HOSE

Glove.

Glove and Hand-

bums, Smoking



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Opening of the Marian Congress in Rome for the Jubilee.

The Pope has, from the first days of his Pontificate, summed up the great object of his life as that of restoring all things in Christ. ngst the first of the means that he thought of to this end, as he says in the Brief that he addressed to the Cardinal Presidents of the Committee for the public celebration of the 50th anniversary of the dogma the Immaculate Conception of Mary was devotion to the Mother of God. Such was the beginning of the Brief which he addressed to Cardinals Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mariano Rampolla, Domenico Ferrata and Giuseppe Calasanzio Vives y Tuto, Presidents of the Committee mentioned above. When the brief was read on Wednesday morning, November 30th, the vast assembly - Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, priests and laity-

The place of assembly was the spa-

cious Church of the Twelve Apostles, in one of the most central parts of the city. The church presented an unusual appearance. On the right of the central nave, under the shadow of one of the great arches, a series of benches, rising one above the other until they culminated in a central bench, was built up, and was occupied by the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Congress. The seats, instead of facing the high altar in the apse of the church, faced these benches. Behind the high altar a great white drapery like that which hangs above a throne, came from the vaulted ceiling, and, edged with dark purple velvet and cords of gold lace, formed a background to the altar. In the centre of this a colossal picture of the Immaculate Conception is placed, and around the head twelve double electric lights recall the crown and stars seen around the head of the Woman seen by the Apostle of the Apocalypse. Benches the members of the press, Italian and foreign. These were quite numerous, and their presence here displayed the widespread interest of the Catholic world at least, in quesstions that concern religion. The papers represented were the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican; the Civilta Cattolica, the very learned and important organ of the Jesuits published fortnightly at Rome, and thirteen, Italian papers nearly all Catholic, from other parts of the country. Besides these there was an Italian paper of New York represented here, another of Buenos Ayres, and the Univers, and La Croix of Paris; the XX Siecle, of Brussels; the Kolnische Volkszeitung of Colin; the Westfalischer Merkur, of Munster (Westphalia); the Vaterland, the Freeman's Journal, of Dublin; the Sun, of Baltimore; the Catholic Herald, of India; the Tablet, of London; the Gazet wan Antwerpen, of Antwerp; the New York American Zocchi, S.J., treated of the prophetic words of the Magnificat: "All burg, etc., etc.

Cardinal Vincenzo Wannutelli presided, and no less than twelve Cardinals were present. Nowhere else but in Rome could such a gathering of Princes of the Church be seen. Beides the presiding Cardinal sat their Eminences Mariano Rampella, Domenico Ferrata and Guiseppe Calasanzio Vives y Tuto; and in the first besch on the floor beneath their Emi-neaces Tripepi, Casail del Drago, No-cella, Taliani, Martinelli, Ainti, Matheu and Gennari sat, a row of crimson arrayed members of the Senate of the Church. Behind them were the Archbishops, and Bishops, and the priests and members of various religious orders. ous religious orders and congrega-tions, representing the beneficent inmence of the Church in the many mays of its charitable works. Then came the lafty in great numbers.

Amongst these were the representatives of the Governments accredited to the Holy See. That of the Governments erament of France was conspicuous by absence. In every public ceremony

in which the Pontiff and the high dignitaries of the Church took part the French Ambassador always occupied a high place; that is the case no longer! Happily, the French laity were quite numerous in this assembly, showing that they at least have not forgotten their ancient attachment to Rome.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, after a hymn had been sung, read

opening address, which was in Latin. For nearly three hours a series of discourses followed, each lasting from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes, all in praise of the Immaculate Mother of God. It was a strange thing to listen to this unanimous concert of laudation expressed in se veral different languages, and in different forms, but all harmonic theme. Indeed it seemed as if there were a rivalry between the representatives of the different nations claiming priority of devotion to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. And even the members of the religious orders, whose work for the Lenefit of humanity and the advancement of thought is now recognized, have been urging their claims to have stood up respectfully to listen to doctrine. The Carmelites put forbeen very early in sustaining this ward their arguments, the Dominicans urged their devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the Franciscans made evident, what scholars have always recognized, that they are perhaps the earliest, certainly the most persevering, champions of this devotion through six centuries.

To Cardinal Vannutelli succeeded the Archbishop of Pisa, Mgr. Maffi, who spoke in general terms of the persons who had come here from various parts of Italy, and from other lands beyond the mountains and the seas to take part in this great assembly, and he welcomed them cordially.

A letter from the Secretary of Count de Mun announcing the illness and incapacity of the Count, to come

to Rome, was read. Monseigneur Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, in his address touched on the history of the devotion to this doctrine throughout the ages. He was followed by the Abbot Pellegrini, of Grottaferrata, who urged the claims near to the speakers were allotted to of the Greek Church as having recognized the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception at an early period. This Abbot is the Superior of the Greek Basilian Monastery at Grottaferrata Father Kotmann, of the Minor Franciscans, spoke in German of the cult of the Immaculate, and he was followed by Mgr. Joseph Wilpert, who spoke in excellent Italian on the Blessed Virgin in the Catacombis. There is perhaps no one more capable of treating this theme than he, whose work on the pictorial art of the Catacombs is epoch-making. He examined rapidly the most notable paintings in these subterranean chapels, which represent the Prophecy of Isaiah, shown in two pictures; Adoration of the Magi, the Annuncilogae; the powerful Germania, of Beration, the Prophecy of Macheas, etc.; and he concluded by showing in clear terms that the position of Mary in of Vienna; the Liberte, of Fribourg; the Church of the early ages was, in substance, similar to that which she holds in the present age. On the following day, after the

introductory prayer, Father Gaetano generations shall call me bles Father Joseph Lehman, of Lyo converted with his brother from Jadaism to the Catholic Church many great applause. years ago, treated of the Crucifix and the Immaculate Virgin with interesting task to note even great eloquence. The Rev. Father General of the Dominican Order, Father Hyacinthe Cormier, took his theme the relation between the Blessed Virgin and the Mission St. Dominick. The Bishop of Tartes, Mer. Francois Xavier Schoepfer, in whese diocese the sanctuary of Loundes is situated, took Lourder for his theme, and in a most inter-esting discourse told of the pilgrims and pilgrimages that have been made to that most celebrated shrine. From 1867 to \* 1903, said the Bishop here have gone to Lourdes 4271 pilgrimages, containing altogether 3,817,000 pilgrims. The pilgrimage om abroad during this period were 92, and these were from Italy, Bel-fum, Germany, Austria, Hungary, pain, Portugal, England, Iroland, the United States of America, Ca-

1867 to the September of 1904 here were at Lourdes 1643 Bishops, amongst whom were 277 Arch-bishops, 10 Primates, 27 Patriarchs and 68 Cardinals—of those 757 were foreigners. The Bishop of Tarbes spoke of the miraculous cures of which Lourdes is the permanent scene. The reports are controlled by the Medical Office: officially, they amount to 2600; but in reality the extraordinary graces surpass 5000. The Bishop described some of them; and he demonstrated the groundless ness and absurdity of the plea of suggestion: "every human explanation being impossible, there remains nothing else than to go back to the intervention of God." And, concluding, he said that the religious mover ment which came forth from the banks of the Gave (at Lourdes) has spread from France over the whole world; once more the Immaculate Virgin will have brought men back

to God: "Per Mariam ad Jesum!" At this moment, when the Bishop of Tarbes had concluded his remarkable discourse, Father Stagni communicated to the Congress that at Lisbon, through the initiative of the Patriarch, Cardinal Netto, commission is being organized to erect a church in honor of Mary Immaculate, as a memorial of the 50th anniversary of the proclamation of the Dogma.

Count Carlo Santucci, a member of the Communal Council at Rome, treated of the Immaculate Conception and Modern Errors.

This was followed by a discourse delivered by the Rev. Father David Fleming, of the Order of Friars Minor, on "The Scraphic Order and the

The definition of the Immaculate Conception, said Father Fleming, marked a new epoch in the cult of the Mother of God, a new and brilliant fulfilment of those words of Mary: All generations shall call me blessed. After treating in his own most able and clear manner of the unfolding, according to the necessities and circumstances of the time, of the truths contained in the deposit of Faith, Father Fleming said that amongst the truths which have been thus developed after many centuries is that of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. This doctrine was taught from the beginning, es pecially in the third century; it was well known in the Eastern Church. the ancient liturgy of which contains luminous traces of it. But in the Western Church there began, with St. Bernard, a great confusion among the doctors. The rev. speaker then traced, in a brief but clear summary, the efforts of the Franciscans favor of the doctrine, noting how the true dectrine was preserved and taught in the University of Oxford, first by Bishop Grossteste, then by Barrow, and finally by Duns Scotus, who had succeeded Barrow in the Chair of Theology. When Duns Sootus was sent to teach at the Sorbonne, in Paris, he found another atmosphere: all the professors were hostile to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; but finally the arguments of Scotus triumphed, and thenceforward the confusion began to disappear till the day on which Pius IX., with his infallible definition, dissipated forever the last shadows

notable among the most notable in the Congress, was received with

It would be a long though most names of the speakers and the subjects of their discourse. In the afternoon, meetings of sections held in two large halls of the Roman Seminary, and some most interesting discourses were read. Here Rev. Father Taunton surprised all his hearers by claiming a priority of devotion to the Immaculate for the Anglo-Saxon Church. He mentioned two cases in which in the eleventh century the Immaculate Conception is mentioned as a liturgical feastone in an ecclesiastical calenda where the 8th of December is marked as the feast of the Conception of ed as the feast of the Uonception of the Mother of God, and another in the Benedictionals, which were blessings given by the Bishop at a certain place in the Mass. This was Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, the United States of America, Ca-nada, Brazil and even Bolivia. From Agostino Molini, in his paper on

The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception in Franciscan History," copy of which discourse was tributed to each person present, refers in a note to a calendar sculptured in marble in the 9th century in which reference is made to the Immaculate Conception as a feast celebrated by the Christian people. The interest of these meetings is

all absorbing, and some of the Irish Bishops at present in Rome make point of attending them.

#### CHURCH BANNER MADE BY CONVICT

Beautiful Piece of Work by Philadelphia Prisoner Unveiled in Church of the Gesu, Philadelphia.

A banner wrought in gold and silver, representing the Immaculate Conception, the product of a convict n the Eastern Penitentiary, was unveiled Sunday evening at the Church of the Gesu. Philadelphia. The Rev. Michael Noel, of the Church of the Gesu, is chaplain of the Eastern Penitentiary, and several months ago he noticed that one of the prisoners was weaving a design in fabric upon gold and silver bullion.

Father Noel learned that the man designated by the prison officials as No. 2312, block 9, was Joseph W. Grawal, serving a term for embezzlement. Father Noel asked Grawal if he would make a banner for church and the latter assented. For sixteen hours a day Grawal worked unceasingly for sixty days to complete the banner.

The prison officials encouraged him in his work and even installed special elertric illumination in h cell. Last Friday the banner was taken to the church. Nothing was said to the members of the church concerning the identity of the artist. The banner measures six feet four inches. Ten pounds of solid gold were used. Its value is estimated at

#### Mark Twain on Joan of Arc

In Harper's Magazine for December Mark Twain, who has recently made a thorough study of the original documents bearing on the life of Joan of Arc, pays a wonderful tribute to this slight girl whom he calls "by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced." "All the rules fail in this girl's ase. In the world's history she stands alone quite alone, have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, le- which in my opinion is threatening gal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger and smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at 16 without ever having seen a law-book or a court house before; she had no training in soldiership and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first camwhich obscured the supreme privilege of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

page, suc was place in life to the first in the supreme privilege battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education Great Britain and the British Parpaign; she was brave in her first which a boy's courage gets from never ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be coward, but only in a girl; friendtified by the report of that less, alone, ignorant, in the bosom of her youth, she sat week after week, a prisoner in chains, before her assemblage of judges, enemies hunting her. to death, the ablest minds in France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which a year. overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacneries with a year more than native sagacity which compelled their wonder, and scored every day a victory against these incredible odds that camped unchallenged on the field. In the history of human tellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacities, there is thing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfellowed fact that in the things be done so long as our proportion in wherein she was great she was so relation to England was not increased. The fact is that in financial partnership with England instead of being a benefit to this country, as

## STATE OF IRELAND,

Mr. Dillon Finds the Country in a Worse Position than He Ever Remembers.

In a speech at Belfast, on Dec. 1, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., said :

"We have been told that a new era is dawning in the country. have had speeches every year from Sir Horace Plunkett and a variety of rather well-intentioned persons claring that there is an industrial revival; that Ireland is entering on a ew era, and that in the twentieth century, it is going to embark upon the past history of the country. What has this career brought us to day? Where are we to-day? I think are face to face with a threatened renewal of hunger and distress in the West of Ireland. What surprises me is this, that there could have been any doubt in the minds of any intelligent man who has ever given any attention to politics as to the result of the government of this country. During the last few years we have been told of the Co-operative Societies and of this new Department of Agriculture and Technical Education, and of a hundred other things that were to start Ireland on a career of prosperity. But when all this political quackery was being dinned into our ears every sound principle on which experience taught us the genuine prospects of a nation must be built up has been violated in respect to this country. £200,000 was given to Sir Horace

Plunkett to spend on the Department of Agriculture, and within the last three or four years £2,000,000 a year has been added to the taxation of this country. Now even England, one of the richest countries in the world, is suffering acutely at this moment as a consequence of the mad career of extravagance which has spent nearly £300,000,000 on the Boer War, and has added £40,000,000 to the permanent military and naval taxation of England. England is suffering, and distress is abroad on the streets of the great cities of England. But what is only a wholesome lesson to England what she can endure, survive, and triumph over, may be the death and ruin of Ireland. And while we are told to expect great things from these various nostrums and quack remedies which are being continually thrown at us, we are called upon at the same time to take our full share and more than our full share in the mad career of British Imperialism, even Britain with poverty. But as regards freland there can be no second opinion of its effects upon Ire land, because England embarks upon her great enterprises of Imperialism in the hope of extending her trade, and we do not get any share of that extension and we don't expect it. Our £2,000,000 a year is a dead loss without any prospect of

repayment. Yes, and then remember what that comes upon the top of two millions a year added to the lived entirely for Pope Leo, sleeping taxation of Ireland is the answer of liament to our demand for relief. Eight years ago, acting on the report of the Royal Commission, for-Commission which, as you remember was comprised almost entirely of Englishmen with three exceptions we proved that Ireland is paying more than its just share to the expenses of this kingdom by about three millions What has been the answer? That we are now paying two millions 'Yes,' said the British Minister when we make this complaint; "it is true you are paying two millions a year more, but you are paying a smaller proportion because we have increased our payment by torty millions," That is an interesting argument, but a rather unsatisfactory argument to the poorer nation. It amounts to this, that if they took all our income in taxation, no injustice could

we are told, is ruining and drawing the life blood out of this country, and until a stop is put to it, it is idle to hope that emigration will cease or that any prosperity will ar-rive in Ireland. All we have heard for the last four or five years about the Agricultural Department and the various other quack remedies that have been instituted in Ireland as a remedy for the agricultural and industrial depression of this country, reminds me strongly of the days of my youth, when in the early sixties we used to read the annual orations delivered by Lord Carlisle and his successors in the Lord Lieutenancy at the Lord Mayor's banquet. We have abolished that institution. The Lord Lieutenant cannot respond any a career of prosperity unknown in longer for the prosperity of Ireland at a Lord Mayor's banquet, but year after year the Lord Lieutenant responded to the toast of the prosperthe country is in a worse position ity of Ireland and at a time when to-day that I ever remember, and we the population of Ireland was decreasing at the rate of fifty and sixty thousand a year, he used always to say that Ireland was enormously prosperous, and that she was rapidly becoming the fertile mother of flocks and herds (laughter); and so it is to-day, when our nation is being done to death, and that is not a bit too strong a word to use, by over-taxation, by a ruinous system of land tenure, which, thank God, I think, will soon be swept away. by mis-government in all its worst forms, and we have nothing offered to us but political quackery in its very worst and most malignant

#### Church Architect's Sudden Death.

Wednesday morning there died suddenly at 57 Henry street, Toronto, Joseph Connolly, for some years known as one of the best architects in that city. Mr, Connolly, who came out from the old country some years ago, was actively engaged in his business until his death. During his stay in Toronto he was identified with the erection of several of the Toronto churches. Recently, he had busied himeelf with the building of the new spire on St. Mary's Church on Bathurst street.

Mr. Connolly was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1840. He became an architect and soon reached such prominence that he was elected to the Irish Royal Institute of Architects. After living successively in Dublin and Limerick, he came to Canada and was elected a companion of the Royal Canadian Architects.

Mr. Connolly's death was due to bronchial asthma, from which he was a sufferer. Deceased leaves three children, Miss Connolly, who with him at the time of his death, Miss Fanny and Joseph, of Vancou-

#### Soon Followed His Master.

Pio Centra, the faithful attendant of the late Pope Leo XIII., died at Rome on Saturday of apoplexy, thus fulfilling his own prediction that he would soon follow his master. Centra, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the Pontificate, joying the entire confidence of the late Pope.

#### MUSIC OF SISTINE CHOIR.

The Cardinal Prefect of the Vatican library has opened to students the manuscripts, scores, and other documents concerning the Sistine choir. These have hitherto been jealously guarded from the public. The collection consists of 250 pieces written or printed and representing the work of 150 composers from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. The rarest of these are the miniatured ones of the fifteenth century, which belonged to Pope Pius II., (Piccolomini), and some choral pooks of the year 1502.

#### AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Patrick's Orphan Asylum begs gratefully acknowledge the recei \$50 from a lady who does not wish her name to be known, through the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, for

CHRIST IS NIGH

Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say "Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ve children of the day.'

Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise; Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected, Comes with pardon down from Let us haste, with tears of sorrow

One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next He comes in glory, Wrapping all the earth in fear, May He then as our Defender On the clouds of heaven appear.

-Latin Hymn of 5th Cep\* + + +

season of good wishes is with us. Everything round is bright with joy and anticipation. Bustling ds are met everywhere. Store windows are resplendent with abundance of all the good things of the season, and the small boy and girl are really the happiest, for they are possessors of that belief we have all hugged close to our heart of the existence of dear old man Santa Claus, and we see them, with their flattened against the window panes of the innumerable toy stores their eyes sparkling with expectancy choosing the things they are hopeful of finding in their Christmas stocking. Dear childish hearts! That they might retain this simple faith they go down the years. But the careless day dreams will too soon be forced to give way to the stern responsibilities of life. That all old animosities may be forgotten; that the dawn of Christmas may peace and comfort to sad and lone ly hearts; that the tone of true friendship ring through all the season's greetings, and that the brightest anticipations may be fully realized are the sincerest wishes we can

#### offer to all our readers. + + + FASHIONS.

Gorgeous is the one word which will describe the fall veilings. Vivid and against the crown is the favored blue, green, lavender and rose veils have been offered for the past summer seasons, but they fade into insignificance when compared with the stamped chiffon effects of the The girl who has only one ready to wear fall hat can give it a new twist by the possession of several veils which will combine well draped to envelop completely even the broadest millinery.

The freakish fur novelty of the on loose fitting, graceful lines, and even a hint of crinoline is not evident unless in the width around the skirt and the multitude of plaited and gathered flounces in lace or chiffon that are requisite to the finish of the skirt. It must be understood that these flounces and ruffles are never on the skirt, but under the gown itself or else on the underskirt, always so arranged as to hold out the skirt, but not as part of the trimming.

gowns and wraps. Trimming makers have never before made so many

coming winter appears to be the which is nothing more ar less one too painfully of the ordinary pleasant suggestion.

Used as a trimming, it sometimes has merits. but the short blouse

costly to be common, is worn, seaeason, by women of good platter rests. taste and liberal dress allowance.

Belts do not seem so high as they were, but they are very pointed on

nan who can wear the yellow, pink or peach color, is of peach pink chifand shoulder so that it falls in folds calculated to display the quality of the velvet as well as the skill of the maker. A little heavy Venetian lace is used on the fronts and at throat, and an edge of sable, or rather of marten, outlines all the edges of the coat. The construc tion of this wrap would be difficult for any one save an artist, but the coloring and materials would make a success of a coat built upon much simpler lines.

has sprung into favor across the water, and will doubtless be on view here within the next few weeks. The coat bears an English name, the Doncaster, and is made much after the fashion of the hip seam ulster worn by men. It is fitted in the seams and big flat pockets, and though suggesting racing coat in outlines, is made up poses, including evening wear.

Dainty pearl gray gloves for pronenade wear and the pale tan champagne white ones that are so modish have colored linings or smart colored gauntlets with pretty little button fasteners to match. The Biarritz glove, with its elastic run through at the wrist, is a pattern that always gains a steady amount of popularity.

Two button dogskin are worn with walking suits, and the lighter shades are most in vogue.

Ribbon of two contrasting shade is very smart for trimming sailor

The crown is quite distinct from the brim in the new turbans The fur felts of last year have gi-

ven way to those of soft, silky appearance resembling velvet. Tulle is one of the latest trimming

ideas and is used in great quanti-

Toques made of velvet leaves and fruit are very modish, particularly the vine and leaves of the muscatel

Ostrich tips arranged all around

mode of trimming.

TIMELY HINTS.

With proper planning, a gas range can be used very cheaply, and that without deprivation in any line of cooking. Some appliances which make this possible are the steam cooker, which cooks many disher over one burner. and the section saucepans in groups of two or three, which can only be used over one burner. Many housekeepers have found a one-burner oven which set on the top of the range a decided economy

and say that it soon pays for itself in the gas saved. This also solves the problem of a warming oven, the absence of which is the one objec tion to the gas range.

Oxalic acid, in weak solution, is the best thing to use when removing spots from leather. Two or three crystals of oxalic acid dissolved in warm water, then applied with a bit of cloth to the spots will do the work. But one must watch closely, ming for both velvet and cloth and as soon as the spot disappears apply water to overcome the acid. or such exquisitely dainty styles in ward dry the leather with a clean galloons and braids. Bits of color cloth. This process applies as well twinkle in and out between the heavy to ink spots that sometimes disfigure sawdust or anything soft and coverarse meshes of the braid in a way the leather covers of books. For a that adds wonderfully to the charm tan colored sheepskin cover a saturated solution may be used. For any The freakish fur novelty of the bright colored leather, the solution must be much weaker.

People who are boarding and do than Russian calf-skin. The soft not have access to the kitchen, when one side can, if desired, be left as it brown and white coloring of the skin desiring a pint or more of hot is or utilized as a cushion for needis attractive, but in quality it is water, can easily heat the water harsh and slippery, and it reminds over a lamp. Take the cover or top of a tin can, make several slashes in Canadian barn-yard calf to have the centre and place on top of the chimney. Water or milk in a tin cup or earthen mug will soon heat when placed on this.

boleros made from it are more bizarre than desirable, and conservative women will not take it up.

Buy a strip of asbestos cloth and
ios. A neat and inexpensive ca
particularly useful to carry the conservative women will not take it up. Chinchilla has come to be regarded piece fastered to your ironing-board as one of the standard furs, and, too to save the sheet, and lay a square wisest choice, as this color launders

To clean worsted slippers or shoes such as are worn by invalids, in the bedroom, on the steamer and as a the ends hollow out little rounded the lower edge and extend a little protection over dainty satin or kid pieces, which serve to hold the coldown from the waist line. This gives the long, tapering, pointed waist for which the revival of the louis XVI. models are responsible.

An evening cloak that would sure-

those suffering from any form and nervous dyspepsia.

When chopping suet, if it is sprinkled with a little ground rice it chop quite easily, When cream is extremely rich

tle milk is added to it. It will also whip more easily if it is well chill

Discolored saucepans of enamel can often be made to look like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled. Never make pie crust in a warm room and never mix it with a spoon. but with an ice-cold knife. Use only ice water in moistening the pastry and shortening. should be cold and firm. makes the best pastry. It is false economy to substitute anything else for it. + + +

NEW USES FOR SUGAR.

Try adding a scant tablespoonful of sugar to each pint of gravy. will impart a delicious flavor that be obtained in any other way.

Try adding sugar in meat soups in the same proportion, putting sugar in just before serving the

Try adding a little sugar to oatmeal while it is cooking, instead of putting it on when served at the table, and it will be much improved.

Try adding the sugar to apple sauce after the sauce is nearly done, or just before it is served, as the sugar added while the apples are cooking will make some variefies hard and tough.

MARY IN BETHLEHEM.

(By J. Gertrude Menard, in Decem ber Donahoe's.)

I did not think to stray so lone so far from home; But since we come I know He wished

me thus to roam. I did not think to lay Him in a

manger chill; holy will.

at His head, But since they watch I know Ha

loves them near His bed. Not any dream, forsooth, that made my long delight,

this wondrous night, Save one alone—the Word at last made flesh for me;

But since He lives, my Son, what other joy may be !

HOW TO MAKE CHRISTMAS NO

Men are often glad of a pincushion to hang up in their rooms, provided only that it is not too feminine in appearance. A very novel pincushion can be made of a pipe case, which should be new and fresh looking, and which it is often possible to obtain for nothing from a brother or friend. Make a cushion exactly to fit the hollow which held the or a little larger, as it must be well which is a powerful bleacher. After- pushed into the case, the hollow being covered beforehand with glue. The cushion should be stuffed with silk, the color being carefully chosen to match or contrast with the case. A pale brown or fawn color looks Of course the pipe well, as a rule. case will be double, being open, and les. A ribbon bow of color to match must be added at the top to hang it up by.

The turnover collars we all wear lose their chic air and freshness tumbled around in any kind of fashneck pieces in when travelling made of heavy crash. White under the table-pad where the meat | best. Cut a piece of crash a foot wide and eleven inches deep. top make a flap the shape of a turnover collar with a dip in front. At stiff and iron until perfectly dry

Celery is invaluable as a food for A cushion for stick and hat pins, which have a most provoking habit of losing themselves, is fashioned from a stocking leg. To make this small leg as far as the knee out of will not stick to the knife, and will some stout material and stuff it well with bran. foot from a black silk stocking, place can be whipped more easily if a lit- it over the padded leg. Cross narrow vellow satin ribbon in trellis pattern up the stocking leg and finish off with a pretty bow and loop The joint at the top where the stocking stops is hidden by a frill orange and black spangled chiffon. The pincushion hangs from a loop at the back.

> A pretty spectacle case is quite easy to contrive if the maker The shortening Christmas gifts is possessed of nim ble fingers and a little patience. He cardboard must be called into-requi sition, and two good sized oval pieces, cut, which neatly covered with black velvet, lined with colored silk and afterward joined together, the outer edge being finished with a little narrow gold cord.

> > HOW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS MAY BE WRAPPED UP AT-TRACTIVELY

Even the most long wished for or the most charming gift is robbed of some of the joyous Christmas spirit carelessly wrapped or if it is sent is done up like an ordinary every-kerosene. When the wick is lighted day paecel, and even the most sim- it burns brightly and lasts longer ple gift receives an added grace if it is put up attractively and is accompanied. by a bright, pleasant greeting.

The Christmas gifts may be given a festal appearance at a very small outlay of time and money by wrapning them in scarlet or white paper and tying them with scarlet ribbon, fastening a sprig of holly in bows, says a writer in What to Do. The effect will be so cheery and Christmas-like that manila and twine will never be thought of

Little boxes such as jewellers boxes wrap up in white paper; candy or But since 'tis done I know it is His similar shaped boxes in two papers, the inner one white, the outer scarlet. Gather the ends up top, clip into points and frill Wrap books in scarlet paper, pin cushions or other fancy work, white, bundles in scarlet or white and scarlet, tying at the ends with ribbon. Umbrellas and canes wind Comes true with mystic pow'r upon with strips of white and scarlet paper, transforming them into timehonored candy canes.

tetes, wrap the places in scarlet pa-per, gather up on top and tie. Then clip into goinsettia blooms. Wrap the tray or plate in green paper and soms on with ribcard may be bought as cheap as a penny apiece. More expensive cards may, of course, be purchased if one's A very pretty card nas a border of holly in colors, with a blank space to write or letter the the usual greeting or a quotation. Any of the following lines are plea-

Yule logs of love burn in the heart With rosy warmth and cheer, And Care-well, may she come

sant wishes to send with a gift:

A happy Christmas to you May it bring you all fair things With the sweetest remembrance That about its coming clings

dunbeams bless thy Christmas day-Gladness with thee dwell for aye.

A better gift you may have, but not with better heart.

light.

HOW TO ILLUMINATE THE TREE.

The illumination of the tree is an important problem, for by the indiscreet use of candles many a joyous Christmas has been turned into one of mourning. Tiny Japanese terns are much safer than unshielded candles, and they give a prettier effect. The small square lanterns with colored mica sides are also safe. for they have a sponge in the both tom that may be saturated than ordinary wax candles + + +

HOW TO THAW FROZEN GREENS.

It often happens that Christman greens are frozen in transit. In such cases put them at once into a very cool, dark cellar where they can thaw out very gradually. The temperature should not be allowed to exceed 45 degrees F. Frozen holly is very little damaged if intelligently treated, but a single night in a warm express car may cause it to turn lack. Mistletoe and wild smilax are much more susceptible to frost injury.

+ + + CHRISTMAS RECIPES

It has been said that "one swallow doesn't make summer," but one turkey certainly would make Christmas all by itself if correctly dressed for the serving.

Never buy a fowl weighing less than ten pounds, as below that weight you get bones instead of flesh. fowl weighing anything over eight ly and thankfully.

frame, than one at that figure. But

A twelve-pound turkey is none too large for a family of four or six, smooth, not grayish, with heavy scales. The skin and easily broken.

After a turkey is trussed, wet all over, dust with pepper and sair, and cover with a thick coat of flower oat of flour. This will give a crisp skin. After placing fowl in "dripping" pan, fill as full as possible with boiling water, place the giblets, liver, heart, gizzard in, and commence to cook. At the end of allowed time, this liquid should hape been absorbed by the fowl, leaving a rich brown sediment the pan to form the basis of gravy. The giblets should be minced fine and added to the latter.

A delicious dressing is made of the inside crumbs of two 10-cent loaves of bread a day old. Crumble fine add to this one cup of butter melted, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonsful of pepper (one of black and one of paprika), one medium onion, bunch of celery, twelve stalks parsley, if fresh, or one tablespoonful of dried, all minced very fine, and two Our true intent is all for your de- eggs. Whip together, fill your bird and sew up the vents.

Place the fowl breast downward in the pan, as this allows the juices to run into the white flesh, making this usually dry meat juicy and delicious. Turn the turkey breast up about one hour before removing from oven so as to brown it.

In roasting allow fifteen minutes for each pound for young fowls; older ones require at least twenty Cook slowly until half an hour before it is done, then start up the fire briskly to brown and crisp the skin. Baste with juices in pan every ten minutes, as herein lies the secret of a fuicy, well-flavored tur-

#### King's Gift to Monks of St Bernard.

At the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard there arrived lately a splendid piano, the gift of King Edward. The ffling, accompanied by General Codrington, visited the Hospice in 1858 and then presented a piano to the monks. It has stood since in the principal room, protected by a

iter, fortiter feliciter." Monks and numerous travellers had thus found musical amusement in the midst of the icy mountains.

cover bearing the inscription "Fidel-

This year the King learned that the old piano was worn out, and so he sent a new one through the British legation at Berne.

This was, with great difficulty. aken from Martigny by sledge over the snow-covered mountain roads.

The monks received the gift joyous



#### For Christmas and New Year's. Fur-Lined Overcoats. The most becoming garment for Gents.

It is the best article that you can buy and now is the time to buy it.

The weather is getting cold, and holidays are near. Come and see us. Our house is the best, and where you shall find the most complete assortment of Fur-lined Overcoats-linings such as Russian or Canadian Musk Rat, Mink, etc., and trimmings Canadian Otter, Labrador Otter, Persian Lamb, Plucked Otter, Seal, etc. And cloth of the best English make No other house in Canada can show such a variety and assortment

Do not go elsewhere. Do not wait any longer. COME AND SEE US.

#### Raccoon Coats. The Finest and the Best that Can be Got.

It is with pleasure and with great satisfaction that we recommend these fur-lined coats. No fur house can compete with us. Our assortment and our great variety of choice and our prices will convince you of it. Our Raccoon Coats are perfect in quality, finish and workmanship. nave also an assortment of all sizes. In coming to our house, you'll find

at once, already made, just the coat you want.

Also a large stock of varied sorts of Fur Coats. Ours is the
Largest Retail Fur House in the World. The Best Assorted Stock

Chas. Desjardins & Cie 1531-1539 Rue Ste Catherine Montreal.

So at last the happy ing with their last order are seen looking in Everything bids full all the stockings an that they may realize t merry Christmas to you

Dear Aunt Becky :

I always read the letter True Witness, and I find nice, and I thought I wo I am a little girl of went to convent. I am now, because I went under tion in the summer, but I after Christmas. I will be Christmas comes to get and, Aunt Becky, put stories in for the children True Witness. I think I good bye, hoping to see m the True Witness.

I remain, your miene

Dear Aunt Becky :

Witness to come so as to letters. I was glad to see recognized my letters. Will busy from now to Xmas Maggie and I are going Shefford on Friday. We Brome Lake last summer a beautiful time. We all w riding and ate dinner and the lake. We all hope to next summer. The sleig I gues write again till after XI merry Christmas and happ Year to you are the wishes

Granby, Que + + +

Dear Aunt Becky : I was so pleased that you ed my name in your letter. of fun to read all the let the True Witness. We have

horses to drive and work. Papa says he is go break one of them this win can drive it. All the chil have not made their first nion have to go to confes morrow. Rose and I are g more this time. Wishing you

Xmas and happy New Year. A VISIT TO SANTA CI "Close your pretty brown darling, and dream of the said Mrs. Wyndham, as she ed back the dark curls

baby's face and tucked her s her little white cat. Baby Eva was a winso mite of seven summers.

"I'll dream about the ang if you like, mamma," she quickly from under the But afterwards I'll dream Claus. For, you know, I w to bring me a real live doll one that can walk and ta open and shut its eyes. Do

he will, mamma ?" "If you are a very good li perhaps he will, Eva. But must sleep now. Santa Cle not be here for three days n Christmas Eve "

'Per'aps Santa Claus wor that we've changed our house ma. Does he know that dead and that we are poor she asked, drawing her moth down close to hers.

"It makes mamma sad wh baby talks like that," she ed, as her head nestled besie child's on the pillow. "So i wants to be mother's darling must close her eyes and tall

But if Santa Claus doesn here we live he can't come with good things, mamma.

"But Santa Claus knows v where all good children live, ed the mother with a su She was thinking of paltry dollars that by dint il management she had sav

Where does Santa Cla amma?" still persisted the one, not knowing that every brought a pain to the

"He lives all alone in a bi surrounded by trees. Eve for weeks before Christmas, down those trees and puts t the latter. s is made of the 10-cent loaves Crumble fine; of butter melted. salt, two table-one of black and medium onion, lve stalks parstablespoonful of y fine, and two r, fill your bird

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near Aunt Becky : True Witness, and I find them very nice, and I thought I would write one. I am a little girl of 11, and I went to convent. I am not going now, because I went under an operation in the summer, but I am going after Christmas. I will be glad when Christmas comes to get my toys, and, Aunt Becky, put some nice stories in for the children in the True Witness. I think I will say good bye, hoping to see my letter in the True Witness.

Dear Aunt Becky : recognized my letters. Will be very busy from now to Xmas. Sister Maggie and I are going to West Shefford on Friday. We went to Brome Lake last summer and had a beautiful time. We all went boat riding and ate dinner and supper at the lake. We all hope to go again next summer. The sleighing ain't

> write again till after Xmas. merry Christmas and happy New Year to you are the wishes of ROSE Granby, Que.

+ + +

very good here. I guess I won't

I remain, your rriend,

+ + +

I am always anxious for the True

Witness to come so as to see the

letters. I was glad to see that you

STELLA.

Dear Aunt Becky : I was so pleased that you mentioned my name in your letter. It is lots of fun to read all the letters in horses to drive and work, and two colts. Papa says he is going to break one of them this winter so he can drive it. All the children who have not made their first Communion have to go to confession to-Xmas and happy New Year.

LIZZIE. A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS.

"Close your pretty brown eyes, my darling, and dream of the angels," said Mrs. Wyndham, as she smooth ed back the dark curls from her baby's face and tucked her snugly in her little white cat.

mite of seven summers.

if you like, mamma," she answered quickly from under the blankets. But afterwards I'll dream of Santa open and shut its eyes. Do you fink own queer ways.

"If you are a very good little girl

that we've changed our house, mam-Does he know that papa is dead and that we are poor now?' she asked, drawing her mother's face down close to hers.

"It makes mamma sad when her baby talks like that," she whispered, as her head nestled beside the child's on the pillow. "So if Eva wants to be mother's darling, she must close her eyes and talk to the

But if Santa Claus doesn't know where we live he can't come to us with good things, mamma. That's what I fink."

"But Santa Claus knows very well where all good children live, answer ed the mother with a suppres was thinking of the few try dollars that by dint of care inagement she had saved since the time of her husband's death.

"Where does Santa Claus live mamma?" still persisted the little ne, not knowing that every word brought a pain to the mother's

"He lives all alone in a big ho surrounded by trees. Every day, for weeks before Christmas, he cuts

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

Dear Boys and Girls:

So at last the happy Christmas time is with us. One can hear the merry jingle of sleigh bells on the crisp air; busy shoppers are hurry-ing with their last orders to Santa Claus; children's happy, expectant ing with their last ducks to be store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fan-tal store with the control of the small of the small onlooker. Everything bids fair for a jolly time. May Santa Claus cram full all the stockings and so bring joy unlimited to all little hearts that they may realize to the full their brightest anticipations. A merry Christmas to you all.

Your sincere friend AUNT BECKY.

a corner of his garden. Then, on I always read the letters in the Christmas Eve, he brings them poor little children."

"Oh, then, I'll get one of those trees, too. for I'm a poor child now. S'pose it will not be so nice as the one papa would buy, but it will do just the same. Now, mamma, I'll close my eyes and dream of Santa Claus."

Her curly head sank lower into the soft pillow, and in another minuts she was fast asleep. Casting one last loving look at the little sleeper, Mrs. Wyndham stole noiselessly from the room.

Seven years before the little incident just narrated, Mrs. Wyndham was the happy-some said the lucky wife of Hubert Wyndham, son of a millionaire merchant of Chicago. The marriage created quite a sensation at the time, for young Wyndham had given up his entire fortune, and inheritance to one of the finest estates in Cook County, in order to wed pretty Miss Connor, who was a ste-

nographer in a lawyer's office. Of course, like all worldly ents, old Wyndham could not see any social or financial advantage for his son in such a union, and from the first strongly opposed the marriage. The father was firm-the son obstinate. But the marriage took

Hubert studied law, passed his examination, and built up a fairly good practice. Baby Eva joined the family in the course of time, and for many years unalloyed happiness was

the young peoples' treasure. It was a fatal railway accidentone that appalled the world-that the True Witness. We have three it did in hundreds of others at the wrought havoc in this little home, as same time. The young husband was one of the victims. He was dragged from the debris of the awful wreck, almost unrecognizable, and leaving his wife and six year old little one to face the world.

morrow. Rose and I are going. No Thanks to her good education, more this time. Wishing you a merry however, Mrs. Wyndham was able to accept a position as country school-teacher, secured for her through the influence of her husband's

friends. On the other hand the millionaire father, ever firm in his resolution, to have nothing to say to an ungrateful child, left the city after his son's marriage, and, unknown to his friends, took possession of a lonely Baby Eva was a winsome little old mansion in the village of St. Anne. There, with one or two ser-"I'll dream about the angels first, vants, he shut himself up with his

money and his secret. As the years rolled on he became more and more eccentric, until Claus. For, you know, I want him came to be looked upon in the little to bring me a real live doll this year settlement as a poor lunatic whom -one that can walk and talk, and it was advisable to leave to his

Around the old mansion all was perhaps he will, Eva. But my pet quiet, so quiet that to an ordinary must sleep now. Santa Claus will passer-by the place looked unoccuhad he wished it, have been one of the happiest of mortals. And he was thinking so himself, this Christmas Eve, for the first time in sever years. Thinking and wondering if instead of having been an unnatural father to his cherished son, he had taken him to his heart and blessed him and the woman of his choice what a different world this would have been to him.

"But God has punished me." groaned, as he pushed aside the dust-laden curtains of the cheerless parlor, and looked out on the snowy

"God has punished me, and rightly. My boy was always noble, ob ent and good. But I was a fool, I expected too much of human nature. I might have known that the eart of a Wyndham could not be trifled with, for my son is a living xample. What would his moth said to me had she lived this day?" and the old recluse bent his gray head on his outstretched arm, that still held back the dusty

"and make me a better man."

He raised his head and looked out.

A tiny stream of sunlight was doing

light penetrated even his cold heart

Suddenly a gentle tap came to the window-pane and, lowering his gaze, ne saw the small figure of a little grandma slipped?" girl, whose big brown eyes looked up at him imploringly. She wore neither hat nor wrap, and her little form trembled in the cold.

The old man was visibly affected. He clutched the sides of the window for support, while his eyes were riveted on those of the child. He He shook in every limb as he pushed up stranger what she wanted.

said he lived in a big house with trees all round, and that he had a and tell you what I want for Christ- Exchange. mas?" she asked. "It is very cold out here."

The old man brushed his hand across his eyes to make sure he was Told of Chevaller Wogan awake, and stooping down to the shivering child, drew her gently into the room. He closed the window room.

Once inside the child looked around to see no end of dolls and toys, and was sadly disappointed. In fact, tears were rising in her brown eyes.

change, too, and, swallowing a big lump that had risen in his throat, he stammered out:

"What's your name, little one, and what do you want from Santa Claus? Come and sit on my knee and tell me all about yourself." "My name is Eva," she began, and I want a real, live doll

can talk and walk and go to sleep.

Do you fink you can bring me one like that?" she asked, brightening "I don't know," he answered absently, fixing his eyes on the tiny pleading figure and stroking her silk-

en curls. He could scarcely credit that he, a hard, relentless old man, who for years had scarcely spoken a civil word to humanity, should be actually talking to and taking a strange interest in an unknown child.

"You have beautiful eyes, little all-important subject of the live doll. "Mamma says they are papa's

eyes, but I can't see how that can be," she said, with sweet simplicity. "Is your papa living, dear?" was the next question.

"Oh, no. My papa died, and we are poor now. That's why I want you to bring me a Christmas tree along with the doll." "All right, little one, I'll remem

ber. But you must tell me your name and where you live."

"Eva Wyndham is my name, and I live with mamma in the schoolhouse."

"Wyndham! Great God! Hubert's child. I felt it. I knew it. Oh, this happiness will killme," he cried, clasping the terrified little one his heart.

"Are you ill, dear Santa Claus?" she asked with wide-open eyes.

"Not ill, just happy. Happy after long years of misery. But I'll be miserable no longer. I've found my little granddaughter. Eva, my dar-

ling, I am your old grandfather."

"No, dear, I'm not Santa Claus," replied the old man. "But I know him very well," he added, by way of encouragement.

"And will you promise to tell him bout my/doll and Christmas tree?" "That I surely will. I'll see him to-night and tell him all about you Now, will you kiss me and take me to see your mother ?"

She threw her arms around his neck and covered him with kisses. Just then an anxious face appeared at the window, and Eva recognized

her mother. "Mamma, mamma," she called. come in, come in." And she entered.

COMRADES.

alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family Christmas dinner, one block away from her home, without mis-

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together. "I hope he will remember that she

its best to gain access to the dark- is almost ninety, and not try to hurened room. He saw it and smiled.
Then, throwing back both curtains as far as they would go, the room filled with sunshine. The heavenly children. But when she arrived at the friendship of King George, orderthe family party it appeared that ed the Princess and her mother to be and warmed it with a strange, ungrandmother had turned her ankle detained at Innspruce in the Tyrol and was lying on the lounge.

"Bobby," said the mother re-proachfully, "where were you when

"Now I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother, briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful "We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be most ninety you'll count a turned and asked the little ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've "I just know you are Santa outlived everything but sheumatism Claus," she began, "because mamma and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want long beard. May I please come in Bobby next me at dinner, mind !"-

The story of Charles Wogan, the but not the curtains, and the sun-beams continued to brighten the old Quixote, the correspondent of Swift, the champion of the Exiles, and, more than all, the knightly rescuer in wonder. Evidently she expected of Clementina Sobieski, is the most romantically attractive in the annals of the Irish Jacobites on the Continent; and it is doubtful if either The old man noticed the sudden history or fiction affords a more striking record of chivalrous devotion to failing fortunes or faithful and enduring patriotism in exile.

One of the Wogans of Rathcoffey, and nephew of the great Tyrconnell, Charles was seventeen and his brother Nicholas two years younger, when they both ran off to join the rebels in "The Fifteen." When the Jacobite army surrendered at Preston, Nicholas, who had saved the life of an English officer during the negotiations for surrender, was pardoned and released, but Charles was lodged in Newgate, charged with

Decapitation or slavery on plantations of America appeared be the boy's certain fate, when he was fortunate enough to have prison door opened for him. A fel low prisoner, the celebrated Brigadier Mackintosh, managed to get his irons off, crept down stairs at 11 one," he said, digressing from the p,m., got behind the door, and when it was opened to admit a servant, slipped out and knocked the turnkey down with a stunning blow. Four teen other prisoners who were the plot got away, and though history does not expressly state otherwise, there is no reason to believe that young Wogan was last into the street

Eight were recaptured, but the rest, including Wogan, got away to France, though £500 was placed on each of their heads.

In France he joined Dillon's Regiment, but as no fighting was going on at the time, he followed the 'Pretender'' to Rome, and eventually he became a Major-General and Governor of La Mancha, the home of the immortal Don Quixote—a connection which, as Wogan's contemporaries were agreed, could scarcely have been more appropriate.

But the chief incident in Wogan's career was the carrying off of Polish Princess, Clementina Sobieski, from "durance vile" to be the bride of the "Pretender" and the mother "Grandfather?" asked the child of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who apin wonder and just a little disappears to have inherited from her his not be here for three days yet. He pied. And yet the miserable old pointment. "So you are not Santa to have innerted from her his spirited and romantic disposition.

The story, to convey any real idea lodging house with a dark passage honor to see or approach her, of the chivalrous and devoted nature of Wogan, must be given in some detail, and is as follows:

When the son of James II., yielding to the importunities of his followers, determined to marry and perpetuate his unfortunate race, he fixed upon Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland, and cousin-german to the Emperor, as a most suitable lady was a Catholic and of Royal descent; she had good looks, and was only 16; her dowry was not inconsiderable, and it might reasonably be expected that her connection with the Hapsburgs would secure sympathy, if not support, from Vienna for the Stuart cause. The last appears to have been the

Bobby was ten years old, and an chief reason for the selection, as it certainly was for the intrigues and difficulties that followed. Wogan was deputed by the Prince

to arrange matters, and he set out secretly for Silesia, where he found the Princess and her parents in a complaisant mood. The marriage contract was signed, and the Prinogna, where it was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take

But the British Ambassador until further orders.

The Pope protested, and the relatives of the lady raised a storm, but the British Ambassador was the British Ambassador was per-emptory. In desperation the "Pretender" commissioned Wogan to get his bride for him by any means, however desperate, that might suggest itself, and the gallant young Irishman set about the task with a consummate skill and prudence sufficiently surprising in themselves, but doubly astonishing in a mere boy of 20.

His first difficulty was with the Princess Sobieski—the mother of Clementina-who could not make up her mind on her own responsibility set the Emperor at defiance; and he had to travel all the way to Silesia and back in order to bring Prince Sobieski's authority for the venture. He next flew off to Alsace, where

Dillon's Regiment was quartered and arranged with several Irish friends and relatives of his own to help him in an attempt to carry off the Princess. A chivalrous little band was soon enlisted and ready to set out. Wogan had taken care to get from the Emperor's Ambassador at Rome a passport for "Count Cernes, a

Flemish nobleman going to Loretto with his family to fulfil a vow," and the party was constituted on these lines Major Gaydon was the "Count," and Mrs. Missett was the "Countess." The latter, born in ireland but brought up in France, was a

sweet, comely lady, in delicate health at the time, and constitutionally timorous; but her womanly spirit had been aroused, and she was eager to carry out her part, which was to be that of chaperone and travelling companion to the young Princess. Captain Missett, Captain O'Toole

and Wogan's servant Michael, (who had already rendered himself famous by assisting in the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower of London), were the "Count's" servants and Wogan himself was the "Countess' " brothet. Mrs. Missett's maid Jane, a gay and pretty girl, of about the same height and figure as the Princess, was also of the party. On the eve of their departure, Wogan and the other officers went to take formal leave of the Governor of the town, when they discovered, to

received an order that all officers were to be back at their posts by April 20 on pain of being broken. The dilemma was a cruel one, but such was the generous devotion the band that they agreed to face the risk of ruin rather than forego

their consternation, that he had just

their plans. They set out on April 6, and after an exciting journey, during which they were nearly found out on more than one occasion, arrived at a village near Innspruck, where, in order to gain time for the arranging of details, the "Countess" pretended to

be sick. Jane was now instructed as to the part she was to piay, and was told that Captain O'Toole was to carry off a rich heiress, who was shut up because she would not marry a man of three score. The girl was somewhat alarmed at the unusual drama before her, but the gift of a new damask gown and petticoat from her mistress stilled her doubts.

O'Toole now rode into Innspruck to settle on a place of meeting, and from the staircase to the door, where the chaise was placed when the party drove up. The night was propitious; rain and snow fell and overflowed the streets. It was very dark, and this obviated the use the cord that had been provided and

the window exit. Jane, Wogan and Chateaudoux, a French gentleman in attendance on the Princess, then went to the place of rendezvous. Jane, hearing "Princess" mentioned, became alarmed, but was told by Wogan that lady was only called Princess cause she was so pretty.

In the meantime, as we are told in the narrative of Friar Bonaventure Boylan, "the Princess, having some time before this supped with he accustomed agreeable air, took leave of her mother, gave good-night to Countess Gabrielle, her gouvernante said to them that she would go to bed, as being somewhat disordered by the foulness of the weather, and would not be up the next day until it was late.

"Being come to her chamber, shadressed, told her maids sh told her maids she had a great many prayers to say, and bid them go to bed." She then wrote to her mother and the Coun-



tess Gabrielle, packed her jewels in the pockets of an apron she had specially prepared for wearing under her dress, and . . . "in this way the granddaughter of the great Sobieski undertook a long and dangerous journey."

She went to her mother's room and waited for the fatal hour. Jane, we are told, spoke familiarly to her, kissed her, put her own cloak around her, and told her in all good faith that "a lovely gentleman" was awaiting her at the inn. Jane was taken secretly to the Princess' apartments, and the Princess herself, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to her mother, slipped out in the dark and joined Wogan, sinking up to her knees in mud and slush.

The "Countess" looked after her, and dried her wet clothes while the men harnessed the horses. It was soon dawn, and the host and hostess were stirring, but O'Toole left them in the kitchen haggling over the bill while the Princess entered the chaise. When they got out of the town the Princess was in consternation to find that she had left her jewels in her room in the inn, but O'Toole rode back, and happily recovered

them without being seen in the act. They now mounted Brenner Pass in the Alps, 12,000 feet above sea level. The Princess fainted, but soon recovered, and talked "lively and graciously." Going down the other side, great dangers beset the occupants of the chaise, for the coachman, continually falling asleep, nearly took them over the precipice; but O'Toole, the ever-on-the-spot, riding alongside, gave him a taste of the whip now and then just to re-

mind him. For three nights the Princess, sustained by excitement, went without sleep. They were nearing the frontier and safety when the axle-tree broke. Wogan took the Princess in his arms to prevent her from being injured, but in his concern to rescue Mrs. Missett as well, he set Clementina down in a running gutter, whereat the Princess showed her Royal and Polish spirit by making a joke of it.

The axle was patched up, and a few more miles were negotiated, but fresh alarms beset them, for O'Toole and Missett, who had halted some distance back to watch for a possible courier, did not turn up, and it was feared they had been arrested. The coachman, too, grew suspicious at their desperate hurry to get across the frontier, and had to be heavily bribed before he would go any further. Finally they secured a wretched country cart; the gentlemen walked, and in this wise they at last reached the Venetian frontier, where

they all sang "Allebria." Their joy was rendered complete when, a little later, O'Toole and Missett rode gayly up; they had been overtaken at an inn by a couier sent with instructions to the officers on the frontier to stop the fugitives, and had made him drunk

and left him. The party arrived safely at Bologna, where the Princess was married by proxy. She then went to Rome, where she was received by Clement XI. as a daughter, and where, the delightful words of Friar Bonaventure Boylan, who was in Rome at the majesty of her countenance, the agreeableness of her air, the beauty of her features, the sweetness of her temper, the vivacity of her wit, and perfections which the most inveterate

of her enemies cannot refuse her." The "abduction" naturally caused an immense sensation throughout the Courts of Europe. The chagrip felt at the Court of his Britannic Majesty was only equalled by the joy in the scattered and forlorn ranks of the Jacobites, among whom young Wogan was hailed as a preux che-

valier and the hero of the age. The Pope made him a Roman Se nator, and the "Pretender" rewarded him with a baronetcy; but it was as the Chevalier Wogan that he was generally known in his own time.-J. A. Cameron, in Sydney Catholic

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

By His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. in December Donahoe's.

"Every step towards peacetic, national, or universal-is a step towards Bethlehem and Him who

## The Crue Mitness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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nications should ed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box, 1188.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

The undimmed glory of the Christ mas season is one of the Christian miracles. As the splendor of the nunrise scatters the morning mists of the Nativity shines at this holy time through the clouds of war and human suffering, and impresses mankind with the certainty that the Saviour is mighty and will unite all things in the peace of His Redemption. Striving for this divine purpose is the mission of religion, and never has it been more confidently defined than in the first message of the glorious Pontiff now reigning to the world at large. The same mission has exalted nineteen centuries of Christian history. Before art and literature had arisen to spread it broadcast among the peoples, the spoken words of apostles and missionaries thrilled with its hope. Music in turn inspired the message with a fervor that not only is trea sured in our living age, but which is the holy care of the Church to preserve in its early purity.

We are living in an epoch that shows many signs of relief from the disturbances of Christian dissension It was inevitable that the Christmas radiance should have been dimmed by storms that have prevailed through hundreds of years. To-day Catholic art is re-appearing in the very storm-centres of by-gone gene rations. The Christmas festival has already replaced the gloom and misunderstanding of the Puritans alforms to the innocent pleasures of children. What is this but the cry of humanity to the Babe of Bethlehem, or the tender longing of humanity to place itself in submission befitting the child to the tender love of the Father most significantly brought near in the presence of manger-born babe.

Whilst the hearts or men are cast ing out prejudices of the kind just referred to, it is lamentable that the flight of war hovers over the face of earth with vulture lust unappeased by centuries of slaughter. The way now raging between Russian and Japanese resembles in the carnage the final struggle of the Turk and Christian. Nor are signs wanting that Christian unity may avail in these days to ordain a broader peace that shall still this deadly strife on the far eastern border of our civilization. The Christmas spirit will surely avail to the furtherance of this aspira-

CATHOLICS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

It is in entire harmony with the genius of government by the people that Catholics should be encouraged take a larger part in public af-The leaders of Catholic thought everywhere are advising in with this principle. We observe that in addressing the jubilee demon stration of the Catholic Young Men's Society, at Liverpool, last week, the 'Archbishop of Westminster urged the ortance of Catholics participating in public life to assure that Catholic sts should not suffer. Public ion, he said, wanted educating with regard to the terrible declara tion by the Sovereign on as-

ending to the Throne, which was an utrage on every Catholic, whilst ment persecution of the Catholic Church in France, his Grace described as downright spoliation and robbery, though palliated and glossed over by the English press.

ORANGEISM AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Irish Orangemen once intimated their readiness to kick Queen Victoria's crown into the Boyne. The Canadian Orangemen, whilst not prepared for any athletic display as regards King Edward's crown, are far from happy at the way its wearer continues to exhibit that broad religious tolerance which has distinguished him both as Prince and King. In fact, none of the late Queen toria's children have ever been at pains to please the organization that was once so free of speech towards the late Sovereign. The cable despatches last week related how Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has been visiting Rome, was received in audience by the Pope. His Holiof each recurring day, so the spirit ness warmly thanked the Prince for his visit, and expressed his esteem and admiration for King Edward. The Pontiff added that all mission aries coming to Rome from the remote corners of the British Empire spoke of the liberty enjoyed by British colonies. Naturally Prince Arthur was greatly pleased by these remarks, and so should every subject of the King. But the Canadian Orangemen are far from pleased The Orange Sentinel, of Toronto. their organ, edited by Mr. E. F. Clarke, M.P., gives expression their sarcastic bitterness in the following style:

"When the Duke of Connaught

visited Rome the authorities of the Vatican promptly set to work to use the event as an advertising medium. As did the King when in Rome, the Duke of Connaught on his visit to the Pope left the Quirinal, the Italian royal palace, drove to the Bri tish Embassy, and from there to the Vatican. This was to save the bigoted clerical feeling which in Italy does not yet wish to recognize the King as the civil head of the State. The fiction that the King and Duke did not come to the Vatican direct from the Quirinal was given color simply by calling on the way at the British Embassy. If such fiction satisfied those concerned, all we can say is that it was a pure fiction, and it must be an easy matter to satisfy the consciences of the Italian ecclesiastics. For ourselves w think the British Government would have been well advised had it to the Pope and his coterie : "If you do not choose to welcome our King and the Duke of Connaught direct from the Quirinal, the residence the King of Italy, they will not call on you at the Vatican." We believe that such a policy would have ended in the surrender of the Pope inside of a few hours. The British Government, however, acted otherwise thinking as they did about the United States over the Alaskan award, that they could secure the goodwill of Rome by this surrender to ultramontane section of the Romish

"The Pope, in his address of welcome, was fulsome and flattering, with an eye to more favors to come from Britain. He had read or heard of the statement that the sun ne the British domains, and he referred to our King as the King of the whole world. This was preliminary to further references to the free asylum offered in Great Britain and er colonies to disobedient and disloyal members of ecclesiastical orders who were expelled from Rouan Catholic countries. It might have been inconvenient for the Pope just at that time to have reminded him that had his predecessors had their way liberty would have been smothered in Britain, and that these predecessors of his had cursed the United Kingdom with bell, book and candle, had essed every power which could be induced to try to injure Britain, and that just while the Pope was speaking to the Duke, Romish Archbishops and other clerics in Ireland plotting and scheming how to divide,

and injure Britain. "All these matters were of cours ignored, and the Papal press agence ent all over the world glowing accounts of the Pope's diplomacy, of his tact, and his great wisdom dealing with the leaders of the people, crowned heads, and scions royal houses. The pity is that this ontinued booming of the Pope and

that the Papal influ a small amount of ger utterly and forever destroyed. We can only trust that the sturdy Protestantism of Britain will assert itself and show that the Papal reception of ned and carried out for stage effect, and for the express purpose of adertising Romanis

Now, is not that delightful, Better send Mr. Clarke over to organize a reception to Prince Arthur and to arouse the "sturdy Protestantism" of England against the royal family. Of course The Orange Sentinel pretends that its bitterness is against the Government: but it is hardly necessary to read between the line to see where the shoe pinches.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND

The thoughts of many Irish-Catholics in Canada will go out at this season to the famine-threatened pea sants of the West of Ireland, wh are not only facing want and eviction, but may be in a few weeks the victims of the old sleepless prejudice which reserves for itself indulgence in brutality that has passed from the world every where else except in the vassal provinces of Turkey, peopled by Christians.

publishes a savage leader urging the government to adopt, instead of relief measures in Connacht, a policy of preparation to suppress disaffed tion of which famine is the precur or. The advice of the Times is to ncrease the police force and prepare for the "long nights" of winter when discontent may stalk abroad. The day is past when such advice may be expected to prevail with the govern nent of England. It cannot prevail against the known goodwill of the

FRUITS OF PERSECUTION.

In the United States, in England, nd in France itself, Protestants are persecution now assailing the Church in the last-named land. The most notable example is furnished by M Henry Schaffer, a French Protestant who had become quite prominent as an enemy of the Catholic religion His conversion to the faith has been hastened by the persecution of which he has been a witness, and in a recent number of La Croix he writes

"After much study and prayer I ave renounced Protestantism with its sects and divisions that war in Apostolic. I have here beheld the ineffaceable evidences of antiquity, the monuments to Catholic dogmas. notably those furnished by the Cataombs, and hasten to attach myself intimately to the Church founded by Christ. I regret that as a Protestant conferencier I have written much in defence of a bad cause, and as conscientious journalist I retract formally all my articles in the Pro testant and anti-clerical press. pecially in my campaign against the religious associations."

The Australian Orangeman is unprogressive g Recently there took place in Sydney an official investigation into the charges made by the Orange organ published there against the Sisters who conduct the Female Orphanage at Manly. They were described as being guilty of systematic cruelty to their young charges by starving, overworking, and in other respect ill-treating them. When Sir John See, the Premier of New South Wales, agreed to an inquiry, Cardinal Mo ran at once wrote thanking him, and offering every facility for making it. The officials appointed to conduc the investigation were Mr. Green Chief Office under the Children's Pco tection Act, and Sub-Inspector Tin dall, of the Police Department. When brought face to face with these gentlemen the slanderers said their harges referred to six years ago. But that did not serve them, for the visiting medical officer was at hand with overwhelming testimony on the other side. The report of Messrs. Green and Tindall, of course.

showed them to be model guar of orphans. The woman, by the way, who made a statutory declaration in the first instance in support of the charges, failed to keep six different appointments, and when brought face to face with the officials who con ducted the inquiry could suggest no means by which the genuir her statements could be tested. The late Senator Hoar well described bigotry as the inhabitant of a dark cellar. The light kills it

Colonel Lord Aylmer has been appointed Inspector-General of the Canadian forces.

Owing to the unprecedented drought in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, it is feared that within the next ten days almost every industry will have to close down.

freight train, exploded one mile east of Vaudreuil at 1.20 o'clock Monday morning. One man was killed and two badly scalded, one probably fatally.

At a meeting of prominent temperance men in North Toronto on Monday night, it was decided to at ence a vigorous campaign n connection with the coming provincial elections for the banishment

The drygoods business of the John Murphy Company, Limited, of this city, has been taken over by the Robert Simpson Company, Limited of Toronto. Mr. John Murphy; the head of the firm, retires to enjoy a nuch-needed rest.

A hurricane at dawn on Friday morning in Rio de Janerio caused serious damage to the harbor and city. The wall of the College San Vincente de Paul collapsed, and one Sister of Charity and one pupil vere killed, and ten injured.

An order of the Railway Commission was issued yesterday nitting the Montreal Terminal Railway to cross the Montreal Street Railway tracks where Forsythe stree crosses Davidson street in Montreal, and where Adam street intersects Letourneaux in Maisonneuve.

All Japan is ringing with praises of Gen. Samejima, who led the assault on Ke kwan mountain on Sunday. At 7 p.m. he rushed into cessantly against the Church One and the casemates and threw his supports into the fighting line, and by personal heroism turned what threa tened to be defeat into a splendid victory. He is an old Samurai veteran of the war of the Restoration

> The blessed Christmas season is not an appropriate time for the discussion of such bitter and per sonal issues as have arisen out of the Russell-Blair collapse. There are public and national considerations at stake in this connection that cannot be easily disposed of and that will not be settled in a season or . by newspaper discussion. In the meanime Sir Wilfrid Lauri lowed to enjoy his Christmas

#### PERSONAL.

Right Rev. Mgr. Z. Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke, Ont., is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. J. H. Semple, School Commissioner, has been confined to his room for the past few days suffering from a cold.

Dr. A. A. Faucher and Dr. J. A. Lesage, who have been recently decorated by the French Government vere tendered a banquet on Thurs day evening by members of the medical profession and others, for th purpose of celebrating the occasion The banquet was held in the parlors of the St. Denis Club, on She brooke street. Over a hundred prominent physicians and a large num ber of citizens were present

Dry powdered whiting, put thickly over an oil stain on a wo ad left for twelve hours, will ab

# PHILLIPS SQUARE,

Open Evenings Till Christmas.

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## CANADIAN

#### RICH CUT GLASS A Special Offer.

FINE CUT GLASS BOWL, 8 inche eautiful cutting, best quality blank, Cream and Sugar to match set.\$8.00 Full assortment of rich American and Canadian Cut Glass, great variety of patterns and shap finest blanks procurable and the richbeen given to the selection of ss expensive ones:

5 in. Nappies, from \$2.00 to \$5.00. 6 in. Nappies, from \$2.50 to \$5.65 8 in. Nappies, from \$6.25 to \$10.65 9 in Nappies, from \$8.35 to \$13.00. 10 in. Nappies, from \$10.65 to

Bowls, 7 inches, from \$5.35 to \$10. Bowls, 8 inches, from \$5.35 to \$12. Bowls, 9 inches, from \$8.35 to \$16. Bowls, 10 inches, from \$10.65 to \$20.

Water Bottles, \$5.50, \$7.00, \$8.00. \$10.00 up.

Oil Bottles, \$2.50, \$3.75, \$5.00 up. Celery Dishes, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7,50, \$9.00 up.

Cream and Sugar, \$6.00. \$7.50. \$10.00, \$15.00 up. Spoon Trays, \$4.00, \$4.80 up. Butter Plates, \$8.65, \$5.00, \$6.50

\$8.75, \$10.00, \$18.85, \$18.00 up. Water Tumblers, from \$9.00 to \$12 \$16100 and up. Fruit dishes on Stands. \$12.00.

\$15.00, \$18.00 up to \$45.00. Cologne Bottles, \$3.00 to \$12.50.

Whiskey Bottles, \$10.00 to \$24.00. Decanters, from \$7.50 to \$25.00. Handled Nappies from \$2.65 up to \$8.00. Ice Tubs from \$12.00 to \$26.50.

ALSO IN STOCK-Full line of Aus trian Cut Glass, such as Nappies, Vases, Oil Bottles, Knife Rests, Salts and Peppers, Mustards. Syrup Jugs, etc., etc. Quality guaranteed, at very low prices. 20 Stock Patterns, Wine Sets, to

select from. From the cneapest blown glass to the most expensive Cut Glass. Prices supplied on appli cation. English Rock Crystal Cut Glass

Vases, from \$2.00 up to \$20.00. Cut Glass Mounted Vases Epergnes, from \$3.00 up to \$20.00. Iridescent Phenomenon Vases, different shapes and exects, rom 50c up to \$12.00. Bohemian Glass Bon-Bon and

Jewel Boxes, various shapes and decorations, from 75c to \$6.00. Decorated Glass Vases, latest in portations, from \$1.00 to \$10.00.

### BRONZE DEPARTMENT

SECOND FLOOR. Direct from Paris :-

Largest exhibition of French bronz Busts and Statuettes, etc., latest nodels from celebrated artists

A LEADER-1 Tin Statuette, Bar adienne Finish, \$7.50 each; others from \$2.50, \$5.00 up to \$100.00 French Bronze Card Receivers Watch Stands, Jewel Cases, etc. from \$2.00 up to \$15.00

Vienna Mounted Stag Horn Novel-

Smoker Sets, from \$5.00 to \$20 Card Racks, from \$3.00 to \$15.00. Berlin Bronze Novelties, Antique Finish, Ash Trays, \$1.75; Stamp \$1.00; Vases, 3 inches, \$1.25 up to \$3.00; Photo Frame, \$1.25 up to \$6.00; Candlesticks, \$2.50 up. Metal Smoker Sets, \$2.50, \$3.00 Metal Desk Set in case, price \$2.00. Parisian Metal Bon-Bon Cases, Richly Decorated, different shape

and designs, price \$1.00. Full range of "Tantalus" Liquor Stands with Pressed or Cut Glass Bottles, from \$8.00 up to \$35.00.

### CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Brass Plate Stands, plain

Table and Five O'Clock Tea Ketles, in Brass, Copper, Nickel Wrought Iron, on regular Tilting or Hanging stands, plain or fancy.

Coffee Machines, Percolators and Urns in English, Napier, Russian, ienna and French Styles. Chafing Dishes in Nickel, Copper

and Wrought Iron. Baking Dishes, in plain and fancy, with removable White Enamelled Dish.

Hot Water Plates and Dishes with without covers. Hot Water Vegetable Dishes, with

hree or four compartments. Trays and Waiters in Nickel, Coper, Brass, Wood, Papier Mache and apanned, in Oval, Oblong and Round Shapes.

Brass and Wrought Iron Fireplace equisites.

### CLOCK DEPARTMENT

EVERY CLOCK SOLD IN THIS DEPARTMENT GUARANTEED French Regulars, Crystal and Gilt, day Clock, with mercury Penduum, striking hours and half hours on cathedral gong. Price, \$18.00. Height, 9 inches. Others up to \$75. French 8-day Travelling Clocks, Price, \$7.00, including red morocco

ing Alarm Clocks and Repeaters. Enamelled Iron Clocks, various styles and designs. From \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.00 up.

case. Others up to \$65.00, includ-

Carved Cuckoo Clocks-Full range from \$5 to \$40. Miniature Cuckoo Clock, from 75c to \$2.25. Fancy Gilt Clocks-100 styles to

elect from, \$2 to \$10. Same with Jewel Sash, from \$3.50

Grandfather Clocks, from \$50 to \$200.

Mission Clock, Weathered Oak, Price, \$27.50 to \$85.00. Fancy Mantel Clock, from \$5 to

Chimes Clocks, from \$27.50 to \$75. Brass Table Gongs, from \$2 to \$15 Immense assortment of Metal Frames, Inkstands, Candlesticks, 3face Mirrors, Desk Sets, Smoker Sets, Jewel Cases, Large Gongs, etc.

### HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

SECOND FLOOR.

Ask to see the Empire Queen Range, he neatest and easiest cleaned, always found satisfactory. iraught arrangement is admirable, and the rapidity with which the oven heats makes it a good baker for pastry, cakes or meats; can used with coal or wood, can be furnished with Tea and High Shelves or Warming Closet

#### JAPANESE DEPARTMENT

3000 Japanese Dolls, suitable for Christmas Tree Decorations, to be offered at reduced prices. Regular 5c for 3c; 7c and 10c, for 5c; 12c and 15c, for 10c each.

Full line of Antimony Metal Pieces, uch as Pen Trays, Pin Trays, Ink Stands, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc., suitable for Xmas gifts

#### **CUTLERY DEPARTMENT**

Celluloid Handle Dinner Knives, \$3 lozen. Also in stock, \$4.50, \$5.50 Celluloid Dessert Knives, \$2.50 doz.

Also in stock, \$3.50, \$4.75, up to \$6.50. Every Knife guaranteed best Shef-field Steel and Secure Handles.

Carvers, sets from \$1.00 up to \$5. Carvers, sets in cases, hand forged, from \$3.00 up to \$15.00. Celluloid Handle Dessert Knives and Forks, in cases, 1 dozen

TOYS, CAMES, DOLLS, in endless variety. SKATES, SKIS, SNOWSHOES, TOBOCCANS, at Popu-Prices. In the most complete assortment. PUNCHING BAGS, BOXING GLOVES, EXERCISERS, nd everything for the Athlete.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

HENRY MORGAN MONTREAL.

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THURSDAY, DECEM INTES FROM THE CA PARISHES OF THE

ST. PATRICK'S.

St. Patrick's Church held gation on Sunday at Hi ely seen within its walls come to assist at the fi of a newly ordained priest, I Singleton. Rev. Father man, the well known ve a discourse on the gree e priesthood. Rev. Father was assisted by Rev. 1 Callaghan, as assistant prie Father Peter Heffernan as and Rev. Father Polan as

The following priests were

ctuary : Father Martin Ca

Take Callaghan, Fathe

of St. Patrick's; Rev. F. Dunn and McMahon, of St College; Father Thos. Heffer St. Anthony's; Father R. E n, of St. Michael's; Rev. harles. O.F.M., Father A. C of St. Mary's, and Father Fi of St. Laurent College. Rev. Father Martin Callagh Hely congratulated Father S the dignity he had attain referred to the time when he onor of pouring the reger

that very church. Rev. Father T. Heffernan ke as follows:

and expressed the joy he exp

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"Introibo altare Dei, ad D actificat juventutem mean. go unto the altar of God, Who giveth joy to my youth. rds of my text are the ve the priest pronounces at the the altar, after having traced body the holy sign of r ion. For the first time in h tal career they were pronounce horitatively, and with full tation by the young priest from the Pontiff's hands, wh mly celebrates for us to-de

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first holy Mass.

The sweet yoke of the eternal nood has been placed upon houlders of one from among The Rev. Father. Singleton wa just opposite this dear old c was baptized by your belover , and comes now after some of absence to celebrate his first sermon I may not preach to this day, but invite you to with me upon some of the mos ent groupings of thoughts which the Catholic mind on a ike this may be filled. That ven, dearly beloved, joins hand voice with earth, follows from ast and proper conception of munion of Saints. What ests one part of the Churc rist always, and of necessity erests the other parts. But, for pecial reason, to-day. I said nents ago that this was a estivity for us. First for the f ther and sister of the newly ained, then for the other rela They may say-I have a son a r brother, a cousin, etc.-for us e may say we have a friend, uaintance, a child of St. ck's, an Irishman, another English-speaking pe But of his mother I have made ntion. What of her? Ah, ly beloved, some months over a She was ever

go, Almighty God called her -a pious. d Is it wrong to think that is in heaven to-day? especially consider that the golden ju our Mother Mary Immaculate brated but a week ago last T Is it wrong to think that our, to honor His Mother, the souls therein captive? not wrong, what, think you, the sentiments animating oly souls in the city of God, of their number glories in fact that she has given to rch of God a young and est. Ah! in spirit I behold d mother, stretching forth iternal arms to grasp unto m her boy, her child, her opening her lips to tell him ale; opening ner has been allow responsible calling. But I shall cease. ars cruel to have touched er spot, but would it not en still more cruel to have left ry in the grave of silence And now, dearly beloved, a few rations and then I shall

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# PARISHES OF THE CITY.

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St. Patrick's Church held a con ion on Sunday at High Mass ly seen within its walls. They had come to assist at the first Mass of a newly ordained priest, Rev. Fa-Singleton. Rev. Father Thomas fernan, the well known preacher ve a discourse on the greatness of the priesthood. Rev. Father Singlewas assisted by Rev. Dr. Luke allaghan, as assistant priest, Rev. Father Peter Heffernan as deacon, Rev. Father Polan as sub-dea-

The following priests were in the sanctuary: Father Martin Callaghan, or. Luke Callaghan, Father Killo-ren, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers Dunn and McMahon, of St. Mary' llege; Father Thos. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's; Father R. E. Callahan, of St. Michael's; Rev. Father harles. O.F.M., Father A. Cullinan, of St. Mary's, and Father Fitzhenry,

of St. Laurent College. Rev. Father Martin Callaghan pubcongratulated Father Singleton on the dignity he had attained. He derred to the time when he had the nor of pouring the regenerating waters of baptism on his infant brow d expressed the joy he experienced seeing him standing at the altar that very church.

Rev. Father T. Heffernan then oke as follows :

"Introibo altare Dei, ad Deum qui etificat juventutem mean." "I will go unto the altar of God, to God o giveth joy to my youth." These words of my text are the very first the priest pronounces at the foot of the altar, after having traced upon his body the holy sign of redemption. For the first time in his mortal career they were pronounced au-thoritatively, and with full signification by the young priest, fresh from the Pontiff's hands, who solemnly celebrates for us to-day his

first holy Mass. Assuredly, then, for him this of all days must be one of great and holy rejoicing and thanksgiving. For us it is one of just festivity. Another ambassador has been sent us. The sweet yoke of the eternal priesthood has been placed upon the ulders of one from amongst us. The Rev. Father Singleton was torn just opposite this dear old church. was baptized by your beloved pastor, and comes now after some years absence to celebrate his first Mass. A sermon I may not preach to you this day, but invite you to dwell with me upon some of the most prominent groupings of thoughts with which the Catholic mind on a day like this may be filled. That heaven, dearly beloved, joins hand and Dice with earth, follows from our just and proper conception of the ommunion of Saints. What interests one part of the Church of Christ always, and of necessity, inrests the other parts. But, for a special reason, to-day. I said a few moments ago that this was a great stivity for us. First for the father,

rother and sister of the newly orained, then for the other relatives, They may say-I have a son a priest, a brother, a cousin, etc.—for us, then quaintance, a child of St. Patrick's, an Irishman, another priest our English-speaking people. But of his mother I have made ntion. What of her? Ah, dearly beloved, some months over a year ago, Almighty God called her to them. She was ever good s in heaven to-day? especially when consider that the golden jubilee of our Mother Mary Immaculate was ebrated but a week ago last Thurslay. Is it wrong to think that the all the souls therein captive? If it not wrong, what, think you, must be the sentiments animating these oly souls in the city of God, when of their number glories in the fact that she has given to surch of God a young and dear est. Ah! in spirit I behold that od mother, stretching forth her ernal arms to grasp unto om her boy, her child, her loved opening her lips to tell him how how sublime, how responsible his calling. But I shall cease. ears cruel to have touched this spot, but would it not have n still more cruel to have left her bry in the grave of silence? w, dearly beloved, a few conations and then I shall have concerning the priest of God. dignity, his responsibilities, the cts of his mission. He is an am-

sador, the representative of God.
also is the king, the emperor, the
sident, the ruler—but they have

TOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC power only over the external actions GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST priest, power over the congregation of the faithful, over the mystical body of Christ-and more-over the natural body of Christ. This is my body; This is my Blood. His reponsibilities. From whom much is given much is expected. The prea-cher then explained how the priest was the way, the truth, and light; his responsibility as a doctor, as a teacher, as a father, etc.; the effects of his mission, how he leads souls to God. He then turned towards his brother priest, and in a lengthy exhortation pictured to him Christ with the tempter—: "Fall down and adore me." "Begone, Satan." So also the priest must meet his tempter; pictured to him Christ with the chalice in the garden Olives—"Father, not My will, but Thine be done." So also the priest. Then turning to the congregation, he placed himself by side of the hero of his subject, at the feet of their tender mercies, begging a memo before the throne divine at the moment of elevation, for sweet gift of perseverance, for only they who persevere shall be crowned.

After the Mass, Rev. Father Singleton gave his blessing.

The Rev. Francis J. Singleton was born on January 6th, 1880, in the Rev. L. E. Jennings as thurifer. parish of St. Patrick, in the city of Montreal, and was baptized by Rev. Martin Callaghan, the present parish priest. He received his elementary education from the Brothers of the Christian Schools at old St. Bridget's, and passed on thence to St Mary's College, Bleury street, where under the Jesuit Fathers he completed his classical course. He spent one year at St. Laurent College. He then entered the Grand Seminary of the Sulpicians for his theological studies.

In the evening a reception was held at the home of Rev. Father Singleon's sister, which was largely attended. The young priest has received no appointment as yet, but will in a few days. The True Witness wishes him many years of fruitful labor in the sacred ministry.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

Rev. Father Frank Singleton will sing midnight Mass at St. Mary's Church. Father Singleton lived in the parish for some years, and his many friends will welcome him in

#### St. Anthony's Catechism Classes.

The Catechism Classes of St. Anthony's Church, which have grown until they now number 670 pupils, held their annual entertainment on last Wednesday afternoon and evening in St. Anthony's Hall. This year the affair had been looked forward to with much pleasure, principally for two reasons. First, it was to be held on the feast day of the director of the classes, Rev. T. Heffernan, and in the second place the proceeds were to be devoted to the new St. Agnes Academy. afternoon was specially set aside for the children, and right royally did they enjoy themselves. The director was not forgotten. Besides substantial presents, he received a greeting from his faithful children breathing forth loyalty, devotion and gratitude all of which were acknowledged in we may say we have a friend, an a happy reply from "the children's own friend." Father Heffernan was in his element, and both the older and the younger children loved to honor the good priest, whose cheering word and kindly smile served to make life happy and pleasant for

In the evening the hall was, taxed and true and noble—a plous, devout to its utmost capacity. All the persoul. Is it wrong to think that the state of the s wrong to think that she formers did their work well, and the evening's amusement will have pleasant memories. Father Heffernan wishes to thank all who took par in the affair. Since all did well, it is not necessary to particularize. The Dur, to honor His Mother, freed following was the programme rendered at both performances:

First Part-1, Music, The Secret (trio) Gurlitt; 2. Opening address John Mulcair; 3. Christmas Operetta, Minims; 4, Physical Drill, Senior boys; 5, An Old Fashioned Scene Minims; 6, Speech, "Boys Rights," Frs. O'Connor; 7, Dialogue, Peacemaker," Junior Boys; 8, Music, Impromptu Mazurka, Convent Girls; 9, Trial Scene from Merchant

of Venice, Young Ladies. Second Part-1, Song, Feast Greet ing, Junior Boys; 2, Declamation ment for Celtic Tongue," J. P. McClure; 3, Echo, "Home Sweet Home," Senior Girls; 4. Concert Recitation, "Christmas Plums," Junior Boys; 5, Pantomime, "Rock Me to Sleep," Convent Girls; 6, Dia-logue, The Young Canada Club. Se-nior Boys; 7, Music, "In the Arena" Convent Girls: 6. Dia-(duet) Engelmann: 8, Declamation, "The Moor's Revenge," A. J. Mc-Govern: 9, Finale, "Tribute to Our Heavenly Queen," Convent Girls.

# ABOUND THE CITY.

The students of Laval University held a grand musical a few evenings ago, at which His Lordship Mgr. Archambault presided.

Preparations for the Christmas dinner to be given to the aged inmates of St. Bridget's Home have Begun, and many friends are sending large supplies of good things make real Christmas cheer for the many who. besides the regular inmates, receive hospitality from good Sisters at this noble institution.

#### Sang His First High Mass at St. Laurent College.

Sunday at 8 o'clock, Rev. Father Jeremiah Cronin, who was ordained at St. James Cathedral on Saturday, last, celebrated his first Mass at the Chapel of St. Laurent College. Father Cronin was assisted by the Rev. R. H. Fitzhenry, C.S.C., as deacon, and by Rev. B. McKevitt, as subdeacon, while Rev. T. Lennox, C.S. C., was master of ceremonies, with Father W. H. Condon, professor of rhetoric, presched an able and toucking sermon, in which he dwelt upon the sublime mission of God's priest, upon his character of "ambassador of Christ, and dispenser of God's sacraments." The College choir rendered the plain chant service impressively. At noon the new priest was guest of honor at a banquet given to celebrate the occasion. Father Cronin will shortly leave Alton, Ill., the future scene of his oble work.

Father Cronin is a native of the County Cork, Ireland, and was great favorite at the College, where he has been teaching for the past two years.

#### ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANEC SOCIETY.

The regular annual meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society took place in St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street.

At this meeting was read the annual reports of the various officers, which met with the unanimous approval of the society.

The election of officers took place and was very closely contested. They esulted as follows:

Spiritual Director-Rev. James Killoran. Musical Director-Prof. J. I. Mc-

President-J. H. Kelly.

1st Vice-President-J. P. Gunning. 2nd Vice-President-J. Cox. Secretary-J. J. D'Arcy Kelly. Asst. Secretary-M. J. O'Donnell,

Treasurer-J. E. Doyle. Recording Secretary-M. E. Day. Marshal-J. J. Milloy. Asst. Marshal-P. Hickey.

Committee of Management-Messrs. J. Walsh, M. J. O'Donnell, Sr., W. P. Doyle,, M. Sharkey, M. Casey, T. R. Stevans, A. D. McGillis, W. Alcock, J. J. Costigan, W. F. Costigan, W. H. Turner, E. M. Green- Christmas Ordinations

After the close of the regular meeting the newly elected officers met and appointed as their chairman Mr. W. P. Doyle.

The past year has been a very sucnumerically, for the oldest Tempering been founded 64 years ago.

#### St Gabriel's Adult and Juvenile Temperance Society Elect Officers.

The cause of total abstinence was doubly honored in St. Gabriel's parish on Sunday last by the adult temperance society and the new juvenile society holding their meetings and electing their officers.

Immediately after High Mass, the senior society met and elected the following officers:

Spiritual Director-Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P.

President-Rev. Father Fahey. 1st Vice-President- P. O'Brien. 2nd Vice-President-C. O'Rourks. ''ecording Secretary-R. J. J.

Assistant Secretary-E. J. Colfer. Treasurer—P. Polan. Librarian—E. Myles. Marshal-L. Conroy.

Assistant Marshals-M. O'Cornell

Noonan, Jas. McCarthy, J. Ilynch, J. Burns, W. Orton, M. McCarthy, T. Sullivan, J. Harrington, R. Col-

After the election of officers siderable discussion took place as to the advisability of the society helping in a substantial way the juvenile hody. The motion of Mr. John Colfer to give the sum of forty dollars to purchase badges and a banner for the young society was carried unanimously. It was also decided to asist at midnight Mass in a body.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the first regular meeting of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile and Cadet Corps took place in St. Gabriel's Hall. Father Fahey called the meeting to order, and after addressing a few words of encouragement to the boys, called upon Principal P. T. Ahern, of the Sarsfield School, to speak. Principal Ahern said that he was in perfect sympathy with the movement of the formation of a temperance ciety for the rising generation. They would make better business men, more reliable men, better mechanics, by being total abstainers; they would be the more respected by their employers, for they would be trusted. He spoke of the great evil of intemperance in ruining many a bright boy's chances, and in conclusion he hoped that the young society would be an honor to the parish.

Mr. Jas. Burns, chairman of the committee, gave the young fellows a very practical address. He said that he had seen many a smart young man, well qualified to fill good positions, go to ruin by intemperance.

The election of officers then took place and resulted as follows: Spiritual Director-Rev. Father

Fahey. President-John Collins. Vice-President-Harry McIlwaine. First Asst. Vice-President-John

Second Asst. Vice-President-John Kelly.

Polan.

Treasurer-John Redmond. Assistant Treasurer-Chas. Connors Secretary-Edmond Foster.

After the election the new officers made short speeches thanking the members for electing them, and pronising to do their utmost to make the society a success. The president. Mr. Collins, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Rev. Father Fahey, to the members of the Committee, and to the Senior society for their generosity in giving special regalia for the officers, and a sum of money to purchase medals and badges for the members, which was carried amidst applause from the 250 members present. Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy was then asked to say a few words. He said he was proud to be present at such a fine gathering of the pioneer juvenile temperance workers of Montreal. It was a gathering worthy of any city, and he hoped that as they were the first to take up the good work, they were trict, where he had labored for the here to stay. In conclusion said: "You are little waves of influence set in motion, and your example will lead others to follow. Your influence will extend and widen to the eternal shore. While the sight here this afternoon is grand, it will be grander still when on the evening of the 6th of January you will approach God's altar before all the temperance societies of Montreal, to receive your pledge of total

nence, and may you, like true and noble sons of Father Matthew, faithful unto the end."

## At St James' Cathedral.

Last Saturday morning, His Lordship Bishop Archambault, of Joliette raised the following deacons to the cessful one, both financially and priesthood: Revs. G. Crosby, of the livan, Boston; J. O'Gorman and J. Warnock, Pembroke, C. Cassidy, Portland; J. Scullion, Burlington; J Broderick, L. McKeown, P. Madden J. Sullivan and E. Crowley, Springfield; P. McDonough and J. White, Manchester; J. Sullivan, Trenton; F. Karp, J. Quinn, and C. Shea, Portland; F. Fournier, Providence; Desmarais, A. Gibeault, H. Guay V. Paquette, H. Deslongchamps, and

A. Kieffer, Montreal. Over a hundred received minor and major orders. It was the largest class of English-speaking members ordained many years.

On Sunday morning His Lordship ordained Rev. V. Paquette in St Jean Baptiste Church.

In the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunday morning, Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, raised to the priesthood the following members of the Blessed Sacrament Order: Rev Fathers Cote, Dube, Brousseau, Gaudet and Guire

Brown paper, moistened in vine-gar, will polish your tins until they shine like silver.

dinary stains from ivory knife

## BELLEVILLE PARISH CHURCH brea" of that period in which his services were not retained and

Heavy Loss Involved in Its Destruction by Fire.

At an early hour on Saturday morning last, St. Michael's Church was completely destroyed by fire. The church was practically a one, and was worth about \$80,000. The stained glass windows, paintings of the Stations of the Cross, pulpit, altar, the organ and other furnishings would easily bring the value of the Church up to about \$150,000. The insurance will not cover the

loss. Mgr. Farrelly, the venerable pastor of the parish, is completely prostrated by the ioss. It was through his efforts that the church was erected and through him it was made the finest sacred edifice in the city. The cause of the fire is unknown. There was an insurance of \$20,000 on the building.

A later despatch announces retirement of Mgr. Farrelly who has been pastor of Belleville for over

#### Death of Brother Arnold.

The hundreds of former pupils and friends of Brother Arnold will be shocked to learn that the noble Christian Brother and zealous educator has passed away at St. Louis. Brother Arnold was a well known figure in Montreal, a prominent Irishman, true and loyal to the land of his birth. The late Brother, whose family name was Frume, was born in Tipperary, Ireland, and at an early age came, with his parents, to New York. He was educated in New York and this city, entering the ranks of the Christian Brothers here.

It is recorded that as he and some others stood at the door of the Brothers' novitiate, asking for admission to the Order, they prayed most earnestly to the Blessed Virgin, that they would not be refused admittance. Their prayer was answered, and Brother Arnold was a most devout client of the Mother of God. He died on the day dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by the founder of the Brothers, Saturday. For many years did the lamented educator labor earnestly in the cause of Christian education in St. Ann's and St. Bridget's schools. Hundreds of our prominent business men received their education from his hands. His name is held in veneration throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis of Canada, and his memory will be cherished by a grateful people. After leaving St. Ann's School, he went to St. Louis dispast nine years. He was the founder of the De La Salle College in Toronto. His hands were full of good works, for he had labored a lifetime as a faithful and valiant son of St. John Baptist de la Salle. Far away from the scenes of his former labors, he sleeps his last peaceful sleep, near the noble pioneers of the Order in the States. The Order of the Christian Brothers have lost a great champion and the world a splendid educator. R. I. P.

#### DEATH OF M. A. HEARN, K.C.

It is with the deepest regret that we find ourselves called upon to record the death of Mr. M. A. Hearn, K.C., a gentleman whose professional and political career fills a considerable page in the history of Quebec during the last fifty years. The sad event occurred on Sunday morning, after a relatively short hut severe illness, which he bore with the most Christian fortitude. Surrounded by the surviving members of his family, and supported by all the consolations of religion, he passed away to his eternal reward and his familiar figure will henceforward be missed from the courts of justice and political hustings which knew him so long.

At the time of his death Mr. M A. Hearn was in his 71st year. Born in Quebec in 1833, of Irish Catholic parentage, his father being the late Mr. Patrick Hearn, a native of the County Wexford, Ireland, and his mother Ann Avlward a native of Newfoundland, he was educat- corner of the cellar where light need at Hennessy's, Thom's, and the Quebec Seminary, from which latter institution he passed to the study of | squeezer. law under the late John W. Ahern, ne of the most eminent of the Quebed practitioners of that day, and was admitted to the P s admitted to the Bar in 1855 In the practice of his profession he apidly rose to distinction by force of ability, and his clientele soon became one of the largest in the city and district. As a successful criminal pleader, he had for many years few equals at the Quebec Bar, and there were few of the "causes cele-

ervices were not retained and out of which he did not come victorious. As an Admiralty lawyer he also won great repute. In commercial and civil law generally, he was one of the leaders of the local Bar, and his aminence in that branch of the profession was deservedly earned by many notable successes. some of the briefs which he prepared for the Privy Council, notably in the famous cases of McLaren and Connolly, in both of which he was successful, are still cited as examples of the highest legal attainment. 1868 his professional eminence was so universally recognized that he was honored by his colleagues with election as Batonnier of the Quebec Bar, and a month later he was raised to the distinction of Batonnier-General of the Province. At various stages of his distinguished professional career, Mr. Hearn practised in partnership with the late Mr. Edward Jones, Q.C., Messrs. Jordan and Roche, Mr. Dennis Murray, afterwards Judge Murray of the Police Court, and the late Hon. T. Fournier, afterwards a judge of the Supreme Court. It was during his association with the latter that Mr. Hearn acted as the legal adviser of the Rev. Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's, and it was largely through his able handling of the interests of the Fathers and congregation at that exciting time that the amendments to the charter of the church were obtained and the whole affair was brought to a peaceful and successful issue. Under the Mackenzie administration, the dignity of Queen's Counsel was conferred upon

him. From his father, who had been a life-long Liberal and one of the few Irishmen identified with the patriots of 1837, Mr. Hearn inherited those stalwart Liberal principles for which he was so noted and which won for him the proud title of "the old Liberal war-horse of Quebec West." fact he was one of the few remaining survivors of the staunch old guard Liberals, who so manfully fought the party's battles in this district and kept its flag flying under the most discouraging circumstances and in the darkest hours, who stuck to their principles through thick and thin, and who sowed the harvest of honors and success which others more fortunate are now reaping. At an early period of his professional career he was induced to also enter the municipal and political fields.

Mr. M. A. Hearn was married on November 5th, 1855, to the late Miss Margaret Whelan, of Quebec, who predeceased him as far back as May 20th, 1884, and by whom he had nine children, of whom only two daughters survive, one of whom is the wife of Dr. Wm. Delaney, of the Crown Lands Department, and the other is Miss Hermine Hearn.

The funeral took place on Tuesday

forenoon to St. Patrick's Church, of whose congregation he was so long one of the most prominent members. The attendance was very large and bore testimony to the general esteem. in which the lamented deceased was held by all classes in the community. In the lengthy mourning cortege were the principal members of the local judiciary and bar, as well as of the other learned professions, members of the Dominion Parliament, local Legislature and City Council, and a multitude of other well known citizens too numerous to name, while the local Bar further showed their respect and regret for their deceased colleague by placing on his coffin a magnificent floral wreath, as did also two old dear friends, Hon. R. Turner Mr. G. Hossack. At the chi body was received by Rev. Father Delargy, who also officiated at the solemn Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Hickey and Mulhearn as deacon and sub deacon respectively. One of the most beautiful and touching features of the musical service was the exquisite rendering of the "Pie Jesus" after the Elevation by Mrs. Edward Foley, an old friend of the Hearn family. chief mourners on the sad occasion were the deceased's son-in-law, Delaney, and son, and Messrs. Ousler and Boyce, relatives.

Olive oil should be put in a dark ver penetrates

Don't use a galvanized iron lemon When brought in contact with the lemon it forms a poisonous salt.



### A CHRISTMAS BRIDE.

(Written for the True Witness.)

read panic from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a nation's heart stood still. Each hour brought tidings of the downfall of some civic magnate bereft of a colossal fortune and penniless. Amongst the early victims of the financial crash was the owner Witheby, Virginia. When his great wealth vanished from him at one stroke, small wonder that ened and died. Then into the world his only child went, to join in the struggle for gold which is the struggle for life.

In the following September, on bright, cool morning, she entered on her duties as teacher of the sixth form in the Carleton High School for boys. A few days before the little, sandy-haired, blue-eyed principal had snapped some curt questions at her, looked long and keenly at her from under his heavy lashes, and said: "You will suit, I think." The and she had feared him a little; but his kindness and attention to her during the first awful days showed her different man from the one wh scowled and almost shreiked at the trembling little law-breakers, which way of controlling them though it struck Edith Warton as somewhat primitive management.

There were many tiring days to this girl unused to fatigue or worry. Hours, when her whole nature revolt ed against the drudgery of the life. Sometimes there was a moment of satisfaction, but more often the rea her head heavy and the children wilful and stupid. However, youth is truly dauntless, and she had already the hearts of half the class.

The only woman on a large teach ing staff, and a very youthful and nmonly handsome woman, needless to say attracted no small freres, who lost no opportubity of meeting and speaking with her. From the first moment he saw her, she was to the young professor of literature a source of serious distraction Into many a day-dream her little black figure entered, while his class puzzled over the intricacies of old English or Spencerian stanzas. Always awaiting to lure his youthful was the same tall, supple form, the same hazel eyes and heavy brown hair, the same expressionsweet, wistful, intelligent, fascinating -a variation of everything bright and lovable that lurks in the femi-

He was a man of ideals, and one of those fortunate mortals whose thoughts are not necessarily weight ed by the pressing needs of everyday life. An only son of a wealthy widow; where roses could be bought roses strewed his path. He loved the beautiful in life, and it was with a longing to develop this priceles gift in others that he chose his pro fession. Humanity was to an open book in which he read with avidity: the mediocrity he found therein did not discourage him; he selieved in the highest and the hope of ultimately finding the ideal spur red him on. In Edith Warton physical perfection he dreamed of was realized, and it gave him unending pain to notice the change in her girlish bloom after the first few weeks were over.

Till Xmas there were few words exchanged between them, and when an uncle appeared and carried her home for the holidays she only marked him more than the other teachers on account of his handsom appearance, gentlemanly bearing and his reputation for cleverness. She little thought that the Professor o Literature walked the streets inces santly during those days in the hope of seeing her; indeed she had an ide that if he did meet her he might not care to recognize her. of an aristocratic society and had penetrated some of its common se crets without in the least sympa thizing with them.

January seemed unending. The chil harder, the boarding house more distasteful and her solitary room more lonely than before. Bu there was one brighter strain in her the one who appreciated it most 6th Form was taking up comnight's arithmetic." Hutchison appeared at the class

There were necessarily a few words lesson and as 3 o'clock was a short recreation period, the re- forgot to say 'Good evening. port he gave her of conduct, etc., a foolish girl I am !" she said

an equally advantageous footing, and the strikingly original thought which had been encouraged by her father in the Wetheby library was sufficient to arouse his interest if it had not already been won. Often there was r recommendation to peruse some de lectable pen-sketch, or poetic tale, the result of which reading would require an exchange of ideas after the following lesson. Both grew to centre great thought in these interviews, but the eagerness with which the man awaited their occurrence was the more remarkable as his life was filled with so many pleasures, while Edith lived the life of a recluse, neither striving nor caring to make friends among the people with whom she came in contact

The girl who had greeted Mr. Lifton one morning in September since lost much of her buoyancy and color. A quiet had fallen on her Fate was cruel all at once to this child nursed in the lap of luxury and ease, surrounded by friends and companions. The stately Virginian house, splendid with the spoils which riches bring, where a devoted father lived only for his child, was not more different from the walls which loomed on her nightly than was the dancing butterfly of girlhood who thought life spelt pleasure, to the lonely woman bravely struggling through a killing exis-

One particularly trying day in the beginning of February she remember ed for a long time. The snow fell steadily and heavily from morning, and the stillness without only increased the noise within. The hot stuffy room was none the better of open windows, and the flakes that drifted in gave increasing distraction to the boys. Her throat was sore her head ached, her faced burned, and her spirits were at their lowest. She had scolded and coaxed, threatened and ignored from sheer habit, and as the file of children wound round the room and out the door with the lazy "Good night," she thought it had been a lost day to them and to herself. On the desk before her were books innumerable of scribble exercises to be corrected for the ting to her task she folded her arms and let her weary head fall on them for a moment. Darkness was not far off, and stillness reigned within and without. Presently the exhausted woman was breathing in a deep

Clifford Hutchison had mislaid text book and remembered late in the afternoon of having left it in the 6th Form. When his last lecture was over he rushed up stairs and from habit than forethought, rapped at the door, though he knew class was over an hour before. Not waiting an answer, he entered.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Warton,' he said, surprised at the sight before him.

Edith awoke, startled.

"When! what! Oh, I fell asleep! The darkness hid the color that surged over her face. She felt suddenly angry at him for being there. "I am very sorry to intrude like

this, Miss Warton," he ventured, in a genuine tone of regret.
"I was simply exhausted, Mr. Hut-

chison; and before correcting these, I over her. Was it not as bad to be thought to give my head a rest and instead fell asleep." He tone was not sharp, but it left doubt in his mind as to her feelings

"You will think me very rude to in without permission. forgot this book vesterday and need ed it absolutely to-night. I hope you will excuse my oversight."

gentleness overcame her momentar "Consider it forgotten, Mr. Huchison. If Mr. Lifton had come i I might have been dismissed by She was making an attempt now."

at gaiety. to do it in, he is to blame himself dren were more angovernable, the I think." He took his volume and Edith gathered up her books in on pile and turned the key in her desk "What was there to do, Miss War

ton ?" he asked, almost indifferently as he held the door for her. "To-day's dictation and

"Would you care for more light i

the dressing-room?"
"No, thank you," she said, a

owed and walked away.
"He is usually more friendly.

the street she heard, "May I join you, Miss Warton?" He fell in step with her and quietly drew her

"There is no danger of my going to sleep again if I have co Mr. Hutchison," she said, and she could not help an admiring glance at the handsome man beside her. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and the upturned collar of his fur-lined coat framed as young and manly a face as Edith had ever seen on any man.

"Now, now, Miss Warton, you are too hard on yourself What a snowfall we are having! Makes me wish I were a boy again. Do you see that snow bank? That is the one I would climb if old age and dignity of position did not interfere." He gave a jolly laugh at his misfortune. He had a way of making the most commonplace subject attractive by his voice and look, but more from the real healthy interest he took in everything around him. He acted like a tonic on most people, and decidedly so on the girl beside him.

"I hope you will not give another thought to this afternoon Miss Warton. I have forgotten it already," he said earnestly; as he was bidding her good night at her professor's door. "It was all my fault for intruding, believe me. Then he raised his hat and was gone "How thoughtful to put it in that light !" she mused. and happy that night, and rose early with a song on her lips. Her in tention was to attend to yesterday's task before class began; but on open ing her books she found each neatly and rightly corrected in clever imitation of her own writing She was fairly jubilant at hear when the day's work commenced Though she could not tell why, sh knew by whom her day's burden had

After that everything went easily till the monthly examinations and semi-annual reports came in week, and there was nothing to do but plod through them after hours, especially as the days were growing longer and she could write till after 5 o'clock. The third evening she had an impossible amount of work before her, and she was feeling blue onesome, homesick, everything that makes steady thought intolerable. "I can remain no later than five

whether the reports are finished or not," she said at ten minutes five, "I am sick of work. Work! Work! Work! I have not one moment to myself." She dropped he pen and rested her cheek on her hand "Daddy! Daddy! If you can see your darling now, how sad you mus How I am paying for the dear old days of love and care." tear fell on her hand, another another. She was pondering, the question, Is life worth living, worth the pain and the loneliness? The father and mother she loved were at rest; the friends she had known were of a world to which a school teacher could never belong, a world of ease and luxury, where women know what money buys but not what buys

Clifford Hutchison knocked thrice at the half open door and then en-

"Working again over time. Miss Warton," he said, as he sauntered up to her desk. "I thought had reformed." Though he knew a what hour she had left every evening since the one on which he had seen her asleep. He knew she had been very late for two nights.

Again a little angry wave caught crying as sleeping? What a who can read it. child he must think her ?

"Oh, my work is behind again, and I must have those reports ready for morrow evening

He was particularly boyish looking somehow to-night, she thought, as she tried to stifle the tears her eves: but there were tears in he voice too.

"Miss Warton," he said, leaning one arm on the desk. "I wish you would not do this. You do not know, perhaps, how injurious it'is to your health. Speak to Mr. Lifto bout giving you some help. Won't vou ?'

"I realize perfectly well how year is telling on me, but beggars cannot be choosers. I am engaged to do this work and I must do it o Better wear out existence lik half the labor to go down town and live a man's life in some public office Is it not?" He agreed. was still on her hand for she wish. ed to avoid his gaze. The hint in her tone was not lost to him.

'You think I am intruding, Miss that again. If a well wisher offer a suggestion or word of

"Do you not think that I might be of some help to you? I have would be a pleasure if I might

sist you sometimes ment; it was such a temptation agree to anything which could pronote intercourse between them. Her better judgment prompted other wise. She met his gaze for the firs

"You have been very kind to me Mr. Hutchison. Only one in my po sition can appreciate your kindn to its full extent. can do the work, but I will not al low you to do so again." He smiled, a little disappointedly.

"As you say, Miss Warton. By th way, would you care to look over that new edition of the poets spoke of vesterday ?"

"I would very much. Have you bought them? Are they in school ?" she asked.

"No, they are still at Lambert's, and seeing that this is perhaps, our last wintry day, I thought we might have a little sleigh drive first if yo have no objection.'

Edith agreed, half through a dread she had of Mr. Lifton appearing suddenly at the door; so gathering up her things she hurriedly went leaving Mr. Hutchison to lock

She was surprised at being handed into a little cutter and more when her companion stepped in be side her with a call to the smart brown horse. Snugly tucked in be tween the robes, with her jolly driver brandishing his whip over flying steed, she forgot her day's cares, and the traces of tears left her eyes. There seemed thought of the new edition in either mind as they chatted away.

"Since we left the school I have en wondering about this sleigh How did you get it?" she asked, a they whirled around a wide corne and ahead of them was a long road with scarcely a house in view. He laughed.

"Well, well, Miss Warton, you should have asked before; it is my own, of course. The coachman had been waiting since four, so I sent him home. When Chum stands an hour it is hard to restrain her. His there, old girl ! Slow up ! Whoa-a ! As their progress slackened Clifford Hutchison drew the robes close about them, and fell into a more

serious strain than he had ever be fore. It was a rare treat for him to meet a woman who could discourse evince such genuine sympathy with them. Edith never had opportunities of conversing with any one a well read, and relished a well thought discussion as only intelligent minds can.

She forgot that she had pondered on the uselessness of existence, forgot that beside her was an almost stranger, forgot everything but the twilight with its crisp cold, the exhilarating motion of the sleigh, the merry jingling bells and the fascinating voice that colored all The tears were gone from her eyes and voice. The roses were once more in cheeks, and the everyday drudgers faded from her memory for a while "May I hope for the formal re cognition some day. Miss Warton? he asked, as, her hand on his arm the sidewalk to door.

She only smiled in answer, but he was satisfied. A woman's smile is truly the indicative mood-to one

Within the dinginess and barenes were less perceptible; her appetite was keen and her spirits light. when she was alone in her room she saw too plainly that she should ne ver have allowed herself to be in duced to take the drive. They were pleasant companions for a short conversation, but could never rise on step higher despite his request Judging by the remarks he had him self let fall, and the rumors she had heard elsewhere, the Hutchison family would hardly recognize as friend one in her present position What worried her most was that though Clifford Hutchison had made ome effort to win her friendship h night not afterwards approve of her having so readily accepted them. In word, she did not quite appreciat thorough manliness. Sometime it happens in this world that ideals become real and for a time v annot realize all that is contained "I will be distantly polite an

nothing more in futur ocker. 'I will never accept other favor from him in any form

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come to my class again after that Clifford realized his love; when ours."

Alas! for Edith Warton's resolu tions. The light that shone in he eyes that night was not a beam that time or space can quench

She turned up the gas, exchanged her black dress for a loose dressing gown, and spread her books before her on the table with a fresh interes in them. But distractions were rife Through the literature danced a hur dred sleighs with silvery bells, and into the melodies of the fugue was woven a merry, boyish laugh. Over the piano and in the dim corners of the room lurked the smiling grey eyes with their strangely fascinating look that lingered so in her memory No use to try; she could not keep her thoughts from the day's pleasur and soon, scrambled into bed to live

Winter melted into spring and sum ner was peeping in bud and branch There had been no other drive, an only at intervals did Clifford chison venture to meet the 6th Form teacher leaving the school. Some thing in her manner forbade an proach, though she was friendly him as before

Toward the end of April she lost ner inexplicable reserve somewhat and there were a few lagging walks home in the bright afternoons. There was another drive and a little supper after, and on Saturday after noon they went together to hear Melba. Her room was often with his flowers and her shelve heavy with the books he lent or gave her. They grew to be dear companions in these early sum mer days. Clifford vaguely felt that he loved her; he knew he was premely happy with her and and night her presence haunted him The girls whom he had once thought good company were avoided if not entirely forgotten. Society said, "That clever Hutchison boy is writing a book or making a discovery no one ever sees him nowadays." "Hutchison boy" smiled when he heard it, but said nothing. He was wondering if he might not tell Edith that he loved her. He was ponder ing on the pros and cons of her reciprocating his affection, of her con senting to be his wife. To a mai these are momentous questions, and take time and deep thought to solve His musings were suddenly disturb ed by a little note lying on his desk

Insists on my returning with him to night at ten. Mr. Lifton consents.' Edith Warton."

face as the senior pupils recited their class poem the last time. Clifford was derfully disappointed, he had hoped she would remain in town for week anyhow

Edith and her uncle were late, as the latter remained beside ty to say a word in private, heir farewell was very formal in the station vard there was a lool

he twittering of the society birds was sweetest on the velvet lawns, then he longed most for the quiet walks with Edith Warton.

During the long vacation days Edith grew bright and rosy again. She was back with her friends, and too full of her own thoughts to concern herself much as to whether they approved of her society or not. Her happiness was a little dampened as time to return drew near and had to face the fact that last year might be nothing but a dream far as any of its hopes or longings were concerned. She might never meet Mr. Hutchison again. In all probability he would not be lecturing at the Carleton this year.

With expectant longing she passed the first day of her second term in. the 5th Form, for by the withdrawing of some higher teacher she was agreeably surprised to find herself promoted with her class. Her duties were no sooner over for the day and her boys scurrying noisily downstairs than Clifford Hutchison's genial voice sounded at the door.

"May I come in ?"

There he was, just as handsome as ever, just as happy and more dial in his welcome than her wildest dreams had hoped. He caught her proffered hand in his larger ones. "At last," he said. "Of all the long days of a long summer this was the longest, Miss Warton." She smilingly ignored the insinuation.

"They say that the days are growing shorter, just the same, Mr. Hutchison," she laughed, to hide the joy she felt at heart. He was still the friend she had parted with three months before.

The second year was incomparably less trying than the first, whether her personal feelings had anything to do with the improvement or not, I cannot say. By the end of September the class was in full swing, and the brightness of the teacher commented on by the pupils.

One day she sat at her desk after the file had wound away with tring of 'good-nights. The flush of the declining autumn sun was on her face and caught and hair. The maples in the grounds were gay with scarlet hues and rustled at the open windows There was a pause in the happy

question was before her mind. Whither was she drifting. To the glory and joy of loving was added an irresistible longing for some assurance There was an abstracted look on lof return. She knew it and called it love, and all the misgiving and fears that love k vere creeping into her heart with their insidious unrest. She did not whether or not worth the living; she knew it was, but at one price only. When a day without a word or look from vears be to her.

Her thoughts were so buried in him that when a hand was laid on hers she recognized the touch. The lence was unbroken for a mor "Could I share your thoughts?" he

other's character and natu subject, not even music, aff vantage ground for self-por On Sundays there we walks, but never a word v on the subject nearest to of each. Edith, however, 1 ranged to remain in town

> consideration for both. Mrs. Hutchison, usually when Clifford's slightest w concerned, proved obdurate ter much paving of the wa length heard his propositi viting his "dear friend"

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she answered, after a mom

Her hand fell heavily and

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After that night he no lo

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The autumn days wore on,

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There was another

"A woman Retta or I ha heard of ! Preposterous lorgnettes cut each syllable How can you let those p so on your good nature?"

Just then Retta came i in apple-green silk for M

Dresser's dinner-party.
"Why, mother, I do belie the identical woman ne ra for six weeks last year. her to our Xmas dinner ! ] Then she broke into a lau was not unpleasant in its which grated horribly on o

A few days later he mad attempt, but found his niot ly fortified with the pros a of a dozen or more intima The cons were decidedly in jority. Only relatives coul dinner on Xmas day. Clin a little hurt, but not at all he was man enough to be

tirely without resources "Only relatives can be in ther. Very well, we will b inevitable. Only relatives

present." he said, with a his grey eyes.

The last Sunday before a beautiful winter day, cl santly cold and white with tening mantle of last nigh Edith and Clifford early in noon strolled out into the their usual Sunday walk. banks of spotless snow hid world of their own, a wor

and happiness and love. Clifford drew her arm cl his and bent over her as h

ething to her "Clifford, dear, what are ing me?" she gasped in su repeated his request, he pr another light. He pleaded ed and argued but almos Edith would not consider it at all till they ed her own door, and in light she could see the d

ment on his face. "Why should you care if him," something kept whis Suddenly she put hands into his : "Since yo so, I will.

Late on Xmas Eve a sle up to the same door and couple were again standing Edith was in happy and festi about them both. Cliffor protective air about him s ed the heavy door for her long box into her hand.

"Look as pretty as you all will be well," he laugh On Xmas afternoon Ed herself standing in the be and see

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ng she passed econd term in the withdrawacher she was to find herself ss. Her duties or the day and noisily downutchison's gethe door.

s handsome as nd more coran her wildest Ie caught her is larger ones. "Of all the mmer this was mation. days are growame, Mr. Hut-

He was still rted with threeincomparably first, whether ad anything to nent or not, I end of Septem

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so buried in him as laid on hers uch. The si-

lo," she replied n them." With-drew her hand.

thoughts ?" he

what would the

of did not realize that she was of the library on Lennox Square awaiting Chifford and his mother.

Her heart was in a wild state of caking recklessly.
Can I judge of your thoughts by

"Perhaps," she answered, in a far-

had never spoken so before There was always a friendly smile some lightsome words of wel-There was another pause as Clifford Hutchison leaned on the desk and studied her face, lit with the glory of the dying day, but to m lit with a more beautiful light.
"Tell me I may," he whispered.

"I cannot. I do not know yours," she answered, after a moment.
"Then let me tell them—Edith,"

broke from him. Her hand fell heavily and her eyes

met his in a momentary questioning "No." she said emphatically, and the color left her cheeks. "No, you must not." She might have said you need not; for from that moment though no word was spoken each understood.

After that night he no longer asked to walk with her, but every afternoon as she turned the corner Edith knew he would join her. She knew she could no longer resist his attentions; she knew ne loved her and felt that nothing else mattered. The autumn days wore on, brightened by the twilight rambles through the quiet streets. The conversation always partook of the wide scope literature affords, and in its limits they daily saw new depths to each other's character and nature, for no subject, not even music, affords such vantage ground for self-portraiture. On Sundays there were longer walks, but never a word was said on the subject nearest to the heart of each. Edith, however, had ranged to remain in town for Xmas and the holidays, which was a great consideration for both.

Mrs. Hutchison, usually so willing when Clifford's slightest wish was concerned, proved obdurate when after much paving of the way she at length heard his proposition of inviting his "dear friend" to Xmas

"A woman Retta or I have never Preposterous !" lorgnettes cut each syllable sharply. "How can you let those peoule play so on your good nature ?"

Just then Retta came in gowned in apple-green silk for Mrs. Van Dresser's dinner-party.

"Why, mother, I do believe that is the identical woman ne raved about for six weeks last year. To invite her to our Xmas dinner! Humph!" Then she broke into a laugh which was not unpleasant in itself, but which grated horribly on one person

A few days later he made another attempt, but found his mother calmly fortified with the pros and cons a dozen or more intimate friends. The cons were decidedly in the majority. Only relatives could sit at dinner on Xmas day. Clifford felt a little hurt, but not at all daunted, he was man enough to be never entirely without resources of some

"Only relatives can be invited, mother. Very well, we will bow to the inevitable. Only relatives will be present." he said, with a twinkle in his grey eyes. . . .

The last Sunday before Xmas was a beautiful winter day, clear, pleasantly cold and white with the glistening mantle of last night's snow. Edith and Clifford early in the afternoon strolled out into the park for their usual Sunday walk. The great The great banks of spotless snow hid them in a world of their own, a world of hope

ed something to her.

lifford, dear, what are you asking me?" she gasped in surprise. He repeated his request, he put it in another light. He pleaded and coaxed and argued but almost to no purpose. Edith would not listen or consider it at all till they had reached her own door, and in the gaslight she could see the disappointment on his face.

Why should you care if it pleases him," something kept whispering to to the meeting she dreaded. Suddenly she put her two hands into his: "Since you wish it so, I will."

Late on Xmas Eve a sleigh drew up to the same door and the same couple were again standing on the door-step. Edith was in her black suit, but there was something sually happy and festive-looking about them both. Clifford had a protective air about him as he open ed the heavy door for her and put a

long box into her hand.

On Xmas afternoon Edith found

emotion. She passed through every degree of disgust, trepidation, indif-ference, defiance and supreme happiess in the short time she was there. It was like some wild adventure, sweet, but risque. She wondered if any girl had ever been in such a posi-

There was a great difference be ween the Edith of a week ago and the Edith, of to-day. She seemed to have forgotten that she belonged to a little third story attic room and taught in a public school for a small salary which helped her to study music and literature. She only rewhere the air breathed of luxury and refinement as it did here. As thought of the .Xmas parties then and the guests who lounged by the great open fires and sat and talked at the long table, her head unconsciously took a little higher poise and a little brighter color burned in her cheeks. This was what she belonged to.

For the first time she had laid aside her black dress and wore beautiful grey of some clinging texture. The neck was low enough to display her shapely white throat. There were red roses at her breast, two of them of a wonderfully deep rich shade.

She was very youthful and very beautiful standing in the light, her hands caressing the roses, her eyes lovingly searching the gleaming depth of the diamond on her hand side by side with a plain gold band. She heard footsteps at the door; but she could not guess that Mrs Hutchison was prepared to see a small, sallow woman in a tight brown dress, with a little knot of hair fronted by a few neat frizzes mathematically correct, and a long lace scarf twisted round her neck pulsive, self-satisfied woman. Mrs. Hutchison's broad-mindedness and foresight were often colored by prejudice and a little misplaced superio-Clifford pushed the door open, step-

ped in to say "Edith, here is my mother," then quietly withdrew, feeling confident that Edith could wir her case best alone with his mother, whose motive in life was to present a good appearance to the social world in which she led, but whose nature was really lovable and motherly.

Clifford never knew what passed between the two women, or ho they were together. He was lost in admiration of the glimpse he had caught of the girl who had appeared to him beautiful always, but beautiful with a certain timid, half pathetic touch in her mourning dress.

It took Mrs. Hutchison a small fraction of a second to see the mistake she had made, and the exclamation that broke from her was as much an acknowledgment of her own too previous decision as it was tribute to the woman who stood before her

Presently Mrs. Hutchison came around him.

"Clifford, your wife is a beautiful woman." she said, kissing him. "You made no mistake, she is a perfect lady, but the surprise was awful at

It was not the sixth form teacher Clifford's arm encircled when he went back to the library. It was same sweet maid, a little older, who had ruled the great Virginian mansion with her smiles and winning

From the broad staircase. which they could see the gay fes toons of holly and evergreen and bright ribbon hanging in every nook and corner, the house presented a veritable Xmas tableaux with lights, silvery bells and frosted balls, and a few stray trees spreading a piny odor everywhere.

From the darker hall the blaze of light that broke on her as the doors rolled back was like a good omen swift glance she saw the great table with its silver and glasses, its flowers and steaming dishes, and faces of a large assembly of richly attired men and women, who turn to her with one impulse as conversa-

tion ceased. There was a sickening inclination to turn and fly from it all; but Clif ford came to her aid with a little word of cheer. The soft color in her cheek and throat blended with the roses at her breast. She was a charming picture on her young band's arm, half shy, half defiant, with an uncertain smile playing on the line and an appealing trust in harming picture on her young hus-



sure index to his heart "Let me introduce my son's wife

to you-Mrs. Clifford Hutchison."

There was an instant's awful sience, then a loud clapping of hands, but mostly a moving mass of color and a hum of voices with Clifford's name predominating was what Edith perceived.

As she sat down at last a quizzical old gentleman opposite asked, with native curiosity.

"Do you belong to New York, Mrs.

"No, I am from Virginia," she replied. Then, as the dinner was being served, his conversation was interrupted, and she was free to talk to her husband. Such a gathering would have been hard to equal that Xmas day. The old gentlemen told stories as the turkey and cranberries and other tempting viands were disposed of. They were a happy looking assembly except for the gentleman opposite Edith, whom she discovered was Senator Hutchison, and falling to her waist. She could gaunt, sallow man, with piercing eyes REWFOUND and COTTESDONGENEE. not know that like many another im- and a deep, penetrating voice. Edith could not help looking towards him ever and anon. He was like some one she had seen a long time ago. When the blazing pudding was carried in, decorated with a holly wreath and the butlers were passing around the nuts and raisins, the Senator

leaned over again. "What part of Virginia do you come from ?"

Raleigh, about 50 miles."

"I had a great friend about there once. He belonged to Raleigh. Was General in the army, and a finer man never lived." His voice arrested the attention of the rest of the table, and he turned a second to them. "It must be the Virginia in your voice that made me think of him. He came of Dabny stock," he continued, addressing his hostess, "You know him well by name, Felicia, he married the granddaughter of Comyr Wilbur-greatest combination in Vir ginia. Unfortunate in the steel boom last year, he lost every red cent he had, and left his child in poverty Ever hear of him-General Warton?' His little eyes watched her closely rose a little and her eyes flashed in apon her son and threw her arms true Wilburs style as she answered ception was elaborately celebrated at in a clear voice:

"He was my father." "You are your mother's daughter, Mrs. Hutchison," the Senator said, and he rose gravely and came over and kissed her. "When last I kissed you you were a child of seven, I think. It is a great event in our family, this marriage of a Warton to a Hutchison.'

Edith did not quite understand, but when the house had been inworld of their own, a world of hope and happiness and love.

Clifford drew her arm closer into his and bent over ber as he whispered something to her.

Ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house the blood of wealthy ancestors flowed with a new freedom through her veins.

But when the noise had been into ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house had been into ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house that beautiful to be ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house the blood of log was burning fainter and fainter, when Retta and she had had a long talk in the pretty pink room she was gone, Clifford put his arm around her and in the flickering light they walked slowly up and down drawing room floor under the arches was no more doubt. She had been ber, has been phenomenal. royally received by every one from Clifford's mother down to the quiet little wife of the young lawyer. was happy as she could be, in her fairy tale of married bliss. And as ending with its continued call on Edith's attention. It had annoyed him awfully that he could only look at her and hear her speak.

She could not help it if her head Suddenly she said: "What did the Senator mean by saving our marriage was a great event, Clifford? Her husband looked proudly at her and asked gently:

"Why did you never tell me you were General Warton's daughter, Edith ?" "Would you have loved me more?"

she whispered.
"Would I have dared to love you at all. General Warton is to M Que. Gasoline Gas Machine.

Deds.
776,542—Francis Paul, Jr., Sorel, Are the Best. Notice the Name on them On Xmas afternoon Edith found her lips and an appealing trust in "Would I have dared to love herself standing in the bay window her eyes as she glanced at Clifford, you at all. General Warton is to

whose handsome young face was a us a name to be reverenced above all others. We owed him a debt that we had despaired of ever paying till to-night." She looked surprised

> "One Xmas many many years ago he gave my father the money with which to go to college, and dated his success from that day The General would never accept cent in return, and when he died heard his daughter had entered

"But she hadn't." Edith broke in "But she hadn't," he repeated musingly, as he took a little wreath of holly and mistletoe from a nearby arch and laid it on her soft hair "This will be your bridal wreath Edith. Now let us see the last sparl And with her head on his shoulder and his arms around he they stood by the grate till the flickering embers were black and the bells had rung the parting of a happy Xmas Day

A few days ago the people of Ferryland had the unusual pleasure of witnessing the celebration of the golden jubilee of Rev. Mother Ignatius aQuinlan. The ceremony was performed by Father Walshe of Renews, assisted by 5Father Vereker. A little more than 52 years ago Mother Ignatius, the jubilarian of the "Well, Senator," she answered, day, but then a young, accomplished "My father's home was not far from and tender lady, left her native home in Waterford for St. John's. After having spent four years in the Mother House of the Presentation Order she and three other Sisters were sent to found St. Patrick's Convent, Riverhead, St. John's; there she re mained for more than a year. was then sent to Fermeuse to fill the place of the late saintly Rev. Mother Bernard Kirwin, and after having spent some time there she was again selected in 1858 for the important charge of founding the convent here at Ferryland; and here she has reremained ever since. Her whole life from that time to the present has been spent in training and forming the character of the women of Ferryland.

The feast of the Immaculate Con-St. John's, and all over the Island, The Cathedral was a gem of artistic beauty with its many gorgeous decorations. The merry peal of the oy bells brought the faithful large numbers, and the day was one of joy and gladness for the children of Mary Immaculate.

His Lordship Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, has regained some of his old time vigor and is able to say Mass every morning and attend to his many duties.

The members of St. John's Total talk in the pretty pink room she was Abstinence and Benefit Society are aking great preparations for their were all sung and the guests had annual parade on New Year's Day. They will march about 1000 strong. including the Cadets and the juvethe niles.

The attendance at the Catholic of holly and evergreen. Now there schools at St. John's, since Septem-

The Benevolent frish Society about to add an extra wing to St. Patrick's Hall, in order to accommodate two hundred more children

#### PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of U.S. patents secured during last week through the agency of Messrs. Ma-rion & Marion, Patent attcrneys. Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.

Information regarding any of these will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm-

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Frabce. Multitubular Steam Generators. 776,738—Regis Gienette, St. Jerome,

Que. Convertible Trunk. 776,932-Francis Paul, Jr., Sorel, Que. Air Forcing Mechanism

777,485-Harry Pauling, Brandau, Bohemia. Process for heating air gases and the like. 777,486-Harry Pauling, Brandau,

Bohemia. Process of manufactur-

ing nitric acid from atmospher The "Inventor's Adviser" is just published. Any one interested

patents or inventions should order a copy.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Saturday 17th December:

The following had a night's lodging and breakfast : Irish 272; French 125, English 43, other nationalities Men can be had for furnace or an

other work by calling up Main 2019

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE. . . .

## Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate

#### Society Directory.

T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY lished Merch 6th 1856 incompor-ated 1865, revised 184'. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander etreet, first Monday of the month. Committee mosts last Wed-nesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Onlingham, P.P.; President. Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Boherty 1st Vice, F. E. Deviin, M.B.: 2m Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; sorrespond-ing Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansay.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SO. CIETY-Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander etreet, at 8.80 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the drst Tuesday of every ments at 8 p.m. Bev. Director, Rev. Jan. Kib-loran; President, W. P. Doyle; Res. Seey., J. D'Arcy Kally, 18 Valles

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. established 1868. —Rev. Directory Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustim street. Marts on the second Sun-day of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottaws streets, at 8.80 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE. TY, organized 1885.-Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Advisor, Hev. E. Strobbe, C.SS.R.; President, P. Kenehan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Counell; Rec.-Bec., Robt. J. Hart,

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander St., en svery Monday of sech St., en every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Advisor, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chamcellor, P. J. Darey; President, We F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Contigan, 825 St. Urbain street; Trea. surer; J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisors Dre, H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

### OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

Organised at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 2 1876: Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879, Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly More than \$14,500,000 paid in Benefits in twenty-eight years.

\*\*Ecceptor Famel, November 35th, 1864.\*
51,163,776.99.

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

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER.

Supreme Deputy,
Secretary, Quebec Grand Council,
55 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC. A. R. ARCHAMBAULT. Supreme Beput,
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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 2 Busby street, Monada, on, Canada, Bay The Taux Witness P. & P. C., Passick E. Creain of Teronte, propri

A paper written by the Rev. Luan Johnston, of Baltimore, "Kinship of Nature," was read and very much appreciated. In his reof this work, Father Johnston said that while the author was good in prose, he was better in poetry, while at his best and strongest in his descriptions of nature, was weakest when essaying the role philosopher, or theologian. The ar tist who attempts to assume such a role leaves himself open to criticism. While sympathizing with Bliss Carmen in his appreciation of nature few could agree with him on more serious subjects of conscience and reason. Father Johnston show ed how art had come to be separated from religion. Art is beautiful. Religion, too, loves beauty, but from very nature of her mission, is obliged to deal with what is ugly, with sin and its consequences. She must tread not only the stately aisles of grand cathedrals, but the coal-begrimed tracks of the railway sheds as well. Art could not follow here, and so she goes her own way and religion goes hers, and philosophy hers.

Concerning the worship of nature, the reviewer emphatically denied the claim made by the author that such worship was something new, characteristic of these times. Worship of nature was not new, but a as the human race, even if men did not always give expression to their feelings on the subject as they do now. It was not always possible for them to do so. In the Middle Ages men lived very near to because, for one reason, their castles were at odes too gloomy to invite much dwelling therein. The Knights of those days loved flowers and bore them blazoned on their shields and crests, but the imperfect condition of the English language at the time afforded them little freedom in expressing their love. If we read of but one flower mention ed in their poetry, we must not conclude that they knew and loved but There were many others for which names had not yet been found.

A clever little criticism prepared by Miss Edith Marshall, on Henry Van Dyke's latest book, "The Ruling Passion," was also read. This book of short stories, like all that comes from the pen of Mr. Van Dyke, is charming, delightful, restful and healthful in tone. It brings us nearer to nature. In most cases, the reviewer explained, mention of "the ruling passion," suggested the love of a man for a woman, but not The author has shown us that there are other great and strong motives dominating men and In one instance it is a man's love for music; in another, a woman's sense of duty, nerving her to do and dare. The scenes in this book are laid in Canada, but not the Canada of the tourist. The author takes us, not along the beaten tracks, but a thousand miles from everywhere and everyone; up into the Laurentian mountains; off into the solitudes, away among the lakes. A quiet humor runs through all, provoking the thoughtful smile. characters are delightfully quaint and picturesque. Comparing Henry Van Dyke with

Bliss Carmen, both were found to In view of the many aspersions frebe alike in their love for nature, even amid the turmoil of a busy city life, but while Bliss Carmen was frankly and genuinely Bohemian, an avowed dweller in "Vagabondia," tal and inclined perilously near the resides in Bologna, Italy, and who verge of the sensual. Such books as is declared by competent judges to ship of Nature," are indicative of the reaction that has seized the people of to-day, the desire for greater dialect of which Trombetti has freedom from worldly cares, the at least the rudiments-and he has longing for the pure fresh air of the never been out of Italy and is only

Oxford, which, with the great movement connected with it, will be one of the special studies for year, was lightly touched upon. Only the outside appearance of the wonderful university, with its buildings and colleges, was considered at this Europe was talking of the new meeting, more detailed study to fol- | scholar. low later. Even the exterior of Oxford is most interesting to contem fessor Trombetti learned all his lanplate. Its peculiar charm lies in guages without instruction. He

is built, and its Gothic style of architecture have the effect of making it seem older than it really is. And Oxford is very old indeed, even though the legend that gave Alfred the Great as its founder has gone the way of many another legend. Some good authorities of to-day on Oxford waves receiving Oxford were mentioned, as Goldwin Smith and Dr. Barry, and a good

ford," written by "A Mere Don." The study of "The Light of Asia" was continued, and extracts from the second book were read by Mrs. Red-

Attention was drawn to a noteworthy book by Abbe Klein, who recently visited America. It is dedicated to President Roosevelt, and is entitled "In the Land of the Streauous Life." This work has been lately translated into English. Another book, "The Life of St. Eliza beth," by Montilambert, was also noted. This contains a very interesting study of Gothic Cathedrals in Jermany. An excellent article in the December number of Harper's Magazine on Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain, was favorably mentioned. A careful study of this article was recommended as a preparation for ecture on Joan of Arc, to be given

by Mr. Waters later in the season. There will be no lecture in Decem ber, and the next meeting will take place on the 20th of this month. MARGUERITE.

#### Thoughts From Father Faber On the Mystery of this Month.

"Who shall dare to guess what Jesus thought with His human thoughts as He lay there," in the cave of Bethlehem on that holy "He was busy worshipping, He was busy redeeming, He was busy judging at that moment. All hearts of men lay in His heart at that hour. We, too, were there, centered in a little sphere of His loving knowledge and His merciful consideration. We, too, were inmates of the cave of Bethlehem, and of the cave's divinest centre, the heart of the new born Babe. Is not that thought enough to set the rudder of our life heavenward once for all ? \* \* \* In their measure these remarks apply also to the mysteries of Mary. \*

. She began already to fulfil that office with the insignia of which she was publicly invested on Calvary. She offered herself to the new-born Babe for us. She was willing to be our mother. She was ready to endure for us those dolors with which she was to travail with us, her secondborn, so unlike the painless childbirth of that night. She offered us also to Jesus. She offered us to His love. She freighted her prayers with our names. She yearned for our more and more complete conversions, and longed that might be made part of the happy triumph of His Passion \* \* \*

"Thus was completed the mystery of Bethlehem. Thus were we present there in our Mother's hands and in our Saviour's heart \* \* \*

"Listen! the last strip of cloud has floated down under the horizon. The stars burn brightly in the cold air. The night wind, sighing over the pastoral slopes, falls suddenly, floats by, and carries its murmuring train out of hearing. The heaven of the angels opens for one glad moment, and the midnight skies are overflowed with melody, so beautiful that it ravishes the hearts of those who hear, and yet so soft that troubles not the light slumbers the restless sheep."-Father Faber's Bethlehem."

#### World's Greatest Linguist.

quently cast at the "effete" nations of the old world, it is interesting to note the many instances when men across the seas demonstrate their mental virility. One of the latest Van Dyke was more sentimen- of these is Alfredo Trombetti, who Ruling Passion," and "Kin- know more languages than any other man in the world. It is said that there is not a spoken language or 38 years old.

He was little known until recently when he wrote a book entitled "Conthe nections Between the Languages of the Old World," which was awarded a prize of \$2000 by the Italian Academy of Science. The next day all

With the exception of Latin, Proits mediacval aspect. It appears to coming to America next year "stand with one foot in the Middle study the Indian dialects.

#### THE TRISH PRIEST NOVELIST

us such a true, clear and beautiful insight into Irish life and character. and especially into the charmi sonality of the Irish priesthoo han. Rev. P. A. Sh as he has been commonly known, was created a Doctor of Divinity by the late Leo XIII., in recog ture. His name, therefore, star out in the world of letters as the leading modern Irish writer. His wonderfully vivid descriptions once attract our sympathies by their realistic portrayal of all that is best and noblest in Irish character. and "Luke Delmege" he pictures the

peace and purity of home life in Ire-land, while at the same time not overlooking the weaknesses of countrymen. Prejudiced writers have frequently displayed a lament able degree of ignorance by holding up the Irish priest as an object of ridicule; and such writers delight in calling Ireland a "priest-ridden" country. But Dr. Sheehan's descriptions of the sincerity, devotion, sor row, loneliness and longings of the Irish priest are without doubt true and beyond comparison. Every chapter of his writings shows "Soggarth Aroon" intimately bound by the closest bonds of affection to his people. The very reading "My New Curate" or "Luke Delmege" lingers long in the memory and leaves a lasting impression Though these two volumes are teem ing with the brightest Irish humor they are also touched by a deep underlying vein of pathos. In "Geoffry Austin," who could forget Geoffry's account of the departure of the priest to another parish. "I was a mere child, and was standing at a window overlooking the main street of our town when a strange procession passed by. A few loads of hay and straw and turf, one solitary cart filled with rough furniture such as a laborer might have, and the priest trudging along the pavement, his aged mother on one side, and his orphaned niece on the other, holding his hand as he proceeded from one scene of wretchedness to another from the barren solitude of a moun tain at one end of the diocese, forever wrapped in mists and black and stubborn even in summer, when the fields were laughing with their harvests, and the trees were gray in their feathery robes, to a dismal

swamp where two of his predecessors had perished from the vapors slime that dropped from the clouds above and sweated from the marches below."

During the past year Dr. Sheehan has published a volume entitled, "Under the Cedars and the Stars." This is rather a series of poetical reveries or reflections on men, on na ture, and on things in general. They are the thoughts of a deep thinker, gathered during quiet wanderings in the secluded garden of a little Irish village. In the first of these reveries Dr. Sheehan tells us that his garden is something more than a garden of sycamore, and pines, and firs, and laburnum, and laurel, and lime, and lilac," "buried beneath dusky walls of forest trees, beeches and elms and paks," but he says, "my garden is something more to me. It is my porch where some unseen teacher ever speaks." This volume of Dr. Sheehan's has found a large circle of readers, who have been delighted with the multitude and variety of beautiful thoughts on philosophy, science, art, literature, and religion. One may take it and open it at any page and find much to put the mind in a useful and reflective mood. The following taken at random are typical. How true this is of our Ame-

"The pathos of great cities is overwhelming. The submerged shuffling along the pavements, side by side, with their brothers and sisters who float just now with the tide, but some of whom are certainly destined ed seat, the electric light overhead, themselves to be submerged; the anxiety of the young to attain to position and wealth; the anxiety of the middle-aged to reatin these slippery treasures; the loungers in the parks not knowing well how to kill time, the ministers to human vanity the shops; the stricken ones, wearily plodding along with mothers or sis-ters to seek help in the back parlor of some noted physician; the many colossal and forbidding mansions of disease, or sin, or death; the alarm bell of the ambulance with its horrible freight of wrecked and broken humanity: the courts of justice and condemned cells—all is melancholy and overpowering." How realistic word-picture of a railroad train: "There is a romance and even poetry in railways. At least to one style. maccustomed to leave home a rail-

New Year Holidays.

SINGLESTARE

Going Dec. 24, 25 and 26. Return limit Dec. 27, 1904. Also going Dec. 31, 1964, Jan. 1 and 2, 1965. Return limit Jan. 3, 1905. First-Class Fare and one-Third. Going Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, 1964 and Jan. 1 and 2, 1905. Return limit Jan. 4, 1995.

For tickets and full information apply to CITY TICKET OFFICES: 187 St. James Street, Telephones Main 460 & 461 or Sonaventure Station.

#### CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

EXCURSIONS.

AT ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE, Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, 1904, good to return until Dec. 27th, 1904, and on Dec. 31st, 1904, January 1st and 2nd, 1905, good to return until Jan. 3rd, 1905.

One Way First-Class Fare and One-Third Dec 23, 24, 25 and 26, and Dec. 30, 31st, 1904, and Jan. 1st and 2nd, 1905, good to return until Jan. 4, 1905.

Special fares to points in Maritime Pro-

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE To Three Rivers, St. Gabriel, Calumet and intermediate stations, Jan. 1st, returning Jan. 2nd. To St. Agathe and return Jan.

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He cannot see the great smooth eninto the platform behold the faces at the windows, or take his seat without a certain excitement, or nervous thrill that is utterly unknown to the experienced traveller. The comfortable cushion the mirrors all around him, the new strange faces, each with its secret soul looking out, anxious, hopeful or

Of the power of priesthood he writes: "The Catholic priesthood knows not its power. If it did, all forms of error should go down before it. The concentrated force of many thousand intellects, the pick and choice of each nation under heaven, the very flower of civilization emancipated too from all domestic cares \* \* should bear down with its energy and impetuosity the tottering fabrics of human ingenuity or folly." On the whole, "Under the Cedars and the Stars" is a lite rary treasure of rich thought, possessing an elegant and attractive

Besides the works just referred to, road journey is a rare enjoyment. Doctor Sheehan has in the past year

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also produced a drama entitled "The peruse one of Dr. Sheehan's novels, Lost Angel of Paradise." At the may do so with the assurance that present moment his latest story, "Glenanaar," is appearing in the pages of the Dolphin. And from into some of the most beautiful the press there will be issued shortly another new Irish story, "The Spoil- also give him a keener appreciation d Priest," which will, no doubt, add further honor to the name of the author of "My New Curate." The reader unacquainted with Ireland, and Atlantic, —Victor T. Noonan, in the the character of the Celt, who will New World.

traits of Irish character. It will



Vol. LIV., No. MORALITY AND

Bourke Cockran and Schurman Debate t in America

Before the People's For chelle on Sunday after Bourke Cockran assaile school system. It was President Jacob Goold S Cornell University. The in the course of a debat question, "Should Religi tion be Given in the Published debate was held in chelle Theatre, which v from pit to dome by a both points of view. In the course of his sp

affirmative side of the which consumed over an Cockran denounced the pu as agnostic and anti-Chri "The germ of democrac

of government which our education must preserve, ed," said Mr. Cockran, shores of Galilee, when proclaimed that all men the sight of God. Whil and autocracy are based frailty, the essence of der belief in human virtues an city of man for almost in fectability. Neither desp servitude could survive ar ple trying to follow the ample, for justice and equi nevitable fruits of Chris a democracy cannot sur these fruits of Christianit; public education must ir knowledge of the moral which the government is f

"The present system is to the necessities of the S cation of the intellect alor cient to cultivate loyal to the will of the majori instruction removes the to infringe the rights of don't want the State to s burdens of a religious p because to do so would the selection of the best re those who think as I do the first to oppose such a efficiency of both Church is increased by separation State has no right to pens instruction or to devote of those who believe in m struction to the support which are agnostic, and

NOT COMPLETE TEA

The present system is disall sides, and every man o sequence sends his children vate schools. The public becoming, as it is in Eng

STATE'S SOLE DU

In opening, President raised a laugh by remarking spite of the fact that "ever any consequence sends his to private schools," he alr four in the public schools a were coming.

"Religion and virtue are n't follow that government warrant to interfere with t of individuals. Our educat tem must confine itself to the things we believe in conit must be left to the pare the churches to make of r vital matter. The State is

only educational agency.
"In religoon some final appeals is necessary, different having different courts, and cally follows that if the St impart religious instruction determine the hind of religio to be taught, which would court passing on the orthod school instruction. Y give religious instruction i schools without invading the

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIA "All the moral virtues are prometed by the public scho dany that they are agnostic Christian. They exert an elevating influence without any talk and talk and talk are talk ar influence without any talk a