

ON NO. 3. meets on
third Wednesday of
1863 Notre Dame
Gill. Officers: Al-
lery, M.P., Presi-
thy, Vice-President;
in, Rec. Secretary,
street, L. Brophy,
Hughes, Financial
Young street; M.
an Standing Com-
Donnell, Marshal.

A. & B. SOCIETY.
188.—Rev. Director,
nn. President, D.
ee., J. F. Quinn,
que street; M. J.
16 St. Augustin
in the second Sun-
ath, in St. Ann's
young and Ottawa
p.m.

AUXILIARY, Dis-
organized Oct. 10th,
are held in St.
92 St. Alexander,
day of each month
in the third Thurs-
President, Miss An-
President, Mrs. An-
Recording Secretary,
financial secretary,
yle, 68 Andersen
Mrs. Charlotte
aplain, Rev. Fa-

SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished, 1866, incor-
porated 1864. Meets in
Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der Monday of the
meets last Wed-
nesday. Rev. Director,
nn, P.P. President,
Devlin, M.D.; Sec-
retary, B.C.L.; Treas-
urer, Green, Correspon-
dent, John Kahala; Rec-
ording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

WOMEN'S SOCIE-
TY.—Meets in its
hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der, each month, at
8 p.m. Rev. Director,
nn, P.P. President,
Devlin, M.D.; Sec-
retary, B.C.L.; Treas-
urer, Green, Correspon-
dent, John Kahala; Rec-
ording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

COURT, C. O. F.,
second and fourth
month in their
quarters and Notre
Dame, O. O. F.,
secretary.

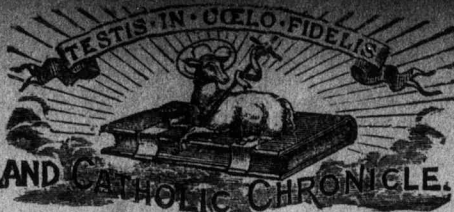
T. A. & B. SO-
ciety, on the second
Sunday in St. Pat-
rick's, Alexander St.,
at 8 p.m. Vespers. Com-
munion meets in
St. Patrick's every
Tuesday of every
month. Rev. Father
McCarthy, W. J. No-
vember, 716 St. An-
thony.

CANADA, BRANCH
18th November,
1863 meets at St.
92 St. Alexander
Monday of each
month. Meetings for
of business are
on 4th Mondays
at 8 p.m. Spiritual
Callaghan; Chan-
cellor, B.C.L.; Pre-
sident, Rec. Sec-
retary, Finan-
cial, Warren;
Fesley, Jr.; Medi-
cal, H. J. Harrison,
and G. H. Merrill.

IF the impetuous lovers who are
prepared to bid defiance to all the
warnings of common prudence could
only have a few years of their future
revealed to them we are of opinion
that mixed marriages would be few
and far between. They say that
"the veil of the future is woven by
the Hand of Mercy," sometimes it
would be a mercy were a corner of
it rent.

A MYSTERIOUS INSTITUTION.—
We are not generally given to the
curiosity to see that object when

The True Witness



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Assemblée Législative
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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.
"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their
best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and
overlaid Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent
work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MIXED MARRIAGES.—Mrs. Mar-
garet Sangster, writing in the
"Ladies' Home Journal," imparts
some very sage advice concerning the
danger of mixed marriages. So sel-
dom do we find those outside the
Catholic Church agreeing with her
wise attitude on this subject, that
we reproduce with exceptional pleas-
ure some of the remarks of Mrs.
Sangster. She says:—

"Your indecision about your suitor
who is of a different and opposite
creed from your own is very natural.
You say you cannot be of his reli-
gion, and he is equally determined
not to accept yours. If, already,
you have discovered that in a mat-
ter so vital as religion you differ in
an irreconcilable degree, I think you
would far better not try to go on.
There can be no happiness in mar-
riage when one subject of great im-
portance must either be ignored or
must be the occasion of continual ar-
gument. Say good-bye to one an-
other now, and let your suitor seek
a wife of his own faith."

From a purely human standpoint
this is perfect common sense. It is
an advice based upon the experience
of centuries. It has often been ar-
gued that "no church, or creed, or
priest should come between two
souls with but a single thought."
This is false reasoning from the
start. If the two souls are
antagonistic on the very subject that
meets the difficulties of such cases
be claimed that they have but a sin-
gle thought, that they are in har-
mony entirely with each other? We
can readily conceive two persons of
opposite sexes and of different reli-
gions being madly in love with each
other. We can also understand that,
while their passion for each other
is at a fever heat, they cannot see
beyond the immediate present, and
even that they care little for the fu-
ture. But there are wiser counsels
that should prevail. It is exactly to
meet the difficulties of such cases
that the Church, in her wisdom, has
raised every possible discouragement
to mixed marriages. As in every
other of her rules of discipline and
principles of teaching the Church
has proven the reasonableness of her
attitude, so in this instance has she
displayed a wonderful foresight and
knowledge of humanity. If husband
and wife are obliged "to agree to
disagree," especially upon so mo-
mentous a question as that of reli-
gion, they may conclude that during
life they will have the experience of
the disagreement much more fre-
quently than that of the agreement.
They may be united legally, and they
may imagine themselves in perfect
accord with each other; but they
cannot expect for a real union either
in life or in death. Unless the Cath-
olic party loses the faith there can
be no compromise. During life they
will kneel; morning and evening, (if
they kneel at all) on either side of a
partition that must positively sepa-
rate them; they will go their different
ways to Church—if they ever attend
Church; and, after death, they must
sleep apart, not having even the
consolation of knowing that the
same cemetery will contain their
ashes.

IF the impetuous lovers who are
prepared to bid defiance to all the
warnings of common prudence could
only have a few years of their future
revealed to them we are of opinion
that mixed marriages would be few
and far between. They say that
"the veil of the future is woven by
the Hand of Mercy," sometimes it
would be a mercy were a corner of
it rent.

A MYSTERIOUS INSTITUTION.—
We are not generally given to the
curiosity to see that object when

use of language that is offensive, nor
do we relish any harsh terms, no
matter to whom they may be ap-
plied, but we would feel very much
inclined to allow some strong lan-
guage to glide into our columns, when
characterizing the prospectus of a
certain recently-founded university.
A number of Indiana capitalists have
joined together to incorporate an in-
stitution to be called the Palmer
University, which is to be located at
Muncie. The articles state that the
object of the incorporation is "to
give especial emphasis to the mathe-
matical, moral, and physical, and all
to the peerless end of bringing the
students into harmony with the di-
vine administration of the immut-
able laws of their being, and thus
develop the creature man into a
symmetrical manhood that will meet
the approval of his creator, God."

Equal privileges are to be accorded
to males and females. Character, not
human theology, is to be the test of
its fellowship. The teachings of the
university are to include "the theo-
ries of evolutionary development,
mental, moral, and physical, of the
human race, or, in other words,
that man is a creature of law; but
the teachings must, nevertheless,
be emphatically Christian, yet non-
denominational and non-sectarian."

How all this is to be accomplished
is a mystery that, we suppose, the
golden key held by the said capital-
ists alone can solve. If we were to
judge the institution from the lan-
guage of its vague, meaningless and
contradictory prospectus, we would
have to come to the conclusion that
it was a lunatic asylum under the
title of a university that was pro-
jected. The author of this extraor-
dinary passage cannot be considered
as lacking in adjectives, however
questionable this use of them may
be. Imagine an institution that is
for the purpose of "giving especial
emphasis" "to the peerless end of
bringing the students into harmony;"
that is something too deep for our
finite minds to understand. Accord-
ing to this erudite author of pros-
pectuses, the truth of God is
"matchless," so is that of Christ,
and also that of psychology. "The
end of bringing the students" is
"peerless." They are to be brought
"into harmony with the divine ad-
ministration of the immutable laws
of their being." And when this re-
sult is obtained—whatever it may be
—we will find the creature man de-
veloped "into a symmetrical man-
hood," which peculiar condition is
to meet the approval of God, the Creator.
"Symmetrical manhood" is a
very elegant and geometrical sublime
expression. Now, it must not be
forgotten, that this special kind of
manhood is to be the result of men-
tal, moral and physical evolutionary
development, which must be on em-
phatically Christian lines, although
the test thereof is to be character,
not human theology, and its appli-
cation is to be non-denominational
and non-sectarian.

We read of people having more mo-
ney than brains, but we did not
know that Eastern Indiana had a
monopoly of them. It would be
very interesting and highly instruc-
tive, if each one of the founders of
the Palmer University would write
out his individual opinions and ideas
basing his statements upon the fore-
going prospectus. The world would
have more than one "peerless" doc-
ument dealing with the great sub-
ject of education. It would be still
more amusing, if not edifying, to
meet with the first sample of sym-
metrical manhood that the proposed
university will turn out. We have
no curiosity to see that object when

in process of evolutionary develop-
ment—mental, moral and physical—
we would be fully satisfied to have
an opportunity of examining it when
it will have "given especial empha-
sis to the peerless end of bringing it-
self into harmony with the divine
administration of the immutable
laws of its being."

REV. FATHER LECLAIR.—We
have learned with deep regret that
Rev. L. W. Leclair, the venerable and
venerated director of St. Patrick's
Orphan Asylum, is seriously ill. On
the Feast of the Epiphany, at High
Mass, Rev. Father Martin Cal-
laghan, pastor of St. Patrick's, re-
quested the prayers of the congrega-
tion for his recovery. It was only
during Christmas week that Father
Leclair completed the forty-first an-
niversary of his ordination.

We express the desires and hopes
of his multitude of friends when we
wish Father Leclair a speedy recov-
ery and long years, in health and
happiness, to continue his splendid
mission and to strew his pathway
with benefactions and blessings for
all.

OBITUARY

DR. MACDONELL.—There are
men in this world, of pro-
fessional eminence, of conspicu-
ous talents, and of qualities of
heart, mind and character that
would naturally place them in the
foremost ranks of those upon whom
the world is perpetually called to
gaze and to lavish attentions. Yet
who move quietly through life, sim-
ply doing good, perform their duties,
giving glowing examples of vir-
tue and humility, of courage and
conviction, and who stir like a soul
in the bosom of society. Of these
no better example in the history of
Montreal than the late Dr. Angus
C. Macdonell, whose death occurred
last week, in his seventy-fourth year
and whose funeral took place amidst
a concourse of sorrowing friends and
relatives.

Fifty years a member of his no-
ble profession Dr. Macdonell had
won the esteem and love of all
with whom he came in contact.
Shunning as it would seem inten-
tionally, every honor or distinction
that men can bestow, he trod the
path of rectitude and labor, giving
to the poor the charity of his at-
tendance and to God's Church—which
at one period in his life he entered
from the shadows without—all the
devotion and fidelity that mark a
model Christian heart.

Angus Cameron Landy Macdonell
was the eldest son of the late Allan
Lundy Macdonell, formerly of Inver-
ness, Scotland, and later of this
city, chief factor of the Hudson's
Bay Company, and governor at
Fort Temiscamingue.

Dr. Macdonell, after studying in
the High School of this city, and in
the Upper Canadian College, of Tor-
onto, entered McGill University,
and obtained his degree in 1852.

On his return from Europe in
1854, he married Miss Anna Mans-
field Mullins, sister of the late poet
and author, Mrs. Lepron, Mrs.
Macdonell, died in 1876, and in
1880 he married Miss Marie L. Fil-
laurault, who survives him.

He leaves six children, of whom
Mrs. E. L. de Bellefeuille and Miss
Geraldine Macdonell are residents of
this city.

The doctor was for more than
twenty years on the consulting staff
of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, and for
many years the attending physician
at the archbishopric.—R.I.P.

CROWLEY.—Daniel Crowley, a
well known master-butcher of Mont-
real, for a third of a century, died
this week at the age of 70 years. He
was a member of St. Patrick's par-
ish.—R.I.P.

HART.—Another well known mem-
ber of St. Ann's parish, has gone to
his reward in the person of Mr. Wil-
liam Hart. Deceased had passed the
allotted span, being 73 years of age,
when the summons came. He was
highly esteemed by a large circle of
friends.—R.I.P.

COUGHLIN.—A familiar figure in
this city for more than three de-
cades, Mr. James Coughlin, died
this week, after a brief illness. De-
ceased was a staunch Irishman and
a practical Catholic. He was a
brother-in-law of the late Ald. P.
Kennedy.—R.I.P.

FRANCISCAN NOTES.

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

REV. FATHER DOMINIC.—Rev.
Father Dominic, O.S.F., of the
Franciscan Monastery, Dorchester
street, sailed for England via Hal-
ifax on Wednesday last. During the
rev. gentleman's stay in Montreal, he
had made hosts of friends and his
departure is deeply regretted. He
was an eloquent preacher, a pro-
ficient scholar, and a true gentleman.
Is it any wonder then, that the peo-
ple learned to love, honor and re-
verence him? In his daily duties,
which were many, he found time to
console the afflicted, cheer the suf-
fering, and encourage those whose
lives were striving after perfection.

"Through life's desert springing
sweet,
The flower of friendship grows."

The Rev. Father was to have
preached the Lenten discourses at
St. Ann's Church, but his superiors
thought fit to send him on another
mission, and that great characteris-
tic mark, the foundation stone of
religious orders, obedience was his.
For him the voice of his superior
was the voice of God, and the great
virtue that he himself taught others,
he was now to put it in practice.
His many friends, however, did not
let his departure go unnoticed. In
the first place the Hibernians pre-
sented him with a magnificent illu-
minated address, the work being
from one of the gifted Sons of St.
John Baptiste de La Salle, a mem-
ber of the Christian Brothers of St.
Ann's School. In the second place,
a very large crowd had assembled
to catch one more glimpse of his
pleasing and cheering countenance,
and to wish him God speed and a
bon voyage. These expressions of
good will, friendship and loyalty
were greatly appreciated by the
good Father.

While waiting for the train to
start, the time was passed in hand-
shaking and wishing the "Soggarth
Aroon" every blessing and success
in his new sphere of life. As the
train drew out the station rang
with three hearty cheers given with
a vim which the good Father ac-
knowledgeed by waving his hand. As
the train sped on its long journey, I
thought I heard the people say:

"God grant you many and happy
years,
Till when the last has crowned you,
The dawn of endless day appears,
And Heaven is shining round you."

In the large crowd present were
noticed a representation from the
different Catholic societies and dif-
ferent Irish Catholic parishes. In
the former were the Hibernians,
Catholic Order of Foresters, and the
Council of the Third Order of Fran-
ciscans. A large delegation of ladies
and gentlemen from St. Michael's
parish, the newly-formed Irish Cath-
olic parish of St. Louis du Mile End,
were also there. In the large gath-
ering were Rev. Father Superior of
the Franciscans, Rev. Fathers Xa-
vier and Christopher, of the Monas-
tery; Rev. Fathers Kiernan, P. P.,
and McGinnis, curate, St. Michael's;
Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Bap-
tiste; Rev. Brothers David and Hen-
ry, Mount St. Louis College; Ald. D.
Gallagher, M.P., and Capt. Keane, re-
presenting the Hibernians; James J.
Pigott, chief ranger, representing the
Catholic Order of Foresters; Robert
Warren and James Murphy, rep-
resenting the Council of the Third Or-
der of Franciscans; Wm. Kearney, M.
J. Polan, Thos. Kearney, J. Keen-
an, M. Creagan, T. P. Cuddihy, P.
Mulligan, C. Gilligan, Chas. Law-
rence Hall, R. Louis Cuddihy, Lieut.
Holland, Robert McQuaid, John
Beaton, W. McPherson, John Hol-
land, Wm. Kearney, Jr., Robert Do-
herty, and others.

A FRIEND.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.—On
Sunday last a very impressive cere-
mony took place at the Franciscan
Church, Dorchester street, when two
candidates were received into the Or-
der and invested with the Cord and
Scapular. As it was the monthly
meeting Sunday a large number of
the Brothers or Tertiaries were pre-

sent. After the recitation of the
Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a
beautiful sermon was preached by
the Rev. Father Christopher, a
Franciscan Father, who has lately
arrived from England. The rev. gen-
tleman dwelt at length on the
Birth of Christ, and exhorted his
hearers to be loyal members of Holy
Church, and to walk in the path of
the righteous.

After the sermon the two candi-
dates, Messrs. Flanagan and Mc-
Closkey, presented themselves at the
altar rail, and after answering the
different questions were invested with
the Cord and Scapular by Rev. Fa-
ther Christopher. During the cere-
mony, as well as during the Bene-
diction of the Blessed Sacrament the
choir, under the able direction of
Prof. John O'Brien, rendered a fine
programme of sacred music. The fol-
lowing were the selections:—

"Angels we have heard."
"Veni Creator."
"Hymn to St. Francis."
Adam's "Noel."
"Alma Redemptoris."
"Tantum Ergo."
"Adeste Fideles."
"Laudate Dominum."

A string quartette, consisting of
Messrs. J. Keenan and M. Dwyer,
first violins, J. Poole and J. Ty-
mon, added greatly to the music. The
singing of "Noel," by T. A. Laing,
was sweetly rendered, as well as the
well known Christmas Hymn "Ad-
este Fideles," which was rendered by
M. Creagan. The other soloists be-
ing John Holland, M. Dyer and W.
McPherson. Mr. Joseph Hewitt pre-
sided at the organ. The members
were greatly pleased with the fine
music, and both the leader, organist
and orchestra members deserved
thanks for the able manner in which
they handled the difficult task before
them.

It is a great source of joy to the
members to see the English section
of the Third Order increase in num-
bers, and it is to be hoped that
many others will take advantage of
this great and noble Order. The
meetings are held on the last Sun-
day of every month at the Francis-
can Church, Dorchester street.

A VISITOR.

Christmas Ordinations.

The Ember Days, those days of
fast, penance and thanksgiving which
come once in each of the four sea-
sons of the year, constitute the pe-
riods selected by the Church for the
ordination of her ministers. This
year the Christmas ordinations in
the archdiocese of Montreal, were
held at the Cathedral, and in the
absence of Archbishop Bruchesi, Mgr.
Emard, of Valleyfield, presided. The
number of ecclesiastics who received
the different orders—priesthood, dea-
conship, subdeaconship, tonsure and
minor orders—was very large. We
give the list in full, with the dio-
cese to which each candidate be-
longs:—

TONSURES.—For the diocese of
Boston, H. L. Scott; for the diocese
of Chatham, L. A. Melancon; for the
diocese of Detroit, T. Morin; for the
diocese of Dubuque, E. H. Barnes;
for the diocese of Hamilton, A. C.
Montag; for the diocese of London,
J. I. Dantzer and F. X. Laurendeau;
for the diocese of Manchester, T. F.
Bembek; for the diocese of Peoria,
F. D. Hogben; for the diocese of
Portland, J. F. Hogan; for the dio-
cese of St. Hyacinthe, E. A. Alix
and J. L. Boisvert; for the diocese
of Toronto, E. McCabe.

MINOR ORDERS.—For the diocese
of Montreal, G. E. Boileau, A. C.
Chapleau, T. I. Clement, J. O. Fre-
chette, A. M. Kieffer, H. Lachapelle,
P. J. Roy, and F. J. Singleton; for
the diocese of Alton, A. G. Kunach;
for the diocese of Burlington, P. J.
Donovan; for the diocese of Hamil-
ton, T. L. Ferguson, A. J. Leyes,
M. J. Weidner; for the diocese of
Hartford, F. H. Hanrahan; for the

diocese of London, E. F. Goetz-Mess-
ner, T. P. Hussey, J. P. Kelley, A.
G. Stroeder, F. P. White; for the di-
ocese of Marquette, N. A. Fillion;
for the diocese of Ogdensburg, J. J.
McGowan; for the diocese of Pem-
broke, J. R. O'Gorman, J. T. War-
nock; for the diocese of Providence,
F. A. Fournier; for the diocese of
St. Boniface, C. J. Deshaies; for the
diocese of St. Hyacinthe, C. A. Ar-
pin, H. J. Beland, O. U. Coderre, H.
P. Desmarais, A. E. Despres, G. A.
Goyette, A. J. Lussier; for the dio-
cese of Sherbrooke, J. E. Reilly; for
the diocese of Toronto, P. J. Bru-
nelle and W. P. Curtin; for the dio-
cese of Valleyfield, H. J. Valois.

SUB-DEACONS.—For the diocese
of Montreal, E. P. Carrieres, J. W.
Comartin, V. J. Geoffrion, E. J. He-
bert, R. C. Kieffer, C. M. J. Piette,
E. C. Polan, E. N. Poulin, and D.
J. B. Toupin; for the diocese of
Alexandria, A. J. McMillan; for the
diocese of Burlington, E. J. Paris-
seau; for the diocese of Detroit, F.
E. Beauvais; for the diocese of Grand
Rapids, T. W. Albin, J. J. Blain, E.
J. McDonald; for the diocese of
Kingston, P. G. Gray; for the dio-
cese of Manchester, G. J. Robichaud;
for the diocese of Pembroke, J. F.
Breen and O. Faucher; for the dio-
cese of Peterborough, P. J. Calvin;
for the diocese of St. Boniface, L.
Belanger; for the diocese of St. Hy-
acinthe, A. J. Ducharme, A. F. Guil-
let, M. Paul-Hus, H. Tetrault; for
the diocese of Sioux City, L. Schen-
kelberg; for the diocese of Spring-
field, J. P. Lynes; for the diocese
of Valleyfield, S. T. Vermette; for
the Oblats of Sacred Heart, Brother
E. Laboury.

DEACONS.—For the diocese of
Montreal, C. A. Lussier and C. La-
vallee; for the diocese of Boise City,
N. A. Fuchs; for the diocese of Bur-
lington, E. W. Cray; for the diocese
of Grand Rapids, J. Malone; for the
diocese of Manchester, P. E. Walsh;
for the diocese of Nesquehly, J. Mal-
ly; for the diocese of Ogdensburg, C.
A. Desrosiers; for the diocese of Pe-
terborough, P. J. Kelley; for the
diocese of Sherbrooke, H. Ravenel;
for the diocese of Springfield, J. W.
Casey; for the Friars Minor, Bro-
thers Charles and Hugolin.

PRIESTHOOD.—For the diocese
of Montreal, A. J. Beauchamp, M.
G. Bourdeau, T. C. Charbonneau, C.
a. deLamirande, A. J. Giguere, N.
J. Houle; for the diocese of Alexan-
dria, C. D. McKee; for the diocese
of Burlington, P. H. Doherty, E. D.
Hickey, T. J. Leonard, J. L. Pen-
ders; for the diocese of Chatham, R.
Hawkes; for the diocese of Dubuque,
J. P. Wagener; for the diocese of
Harrisburg, W. P. O'Callaghan; for
the diocese of Hartford, J. E. Dev-
lin and J. A. O'Meara; for the dio-
cese of Los Angeles, A. J. Eling;
for the diocese of Manchester, J. L.
Brodeur, E. J. Cavanaugh, D. J.
Cotter, F. J. Howat, E. S. Kean, L.
T. Laliberte, J. G. Leclerc, J. J.
McNamara, W. F. Prendergast; for
the diocese of Nesquehly, J. G. Cun-
ningham; for the diocese of Ottawa,
M. J. Guibault and E. J. Limoges;
for the diocese of Providence, M. A.
Hebert and T. H. Tiernan; for the
diocese of St. Boniface, A. M. Fer-
land; for the diocese of St. Hy-
acinthe, A. P. Trudeau, U. A. Lange-
lier, H. Brodeur; for the diocese of
Sioux City, E. J. Dries; for the dio-
cese of Springfield, J. A. Brochu, P.
E. Carey, J. J. Roberts, T. P.
Ryan; for the diocese of Three Riv-
ers, J. P. Berard; for the diocese of
Valleyfield, N. Legros; for the Clercs
of St. Viator, Father O. Charbon-
neau.

St. Patrick's Choir Concert.

Prof. J. A. Fowler is engaged in
preparing for the annual concert of
the choir, which is to take place at
the Windsor Hall on January 21.
The name of Rev. Father McKenna,
of St. Patrick's, appears on the pro-
gramme for an address on "Irish
Music."

Superior Advantages of a Total Abstinence Society.

Mr. W. L. Pace is among the ablest of the presidents of the subordinate unions. He is a young lawyer living in Pittston, Pa. His address to the delegates is a strong and forceful document, and it made a deep impression on all who heard it. What Mr. Pace said to the delegates of the Pennsylvania Union applies with equal pertinency to every society in the National Union. His address should be read at your next meeting.

(Rev.) A. P. DOYLE

General Secretary Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

The following is the address above referred to:—

You cannot overestimate the great importance and significance of your work or give undue prominence to its value. You can truthfully be said to be shaping the channels in which the future life of our Republic is to flow. It is to your organization, and the noble and glorious cause of Catholic total abstinence which it represents, that the thoughtful and intelligent element of the American people appeals to stem that tide of secularism and commercialism which threatens to override and destroy, not only the intellectual but also the moral and religious elements upon which the safety, stability, and perpetuity of our government and nation depend. It is an organization that can always be counted on to throw the weight of its influence on the side of conservative citizenship and Christian sobriety. It is one of the most excellent institutions now being maintained by Catholics. It can safely be said that a total abstinence society is pre-eminently above all others. It is an organization that appeals to the masses, and one which is well calculated to awaken in their minds the principles which should guide them in the building up of an honorable and useful life. It represents a movement that to a great extent depends for its life and support upon the fervor of its members in faith and principle; an organization whose aims and purposes are in line with law and discipline, and whose objects are born of the best and purest motives. It is a society whose object, that of total abstinence, is in perfect harmony and accord with other objects and features that it may with the greatest success and advantage to its members introduce, viz.: that of offering to them the facilities for bodily and mental culture, gymnasiums, libraries, reading rooms, etc. It was not founded for the purpose of self-aggrandizement or to further the private or personal interest of any individual or corporation, but for the purpose of remedying that which even the most prejudiced individual must admit is a great evil.

THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF
GOOD
CITIZENSHIP.

It is an organization that is universally admitted and conceded to be a blessing to every community, not only for the prevention of evil, but also for the promotion of good. It contends that among all persons the prevalence of total abstinence is of great assistance to religion in accomplishing its divine mission. It represents a principle which qualifies and prepares all who come within the range of its ennobling and beneficent influence to perform wisely and successfully the duties that devolve upon them as citizens of a free republic. Its work is the advancement of the best interests of the social and civil life of all citizens, and

it can safely be said to be the safeguard of our civic structure. It is an organization that is doing much towards the maintenance of the dignity and prestige of the Catholic Church, and one which the ordinary man should be prompted to preserve himself and his home from the present threatening destructive tendencies of intemperance. We believe that in every community where total abstinence prevails the financial, moral, and physical condition of the people is better, and their standard of citizenship much higher than it otherwise would be. We do not insist that every man is bound to be a total abstainer, but do insist that by being so he will avoid the dangers that are strewn along the path of him who is generally spoken of as a moderate drinker. We further insist, that inasmuch as the business interests and relations of this country and every sphere of activity and employment demand that the people be sober; and inasmuch as it is today a necessity that those upon whom the prosecution and management of every successful business enterprise depends shall be sober; it is eminently desirable, if not absolutely necessary, in order that the sobriety of all may be assured, that they be strict adherents of the great principle of personal total abstinence. We contend that argument and reason represent an important feature in the promotion of the cause, and further that there can be no solid foundation for the edifice of our Republic unless the individual is actuated by principles of sobriety and rectitude; and we can suggest no better or more effective means for the accomplishment of these ends than personal total abstinence. This noble work has not only received, and is receiving, the hearty support and encouragement of all citizens who have the welfare of our country at heart, including the judges of our courts and other public officials who are outspoken in their praise and bid God-speed to the work of the total abstinence societies, but it has also received, and is receiving, the unqualified approval and merited commendation of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., whose incomparable wisdom and life of blessedness have added lustre and strength to the Catholic Church, and have commanded the admiration of the world. We believe that if the American people desire to retain their liberties so dearly purchased, and to manifest a proper appreciation of the sacrifices made and heroic efforts exerted by their forefathers in creating the Union in 1776, as well as to give force and effect and render of some avail the courage and valor displayed by the boys in blue in preserving it in 1861, they must rid themselves of that evil which is today undermining the civic structure of our nation by destroying the intellectual and moral life of its citizens. No matter from what standpoint the evil of drunkenness is considered, statistics demonstrate that it is the most gigantic, destructive, and deleterious evil affecting the social fabric and life of the American people to-day.

FROM
A
FINANCIAL
POINT
OF
VIEW.

Dr. Hargreaves, who has devoted his life to the careful study of intemperance and its results, tells us that twenty-five per cent. of the idiots, forty per cent. of the lunatics, seventy-five per cent. of the criminals, ninety per cent. of the paupers, and ninety-five per cent. of the broken-down and shiftless, can be traced to the drink evil. And from a financial point of view is it not significant and worthy of notice by the wage-earners of this land, that during the past year there were spent from their hard earned wages, if statistics can be relied on, the enormous sum of \$1,219,346,686; or about as much as the total gross receipts of all the railroads in the United States for the same period. This fact may be pondered over, particularly by the anthracite coal miners who are to-day engaged in the greatest struggle known to labor

unions, to obtain redress from the wrongs and grievances they are subjected to. And what has been received by them in return, viz.: in what way have they profited as a consideration for said expenditure? Independent of the untold misery, suffering, degradation, crime, poverty, and death that can be said to have resulted from this unprecedented purchase and consumption of liquors on the one hand, by what application of economic laws can it be proven that any moral or material consideration, benefit or profit, has been received or enjoyed by the consumers or their dependents on the other. The modern drinking and over-indulgence of the American people, as indicated by the statistics quoted, be it occasioned as a result of an inordinate desire to advance their material interests, or otherwise, is certainly an evidence and striking illustration of the tendency and inclination of man to evil. And in our opinion it is only when assisted by the teachings and faith of a benign religion can we hope to overcome this tendency. It is only when the citizens of this country come to fully realize their true destiny and mission, viz.: that of eternal happiness, and for the purpose of attaining that end are impelled and persuaded to strictly and faithfully adhere to the doctrines of revelation, that the present alarming tendency to materialism will be subordinated to natural justice and to the rights and interests of those who have been and are now suffering from an evil the only true and proper remedy for which, in the words of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., is personal total abstinence. Notwithstanding the United States from a material standpoint is the wealthiest country on the face of the globe; notwithstanding its form of government is based upon a constitution, in its wisdom the greatest work of its kind ever produced; it is safe to say that neither its wealth nor the wisdom of its constitution, nor both, can, in the absence of virtue on the part of its people, perpetuate its existence as a nation, or prevent it from sharing the fate of disruption, dissolution, and decay that has befallen other nations as a result of intemperance on the part of their citizens.

WORDS
OF
WISDOM
ABOUT
CARVING
ON
THE
WORK.

We should, therefore, endeavor by the prosecution of some well-defined plan of education and eradication, rather than of regulation, quite frequently resorted to, to bring about the reaction of a strong, healthy, and most pronounced public sentiment in favor of total abstinence, and in doing so we should remember that the degree of success to be attained will depend upon the amount of energy and perseverance expended. We should remember that the success of the temperance movement in the future will largely depend upon the zeal, energy, and determination with which the work is pushed forward by those who are now actively interested in organized society work. We should also remember that it is upon the amount of zeal and determination manifested by each individual affiliated with our State organization that gives it life and enables it, by proceeding in accordance with well-defined principles or organized effort, to accomplish most efficiently and successfully the objects of its existence. It is only when each and every individual and society enjoying membership in and composing the State organization becomes actively interested in the promotion of total abstinence that the great benefits and advantages always obtainable from the concentration of energy and systematically directed are most clearly manifested. With this end in view I desire to again urge upon the officers of all the societies composing the State Union the great importance of their regular and prompt attendance at all the meetings of their respective societies, and also to urge upon all societies, through their delegates present, the great importance of their having a full representation at all of our annual meetings. Each society should also look after the individuality of their members, and see that the individual is not lost or buried beneath the machinery of their organization. Many times members through carelessness fall in arrears, and as a result have their names stricken from the roll of membership without any effort being made by the society or its members to have said delinquents reinstated. This should not be. A

society's large membership is no excuse or justification for not taking cognizance of the loss of a member in the manner above indicated. Experience has taught us that the success of the total abstinence movement or society depends in a great measure, not upon how many members it may secure but upon how many it retains; and I have no hesitancy in saying that if each society would proceed on the "save the individual and the society will take care of itself" principle, by devoting at all times the closest attention to its membership rolls and endeavoring, through a regularly and properly constituted committee, not only to keep its members in good standing, but also to bring about the reinstatement of those who have fallen away, much can be accomplished toward attaining the triumphant victory the grandeur of the movement is so eminently deserving of.

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
WOMEN
IN
THE
CAUSE.

I again desire to call the special attention of the various societies to the great importance of organizing Ladies' Temperance Societies. The wisdom of organizing our Catholic women under the banner of total abstinence has been fully demonstrated by the amount of good work accomplished by them in the past. The experience of ages proves conclusively that the women are not only the best teachers, but also that it is to the lessons taught by them that can be attributed the formation of the character of those men of our country through whose efforts, integrity, and loyalty we have been able to attain and maintain our national greatness. The unrivaled influence of the educational power of the women, as manifested by them in the past, commands that we at once endeavor to enlist their services and seek their co-operation for the future; and no more effectual method can by them be resorted to whereby they may be enabled to contribute to the protection and preservation of the American Home and to the triumph of pure citizenship and good government than by associating themselves together under the banner of Catholic total abstinence. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend that every gentleman's society affiliated with our Union, and now without a ladies' auxiliary, make a special effort to bring about in their respective parishes the organization of a society of this character, as it is upon the women the shaping, moulding, and influencing of most, if not all, of human lives depend.

CADET
SOCIETIES
AND
THE
YOUTH.

It is also universally admitted that the habits and character of all citizens depend largely, if not entirely, upon the training and education received by them in their youth; and in order that the youth of our land may have instilled and inculcated into their minds some knowledge of the principles of total abstinence, and some substantial and more permanent basis may be established for the advancement and perpetuation of the movement, I urgently request that all societies of our Union lend their greatest efforts to the formation of Cadet societies, for it is a self-evident fact that if we can control the children we can control the future. And in order that their efforts may be crowned with the greatest success in the formation of these societies I would suggest that each society endeavor to secure the assistance and co-operation of the clergy.

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
THE
CLERGY.

If there is any one body of men more than another in this country who have the power of perpetuating

the institutions of our land by cultivating and developing a love of virtue, and a spirit of religion and of civic righteousness among the American people, it is the clergy. If there is any one body of men more than another capable by advice and example of correcting and remedying any moral or social evil among the people, or in whom the greatest influence and power for the promotion of total abstinence is vested, it is the clergy. If there is any human power to-day extant by which there can be developed on the part of the American people that integrity, industry, zeal, and strong moral fibre indispensably necessary to enable them to successfully cope with the evils that threaten their moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical welfare, it is the clergy. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend that each and every society composing our Union lose no opportunity of enlisting the kind and valuable co-operation of the clergy within their respective parishes in the advancement of the total abstinence movement; and it is to be hoped that their services will be promptly and cheerfully rendered. The same success that has been attained by the clergy in antagonizing the divorce evil can also be attained in combating the vice of intemperance; and in rendering their aid to this great movement, they will be acting in accordance with the wishes and desires of the Fathers of the Baltimore Council, who said: "It is from the priests of the Church that we especially hope for assistance in this work. Let them never cease to cry out boldly against drunkenness and whatsoever leads to it."

I also desire to invite the special attention of the various societies to the history of the National Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America which is now being compiled, more specific and detailed information concerning which I have communicated to them during the year just closed, and urged upon them the great importance and value of their assistance and co-operation in the sale and distribution thereof.

A Priest Captures a Pickpocket

To the cleverness and fleetness of foot of Rev. D. J. McDonald of the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, Mrs. General Hardin owes the return of a purse containing \$26 which was stolen from her while she was kneeling in prayer in the large North side church.

After missing her property Mrs. Hardin rushed to the door, where she met Father McDonald.

"There she goes!" exclaimed the victim of the thief. "That woman running down there stole my purse." Before she had finished speaking, Father McDonald was in full pursuit of the pickpocket. At Delaware place and Rush street he lost sight of the fugitive; but he remembered that she was attired in a blue dress and a dark jacket.

Father McDonald decided that the woman had turned into an alley, and he was right. She had run through one of these passageways and was walking into Oak street when he saw her.

Stepping up to the woman he accused her of stealing the purse. She repeatedly denied the charge until her captor threatened to call the patrol wagon. She then reached into one of her pockets and handed the pocketbook to Father McDonald.

"Where is the money that was in it?" he asked, as he peered into the empty purse.

"Here it is," she said, extending the hand which held \$26 in currency.

The priest returned to the cathedral to find the owner, but she had fled. Saturday, however, he learned that the purse and its contents belonged to Mrs. Hardin.

Father McDonald says he decided to let the woman go after she had promised him that she would never again steal anything.

Idea generate ideas, like a potato, which cut in pieces reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE,

GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE. Bargains in Every Department.

Discounts on Dress Goods and Silks COLORED DRESS GOODS.

Discounts from 10 to 50 per cent.
One line of Plain Goods, 25, 33, and 50 per cent.
One line Gray Striped and Checked Zibeline, 50 per cent.
One lot of assorted Lines of Choice Goods—Tweeds, Cheviots, Basket Cloth, etc., 20 and 25 per cent.
One lot Fancy Striped and Pin Checked Goods, at 33 per cent.
Dress Patterns (3 only) HALF PRICE.
Many Choice Lots at Great Reductions. See Tables.

LIGHT GOODS.
A large and choice selection of Light Materials, suitable for House, Tea, Evening and Reception Dresses, at 20, 25 and 33 per cent.

DRESS MUSLINS.
Great Bargains in this selection. Choice assortment at 25 and 33 per cent.

FANCY CREPE YEDDO.
A Novelty, Dainty Designs, 65c per yard, 50 per cent.

CHALLIES.
All-Wool French Challies, 1 lot, 30c per yard, 20 per cent.
All-Wool French Challies, 1 lot, 45c per yard, 25 per cent.
All-Wool French Challies, silk stripe, 50c per yard, 33 per cent.
Odds and Ends of Fancy Chiffons, Piques, etc., HALF PRICE.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.
BLACK SILK AND WOOL JACQUARDS.
BLACK SILK AND WOOL GRENADINES.
BLACK FANCY MOHAIR.
ALL FANCY BLACK DRESS GOODS.
20 Per Cent and 5 Per Cent. for Cash.

BLACK FANCY DRESS PATTERNS, from \$10.50 to \$25.50, to be cleared from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. and 5 per cent. extra for cash.
REMAINTS BLACK DRESS GOODS, from 1 yard to 7 yards, all to be cleared, from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. and 5 per cent. extra for cash.

SILKS.
SATIN FOULARD SILKS, 50 per cent.
FANCY FINISH SATIN FOULARDS, best make, 33 per cent.
COLORED SILK TAFFETAS, 50 per cent.
STRIPE PEAU DE SOIE, 33 per cent.
32-in. ART SILKS and SATINS, in all good designs, 20 per cent.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

WALKING and DRESS SKIRTS Less 20 per cent
LADIES' and MAIDS' Cloth Jackets Less 20 per cent
LADIES' and MAIDS' Cloth Ulsters Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Cloth Capes Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Golf Capes Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Cloth Suits Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Velvet Jackets Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Opera Wraps Less 20 per cent
CHILDREN'S Cloth Mantles Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Wrappers and Tea Gowns Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Silk, Satens and Moreen Under- Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Japanese Gowns and Jackets Less 20 per cent
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Waterproofs Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Fur Lined Capes, Jackets and Wraps Less 20 per cent
LADIES' Wool or Silk Shawls Less 20 per cent
5 PER CENT. FOR CASH IN ADDITION TO ALL OTHER DISCOUNTS.

DRUG DEPARTMENT SPECIALS.

ENGLISH VIOLET SOAP. Regular price, 40c a box for three cakes. Sale price, 30c.
This Soap is fully guaranteed as to purity, not too highly scented, and absorbs with great favour for the toilet and nursery.
SOAP BOXES, Celluloid. Regular price, 35c. Sale price, 20c.
SOAP BOXES, Celluloid. Regular price, 45c. Sale price, 30c.
Also, Odd Lines of Soap Boxes, all reduced in price.

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The members of the Club enjoyed a day evening, in a lecture given by Rev. Fr. McDonald, S.J., in F. "Four Great Figures of the 19th century" piano selection by Mr. Betournay, and Mr. McKinley, the introduced by Mr. The first of the four was Jacques, who, the leader to say, was still past three score and born at Blois, of a parents, his father. He belongs to the order of friars preachers, styled Dominicans. To be the Lenten Dame, the highest be conferred on a. Nowhere else in the so critical, so cult so an audience. I took them by storm, sion they interrupt loud clapping of hand, saying: "An sion of our feelings er makes the church. Do not, I beg of you, any more by noisy. If I need to be sympathetic, I see it which speak better your hands."

Then Father Dr. striking passage from his sermon on "Le teaudun." While Fr. gasping from the ef with Germany, he preach at Chateaudu whose heroic resist quering invader was body's mind. A preacher, seeking po have seized the oppo the national prie by exalting their he of their town and b invective against the ors. Father Monsal commonplace preach pander to popular pa he begins by a vivid the glorious, thoug of twelve hundred thousand. This gra the hand to hand, h street to street, stru figure among the cla French word-painting; not his main purpos "Thou art just, O L judgments are just. have not obeyed thy and therefore are we spoil, and to captivi and are made a fa proach to all nation 4). So, after vindic dun against the charg dy and useless resista hand, and, on the oth exaggerated laudatio braggar, fugitives f of war, he says: "A would stop here, and right. As for me, I my duty as a man of show you in your rui the proofs of your he scars of our sins;" an votes half an hour to tion of the national co none but a brave frie undertake. His conten Almighty, having dete ish France for its dese Sunday, its persecutio its encouragement of tematic curtailing of th its excessive love of p a people and a man terrible purpose. Here dles Bismarck without ming up a scathing p Man of Blood and Iron him "a cross between eles and Attila." Ther he reviews the unprec ters of that awful war that therein is clearly finger of God.

"It speaks volumes," Drummond, "for the sincerity of the French the passage I have just should figure as the fr lections from Monsabre French encyclopaedia from the great writer tions. The unanswerl in that stern impeachm nation do not blind th tion to the eloquent sincerity of this modern Monsabre's conference o acles Eucharistiques." Notre Dame lecturer, in plain how the Body of sent in the Blessed Sac the manner of a saint

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Great Preachers of France In the 19th Century.

The members of the French Literary Club enjoyed a treat on Saturday evening, in the form of a lecture given by Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., in Friendship Hall, on "Four Great French Sacred Orators of the 19th Century." After a piano selection had been played by Mr. Betournay, and a song sung by Mr. McKinley, the lecturer was introduced by Madame de Bauviere. The first of the four orators introduced was Jacques-Marie-Louis Monsabre, who, the lecturer was happy to say, was still alive, although past three score and ten. He was born at Blois, of simple, respectable parents, his father being a baker. He belongs to the great religious order of friars preachers, commonly styled Dominicans. He was called to be the Lenten preacher of Notre Dame, the highest honor that can be conferred on a French preacher. Nowhere else in the world is there so critical, so cultured, so fastidious an audience. Father Monsabre took them by storm; on one occasion they interrupted him with a loud clapping of hands. He stopped them, saying: "Any exterior explosion of our feelings outside of prayer makes the church a profane place. Do not, I beg of you, distress me any more by noisy manifestations. If I need to be sustained by your sympathy, I see it in your eyes, which speak better and louder than your hands."

Then Father Drummond read a striking passage from Pere Monsabre's sermon on "La Defense de Chateaudun." While France was still gasping from the effects of her war with Germany, he was asked to preach at Chateaudun, a small town whose heroic resistance to all-conquering invader was fresh in everybody's mind. A common-place preacher, seeking popularity, would have seized the opportunity to flatter the national pride of his hearers by exalting their heroism in defence of their town and by a torrent of invective against the hated conquerors. Father Monsabre, being no common-place preacher, refuses to pander to popular passion. No doubt he begins by a vivid description of the glorious, though hopeless, fight of twelve hundred against twelve thousand. This graphic sketch of the hand to hand, house to house, street to street, struggle deserves to figure among the classical bits of French word-painting. But this is not his main purpose. His text is: "Thou art just, O Lord, and all thy judgments are just. . . For we have not obeyed thy commandments, and therefore are we delivered to spoil, and to captivity, and death, and are made a fable and a reproach to all nations." (Job. 3: 2, 4). So, after vindicating Chateaudun against the charge of a foolhardy and useless resistance on the one hand, and, on the other, against the exaggerated laudations of cowardly braggarts, fugitives from the seat of war, he says: "A profane orator would stop here, and he would be right. As for me, I have to fulfil my duty as a man of God, and to show you in your ruins, no longer the proofs of your heroism, but the scars of our sins; and then he devotes half an hour to an examination of the national conscience which none but a brave friend would undertake. His contention is that the Almighty, having determined to punish France for its desecration of the Sunday, its persecution of religion, its encouragement of vice, its systematic curtailing of the population, its excessive love of pleasure, chose a people and a man suited to that terrible purpose. Here Monsabre handles Bismarck without gloves, summing up a scathing portrait of the Man of Blood and Iron by calling him "a cross between Mephistopheles and Attila." Then, one by one, he reviews the unprecedented disasters of that awful war, and shows that therein is clearly visible the finger of God.

"It speaks volumes," said Father Drummond, "for the honesty and sincerity of the French people that the passage I have just read to you should figure as the first of four selections from Monsabre in a popular French encyclopaedia of extracts from the great writers of all nations. The unanswerable reminders in that stern impeachment of a whole nation do not blind that noble nation to the eloquent and fearless sincerity of this modern Jeremiah."

The second extract read was from Monsabre's conference on "Les Miracles Eucharistiques," where the Notre Dame lecturer, in order to explain how the Body of Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament after the manner of a substance, some

deeply but very clearly into the philosophic idea of substance and shows how substance is independent of size and place and conducts itself after the manner of a spirit. This was but one specimen of that masterly expounding of the Apostles' Creed which lasted eighteen years. True, there were only six lectures a year, one on each of the six Sundays, in Lent; but each of these lectures is a masterpiece, the outcome of twenty or thirty years of remote preparation, and of many weeks of immediate elaborations. The collection of them in 18 volumes is probably the finest and most convincing defence ever published of the apostolic symbol of faith.

From 1853 to 1870 Father Monsabre's predecessor in the Paris cathedral was Father Celestine Joseph Felix. He was born on the extreme northern limit of France on the confines of Belgium. He became a world-renowned preacher and lecturer, a great apostle, one of the recognized champions of the teachings of Christ. After a brilliant college course he studied for the priesthood. He first intended to enter the ranks of the secular or diocesan clergy; soon, however, he heard the call to a life of greater renunciation, and entered the Society of Jesus. During eighteen consecutive years thousands of men assembled at stated times at the foot of the pulpit of Notre Dame, each year the multitude was more compact, more eager, more attentive. It comprised the worthiest representatives of statecraft, the army, the sciences, literature, the fine arts, the bench, the bar, the captains of finance and industry, all wanting to see for themselves how great is the power of speech enlisted in the service of genius, fertilized by grace, illumined by the splendors of faith.

During fourteen years his one theme was Progress. Taking up one by one all the burning questions of the day, many of which are still very much aflame, he proved by the closest kind of reasoning, that the truly progressive solution of them all is to be found in the teachings and example of Christ. Father Felix's strong point is philosophy. He is a deep and clear thinker. He goes to the root of every question. Take for instance, his lecture on "The Objections against Eternal Punishment." He begins by showing that the objecting, carping spirit, the spirit that delights in picking holes in accepted beliefs is a sign of weakness of mind and infirmity of thought. It betrays lack of comprehensiveness, of intuition, of vigor, of penetration. Hence it is that God, who possesses all these qualities in an infinite degree, cannot make objections. And the closer a man draws to the Deity in the amplitude of his intellect and in force of thought, the more he feels his power of affirmation increase and his need of objecting diminish. Then the great lecturer proceeds to point out that objections which seem unanswerable are no bar to continued adherence to religious beliefs, so long as the arguments upon which the preambles of those beliefs rest are not proved to be false. Father Drummond read the whole passage in the French original.

But Felix is not a merely abstract philosopher. He is thoroughly at home with the world about him. Here Father Drummond read an extract from Pere Felix's discourse on "Christian Austerity," where he scourges the feather-bed Christianity of a pleasure-loving generation.

Gustave Xavier de Ravignan was the predecessor and brother Jesuit of Father Felix. He was born in 1795, was 19 when Napoleon returned from the island of Elba. He immediately took up arms against the imperial tyrant, and won his spurs by his bravery as cavalry lieutenant. Before beginning this campaign he was studying for the bar; to the legal profession he returned, and was admitted to practice when he was barely of the legal age. His success was so immediate and remarkable that the chief justice of the supreme court said he looked upon him as his future successor. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the Society of Jesus. At the age of forty he appeared for the first time in one of the greater pulpits of France, in the magnificent cathedral of Amiens. Two years later, during the Lenten season of 1837 he made his debut in the historic temple of Notre Dame, before a large and brilliant

audience. Measuring his powers by results it cannot be denied that Father de Ravignan was a most eloquent man.

Although his style was rather rugged, he impressed his hearers with the conviction that it would break his heart if he thought one of them would not be ready to die for the defence of every word he uttered. It was the personality of the man behind the words that gave them marvellous power; one felt that virtue ignan did not excite so much admiration as his predecessor, "the prince of orators," as Father Drummond called him.

Poetry, genius, a magical histrionic art, the incomparable Lacordaire had every gift at his service. "But," he added, "if the great Dominican was seductive, Father Ravignan had the gift of convincing, of converting. It used to be said, rather wittily, in comparing these two preachers, that Lacordaire made men climb up on top of the confessionals—so great was the crowd he drew—but Ravignan made them go inside."

At this point of the lecture, Father Drummond, noticing that many of his hearers did not seem to understand the beautiful French passages which he had meant to be the gems of his lecture, had recourse to translation, rendering first into English the extract which he immediately afterwards read in French. In this way he gave two short quotations from Ravignan. This method was highly appreciated by the majority whose familiarity with French was evidently much less than Father Drummond had expected.

He adopted the same plan for Lacordaire, from whose works he read two or three extracts. Jean Baptiste Henri Lacordaire was, in the lecturer's opinion, the most admirable orator that ever lived. He had the divine afflatus more fully than Demosthenes, Cicero or Bossuet, though he had not the mighty will power of Ravignan. Unlike the three others who learnt their lectures by heart, Lacordaire could not commit to memory, he had to follow the inspiration of the moment. However, he prepared so carefully, he flung himself so thoroughly into the spirit of his theme that he used to write on the floor of his room in the travail of composition. The best proof that his eloquence was very genuine is that he held it still has, after fifty years of silence, on the French mind. His matchless style and his dramatic power invest his lectures with an undying charm for the reader.

In conclusion the lecturer called attention to the fact that these four great orators, whom he had reviewed in the reversed chronological sequence, were all members of religious orders, two Dominicans, two Jesuits. In spite of the vast number of eloquent French preachers in the nineteenth century—and probably there was no country in the world where public speaking had attained so high a level of perfection as in France—all critics were agreed that these four were the greatest pulpit orators of that century. In the case of all four the choice of the religious life was no boyish caprice. Since that choice was made only after they had entered diocesan seminaries, or, as in the case of Lacordaire and Ravignan, after they had adopted a profession and followed it for some time. This showed that the religious orders, against which such an outcry was now being raised in France, are not so useless or dangerous after all. What would the sacred literature of France in the nineteenth century be without these four men?—Northwest Review, Winnipeg, Man.

Chance Words Does the Work

Something pleasing said at an opportune moment, may—what may it not do? Something bitter said at an inopportune time, may—what may it not do? The chance word carries salvo or sting and the rebuke tipped with a poisoned dart, poisons while it only half kills. When nature gave to the serpent its poison, where did nature place that murderous elixir? In the tongue! That's where you find your arsenal of war, in the tongue! As a defense it is a mine, ready to explode at a moment's warning, dealing death and destruction upon those its fire is turned upon. "A bad tongue," says the physician, and he straightway proceeds to purge the body of the poison. "A bad tongue," says a neighbor shrinking from another neighbor. "A bad tongue," whispers the neighborhood, looking askance at a fine brick front, and "A bad tongue," says memory bending tearless over a grass-grown grave.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.

Anniversary Mass for the Late Father O'Donnell



THE LATE REV. P. F. O'DONNELL.

The anniversary service for the late Father O'Donnell, a beloved pastor of St. Mary's parish, was held on Saturday last at St. Gabriel's Church. The Mass was sung by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., assisted by Rev. Fathers Shea, of St. Anthony's, as deacon, and Rev. Father McDonald, St. Gabriel's Church, as sub-deacon. In the Sanctuary were noticed Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. Father T. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P., St.

Michael's; Rev. Father R. E. Callaghan, St. Mary's.

The choir, under the direction of Prof. J. Shea, rendered the service with much impressiveness. The soloists being Messrs. Shea, Roussel, Chambers, Emblem and Cudihy. Miss Byrne presided at the organ. In the congregation were noticed a large delegation from St. Mary's parish.

"Then keep him in our memory green,
While life's dull path we plod;
One in Heaven true to us,
O'Donnell, priest of God."

Father O'Malley Dead. Bequests of Catholics.

The Very Rev. Father O'Malley, late P. P. of Huntley Pro., Ontario, Canada, whose death took place last week at Stoneleigh, Taylor's Hill, Galway, though for many years resident in this county, was born in the Co. of Mayo. He was a relative of both the late Archbishops of Tuam, Dr. MacHale and Dr. MacEvilly. He was ordained in 1847 for the foreign mission, and celebrated his first Mass in Ballinrobe, his native parish, whence he proceeded to Canada with many other young priests under Bishop Bourget. His first ministrations were at the fever sheds of Montreal to the survivors of the famine ships of the hunted emigrants. He carried on the labors of his sacred mission in Canada with pious zeal, and was parish priest of Huntley for many years. As a fitting end to a good life, he passed peacefully away after receiving the last rites of holy church from the Rev. Father Walsh, C.C. — Tuam Herald.

OBITUARY.

John H. (Jack) Seers of Greenfield Mass., for a number of years a resident of Montreal, died in the Western Hospital on Monday, Dec. 29th. He was attended by the Rev. Father McKenna, of St. Patrick's, and Rev. Father Shea, of St. Anthony's parish, administered the last rites of the Church. His remains were conveyed to his home in Greenfield for interment by the 8.48 p.m. train Monday. His many friends in this city, among whom he was a general favorite, sincerely regret his early demise and tender their heartfelt sympathy to his grief stricken parents, brothers and sisters in their sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

True charity begins at home, but it doesn't end there.
Many a man reserves the kind words his wife is entitled to for her tombstone.

It is difficult to convert a man unless you practice what you preach.

By the will of Lawrence Watson, the ninety-year-old hermit of Maple Park, near Aurora, Ill., the archbishop of Chicago receives eight acres of land in the township of Cortland, and a large lot with buildings in Chicago. Mr. Watson had lived in a little shanty, and denied himself all but the merest necessities, as a self-inflicted penance.

The late Mr. Christopher Friedl of Milwaukee, Wis., left by will to St. Joseph's parish \$1,000; to St. Michael's Church, St. Boniface's Church, and Holy Cross Hospice, \$500 each; to St. Aemilianus' Orphan Asylum, \$100; and to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Columbus, Ohio, \$100.

ROMAN NOTES.

PILGRIMS IN ROME.—On last Sunday, the 14th Dec., says the London "Universe," the Holy Father received pilgrims from Albano, Auzio, Neltimo, Castel Gandolfo and Marino. There were about 1,600 persons, including a number of strangers in Rome. The pilgrims, all from the towns of the Castelli Romani, came to Rome early on Sunday morning, and proceeded immediately to St. Peter's to prostrate themselves at the Tomb of the Apostles. After their devotions they were conducted by Monsignor Cisterna, Vicar-General of the diocese of Albano, to the Vatican, and proceeded to the Hall of Beatifications. Among the pilgrims were numerous societies of girls and women and boys and men, the Children of Mary from several towns, the Society of Mutual Help for workmen, the Society of Christian Democracy of Genzano, and many others.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.—About noon the Holy Father, accompanied by his Noble Court, and escorted by his Noble and Swiss Guards, seated on the "sedia gestatoria," was borne into the hall, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. When seated on the throne His Eminence Cardinal Agliardi delivered an address, offering the congratulations and good wishes of the pilgrims to His Holiness. To this the Holy Father replied in a

clear, distinct voice, well heard in the large hall, thanking the pilgrims and expressing the satisfaction he received in welcoming his children from the diocese of Albano, and then, standing, imparted the Apostolic benediction.

THE PRIESTHOOD.—His Holiness Leo XIII. has just addressed an important Encyclical Letter to the Italian Bishops dealing with the question of ecclesiastical education. In the opinion of the Holy Father, the clergy of to-day ought more than ever to possess deep solid culture, and a full knowledge of divine and human things. Seminary students should be afforded an opportunity to become acquainted with the latest scientific methods. The Holy Father is not opposed even to the idea of Church students frequenting lay universities provided they have the sanction of their Bishops for doing so. In concluding his Encyclical, which is certain to make a profound impression on the continent, the Pope exhorts the clergy to approach the Masses and to seek to detach them from the false principles of socialism, attaching them to Christian principles instead.

A JUBILEE GIFT.—The Common Council of Vienna at the suggestion of the Burgomastro, have voted that 20,000 crowns be devoted to present a medal to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Pontifical Jubilee. The design of the medal has been executed by the sculptor, Rudolfo Marschall. On one side is the portrait of His Holiness by the artist, who came to Rome for this object, and was received by the Holy Father, who gave him several sittings. The reverse of the medal bears the symbolized triumph of religion.

A NEW COLLEGE.—The Holy Father has lately founded in Rome a new college for ecclesiastical students, which has been placed in charge of the Rev. Don Antonio Piccardo, Superior of the Sons of Mary Immaculate. The college occupies a splendid old palace near the Tiber. The opening ceremony took place last Thursday, and there are now forty students in the new college.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 4th January, 1903:—Males 251, females 29. Irish 150, French 104, English 14, Scotch and other nationalities 13. Total 281.

A Redemptorist Father Author of a Drama

In St. Alphonsus hall, connected with Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, generally known as "The Mission Church," on Tremont street, Roxbury, Boston, there was presented recently a sacred drama called "Pilate's Daughter." The author is Rev. Francis L. Kenzel, C.S.S.R., one of the priests near Roxbury Crossing. The drama is divided into five acts, the first of which is largely in the nature of a prologue, for it is explanatory of the course of the various characters in the later continuance of the story, giving reasons for the persecution, the prosecution and the execution in martyrdom of those professing Christianity.

CELEBRATES HIS 103D BIRTHDAY.

Saratoga, Jan. 2.—Owen McCarthy the oldest person in Saratoga County, celebrated the one hundred and third anniversary of his birth. He has lived here over fifty years.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE.

St. Joseph's Church, Krebs, Ind. Ty., was destroyed by fire, with the vestments and sacred vessels, Dec. 13. The pastoral residence was also burned. The pastor is the Rev. M. Bernard Murphy, O.S.B.

JUBILEE OF THE PASSIONIST ORDER.

The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Passionist Order in this country was celebrated at the monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, Penn., Dec. 28. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia sang Pontifical High Mass in presence of Cardinal Gibbons and other prelates, and Bishop Donahue of Wheeling sang Pontifical Vespers. Two priests of this Order will conduct a mission at St. Patrick's, this city, during the approaching Lenten season.

Ireland's National League.

By "CRUX."

HAVE allowed myself to enjoy, in a sense, the privileges of holiday seasons. During the past couple of weeks I have left the beaten track and have made a couple of pleasant excursions into the more flowery domain of poetry. Nor am I altogether to blame. If friends will seek information on special topics, and if I happen to be able to furnish that information, I see no reason why I should not do so. Well, the holidays are over, and I am back again at my task. I set out with the purpose of impressing upon the readers the importance of the Gaelic tongue and of the great revival movement that has recently sprung into life. To do so I was obliged to dip into archaeology, architecture, church music, and a number of other themes; but they all tend toward the one end, again I have been obliged to quote at length from several eminent authors; but in so doing I felt that I was attaining a two-fold object—the illustration of my own plan, and the reproduction of much that has been either forgotten or neglected, and that deserves to live. This week I am obliged to furnish another link to my chain by borrowing from the works of one better able to deal with such subjects than I am. Consequently, I do not hesitate to here introduce an essay, written sixty years ago, by Thomas Davis, on the subject of "Our National Language." In fact he wrote thus:—

"Men are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk commonplace, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you, are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or commonplace man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilization, and the rulers of the human heart."

"Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a people's greatness? Force the manners, dress, language, and constitution of Russia, or Italy, or Norway, or America, and you instantly stunt and distort the whole mind of either people."

"The language, which grows up with a people, is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way."

"To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression. The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb."

"What business has Russia for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs and his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of Hymettus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue docile and spirited as an Arab."

An American Correspondent On the Irish Question

That the land problem is upon the eve of a satisfactory solution there is little reason to doubt. But the other question—Home Rule—remains to be disposed of. It is clearly the intention of the present ministry to grant Home Rule in some form. The statement made by a Cabinet member in the first lines of this letter

"sweet as music, strong as the wave"—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for the mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?

"We lately met a glorious thought in the 'Triads of Mochmed,' printed in one of the Welsh codes by the Record Commission: 'There are three things without which there is no country—common language, common judicature, and cottillage land -- for without these a country cannot support itself in peace and social union.'"

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river. And in good times it has ever been thought so. Who had dared to propose the adoption of Persian or Egyptian in Greece—how had Pericles thundered at the barbarian? How had Cato scourged from the forum him who would have given the Attic or Gaelic speech to men of Rome? Had Pyrrhus quelled Italy, or Xerxes subdued Greece for a time long enough to impose new languages, where had been the literature which gives a pedigree to human genius? Even liberty recovered had been sickly and insecure without the language with which it had hunted in the woods, worshipped at the fruit-strewn altar, debated on the conical-hill, and shouted in the battle-charge."

"There is a fine song of the Persians, which describes—

'Language linked to liberty.'

To lose your native tongue, and learn that of an alien, is the worst badge of conquest—it is the chain of the soul. To have lost entirely the national language is death; the fetter has worn through. So long as the Saxon held to his German speech, he could hope to resume his land from the Norman; now, if he is to be free and locally governed, he must build himself a new home. There is hope for Scotland—strong hope for Wales—sure hope for Hungary. The speech of the alien is not universal in the one; is gallantly held at bay in the other; is nearly expelled from the third."

"How unnatural—how corrupting it is for us, three-fourths of whom are of Celtic blood, to speak a medley of Teutonic dialects. If we add the Celtic Scots, who came back here from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the Celtic Welsh, who colonized many parts of Wexford and other Leinster counties, to the Celts who never left Ireland, probably five-sixths, or more of us are Celts."

I will hear lay aside this essay for the present issue. Next week I will have to take a few more extracts from its spirited pages, which lead up directly to the movement in favor of a revival of the Gaelic tongue that is in activity to-day. I may have my prejudices and predilections, as have all men in some degree, but I do not believe that they have ever blinded me to the merits or demerits of any written work. Certainly it is without any bias, favorable or otherwise, that I consider this eloquent plea, from the pen of one of the most gifted Irishmen that ever lived, as a model of English composition, as well as of classic grace; and I consequently am glad of the opportunity of placing it, even in part, before a larger circle of readers than might otherwise have the opportunity of reading it.

has no other meaning. At present the Cabinet is understood to be divided on this question. Some favor full Home Rule, with a new Irish Parliament at Dublin. Others are for a makeshift, such as provincial councils, or handling Irish legislation over to a standing committee composed of all the Irish members at Westminster.

The impartial student of Irish affairs and Irish character can come to no other conclusion than that the first of these methods would be the best. It is the only thing that will satisfy the aspirations of the people, and as Mr. Bryce has said, the main thing now is to give Ireland what Ireland wants, not what some Englishmen think she ought to have. Among the Irish people the demand for a distinct Irish nationality has survived through all the genera-

tions. For a time it was a demand for separation, for independence; that has now virtually disappeared, but the desire for a distinct nationality within the empire is as strong as it ever was. To do anything less than satisfy this aspiration would be a great mistake, would lead to further agitation and friction.

It is a great thing that the British Government has at last recognized the truth that "you can't make Englishmen out of Irishmen." Too much effort has already been put forth in that quest of the impossible. But Irishmen are and may be Britons, and they will be the better Britons the more they are permitted to manage their own affairs in their own way. It seems idle longer to attempt more mixing of the two governments than is absolutely necessary for imperial purposes. The imperial parliament at Westminster should, of course, retain control of the customs, the post and the telegraph. But beyond a few such obvious reservations it should place all else in the hands of an Irish Parliament, sitting in historic College Green. The ultimate power of enforcing social order would naturally rest in the Imperial authority, upon the principle of the American Constitution, wherein the federal authority guarantees in each state a republican form of government. This ultimate authority is rarely called into activity by emergencies in America; with Ireland born again, living a new life, with a sound land and political system, it would rarely or never need to be exerted here.

No one whose opinions are worth much seems now to think there would be any danger either to social order or Imperial unity in setting up an Irish Parliament. The Irish people, like any other people of active minds, need participation in their national affairs; they need the stimulus of political activity, of parties, questions, discussions. Mr. Bryce told me his opinion, that the more Irish activities were diverted to their own affairs and away from England and English affairs, the better Britons they would be. Fox well expressed the same idea more than a hundred years ago: "I would have the Irish Government regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices, and I firmly believe, according to an Irish expression, the more she is under Irish Government the more she will be bound to English interests." Nor should we forget Grattan's celebrated remark: "If the ocean forbade separation, the sea denied union."

With an Irish Government responsible to the people of Ireland and not to the English Parliament, the moral support of the country would be summoned round the laws, the courts, the police, the administration. That support is now wholly lacking. Laws are obeyed through fear alone, not through respect. The courts are not trusted, the executive is hated, its police instruments despised. Such a state of things is simply intolerable in a free country and among a people who have the suffrage and the intelligence to use it.—Walter Wellman, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

St. Ann's Parish.

Last Wednesday a concert was given in St. Ann's Hall to the subscribers of the "Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre," in St. Ann's parish. The hall was crowded to the doors. At the close of the evening Rev. Father Fortier, C.S.S.R., addressed a few words of sincere thanks to the performers, who were kind enough to lend their services to the entertainment.

The programme was as follows:—1st Part.—Overture, St. Ann's Cadets brass band; "Soldiers Life in Camp," arranged by Mr. R. J. Hiller, introducing competition drill and salute to the flag, and selections by Messrs. W. Murphy, E. Jackson and A. Jones; Irish jig, by Mr. Lyons, also a specialty dance, by Miss Josie Harrington, concluding with a fancy drill.

SECOND PART.—Band; song, Miss Rosie O'Brien; violin and piano duet, by Miss McDermott and Miss Connaman; song, Mrs. Moore; song, Miss Broderick; Irish jig, Mr. McDonald; song, Miss Gertie O'Brien; cornet solo, Mr. McDermott; recitation, Mr. J. Kennedy. Band.

THIRD PART.—"The Humors of the Strike," a farce in one act, under the direction of Mr. J. Kennedy. The characters were Messrs. D. Mot, Guilfoyle, Shields, Leahy, Gallagher, Clancy, McCarthy and Hammill; selections by the band. Prof. P. C. Shea presided at the piano with his usual ability.

The Sphinx Disappearing.

A couple of weeks ago we referred to the departure of Mr. Dugald Macdonald for Egypt. The purpose of the journey is to study the measurements and construction of the Pyramids, especially the great pyramid of Gizeh, and incidentally to examine the famed Sphinx. It is probably high time for Mr. Macdonald to go to Egypt if he wishes to see the Sphinx as it has been for over four thousand years. Judging from the climatic changes and their effects on this, as well as on other Egyptian monuments, it may be quite possible that the close of the century we are now commencing will witness a great deterioration even in the pyramids. The "London News" has an admirable little article on this subject, the reproduction of which cannot fail to interest many. It is thus the English organ expresses itself:—

The marvelous way in which the monuments of the past have been preserved in Egypt is due chiefly to its rainless climate. For ages the regions of the Lower Nile were watered solely by the river, and beyond the limits of its annual overflow the ground was perfectly dry. The tins left by Napoleon's army lay on the sand for nearly a century, bright and unruined.

But the climate of Egypt is gradually changing. Extensive tree planting has gone on for a long time past, and irrigation works have produced moist and fertile land where formerly stretched the barren desert. Thus rain is gradually being attracted, and while a few years ago a shower was a novelty, there are now considerable falls of rain.

The effect is seen in the crumbling of the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, near the Great Pyramid. This vast monument is 172½ feet in length, and 56 feet high, hewn out of a projecting spur of the rock which rises out of the sand. The head is sculptured, and represents a woman in the old Egyptian headdress, the body being that of a lion, formed by the natural reef of porphyry, with additions of masonry to complete the shape. For more than a generation the monument has been more or less defaced owing largely to the attentions of early tourists and the nose has long been absent. But now the rain is beginning to assist in destroying the Sphinx. The wet softens the surface of the stone, and fierce sandstorms then grind the outer surface away.

The Great Sphinx is not the only one of its kind, numerous specimens, great and small, having been found among the remains of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Grecian art. The older Egyptian Sphinxes were wingless, like that of Gizeh, but there were many others which had wings. Some of the heads were female, others bearded, and there were Sphinxes with the head of a hawk or a man.

From the earliest times there has been speculation as to the meaning of this curious symbolic figure. The name "Sphinx" was given to it by the Greeks, and means literally "The Strangler." From the fact that Sphinxes appear commonly on ancient tombs, and are represented as treading on or carrying away a man or child, there seems some reason to believe that the figure was first intended as a symbol of death, but other explanations have been given which may hold good of Sphinxes made in later times. Thus the lion's body and man's head have been held to symbolize the combination of strength and intellect in some divinity, and the Sphinx has also been taken as denoting the resurrection. A chapel and altar found early in the last century in front of the Great Sphinx would suggest that the figure represented an ancient deity.

The Greeks, while continuing to represent the Sphinx in their art, had a story with regard to it, which was evidently only a poetical fable, and showed that the real meaning of the figure was lost. The story was that on a rocky mountain near Thebes dwelt a creature with the face of a virgin, the body of a lion, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a serpent, which had been given a riddle by the Huses, and had power to destroy and devour mankind till the riddle was solved. Every traveller failing to solve the riddle was devoured, and this was the riddle: "What creature is it that goes on four legs at daybreak on two at noon, and on three at night?"

Finally Oedipus solved the riddle, saying that man was the creature,

for as a baby he crawled, in his prime he walked, and in his old age he hobbled along with a staff. On hearing the answer the Sphinx threw herself from her rocky mountain and was killed.

The Sphinx continued for many centuries a favorite subject of art, and is found on coins, in relief sculptures, and as a decoration of arms and furniture.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 7.

As the session approaches the Capital commences to put on an appearance of expectancy, if not of activity. However, the lateness of the coming session is a source of considerable disappointment. It is well known that Ottawa, or at least a large number of Ottawa's citizens, must make preparations for the session when Parliament opens, and not a few depend upon the influx of strangers for their yearly harvest. Hotels, boarding houses, retail dealers, and so forth, miss very much when the winter goes past without any session. This year it would appear as if the House would not meet before the month of March, or, at earliest, the last week of February. Without a doubt, unless the unexpected occurs, this will mean a session far into July. If the one-half of the proposed legislation be carried through there is no telling when the prorogation may take place. Just consider eight-five notices of private Bills, so far, and of these over the one-half affecting the railways of Canada; then the Grand Trunk's gigantic transcontinental scheme—a subject of itself for untold debate. Of the public measures to be brought down, the redistribution of seats is one calculated to occupy the House for a very extended period, while the tariff question will keep both sides in a ferment such as the past two sessions have not known. In fact, there is a programme already prepared that would suffice for two ordinary sessions. It has been the opinion of some people here that the Government might possibly dissolve Parliament at the end of the next session; but there is not much reliance to be placed in such rumors—they are always prevalent before the third and fourth sessions of every Parliament. Of course, this is a matter that lies entirely in the hands of the Premier and his colleagues, and they are not likely to either consult the Opposition, or the Opposition's convenience in like matters.

The Premier has at last returned to the Capital. With the exception of the brief time last fall, when he was here during the Tarte difficulty, we might say that Sir Wilfrid has been absent since the close of last session. It is, however, with great pleasure that all have noticed the improvement in his physical condition, brought about by his sojourn in the South. Political opponents as well as political friends wish the Premier well, and every person felt depressed, some months ago, when his appearance indicated anything but good health. And he needed the rest, for, to all appearances, he has a busy session ahead.

Considerable interest has been manifested in the Senate vacancies and the probable nominees to fill them. It is wonderful how many members of the Upper House have disappeared from that arena within the past six, or seven months. The House of Commons has also lost a number of its members, and new faces will be seen there when the session begins. A familiar figure has gone in the person of the late Sir John Bourinot, Clerk of the House. His conspicuous place will be occupied by Mr. T. B. Flint, who, as member for Yarmouth, N.S., had a seat in the House for several years past. Another shifting of places will be noticed when the recently appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries—Hon. Mr. Prefontaine—takes the seat occupied last year by Hon. Mr. Tarte, ex-Minister of Public Works.

The mention of Mr. Tarte's name brings forcibly to mind the ever increasing importance that is given to the press, by both political parties. The recent incidents in Montreal, brought to light by the publication of the correspondence between Mr. Tarte and leading members of the Liberal Party, anent the control of "La Patrie," would indicate that the pen is still looked upon as mighty, and that the politician feels that he cannot safely enter the lists unless he be armed with a journalistic sword and shield.

We have an example in the retirement of the editor of the "Globe" to

assume the control of an independent organ; the same may be said, in a sense, of "La Patrie"—the political director of which has publicly stated, at a banquet in the United States, that he belongs to no political party. Having been an active and effective member of both parties, he now becomes a "free lance." There seems to be a good deal of the same spirit abroad in Canada to-day. Then, with extreme partyism, the rigidity of political patronage is gradually vanishing. There now seems to be a constantly increasing impression, amongst our public men, that special qualifications and aptitudes are more important in a candidate for appointment to office than any party services could ever give him.

The municipal elections here have caused considerable excitement. For a first time in the history of Ottawa a mayor has been elected for a second term by acclamation. Last year there was no opponent to Mayor Cooke, and this year he has again been raised to the civic chair without any opposition. In the aldermanic contests there were a few surprises, and one of the most remarkable and most regrettable was the defeat of Mr. Emanuel Tasse. The council as it now stands consists of three Irish Catholics, six French-Canadians, one Jew, and fourteen English-speaking Protestants.

It was with deep regret that the citizens of Ottawa, and I am sure, the Irish Catholics of the Dominion, learned of the bereavement that came to Hon. John Costigan, in the premature death of his eldest son, Mr. John Ryan Costigan, K.C. For twenty years he has been a resident of Alberta. For a while past the deceased had been complaining, but nothing serious was anticipated. On Tuesday evening last, before retiring he called in a physician, and having consulted with him, proceeded to rest for the night. Just as he seated himself on the side of his bed he expired. Heart disease is the cause ascribed. Mr. Costigan leaves a young widow and three children to deplore his early death. On Wednesday Hon. John Costigan, father of the deceased, and his daughter, Mrs. W. Armstrong, left for Calgary to attend the funeral.

During the course of the year that has just expired, and especially during the latter half of it, Ottawa has had more than its proportionate share of sudden deaths. In truth it is wonderfully how many familiar figures have vanished from the streets of the Capital. It is my belief that the person who, ten short years ago, was acquainted with the two-thirds of those who come here for the meeting of Parliament, would not recognize the one-sixth of those who will be here next session. We might truly repeat an expression of Archbishop Duhamel—"the world is improving, but man is deteriorating"—at least he is disappearing.

BAD BLOOD.

The Root of Most Troubles That Afflict Mankind.

Bad blood is the mother of fifty diseases. It causes disease wherever your body is weakest. Perhaps you suffer from pimples, pale cheeks, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism or general decline. In each case the cause is the same—bad blood. Strike at once at the root of the trouble by renewing and enriching your blood supply with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to give you new, rich, red blood that will carry healing to every part of your body. Among the thousands who have proved the truth of these statements is Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Estmere, N.B., who says:—"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down, my appetite was poor and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicine gave me no relief so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few boxes have restored me to good health and made me feel like a new man." Give the pills a fair trial, and you will find new health and strength. Don't take a substitute or anything else said to be "just as good." See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The address of welcome and gratulation was then presented by Mr. Davitt from the Cork and the United Irish League. The City High Sheriff, Mr. Davitt, said:—"Mr. Davitt, it is a great pleasure, on behalf of the Nationalists of Cork, and of the South of Ireland generally, to bid you welcome on your home after having accomplished conjunction with your colleagues of the most successful mission interests of Irish Nationalists has taken place for many years (cheers)."

Mr. J. C. Forde, hon. sec. Cork branch, then read the address of Mr. Davitt, who was loudly applauded. Mr. Davitt, in reply, said:—"I am glad to hear that the Cork and the United Irish League don't know how to thank me for the high compliment paid me in welcoming me here, and in reading the address which I have just listened to, has been a compliment I never expected nor desired, because I need any praise or thanks."

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence, how endearing the sympathies of love, how sweet the solace of sympathy! (Applause.)

Directory United Irish

Dublin, De

CHRISTMAS.—The Irish Land League held at the Mansion House, Dublin, recently, the following: The Earl of Dunraven, John Redmond, M.P.; Mayo, P.C.; Mr. William P.; the Lord Mayor of P.; Colonel Hutcheson; Colonel Nugent; Everard; Captain Shaw-Taylor; and others.

The Earl of Dunraven forward suggestions for embodying the amended meeting held on Saturday, December 19th, at the Mansion House, Dublin, for the purpose of the state of affairs at this Christmas of 1902. On the one hand we have the most strenuous of the great Nationalists who have been active in the struggle of the last two years, and on the other hand we have the most ardent of the English-speaking Protestants.

The above announcement from a Dublin daily paper, dated December 22nd, is a beautiful example of the state of affairs at this Christmas of 1902. On the one hand we have the most strenuous of the great Nationalists who have been active in the struggle of the last two years, and on the other hand we have the most ardent of the English-speaking Protestants. The above announcement from a Dublin daily paper, dated December 22nd, is a beautiful example of the state of affairs at this Christmas of 1902.

RETURN OF MR. DAVITT.—The passengers on board the liner steamer Umbriel, which arrived at Queenstown on Monday, December 29th, were Mr. Michael Davitt, who returned from the United States having successfully completed his mission to enlist the support of the American people in the Irish cause. The Umbriel, which left the coast early in the morning, owing to the rough weather, was delayed in the Atlantic for a week, and was not signalled until it reached Kinsale at 10 o'clock, and it was eight o'clock when it reached the harbor. Mr. Davitt, who was marked well after his journey, had made on board of the ship, and was loudly cheered by the people. He was met on the tender by the United Irish League, consisting of the City High Sheriff (Mr. T.C.), Messrs. J. G. Cross, Forde, hon. secretary; W. J. Ran, J. Corcoran, R. Hennessy, C. Queenstown; J. C. Forde, and a number of other Queenstown Nationalists. A large crowd had assembled at the water quay, and as Mr. Davitt stepped ashore, he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers were given which they suitably acknowledged. Mr. Davitt, replying in words of welcome conveyed in Gaelic, returned thanks. On reaching the station, in a very large and enthusiastic gathering, Mr. Davitt, High Sheriff were again welcomed.

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The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.
Dublin, Dec. 27, 1902.

CHRISTMAS.—The second meeting of the Irish Land Conference was held at the Mansion House, Dublin, recently, the following being present: The Earl of Dunraven, K.P.; Mr. John Redmond, M.P.; the Earl of Mayo, P.C.; Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.; the Lord Mayor of Dublin, M.P.; Colonel Hutcheson-Pose, C.D.; Colonel Nugent Everard, D.L.; and Captain Shawe-Taylor, hon. secretary.

"The Earl of Dunraven brought forward suggestions for discussion embodying the amended proposals of the meeting held on Saturday."

"Messrs. John Roche, M.P.; P. J. Monahan, and M. Garrick, D.C., were by the eleven o'clock train, removed in custody from Roscommon to Tullamore Jail, to undergo the sentences passed on them recently in the Coercion Court. There were a large number of people on the platform seeing the prisoners off. A large force of police was in attendance."

The above announcements, clipped from a Dublin daily paper of the 22nd December, are beautifully typical of the state of affairs in Ireland at this Christmas of 1902.

On the one hand we see a number of the most strenuous political partisans who have been actively engaged in the great National and social struggle of the last twenty years, meeting day after day in friendly consultation as to the most feasible means of ending at once and for all time the warfare between class and class which has been the bane of the island since the time of Cromwell.

On the other we see the old familiar spectacle—the carting off to English jails of some of the best men of our race.

RETURN OF MR. DAVITT.—Among the passengers on board the Cunard Line steamer Umbria, which arrived at Queenstown on Dec. 20, was Mr. Michael Davitt, who has returned from the United States after having successfully completed a mission to enlist the support and sympathy of the American people for the Irish cause. The Umbria was due off the coast early in the morning, but owing to the rough weather experienced in the Atlantic for the past week, she was not signalled off the Old Head of Kinsale till after five o'clock, and it was eight o'clock before she reached the mouth of the harbor. Mr. Davitt, who looks remarkably well after his journey he had made on board of the Umbria, was loudly cheered by many friends. He was met on the tender by a deputa- tion from the Cork Branch of the United Irish League, consisting of the City High Sheriff (Mr. A. Roche, T.C.), Messrs. J. G. Croasie, J. C. Forde, hon. secretary; W. J. Corcoran, J. Corcoran, B. Hennessy, T. C. Queenstown; J. O'Keefe, T.C., and a number of other prominent Queenstown Nationalists. A large crowd had assembled at the deep water quay, and as Mr. Davitt and the High Sheriff came ashore enthusiastic cheers were given for both, which they suitably acknowledged, and Mr. Davitt, replying to many words of welcome conveyed to him in Gaelic, returned thanks in Irish. On reaching the station, in which a very large and enthusiastic crowd was gathered, Mr. Davitt and the High Sheriff were again loudly cheered.

The address of welcome and congratulation was then presented to Mr. Davitt from the Cork Branch of the United Irish League.

The City High Sheriff, addressing him, said:—Mr. Davitt, it affords me great pleasure, on behalf of the Nationalists of Cork, and I may add, of the South of Ireland generally, to bid you welcome on your return home after having accomplished, in conjunction with your colleagues, one of the most successful missions in the interests of Irish Nationality that has taken place for many years. (cheers).

Mr. J. C. Forde, hon. sec. of the Cork branch, then read the address. Mr. Davitt, who was loudly cheered, said in reply:—Mr. High Sheriff and gentlemen of the Cork Branch of the United Irish League, I really don't know how to thank you sufficiently for the high compliment you have paid me in welcoming me this evening, and in reading the address which I have just listened to. That has been a compliment I neither expected nor desired, because I don't need any praise or thanks for hav-

ing simply performed my duty as one of the mission to the United States sent out from the Directory of the United Irish League. I can only say that our work was borne very good results; but I must be careful not to take to myself credit for the too generous share of that work which you have been pleased to give me in that address. The credit for what has been done must be divided amongst the members of the mission, and special mention must be made of Mr. John Dillon, who, I regret to say, broke down as a result of the strain upon a constitution which was not at any time very robust; but I am happy to say that I left him in New York a week yesterday very much improved. I can only say this with reference to our friends and sympathisers in America, that as long as we show an uncompromising front to the enemies of Irish liberty and to the landlords of Ireland we can count on their support; but if in any way we lower our flag or abate our demands until what we are seeking is acceded to, then we cannot continue to have their auxiliary support. I can say in my experience, which now covers many visits to the United States and several missions on behalf of the Irish National cause, that I never found the race in America more anxious to help us in what they believe to be the final struggle for land and liberty.

VINDICATED.—The London "Morning Leader" says:—If the Irish Local Government Board wanted to set a good example to the local authorities over whose proceedings it watches, it might contrive to bring out its report on local taxation for 1900-1901 rather less near the borders of 1903. But better late than never, for the returns show that whereas before the passing of the Irish Local Government Act the "ancient virtue of economy" was disappearing as fast from Irish as from Imperial finance, the administration of the new county district authorities has done much to reinstate it. In spite of a host of pensions for old officials and claims for new ones forced upon the councils, the total poor-rate levied by all the counties, county borough and urban districts, for 1900-1, showed a decrease of £106,842 from that of the previous year. Having watched the zeal of the Irish local authorities with some interest, we are not surprised at these figures.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.—A large meeting of Cork Nationalists was held on 23rd inst. at Conna to spread the organization in the division. Captain Donelan, M.P., could not attend owing to indisposition; but the meeting was compensated by the presence of Messrs. William Abraham, M.P.; D. D. Sheehan, M.P.; E. Higgins, Co. C.; and Dr. Hutch. Resolutions pledging the fullest confidence in the Irish Party, advocating the cause of the laborer, and promising support to the National Defence Fund were passed amidst acclamation.

Mr. R. A. Corr, organizer, addressed a splendid meeting at Borrisodogh. The work of the Irish Party was acclaimed, and the utter rout of the factionists rejoiced at.

Messrs. John O'Dowd, M.P., David Sheehy, and B. M'Ternan, T. C. Sligo, were the principal speakers at a series of important organising meetings held at Nanorhamilton, Cloonclare, Newbridge, and Killyclogher, in North Leitrim.

Messrs. David Sheehy and James Lynam spoke at a large meeting in Frankford (King's County).

Mr. T. Sheehy, V.P., presided at a well-attended meeting of the South Cork executive, at which Mr. E. Barry, M.P., delivered an interesting address.

At the meeting of the East Cork executive a resolution strongly denouncing the eleven months' grazing system was passed.

The Tallaght Branch U. I. L. have passed a resolution recording their unflinching loyalty to the Irish Party and denouncing the work of the impotent factionists.

The Drogheda U. I. L. at the last meeting were chiefly employed in organizing work. Tribute was paid to the services of Father Curry.

Rev. John O'Shea, Adm., Thomas-town, presided at the last meeting of the South Kilkenny Executive. The election of officers resulted as follows:—The Rev. John O'Shea was unanimously elected president; Rev.

Thomas Brennan, C.C., V.P.; Rev. James Brennan, C.C., treasurer and director; and Mr. R. J. Ryan, C. C., hon. secretary.

TRIAL OF COLONEL LYNCH.—The Lord Chief Justice of England sat at the Law Courts on 22nd December for the purpose of charging the Grand Jury of the county of London and of Middlesex in the case of Colonel Arthur Lynch, M.P., who was on August 2nd committed from the Bow street Police Court on a charge of high treason, in that he bore arms against the King during the Transvaal war as commandant of the Irish brigade.

The proceedings before the Lord Chief Justice—who, in the event of a true bill, would it was understood, have associated with him two other judges—constitute what is known as a trial at the Bar, and for the preliminary to-day, Lord Alverstone, in full judicial robes, appeared in his own court.

The Earl of Desart was public prosecutor.

The Grand Jury being sworn, the Lord Chief Justice began his charge at seven minutes to eleven o'clock, the Grand Jury standing.

The Grand Jury retired at 11.20, and returned into court at 11.41.

On the Grand Jury re-appearing, Master Mellor asked of the foreman—Do you find a Bill.

The Foreman—We do.

Master Mellor (having examined the document presented by the foreman)—It is a true Bill.

The Lord Chief Justice—What is the arrangement about the date of the trial?

His Lordship appealed to the Hon. Charles Russell, who was in attendance as solicitor, and Mr. Russell said he understood the desire was that the case should be brought on as near as possible to the 20th or 21st of January.

MORE COERCION.—On 21st December a Coercion Court, consisting of Messrs. Wm. Jones and R. L. Browne, sat at Roscommon Court-house, when a charge, at the instance of District Inspector Hughes, against Messrs. John Roche, M. P., Denis Johnston, Michael Garrick, Patrick J. Monahan, and Charles O'Keefe, was resumed. The hearing opened on Wednesday fortnight at Lecarrow Courthouse, and as Mr. Roche, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Monahan were arrested on warrants during the week. Mr. Roche was brought up in custody from Tullamore Jail, where he had been in prison since the previous Tuesday. It is a rather curious circumstance that the persons principally concerned in dealing with the case on behalf of the Castle are named Browne, Jones, and Robinson, the first two being the Removables, and the third the prosecuting solicitor. Considerable interest was taken in the case, and a large number of persons were present in court during the day, including the Rev. Father Corcoran, C.C., Roscommon, and the Rev. Father Dunnellan, C.C., Ballagh.

The usual charge of intimidation was made against the defendants, also that they, on Sunday, the 9th day of November, 1902, at Knockcroghery, in the County of Roscommon, unlawfully took part in an unlawful assembly—to wit, that they, the said defendants, together with other persons to the number of five or more, whose names are unknown, unlawfully did assemble together at a public meeting.

Mr. Morphy (instructed by Mr. Robinson, Crown Solicitor), appeared for the prosecution.

After the usual police evidence being given, the Removables, as a matter of course, proceeded to pass sentence.

Mr. Jones said that as regards Mr. O'Keefe he did not think it would be fair to find him guilty as he was inexperienced in these matters. They would dismiss the charge against him. As regards Patrick Monahan, John Roche, and Michael Garrick, there was ample evidence to sustain the charge, and the sentence of the Court was that they be detained in custody to the rising of the Court, and that at the expiration of that period they should severally enter into sureties to be of good behavior for twelve months, themselves in £50 and two sureties of £25 each, or in default be imprisoned in Sligo Jail for one month.

Mr. Roche—I presume if you made the sentence a month and a day we would be entitled to appeal.

Mr. Jones said this was not in the nature of punishment. It was a restraining measure and there was no right of appeal. Are you going to give bail?

Mr. Roche—I am not aware that I committed any offence, and I certainly am not going to give bail.

Mr. Jones (to Mr. Monahan)—Are you going to give bail?

Mr. Monahan—I will take my stand

with Mr. Roche. I am no criminal, and you cannot make me one.

Mr. Jones—Nobody is saying you are a criminal.

Mr. Roche—Then, why hold me to a rule of bail? Why should I give bail if I have done nothing?

Mr. Garrick, in reply to Mr. Jones, said he certainly would give no bail. Mr. Roche—While I have life and liberty I will repeat what I have said and I will give no bail. I would rot in prison first.

Mr. Jones—Then, if there is no bail let the three warrants be made out.

Mr. Roche, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Monahan were then taken into custody, but as the warrants were not completed in time they were not removed to Tullamore Jail by the evening train.

One Phase of Protestant Intolerance.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On the 8th May last, the "English Churchman," a religious publication of London, contained a letter written by a Mr. Walter Walsh, in which the writer tells what he considers would be appropriate and what inappropriate on the occasion of the King's coronation. As the entire coronation programme was altered, in consequence of the King's sudden illness last June, it would not be of any use to now speculate upon what might, or what might not have taken place. But the postponement of the ceremony and the curtailing of details do not change the character of either Mr. Walsh's letter or of his desires. It may seem rather late for us to refer to that letter; but it has only come under our notice very recently, and its spirit is still fresh, if its form is eight months old. The following extract will suffice as a sample:—

"I should not be surprised if instead of God's Holy Word being carried in procession, an Envoy from the Pope should be there; a representative of that system which hates an open Bible, and denies the right of private judgment and freedom of conscience, and would fain set a Roman Catholic on the throne, aided by Cardinal Vaughan, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Denbigh (who was an Envoy to the Pope himself lately), Lord Halifax, etc. I fully expect, should there be an Envoy from the Pope in the procession, he will be greeted with shouts of 'No Popery' from many parts of London; I am sure I hope so."

Now the writer of these lines must be a very broad-minded man. He accuses the Catholic Church of denying "freedom of conscience," and he proceeds to fall into the exact same sin. Not only would he deny the Catholic the right of conscience, but he would gladly insult, after a blackguard fashion, the representative of the most important religious body on earth.

What kindly feelings towards his fellow-man this Christian gentleman must entertain! What a lover of peace and concord he must be!

The paragraph above quoted is characteristic of the class of citizens whence it emanates, and it would be unjust were we to state that class to be a large one. Happily they are now fewer, and becoming ever fewer, who either entertain or approve of such sentiments. They are few also who would care to have their names associated with such utterances. It is a consoling thought that these old cries of the extreme bigots of other days are dying out and gradually becoming meaningless.

We are ever prepared to admit that we know no compromise in matters of faith, that we are always prepared to uphold the truth as taught by our Church, and that we never hesitate to combat error of doctrine whenever it makes an appearance. But, for all that, we are not so narrow as to deprive others of the credit that is their due—even though we do not correspond in our ideas or principles. We are prepared to affirm that not one in a hundred ministers of leading Protestant denominations, not one in five hundred ministers of the Anglican communion and not five per cent. of the educa-

ed Protestants of to-day would endorse the views and wishes of this Mr. Walsh. Not but they may be as strongly opposed to Catholicity as strongly opposed to Catholicity tlemen of finer feeling, loftier sentiment, and more Christian ideals than the last phrases, above quoted, would imply.

Some years ago the writer of these comments happened to be in conversation with a Protestant minister at a moment when a priest, bearing the Holy Viaticum, went past. The minister uncovered his head with an interior show, at least, of great reverence. Later on, having occasion to refer to the incident, the writer asked the clergyman if he believed in the Real Presence. He simply replied: "No; not as you do; but you believe in the Eucharistic Presence, so does the priest who passed us, and I respect your belief as something sublime and beautiful;" and he added, "I would consider myself a boor were I not to join you in honoring Christ, even if what is real to you should be figurative to me." Just read the lesson taught by that gentleman. Could any person con-

ceive such a man applauding the utterances of the Mr. Walsh who was so anxious to hear the "No Popery" cry raised at the royal procession? We may differ, and the abyss that divides our respective convictions may be unfathomable, but we cannot, without bringing discredit upon ourselves and upon our principles, descend to the level of billingsgate, nor even to that unchristian level whereon the weapons used serve only to irritate and to shock the soul.

One more remark suggested by the letter in question. It will be ever noted that vulgarity is antagonistic to true Christian feeling; the more vulgar the expression the less Christian it is; the more refined and delicate the language and ideas the nearer to Christian perfection do they approach. What is it that imparts to every utterance of the present Pope the sublimity that all the world acknowledges, if not the elevation of expression which corresponds with the grandeur of conception. Writers of this Mr. Walsh's calibre are admirably calculated to ruin any cause and to frustrate their own designs.

Dagonet 'Brut' Champagne, Vintage of 1895

"CUVEE EXCEPTIONNELLE."

Shipped by Messrs. Dagonet et Fils, Chalons-sur-Marne, France, A Dry, Delicate and Delicious Wine.

Quarts, \$31.00 per Case of one dozen.

Pints, \$33.00 per Case of two dozen.

Less 3 per cent. discount for cash.

DAGONET "BRUT" CHAMPAGNE, VINTAGE OF 1895.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.
Sole Importers.

Chateau LaCaffeliere 1899 VINTAGE.

(First Growth, Saint Emilion.) We are in receipt of a very fine Claret, which we offer at an extremely low price. It is from the Chateau La Caffeliere, Saint Emilion, France, vintage of 1899, imported in wood and bottled in our vaults.

We offer the Wine at \$8.25 per case of one dozen quarts or \$9.25 per case of two dozen pints.

For out of town Customers, we will deliver the wine free by express to any point in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

McEwan's [Portland] Finnan Haddies

Fresh in by Express, also,

FLORIDA SHADDOCKS

The "Golden Eagle" Brand of Florida Grape Fruit

"Mammoth," "Superlatives" and "Queens."

Florida Shaddocks, "Mammoth," 25 cents each, \$2.75 per dozen.
Florida Shaddocks "Superlatives," 20 cents each, \$2.25 per dozen.
Florida Shaddocks "Queens," 15 cents each, \$1.50 per dozen.

EX ALLAN LINE SS. BAVARIAN.

100 Prime English Stilton Cheese

"The Original Melton Mowbrays," in fine condition.

The "Oriental" Brand of Washed Figs

In one, two and three pound baskets.

Oriental Washed Figs, in 1-lb. baskets, 35 cents each.

Oriental Washed Figs, in 2-lb. baskets, 60 cents each.

Oriental Washed Figs, in 3-lb. baskets, 90 cents each.

Stuffed Dates in 1-lb. boxes.

"Saint Johnsbury" Sausage Meat in 2 lb. Sacks

20 cents per pound, 40 cents per sack.

Deerfoot Farm Little Sausages

Deerfoot Farm Sliced Bacon

Deerfoot Farm Sausage Meat

All in 1 lb packages.

Pine Apple Cheese

"Gems," "Picnics" and "Mediums."

Pine Apple Cheese, "Gems," 60 cents each.

Pine Apple Cheese, "Picnics," 75 cents each.

Pine Apple Cheese, "Large," \$1.25 each.

EDAM CHEESE (Dutch Balls)

10 Cases, each 12 Edam Cheese, finest extra quality, just received.

Edam Cheese \$1.00 each.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

"GLUTEN FLOUR."

In half-barrels and 10-lb. sacks.

Special Diabetic Food, in 10-lb. sacks.

Fresh supplies direct from the mill.

Gluten Flour in 10-lb. sacks 90 cents each.

Gluten Flour in half-barrels \$7.50 each.

"Special Diabetic Food," in 10-lb. sacks \$1.25 each.

Fernet-Branca Bitters, \$1.25 per bottle (quart).

Fernet-Branca Bitters, \$13.50 per case of one dozen quarts.

THE TEAS FOR THE MASSES AND THE TEAS FOR THE CLASSES

We offer 1,000 pounds of a

PURE CEYLON TEA at 25 cents per pound.

25 cents per pound in one pound packages.

25 cents per pound in five and ten pound caddies.

1,000 pounds of a

CHOICE CEYLON TEA at 35 cents per pound.

35 cents per pound in one pound packages.

35 cents per pound in five and ten pound caddies.

And we have always ready for every call

10,000 pounds of our famous 35-cent English Breakfast Tea.

35 cents per pound in one pound packages.

35 cents per pound in caddies of all sizes.

"LILAC" TEA! "LILAC" TEA! "LILAC" TEA!

A very refreshing blend of carefully selected growths.

"LILAC" TEA! "LILAC" TEA! "LILAC" TEA!

The choicest products of India and Ceylon.

50 cents per pound packet. 25 cents per half-pound packet.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.,

Italian Warehouse - 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TEDDY'S DREAM.—Teddy's real name was Edward Jeremiah O'Rourke. But who ever heard of an Edward Jeremiah being captain of a football team? Teddy's mother, cousins, and aunts called him Ned; his father and teacher called him Edward; but on the field the boys shouted: "Go it, Ted!" and he went.

Early in life Ted had developed a strong propensity for what is called in New York "playing hockey" in Massachusetts "bunkin'" and in Rhode Island "runnin' away." In his case, this meant that he spent every pleasant afternoon in spring at Scott's Pond, watching the floating island and frightening the fish, instead of being at school.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream" when, on returning to the classroom one bright September morning, he found himself promoted. The cause of the promotion never reached his ears, but I'll tell you, in confidence.

The Sister who taught the sixth grade said he could no longer fit in her desks, so up he went.

Suddenly it dawned on him that he might as well begin to study now as at any other time, so he set to work with a will. In vain did his old companions tell of the "high time" they were going to have in Chestnut Grove, and press him to join them. Ted treated them to his best-natured grin, and said he guessed he'd go to school—for a change. He became a great help to the teacher, in a quiet way; not that he ever carried a tale or sought to gain favor at the expense of others, but when Sister Mary Grace said, "Edward, I wish you would get Thomas Crewby to stop smoking," he made it a rule that the boys on his team should not smoke.

Still more important rules were those stating that no boy should remain from Confession longer than a month, and profanity was to be punished by a fine. Ted knew how to get at his "men," as he called them, better than any teacher, just as an old smuggler makes the best custom house officer.

So he toiled in school and out of it, faithfully and earnestly, for a year, and after the closing exercises he had the satisfaction of reading the following item in the Pawtucket "Times":

"Master Edward Jeremiah O'Rourke has attained the highest scholarship average in St. Patrick's School, Valley Falls."

His father felt justly proud of him, and presented him with a handsome gold watch that had to be taken out many times a day and displayed to the admiring eyes of all the boys.

Only Ted and his teacher realized how hard he had worked to attain first rank and to skip from the seventh grade to the ninth. Not that he found it difficult to learn, for he was wonderfully bright, but it took some moral courage to keep his eyes directed toward the map of Africa when Joseph Hope slipped under his very nose a boat made of stiff white paper, on which an old composition, subject, "Coal," was inscribed and whispered:

"I'll bet an apple you can't make one like it."

It required all his grit to grapple with a list of irregular verbs when John McVay, whose little nose pointed heavenward, like an inverted interrogation point, tossed his auburn locks, and with mischief in his bright blue eyes, asked him to guess why a red head in a classroom was like the Statue of Liberty. But Ted stuck to his work, and came out ahead.

One particular Saturday the "S. P. S." football team won a great victory over the Clark street boys, and rejoicing was the order of the day. On his way home, Ted met Willie Higgins, a poor, lame boy, who seldom came to school because he suffered so intensely at times that his crutches were useless, and he was confined to a bed of pain.

Ted greeted him kindly, at the same time noticing that the lad's eyes were red and swollen. "What's up, Higgins?" he exclaimed. "Has Ned Leary been trying any more of his funny tricks on you? If he has—" and Ted displayed a pair of good, strong fists and struck an attitude very unlike the one the boys assumed in the classroom at prayer time.

"No, no, Ted," answered Willie, "but I have to go to the hospital, and I know I'll be there for weeks. I had to go before and I remember how dreary and lonely it is. Why, you wake up in the night and don't even know the time, nor how many hours you have to lie awake before daylight comes." And poor Willie's eyes again filled with the tears he was too proud to let fall.

"What time are you going?" said Ted.

"Monday morning on the eight-nineteen train."

"Cheer up, old man," said Ted, shaking his hand, "you'll have the whole S. P. S. down at the depot to give you a send-off, and you may be sure some of us will get into the hospital, at Christmas, to see you."

Ted went off whistling "The Farmer Boy," to conquer the lump that kept coming up in his throat. Softly his Guardian Angel whispered to him:

"Why not give Willie your watch? Its cheerful ticking at night will tell him that the boys remember him, and to suffer is little compared with the agony of suffering alone."

Ted took the watch out and looked at it. It was just three o'clock, the hour they said on school days the aspiration for the dying. He said it, and looked again at the case. How beautiful it was! He recalled his father's words on giving it to him: "May all your minutes be golden ones, my boy." Self whispered: "You ought not to give away his gift."

"Well," said Ted to himself, "I'll think about it."

That night he was kept busy with school work. Some problems in the application of square root required figures to be drawn; a composition on a "Journey to Africa" caused him to refer to his geography and books of travel. Then he took up his language tablet. He was not in love with this study, but determined to succeed.

He carefully wrote out: "It don't seem possible that our country is so young!" This sentence is incorrect, because—

Suddenly the sand man threw some grains into his eyes; he put his head down on the table, and in two minutes was fast asleep. It seemed to him that he was kneeling in the church at Benediction. Looking up, the golden Monstrance appeared like the case of his watch. At the end of each ray an hour shone gleaming with brilliant jewels, and instead of the "O Salutaris," the choir sang: "Inasmuch as you did it to one of these, my little ones, you did it to me."

Here Ted awoke with a start. "We mustn't believe in dreams," he said, "but I guess I'll ask father if I may give my watch to poor Willie Higgins."

Monday morning, fair and early, the boys gave Willie his send-off. How the lonely boy brightened up under all their kindness! How he hugged the beautiful gold watch that was to keep him company and tell of loving hearts waiting to welcome him home again!

On Christmas morning Ted's father presented him with a far more valuable watch.

We do not believe in dreams, either, dear reader, but we know that God rewards pure and generous hearts for their love and loyalty.

Years after, the case of the second watch was melted with others to form a golden Monstrance. Our Ted has sought and found "the pearl beyond all price," a religious vocation, and his Guardian Angel protects it by a beautiful setting of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. — Mary Ellis; prize story from St. Patrick's School, Valley Falls, Rhode Island. From "The Sunday Companion."

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1862.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P., Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street. M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856, 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. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, O. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selwyn and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, O. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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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 Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

SILEN

Young men were at a...
Glenough. Notwithstanding this regrettable scarcity of their importance in the...
market, it seemed in that two of the most prominent should fix their...
on the one young lady, a...
into a keen rivalry on her...
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SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Young men were at a premium in Glencurragh. Notwithstanding that this regrettable scarcity made the few eligible bachelors fully conscious of their importance in the matrimonial market, it seemed inconsistent that two of the most prominent among them should fix their regards on the one young lady, and enter into a keen rivalry on her account.

Uncharitable people had been heard to remark that the certainty of a substantial fortune prompted these attractions, while the less calculating were given to assert that Miss Curtin's personal attractions were the chief inducement. The situation was somewhat awkward for the interesting subject of this controversy. She admired each suitor in his respective way, but they were extremely different in style and temperament, and she was not conscious of a decided preference for one above the other. John Kirby was an excellent type of the well-to-do farmer, but had no remarkable talent, ambition, or pretensions above the local standard. He did not seem destined to figure in his country's history as a leading personality either in the world of thought or action, but he had vigorous health, good sense, and a kindly nature, birthday gifts, which may be more productive of homely comforts than the rarer attributes of a genius. True to the traditions of his race, he had romantic tendencies, which love of reading and a quiet life had helped to foster. His farm, which was extensive, adjoined the seaport town in which Miss Curtin's father was hotel proprietor, consequently business matters carried him rather frequently into the dangerous precincts of the hotel.

His rival, Cecil Hammond, was son of the leading merchant whose pretentious establishment overlooked the Subare, and was dignified by the name of "The Emporium." Young Hammond had never presumed to be a systematic business man, but he was decidedly up-to-date and progressive in his ways. He had been given a short college course in the metropolis, cut a good figure when he rode to the hounds, and was president of the Glencurragh Literary Society. He was musical, had unquestionable pretensions as a singer, and talked well, in what was considered a genuine Dublin accent. The latter accomplishment he hoped to display to the best advantage at the forthcoming lecture and concert, to be held in the Town Hall, in aid of a local charity, during the week on which our story opens. As president of the Literary Society, under whose auspices the entertainment was being held, the pleasing duty of introducing the distinguished lecturer had been deputed to Mr. Hammond, and many were the fluent rehearsals to which he treated the unresponsive walls of his private room during the wakeful nights preceding the event.

He trusted to turn the occasion to the best account. Miss Curtin was to be among the crowd, and having determined on making a formal proposal to that young lady as soon as convenient, he thought it convenient to approach the critical question after creating a good impression. There was one thing which slightly jarred on his anticipations. His declared rival had been assigned a part in the night's proceedings, having been persuaded to propose a vote of thanks to the guest of the evening. It was his first appearance on a public platform, and Cecil Hammond wickedly trusted to Fate that his debut would be a failure.

After a good deal of elaborate preparations the festive night arrived. The hall, which had been decorated by skilful hands, was transformed into a thing of beauty, the rude, discolored beams overhead being garlanded so profusely as to appear almost artistic, while the stage was a confusion of pottery and flowers.

There was a drop-scene, executed in haste by a local artist, which added considerably to the effect; for, though there was a generous disregard for anything like perspective, the coloring in the landscape was bright and cheerful.

Before the appointed hour arrived, the body of the hall was crowded, and the reserved seats towards the front were filling up rapidly by those whom the local papers afterwards described as "the elite of the locality." The green-room, a little apartment convenient to the stage, had been made sacred to the ladies for the completion of details in connection with the concert. But the

lecture had precedence, and the members of the committee had already distributed themselves in seats upon the platform, or stage, as was designated by those with histrionic tendencies. The advent of the lecturer, Mr. Augustus Brownlow, was marked by the turning on of the gaslight to its fullest brilliancy, and a murmur of expectation ran through the audience as he made his way towards the stage, escorted by a few of the leading citizens. He took his appointed seat quietly, while Mr. Cecil Hammond came forward to effect his introduction. The latter gentleman appeared in tip-top form. He was cool, faultlessly dressed, and full of confidence. His hopeful anticipations were more than realized, for he excelled himself in fluency, grace of gesture, and deportment.

After he had retired people whispered among themselves that he was an extremely nice fellow, and there were many who cast enquiring glances to note the effect upon Miss Curtin.

The lecture itself was loud, learned, and instructive, and while it appealed strongly to the intellectual, it gave less profound thinkers an excellent opportunity to look around and scrutinize their neighbors' toilettes.

When it was all over the time had come for John Kirby to make his mark in history. For a man of strong character he was extremely sensitive, and had wrought himself into a state of painful nervousness since the proceedings opened. Throughout the lecture he was a distracted listener, mentally rehearsing his forthcoming speech, and the effort to remember added still more to the mental strain he was enduring. When he rose to his feet and came closer to the footlights he was conscious of a surging sensation in his head, and the faces of the expectant people melted into one brilliant blot before his eyes. He cleared his throat violently, and the exertion gradually restored his sense of sight, but his mind remained obscured, and he failed to recall one word of what he had prepared. He shuffled uneasily on his feet, made a few inarticulate remarks, bowed slightly to the audience, and retired to his place at the back of the stage. He carried with him, along with his deep humiliation, a sense of Miss Curtin's apparent pity, for, even in his dilemma, his eyes had sought her out instinctively, and there was some paltry consolation in the fact that, while suppressed amusement overspread most of the faces, hers was only startled and sympathetic.

The humor of the situation was considerably heightened when Mr. Peter Glynn, an impulsive little man, who did not give himself time to think, came forward to second the vote of thanks "so ably expressed" by his friend, Mr. Kirby. After a few further formalities the proceedings in connection with the lecture wound up, and the audience settled themselves down to a critical chat in anticipation of the concert.

In this the local singers went through the programme with more or less success, but it was conceded on all hands that Cecil Hammond scored a second triumph when he took up his part.

Discriminating people asserted that all the sentimental fervor of his love song was directed to Miss Curtin, but she was seemingly a very unresponsive inspiration, as her face was strangely thoughtful and abstracted. When the entertainment was over, she lost no time in taking her leave, and slipped quietly down the wide staircase leading from the room, under the escort of a younger brother.

Reaching the entrance door, she was dismayed to find that a heavy rain had set in during the evening, for which she had come out totally unprepared, after an unusually elaborate toilet. Before she had time to decide what course to adopt, somebody stepped from the shelter of the doorway and kindly extended her a large umbrella. Meanwhile a companion of her brother's had joined him rather boisterously, and Miss Curtin was led to accept, not only the sheltering umbrella, but the friendly escort of Mr. John Kirby on her homeward walk.

After the first few common places were exchanged, an awkward silence fell between them. Happily nerved by the charitable darkness of the night, it was the young man who spoke, and in a tone strangely

cynical for one of his quiet temperament.

"Why don't you congratulate me, Miss Curtin? I am surprised at your forgetfulness."

He would have been strangely puzzled if he had known that her lips trembled and her eyes filled with sympathetic tears as she replied, rather harshly:

"There is nothing to congratulate you about. You were a hopeless failure."

John Kirby appreciated the blunt honesty of her criticism—it was more wholesome for him than volumes of hypocritical flattery. It was ungrateful of him, however, to blurt out angrily:

"You could at least commend me for improving Mr. Hammond's position—the contrast with my stupidity added to his lustre."

Miss Curtin was determined to punish him this time.

"He acquitted himself remarkably well," she said, coldly.

John Kirby seemed to be afflicted with a sudden reaction from his stage fright, and his taunting remarks followed each other in quick succession.

"He will have presumption enough for anything now," he said, meaningly, "his eloquence has carried all before it."

"Then you are not an advocate of the principle that 'silence is golden,'" Miss Curtin answered. It was, one of those random remarks which crop up in conversation, and, until it was uttered, she had not troubled about its interpretation, but she flushed hotly, even in the darkness, as she felt her escort's inquiring glance turned full upon her. He was silent for what seemed to be a considerable time, and when he spoke there was no trace of bitterness in his voice—it was full of quiet tenderness.

For one brief space his heart had beaten quickly with the hope that her words had held a deeper meaning, but, on consideration, he had taken the remark as a light jest at his expense.

"It is a very good motto, but, unfortunately, has not a general application. However, I may outlive your contempt some time because you are naturally kind and charitable; if you had not been there I would have done better."

"Mr. Kirby," Miss Curtin said, impulsively, "cannot you understand that I felt extremely for you? There was no contempt only, only—"

She stopped abruptly, for there was a perceptible tremor in her voice. Regardless of the pattering raindrops, Cecil Kirby shifted the sheltering umbrella to his right hand and laid his left lightly on her arm. "You pitted me, I know," he said. "I wish to heaven that pity could be 'akin to love' in your case. If it were I could endure a full measure of contempt from all the others."

"Then if you value so much my moral support," she hesitated, for, notwithstanding her bravest effort, she could not control her voice.

"Miss Curtin," he said, almost sternly, "you are too honest to trifle with my feelings. Could you bring yourself to care for a blunderer like me?"

"I never knew until to-night," she answered, truthfully. "It was only when you blundered that I knew how much I cared."

John Kirby was too moved to speak, but he took the small ungloved hand in his and raised it to his lips. There was no further expression of endearment except that he retained the little trembling hand until they reached her father's door. He did not relinquish it even then until she had given him an assurance that he would have a right to claim it as his own in the immediate future. Standing in the clear light from the hall within, she saw the happiness upon his face as he turned reluctantly away, and her own heart grew glad within her because that she had given a silver lining to the little cloud which had cast a passing shadow on that non-existent life.

Some time later the lecturer, accompanied by Cecil Hammond and others of the Society, reached the hotel, and the pleasant hum of conversation and music of mellow laughter echoed through the premises. After a few minutes, Mr. Hammond, on some slight pretext, made his escape from the company and requisitioned one of the maids to convey to Miss Curtin his particular desire to see her.

Lingering around in pleasant anticipation of an interview, he was extremely annoyed when the messenger returned to say that Miss Curtin had retired to her room, and regretted very much being unable to see Mr. Hammond. Although he received the apology politely, he could scarcely contain his irritation. He had missed her at the hall after the proceedings closed, and was at a loss to understand her prospective leave-taking, and in a tone strangely

she got away. It hurt his vanity at the time that she had lost a possible chance of offering her congratulations, but he had consoled himself with the idea that a private meeting would be better chosen. He was doubly disappointed because of this second check on his intentions, for with a strange perversity of human nature, he coveted that most which was denied him. The incident did not serve to damp his hopes, however, and after a while he came to the conclusion that the morning would serve his purpose just as well, and when the young lady would be brighter and in better form. It was her invariable custom to take a brisk walk during the forenoon along the rugged sea coast beyond the town, and Cecil Hammond, familiar with her habits, determined to seek her out there on the following morning.

With this mental resolve, he joined the company again, and, by the time they prepared to disperse, had become one of the most social spirits of the party. There were a few hilarious jokes at the expense of poor John Kirby, for, though the greater number were his personal friends, the occasion was too good to let pass without some harmless badinage. Needless to say, Mr. Cecil Hammond was not the least partial to a few witticisms over his rival's discomfiture.

The morning following seemed propitious to his plans. What with the balmy purity of the air, the deep unclouded blue of the sky, and the vivid freshness of the surrounding country, it would be strange if a young man, bent on such a pleasing errand, should lack the buoyancy of spirits and elasticity of step which the occasion warranted.

He had given Miss Curtin a 20 minutes' start for her morning walk. The pathway she had taken entered into private grounds immediately outside the town, but, through the courtesy of the owner, was always open to the public. Over the soft carpet of the sloping meadow land, it wound its way around the dents and curves of the irregular coast line. Twenty feet below, the blue Atlantic washed over the rough shingle, and stole in and out between the rocks, through dark, mysterious little coves of its own formation. Far out, where the harbor widened into the open sea, the bold outline of Carbery Island rose dark and rugged from the water, and here and there, where the sunlight glinted on the house-tops, the scattered homes of the islanders could be discerned.

Crossing towards the mainland in a small boat, a few of those hardy sons of toil were making their way slowly. The rhythmic stroke of the oars, coupled with the soft music of the Irish tongue in which they spoke, seemed soothing as a lullaby breaking over the sleepy stillness of the place. Whatever the time or season, the scene before him would have appealed to Cecil Hammond, but though he was conscious as ever of its attractions on that particular morning, his mind was too preoccupied to loiter much on their account.

Rounding a sharp angle where some thick shrubs obscured his view, he suddenly discovered the object of his search. Miss Curtin had descended by a rugged by-path almost to the water's edge, and taken up a well-fortified seat at the foot of a steep cliff, against which she leaned, in happy unconsciousness of an intruder on her dreamland. She was not aware of his approach until the crush of his footsteps on the shingle roused her from her reverie. The young man was gratified to remark the deepening color on her face as he drew near, though his self-confidence would have sufficed if he could interpret the real cause of her confusion. She had divined his motive in seeking her out, and, coupled with the incident of the previous night, the prospect of a private interview was extremely trying. She could not deny from herself that she had given him a fair share of encouragement on which to found his hopes, and she was painfully sensitive of being compelled to let him know that she was already promised to another.

Cecil Hammond was pleased to attribute her embarrassment to other feelings, and gave her his hand with a well-turned compliment.

"I feel reluctant to mar the beauty of the picture by bringing my unworldly presence into the foreground. However, I had to sacrifice effect through selfish motives."

Miss Curtin laughed a little as she replied.

"The masculine element was always well in evidence, Mr. Hammond," nodding her head towards the approaching fishermen.

"Well, there is something picturesque about those jerseys and Tam-o-Shanters of theirs which would warrant their intrusion. I have nothing to recommend me."

Marie Curtin, glancing shyly at the straight, well-dressed figure, Freeman,

could not help doubting the humility of the assertion. She was not in a mood for passing compliments, however, and simply smiled her answer.

"You were fatigued last night," he said, abruptly changing the subject.

"Just a little," she answered truthfully. "The lecture was a trifle wearying. I thought he might have condensed at somewhat."

"After the fashion of Mr. Kirby who condensed his remarks to vanishing point," he said, cynically.

The girl flushed crimson, but turned her attention off adroitly by remarking:

"You should be more generous, considering that you acquitted yourself so well. Your song brought down the house completely."

"Well, considering that my inspiration was not far away. I think I do not deserve more than half the credit."

Miss Curtin was conveniently dense, and evinced an eager interest in the landing of the islanders, but her companion did not choose to be so easily thwarted this time, and continued, in a softer tone, "You cannot fail to understand me, Marie, for you must be aware of my feelings towards you long before now. I meant to speak to you last night, but was denied the chance. I have a dread of a formal speech on an occasion like this—you will spare me the need of any by giving me an assurance that my regard is not unwelcome."

He was standing close beside her, but her face was steadily averted.

"I am extremely grateful for your kind sentiments," she answered, after a long pause. "I wish sincerely they were proffered to some one far more worthy."

He was at a loss to understand her hesitancy, and attributed it to a possible belief on her part that a little uncertainty was commendable.

"Let too light winning make the prize light."

"You cannot damp my hopes by this humility," he said, half jestingly. "Let me see your face and read my fate for myself." He was surprised when, obedient to his request, she rose to her feet and turned directly towards him. Her face was pale, and the grey eyes met his a little wistfully, but her words were firm and decisive.

"Mr. Hammond, I am sorry that you have misplaced your regards; I have already promised my future to another."

She saw the unexpected shock her words occasioned him, and was prepared for the abrupt query:

"To whom, may I ask?"

"To John Kirby."

His dark brows met in a harsh frown as he put the next question.

"Since when has Mr. Kirby dated his proprietorship?"

She felt she deserved the satire, and answered, briefly:

"Since last night."

"Before the lecture?"

"No, after the entertainment."

"Would I be guilty of too much curiosity if I inquired whether Mr. Kirby saw you home?"

"Yes, he saw me home. I was placed under his escort quite unexpectedly at the outer door."

"And all the eloquence which he denied the public was reserved for private use—it is evident that he succeeded better in the friendly shadows of the night."

Miss Curtin was discreetly silent as he continued, bitterly:

"I should not have dreamt of pitting myself against such a capable pleader as Mr. Kirby if I had known that he had entered the lists against me—you will pardon my presumption. I am sure. It was evidently a wise proceeding on his part to make himself ridiculous as long as it appealed to your very sympathetic instincts."

He paused a little but her gaze was resting dreamily on the blue mists of Carbery Island, and she made no reply. Only when he held out his hand she gave him hers directly, and thanked him in her quiet fashion when he wished her every future happiness. When he was gone she resumed her seat and gave herself up to thought for fully half an hour. It was evidently a reverie which brought her conscience considerable balm, judging by her reflections as she turned homeward.

"It is vanity which is wounded worst," she told herself. "If I had reversed my choice and given poor John his dismissal thus, I honestly think his deeper feelings would be touched."

Even in that solitude she blushed warmly at such a consoling surmise, and would have fallen into another prolonged day-dream did not her thoughts again revert to Cecil Hammond.

"It is no harm to teach him," she said, with a protesting gesture. "How, once in a way, we have proof that 'Silence is Golden.'—Weekly Freeman.

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All happy days are rare in most lives. There have been some, but they are few. These are days when, if one could, he would have stopped the pendulum of time and have measured life by the music of happy heart-beats.

Our own experience teaches us that if a child is faulty, a good father, impelled by his very love, and in justice to himself and his rising, fashions out of the faulty child a strong and moral man; builds up his character by strengthening it where it is crooked, making it sound where it is rotten. Shall not our Heavenly Father do as much? As one corrected his son, so the Lord thy God correcteth thee. Thus God's justice completes His love.

Our Curbstone Observer ON THE UNCHARITABLE.

IT is wonderful what one beholds, even in the course of a single day's walk around the city. The scenes that greet the observer are of a nature to stir the soul of any man, not devoid of all Christian sentiment. And of all the grating, unpleasant, unpromising events of the day, none is more so than the frequent display of a lack of ordinary fellow-feeling, or of Christian charity. It is too bad to be so often finding fault, but I have fallen into a habit of dotting down my observations regardless of everything, except the exact truth. We have just celebrated the dawn of a new year, and our memories are still filled with the greetings that we received and the good wishes that we heard expressed. Grateful for so many kindly sentiments, one hesitates, to criticize. Yet there are times when just criticism results beneficially. I will tell of an incident that took place on the afternoon of New Year's Day, and, after the brief recital, I will take the liberty of writing out the reflections that followed that event.

A SAD SCENE.—It was exactly half-past two o'clock on New Year's afternoon, that a young man, well-dressed, and with every appearance of being educated and refined, roved across one of the most aristocratic uptown avenues, and fell in a heap against the brick wall of a private dwelling on the other side. To say that he was intoxicated would be to express the case in very mild terms. He was helplessly drunk. He succeeded in regaining his feet, but was absolutely unable to proceed. He staggered forward a few paces, then staggered back again; he made every imaginable attempt to retain his feet, but it seemed an impossibility. Soon—very soon—a crowd of boys gathered around. The urchins, to the number of about twenty, blew horns, shouted, laughed, jeered, and amused themselves, to their heart's content, at the expense of the unfortunate young man. Then doors and windows were opened; men, women, girls, children, all came out to join in the performance. Seven or eight men gathered around, each commenting after his own fashion upon the picture, all laughing and delighted with the antics of the victim. This lasted about twenty minutes; the crowd grew larger. Finally, by a supreme effort, the young man, succeeded in making a zigzag line back the way he had come, and disappeared down a lane, followed by a number of the young lads. What became of him after that I cannot say.

HARSH JUDGMENT.—God forbid that I should harshly judge that young fellow! It may be that he was so unaccustomed to strong liquor that a few small sips produced such a marked effect. It may be that he had been induced, accidentally, to take more than he was calculated to stand. It may be that he never before was intoxicated. But no matter what the reason, or the excuse the facts remain, that some place or other, with some person or persons or other, on that New Year's Day that young man—of about twenty—who had all the appearance of a gentleman, became overcome by what he had imbibed. It would be wrong to judge him harshly; none of us can tell what were the circumstances, therefore none of us have a right to pronounce.

WHOM TO BLAME.—Leaving aside the question of that young man, himself, and whatever blame must be attached to him, there is one thing certain: he must have gone out of some house—he it a saloon or a private house—in that helpless condition, and he must have been in the company of some person or persons when he drank the last glass. Why was he allowed to go abroad on the streets in that condition? Why did his boon companions, or whosoever gave him the liquor, allow him to be thus exposed to the public gaze, and to the dangers of being run over, knocked down, robbed, perhaps killed, or even frozen in some out of the way place? What right had they to get rid of him in such a manner, possibly after having benefited by the money that he must have foolishly spent? To my mind such people are guilty of a crime, and if it should have happened that the young man was killed, in that condition, I believe they would be guilty of homicide. His extreme helplessness is no excuse for them; on the contrary, it should be a reason the more why they should have kept him within doors, or, at least, accompanied him homeward. It is in cases of this class that we behold

the exemplification of the memorable line, "man's inhumanity to man." At some time or other, and evidently very recently, that young man was the pride and hope of a proud family. That their pride had a fall and their hope was shattered cannot change the circumstances. I am making no excuse for him; but I have still less any excuse for the heartlessness that could allow such a person to be so exposed to danger, and on such a day.

STILL MORE HEARTLESS.—But if blame is to be attached to those who allowed the young man to go out on the street, what am I to say of the men, who to the number of almost a dozen, stood around, cracked jokes, and enjoyed the miserable condition of a fellow creature. I care not who they were—Catholic, or Protestant, French, English, Irish, Scotch, or other—they are selfish and unchristian men. Not one had the manliness to step forward and offer a helping hand. Not one had the kindly heart to assist the poor fellow. Rather did each seem inclined to give him an extra push in the downward course. Where is the charity that we are so prone to boast and to claim as one of our special attributes? Is there one of those men who can place his hand upon his heart and say before God that he is sure never to be found in a like predicament? If any one could have the hardihood to do so, he would be more presumptuous than the proverbial pharisee. I have rubbed for over the third of a century with the world; I have known its delights and its miseries; I have experienced its temptations, its triumphs and its failures; and, in those years, I have known personal friends, I can count them at this moment, who were models of sobriety for ten, twenty, and thirty years, and, who, for one reason or another, went down to drunkards' graves.

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung." I have equally known men, and I could stand on our public streets to-day and name them as they go by, who have known all the bitterness of struggle against the failing of drink, who have seen their best prospects blighted, who have sunk to the last stage of despair and of moral, as well as physical, incapacity, and who, in a moment of grace, have, in the language of the poet,

"Arose in the morning, and said,
"I will go to the Altar of God,
To God who rejoiceth my youth;"

And who, to-day, can count their years of sobriety, and success by the score. Ah! we feel no pity, we have no mercy, for the one who has fallen by the wayside. We know not the feelings of the Samaritan. We cross the street and go our road, praising God, but like other men, perfectly oblivious of the end that we are liable, at any given moment, to have our presumption punished in a fall from our high place of fancied security. I take this case as an example simply to illustrate a contention. But it is unhappily, of daily occurrence. We claim to be followers of Christ and we decline to imitate Him even in his mercy. We have no pardon, no excuse for the one who has succumbed to a temptation against which he may have fought innumerable battles, in any one of which we would have been conquered. If there is one resolution more in accord with this season than another, methinks it is a resolution to be charitable, not merely in alms-giving, but especially in our judgments, in our conduct towards those less fortunate than ourselves, and especially towards that weak and tottering humanity that is so badly in need of succor and of encouragement. If we are professed Christians, let us, at least, put into active practice, the fundamental principles of a Christian life.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure all cases like the above, but also cure all other troubles arising from poor blood or weak nerves, such as rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, scrofula, and eruptions of the skin, etc. These pills are also a direct cure for the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Give the pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. The genuine are sold only in boxes that have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not have them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent, post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The New Apostolic Delegate.

On Saturday of last week, Mgr. Donatus Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephesus, and successor to Mgr. Falconio, as Apostolic Delegate to Canada, arrived in Ottawa. He was met at the station by Archbishop Duhamel and a large number of clergymen and leading Catholic laymen. He at once proceeded to the archiepiscopal residence. On Sunday morning he celebrated Low Mass at the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, and was assisted by Rev. Father Schaefer, secretary to Mgr. Falconio, and secretary to the new incumbent. A grand public reception was given the new Delegate, at seven o'clock Sunday evening, in the Basilica.

It was exactly 7.30 when the peals of triumphant march heralded the ceremony of solemn entry. In the ecclesiastical escort from the palace of the archbishop to the sanctuary of the church, first came the altar boys, then the clergy of the Basilica, and parish priests and clergy from different parts of the city and next Archbishop Duhamel and his attendants. Following the Archbishop was the Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by several priests. As the prelate entered the sanctuary the choir sang Ecce Sacerdos. Mgr. Sbarretti bowed low in reverence to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar and then received the holy water from the Vicar-General and blessed the incense. The clergy filed to their respective places and the congregation knelt while Mgr. Routhier chanted the special prayers prescribed by the Church, to be said upon occasions of entries of delegates apostolic. Afterward, proceeding to the elevated throne of the archbishops, the Apostolic Delegate was robed in the golden vestments, and taking the mitre and crozier, knelt again before the high altar. Assisting him as deacon and sub-deacon, were Rev. Fathers Seguin and Courville. Archbishop Duhamel was attended by Rev. Canon Beauchamp, curé of Gatineau Point, and Rev. Canon Plantin. Other members of the clergy present were Rev. Canon Campeau, Rev. Father Murphy, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Beausoleil, Rev. Dr. Nilles, Rev. Dr. Lacoste, Rev. Canon McCarthy, Rev. Father Myrand, Rev. Father Sylvain Corthell and many Seminarians.

After the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Archbishop Duhamel, on behalf of the clergy and people, extended a warm welcome to the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff. In his reply, Mgr. Sbarretti spoke both in English and French. He referred to the warm welcome he had received, and thanked most cordially

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the Archbishop, the clergy and the laity. He made allusion to the relations of Canadians to the Holy Father and the devotion and attachment of Canadian Roman Catholics to the Holy See, stating that it was an example for Roman Catholics all over the world. When the knowledge of this warm welcome reached Leo XIII., the great Pontiff would be consoled in the midst of his martials in thinking that he could cast his eyes, at least, on Canada as a spot which filled his heart with gratefulness and joy. He exhorted Catholics to profess their faith, to be proud of it, to practice it on all occasions, and assured them that by so doing they would not only accomplish the salvation of their own souls, but would work for the uplifting of the family, of civil society, and of humanity in general. In addressing these words to the Archbishop, clergy and laity he extended the same sentiments to the archbishops, bishops, clergy and people of the entire Dominion, deeming this manifestation of loyalty to the Holy Father in the person of his representative, as being the expression of love for the Holy See in Canada. He had also been much moved by the warmth of his reception at Ottawa.

As the oldest Catholic organ, in the English language in this country, we hasten to extend, in the names of all our readers, as well as in our own, a filial and hearty welcome to the learned and distinguished prelate who comes to us commissioned from Rome. We trust that he may be blessed with health and strength to carry on his important work with all the thoroughness and success that his heart must desire, and that he will bestow, through his administration, untold blessings upon the Church and all the faithful throughout Canada. It is our New Year greeting to the one who represents, in our midst, the august Head of our Holy Religion; may we have occasion, for years to come, to repeat the same, as the old years vanish and the new appear.

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THE TRUE

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EPH
"If the English-spee-
best interests, they would
powerful Catholic papers
or"

NOTES

STORIES AND JO-
age of activity and e-
methods people do not
indulge in much rea-
reading romance.
stances of the times h-
to another way of e-
public; short, humer-
ver stories, and amu-
been introduced. The
almost every newspa-
has its column of "Wi-
or some equivalent.
eye down the tiny la-
graphs, each rung la-
larger than the prece-
the mind takes in a
funny sayings, quaint
py replies, humorous
drole stories. Unless
some of these tit-bits
that before you have
a minute you have al-
gotten every one of
stories that you have
leave scarcely any in-
are not calculated to
are intended for a pa-
pastime they afford.
danger that we have
tected in these clever
queer jokes; it lurks
liage, like the asp un-
leaf. It is not proba-
one of the hurried re-
paragraphs would det-
has its influence, and
to be noticed in man-
life. When questions
things sacred, clergy-
that is associated in
Christianity becomes
a witty item or of a
berties are taken the
under no other circum-
be tolerated. The wr-
paragraphs and stori-
have a licence to ride
crack jokes upon ser-
the weaknesses of cle-
laugh at the expense
of religion, and, in a
the most sublime topi-
ner that he would tr-
ary theme. He tells
about this priest, or
and the effect is of a
character that is per-
fect. It is the const-
water that wears aw-
is this perpetual drip-
ridicule and apparent-
that wears away the
the respect that socie-
for the Church and f-
longs thereto. If you
over the world to-day
fall to perceive the
creasing lack of cour-
speak of reverence, w-
refer to things sacred
Himself. Much of this
godless education that
so many centres, muc-
of practical Christian
homes, much to the f-
ways that society is
much is also due to t-
the hour, and especial-
story and the clever
advise the editors of
in the secular as well
press, to avoid subject
character when perpet-
wit and humor.

NOW EIGHTY-THIR-
Year's Day, 1820, in t-
van, Ireland, was bor-
the girl, Mary A. Ma-
Year's Day, 1903, in
Montreal, Canada, a
great authoress, a
able personage, Mrs.
celebrated her eighti-
day. Four score years
since the birth of the
girl, and to-day the
the scores of fair an-
winners of her story.