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The True Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Opening of the Marian Con- gress 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. And amongst 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 of 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—stood up respectfully to listen to the words of the Pontiff.

The place of assembly was the spacious 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 near to the speakers were allotted to 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 questions that concern religion. The papers represented were the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican; the Civiltà 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 Cologne; the powerful Germania, of Berlin; the Westfälischer Merkur, of Münster (Westphalia); the Vaterland, of Vienna; the Liberte, of Fribourg; the Freeman's Journal, of Dublin; the Sun, of Baltimore; the Catholic Herald, of India; the Tablet, of London; the Gazet van Antwerpen, of Antwerp; the New York American Journal; the Volksblatt, of Basle; the Luxemburger Wort, of Luxembourg, etc., etc.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli 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. Besides the presiding Cardinal sat their Eminences Mariano Rampolla, Domenico Ferrata and Giuseppe Calasanzio Vives y Tuto; and in the first bench on the floor beneath their Eminences Tripepi, Casali del Drago, Nocella, Italiani, Martinelli, Aduti, Mathieu 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 and congregations, representing the beneficent influence of the Church in the many ways of its charitable works. Then came the laity in great numbers. Amongst these were the representatives of the Governments accredited to the Holy See. That of the Government 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 the 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 several different languages, and in different forms, but all harmonic in theme. Indeed it seemed as if there were a rivalry between the representatives of the different nations in claiming priority of devotion to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. And even the members of the religious orders, whose work for the benefit of humanity and the advancement of thought is now recognized, have been urging their claims to have been very early in sustaining this doctrine. The Carmelites put forward 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.

Monsieur 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 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 Catacombs. 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 chambers, which represent the Prophecy of Isaiah, shown in two pictures; the Adoration of the Magi, the Annunciation, the Prophecy of Micah, etc.; and he concluded by showing in clear terms that the position of Mary in 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 Zocchi, S.J., treated of the prophetic words of the Magnificat: "All generations shall call me blessed."

Father Joseph Lehmann, of Lyons, converted with his brother from Judaism to the Catholic Church many years ago, treated of the Crucifix and the Immaculate Virgin with great eloquence. The Rev. Father General of the Dominican Order, Father Hyacinthe Cormier, took for his theme the relation between the Blessed Virgin and the Mission of St. Dominick. The Bishop of Tarbes, Mgr. Francois Xavier Schoepfer, in whose diocese the sanctuary of Lourdes is situated, took Lourdes for his theme, and in a most interesting discourse told of the pilgrims and pilgrimages that have been made to that most celebrated shrine. From 1867 to 1903, said the Bishop, there have gone to Lourdes 4271 pilgrimages, containing altogether 3,817,000 pilgrims. The pilgrimages from abroad during this period were 292, and these were from Italy, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, England, Ireland, the United States of America, Canada, Brazil and even Bolivia. From

1867 to the September of 1904 there were at Lourdes 1643 Bishops, amongst whom were 277 Archbishops, 10 Primates, 27 Patriarchs and 63 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 groundlessness 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 movement 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, a 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 Seraphic Order and the Immaculate."

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 fulfillment 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, especially 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 in favor of the doctrine, noting how the true doctrine was preserved and taught in the University of Oxford, first by Bishop Grosseteste, then by Barrow, and finally by Duns Scotus, who had succeeded Barrow in the Chair of Theology. When Duns Scotus 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 which obscured the supreme privilege of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

The discourse of Father Fleming, notable among the most notable in the Congress, was received with great applause.

It would be a long though most interesting task to note even the names of the speakers and the subjects of their discourse. In the afternoon, meetings of sections were 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 feast—one in an ecclesiastical calendar, where the 8th of December is marked as the feast of the Conception 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 quite a revelation. Strange to say, however, a Franciscan Friar, Father Agostino Molini, in his paper on

"The Dogma of the Immaculate Conception in Franciscan History," a copy of which discourse was distributed 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 a 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 in 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 the 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 a special electric illumination in his 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 \$2000.

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 case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal 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 soldiery and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education which a boy's courage gets from never ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be a coward, but only in a girl; friendless, 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 overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacheries with a 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 intellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacities, there is nothing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfulfilled fact that in the things wherein she was great she was so without shade or suggestion of help from preparatory teaching, practice, environment or experience."

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. We have had speeches every year from Sir Horace Plunkett and a variety of rather well-intentioned persons declaring that there is an industrial revival; that Ireland is entering on a new era, and that in the twentieth century, it is going to embark upon a career of prosperity unknown in the past history of the country. What has this career brought us today? Where are we to-day? I think the country is in a worse position to-day than I ever remember, and we 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 has 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, which in my opinion is threatening even Britain with poverty. But as regards Ireland there can be no second opinion of its effects upon Ireland, 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 taxation of Ireland is the answer of Great Britain and the British Parliament to our demand for relief. Eight years ago, acting on the report of the Royal Commission, fortified by the report of that 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 a year. What has been the answer? That we are now paying two millions a year more than we paid then. 'Yes,' said the British Minister when we made 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 forty 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 be done so long as our proportion in relation to England was not increased. The fact is that in financial partnership with England instead of being a benefit to this country, as

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 arrive 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 Lieutenantcy at the Lord Mayor's banquet. We have abolished that institution. The Lord Lieutenant cannot respond any 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 prosperity of Ireland and at a time when 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 form."

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 himself 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 was with him at the time of his death, Miss Fanny and Joseph, of Vancouver.

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, lived entirely for Pope Leo, sleeping practically in the same room and enjoying 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 miniatures of the fifteenth century, which belonged to Pope Pius II. (Piccolomini), and some choral books of the year 1502.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Sister Superiores of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum begs to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$50 from a lady who does not wish her name to be known, through the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, for the benefit of the orphans.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

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 hurrying with their last orders to Santa Claus; children's happy, expectant faces are seen looking into store windows replete with Christmas fancies in such superabundance as to bewilder the mind of the small on-looker. 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.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I always read the letters in the True Witness, and I find them very nice, and I thought I would write one. I am a little girl of 11, and I want to convert. 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.

I remain, your friend,

STELLA.

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am always anxious for the True Witness to come so as to see the letters. I was glad to see that you recognized my letters. Will be very busy from now to Xmas. Sister Maggie and I are going to West Bedford on Friday. We went to Bromo 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 very good here. I guess I won't write again till after Xmas. A merry Christmas and happy New Year to you are the wishes of

ROSE.

Granby, Que.

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 the True Witness. We have three 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 tomorrow. Rose and I are going. No more this time. Wishing you a merry 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 smoothed back the dark curls from her baby's face and tucked her snugly in her little white cot.

Baby Eva was a winsome little mite of seven summers.

"I'll dream about the angels first, if you like, mamma," she answered quickly from under the blankets.

"But afterwards I'll dream of Santa Claus. For, you know, I want him to bring me a real live doll this year—one that can walk and talk, and open and shut its eyes. Do you think he will, mamma?"

"If you are a very good little girl perhaps he will, Eva. But my pet must sleep now. Santa Claus will not be here for three days yet. He comes on Christmas Eve."

"Perhaps Santa Claus won't know that we've changed our house, mamma. Does he know that papa's 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 angels."

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

"But Santa Claus knows very well where all good children live, answered the mother with a suppressed sigh. She was thinking of the few paltry dollars that by dint of careful management she had saved since the time of her husband's death.

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

"He lives all alone in a big house surrounded by trees. Every day, for weeks before Christmas, he cuts down those trees and puts them in

a corner of his garden. Then, on Christmas Eve, he brings them to 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 minute 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 stenographer in a lawyer's office.

Of course, like all worldly parents, 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 place.

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 people's treasure.

It was a fatal railway accident—one that appalled the world—that wrought havoc in this little home, as it did in hundreds of others at the same time. The young husband was one of the victims. He was dragged from the debris of the awful wreck, almost unrecognizable, and died, leaving his wife and six year old little one to face the world.

Thanks to her good education, 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 old mansion in the village of St. Anne. There, with one or two servants, he shut himself up with his money and his secret.

As the years rolled on he became more and more eccentric, until he came to be looked upon in the little settlement as a poor lunatic whom it was advisable to leave to his own queer ways.

Around the old mansion all was quiet, so quiet that an ordinary passer-by the place looked unoccupied. And yet the miserable old man who chose such an abode could, had 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 seven 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," he groaned, as he pushed aside the dust-laden curtains of the cheerless parlor, and looked out on the snowy country.

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

"God rest her soul," he murmured, "and make me a better man." He raised his head and looked out. A tiny stream of sunlight was doing

its best to gain access to the darkened room. He saw it and smiled. Then, throwing back both curtains as far as they would go, the room filled with sunshine. The heavenly light penetrated even his cold heart and warmed it with a strange, unusual glow.

Suddenly a gentle tap came to the window-pane and, lowering his gaze, he saw the small figure of a little 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 shook in every limb as he pushed up the window and asked the little stranger what she wanted.

"I just know you are Santa Claus," she began, "because mamma said he lived in a big house with trees all round, and that he had a long beard. May I please come in and tell you what I want for Christmas?" she asked. "It is very cold out here."

The old man brushed his hand across his eyes to make sure he was awake, and stooping down to the shivering child, drew her gently into the room. He closed the window but not the curtains, and the sunbeams continued to brighten the old room.

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

The old man noticed the sudden 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 that can talk and walk and go to sleep. Do you think you can bring me one like that?" she asked, brightening up.

"I don't know," he answered absently, fixing his eyes on the tiny pleading figure and stroking her silken 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 one," he said, digressing from the 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 remember. But you must tell me your name and where you live."

"Eva Wyndham is my name, and I live with mamma in the school-house."

"Wyndham! Great God! Hubert's child. I felt it. I knew it. Oh, this happiness will kill me," he cried, clasping the terrified little one to 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 darling, I am your old grandfather."

"Grandfather?" asked the child in wonder and just a little disappointment. "So you are not Santa Claus after all!"

"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.

Bobby was ten years old, and an 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 mishap.

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

is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough," said Bobby's mother as she began to dress her younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge.

"Bobby," said the mother reproachfully, "where were you when grandma slipped?"

"Now I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother, briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. "We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought we 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 ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!"

Exchange.

Told of Chevalier Wogan

The story of Charles Wogan, the gay and debonair, the generous Quixote, the correspondent of Swift, the champion of the Exiles, and, more than all, the knightly rescuer of Clementina Sobieski, is the most romantically attractive in the annals of the Irish Jacobites on the Continent; and it is doubtful if either 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 treason.

Decapitation or slavery on the plantations of America appeared to be the boy's certain fate, when he was fortunate enough to have his prison door opened for him. A fellow prisoner, the celebrated Brigadier Mackintosh, managed to get his iron off, crept down stairs at 11 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. Fourteen other prisoners who were in 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 the Polish Princess, Clementina Sobieski, from "durance vile" to be the bride of the "Pretender" and the mother of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who appears to have inherited from her his spirited and romantic disposition.

The story, to convey any real idea 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 spouse. The 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 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 complainant mood. The marriage contract was signed, and the Princess and her mother started for Bologna, where it was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place.

But the British Ambassador got wind of the proceedings, with the result that the Emperor, who, in peril of France, could not afford to lose the friendship of King George, ordered the Princess and her mother to be detained at Innsbruck in the Tyrol until further orders.

The Pope protested, and the relatives of the lady raised a storm, but the British Ambassador was peremptory. 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 to 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'" brother. 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 their consternation, that he had just 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 of the band that they agreed to face the risk of ruin rather than forego 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 Innsbruck, 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 play, 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 Innsbruck to settle on a place of meeting, and succeeded in finding a convenient lodging house with a dark passage 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 of 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 the lady was only called Princess because 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 her accustomed agreeable air, took leave of her mother, gave good-night to Countess Gabrielle, her governaute, 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, she undressed, 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-

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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 remind 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 "Alleluia!"

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 courier 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, in the delightful words of Friar Bonaventure Boylan, who was in Rome at the time, she was "admired and esteemed by all those who have the honor to see or approach her, for 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 chagrin 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 chevalier and the hero of the age.

The Pope made him a Roman Senator, 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 Press.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

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

"Every step towards peace—domestic, national, or universal—is a step towards Bethlehem and Him who came to bring peace to mankind."



Monks of the Ard.

Hopscotch of St. . . . lately a splen- . . . of King Edward. . . . by General . . . in the Hopscotch . . . stood since in . . . protected by a . . . description "Fidel- . . . travellers had . . . amusement in the . . . untains. . . . learned that . . . horn out, and so . . . through the Bri- great difficulty, . . . by sledge over . . . ountain roads. . . . the gift joyous

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S.

St. Patrick's Church held a congregation on Sunday at High Mass rarely seen within its walls. They had come to assist at the first Mass of a newly ordained priest, Rev. Father Singleton. Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, the well known preacher, gave a discourse on the greatness of the priesthood. Rev. Father Singleton was assisted by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, as assistant priest, Rev. Father Peter Heffernan as deacon, and Rev. Father Polan as sub-deacon.

The following priests were in the sanctuary: Father Martin Callaghan, Dr. Luke Callaghan, Father Killoran, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers F. Dunn and McMahon, of St. Mary's College; Father Thos. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's; Father R. E. Callahan, of St. Michael's; Rev. Father Charles, O.F.M., Father A. Cullinan, of St. Mary's, and Father Fitzhenry, of St. Laurent College.

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan publicly congratulated Father Singleton on the dignity he had attained. He referred to the time when he had the honor of pouring the regenerating waters of baptism on his infant brow and expressed the joy he experienced in seeing him standing at the altar of that very church.

Rev. Father T. Heffernan then spoke as follows:

"Introibo altare Dei, ad Deum qui sanctificat juventutem meam." "I will go unto the altar of God, to God who 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 authoritatively, and with full significance 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 shoulders of one from amongst us. The Rev. Father Singleton was born just opposite this dear old church, was baptized by your beloved pastor, and comes now after some years of 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 voice with earth, follows from our just and proper conception of the Communion of Saints. What interests one part of the Church of Christ always, and of necessity, interests the other parts. But, for a special reason, to-day, I said a few moments ago that this was a great festivity for us. First for the father, brother and sister of the newly ordained, then for the other relatives. They may say—I have a son, a priest, a brother, a cousin, etc.—for us, then we may say we have a friend, an acquaintance, a child of St. Patrick's, an Irishman, another priest of our English-speaking people. But of his mother I have made no mention. What of her? Ah, dearly beloved, some months over a year ago, Almighty God called her to her reward. She was ever good and true and noble—a pious, devout soul. Is it wrong to think that she is in heaven to-day? especially when we consider that the golden jubilee of our Mother Mary Immaculate was celebrated but a week ago last Thursday. Is it wrong to think that the Saviour, to honor His Mother, freed all the souls therein captive? If it is not wrong, what, think you, must be the sentiments animating these holy souls in the city of God, when one of their number glories in the fact that she has given to the Church of God a young and dear priest. Ah! in spirit I behold that good mother, stretching forth her maternal arms to grasp unto her bosom her boy, her child, her loved one; opening her lips to tell him how holy, how sublime, how responsible his calling. But I shall cease. It appears cruel to have touched this tender spot, but would it not have been still more cruel to have left her memory in the grave of silence?

And now, dearly beloved, a few considerations and then I shall have done, concerning the priest of God, his dignity, his responsibilities, the effects of his mission. He is an ambassador, the representative of God. So also is the king, the emperor, the president, the ruler—but they have

power only over the external actions—the priest over the internal. The 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 responsibilities. From whom much is given much is expected. The preacher then explained how the priest was the way, the truth, and the 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 of Olives—"Father, not My will, but Thine be done." So also the priest. Then turning to the congregation, he placed himself by the 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 the 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 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 Singleton's sister, which was largely attended. The young priest has received his 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 their midst.

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. The 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 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 them.

In the evening the hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. All the performers did their work well, and the evening's amusement will have pleasant memories. Father Heffernan wishes to thank all who took part in the affair. Since all did well, it is not necessary to particularize. The following was the programme rendered at both performances:

First Part—1, Music, The Secret (trio) Gurilt; 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, "The Peacemaker," Junior Boys; 8, Music, Impromptu Mazurka, Convent Girls; 9, Trial Scene from Merchant of Venice, Young Ladies.

Second Part—1, Song, Feast Greeting, Junior Boys; 2, Declaration, "Lament 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, Dialogue, The Young Canada Club, Senior Boys; 7, Music, "In the Arena" (duet) Gemlgann; 8, Declaration, "The Moor's Revenge," A. J. McGovern; 9, Finale, "Tribute to Our Heavenly Queen," Convent Girls.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND 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 to make real Christmas cheer for the many who, besides the regular inmates, receive hospitality from the 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. McKeivitt, as sub-deacon, while Rev. T. Lennox, C.S.C., was master of ceremonies, with Rev. L. E. Jennings as thurifer. Father W. H. Condon, professor of rhetoric, preached an able and touching 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 for Alton, Ill., the future scene of his noble work.

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

ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE 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 resulted as follows:

- Spiritual Director—Rev. James Killoran. Musical Director—Prof. J. I. McCaffrey. 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, Jr. 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. Stevens, A. D. McGillis, W. C. Cock, J. J. Costigan, W. F. Costigan, W. H. Turner, E. M. Greenbush.

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 successful one, both financially and numerically, for the oldest Temperance Society in North America, having 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'Rourke. Recording Secretary—R. J. J. Cuddihy. Assistant Secretary—E. J. Colfer. Treasurer—P. Polan. Librarian—E. Myles. Marshal—L. Conroy. Assistant Marshals—M. O'Connell and J. Noonan. Executive Committee—J. Kan, J. Noonan, Jas. McCarthy, J. Lynch, J. Burns, W. Orton, M. McCarthy, T. Sullivan, J. Harrington, R. Coliver, Jno. McCarthy, A. Grant.

After the election of officers considerable discussion took place as to the advisability of the society helping in a substantial way the juvenile body. 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 assist 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. Rev. 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 society 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 Polan. Second Asst. Vice-President—John Kelly. 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 promising 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 here to stay. In conclusion he 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 abstinence, and may you, like true and noble sons of Father Matthew, be faithful unto the end."

Christmas Ordinations At St. James' Cathedral.

Last Saturday morning, His Lordship Bishop Archambault, of Joliette raised the following deacons to the priesthood: Revs. G. Crosby, of the diocese of Burlington; F. Singleton, Montreal; J. Cronan, Alton; D. Sullivan, 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; O. 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 in 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 vinegar, will polish your tins until they shine like silver.

Emery powder will remove any ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

BELLEVILLE PARISH CHURCH

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 new 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 loss. 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 the retirement of Mgr. Farrelly who has been pastor of Belleville for over 25 years.

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 district, where he had labored for the past 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 but 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 Aylward, a native of Newfoundland, he was educated at Hennessy's, Thom's, and the Quebec Seminary, from which latter institution he passed to the study of law under the late John W. Ahern, one of the most eminent of the Quebec practitioners of that day, and was admitted to the Bar in 1855.

In the practice of his profession he rapidly 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-

bres" of that period in which his services 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 eminence in that branch of the profession was deservedly earned by many notable successes. In fact, 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. In 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." In 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 at 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 and dear friends, Hon. R. Turner and Mr. G. Hossack. At the church the 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. The chief mourners on the sad occasion were the deceased's son-in-law, Dr. Delaney, and son, and Messrs. Ousler and Boyce, relatives.

Olive oil should be put in a dark corner of the cellar where light never penetrates.

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

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A CHRISTMAS BRIDE.

(Written for the True Witness.)

The great stock crisis of February, 1898, spread 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 of Withey, Virginia. When his great wealth vanished from him at one stroke, small wonder that he sickened 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 a 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." Then she had feared him a little; but his kindness and attention to her during the first awful days showed her a different man from the one who scowled and almost shrieked at the trembling little law-breakers, which was his 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 revolted against the drudgery of the life. Sometimes there was a moment of satisfaction, but more often the realization that her throat was sore, 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 teaching staff, and a very youthful and uncommonly handsome woman, needless to say attracted no small amount of interest from her conferees, who lost no opportunity 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 Spenserian stanzas. Always awaiting to lure his youthful fancy was the same tall, supple form, the same hazel eyes and heavy brown hair, the same expression—sweet, wistful, intelligent, fascinating—a variation of everything bright and lovable that lurks in the feminine face.

He was a man of ideals, and one of those fortunate mortals whose thoughts are not necessarily weighted 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 priceless gift in others that he chose his profession. Humanity was to him an open book in which he read with avidity; the mediocrity he found therein did not discourage him; he believed in the highest and the hope of ultimately finding the ideal spurred him on. In Edith Warton the 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 remarked him more than the other teachers on account of his handsome appearance, gentlemanly bearing and his reputation for cleverness. She little thought that the Professor of Literature walked the streets incessantly during those days in the hope of seeing her; indeed she had an idea that if he did meet her he might not care to recognize her. Edith came of an aristocratic society and had penetrated some of its common secrets without in the least sympathizing with them.

January seemed unending. The children were more ungovernable, the work harder, the boarding house more distasteful and her solitary room more lonely than before. But there was one brighter strain in her life now, though at first she was not the one who appreciated it most. The 6th Form was taking up composition, and consequently Clifford Hutchison appeared at the class room door three times a week.

There were necessarily a few words before the lesson and at 3 o'clock was a short recreation period, the report he gave her of conduct, etc.,

was easily prolonged. They met on 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 a recommendation to peruse some delectable 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 inter-views, 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 had 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 bare 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 existence.

One particularly trying day in the beginning of February she remembered 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 face 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 scribbled exercises to be corrected for the morning; but instead of at once setting 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 sleep.

Clifford Hutchison had mislaid a 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 more 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 I 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. Hutchison; and before correcting these, I thought to give my head a minute's rest and instead fell asleep." Her tone was not sharp, but it left no doubt in his mind as to her feelings. "You will think me very rude to come in without permission. I forgot this book yesterday and needed it absolutely to-night. I hope you will excuse my oversight." His gentleness overcame her momentary anger.

"Consider it forgotten, Mr. Hutchison. If Mr. Lifton had come in I might have been dismissed by now." She was making an attempt at gaiety. "If there is more work than time to do it in, he is to blame himself, I think." He took his volume and Edith gathered up her books in one pile and turned the key in her desk. "What was there to do, Miss Warton?" he asked, almost indifferently, as he held the door for her. "To-day's dictation and last night's arithmetic."

"Would you care for more light in the dressing-room?"

"No, thank you," she said, as he bowed and walked away. "He is usually more friendly. He forgot to say 'Good evening.' What a foolish girl I am!" she said to

herself in the little mirror, as she gave her hat a little extra touch. Before she reached the corner of the street she heard, "May I join you, Miss Warton?" He fell in step with her and quietly drew her music roll from under her arm.

"There is no danger of my going to sleep again if I have company, 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 snow-fall 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. She felt rested and happy that night, and rose early with a song on her lips. Her intention was to attend to yesterday's task before class began; but on opening her books she found each one neatly and rightly corrected in a clever imitation of her own writing. She was fairly jubilant at heart when the day's work commenced. Though she could not tell why, she knew by whom her day's burden had been lessened.

After that everything went easily till the monthly examinations and semi-annual reports came in one 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, lonesome, 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 to five, "I am sick of work. Work! Work! I have not one moment to myself." She dropped her pen and rested her cheek on her hand "Daddy! Daddy! If you can see your darling now, how sad you must be. How I am paying for the dear old days of love and care." A hot tear fell on her hand, another and 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 it.

Clifford Hutchison knocked thrice at the half open door and then entered.

"Working again over time, Miss Warton," he said, as he sauntered up to her desk. "I thought you had reformed." Though he knew at 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 swept over her. Was it not as bad to be caught crying as sleeping? What a child he must think her!

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

He was particularly boyish looking somehow to-night, she thought, as she tried to stifle the tears from her eyes; but there were tears in her 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. Lifton about giving you some help. Won't you?"

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

"You think I am intruding, Miss Warton, but I hardly feel gruffly that again. If a well wisher may offer a suggestion or word of ad-

vice, surely one may who has all the qualities of a friend but the formal recognition as such." She ignored his words, though they thrilled her. "Do you not think that I might be of some help to you? I have a good deal of time to spare, and it would be a pleasure if I might assist you sometimes."

She answered nothing for a moment; it was such a temptation to agree to anything which could promote intercourse between them. Her better judgment prompted otherwise. She met his gaze for the first time.

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

"As you say, Miss Warton. By the way, would you care to look over that new edition of the poems we spoke of yesterday?"

"I would very much. Have you bought them? Are they in the 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 you 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 out, leaving Mr. Hutchison to lock the door.

She was surprised at being handed into a little cutter and more so when her companion stepped in beside her with a call to the smart brown horse. Snugly tucked in between the robes, with her jolly driver brandishing his whip over the flying steed, she forgot her day's cares, and the traces of tears soon left her eyes. There seemed no thought of the new edition in either mind as they chatted away.

"Since we left the school I have been wondering about this sleigh. How did you get it?" she asked, as they whirled around a wide corner 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. He there, old girl! Slow up! Whoa-a!"

As their progress slackened Clifford Hutchison drew the robes closer about them, and fell into a more serious strain than he had ever before. It was a rare treat for him to meet a woman who could discourse easily his favorite themes, and evince such genuine sympathy with them. Edith never had opportunities of conversing with any one as 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 who 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 her cheeks, and the everyday drudgery faded from her memory for a while.

"May I hope for the formal recognition some day, Miss Warton?" he asked, as her hand on his arm, she crossed the sidewalk to her door.

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

Within the dinginess and bareness were less perceptible; her appetite was keen and her spirits light. But when she was alone in her room she saw too plainly that she should never have allowed herself to be induced to take the drive. They were pleasant companions for a short conversation, but could never rise one step higher despite his request. Judging by the remarks he had himself let fall, and the rumors she had heard elsewhere, the Hutchison family would hardly recognize as a friend one in her present position.

What worried her most was that though Clifford Hutchison had made some effort to win her friendship he might not afterwards approve of her having so readily accepted them. In a word, she did not quite appreciate his thorough manliness. Sometimes it happens in this world that our ideals become real and for a time we cannot realize all that is contained in them.

"I will be distantly polite and nothing more in return," she said to herself in the depths of a low rocker. "I will never accept another favor from him in any form, and tell him to-morrow never to



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come to my class again after hours."

Alas! for Edith Warton's resolutions. The light that shone in her 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 interest in them. But distractions were rife. Through the literature danced a hundred 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 pleasure and soon scrambled into bed to live it again in dreams.

Winter melted into spring and summer was peeping in bud and branch. There had been no other drive, and only at intervals did Clifford Hutchison venture to meet the 6th Form teacher leaving the school. Something in her manner forbade approach, though she was friendly to him as before.

Toward the end of April she lost her 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 afternoon they went together to hear Melba. Her room was often gay with his flowers and her shelves heavy with the books he lent or gave her. They grew to be very dear companions in these early summer days. Clifford vaguely felt that he loved her; he knew he was supremely happy with her, and day 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." The "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 pondering on the pros and cons of her reciprocating his affection, of her consenting to be his wife. To a man these are momentous questions, and take time and deep thought to solve. His musings were suddenly disturbed by a little note lying on his desk one afternoon:

"My uncle arrived this morning. Insists on my returning with him to-night at ten. Mr. Lifton consents."

Edith Warton.

There was an abstracted look on the professor's face as the senior pupils recited their class poem for the last time. Clifford was wonderfully disappointed, he had hoped she would remain in town for a week anyhow.

He was early at the train, but Edith and her uncle were late, and as the latter remained beside her all the time there was no opportunity to say a word in private, and their farewell was very formal though as he dropped from the step in the station yard there was a look exchanged whose memory lasted for the summer, and almost made up for the absence of words.

It was when the dance was swiftest in the fashionable seaside hotel

that Clifford realized his love; when the 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 she had to face the fact that last year might be nothing but a dream as 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 unworldly 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 was commented on by the pupils. One day she sat at her desk after the file had wound away with its string of "good-nights," and with her cheek on her hand she fell to musing. The flush of the declining autumn sun was on her face and caught and played with the strands of her dark hair. The maples in the grounds were gay with scarlet hues and rustled at the open windows.

There was a pause in the happy course of her thoughts. A painful question was before her mind. Whether was she drifting. To the glory and joy of loving was added an irresistible longing for some assurance of return. She knew it was love, and called it love, and all the mis-giving and fears that love knows were creeping into her heart with their insidious unrest. She did not ponder whether or not life was worth the living; she knew it was, but at one price only. When a day without a word or look from him was unbearable, what would the years be to her.

Her thoughts were so buried in him that when a hand was laid on hers she recognized the touch. The silence was unbroken for a moment. "Could I share your thoughts?" he asked, in a low tone.

"You could, you do," she replied dreamily. "You are in them." Without turning she withdrew her hand.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1904.

"She did not realize that I was speaking recklessly."

"Can I judge of your thoughts?"

"Perhaps," she answered, away voice.

They had never spoken. There was always a friend and some light words came. There was another Clifford Hutchison leaning desk and studied her face, the glory of the dying day, him lit with a more beautiful "Tell me I may," he who "I cannot. I do not know," she answered, after a moment. "Then let me tell the truth from him.

Her hand fell heavily and met his in a momentary quiver. "No," she said emphatically, the color left her cheeks. "I must not." She might have needed not; for from that moment though no word was each understood.

After that night he no longer walked with her, but he never on as she turned the corner knew he would join her. She knew she could no longer attend to his needs, and she felt that nothing else. The autumn days wore on, and by the twilight rambles the quiet streets. The corner always partook of the winter literature afforded, and in the daily saw new depths of other's character and nature subject, not even music, advantage ground for self-portraits.

On Sundays there were walks, but never a word was on the subject nearest to her of each. Edith, however, managed to remain in town and the holidays, which was consideration for both.

Mrs. Hutchison, usually so when Clifford's slightest concern, proved obdurate, her much paving of the way length heard his propitiating his "dear friend" dinner.

"A woman Retta or I have heard of! Preposterous! Forgetten cut each syllable. "How can you let those people so on your good nature?"

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

"Why, mother, I do believe the identical woman never for six weeks last year. her to our Xmas dinner! I Then she broke into a laugh, was not unpleasant in its which grated horribly on of in the room.

A few days later he made attempt, but found his not fortified with the pros of of a dozen or more intimate. The cons were decidedly in majority. Only relatives could dinner on Xmas day. Clifford a little hurt, but not at all he was man enough to be tired without resources of kind.

"Only relatives can be invited. Very well, we will be inevitable. Only relatives present," he said, with a tinge of his grey eyes.

◆ ◆ ◆

The last Sunday before a beautiful winter day, pleasantly cold and white with tending mantle of last night. Edith and Clifford early in noon strolled out into the their usual Sunday walk. banks of spotless snow hid world of their own, a world and happiness and love.

Clifford drew her arm close to his and bent over her as he had something to her.

"Clifford, dear, what are you doing?" she gasped in surprise. He repeated his request, he put another light. He pleaded purpose. Edith would not consider it at all till they had her own door, and in light she could see the dimness on his face.

"Why should you care if I do something?" she asked. "I am not doing anything. I am only saying 'Hello' to you." "Since you say so, I will."

◆ ◆ ◆

Late on Xmas Eve a sleigh up to the same door and couple were again standing door-step. Edith was in suit, but there was something usually happy and festive about them both. Clifford protective air about him as he drew the door for her. long box into her hand.

"Look as pretty as you all will be well," he laughed. "On Xmas afternoon Edith herself standing in the ba-

She did not realize that she was speaking recklessly.

"Can I judge of your thoughts by mine?"

"Perhaps," she answered, in a far-away voice.

They had never spoken so before. There was always a friendly smile and some light words of welcome. 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 him 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 he 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 arranged 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 dinner.

"A woman Retta or I have never heard of! Preposterous!" Her lognettes cut each syllable sharply.

"How can you let those people 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 we have never seen 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 in the room.

A few days later he made another attempt, but found his mother calmly fortified with the pros and cons of 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 kind.

"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 banks of spotless snow hid them in a world of their own, a world of hope and happiness and love.

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

"Clifford, 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 her. 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 unusually happy and festive-looking about them both. Clifford had a protective air about him as he opened the heavy door for her and put a long box into her hand.

"Look as pretty as you can and all will be well," he laughed.

On Xmas afternoon Edith found herself standing in the bay window

of the library on Lennox Square awaiting Clifford and his mother.

Her heart was in a wild state of emotion. She passed through every degree of disgust, trepidation, indifference, defiance and supreme happiness in the short time she was there. It was like some wild adventure, sweet, but risqué. She wondered if any girl had ever been in such a position before.

There was a great difference between 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 remembered the old days at Witheby, where the air breathed of luxury and refinement as it did here. As she 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 a 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 fringed by a few neat frizzes mathematically correct, and a long lace scarf twisted round her neck and falling to her waist. She could not know that like many another impulsive, self-satisfied woman, Mrs. Hutchison's broad-mindedness and foresight were often colored by prejudice and a little misplaced superiority.

Clifford pushed the door open, stepped in to say "Edith, here is my mother," then quietly withdrew, feeling confident that Edith could win 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 how long 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 a tribute to the woman who stood before her.

Presently Mrs. Hutchison came upon her son and threw her arms 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 first."

It was not the sixth form teacher Clifford's arm encircled when he went back to the library. It was the same sweet maid, a little older, who had ruled the great Virginian mansion with her smiles and winning ways. In the rich surroundings of the red stone house the blood of wealthy ancestors flowed with a new freedom through her veins.

From the broad staircase, from which they could see the gay festoons of holly and evergreen and bright ribbon hanging in every nook and corner, the house presented a veritable Xmas tableaux with its 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 to the meeting she dreaded. In a swift glance she saw the great table with its silver and glasses, its flowers and steaming dishes, and the faces of a large assembly of richly attired men and women, who turn to her with one impulse as conversation ceased.

There was a sickening inclination to turn and fly from it all; but Clifford 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 husband's arm, half shy, half defiant, with an uncertain smile playing on her lips and an appealing trust in her eyes as she glanced at Clifford,

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whose handsome young face was a sure index to his heart.

"Let me introduce my son's wife to you—Mrs. Clifford Hutchison."

There was an instant's awful silence, 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. Hutchison?"

"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, a gaunt, sallow man, with piercing eyes 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?"

"Well, Senator," she answered, "my father's home was not far 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 Comyn Wilbur—greatest combination in Virginia. Unfortunately 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.

"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 inspected by every one, and the Yule log was burning fainter and fainter, when Retta and she had had a long talk in the pretty pink room she was to sleep in now, and when the carols were all sung and the guests had gone, Clifford put his arm around her and in the flickering light they walked slowly up and down the drawing room floor under the arches of holly and evergreen. Now there was no more doubt. She had been royally received by every one from Clifford's mother down to the quiet little wife of the young lawyer. She was happy as she could be, in her fairy tale of married bliss. And as to Clifford, the night had seemed unending 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 saying 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

us a name to be revered 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 father dated his success from that day. The General would never accept a cent in return, and when he died we heard his daughter had entered a convent."

"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 spark die." And with her head on his shoulder and his arms around her they stood by the grate till the flickering embers were black and the bells had rung the parting of a happy Xmas Day.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

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 Father Vereker. A little more than 52 years ago Mother Ignatius, the jubilant of the day, but then a young, accomplished 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 remained for more than a year. She 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 remained 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 Conception was elaborately celebrated at 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 joy bells brought the faithful in 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 Abstinence and Benefit Society are making great preparations for their annual parade on New Year's Day. They will march about 1000 strong, including the Cadets and the juveniles.

The attendance at the Catholic schools at St. John's, since September, has been phenomenal.

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

Business Cards.

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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 manufacturing nitric acid from atmospheric air.

The "Inventor's Adviser" is just published. Any one interested in 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 34. Total, 474.
Men can be had for furnace or any other work by calling up Main 2019.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 24th, 1856 incorporated 1863, revised 1867. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Roberty; 1st Vice, F. H. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8:30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kelloran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, organized 1885.—Meets in the hall, 187 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. R. Strohbe, C.S.S.R.; President, F. Keshan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Darby; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, F. G. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, B. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR
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Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 5, 1878. 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. Reserve Fund, November 25th, 1904, \$1,048,776.99.

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

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS:
P. E. EMILE BELANGER,
Supreme Deputy,
Secretary, Quebec Grand Council,
55 D'ARIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC, OR—
A. R. ARCHAMBAULT,
Supreme Deputy,
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D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, Dec. 10, 1904.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its regular fortnightly meeting on Tuesday evening, the 6th, in the hall of the Rideau street Convent.

An interesting review of two recent and very delightful additions to the world of books, namely, "The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke, and "Kinship of Nature," by our own Canadian poet, Bliss Carmen, constituted the essential part of the evening's work.

A paper written by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, of Baltimore, on "Kinship of Nature," was read and very much appreciated. In his review of this work, Father Johnston said that while the author was good in prose, he was better in poetry, and while at his best and strongest in his descriptions of nature, was weakest when essaying the role of philosopher, or theologian.

There will be no lecture in December, and the next meeting will take place on the 20th of this month.

Agents. The gray stone of which it 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.

Attention was drawn to a very noteworthy book by Abbe Klein, who recently visited America. It is dedicated to President Roosevelt, and is entitled "In the Land of the Struonous Life." This work has been lately translated into English.

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 night? "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.

"This 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 it troubles not the light slumbers of the restless sheep."—Father Faber's "Bethlehem."

World's Greatest Linguist.

In view of the many aspersions frequently 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 of these is Alfredo Trombetti, who resides in Bologna, Italy, and who is declared by competent judges to know more languages than any other man in the world.

Oxford, which, with the great movement connected with it, will be one of the special studies for the year, was lightly touched upon. Only the outside appearance of the wonderful university, with its buildings and colleges, was considered at this meeting, more detailed study to follow later.

THE IRISH PRIEST NOVELIST

No writer in recent years has given us such a true, clear and beautiful insight into Irish life and character, and especially into the charming personality of the Irish priesthood, as Dr. Sheehan. Rev. P. A. Sheehan, as he has been commonly known, was created a Doctor of Divinity by the late Leo XIII., in recognition of his valuable contributions to literature.

His name, therefore, stands out in the world of letters as the leading modern Irish writer. His wonderfully vivid descriptions at once attract our sympathies by their realistic portrayal of all that is best and noblest in Irish character.

Special fares to points in Maritime Provinces.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS. Quebec, \$4.50 Toronto, \$10.00 Sherbrooke, \$3.35 Hamilton, \$10.65 Ottawa, \$3.50 London, \$12.95 Detroit, \$15.00 Pt. Huron, \$14.85

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.

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MORALITY AND PUBLIC. Bourke Cockran and Schurman Debate in America.

Before the People's Forum on Sunday afternoon, Bourke Cockran assailed the school system. It was President Jacob Gould Schurman who presided.

NOT COMPLETE T. The present system is to the necessities of the State, and the intellect alone is not sufficient to cultivate loyalty to the will of the majority.

STATE'S SOLE DUTY. In opening, President raised a laugh by remarking that the fact that "even any consequence sends his private schools," he has four in the public schools.

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIAN. All the moral virtues are promoted by the public school. They are only non-Christian. They exert an elevating influence without any talk at all.

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