

ER 22, 1904.
Co.
LIMITED
COATS.
to participate in
nts.
ENT.
ns, the original
bat. Another
cil.
\$10.50
CESS.
in Canada at
re equalled.
MOLES.
melled red,
os. Special 18½
.....18½c
.....22c
.....33c
.....19c
.....21c
ished.
.....19c
.....19c
d Suits.
\$8.00.
e worthy suits.
a look will at
their practical
fancy Scotch
k grey and
styles, and un-
nship, splend-
suit \$8.00
sts.
nally reduced.
colors, sizes,
\$2.49
all this sea-
\$9.95.
\$3.49
o. LIMITED
St. Montreal
homes. Our
medium Brus-
tarpets, Bor-
gs, specially
all at heavy
figures for
UILDING.
Catherine St.
TS
rs.
75c to \$2.00
00 to \$3.50
quare.
man's novels,
urance that
over to cover
e enlightened
st beautiful
r. It will
appreciation
people on a
surrounded
storm-tossed
onan, in the

The True Witness

Vol. LIV., No. 26 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904. PRICE FIVE CENTS

MORALITY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Bourke Cockran and President Schurman Debate the Issue in America.

Before the People's Forum in New Rochelle on Sunday afternoon, W. Bourke Cockran assailed the public school system. It was defended by President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University. The clash came in the course of a debate on the question, "Should Religious Instruction be Given in the Public Schools?" The debate was held in the New Rochelle Theatre, which was crowded from pit to dome by adherents of both points of view.

In the course of his speech on the affirmative side of the question, which consumed over an hour, Mr. Cockran denounced the public schools as agnostic and anti-Christian.

"The germ of democracy, the form of government which our system of education must preserve, was planted," said Mr. Cockran, "on the shores of Galilee, when the Saviour proclaimed that all men are equal in the sight of God. While despotism and autocracy are based on human frailty, the essence of democracy is belief in human virtues and the capacity of man for almost infinite perfectibility. Neither despotism nor servitude could survive among a people trying to follow the Christ example, for justice and equality are the inevitable fruits of Christianity. As a democracy cannot survive except these fruits of Christianity flourish, public education must inculcate a knowledge of the moral law upon which the government is founded."

NOT COMPLETE TEACHING.

"The present system is inadequate to the necessities of the State. Education of the intellect alone is insufficient to cultivate loyal obedience to the will of the majority. Moral instruction removes the disposition to infringe the rights of others. I don't want the State to assume the burdens of a religious propaganda because to do so would necessitate the selection of the best religion, and those who think as I do would be the first to oppose such a thing. The efficiency of both Church and State is increased by separation, but the State has no right to penalize moral instruction or to devote the taxes of those who believe in moral instruction to the support of schools which are agnostic, and anti-Christian."

The present system is discredited on all sides, and every man of any consequence sends his children to private schools. The public school is becoming, as it is in England, the poor school."

STATE'S SOLE DUTY.

In opening, President Schurman raised a laugh by remarking that in spite of the fact that "every man of any consequence sends his children to private schools," he already had four in the public schools and more were coming.

"Religion and virtue are our highest concerns," said he, "but it doesn't follow that government has any warrant to interfere with the beliefs of individuals. Our educational system must confine itself to imparting the things we believe in common, and it must be left to the parents and the churches to make of religion a vital matter. The State is not the only educational agency."

"In religion some final court of appeals is necessary, different creeds having different courts, and it logically follows that if the State is to impart religious instruction it must determine the kind of religion that is to be taught, which would mean a court passing on the orthodoxy of public school instruction. You can't give religious instruction in the schools without invading the field which the modern State has abandoned."

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

"All the moral virtues are already promoted by the public schools. I deny that they are agnostic or anti-Christian. They are only non-Christian. They exert an elevating moral influence without any talk about it. If you want the catechism taught, in

the name of Heaven why don't you teach it to your children yourself, or have your churches do it?

"If you don't want to pay taxes for the support of the public schools, why not object to being taxed for the support of the courts, which may not be conducted on a basis to suit you. The State goes ahead in its secular work, and if you choose, set up your rival institutions, but neither directly nor indirectly will the State contribute to their support."

"The result of our system of secular instruction challenges the admiration of the world, and we do not propose to adopt any retrograde methods."

PLEA FOR GAELIC.

Commissioner McAdoo presided at a meeting of the Gaelic League of the State of New York in Carnegie Hall, New York, on a recent Sunday, and made a strong appeal for the movement in Ireland to restore the Irish language and build up a true national spirit. He spoke of the literary revival in Ireland, and remarked:

"I think it will be admitted that there is some hope for the police of this city, when one of them is brought into the greatest literary movement of the age."

The Commissioner appealed to the Irish of to-day not to speak slightly of the civilization of old Ireland, but to be proud of their birthright as Irishmen.

"The crushing out of that civilization by a ruthless invader," he said, "was a crime against humanity as well as against the Irish people."

"We are met to-night to arouse the intellect of a nation. Ireland has a message to give to the world, but she must deliver it in her own tongue and Ireland to-night is trying to gain back her own speech that she may deliver that message."

"In Irish cabins children are learning the Irish tongue; letters addressed in Celtic go through the postoffice; Celtic names are taking the place of English names that meant nothing or something bad. The soul of Ireland is aroused, an issue is being forced on England, and we shall soon have a true race of Irishmen in the island in place of a hemming and hawing Englishman with monocle in eye."

"This movement for a national life deserves encouragement and if the founder of this hall knew as much about the movement as I do, he would sell the place and give the proceeds to aid in the return of the Irish speech among Irishmen—at least he would give us something better than Mrs. Chadwick's checks."

The next speaker, Senator Bulfin, editor of the Southern Cross of Buenos Ayres, who is very Irish in spite of his residence, spoke on "Irish Nationhood and How to Achieve It." He said:

"The language is the key to the situation, for we must be Irish in speech before we can be Irish in thought."

Senator Bulfin made an appeal for funds to build an Irish university in which to train men to free Ireland, and said that enough Irish energy was wasted in the United States every year to free Ireland many times. He ended by saying:

"I hold that in the last analysis there is but one source of freedom; that is the sharp edge of the sword. But first we must have a moral revolution. You cannot dragoon a mind; you cannot sabre a soul."

HOME LOVE OF THE IRISH CELT.

What does the exile remember? Have you not met him, the American citizen who comes back rich, energetic, successful, boastful, to see once more the old spot of his birth? There is a secret longing with the quiet old days, yet with the eagerness of days that are new, a secret longing to see again the spot of the old home. From his thoughts now disappear the superb mansions and endless streets of the city where he has amassed his wealth. He remembers no more the frenzy of contest or the zest of triumph. Nor does he now see those ruined walls, those rank

weeds. The song of the brook is in his ear, and in his soul is the vision of the old, old home. He sees them now, those whose love follows him for ever in life, those whose love owns him for ever in death. He sees them now, but his eyes are dim, and there is a choking in his throat. He uncovers his head and looks up to heaven. He takes one last silent look at the ruins. Then he turns away, but he is now another man. What in his dreams he had remembered in exile, has come back to him fresh and real with the sight, the sadness, the lesson, the love of the old, old home. The German dearly loves his Fatherland, the Frenchman worships his beautiful France; the Switzer can never forget the beloved valley under the mountains, the Englishman truly and nobly cherishes his comfortable home; but there is a pathos and a purity in the Irish peasant's home love that is dearer than them all. In exile he cannot forget it. To him there is only one country of his heart-love, and never in exile can he find his home. To the Irish Celt in his own Ireland there is one spot above all others spots dear and sacred. In exile or in Ireland, to his thought, to his heart, to his soul, "there is no place like home."—Rev. R. Kane, S.J.

THE CHURCH AND MARRIAGE

By Cardinal Gibbons.

The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie by saying with her Founder that "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers, never forget that the inviolability of marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian liberty. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will like the wives of Pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by usurping rivals like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but the queens of the domestic kingdom, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church and particularly to the Roman Pontiffs who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of Kings, the lust of nobles and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.

The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated by the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain in Pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the possible exception of Thebes. It was sanctioned and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Lycurgus. The destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime except at rare intervals. The father had the power of life and death over his child. And as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time and is everywhere the same unless it is fermented with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general today in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes. She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed against one's own flesh and blood. She had condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malthus, who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty, and of imparting knowledge where "ignorance is bliss," I would dwell more at length on the social plague of ante-natal infanticide which is insidiously and systematically spreading among us in defiance of civil penalties and of the divine law, which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Interesting Christmas Customs In an Old Spanish Country House.

I have spent Christmas in some odd places in my day—once in the Red Sea, once in the famous old Dak bungalow at Delhi, and once in the mountains of Tenerife—but by far my most interesting experience was in Mexico. We were living at that time in an old Spanish country house at the village of Solidad de los Ranchos, near San Luis Potosi. It was a brick, with a patio surrounded with stone benches, and flower-beds that were an untidy jungle of lemon trees, roses, and heliotrope. A huge pepper tree with light feathery foliage and graceful coral red berries shaded an ancient draw well, and just opposite my window was a trellis covered with masses of the beautiful pale blue convolvulus called poetically by the Mexicans la manta de Maria. High above the adobe walls rose the tall pink tower of the village church, with its green-tiled cupola and ponderous bells.

The Mexicans are the most devout and fervent Catholics it has been my lot to meet, and I looked forward to Christmas to see some quaint and interesting religious customs. Nor was I disappointed. On Christmas eve, then, having seen that the doors were securely barricaded, we set forth shortly before midnight for the church. Myriads of stars spangled the frosty sky, of great size and brilliance, and low down on the horizon was shadowed the dark outline of the mountains of the San Pedro range. The streets, usually silent and deserted after dark, were thronged with people hurrying to the midnight Mass and when we reached the church it was already full. According to the Spanish and Mexican customs the main body of the building was in soft shadowy darkness, all the light being concentrated on the high altar, which was radiant with countless tapers. The light shone reflected on the throng of swarthy faces turned eagerly towards it, with a weird Rembrandtesque effect which would have fascinated Mr. Mortimer Menpes. It was a strange scene to our eyes.

From all parts of the lonely Sierras these pious peasants had flocked in to hear their Christmas Mass; wild looking herdsmen and shepherds, many of marked Indian type, wrapped about in many-colored zarapes, with dusty sandalled feet, and fringed leggings of dressed deer-skins. All were kneeling on the bare stone floor, or on the broad brims of their high-crowned charros. Presently the sacristan came in bearing an image of the Divine Infant, which he laid on the altar before the tabernacle. Then, precisely at the stroke of midnight, the venerable parish priest appeared vested in white and gold, and Mass began. When it was concluded, the priest took the Infant in his arms and held it for a moment for the congregation to see.

He then descended the sanctuary steps and advanced down the centre of the church, the people falling back on each side to make way for him as he presented the Nino de Dios to each one in turn. All crowded round; young men and maidens; old men and children; gray-haired fathers with their stalwart sons; women with their babies; all kneeling with ardent devotion and adoring reverence to kiss the Divine Child. To the deep fervor and unquestioning faith of these simple people it seems less a ceremony than the real thing. Had they been the shepherds and had this been the stable at Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning they could not have shown deeper emotion. Finally the image was borne away and deposited in the place prepared for it.

There was no crib, but an altar had been placed within the sanctuary decorated with small fir trees and pine branches, in the middle of which was the bed of straw. Mary knelt on one side, and on the other St. Joseph wearing his pilgrim's hat, and holding his staff with its calabaga or water-gourd attached. Mary wore the usual long blue mantle over her white dress, and the artless pic-

ty of the Mexicans had adorned her with a shepherdess's hat of straw, with a little bunch of pink roses at the side. It had, however, slipped off her head, and was supported by the strings, which hung loose round her neck. The priest laid the Infant between them, and the ceremony was ended.

High Mass was at 10 o'clock. The distinguishing feature of the ceremony was the music, which was singular in the extreme. It seems it is the privilege of the street boys at Christmas time to provide the music. They whistle it on birdcalls to an appropriate accompaniment on the organ. The effect at first is startling; but when it is done well (and the boys seem perfectly to understand their part), it is extremely pretty, and sounds precisely as if a whole woodful of wild birds had suddenly broken forth into a flood of joyous melody. This music is called "los Pastores"—"the Shepherds"—why I do not know. I must add that the Mexican carols are the prettiest I ever heard, and quite original. In the afternoon we went by mule train to San Luis Potosi to visit some Spanish friends. In the sala was an altar tastefully decorated with frosted branches of fir, colored ribbons, silver balls; and on a lace-fringed satin cushion in the middle was a wax image of the Holy Child. The children of the house had arranged it all themselves, and showed it us with great pride; and we were told that in every house, rich or poor, was a similar altar. It seemed a combination of the English crib and German Christmas tree idea. At the Epiphany the ceremony of clothing the Nino takes place with many quaint customs, but it would take too long to describe them now.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Frank Singleton has been appointed curate of St. Agnes parish. Mr. John I. McCaffrey, choir master of St. Agnes' Church, was presented by the members of the choir with a diamond pin on Christmas Day.

MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

(The Daily News, London.)

"If you knew absolutely everything about the parents, you would be able to predict what the child would be." So said Professor Karl Pearson, F. R.S., in his lecture at Bedford College.

Professor Pearson some time back evolved some remarkable theories respecting temperament in relation to the color of the hair. In dealing with heredity, one must be a collateralist as well as an ancestor. One must examine one's aunts and cousins, and especially the cousins, as well as parents and brothers.

If two sets of a man's cousins were found to have similar characteristics said Professor Pearson, it would be fairly safe to say that the man's own character was also similar. With the aid of a large number of diagrams, the Professor argued that if a good characteristic could be kept in a family for two generations, then the offspring would be certain to possess it. It was, therefore, not so foolish as some supposed to take an interest in one's ancestors.

With regard to sisters, Professor Pearson said that after an examination of 2014 'pairs' of sisters, he found a striking resemblance of sister to sister, both mentally and physically. The resemblance between parents and offspring was .5; that between two brothers or two sisters slightly less; and that between a brother and a sister less still.

There was no difference between a man and a thoroughbred racer as regards inheritance of color. Whether this was so with insects was not known. He thought the difference very small. He was himself experimenting with snails at the present time, and already had grandchildren of his original snails. They were dying off, however, so that he had no data to go upon.

It was necessary, he added, to study heredity before educating certain sections of the community in certain ways.

Major Darwin, the chairman, moving a vote of thanks to Professor Pearson, said that feeble-minded chil-

dren were now being specially educated, so that in after life their imbecility would be thinly veneered with education. The result would be most undesirable.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society

St. Mary's Young Men's Society held their first reunion and debate last evening at their rooms, 985 Notre Dame street. The place had been tastefully hung with Chinese lanterns, and the members turned out in full force. Previous to the commencement of the evening's enjoyment, Mr. Duncan McDonald, manager of the Street Railway Company, entered the hall, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. At 9 o'clock the chairman, Rev. Father McDonald, called the meeting to order, and explained the object of the Society, which is to elevate the moral, social and religious tone of its members. He thought there was nothing better for intellectual development than debates, and he had much pleasure in opening the first for St. Mary's Society. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, that winter is more congenial to the sportsman than summer." The affirmative was taken by Messrs. T. Norton, G. J. Fox, J. McDonough, T. Mitchell, B. McIlhorne, the negative being sustained by Messrs. J. C. McLaughlin, J. Heffernan, P. Doyle, T. O'Rourke, J. P. Purcell, D. McLaughlin. The debate was opened by Mr. Norton for the affirmative, who gave a glowing account of the many winter sports of this Canada of ours, and their healthful action upon the body. Mr. J. C. McLaughlin answered for the negative, and spoke of the summer sports, such as baseball, lacrosse, fishing, rowing and camping. Mr. G. J. Fox made an able plea for the winter sports. His concluding words were: "The development of stamina, that vital strength so necessary to all of us, without which we cannot hope to realize any positive success, is obtained with better results in winter than in summer."

Messrs. O'Rourke, McIlhorne, Purcell and Doyle spoke for their respective sides and as the members had been roused to enthusiasm over Canada's national game, lacrosse, and the mention of the Shamrock lacrosse team, the majority of the members voted that summer, the good old summer time, was the better season.

Mr. Duncan McDonald made a capital speech, full of practical knowledge. He was glad to be present at the reunion, and complimented the speakers on their able speeches. He always looked back with pride to the day, some 25 years ago, when he was a member of St. Mary's Young Men's Society, and was very glad to be able to say that he was there to-night as a pioneer of the old society. He gave the members some practical pointers, and at the end was loudly applauded.

Rev. Father R. E. Callahan spoke at length on the necessity of such a society, and he hoped that all would profit by it.

Rev. Father Cullinan paid a glowing tribute to Mr. McDonald, and was glad to see him occupy such an important position in our midst. The meeting then adjourned.

St. Gabriel's Temperance Meeting.

The St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will hold its regular meeting on Sunday next, immediately after High Mass, when the initiation of the officers for the coming year will take place.

Christmas Dinner at Notre Dame Hospital.

The Christmas dinner at Notre Dame Hospital, held on Tuesday evening, was a great success. Mgr. Racicot presided, assisted by Mayor Laporte.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Saturday, 24th Dec., 1904:

The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 271, French 144, English 86, other nationalities 29. Total, 480.

Men can be had for any kind of work by calling up Main 2019.

Conducted by HELENE.

A great many navy blue cloth costumes are to be seen. Generally the revers and collar are in contrasting colors—red, blue and green velvet being the most worn. Beige and gray are much in favor, and there is a distinct return to covert coating in public favor. Some smart women are wearing sack coats in this material with immense pearl buttons; others wear the same material made with the popular "clert" basques. A remarkably pretty figure is required to stand this innovation. Skirts are almost without exception made with two flounces very slightly raised and bordered with rows of sticherie or bias folds of the material stitched.

A pinch of salt on the tongue fol-

✠ ✠ ✠

saucepan over the fire, and, when
boiling, add half a cup of flour.
Stir vigorously until the mixture
falls from the side of the saucepan.
Cream together a fourth of a cup of
butter and half a cup of sugar. Then
add, in succession, the unbeaten
 yolks of three eggs. Pour this mix-
ture over the apples and bake

Add a cup of sugar, beat well, and fold into the pulp the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until white and foamy, and heap in a glass dish. Garnish with candied cherries and

"Was there ever such a night?"
he asked.

She looked at him and moved her head once, twice, slowly and dreamily.

Instead of giving way to her impulse, she threw herself more into the spirit of the night and her eyes brightened and her laugh was merrier and she insisted her guests

very much, but I do not go to
very steady, as we have a lot
to go. I live on a farm and

(Written for the TRUE WITNESS

was unusually pretty that night; but

been talking a great deal of sheer

led the way to a little stone balcony

the vines could see the white hand
on the time-worn stone; and wished

Mr. Clarence Blondel's was forgotten, even by the polished, suave bankers and brokers who had smiled blandly on the handsome son while in their hearts they almost knew the

though I have reserved the next dance for you. This is Leap Year, you know. May I have this waltz?" She made a pretty curtsy, and they exchanged programmes. Bently smiled.

make it as tidy and pleasant as possible. Mr. Rogers

Mr. Royce patched
doors and windows

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I know you are all feeling happy. Santa Claus has been to see you and has given you a proof of his love. He only visits, we are told, the good boys and girls, in which case no reader of this page, I am sure, has been forgotten. It would be so nice to tell us all about the lovely gifts you received, and the jolly times you had during the Christmas holidays. But, remember, mail your letters so that they may reach me by Saturday the latest. I know some have been disappointed at not receiving their letter the week they wrote it. That is because we did not receive it until Monday or Tuesday, which is too late. Now, dear children, I wish you may all enjoy a year brimful of health, pleasure and every blessing your little hearts may desire.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of ten and I like to read the letters on the children's page. I go to school every day that I can, but the snow will soon stop me. We have a long piece to go. There are four of us going to school. My little brother James wrote a letter, and I thought I would write one too. My papa is a blacksmith, and I am going to learn it when I get old enough. My papa worked four years in Montreal, where the paper comes from. We like the paper fine. We would not part with it for anything. Xmas is coming handy and I am waiting for Santa Claus to come, and I expect he will bring me some nice presents. I guess he will be able to come, for the river is frozen and he can come with his sleigh if he don't get frightened coming at the little houses on the ice, where they are fishing for smelts. It is quite a business down here in the winter time. So good-bye, Aunt Becky, I wish you a happy Xmas. From your little friend,

LEO M.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am eight years old. I thought I was old enough to write this letter. My brother wrote one last week. Santa Claus is soon coming and I hope he will bring me lots of nice things. One of my brothers wrote a letter to Santa to tell him what we all wanted. I think I will tell you some of the things I asked for. A doll and carriage and other things. My little sister says she wants a blue dolly. I have only one sister. She is three years old. I have four brothers. The youngest six. He wants lots of things. I will write after Christmas and tell you what we all got. I go to school every day. I like it well. We are to have a Christmas tree in our parlor. We have one every Christmas. I am sleepy now, good-bye.

Your little friend,

MAMIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would try and write a few lines as this is my first letter to the corner. I enjoy reading the letters very much. We have a great time skating and sliding on the hills these lovely nights. I am in the third book and like going to school very much, but I do not go to school very steady, as we have a long way to go. I live on a farm and I like doing chores very much. I am anxious waiting for Christmas and I suppose there are a great many more boys and girls as anxious as I am when Santa dear will make his visits around. We are going to have a Christmas tree in our school but I don't think I will be able to go. I think this is all for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES M.

Dewittville.

ADELINE'S NEW-OLD DOLL.

Adeline's father was poor, so poor that he could not buy his little girl a doll. This was the grief of Adeline's days. Her friend Edna owned a pretty doll named Lillian Alice, and how Adeline did long for one too! Still, having Edna's doll sometimes to hold for a long five minutes was better than nothing, and when that pleasure was taken from her, Adeline shed many tears.

Adeline's father and mother moved away from the bare little city home into the wide country, where the father was going to work on a farm, and Edna and her beautiful doll would be seen no more.

The house to which Mr. Royce took his family was very old, and for years nobody lived there except the squirrels, the mice and the birds. It looked dark, dirty and desolate; but the farmer had offered it to them rent free, and they went to work to make it as tidy and pleasant as possible. Mr. Royce patched up the doors and windows, while Mrs.

terflies, and squirrels, and swing, and read my picture-book, and sometimes I cry—just a little bit.

Twelve o'clock! That's a beautiful hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready.

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma always carries me off to take a nap. I don't like naps. They waste time. When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking or riding. And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At six o'clock Bossy comes home, and I have my drink of warm milk. N'en I put on my white gown, and kiss everybody "Good-night," and say "Now I lay me," and get into bed. Mamma says, "Now the sun and the butterflies, and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to sleep, sleep." So I shut my eyes tight, and next you know it's morning. An' that's all the time there is.

HOW PUSSY WAS SAVED A WHIPPING.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend, 'Cause I saved a whippin' to-day. When cook missed her custard, and everyone said "It was Puss that stole it away."

You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear, So in course you get blamed, an' all that! An' cook took a stick, and she 'clared she would beat. The thief out of that mizzable cat.

But I didn't feel comfort'ble down in my heart, So I saved you a whippin', you see, 'Cause the custard was stolen by a bad little girl.

Who felt dreffely sorry with shame! An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course, When that bad little girl was to blame!

"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said, I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded my head.

An' then mamma laughed, "Go find nurse, for I guess There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."

When, then, 'course they knew it was I, an' not you, Who stole the custard an' then ran away.

But it's best to be true in the things that we do, An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

A MAGNANIMOUS VICTOR.

A pretty little story of a spelling class in China is told by the Golden Rule.

The youngest of the children had, by hard study, contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing too self-confident, however, he relaxed his efforts, and one day missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next to him.

The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so firmly refused, saying:

"No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart sorry."

That was even better than the apology by Whittier's little friend, who was sorry she spelled the word, and hated to go above him—but went.

DICKENS AND CHILDREN.

With Dickens, the architect of dream children, it is again, as with Wordsworth, always the lonely child, and with what a love did his great heart go out to the little beings his imagination has made immortal!

What an almost divine pity he has for the fears and bewilderments and hardships of their dependent little lives, so at the mercy of grim elders, and the sport of all manner of heartless bullying forces! Poor David Copperfield and that dreadful new father-in-law of his with the black whisks—how one's blood runs cold for him as Mr. Murdstone takes him into a room and sternly expounds to him, in ogreish words, the iron discipline to be expected for breaches of the law in that sepulchral household!

Children are not beaten nowadays, I am told. If not, the change is largely due to Dickens, who has certainly done much to mitigate the former severe lot of the child—in a regime where the father was little more to his children than the stern policeman and executioner of home, the dread Rhadamanthus in the best parlor, who must on no account be disturbed by childish laughter, and to offend whom was to invite swift and certain doom.

How much has Dickens done to mitigate the lot of the schoolboy by his savage satire of Dotheboys' Hall, and the lot of all poor boys whatsoever by the pleading of Oliver Twist!

There are few strokes in literature so trenchant in their tragic laughter, so irresistibly comic in their shattering criticism of human nature, as that scene which has passed into the proverbs of the world—the scene, of course, where poor starved Oliver asks for more. The astonishment on the face of the cook is positively Olympian in its humor. A charity boy asks for more! Why, the very walls of the institution rocked, and the earth quaked at such a request, and the rumor of it passed like thunder from room to room, till even the Board of Directors, then in session, must have heard it. Great heavens! "Oliver Twist has asked for more."—Success.

A GREAT CATHOLIC ARTIST.

Millet, the famous French painter, was born of peasant folk, from whom he had the habit of simple living and a powerful physique. From them, too, writes the author of "Jean Francois Millet and the Barbizon School," he obtained his great tenderness toward the people whom he was destined to delineate so powerfully.

By working with his folk upon the farm he had not only the opportunity of incessantly watching the appearance of figures of different sorts of toil, but he obtained as well an actual knowledge of the farm laborer's crafts. He learned how to plow and how to sow; he learned all about the peculiar nature of all kinds of crops and every kind of domestic animal, and he became acquainted with the discomfort, with the agony that arises from continuous bodily exertion, with all that a farm laborer suffers from exposure to the scorching sun and biting wind or frost.

Millet was happy in his instructors. His great uncle, Charles Millet, a priest, divided his time between laboring upon the farm and giving instruction to his little nephews and nieces. At all times this priest impressed upon his grand-nephew the necessity of being industrious, upright and courageous and from him proceeded the impulse of that education that sent Millet more suitably equipped for the task that lay before him than many another artist whose name has been written large in history.

It is said that Virgil's words, "It is the hour when the great shadows descend upon the plain," first revealed to the boy the beauty of his own surroundings, and first lighted that fire which was to be productive of some of the finest paintings of evening scenes that the world is ever likely to possess.

As to his Bible and Virgil, he read and re-read them, and always in Latin. And Sennier says, "I have never heard a more eloquent translator of these two books." Instead of being an illiterate person, indeed, when he went to Paris, Millet, "The Wild Man of the Woods," as he was called by Delaroches pupils, among whom he found himself, was already a cultivated man. His education had been far better than if he had been an ordinary member of a bourgeois or even of a noble family. Its great characteristics were its thoroughness, its simplicity and its refinement—the very characteristics that make his own works lovable.

IRELAND'S CONVENT SCHOOLS.

Preaching on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of a new convent for the Marist Sisters at Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ireland, recently, Bishop Cloghan said that within the last twelve months critics had been imported from another country to visit the convent schools of Ireland, with the object of giving the Government an exact statement of their educational status. According to the report of those critics the convent schools were vastly superior to any other schools in the country, and in some departments of their work, to even the best schools in England.

"It is beneath the dignity of a man," says the Providence Visitor, "to abuse any created thing; and to inflict pain needlessly upon dumb animals is not merely an abuse of created things, but makes also for the choking out of all the fine emotions by which man is essentially the noblest being in the visible universe. If a man is cruel to his horse he is likely to be cruel also to his wife and children."

The Leap Year Privilege.

(Written for the True Witness.)

(Continued from Page 2.)

ed as he read her previous partner's names.

"With pleasure. It is a long time since we danced together, is it not?" The little hint of regret in his tone and face was reflected in hers, as she replied.

"It need not have been so long, need it?" He did not answer her, and presently they were gliding in and out among the dancers, all unconscious of the many glances of surprise cast at Bently.

It was the last Leap Year dance, and as Bently seemed inclined to talk she led the way to a little room off the hall, and threw herself into a chair at a small table in the centre of the room. Bently drew one up and sat opposite her. They talked of the evening, the new books, some alterations in the house and a few more equally unimportant matters. Then conversation seemed suddenly forgotten for a few moments, till Bently raised a serious face to her and asked,

"Did you really think I would not come to-night, Elinor?" She hesitated, hardly knowing whether she had or not.

"I thought you ought to have come even at a little personal inconvenience," she answered slowly and frankly, and then impulsively added, "to tell you the real truth, I could not quite understand the way you have acted towards father and me, and I half expected that you would practically decline by not coming, despite the note you sent me." His gaze never faltered in its earnestness.

"I did inconvenience myself. I was working in the Bradford office at seven, caught the seven-thirty with a run, was delayed on hour in Lindley, dressed, etc., arrived at Harcourt House at eleven. I must be at my desk for seven to-morrow, though it will be New Year, so I have to catch the two-thirty express to return. You misjudged me, Elinor, a little."

"I am sorry I told you," she said, already repentant of her impulsive admission. "But I kept a dance for you, which ought to show I was not altogether hopeless. It is like old times to be with you again. Do you know that we have had no dancing since the whist party we got up together. Somehow I could never attempt anything without you. Father so set his heart on to-night that I could not refuse and Aunt Margaret looked after everything for me. I am not as fond of dancing as I used to be," she said, tapping the floor with her slipped foot in time with the music beyond.

"I had my last dance with you at Blondel's." Two fine lines cut his forehead for a second, and just the breath of a sigh escaped him. "I little thought then of what I should face next day." Elinor looked up, and for an instant their eyes met in mutual understanding.

"Why did you show so much indifference the night I came to tell you of our misfortune? I thought then that you had never cared."

"Oh! Bently, I was not indifferent. How can you ask me! My heart was so full that I felt words were useless," she answered.

"I tried to impress on you that we had better forget each other, and you only asked me to come soon again or some such thing. The other troubles were nothing to that. I left your house with such a distaste for life, that I prayed to die."

Elinor dashed a hot tear from her cheek.

"How you misjudged me. I have often wondered since what you did say that day. I heard nothing you said. I could only watch your face and wish that I might trust myself to tell you how sorry I was, but that nothing could matter between us anyhow. And you thought I did not care for you since you were no longer rich. Oh! Bently, how could you? That was why you would not come to see me, and returned my letters."

"You really cared, Elinor, all the time what happened to me?" he asked eagerly, "cared as you did that night, or only as you had before?" She bent her head for a moment in mute pain.

"I cared more than I could tell you and I cared for nothing since. What were all those years and years of friendship, what were all our confidences, what was that last night, if you could not trust me more?" Her tone was reproachful, but very gentle.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC
A VALUABLE FREE BOOK on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor get this medicine FREE! KÖNIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists at 50¢ per bottle, 1/2 doz for \$4.

"It was my wish that we should forget, before I thought you had ceased to care for me. After that I had no desire for anything. I have lived a year with only one glimpse of your face, and oh! Elinor, I missed you sorely. It is a horrid dream to me. Beside it the other trials are nothing." The very clasp of his hand was painful to her. The pent up misery of those months was written on his features.

Elinor did not reply, but gradually the color crept back to her cheeks and the strain seemed less.

"It has been an awful year to you and to me," she said at last. Half consciously Bently drew out his watch.

"It wants but seven minutes of its close," he remarked. "I am glad that we will see it die together."

Elinor's face lit up with a sudden resolve; and she caught his hand in hers.

"Bently, is it awful to be living on such a salary," she asked breathlessly.

"No," he laughed, with a quick return to his usual manner. "Rather jolly, in fact, especially since father is earning and I have all mine to myself. It is much more interesting to be spending a limited amount than to simply fill a check for every passing whim. I have loads to spend according to my present economy."

"Could you keep a house on it, and, well, with just a little more?"

"With a little more I would live in luxury. Yes, I suppose it could be done." She was leaning across the table, her eyes filled with her earnest purpose.

"Could—oh! Bently, do you think I could keep a house with that much money and—well, with just a little more?"

"You, Elinor," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, won't you understand me, Bently. I said once before that there was nothing you could tell me I did not already know. I knew then that you loved me, and I know you did not want to see me in all these months because I was rich and you—you thought you were poor, and you vowed you would never ask me to marry you till you could give me what I was always used to. I never cared for your money, or your social position, you know that. Am I not telling you the truth?"

He nodded his head for answer.

"Well, I want to profit by the Leap Year privilege before it is too late. Won't you marry me, though I am rich, Bently?" To the man who sat before her it was the sweetest, brightest, coyest, trustiest face in all this great round world. He caught it in his two trembling hands and printed a kiss on the rosebud lips. Though the mistletoe had not been over her, I think it would have happened just the same, for mistletoe blooms only once in the year, and love is a never dying, never fading light wherever men and maids are found.

"You brave little woman, if you want me, there is nothing else I ask in life," he cried, rising and drawing her to him in his arms. "Elinor, dear, dear girl, I had almost thought that this could never be. I did not think you knew my heart so well."

"Perhaps," she said, her eyes misty with tears of joy, and a mischievous tone in her voice, "perhaps I did not know all you had to tell me that night, and I would like to be sure."

"I will tell you it all and win you again in the New Year," he said, and proved what I have already expressed as my belief, for the mistletoe was several feet away, but the rosebud lips were just as near.

Cling, clang, ding, dong, clang, clang. A merry ringing of bells great and small, broke in on the quiet. How they tinkled and boomed and thrilled, the silvery bells Elinor had hung in every nook and corner, and the great iron bells that rolled out on the air from each church and tower of London.

The old year had vanished, and the new was here.

"Tell me now, Bently. Right away," Elinor whispered. And he did.

I. McG.

Hungry Horace—Kind lady, can ye gimme somepin ter eat? I ain't ate nothin' sence day-ande yesterday.

Kind Lady—And what did you eat then?

Hungry Horace—Nothin' but de market report in an old paper.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.

2500 St. Louis Street, Montreal, Canada.
P. O. Box 1133.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered) \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance.

All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box, 1133.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Entering upon the closing year of the first half decade of the 20th century, where are we to find realization of many hopes so lately and confidently entertained? The leaders of science in its various branches will not fail to point out the milestones of its progress. Without their aid, perhaps, we may be disposed to estimate the actual gain as inconsiderable, but this must be taken beside the magnitude of the task to which human effort has set itself. After all it is hope that makes the world go well, and the dawn of a new year is the most appropriate time for hopefulness and restored resolution. Each of us individually may profitably adapt himself to this frame of mind. No other is worthy of manhood. Though doubt and difficulty be the common lot, we face the future with the greatest advantage when the lamp of hope shines upon the way. Material rewards are elusive and disappointing alike to those who reap and those who miss them. But every man can preserve and increase his store of religion and virtue which constitute the reality of progress.

We may feel thankful that in this Canada of ours all enjoy the blessings of freedom before God and country, so that every citizen can rejoice in the prosperity of the nation. May the new years as they roll onward find us always happy and united.

DEMOCRACY ASTIR.

The religious persecutions in France promise to arouse the democracy of that land to the truth that its very life depends upon the Catholic traditions of the nation. Signs of a genuine awakening were not lacking at the recent re-opening of the Catholic Institute in Paris, though Cardinal Richard, owing to ill health and advanced years—he is 86—was absent, and Cardinal Langenieux was still detained in Rome, also by illness. Mgr. Fulbert Petit, Archbishop of Besancon, presided, and the opening address was delivered by Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans. The wise and brave words of this Bishop reflect the sentiment that has begun to permeate the entire Catholic body. He reminded his hearers that the priests in Germany became stronger under the leadership of Dr. Windhorst after the Kulturkampf. It was, he said, when they realized that they were treated with disdain, that they disciplined their forces and faced the situation. The clergy of France should boldly meet the Combes Kulturkampf; and perhaps, he said, there would arise out of the ranks of the students before him some O'Connell, or Windhorst, who would withstand the persecutions of the State and prepare the people for a programme of social legislation. This, the Bishop added, would mean a programme for providing the people with abundant bread and cheap clothes. Religion must in the modern state concern itself with the social condition and the bread of the people. The Catholic religion alone can do this.

VISAGE OF FAMINE.

Writing a few days before Christmas from Clifden, in the County of Galway, a commissioner of the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, confirms the darkest forebodings of the famine visitation. "Famine," he writes, "is again appearing over considerable parts of Connaught. No doubt about it. The awful visitation is at hand. It is in the air, it is talked of at street corners. The shadow of impending calamity is visible on every countenance. It pervades the fairs and the markets, and has penetrated into the homes of the poor, and is paralyzing the mental and physical energies of the people. How far this state of things may go or how long it may last remains to be seen.

"I visited Connemara for the purpose of collecting information, and I regret to say the outlook is black in the extreme. In Clifden Union the people are in despair."

A PARIS MYSTERY.

Tragedy has quickly developed out of the sensational exposures of spying in the French army started in the Chamber by M. Syveton. The young deputy has come by a mysterious death, which his friends call a murder and his enemies suicide. His name was entirely unknown outside France before he slapped the face of General Andre, Minister of War, the tool of the Freemasons and the official agent of their organization. We know what followed. Andre was compelled to resign—compelled by M. Combes directly, though the Premier has since undertaken Andre's roll of defending the whole system of informing and protecting it by the authority of the government. It has been said that Andre was invited to commit official suicide, and there is more than a suspicion that M. Syveton had to be removed under appearances which might indicate suicide. His example, however, has given courage to better known men, like M. Ribot and M. Millerand, who are prosecuting his charges undeterred by his fate. If his death was the crime of assassins, no conspiracy can shield the guilty.

Surveying parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific line are to be sent out at once on the Nepigon branch.

One of the severest blizzards in years raged on Tuesday from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains. Over six inches of snow fell.

On Tuesday a resolution was passed in the City Council to ask the Federal Government to have the whiskey presently sold in the city analyzed.

All the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Canada have sent a collective letter to Cardinal Richard expressing their sympathy with the Church in France.

HER CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him that day— 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

I promised him a world of toys If he would only stay— Sure, Heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play. But you would know the smile of him.

Among a thousand more, His smile will make all else seem dim When you call him "Ashore."

Sure you will know him by his eyes That are so sweet and blue, And deep and clear and very wise, They read the heart of you. His hair is golden as the sun, His curls they are so quaint. They mind you of the halo on An angel or a saint.

I promised him a splendid tree With candles all aglow. Oh, Mary Mother, you can see 'Twas me that loved him so! And surely, surely, you will see My boy so sweet and slim. His eyes are hungering for me As my eyes are for him.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him that day— 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.

The last meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle, before the Christmas holidays, took place on the evening of the 20th and was very largely attended.

A terse summary of the world's most important events during the year just drawing to a close was made, and special note taken of the prevailing desire for peace and the number of peace conferences held, together with the persistent continuance of hostilities. Many famous sieges of the past were recalled, to which this latest and most wonderful of all, the siege of Port Arthur, was compared. Mention was made of the admirable courage displayed by the soldiers on both sides in this latter contest.

The book review included further notes on the interesting work of Abbe Klein, entitled "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," a book written after deep and careful study of America, its institutions and its people. A recent work from the pen of the great Canadian writer, Sir Gilbert Parker, also came in for special attention. A few comments on this book were made by Miss Gertrude Kehoe, who expressed the opinion that "A Ladder of Swords" would prove disappointing to those who had come to know Gilbert Parker through his thrillingly vivid stories of "The Right of Way" and "Seats of the mighty." But whatever might be the drawback of this story, the old charm of the writer was still there, and in this connection attention was called to that peculiar thing called charm, which is so striking a characteristic of the work of our Canadian writers. "A Ladder of Swords" is an historical romance of the days of Queen Elizabeth, with that Queen and her much written of satellite, Leicester, as central figures. The evident aim was to raise the former in our esteem and hold the latter up to our contempt.

An eloquent letter addressed to Mark Twain over the nom de plume of "N'importe Qui," in delighted praise of his very beautiful sketch of Joan of Arc, in Harper's, was read, also, through the kindness of the writer of the letter, the autograph reply of the author. In his reply Mr. Clemens wrote: "I thank you for those cordial good words, and am very glad to have earned them; they have touched me deeply, their eloquence has gone to my heart."

The regular study of India was resumed, and the reading of the second book of "The Light of Asia" concluded, a few literary notes being made. Owing to many striking similarities between the story of Buddha and the life of Christ, some critics have argued that the four gospels were, to a great measure, simply copied from the former. This subject has been made one of deep study in the universities, and the charge has been successfully disproved. The Rev. Dr. Aiken, of Washington University, who is an authority on Buddhism, and whose book "Gotama," is the chief reference in the Oriental study, was quoted in refutation of this absurd and baseless claim of the critics.

Very appropriately, owing to the nearness of the great feast, two exquisitely sweet Christmas poems were read. Bethlehem, the Angel's Hymn in Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World," was read by Miss Josephine MacCormac, while a Christmas story by the "Rare Ben Jonson," a gem too little known, considering its beauty, was read by Miss Anna Findlay.

A very pleasant feature of the evening's programme was the presence, as guest, of Mrs. J. Patterson, of New York, who responded to a request for a few words by a delightful little talk on the work of the Hundred Years Club of New York, of which she is an active member. Then she brought at least one of the personages spoken of earlier in the evening quite near by relating some interesting reminiscences of her childhood days when Mark Twain, then little "Sammy" Clemens, was her near neighbor. In those early days the future writer's ambition seemed to be the conducting of theatricals in his neighbors' basement, on which occasions his little friend was required to supply the "distract music" necessary for effect, and so was not allowed to witness the performances. Mrs. Clemens, whose lamentable death occurred in Italy not long ago, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Patterson. A touching picture of the great departed Leo XIII. and the impression made by his sweet kindly face as Mrs. Patterson saw it, while in Rome not long before the Pontiff's death, concluded her address.

The next meeting will be held on the 18th January.

MARGUERITE.

Solemn Profession and Reception at the Franciscan Church.

Sunday afternoon a solemn profession and reception took place at the Franciscan Church, when thirteen members were clothed with the cord and scapulars and eleven made their solemn profession. Immediately after the recitation of the office, Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon. He took for his text, "The grace of God our Saviour had appeared to all men," etc. (Epistle Tit. II, 11-15). He dwelt at length on the birth of Christ, His great humility, His poverty and His sufferings. "Christ came," said the preacher, "to atone for sin, to glorify God, to bring peace to the sinner, so that he would have peace with his conscience, peace with God, peace with himself and peace with his neighbor." He exhorted the members who were privileged on that day to be true and noble sons of St. Francis. In conclusion he told the members to work earnestly for God, thus to glorify Him here on earth and they would be happy in eternity.

After the sermon the different candidates advanced to the altar rail holding lighted tapers in their hands, and after the usual questions and prayers, were received and professed by Rev. Father Christopher. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M., assisted by Rev. Father Wolfstan, O.F.M. The English-speaking members have now over 100 professed.

A Distinguished Convert's Death.

Both personally and as a writer of fiction Miss Adeline Sergeant, who died on Sunday at Bournemouth, was exceedingly popular. Her novels do not, it is true, reach the highest standard. They do not seize attention and leave permanent impressions in the same way, say, as the stories of Mrs. Blundell and Mrs. Craigie, but she had a thorough knowledge of the public taste, and suited it so exactly that her books had a great sale and the authoress a large income from it. Whilst Miss Sergeant knew how to weave startling plots, she never descended beneath a healthy level of morality, and, taken as a whole, the influence of her work has been excellent. Her life was one of strenuous labor and varied experience. The daughter of the Rev. Richard Sergeant, a Wesleyan minister, she earned her living first by teaching, then as a journalist on the staff of the Dundee Advertiser, and next as a novelist. With a heart full of human sympathy she loved to succor the poor, and her religious earnestness was beautifully illustrated in the devotion with which she applied herself to ministering to their wants. An educated and accomplished woman, she tested the claims of various creeds and sects opposed to Christianity, but her mind was not at rest until she joined the Catholic Church, in communion with which she passed to her eternal rest. The lesson of such a conversion, after long years of careful enquiry, will not, we trust, be lost on truth-seekers.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

FAITHFULNESS.

The bulldog's tenacity of grip is proverbial, but he also possesses a grip of quite another sort, one which enables him to stick to his orders in spite of untoward circumstances. The Atlanta Constitution gives an example of a dog's faithfulness. "Stub," master had gone away for the night, and had left the dog to guard his apartments.

In the evening the house caught fire and before the fire engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog, and tried to coax or drive him from the room, but "Stub" held his post. His would-be rescuers did all they could to tell him out, but he would not budge. Warning growls showed that he would use his teeth if the men resorted to force, and finally, in their efforts to save the dog, the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he reached his home the roof had fallen in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and "Stub," who had defied fire and water and all human inducements, bounded out of the house, and the next instant was licking the hand which caressed him.

Colonial House,
PHILLIPS SQUARE.MEN'S FURNISHINGS
DEPARTMENT

GLOVES.
Fall and Winter styles, made in various weights; all kinds of leathers and linings.
Men's Mocha Gloves, fleece lined, long wrists. Prices \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25.
Men's Dogskin Gloves, knitted lining. Prices, \$1.65 and \$2.15.
Men's Russia Leather Gloves, Angora wool lined, slide buckle cuffs. Prices \$2.15, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
Men's Fur-lined Gloves. Prices \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.00.
Wool Gloves in new shades of Brown, Dark Gray, Black and White. Price 50c to \$1.00.

MEN'S DRESSING GOWNS.

Men's Turkish Bath Robe, made from crash material, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.
Men's Fine Elderdown Lounging Robe, Stripes and Checks, \$6.00 to \$7.00.
Men's Navy and Gray Cloth Dressing Gowns, \$6.50.
Men's Fancy Plaid, Cord and Tassel trimmed, \$7.00.
Men's Fancy Tweed Red and Navy Burnet, \$8.00.
Men's Fancy Navy and Red Mixture, \$9.00.
Men's Fancy Tweed, fine quality, \$10.00.
Boys' Dressing Gowns, all sizes, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

MEN'S SMOKING JACKETS.

Men's Fancy Tweed Smoking Jacket, \$4.00.
Men's Fancy Plaid, Cord trimmed, \$5.00.
Men's Red and Black Brocade, \$6.00.
Men's Navy and Drab Mixture, \$6.00.
Men's Plain Gray, Collar and Cuff, trimmed, \$6.50.
Men's Navy Blue, Red Mixture, \$7.00.
Men's Navy Blue Reversible Collar and cuffs, \$8.00.

CORSETS.

CORSETS FITTED.—Convenient to our Corset Department we have fitting rooms, which are always kept well heated and comfortable, where ladies can be fitted by experienced Corset Saleswomen.

TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES.

Are now showing the most complete assortment to be obtained.
Steam Working Models in Engines, Gas Engines, Hot Air Engines; etc., are very complete. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$22.00.
Steam Trains—Also very complete. Prices \$8.50, \$9.00, \$11.00, \$16.00, \$18.00 and \$19.00.
Mechanical Trains—Prices, \$1.40, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$8.00 and \$11.50.
Doll Houses, Dishes, Furniture, Bricks, etc.; Rocking Horses, Carts and Horses, etc.; Sleighs, Row Waggon, etc., and Games in a variety too numerous to mention.

BASKETS.

Lined Work Baskets, \$1.25 to \$8.
Lined Work Baskets, extra fine quality, \$15.00 and \$16.50.
Work Baskets on stands, unlined, from \$2.25 to \$6.00.
Fancy Paper Baskets, 65c to \$9.00.
Five O'Clock Tea Stands, \$3.75 to \$6.50.
Music Stands, \$1.75 to \$8.50.
Candy and Handkerchief Baskets, 10c to \$6.00.
Fancy Clothes Hampers, \$3.50 to \$7.00.
Also a great variety of Whisk Holders, Hair Receivers, etc., etc.
Baby Go-Carts and Carriages.
Baby Walkers, \$4.50.
Baby Jumpers, \$5.75, \$6.75, \$7.50.
Invalid Tables, \$5.75, \$6.25 to \$10.50.
Doll Go-Carts and Carriages, 75c to \$10.00.

SPORTING GOODS.

Toboggans, 4 ft., at \$2.00 and \$2.75.
Toboggans, 5 ft., at \$3.25.
Toboggans, 6 ft., at \$4.00, \$5.25, \$5.50 and \$6.50.
Toboggans, 7 ft., at \$4.75, \$5.50, and \$7.00.
Toboggans, 8 ft., at \$5.50, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00.
Skis—Genuine Hagen, 7 ft., 6 in., \$6, 8 ft., \$7.00.
Hagen Harness, \$2.50 extra; ordinary harness, 75c extra.
Imitation Hagen, 6 ft., \$3.50; 7 ft., \$4.00; 8 ft., \$4.50.
Harness extra as above.
Snowshoes—Small child's, \$1.40; medium small, \$1.75; ladies', \$2.10; men's club, \$2.50; men's trampers, \$3.00.
Skates of all kinds, for all purposes, from the cheapest to the best.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT
Second Floor.

Ask to see the Empire Queen Range, the neatest and easiest cleaned; always found satisfactory. The draught arrangement is admirable; the rapidity with which the oven heats makes it a good baker for pastry, cakes and meats; can be used with coal or wood; can be furnished with tea and high shelves or warming closet.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
The Latest in Winter Headwear for Ladies.

"The Won't Blow Off" Tam O'Shanter, on frames, indispensable for all outdoor sports, such as Tobogganing, Skiing, Snowshoeing, Skating, etc. Colors: White, Navy, Cardinal, and Black, each 75c.
Also a range of very pretty stripes, \$1.10.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

We have to-day a magnificent collection of Furniture, made by the best firms of thorough cabinet-makers in England, Canada and America. The following are a few samples to choose from:
LIBRARY TABLES, in Solid Mahogany and Quartered Sawed Golden and Weathered Oak.
TEA TABLES, in Solid Mahogany; some fitted with plate glass trays others with folding leaves, suitable for small flats.

CABINETS, suitable for Parlour or Dining Room, in Solid Mahogany, Imitation Mahogany and Quartered Cut Golden and Weathered Oak, all sizes.
MUSIC CABINETS and **LADIES' WRITING DESKS**, in Gilt, Vernis, Martin, Mahogany, Golden and Weathered Quartered Oak, a very useful and inexpensive present.

PARLOUR TABLES, in every variety of shapes, sizes and materials.
SPECIAL WORK TABLE, in Solid Mahogany, Octagon shape, interior divided into little boxes for sewing materials. The centre compartment extends down into the eight side pillars. A perfect copy of an old-fashioned work table.

CHAIRS and ROCKERS, in Solid and Imitation Mahogany, with upholstered seats and back. Will suit the most fastidious.
We also carry a large stock of the famous "GLOBE WERNICKE" ELASTIC BOOK CASE, in Plain, Antique, Weathered and Golden Oak; also in Birch Mahogany.

TOYS, GAMES, DOLLS, in endless variety.
SKATES, SKIS, SNOWSHOES, TOBOGGANS, At popular prices. In the most complete assortment.

PUNCHING BAGS, BOXING GLOVES, EXERCISES, And everything for the athlete.

CALENDARS
At HALF PRICE.HENRY MORGAN & CO.,
MONTREAL.

Christmas Sermon

The gladness of the feast of Christmas was celebrated with all the becoming scenes in our city were ones never to be forgotten. The beautiful representation of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the gospels of the officiating the soul-inspiring music as the sacred edifices with its melody, the pious worshippers assisted at the services—all part of the grandeur of the ceremony of the Catholic Church, and raised from earth to heaven.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
At the midnight Mass the Mass was celebrated with all the becoming scenes in our city were ones never to be forgotten. The beautiful representation of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the gospels of the officiating the soul-inspiring music as the sacred edifices with its melody, the pious worshippers assisted at the services—all part of the grandeur of the ceremony of the Catholic Church, and raised from earth to heaven.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.
The midnight service at St. Ann's was one of beauty and devotion. The gorgeous decorations of the feast of the Immaculate Conception were used. A large party representing the Nativity had placed in the alcove above the altar, and underneath in large letters were "Venite Adoremus," colored electric bulbs lit up the sanctuary, making an excellent pretty sight. Rev. Father Strube, C.S.S.R., officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Holland, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father McKeown, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. Under the direction of Prof. Trudel, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon, rendered a pretty mass with effect. At the 10 o'clock Mass Father Holland, C.S.S.R., officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Fortin, C.S.S.R., as deacon, and Rev. Father Trudel, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. In the evening Rev. Father Strube preached the sermon. At solemn meditation, Rev. Father Rietvelt, C.S.S.R., assisted by Rev. Father Fortin, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Trudel, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. The choir of fifty voices was shown the faithful training of devoted young organist, Prof. I. Sheva.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH.
A large congregation assisted at the midnight Mass, which was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father O'Meara, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir rendered "Messe Royale" large choir of boys assisting. At 10 o'clock Mass, Rev. Father Fortin, C.S.S.R., officiated. In the evening solemn Vespers and Benediction were celebrated. The church was tastefully decorated and the main altar and sanctuary brilliantly lighted.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.
The scene at the Church of the Good Counsel at the midnight service has rarely ever been equalled. The pillars were tastefully decorated with the papal colors of the Sacred Heart. The main altar was also hung with banners and resplendent with numerous electric lights. The colored light around the crib added much to the beauty of the church. Midnight Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Singleton, assisted by Rev. Father McDonald and Cullinan, an orchestra under the direction of Prof. W. Sullivan, assisted the choir. The many fine parts of Stearn's Mass in B flat which the large choir interpreted with telling effect, under the direction of Prof. James Wille, organist and choir master, and J. C. Emblem as leader. Rev. Father Cullinan officiated at the Mass at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father McDonald, P.P., thanked the members of the congregation for their good attendance at the midnight Mass, and in particular complimented the organist, musicians and singers for their fine programme. "There is a

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

La Salle des Aveugles	240
La Salle de l'Asile St. Joseph	98
La Salle des Aveugles	240
La Salle de l'Asile Nazareth	98
Sœurs de la Providence	576
La Salle de l'Asile, rue Visitation	162
L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes	289
L'Asile du Sacre-Coeur, rue Fullum	98
Sœur de la Misericorde	400
Sœur du Bon Pasteur	480
Orphelins Catholiques, rue St. Catherine	196
Asile des Sourds-Muets, Co-teau St. Louis	196
Hospice St. Vincent de Paul	98
Hopital Notre Dame	480
Hopital Dieul	300
Hospice Auclair	51
Hospice des Incurables	400
Patronage St. Vincent de Paul	400
Union Nationale Francaise	65
St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum ..	575
St. Bridget's House of Refuge for aged and infirm destitute persons	280
St. Bridget's House of Refuge for night refuge for destitute poor	320
The Little Sisters of the Poor ..	200
Montreal General Hospital	480
Protestant House of Industry and Refuge	380
Montreal Dispensary	155
Ladies' Benevolent Society	150
Protestant Orphan Asylum	80
Protestant Infants' Home	200
Protestant Industrial Rooms ..	100
University Lying-in Hospital..	100
Hervey Institute	100
Protestant Church Home	50
Mackay Institute for Protestant Deaf Mutes	75
Woman's Hospital	50
Samaritan Free Hospital for Women	50
Western Hospital	150
Hebrew Benevolent Society	100
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society	50
Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society ..	25

NAMBY PAMBY.

The term "namby pamby," which has come to be applied to a person of vacillating character as well as to weak literary productions, was originated by the poet Pope. He applied it to some puerile verses that had been written by an obscure poet, the Ambrrose Phillips, addressed to the children of a peer. The first half of the term is meant as a baby cry of pronunciation, and the second half is simply a jingling word to fit it.



THE RETURN OF THE WILD GOOSE.

By P. J. Smyth in the "Rosary Magazine."

The Sarsfield made her lonely Irish harbor on Christmas Eve.

"And double welcome to her on that same account," said Maurice Casey, as with other peasant fishermen of the local type, tall and dark, he stood watching on the cliff, "for now we'll have some heart in us to keep the blessed time that's in it."

Out of the sunset she came sailing—a fierce Irish winter sunset, all black and gold, like volcanic fires flashing between the ledges of an earthquake-shattered cliff—onward, with all her white sails set and shining, until she glided as serenely as a swan into the little haven, and her anchor chain rattled off a brief song of relief and rejoicing. Very bleak and desolate seemed her berth, a narrow range of precipices, more savage than kingly in their season's scowl, with beyond them the stark and snowy inland heights. It looked like the wild coast of some unexplored Arctic land.

But suddenly, out from the shore, like startled seals, darted a number of dark objects, boats of wood and boats of hide—the primitive Celtic curragh—and the beach, lately lone like the abomination of desolation, became a scene of lively and noisy bustle. As the small boats returned with their loads, both men and women bore to the shingle bolts of silk and other cloths, ankars of brandy, and other commodities favored by the contraband trade between Ireland and France; these were placed in creels or panniers on the backs of mules, and donkeys, that were immediately driven off with their burdens.

"My faith, Dan Loughney," said a young man to the skipper of the smuggler, as the pair came ashore together, "I see you are master of your trade in all its branches. A bourgeois of Le Havre or La Rochelle could not make better business dispatch."

"We have to look sharp and dance lively in our business, Captain," replied the rugged sea-dog. "How else could we give Queen Anne's jolly tar the slip, and how else could the worthy gentry hereabouts get the comforts of life without the foolishness of paying duty on them? Very loyal people, alanna, are some of our Tirawley gentlemen, especially those who came in with Noll Cromwell and Dutch Bill, but they like to cheat the excise just the same, and good customers are they of Dan Loughney, although with his head in the halter."

"Hurry up there, Shemus, my boy—to a flannel-clad contrabandist—that roll of silk is for Major Palmer's lady, and a finer piece never went on her broad back; see that she gets it in the morning. There's a cask of wine for Billy Webb, royal stuff that it's a pity to waste on his Sassenach palate. But he's good pay as well he can afford to be, with the robbed lands of the Philbans and the Paddens in the Lagan. There's another cask for Edmundson, and another for Arthur Knox, and another for Captain Meredith. The foreign cuckoos are in the Irish blackbird's nests, and more's the pity. 'Och farer gair, mille tonnerres, quel malheur!'"

The smuggler spoke in Irish, but interjected French phrases with curious effect.

"Strange, that men can't swear enough in their own language, and not have to go to France for their oaths," said tall Maurice Casey, approaching. "How are you, Captain Dan?"

"Musha, Maurice, go dhe mos tha thu—I mean, comment vous portez vous?"

"You do, do you? Thank you kindly for telling me. But a hundred welcomes, old friend, anyhow. And the young stranger is welcome, too."

"A stranger, Maurice Casey?—I'm shocked at you," said the skipper's companion, in affected indignation. The young man had a handsome, almost girlish face, framed in flowing cavalier curls, dark and abundant. His alert and upright form was draped in a large blue roquelaure or military cloak, beneath which gleamed the brass end of a scabbard. "A stranger indeed, Maurice—what, one who fished with you manv a day all round the coast, from Carrick-Patrick to the Stags of Broadhaven?"

The tall fisherman's eyes grew large. "My soul to glory for ever—young Farragh MacDonnell!"

"Pardonnez moi, ma bouchal," said the skipper, "give the young gentle-

man his full title—Captain MacDonnell, of the Regiment of Bourke."

"No titles needed among friends," protested the young officer of the Irish Brigade, whose hand the fisherman, his eyes dimmed with tears, was shaking in a solemn, dazed, perfunctory manner.

"Welcome home, Farragh, a thousand welcomes home. Mavrone, how sad and lonely, and mournful has everything been since you and the other boys sailed away! Winter or summer, sun or shine, the field is silent, and the shore is dreary. The old women are crying, and the young ones are moping. The light has gone from our lives and the hope from our hearts. The black stranger lords it over us, the grand old gentry are gone or ruined, and the foot of the cruel tyrant is on our necks."

"Tut tut! For shame! What a doleful Jeremiah you have become, Maurice Casey! Nice, cheerful greeting this on Christmas Eve for a returned exile. But courage, old friend, the boys of Bourke's are well and hearty, and your own son Donal is a credit to the regiment. You may yet see them home again, in their scarlet coats and white cockades, to cross bayonets with the old enemy and avenge the Boyne and Aughrim and the broken treaty with Limerick. How is my father?"

"Well and hearty, thank the Lord, though aging, of course, like the rest of us. Happy man he'll be this night. Many of the good old stock now live in poor smoky cabins, while strangers enjoy their castles and lands, but the Major, the saints protect him, still holds part of his own, and hospitable is his hearth at Ballinglanna. I must find some kind of an animal to carry you over there. Come up to the house avic—come, Dan."

The waves roared hoarser on the shingle, the red sunset bars grew dimmer, the wind blew the loose snow over the cliffs like smoke from the discharges of a battery.

"Keep the cargo moving lively, Shaun," shouted the smuggler to his mate, who was working knee-deep in the foam. "There's a big storm coming to-night, and we'd better find a safer berth for the Sarsfield."

As if crouching for shelter in a hollow beside the sea lay a lowly little cabin, its bonnet of thatch tied down with straw ropes to keep it from blowing away. A cheerful light shone through the low doorway.

"Welcome and welcoming sight to the returned exile, an Irish turf fire," exclaimed the young soldier as he bowed himself in. Then he coughed, and his eyes watered at the sudden gust of the peat smoke.

Maurice Casey poured a sparkling, colorless liquor into wooden noggins.

"'Tis wheat poteen from Moygow-nagh," he said, "and better than all the foreign wines and brandies, Farragh avic, that ever you met in your travels. Cead mille failte, and slainte to the Wild Geese!"

"Slainte to the Wild Geese!" "Tell us something of our own poor boys from these parts," said the fisherman, when they had solemnly drunk the toast. "How is Henry Barrett?"

"Henry sleeps in a hero's grave." "Lord rest his soul! And Andy Murray?"

"In Paris, with a wooden leg and a pension."

"And Wat Cawley?"

"A short time ago Wat forsook Mars for Venus. He married a fat and well-dowered Dutch wrow, and he now has a fine tavern in Amsterdam."

"You haven't come over recruiting, Captain?" inquired Casey, as if the encouraging last report had given him a sudden idea. "If so, be cautious; it's a hanging matter."

"No recruiting for me," said the Brigade captain. "Small blame to our poor boys if they fly from misery and oppression at home to be brave soldiers abroad, in hopes they may some day return to free their country. But, hanging or no hanging, I shall not try to induce them."

"Let them, say I, stay in Ireland where they seldom are useful some day, for 'tis seldom abroad we Brigade men get a chance of striking at England. It went to my heart when I saw some of the best blood of Ireland puddling the streets of Cremona, and realized by whom it was shed. When Taaffe's cuirassiers, on the Austrian side, broke the squares of the Regi-



ment of Dillon, on the French, it was Irish blood that was whirled from Irish sabres. When the fire of Bourke's strewed the square with the fine fellows of Taaffe's it was more of the same kind of fratricide. I don't like to see us Irish killing one another for king or Emperor, and that is why I shirk recruiting—that and not the dread of the English hangman. However, if any of the boys still wish to learn the art of war, my friend here, Captain Dan Loughney, is as usual extensively in the Wild Geese trade. Wild Geese being the description given, on the books of the smuggling vessels, of Irish recruits taking passage to enter the military service of France.

"It's very simple for some middling strange things to happen," explained Dan Loughney. "You see, Maurice, I happened to be at La Rochelle, everything right and ready for sailing, when, anam a diaoul and sacre bleu, I happened to meet the Captain here, just going on a month's leave. A glad meeting that. Allons, mon enfant—a little run across the water to see the old place and the old people. On board he came, uniform and all, and here he is; and back he'll go with me, the Lord willing, starting New Year's Day, to take his place again under the fleur de lys. Voila tout, avic, voila tout. And he'll be with us this blessed night at midnight Mass."

"Please God. Where will it be said, Maurice?"

"At the usual place for years past," replied the fisherman lowering his voice, "over at Downpatrick Head."

"Such a bleak, desolate place—and in the midst of winter!" "Yes, avic, the better to puzzle the priest-hunters; they don't like the cold."

The Brigade officer's face grew grave. Mass under the bleak sky, out in the cold and snow, with sentinels posted to warn pastor and flock of a possible raid by the enemy in quest of prey and blood-money! A year ago, as captain of a guard of honor, he had heard Christmas Mass in the stately cathedral of Milan, in company of warriors and nobles, of an immense congregation of prosperous people—witnessed it with all the majestic ecclesiastical accessories of throne-like altar girt with surpliced ranks that suggested cherubim and seraphim, gorgeously vested prelates and priests, floating incense, blazing lights, pealing organ and grand chant of psalmody. And now—

"Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "we are in Ireland. Come, Maurice, I'd better be on the march. Where's that noble steed you promised me?"

"Under the new law no Catholic, not even your good father, is allowed to own a horse worth over five English pounds," said the fisherman. "Could you manage a good Ross mule, Farragh?"

"Trot out the beast! Friends, maybe I'll see you at midnight Mass."

"The midnight Mass—ah, mes amigos, what a blessing!" said a voice which came from a figure sitting in the shadows by the hearth.

"Who the devil's that?" inquired the smuggler, startled.

"Not the devil, Dan," replied Casey; "only a poor Spanish friar in hiding from the bloodhounds. Here, have a drink, Brother Sancho, you need it; besides, 'tis Christmas time."

"Ah, misericordia, gracias, yes, amigo—a little."

He was meager and hollow, with nose like a bird's beak, and dark, keen eyes that twinkled under the hood of his brown habit. The hand from which he dropped his large wooden rosary to seize the proffered noggin was yellow, bony, talon-like.

"Dios be praised, what a fine people you Irish—how pious, how good! How glad I am that I vowed to San-

Diego to visit your noble insula, sanctorum! How happy to-night will I be to meet you all and your good padre at the grand midnight Mass at—as you call it, eh—Downpatrick! To you, my children."

He drank the potent liquor, then smiled to express pleasure and gratification. The smile was unbecoming an amiable friar; it suggested a wolf stripping his fangs.

"Do you not run great peril, brother, in travelling in that habit?" inquired Captain MacDonnell.

"Bene, puer, no. I have no fear. I know where the wicked priest-hunters are, ah, yes! And where the cruel soldados are. They cannot harm me; the poor Espagnol is too wise for them. Caramba, yes! And you, young senior, amigo mio, are you not an officer in one of King Louis' brave Irish regiments?"

The soldier bowed.

"Ah, bravo, bravo! Then there is gold offered for you, too, like the poor padres. Let the senior beware; it may mean muerte—death! Gracias, Senior Casey, for your kindness. And now, amigos, as I have to prepare for Christmas, I will say buenos noches—good night."

Then happened a curious thing. As the friar moved towards the door there was a sudden metallic crash; he had dropped from the bosom of his habit a large brass-mounted horse-pistol.

Quick as thought he repossessed himself of the weapon, his keen eyes flashing a look of alarm and suspicion. "Pardon, amigos, if a poor friar carries 'something to protect himself, since his life is in constant danger. Again, until to-night, adios!" He dispensed another wolfish smile and disappeared in the growing darkness and whirling snow.

For a moment the three men gazed into one another's blanched faces. Then, suddenly, the smuggler drew a pistol and dashed towards the door. But, as quickly, MacDonnell intercepted him.

"Not that way, Dan; we must have no bloodshed on Christmas Eve."

"But, mille mollaht, unless we kill or take him we are ruined. As for killing, it is no sin to kill such a serpent any day or night in the year. But stand aside, Captain, and—"

"Would you slay a friar, Dan?" demanded Casey, still rather mystified.

"Friar the devil! No Spanish friar that, but one of those infamous Portuguese Jews that have been brought over by the Sassenach government and set to priest-hunting, disguising themselves as soggarths and friars the better to humbug the people and earn their dirty blood-money—anything from fifty gold sovereigns for a Bishop to ten for a hedge school-master. Ora, Captain, avic, 'twas a big mistake not to kill him like a dirty rat. He said rightly that he'd be at Downpatrick to-night. And now there'll be murder of innocent people by Sassenach troopers, and poor Father William may be shot or put in handlocks—that is, of course, if we are to have Mass there to-night."

"Of course, not at all, Dan," said the soldier emphatically. "The old rendezvous must be abandoned for to-night, but the Holy Sacrifice will be celebrated in another and more comfortable place, more unsuspected, too, though there the soggarth often raised the sacred chalice, even before the evil days of Queen Bess and Noll Cromwell. Hearken." As he whispered to them they vigorously nodded their approval.

"Send the word to the country. Flash it around. See that the folks look out for that sickle-nosed demon in the garb of God's people. Bon soir, Dan. Bannagh, leth, Maurice—but first, where's that mule?"

When a party of dragoons rode up late that evening to the gateway of the castle of Ballinglen (or Ballinglanna, as the natives called it),

Business Cards.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

Now is the proper time to purchase a monument if you intend erecting it the coming season. We are Headquarters for anything in this line.

290 Bleury Street,
Just below Sherbrooke.

Quarries at Berre, Vt., and Aberdeen, Scotland.

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Leases, Insurance, Renting, and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

CONROY BROS.

228 Centre Street
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc.

Tel. Mala 3552. Night and Day Services

G. O'BRIEN, House Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGING.

White Wash and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

Residence 645, Office 647, Dorchester street east of Bleury street Montreal.
Bell Telephone, Main, 1405.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER.

Specialties to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs on all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris Street, Pointe St. Denis.

CHURCH BELLS.

McSHANE'S BELLS

are ringing evidences of sterling worth. Over 30,000 strings round the world. McSHANE BELL, PORTLAND, Maine, U. S. A.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY

TROY, N. Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK City.

Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate

Are the Best. Notice the Name on them

their officer, Captain George Meredith, was very tired, very hungry, and more mad than either. Mad at thought of the lost festivities in Deel Castle, the banquet and the wines, and the dancing, and the pretty women under the mistletoe. Mad at being sent to such a place, and at such a time, and on such a miserable, contemptible, unsoldierly duty—'faugh! it was an outrage, and he cursed the priest-hunters and Papists in the same breath. For he was not a penal-law warrior, having but lately returned from ample, solid military service on the continent. He felt considerably mollified, however, when his host, old Major Randall MacDonnell, who had lost his left arm at Aughrim, conducted him up a flight of stone steps to a comfortable arras-hung apartment in the old massive-walled keep, where there was a cheerful fire blazing, and there had set before him some generous, smoking viands and a broad-shouldered flagon of very excellent Bordeaux, of a brand specially recommended and thoughtfully provided by Captain Loughney, of the Sarsfield.

And there the old, maimed, Irish soldier and the robust young English one sat and talked war with vivacious interest, ignoring with professional indifference all causes or merits of their respective battling.

(Continued on Page 7.)

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 8th, 1866 incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. B. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. F. Tansy.

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 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 4 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiljoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1864.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Secy., 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 its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strobbes, O.S.S.B.; President, P. Keschner; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—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, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

Organized at Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 3, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1878. Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly. More than \$14,500,000 paid in benefits in twenty-eight years.

Reserve Fund, November 25th, 1904, \$1,165,778.90.

The C. M. B. A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X., and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGUILLOIS STREET, QUEBEC.

A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1592 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 ST. DENIS ST. Phone Bell East 2011.

SELF RAISING FLOUR.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best.

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

10 BLEURY ST. Montreal.

ROOFERS, Etc.

ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER?

DON'T WORRY!

'Presby' Stove Lining

WILL FIX IT.

5 lb. will repair..... 25c

10 lb. will renew..... 40c

This is the best Stove Cement in the market to-day, and is fully guaranteed.

GEORGE W. REED & CO.,

ROOFERS &c.,

785 Craig Street.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 3 Bleury street, Montreal, Canada, by The True Witness P. & F. Co., Patrick J. Cronin, Toronto, proprietor.

The Return of the Wild Goose.

By P. G. Smyth, in the Magazine.

(Continued from Page 7.)

and dealing with it from a standpoint. The hoary, old, described the fatal turning of Aughrim, when the Regi-

Bourke, stationed in and a old castle on the left of line of battle, and supplied chery or blunder with bu would not fit their musk unable to prevent the V horse from passing the caus overlapping their flanks.

Meredith told how, a few yore, when an officer of gret the service of the Emperor, with his men into Cremona the sewer nigh the house

Abbe Cassoli and took part prising and taking the city described the desperate str ing, ending in the rout of Brigade, when the final mles his own life was save intervention of a stripling l cer. And so they talked

and arms.

The conversation was brie interrupted by the entrance of sergeant, who presented a no the captain perused with brow. Then he drew his su aside and whispered:

"Accompny Garcia whit shall lead you. Dispose y are there can be no escape, s're unless you have to. W arrest the priest bring him h

The sergeant saluted and The captain re-applied him the flagon and to the discus war and war's alarms and gems.

A dark and dreary night that for the dragons, as the ed through the snow with bridle-chains and creaking In summer the Glen of the running northward to the coast of Tirawley, in Mayo, tiful as a poet's dream, w lowly hillsides and blue st on the bank of which stand hoary castle of Ballinglen, the Bourkes and afterwards inheritance to the MacDonne

berally bleak as a gorge f Siberia. The troopers swor the lurid vigor and plentiu those Flanders-war days, a black look was cast unce cause of their mission, the nosed, beady-eyed man who their midst, no longer in bro nastic habit and rattling but in comfortable civilian retting, that Christmas Eve minister Magi in quest of an celebration of the Nativity.

Here and there through the ness and falling snow, dimly a cabin light. Nearer and grew the melancholy boom breakers, until, after a pr floundering ride of some mite party drew rein on Dow Head. They dismounted and cautiously, the priest-hunter eagerly peering for his expect

Terrific is that promontory hanging the pallid billows, a ly defiant upheaval of the rock strata of the Old World yet solemn place, invested gends as wild and solemn; from the main cliff and out-t it, an immense rock pillar—D ta, the broken fort, result curse pronounced by St. Pat the pirate, Deodruss. Acro promontory is a huge anclen the rampart of the plunderi morians; a rude stone mo the altar built by the saint

he visited this strange come world in response to the cry dream: "We entreat thee, youth, to come and dwell us." And the terrific Pul-thana, the "pit of the ancle down which he cast the my of the Druids, quenching in the weird ignis fatuus of pe The whole a place where, o eve of eves, evil spirits migh in wrath and malice to bewa coming of the Saviour.

"It seems, master Jew, y brought us on a fool's e growled the sergeant. "I best, I'll smash your reapi none."

"Patience, amigo mio, p and we will catch the fox."

"Where is he, then, you Where are the Papists? Wh the Popish priest? You sur expect them here 'in this weather?"

IRISH SCULPTOR DEAD.

John O'Brien, once well known as a sculptor, is dead in Galveston, Tex. He was a native of Ireland, and 70 years old. He served in the Crimean war, and at its close enlisted in the Papal guards, and during the period of his enlistment studied sculpture under Castelli in Rome. After seven years he came to New York, where he opened a studio. In 1860 he was commissioned by Ohio to produce the monumental statue of Commodore Perry, which ornaments Euclid avenue, of that city. During the civil war he served in the First Ohio. At the close he settled in Washington, where his most notable works are life size statues of Chief Justices Taney and Chase. His masterpiece is his Winchester Soldier, erected upon the famous battlefield in Virginia. Twenty-two years ago he went to Galveston. Aside from the busts of Houston and Austin, he produced nothing worthy of note in that State. He leaves no relatives.

RAPHAEL'S SISTINE MADONNA

Last summer while looking up in Dublin some material for a lecture on the Irish School of Medicine, says J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D., I came across the following letter of one of the greatest physicians who has ever lived. He is one of the founders of the Irish School of Medicine which accomplished so much for the proper study of disease and the development of bedside teaching in the nineteenth century. His name was William Stokes, and he is recognized as one of the best authorities on diseases of the chest who ever wrote on this difficult subject. The letter was written not when he was young and perhaps over enthusiastic, but when he was in his sixtieth year and considered one of the most conservative of living medical scientists. Stokes was not a Catholic, though he was a very faithful member of the Episcopal Church, and as is evident from the tone of his letter, a devout believer in the supremacy of the privileges that had been conferred upon Mary in becoming the Mother of God. The letter was written to a sympathetic friend in Dublin and contains one of the most beautiful tributes that has ever been paid to Raphael's surpassing picture, the Sistine Madonna, and its sublime subject.

"Dresden, Sept. 1, 1863.

"We have spent the greater part of two days in the picture gallery here. You will like to know what effect the Sistine Madonna of Raphael had on me. I expected—I don't know why—a glory or strength of color. But after gazing a few minutes on this marvellous work I felt how wrong I had been. It is placed in a separate room, which it seems to turn into a sanctuary. No matter how many are present, there is a silence, or, if people speak, it is in the lowest whisper. Involuntarily you walk on the floor on tip-toe, and all uncover the head. The principal colors are purple and red, both so delicate and so harmonized that they give to the whole picture the purity of Heaven. To speak of the expression of the Child! Oh! such love, power, sadness, prophecy, in both faces, as they look into the infinite and raise you up to be part of it. The whole was a dream of the painter. He saw the Blessed Mother descending to him from Heaven, and so he painted her. In her eyes I could see a strange surprise, a wild but subdued feeling of awe, that she should carry in her bosom the wonderful, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace. She does not look on Him, but into space, and her gaze seems rapid, for the purple hood rises full above her, while her naked feet hardly imprint the rolling clouds which float between her and earth. I feel it presumptuous to write this, for this is a work that no matter-moulded form of speech can ever describe. . . . One effect of it is to make you careless about all other treasures of this vast gallery, in which, you have works of Correggio, Titian, Sassoterrato, and hundreds of other great painters."

HOW WELLINGTON WON ASSAYE.

The battle of Assaye, the most sanguinary for its size that Wellington ever saw, came about as the result of the purest chance, plus the ability of one man to turn that chance to account. The Duke confessed that his army was in a terrible predicament at the time. He had got the best native guides that money could secure, but when they came to the river Kistna they could not tell him of a ford. An enormous horde of native cavalry was threatening him. The very existence of his army de-

pended upon his reaching the opposite bank. But how could he do so? Failing all other methods, he took the whole of his cavalry for escort and personally reconnoitered the river. By the aid of his glass he saw that there was a village on the right bank of the river and another village exactly opposite it on the other bank. Still his guides insisted that there was no ford. "Now," said Wellington, "men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream without some habitual means of communication." On that he formed the desperate resolution, as he called it, of marching for the river and trusting to there being a ford. He was right. He did find a passage, and his troops got over and won the battle of Assaye.

Why Catholics Love to Build Fine Churches.

The edifice which is constructed to be for a congregation of the faithful, "the house of God and the gate of heaven," the chosen place for the Divine Sacrifice, the permanent abode of Christ, really present under the sacramental species in the sacred tabernacle, the audience hall in which is erected the mercy throne of the King of glory, should, of course, be the finest structure in any locality and furnished with the richest ornaments that the loving worshippers can procure. The Temple of Solomon was such by the direct order of God Himself, and Catholics have always understood, and understand today all over the earth, that such should be, to the best of their power, our places of sacred worship. A poetic inscription written by Fortunatus, about A.D. 550, for a church built by St. Felix in Nantes, France, bears witness to this conviction in the early ages, and the masterpieces of architecture since erected all over the Christian lands testify to it in every subsequent century. Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.R., has rendered the verses as follows:

"The sacred Body of the Lamb Divine—
A priceless pearl—demands a golden shrine,
In wealth and art with Solomon's to vie,
More rich, more fair to faith's discerning eye."

The more fully a people realize the holiness of a church, the greater, naturally, will be their eagerness to lend beauty and dignity to the edifice and to all its furniture and ornaments. This truth is evidenced by the facts of history. For it was in the ages of faith that the grandest churches were constructed; and they were provided with vessels and ornaments of gold and silver, set with pearls and precious stones, to an extent which far surpassed the richest display of kingly and imperial magnificence. Since the so-called Reformation the same spirit of faith and love for the Blessed Sacrament has made Catholics do wonders of generosity in behalf of their churches, while in Protestant lands the houses of worship have been shamefully neglected. It is only since the Oxford movement revived in England that a new spirit of respect for churches has been aroused, first among Episcopalians, and gradually to some extent among others of the sects. Pray we that they may get back the "precious Pearl," and the artistic setting will not be long delayed.—Father Coppens, S.J., in the New Voice.

Helping Grand Trunk Apprentices.

A very successful experiment in the matter of practical education has been made in the Port Huron shops of the Grand Trunk Railway. There are between six and seven hundred men employed in the shops, and of these about a hundred are apprentices. Mr. J. T. McGrath, the master mechanic, some time ago inaugurated a system under which the apprentices receive from competent men instruction in mechanical drawing and other branches calculated to assist them in their manual training in the shop. Soon after the classes had been formed and work had got under way, a literary and scientific institute was organized among the students, but the movement became so popular that full-fledged mechanics and men who had worked at their trade for years joined in as well. The shop "bosses" encourage the men in all this, and a local paper says that no more satisfied body of workmen are to be found anywhere in the country than the Grand Trunk men at Port Huron, Mich.—Railway and Locomotive Engineering.

TO THE CREDIT OF GENERAL MILES.

Once, when an Irish Catholic soldier in his command lay dying and asked the services of a priest, no priest could easily be found by his non-Catholic comrades, and it seemed the poor fellow would be forced to die unshriven. But in some way the General came to know. Calling a young artilleryman he mounted him on his own horse and ordered him on a life and death ride of fourteen miles for the nearest Spanish clergyman who could speak English. The priest arrived in time, and the poor soldier made his peace with God before he passed beyond the sound of war.

Catholics will grant that this action is to the credit of General Miles. It is true in every detail. The young artillery officer wrote an account of it shortly after, and his article, entitled "With Miles in Porto Rico," was published by most of the American Catholic journals. Later Gen. Miles corroborated its statements in a letter to a Catholic editor.—The New World.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

THOSE MAGAZINE RECIPES.

"Don't talk to me about the recipes in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that sody solution and leave the tablecloth out over night to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to think it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meanness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember."

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath.

"Didn't the stains disappear?" asked her sister.

"Disappeared!" said Mrs. Lane, in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

VOCATION AND AVOCATION.

"Uncle Ephraim, what do you do for a living?"

"I preach an' I raises punkins, boss."

"Which pays you the better?"

"Well, o' co'se I gets mo' money out'n de punkins, but I gits 'nuff distinction out'n the preachin' to make up de diff'ence, boss."

SENATOR PETTUS' STORY OF A BAD PEN.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, was writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said:

"Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining-room, and from the kitchen came a dreadful, scratching sound."

"Martha," said my friend to the maid, "what is that scratching in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in."

"Huh!" said Martha, "dat's no dawg scratchin' de do'. Dat's de cook a writin' a love letter to her honey-suckle."

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love-letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his sweetheart for its lack of tenderness. It was as follows:

"Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's writin' it is a married man, an' he says he can't abide any soft-soaping; it gives him the spazzums."

At a smoking concert recently a young man with a better opinion of his own vocal powers than his audience had volunteered a song, but did not get an encore. When he had finished an old friend remarked:

"Well, lad, I'm not blaming thee; thou'st done thy best; but if I knew the chap as asked thee to sing I'd crack his stupid head."

Affliction makes and develops character. From this thorny vine bursts flowers of beauty and fragrance. On this rough and gnarled tree grows the most delicious fruits.—Rev. Dr. Bristol.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

AT ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE.

Dec. 31st, '04, Jan. 1st and 2nd, '05, good to return until Jan. 3rd, '05.

One Way First-Class Fare and One-Third Return.

Dec. 30, 31st, '04, and Jan. 1st and 2nd, '05, good to return until Jan. 4, '05.

Special fares to Maritime Provinces.

Special Trains from PORT VICTORIA—Three Rivers and Joliette, Jan. 1st, at 8:50 a.m.

Calumet, Jan. 1st, at 9:30 a.m. St. Agathe, Jan. 2nd, at 9:15 a.m.

RETURNING—Leave Three Rivers, January 2nd, 6:30 p.m. Leave Calumet, January 2nd, 6:00 p.m. Leave St. Agathe, January 2nd, 7:00 p.m.

All the above trains will stop at intermediate stations.

Passengers from Joliette branch will return by regular trains.

Train heretofore leaving Windsor Station on Sundays at 9 a.m. for Boston, has been discontinued.

Trains for Boston now leave Windsor Station at 9 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 7:45 p.m. daily, Sundays included.

Ticket Office, 129 St. James street (Next Post Office.)

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Quebec, \$4.50 Toronto, \$10.00

Sherbrooke, \$3.35 Hamilton, \$10.05

Ottawa, \$3.50 London, \$12.05

Detroit, \$15.00 Pt. Huron, \$14.85

And all other points in Canada, also Massena Springs, N.Y., and intermediate stations, and return at

SINGLE CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 31, 1904, Jan. 1 and 2, 1905. Return limit Jan. 3, 1905, also at

First-Class Fare and One-Third.

Going Dec. 30, 31, 1904, and Jan. 1 and 2, 1905. Return limit Jan. 4, 1905.

For tickets and full information apply to

CITY TICKET OFFICES:

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We assist the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges made on success. Our inventors' help, 120 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg., Montreal and Washington D.C., U.S.A.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF TOYS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS

AT BIG REDUCTIONS.

Our unrivalled stock of Toys and Holiday Novelties requires no introduction to the public. It has impressed itself indelibly on the mind of the shopping community from the 1st of December until now. Although much depleted by the Christmas trade, it is still large and varied enough to satisfy perfectly every need for New Year giving. Conjoined with this fact, such discounts as the undenoted form their own best appeal.

Discounts Eloquent of Money-Saving!

All our immense stock of Toys to clear at discounts ranging from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent. discount.

12 Tables of Toys Laid Out as Follows:

5c Table, 10c Table, 15c Table, 20c Table, 25c Table, 35c Table, 50c Table, 75c Table, 1.00 Table, 1.25 Table, 1.50 Table, 1.75 Table.

All our fine assortment of Calendars and Christmas Cards, to clear at 50 per cent. discount.

All Celluloid Goods at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

All Ebonized Goods at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

All Ebony Goods at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

All Burnt Goods at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

Lines of Fancy Leather Goods at 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

Fancy Brass and Bronze Goods at 20 p.c. discount.

Fancy Lace-trimmed and Hand-painted Cushions at 20 p.c. discount.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd.

2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St.

Corner Metcalfe.

Terms Cash. Tel. Up 2740

Watch of Mary Queen of Scots

The descendants of Mary Setoun, one of the four maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, have in their possession a curious watch, which was given by that Queen to her favorite. The watch, which is in the

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

A GREAT TOY SALE!

Every plaything in the great Toy Bazaar is reduced fully 20 p.c., and this despite the fact that our regular prices are from 15 to 25 per cent. lower than ordinary stores. A splendid opportunity for New Year gifts. Purchasers. Toys from 1c up.

Ladies' Winter Coats at Half Price

Every Coat reduced to Half Price to effect a speedy clearance of every Coat in the store.

\$13.75 LADIES' WINTER COATS, \$6.88

This is a very stylish Coat, in light Gray Tweed, with darker shade of Gray facings. SALE PRICE \$6.88

\$20.65 BOX CLOTH COATS, \$10.33

Tan Box Cloth, fancy stitchings and self strapping, full sleeve, ornamented metal buttons. SALE PRICE \$10.33

BLOUSE LENGTHS OF SILK

Paris Novelty. Tempting Prices.

These Handsome Silk Blouse Lengths came to us from the best maker of these goods in Lyons (France). We are indebted to our Paris office for keeping us continually supplied with such rare novelties as these are. They are handsomely embroidered. The color tones are blue, pink, white or black. There's ample silk to make a most elaborate waist for special social occasions, and you can have it made to your own special style. These Hints of prices \$3.70, \$4.80, \$6.85, \$8.95

A NEW YEAR'S SALE OF RUGS

Special values in Rugs and Carpet Squares for New Year's Gift buyers. THE ROYAL EDWARD Seamless Carpet Square, size 3 by 4 yards. Special \$12.50

SMYRNA HALL RUGS.

Reversible and Handsome.

Size 3 by 6 feet.....\$4.40

Size 3 by 9 feet.....\$5.65

Size 3 by 12 feet.....\$7.50

ROYAL TAPESTRY SQUARES—Newest Designs, Pretty Colors.

Size 2½ by 3 yards.....\$4.50

Size 3 by 3 yards.....\$5.25

Size 3 by 4 yards.....\$7.00

"One Hundred Thousand Books"

From Which to Select New Year's Gifts

The Big Store is specially prepared to do the Book Trade of the city, for the special reason that its stock is large, its collection varied, and its prices 10 to 20 per cent. lower than ordinary book stores.

Buy New Year Gift Books at Carsley's

A TEMPTING OFFER—The New Melrose edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott, with notes, etc., bound in half leather, 25 volumes. Published at \$35.00

THE BIG STORE'S PRICE.....\$16.00

OUR NATIONAL CATHEDRALS, 3 magnificent volumes, bound in red cloth and gold, published at \$10.00.

THE BIG STORE'S PRICE.....\$2.50

BOOKS FOR BOYS BY POPULAR AUTHORS

Henty, Ballantyne, Kingston, Alger, Marryat, Strange, etc., all the lowest prices in the city.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

THE STORE FOR CARPETS AND FLOOR COVERINGS.

ESSENTIALLY A CARPET STORE.

All our time and attention devoted to this one line of business.

When buying CARPETS and RUGS you should come in contact with people who understand the business.

We have always enjoyed the reputation of being experts in this line.

With such an immense stock as we carry, combined with our RETIRING SALE DISCOUNT, you can ill afford to let this money-saving opportunity pass unnoticed.

THOMAS LIGGET EMPIRE BUILDING.

2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

shape of a miniature skull, is about two inches and a half in diameter. It is supposed to have been purchased by Mary herself when on a visit to Blois with her husband, the dauphin of France, as it has the name of a celebrated Blois manufacturer engraved on it.

The entire skull is curiously engraved. On the forehead there is a picture of death, with the usual scythe and hour glass. He is depicted as standing between a palace and a hovel, to show that he is no respecter of persons, and underneath is the familiar quotation from Horace, "Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres."

At the back of the skull is another representation, this one being of time devouring everything. Time also carries a scythe and beside him is the emblem of eternity—the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the crucifixion with the Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross, and on the other side are Adam and Eve surrounded by animals in the Garden of Eden.

Below these pictures, running right

round the skull, there is an open-work band, to allow the sound of the striking of the watch to be heard. The open-work is a series of designs cut to represent the various emblems of the crucifixion, such as scourges, the cross, swords, spears, the lantern used in the garden, and so forth. All of the carvings have appropriate Latin quotations.

By reversing the skull and holding the upper part in the hand and lifting the under jaw on its hinge, the watch may be opened, and on the plate inside is a representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the shepherds and their flocks in the distance.

The works of the watch are in the brains of the skull, the dial plate being where the roof of the mouth would be in a real skull. This is of silver and gold, with elaborate scrolls, while the hours are marked in large Roman letters. The works are remarkably complete, even in a large silver bell with a musical sound, which holds the works in the skull when the watch is closed.

This curious old watch is still in perfect order and when wound every day keeps accurate time. It is too large to be worn and was probably intended for a desk or private altar.