo rarely passed to and from school without a little chat, if only a few words over the terrace balustrade. In him Sir Philip found a new medium for communication with the outside world, and by degrees, his interest in his estate and his people began to revive. Every day seemed to bring him new duties and he found the hours go by with lighter feet. He was conscious of a new spring welling up within his being, from which it seemed to him, he drew in deep draughts of life and inspiration, of energy and strength; the joy of living had returned to him and he knew that she had brought it to him, who came in fairest vision—Mary the Mother of Christ, who had leaned down to him, that night, in his dream, and stretched forth loving hands to draw him out of the slough of misery and despair, where he was sinking out of reach of human aid. Every night the remembrance of that vision returned to him, to fill him anew with its sweetness; and ever his thoughts went out to her in unconscious prayer and praise, while Leo's Antiphon, now known by heart, was often on his lips. He was learning other forms of prayers, wherewith to invoke her. In the library, amongst some valuable illuminated missals, were some old Catholic books of devotion. Looking through these, and handling them with a strange reverence, he found a beautiful book of "The Hours of Our Lady," which had belonged to one of the Queens of England. It was richly illuminated, and bound in velvet, with gold clasps—a real treasure from a collector's point of view. This, Sir Philip took away with him, and he kept it always by him. And yet another token of love he offered to this sweet mistress. In a great gallery, in the western portion of the house, partially closed, and lighted only by one large unshuttered window of painted glass, there was an exquisite picture of the Madonna, by Titian, brought from Venice by a bygone Ralston with a taste for art. Sir Philip had himself wheeled into the gallery several times, to feast his eyes on the fair image, but he found so much to depress him there, in the silence and semi-darkness, with the furniture all swaddled up in Holland covers, that he gave an order for the picture to be removed and hung in his own sitting-room. Then, placing himself before it, he registered an unspoken vow, that he would never part with it. He knew it was of great value, and already his agent had been making hints that some of the more valuable of the pictures and cabinets might, with great advantage, be converted into ready cash; but the thought pained him greatly—he felt he would rather break up his home altogether than see it go to pieces by degrees. One day Leo came to him in a great state of excitement, with a story of a fight with poachers, and the capture of one of them, in one of his game preserves. Poaching had been very rife of late on the estate. The staff of keepers had been so reduced that the game was not properly looked after, and poachers had multiplied their numbers, and had become very bold. Leo was in a greatly disturbed state because one of them had fired at Daddy—he had not hit him, "but he might have done, you know," and the boy pressed up close to Sir Philip and trembled with apprehension. Sir Philip looked distressed.

"Daddy says it's a dreadful pity that there is so much game left to tempt them," said Leo, "he has never known the pheasants so plentiful or seen such great coveys of partridges; he does want you to get better and see about it." He went on, then, throwing his arms round Sir Philip, he cried impetuously: "Oh, do get better soon, Sir Philip; I am praying to Our Lady every day to make you well, but she is a long time." Sir Philip's eyes grew dim. "She is making me better, Leo," he answered gently, "but I don't know that I shall ever be able to go out shooting again. I expect I shall

have to let Ralston to somebody who can afford to keep it up, and keep the poachers in better order." "Then you would go away! No, don't do that, please, Sir Philip." Sir Philip put his arm around him and drew him close to his side. The child's affection was very precious to him; he felt he owed somewhat to little Leo. It passed through his mind how, of old, Jesus Christ had placed a little child in the midst of His disciples, when He wished to illustrate His teaching about the Kingdom of Heaven; and this was what He had done for him! He had sent him a little child that he might learn of him a truer lesson of life; learn of Faith and Hope and Love—virtues far-reaching and all-embracing, linking with the infinite, drawing down the Spirit of Life to move and work in man's being, in that more abundant life wherewith the Gospel spoke. "Be a little more humble," the doctor had said to him; but God had been before him—"humble yourself as this little child," and the child had shown him—Mary. "All right, little man," he said, tenderly, "I won't go away; I'll stay and make a big fight of it, even though my debts and mortgages pile Ossa on Pelion—you don't know what that means? It means rather a big thing in piles. But I'll tell you what I will do, and that at once; I'll have some big shooting parties; I'll invite all my neighbors and friends and raise every available gun. I didn't know game was so plentiful."

"Daddy will be pleased," said Leo. "He is coming to see you to-night about the poaching—I heard him say so."

The sportsman spirit having been aroused in Sir Philip, he soon had his invitations out for a large shooting party. They were all accepted, for the Ralston covers were the finest shooting in the county, and all were pleased to see a sign of life again in the old place. Colonel Waring, of Risworth, was one of those who accepted; Sir Philip only knew him very slightly, as the Waring had been "new people" in his father's lifetime, and had been abroad a good deal. The Colonel had bought an estate and built a splendid mansion on it, about ten miles from Ralston; he was enormously rich, and a good fellow in every way, so the county had taken him up, and made much of him. There were several daughters, but they were still in the school-room when Sir Philip had gone to the war.

Evidently they had "come out" since then—at least "Miss Cecily" had; Sir Philip smiled as he remembered the worship Leo paid at her shrine. The Waring were Catholics, and the Colonel had built the little church and school in the village to which Leo trudged twice daily in the pursuit of learning.

The shooting party was a great success; Sir Philip joined his friends at lunch, and it warmed his heart to see the manifestations of kind friendliness with which they greeted him. After all, he was one of them—he had not become a stranger and an outcast because a Mauser bullet had smashed his thigh—yet he had fancied as much. How pleased they all were to see him again! It was a very merry party, all were in excellent spirits.

"By the way, Ralston," said Colonel Waring, before leaving, "I am charged with a message from my wife. She has some friends staying with her who are great devotees of the fine arts, and she would like very much to show them your old tapestries in the south suite, also the picture gallery, if you would be kind enough to allow it. She says she will not ask for you, as it might tire you to see strangers; if you will just tell Kitson to show them round, that would do very well, and she would be most grateful."

Sir Philip said he would be delighted for them to come, and he was sure Mrs. Waring would excuse him, if he did not feel equal to seeing them. They came one sunny afternoon that same week. Sir Philip heard them arrive, but Kitson had his orders, so he was not disturbed in his favorite place on the terrace, which was close to the house wall now, for the sake of warriath and shelter. After about half an hour the sound of voices reached him, the visitors were leaving the gallery and passing through a room with open windows just over Sir Philip's head. One voice fresh and clear reached him distinctly. "I did want to see that Titian, mother," it said, plaintively. "Nora Grey said it was the most

beautiful picture in the gallery; and it is not there—Do you happen to know where it is?" (this evidently to Kitson) Sir Philip rang his bell sharply; "wheel me inside," he said when Kitson appeared, "and ask these ladies to be good enough to favor me with their company there; and bring tea."

When Mrs. Waring introduced "My daughter Cecily"—Sir Philip's eager look of interest made the girl's color rise; but there was more than interest in her own soft, grey eyes as she gave him her hand, there was sweet sympathy and friendliness shining in their clear depths. After a little general conversation he turned to her and said, "I heard you asking for the Titian. I was on the terrace below you—there it is!" He pointed to the picture, over the fireplace.

"Ah!" said the girl. She rose and went over and stood before it, her hands clasped loosely behind her back; she was a beautiful picture herself, fair, young, and of a gentle and modest demeanor—Sir Philip suddenly remembered his wound—he smothered a sigh, and began talking of Titian and pictures with one of the strangers of the party.

"Does it come up to your expectations Miss Waring?" he asked as she resumed her seat.

"It exceeds them," she answered, "it is almost too spiritual for a Titian Madonna." As she spoke she turned away slightly, and her eyes fell upon the gorgeous "Book of Hours" lying on the table; "Oh what a beautiful book," she cried, "may I look?" In a moment the whole party, with various exclamations of delight, were bending over the volume, and Cecily, turning to Sir Philip, asked softly, "do you read, that?"

"Yes," he answered briefly in a low tone.

One of the ladies had gone into ecstasies over the prayer-book, and Sir Philip had to devote his attention to her for some moments answering her questions regarding it. He was about to have her conducted to the library to see the similar treasures which were reposing there, when Mrs. Waring interposed, saying that it was time they were going, and that she must not keep the horses waiting.

"Will you come some other day and see them?" said Sir Philip eagerly. "I should be delighted if you would. Not to-morrow, as the workmen will be in the library doing a little repairing, but any other day that would be convenient for you."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Waring, "thank you very much, we will come the following afternoon," then she said good-bye.

As Sir Philip shook hands with Cecily, he said, "then I shall expect you on Wednesday, Miss Waring," and Cecily, feeling that this conveyed a wish that she should be one of the party, answered simply, "yes, I shall come on Wednesday."

Colonel Waring drove the party over on the day fixed; he left the ladies at the house and then went on to see John, the keeper, about a pheasant drive, which Sir Philip had asked him to arrange. The young people had a happy afternoon in the library, they overhauled all the rare books, and became quite merry and friendly over the tea-table, where Cecily presided. Before they separated, it was arranged that one of the ladies should have the opportunity of copying one of the pictures—an exquisite little "Turner," which had greatly delighted her. Sir Philip said she could come any time she liked, and Cecily added—"I can drive you over any afternoon when mother does not want me to go out with her."

Sir Philip looked grateful, these two had had so much interesting talk that afternoon, it would be a great pleasure to him to renew it.

"I have been expecting developments," he said, on arrival, or rather hoping for them; now, with your permission, I'll just see what is going on."

When Sir Philip awoke from the effects of the anæsthetic the first thing he noticed was the smiling aspect of the faces about him; the doctors were examining something, with pleased looks, and Kitson had a broad grin on his countenance as he busied himself about his master.

"They've got him, Sir Philip," said Kitson, "you're all right, sir."

"Got what?"

"That there Mauser bullet, sir, it won't trouble you no more."

"Yes, Sir Philip," said Sir James; "I am very glad to present you with this souvenir of 'Modder River,' it has cost you something; but I must say it has let you off much more easily than I could have hoped. A month ago, there seemed to be little chance of it working out, and while it remained just where it was, there was very little to be done. Now we can do a great deal; and I have every hope of seeing you on your feet again before six months are over."

Sir Philip could not speak, tears of joy and gratitude welled up into his dark eyes.

"Mind you," Sir James went on, "I won't say that you will not have a limp, and need the aid of a stick for some years; but the lameness will tend to become less as time goes on, and I hope you will have a fairly serviceable leg for the rest of your life."

When, later on, Sir Philip found himself alone, in ease and quietness, in his darkened room his heart went out to God in a passion of prayer and thanksgiving.

"And I doubted," he murmured brokenly—"oh, ye of little faith!"

Now, for a certainty he knew that she—Christ's Holy Mother—whom he had invoked, had really come to him and saved him; in her he had found "all hope of life," and he promised then to be her servant ever more, and praise and thank her all the rest of his days. If bankrupt in all else besides, he prayed he might never be poor in love and gratitude; she was the Star that had shone upon him in his darkness and desolation—whose light had not failed.

"I knew our Lady would make you better, Sir Philip," he said, "and I'm sure I asked her every day."

"Well, now you will have to teach me how to thank her," he answered.

"Oh, you'll have to be a Catholic to learn that," said Leo, decidedly, because Protestants don't love our Blessed Lady."

"That is just what I was thinking myself, little Leo, and I am going to do something in thanksgiving; what do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know."

"You remember what you told me the other day—your secret, you know?"

"About wishing to be a priest?"

"Yes, I have decided to send you to college, at my sole cost and charges," as the old documents say—so you can have your wish fulfilled, if you care for it; I owe you a great deal, little man!"

Leo's eyes shone with delight. "Oh, you are good," he said, "can I run home and tell mother?"

"Yes; off you go," he said, laughing.

Sir Philip was soon able to move about the house on crutches, and he had many happy afternoons in the library while the picture copying was still in progress. There he and Cecily, bending together over some rare book which they were pretending to examine, had many long tender conversations; for the first time in his life, he had found some one in whom he could confide, and to whom he could open his heart. He told her amongst other things that he intended to become a Catholic as soon as he was well enough to take the necessary steps: "I shall go abroad," he said, "for some years, and let Ralston; I had hoped to live on here quietly, and try and get my finances into better order, but my agent says that things are too bad for that—and I must either sell, or let."

Cecily was full of sympathy; inwardly she was praying that God would show him some other way. "We go abroad every year," she said, "perhaps we shall meet."

One day she walked out on the terrace with him; it was the first time he was able to discard his crutches,

and hobble along with a stick, and the warm sunshine of a mild winter day tempted them out. He sat down, to rest a moment, and Cecily stood by him, leaning her shoulder against the grey stone wall of the house, and toying with a belated rose growing near her. They were silent for a few minutes, then, Sir Philip, taking note of the girl's attitude, said smilingly: "You look as if you were trying to prop up the old house."

A sudden inspiration seized her. Why should she not give her hand and her great fortune where she had already given her heart, and build up the fallen fortunes of a good and noble house?

"Do you think I could do so?" she answered; her voice was low and full of meaning.

He looked at her a moment, his eyes alight with hope; then he bent his head and said, sadly: "I wish you a better fate."

"I desire no better," she answered, softly.

Presently Sir Philip said: "Come inside and see our picture." And there, standing before the sweet image of the Blessed Mother, he told Cecily all that Mary had been to him, all that she had done for him; he said:

"No sigh ever went out to her from a more desolate heart than mine. That night, when all unconsciously, I turned to her, it was not I who spoke, but my soul that cried out within me. But she heard and understood—she, herself, the Mater Desolata—and I knew her when she came, and loved her. She came to me with full hands; she has filled me with consolations; and you, beloved, are her best and dearest gift, her crowning favor. One heart was not enough to thank her with—now I have yours; united, our hearts will praise her all our days. 'The Mother of fair love, of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope.'"

Archbishop Farley preached at the Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on a recent Sunday morning, taking for his text the words of Christ (Luke vii., 22). "Go tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised and to the poor the Gospel is preached." The Archbishop described the Catholic Church as the church of the poor. He went on to say:

"Yes, beloved brethren, the Church, and the Gospel of Christ likewise, is unpalatable by reason of its simplicity, its humility, its morality, so difficult for human nature to live up to. The Jews rejected it because of its humility, and many have done so since. Even those who profess Christianity rebel at the word of law, and say 'this is hard and I cannot believe it.'"

"The law has decreed, 'Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' And there are some who, because this is hard, will not believe. They go out of the Church because the law, which was not man-made, but was brought down by God from Heaven, is hard. The humility, the morality of the law is a scandal to them who bid fair to be scandalized by their own perfidion."

"And there are others of the house of faith by whom the religion it is hoped is loved, but who speak of it with bated breath. People are scandalized because the Church has not great millionaires in its fold and no rich marriages can be made for their children in its ranks. This is no secret to you, but is shown to us every day. These are they who if not touched by the grace of God will scandalize themselves. Let us stay close to the poor if you would have the merit of the faith. Let us learn to put the things of God before the things of man, the things of God before the things of Caesar, the things of the soul before the things of the body. Then perhaps this stumbling block will be removed from our path."

As the collection was for the Cathedral debt, Archbishop Farley touched upon this subject.

"The ordinary collection does not support the expenses of the Cathedral," he said. "This year there has been a debt of \$20,000. The Cathedral was built by every congregation in the diocese. It has been open twenty-five years and there is still a debt of \$200,000 on it, although the wealthiest Catholics of New York have attended here. This is without parallel in the history of the Catholic Church in New York, and the reproach should be removed. Look all over the land, where miracles in stone have risen without debt from purses and hearts of the poor. Let us take this lesson to heart, and before another year shall have passed wipe out this incumbrance."

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The Church of the Poor

A Unitarian minister, Rev. Harold Rylett, writes in "Reynolds' Newspaper," for which he has been acting as a Press Commissioner in Canada. "The most interesting experience I had in Canada in this respect (the emigration of children) was at Prince Albert. Here I found the Catholics—how well the Catholics know how to do these things!—carrying on a home—St. Patrick's Home—for orphan children. On the occasion of my visit the venerable Bishop was visiting the school, and the children were to sing and recite before a company of visitors. Imagine my delight when one dark-eyed lassie stood forward to say her piece, and I heard that accent always so sweet in my ears, the beautiful Irish accent! I was told that in this small school-home, my Catholic friends had no fewer than thirty little children that had been picked up in the streets of that Great Babylon from which I had come—thousands of miles away! May God bless the work of those good Catholic priests and Sisters in remote Prince Albert. I found that the name of good Father Bans, of the Harrow Road Boys' Refuge here in London, was well known in that far-off spot, and I was convinced that the experiment there being made of taking the children at the earliest possible age and rearing them in the Canadian atmosphere was profoundly wise."

Prince Albert is the chief town in Saskatchewan, of which Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., is the Vicar Apostolic.

Catholic Orphans.

The moderate drinkers in our city are numerous. One need only walk through our streets and note men of all classes entering saloons during business hours to realize this fact. Here is a warning note for them—

That a man who was never intoxicated in his life, and whose only indulgence was a moderate drink of whisky in the morning and another before retiring at night, may die from alcoholism has been demonstrated by an autopsy made at Bellevue Hospital in New York, in the case of George Turner. To his wife, with whom he had lived for thirty years, and to his friends, Turner was known as a man of extremely temperate habits. He was suddenly stricken after a surgical operation, and was carried to the hospital and died in the alcoholic ward from what the doctors declared was delirium tremens. Mrs. Turner declared that the doctors had blundered, and demanded an investigation. After the autopsy and statements from attendants, the coroner's physician declared Turner's death was due to "refined alcoholism."

The Moderate Drinkers

Subscribers.

One dollar for subscribers per year. I have been a subscriber in every State. I will, if possible, know in this year's trip.

J. D.

Send one dollar for my paper. I have been a subscriber in every State. I will, if possible, know in this year's trip.

Household Notes

NIGHT PRAYERS.—On the Missouri and Pacific train out of Kansas City a few years ago was a mother and four children—three girls and one boy. They had left Chicago the day before and were on their way to Leadville, where the husband and father had a claim, which was to be their new home. The eldest girl appeared to be about fourteen, and from that age they ranged down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about five. Their dress and manners showed that they had not been reared in the midst of luxury, but withal they were modest children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin, her face haggard from the worry of the long trip and the care of her precious little flock for there were seven or eight long hours yet before the journey's end. It was after bedtime when the train left Kansas City, and the children were yawning and scarcely able to keep awake. In fact, the boy, the pet of the family, had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut-eye-town," while the next elder tugged at him as she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful. He mustn't go to sleep yet, the others began whispering among themselves, and then the mother as if something exciting had happened, or would happen soon, all of which attracted the attention of the other passengers, who sat in wonderment as they tried to divine the cause of so much whispering and such strenuous efforts to keep the least one awake. They occupied seats in the rear end of the car, holding a long seat which runs along the smoking partition.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain—it was bedtime and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation or display, yes, even timidly, the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat. They made the sign of the cross and said their evening prayers. Just for a few minutes and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night, and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the travelling men with their grips, the business man with his worries and the other passengers paid a silent and mighty tribute to the greatest civilizing agent of all nations—the Catholic religion.—Laudamus in the Denver Catholic.

HUNGER CURE.—Fasting is unquestionably a valuable means of combating disease, says "Good Health." Many diseases originate in putrefactive processes taking place in the alimentary canal. The germs which flourish in the stomach and intestines, find in the undigested food, residues upon which they subsist, and by the aid of which they grow. The withholding of food for a space of time sufficient to starve out parasitic microbes, must be advantageous. In the condition commonly known as biliousness, manifested by a very foul tongue, loss of appetite, nausea, perhaps vomiting, intense headache, and so-called sick headache, multitudes of germs flourish in the alimentary canal, and hence fasting is an excellent remedy. In cholera, cholera morbus, and in other acute intestinal disorders which prevail during the warm weather, in winter cholera, also in typhoid fever, fasting for two or three days is a remedy of greater value than almost any other which can be applied in these maladies. Appendicitis must also be mentioned as a condition in which the withholding of food is of primary importance; also in stricture of the bowels. Whenever it is necessary to cleanse the alimentary canal, food may be withheld with advantage. In obesity the weight can be reduced more rapidly by withholding food than by any other means.

HOUSEKEEPING is an accomplishment in comparison with which, in its bearing on woman's relation to real life and to the family, all others are trivial. It comprehends all that goes to make up a well-ordered home, where the sweetest relations of life rest on firm foundations, and the purest sentiments thrive. It is an accomplishment that may be acquired by study and experiment, by the young and inexperienced housekeeper generally reaches success through great tribulation. It ought to be absorbed in girlhood. If girls were taught to take as much genuine pride in dusting a room well, or broiling a steak to a nicety as they feel when they have mastered one of Beethoven's grand symphonies, there would be fewer complaining husbands and unhappy wives. The great lesson to learn is that work well done is robbed of its curse. The woman who is satisfied with the highest perfection in her work drops the drudge and becomes the artist.

SURPRISE SOAP is Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE

There is no dignity in slighted work; but to the artist, no matter how humble his calling, belongs the honor which is inseparable from all man's struggles after perfection. No mother who has the happiness of her daughter at heart will neglect to teach her the first duties of the household; and no daughter who aspires to be queen at home and in her circle of friends can afford to remain ignorant of the smallest details that contribute to the comfort, the peace and the attractiveness of home. There is no luck in housekeeping, however it may seem. Every thing works by exact rule, and even with thorough knowledge, eternal vigilance is success. There must be a place for everything and everything in its place, a time for everything and everything in its time. Your husband may admire your grace and ease in society, your wit, your school day accomplishments, music and painting, but all in perfection will not atone for an ill-ordered kitchen, sour bread, muddy coffee, tough meats, unpalatable vegetables, indigestible pastry, and the whole train of horrors that result from bad housekeeping; on the other hand, success wins gratitude and attachment in the home circle, and adds lustre to the most brilliant intellectual accomplishments.

Irish Industrial Revival

A mass meeting was held in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on a recent Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Irish Industrial League of America, for the purpose of showing sympathy for and to pledge support to the movement for the revival of Irish industries, the plan and scope of which was described by representatives of the Irish Agricultural Society.

Justice Morgan J. O'Brien presided at the meeting and the work of the society was described by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., vice-president of the society; R. H. Anderson, its secretary, and the Rev. J. O'Donovan. Justice O'Brien, in introducing Father Finlay, said that for years Ireland had helped to build up this country with her men and women and the question now was: Would America refuse to build up Ireland when the opportunity was at last offered as a result of the Irish Land Bill? Continuing, he said: "Never has there been such an opportunity as the present, and any man who, ten years ago, would have predicted the change that has come in the life of Ireland would have been called a dreamer. I venture to assert that never in the history of any nation has such progress been shown as that made in Ireland recently, for she has practically created a new race out of the old and has shaken the dust off the ages, and is regaining the position she had in the past—among the first races of men."

Father Finlay began by reading a letter which he received recently from the Apostolic Delegate, praising the movement and expressing the wish of the church that Ireland, which had sent her sons and daughters to the corners of the earth, might now keep them at home. The letter evoked great applause.

Father Finlay said that the organizers of the movement, which include some of the best men of Ireland of all creeds and parties, had become convinced that unless industry were promoted in Ireland the Irish race must leave the country or perish.

"Half the population has been lost to us, that which has done so much for you has greatly impoverished us. The stream is still flowing, and 40,000 emigrated to this country last year, of whom 80 percent. were between 18 and 35. This drain of brain and muscle is difficult to estimate. This year the number will be close to 50,000. Expressed in money, this loss of population in a year might be put at \$30,000,000.

"While regretting this loss, we cannot in fairness ask them to remain in Ireland and be only half clothed and half fed. The only way of keeping them lies in the creation of industries with increased remuneration for the people. At the same time we have decided that the foreign capitalist shall not have a place in our industrial growth, and we have not invited foreign capital, although some have deplored this fact. This foreign capitalist, if he created industry in Ireland, would be the master of our industrial life. If we teach our people how to labor intelligently the capital will come of itself."

Father Finlay said that foreign capitalists who had set up dairy plants had been invited either to sell their plants to the society or have them become old iron, and that most of them had sold out. Their plants are now run by parish societies. As a result of these co-operative societies Irish butter, which had been driven out of the English market, now has been restored at the highest prices. The saving to the farmers in agricultural implements through buying by wholesale has been \$10,000,000 alone.

As a part of the society's plan, Father Finlay said co-operative banks have been started in parishes which make loans to farmers without exacting any better security than their word. This has enabled them to purchase improved machinery. There are now 2,000 of these banks. Co-operative lace making societies have been started in parishes, and in one year the girls in one parish, who worked in the fields all day, made \$15,000 worth of lace.

GOVERNMENT OF AMERICAN CITIES.

Our Catholic American exchanges dwell upon a recent address delivered by Rev. John J. McCoy, permanent rector of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Chicago, in which he dealt with the question of representation in municipal affairs.

One journal says of the address: It embodied such a resolute and faithful spirit as ought to be behind the cause of decent and honest municipal government everywhere.

Father McCoy said in part:—The object of this meeting I take to be the furtherance of the public good, as earnest and honest men see it. It is not to attack any man, nor to serve the ambitious of any man, but to turn the light on every man's record, who asks our civic favors, and let him stand or fall on his own achievements. We are not to concern ourselves with political affiliations, but only with men's characters and their capacity for public affairs. If I were assured that this organization could be made a cat's-paw or were likely to degenerate into a cabal of self-comforting pharisees, or would die after eating up some one man or body of men, or some one measure of public conduct, I would not bother with it five minutes; but, on the other hand, if men of high repute in our city clasp hands with me, and looking into my face speak fair words and manful and promise to stand with us for the public weal, day in and day out, this year and the next, and the years after that, so long as need appears, then, gentlemen, I am with you heart and soul for the city's redemption.

We have a work to do, to keep every man on duty faced front all the while. The good will welcome us, and we must give full meed of credit, wherever due; but we must never be afraid to say that a wrong is a wrong, no matter who the doer of it may be. We may hope to awaken the public conscience; we may hope to call recall men to a right conception of the glory and dignity of their citizenship; we may hope to make them take it as a disgrace to be thought to have a low aim, or to be moved by any passion but honorable ambition to be of those, who shall lift our city's fair fame as high as any other in the commonwealth.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. Director, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec.-Secy., Jno. P. Gurney, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Hen'.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in the hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palatte street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., 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. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F.J. Sears; President, P.J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, B. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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NOTE

THE MIDNIGHT the delightful and ceremonies the vites us to take the entire year, the approaches those of Other churches cele of Christ, other co the Christmas boar hold services in the none have the dear crifice of the Midni is something so h solemn Midnight M linked by it, as by influence, to the m past. And especiall the olden hymns ar that we lisped when that tell of the a proclaiming the gr the human race. It as it has been that special Masses all our city church other occasion wh forth in the sole night, and kneeling ing in of a day th the commencement pendous work tha time contain. The Midnight M scrib'd by so many the scenes that acc been pictured by writers, and we are all its enchanting re is no necessity for at an account of w place. Never, however, do brilliantly lighted al plate the immense n Christians participa ble sacrifice, than selves the scenes in Land, when over truded the peasant hear the Mass sun priest in some seclu guarded glen. And in our hearts that t the past, and can We are thankful for of religious freedom in this new count unfettered spirit wi went our ways to t votion and there' offering that marks Christ.

It seems to us that springing from suc situations, should st take advantage of the joy, and to prove thereof, by going in ated with an excepti vation, to the Chur Eve. Some go to hear sic; but they are n faith. It is not thus to us there is in the the most sublime a that man can offer t that this evening th filled to their utmos that the devotion o faithful fellow-citiz source and spring o from above.

CHRISTMAS OR The Christmas ord year have given to th Irish priests, one of said, will be associ Irish parishes. It weeks since that we dwell upon the impo priestly vocations young men of our Ir joined others in the gret that they are n ous. It is, therefo creased joy that we the most promising, and most worthy of

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