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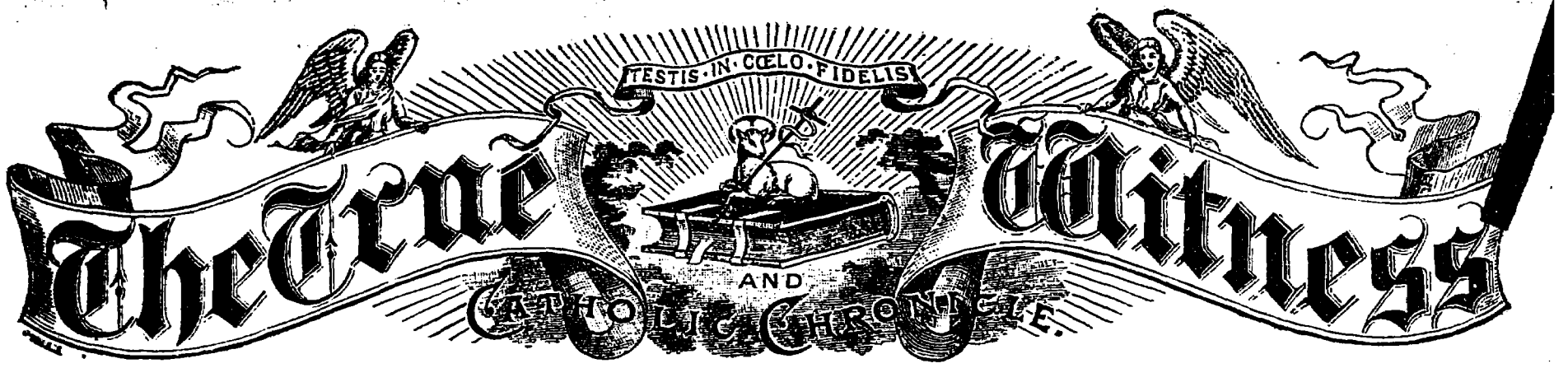
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Merry Christmas to each and all of our readers and friends.

The TRUE WITNESS sends you a 'Xmas-Box' in the form of a supplement of specially selected matter appropriate to the season. May our readers enjoy these stories—and especially the one which tells how an English monarch spent Christmas, in the days of Faith, four hundred and fifty years ago.

As we go to press the nomination for the electoral division of Montreal Centre is taking place. As yet we have heard no talk of any opposition. With the exception of the solitary attempt made by the *Daily Witness* through its correspondent "A Workman"—who is no workman in the sense he would have it understood—not one voice has been raised in favor of opposing Hon. J. J. Curran. We hope to have occasion in our next issue to congratulate the Irish Catholics of Montreal—Liberal and Conservative—upon the example they have given to our fellow-countrymen the world over. Let us be national in the first place and partisan, if necessary, afterwards!

The *Michigan Catholic* says that "Canada has a Catholic prime minister and he has three Catholics in the Cabinet; and her neighbors across the border are not up in arms against the 'encroachment of Rome' etc., etc." We would remind our esteemed confrere of Michigan that Sir John Thompson has five Catholics in the Cabinet and six in the ministry. Hon. Sir. A. P. Caron, Hon. A. R. Angers, Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Hon. John Costigan are all Catholics and members of the Cabinet. Hon. Frank Smith is a Catholic in the Cabinet, without portfolio; Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General of Canada is an Irish Catholic. In this country bigotry is almost dead and buried.

It is proposed to make sweeping changes in Scotch Presbyterianism. "The fostering of a due sense of the historic continuity of the Church from the first." "Necessity of a valid ordination to the Holy Ministry:" "reverence for holy places," and such like are objects proposed. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* referring to this exceptional bestirring says: "The Oxford movement, like a rising tide, has swelled over the summits of the Cheviots, has swept over the Roman wall at Carlisle and is now flowing in a peaceful steady volume past the tourists' shrine at Ecclefechan, right on to Commercial Glasgow and Literary Edinburgh! What will be the end of all this? * * * * * The famous Scotch 'Confession of Faith' is likely soon to need repair quite as much as the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England."

Since the day upon which the TRUE WITNESS was appointed, by the Grand Council of Canada, an official organ of the C.M.B.A., it has refrained from taking any part in the discussion going on be-

tween different elements of the Association with regard to the formation of a Grand Council for the Province of Quebec. We considered that the letters of their Graces the Archbishops of Toronto and Montreal should suffice to convince all members of the C.M.B.A. that in union alone can be found that strength so necessary to carry on effectively the grand work of such a noble Association. However, this has not prevented us from being asked, numberless times, for an opinion upon the merits or demerits of the arguments put forward by the advocates on either sides. As we have already stated, not being members of the Association, it would be an unwarranted intrusion upon our part to enter into such a controversy. From an impartial standpoint we can see considerable force in the reasons given by both sides; yet it seems to us there is some great misunderstanding some place. The sooner such misconception is cleared away and perfect harmony is secured the better for the whole organization. Out of the amount of publicity this discussion has received, thousands may hear of and be attracted to the C.M.B.A. who might have otherwise remained indifferent to its existence. Even that would be a good too dearly purchased at the cost of a continued division. It seems to us that Quebec, in seeking to have a Grand Council of its own, is speaking for this Province only, and not for this and other Provinces combined. Perhaps careful reflection upon that point might lead to a clearing away of an apparently misunderstood point.

One of our priests received a letter signed "A Catholic" upon the subject of "French Evangelization" by the Ministerial Association. The letter has been handed to us, but we do not deem it necessary to publish it in full. However, we will just indicate the principal points contained in it. The writer says that, owing to the Priest's duties forbidding his being in the world in a worldly way, in certain parishes the pastors are not aware of the growth of heresy amongst their people. "In Ste. Canegonde, the Association have opened stores and placed in charge, poor young men from the Presbyterian and Methodist colleges; induced to abandon the faith of their fathers. I passed along Notre Dame St. West, one Sunday evening not long since, and was surprised to see a service in progress, the shop being quite full and many children hanging about the doorway." Then the writer asks that some efforts be made to check this progress of heresy. He points out as a means the instruction of the Catholic masses in the history of the Church and of the sects; only persons who know nothing about the Catholic Church, her saints and writers are thus seduced from their faith. "The time is past," says the writer, "when the French Catholics can refer to the *Suisse*, the truth being that perverts are more numerous, and the number swells yearly. A perusal of the Ministerial report reveals the fact that three meetings were devoted to French Evangelization, to use their shibboleth." The

letter closes with two very striking remarks, the first of which is positively exact, the second seems to us to apply more to France than to Canada. "The cause of this lamentable depravity may be traced to the fact that the French Canadians, as a people, never suffered for their religion; and to it may be added the additional charge that, as a people, (French) they are given to heretical doctrine." It would be well, indeed, if more attention were paid to these inroads of heresy. It must be done, or men will lose their Faith.

In its issue of the 15th December, the IRISH CANADIAN intimates that an amalgamation with the WEEKLY CATHOLIC REVIEW—both of Toronto—is in the near future to be expected. For over thirty years we have been accustomed to the good old name of the *Irish Canadian* ever and always synonymous for patriotism and religious fidelity. It is with sincere regret that we learn of its early disappearance from the arena in which it has so long and effectively wrestled with every spirit antagonistic to the interests of Irish-Canadian Catholics. But there is a great compensation promised, in the establishment of a new and powerful Catholic organ, in the place of the old *Irish-Canadian* and the new, but able *Weekly Catholic Review*. There is not a centre in Canada where such a publication is more required than in Toronto. We wish the new enterprise every imaginable success from its very first step on the journalistic highway, and unbroken prosperity in its useful and beneficial career. It is a pleasure to know Mr. Patrick Boyle will be connected with the new journal. A Toronto Catholic organ without that sturdy patriot and true hearted Irishman would be an anomaly. Long life to him and to the new enterprise.

Our editorial of last week, upon the Liberty of the Press, has attracted considerable attention and some criticism. This we anticipated and that was our reason for commencing the article (which is only one of a long series) with these remarks: "There are several phases to this question, we, therefore, warn those who might feel prompted to jump at conclusions, that our space will not permit us to go very deep nor to touch upon many points in one issue. If what is advanced to-day does not altogether please—yet we think it should—just await the continuation of the subject before flying to conclusions." Exactly as we foresaw, several of our readers have darted off to the conclusion before even our major premise is fully laid down. One in particular finds fault with our treatment of Louis Veuillot. Remember we are not talking about the author of "Correspondence," of "Ca et la," of "Rome et Lorette," and of those thousands of literary gems that sparkle in the deep ocean of his philosophy; we are speaking about the *journalist*, the editor of *l'Univers*, and taking him as a sample of the ultra religious continental journalism that was called into life by the ultra-

anti-religious organs of *free thought*, and which swung to the other extreme of the pendulum, knocking against Dupanloup, Lacordaire, Ozanam and kindred Catholic workers, in its oscillations. We said: "There is no question of the goodness of that powerful writer's motives; there is no question of the badness of his methods." We had just explained the latter assertion, but had not as yet reached the evidence of the former one, when our last article closed. We repeat: whenever a subject is being treated in a serial manner, it would be wise on the part of critics to await the completion of it, before flying to its conclusion.

The *Sunday Morning News* makes a very characteristic reply to our editorial of last week. It simply attempts to disparage THE TRUE WITNESS in vague and meaningless terms. However, it fails to answer any one of the reasons advanced by us to support our contention that the "tone and spirit of that organ are unhealthy." It gives no excuse for the "prize-fight" and "Gaiety Girls" paragraphs; it admits, in an indirect manner, that its remarks upon the "life labors" of Herbert Spencer, were penned by a *Freethinker*; and it most carefully avoids referring to our criticism of its false assertions with regard to the Catholic Church and the practice of Lenten fasts. Therefore, our assertions with regard to that organ stand not only unreluted, but actually admitted by its editor. Even the irrepressible "Jingle" flings off several lines of meaningless and very ridiculous stuff which he evidently supposes to be wit, at our expense. Men read these things; laugh, perhaps; then seriously turn around and admit the truth of the solid reasoning against which these squibs are fired. The editor of THE TRUE WITNESS thanks the *Sunday Morning News* for a very bountiful compliment paid him, and assures the editor of that paper, that, if cunningly avoiding an issue is a mark of cleverness, the said editor of the *Sunday Morning News* is an adept. Truth existed before error, and it has survived the shock of centuries, while all its assailants have invariably sunk into nothingness. THE TRUE WITNESS was old and honored before this Sunday mushroom journalism was thought of in Canada. THE TRUE WITNESS has witnessed the birth, the short life and the inevitable early demise of more than one such spasmodic publication. We can well afford to be scoffed at by an organ whose only argument is some silly generality, whose only weapon is ridicule of all that most men consider venerable. We shall now say "Goodbye" to the *Sunday Morning News*; but when we shall be called upon to write its obituary we will not be revengeful, but will do its memory full justice.

The year 1892 has been marked by many important events; and the Angel of Death has knocked at many doors. But the most inglorious death of the year is that of the A. P. A.

ROBERT EMMET.

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

Cause and Effect in Irish History—The Great Revolution—Columbus, Garrison, Whittier—Emancipation and Emancipators.

I cannot remember the name of the street, but the house, with its green coat of ivy-foliage, rises before me as it did on that keen winter day when Micky roused me from my dreams of an Irish Parliament, and, in a voice soft and sorrow-subdued, said: "Emmet once lived there." My heart beat faster, and a thrill of wild delight, like an electric spark, passed through me. I fondly gazed at the little window, and thought I saw that lovely boyish face, lit up by keen eyes, prest against the window frame, dreaming of Erin and love. The last time he meditated, so runs a story, with his elbow leaning against the little window-sill and his manly forehead studiously resting on the palm of his hand, he was listening to the matin song of that spirit-bird, an Irish lark. Away in that lovely gray Irish sky, above the fields of rustling yellow corn, in an atmosphere sunny and serene, it sang its song of freedom. What that lark was to the feathered songsters below was Emmet to the rest of Ireland. His song of freedom was a libation rich and juicy from the first pressing of the wine-press of liberty. In his day there were a few patriots. The magnificent work of Mr. Fitzpatrick makes the list grow less and less. These few were men that any country might well feel proud of. But Emmet is not only a patriot, but one of the few names of history that transports us from this world, with its strata of baseness and selfishness, to one of noble purpose and generous aim. In that world there would be no slavery, and the rule of guidance would be an earnest desire and work to make your fellow-man feel happy, to lighten his life burdens and soothe his cares.

BORN IN HAPPIER TIMES.

it should have been his lot to guide in every movement that had for its object the amelioration of man. The fairies who kept watch round his cradle had brought him all the gifts that the greatest statesman needs. Fancy and imagination, in their richest drapery, to captivate the listening throng; foresight to know when the iron was hot; force of character to strike when that moment had arrived. These gifts, and many more, were accorded to that brilliant youth, so often called a visionary by England's beardless writers. If Emmet is a crank or visionary, he is a star in a glorious constellation, if worth is to be measured by what it has achieved. If history be worth the time spent in its perusal, it will but forcibly show us that these so-called cranks and dreamers are the true reformers and world moulders. It was the footsore, weary, gaunt ill-clad dreamer that halted at the convent of La Rabida, begging a crust and a flagon of water, that gave us a new world. It was two dreamers,—one long after the midnight chimes had sang good night, bending over his little printing press with his stick in hand and his forms lying near; the other, amid bits of leather, hammers and awls, weaving rich snatches of song,—that gave the first impulse to Negro emancipation. To this band, by every right and title, Emmet belongs. It is true that Columbus, Garrison, Whittier, lived to see their dreams realized, while Emmet's life was cut short and his dream unrealized. But it is nevertheless true that his dream will be, sooner or later, realized, and the honor he craved—an inscription on his nameless grave—be, by Ireland a Nation,

ENGRAVEN ON HIS TOMB.

It is a curious fact, in regard to Irish history, that it seems incapable of recognizing cause and effect. What seems perfectly natural in other countries, and easy to explain, in Ireland wears the mask of mystery. To read the wearisome tomes of later-day historians is to be continually told that the troubles of Ireland sprung from Catholic discontent, and that a few hot-headed, ambitious Protestant youths fomented this discontent, until it was smothered in the rebellion of '98. There can be no greater mistake made than to link Catholic discontent and the short-lived outbreak of Emmet and his friends. That the Catholics were not a happy and contented people was certainly due to the tyranny of

those who pretended to govern them. The kind of this tyranny may be best gleaned from a description of it by Edmund Burke as that "machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." That they had a lively horror for such a machine was at least natural. But that they had any thought of walking boldly into the monster's mouth by futile insurrection, no one, conversant with those times, will admit. How could they, men at most barely able to keep the prowling wolf of hunger from the doors, not only destitute of arms, and ammunition but the means of clothing? Their sires, the chieftains and their retainers, had fought for centuries a kind of guerilla warfare with England; but by their acceptance of a broken treaty, the surrender of the northern chieftains and the planting in Ulster of free-booters, the backbone of the native Irish resistance was broken. Venal laws crushed the marrow and left an abject race with

AN UNTOLD LEGACY OF SORROW

as a great heritage, and little hope of better things to cheer a lonely future. They were bathed in misery, and the bravest hearts could not attempt a resistance that could drown their country with that dire epidemic. In their midst were a body of men that had little in common with them. Of the beauties of their religion, or the consolation it brought, they were entirely ignorant and had no desire to investigate. From another philosophy they had drank deep of individual liberty and national independence. Without studying the premises of this bizarre philosophy, or rationally drawing out its logical issues, they swallowed it in its entirety, and clamored loudly for liberty and fraternity. Unbridled liberty should draw the chariot of the world, and whole-souled fraternity hold the reins. Dashing, witty Irish soldiers of fortune had brought this beacon-light from the gay, witty salons of Dublin's elite. From thence it was transported by apt Kerry butlers and smart Galway coachmen to the thatched cottages of the farmers and the huts of the peasantry. It must be confessed that this doctrine that sprung from the French Revolution was intensely captivating. It was like the nightingale's song after the weary awing of a rookery. After a dull, dreary, rainy winter day it came as a kind of Indian summer. Men fondly imagined that it was a real summer, threw off their overcoats, and, as usual, contracted a cold which ended in hasty consumption. It was eminently an enthusiastic time, and, as some unknown one wrote: "enthusiasm leads in the vanguard of the world's progress." The Old World was passing through a phase the most momentous in her history. Dynasties and thrones were being pounded up by the French armies like rotten bones in mortars. Our fair young land was battling for liberty. Washington had unsheathed his sword, and Patrick Henry's glorious words had been uttered. It were indeed strange if, amid these conflicts for liberty, Ireland should remain dumb. One figure here swims into ken. It is that of a beardless youth with a heart full of love for liberty and a mind of rare powers, sick of the dull cruelties of tyranny. He had drank from the overflowing cup of French sophistries, deeming them brilliant truths. Each and every one of them he would use as a kind of headlight for his locomotive progress. Enthusiasm was the atmosphere his people breathed, and in no more fitting one could he sow his seed. He would appeal to the latent love of the people for a free land and boldly reap the harvest. History might have warned him were it not that

DREAMERS DESPISE THE SURLY OLD DAME, and laugh at the sign board of prece-dence. This rare intelligence was Robert Emmet's. There are flaws in his character; there are spots on the sun. But take his youth, his talents and the noble use he attempted to make of them, his all and all, and you may not fear to put him against the best poet-sung heroes of Greece and Rome. If a youth speaks to the rabble burning words that lodge in the human heart, while at the same time he teaches his educated but servile friends to pity that brutalized rabble, is it not dramatic? Where shall we find that quality, that so many modern writers deem as the harm of history? Race prejudice

still survives and the youths, that wore togas carried on warfare against what they were pleased to call barbarians, drank deep dyed Falernian and spent their holidays and sesteritii in baths were heroes. Moderns may leave the noblest lessons of love and courage behind them, they lack the dramatic prose so sang the poetasters and hack historians of this victorious era. They dismiss Emmet as a crank, the outbreak as a lunacy that began and ended with him, and its effect of no importance. It cannot be conceded that this outbreak began with Emmet, he who will track it to its rising will find himself by the muddy waters of the Seine. Let it be candidly admitted that it was a failure in as much as it signally failed to achieve all it had so glibly promised. This admitted, we come to deal with the effect which to use a peasant's phrase "is a horse of another colour." The effect that Emmet desired was not emancipation of the Catholics, nor Home Rule in its ordinary acceptance, but

TOTAL SEPARATION FROM ENGLAND.

This was impossible to do with the means held in hand. Ireland was hopelessly divided, a peasantry sunk in ignorance and the direst poverty, a gentry lost in all sorts of villainies and dishonor. His, indeed, was a voice almost lost in that strange wilderness of Irish descent and treachery. The Jews did not rest until the head of one who was calling them to the better way, was served up to grace the convivial feasts of a heartless maiden. England was not content until the best blood of Emmet dyed the handkerchief of a Dublin mechanic. The blood of heroes but hastens effects. The death of this young Irishman by the most perverted means known to that farce Irish Justice, taught a hopeful lesson to the younger gentry, while to the striking peasantry, it had the same effect as the songs of Tyrtæus on the Graecian soldiers, a spurring on to nobler and better things. Wandering minstrelsy sang his hopes and "failures half divine" in every city, while itinerant ballad-singers, amid the heath-clad hills and wild moorlands of their native land found many a night's shelter and cheery meal for the song that told of Emmet. He was dead, that young hero, whose dying request was to be buried in his uniform of green, but his spirit lived and gave power to other men and other times. It gave force to the appeals of O'Connell, helped him to win emancipation, breathed on the lute of Davis, throbbled with the heart of Meagher, taught Mitchell a disregard of death, rescued liberty on many a bloody battle-field in the New World, made the long weary vigil nights of Parnell and Biggar feel as nought, and fired the heart of the first statesman in the Old World to a sense of duty and right to a long suffering people.

What if Emmet learned his ideas of liberty from the sophistical French school. In the purity and goodness of his own heart he cleansed them from every baseness. To such a man death was of small consequence, if his spirit survived. That it has survived we have amply proven. A few years after his death the wily place hunter, Philips, wrote: "In America his memory is that of a martyr." That it will survive until his sea-girt isle becomes another Atlanta will hardly be questioned by even his enemies.

"God works thro' man not hills or snows; In man, not men, is the Godlike power; The man, God's potentate, God foreknows; He sends him strength at the destined hour; His spirit He breathes into one deep heart; His cloud He bids from one life depart; A saint?—and a race is to God reborn? A man?—one man makes a nation's morn."

WALTER LECKY.

ABOUT ANNEXATION.

When dyspepsia invades your system and bad blood occupies a stronghold in your body the way out of the trouble is to annex a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for dyspepsia and bad blood, and the only one that cures to stay cured.

She: What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me? He: I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt.

PREPARE FOR CHOLERA.

Cleanliness, care and courage are the resources of civilization against cholera. Keep the body scrupulously clean. Eat hot food. Take Burdock Blood Bitters to maintain regular digestion and ensure pure blood which is the very best safeguard against cholera or any other epidemic.

A fact—The discontented man finds up easy-chair.

Conquer Thyself.

In general refuse nature what it demands without need. Compel nature to yield when it resists without reason. Nature begs a few minutes indulgence, after the hour appointed for rising. Refuse even a second. It suggests easy positions at all times.—Do not listen to the suggestion. It prompts you to seek a comfortable position at a prayer.—Beware of yielding. Perhaps it whispers to you to abridge the time of prayer.—Prolong it, if you can. There is a choice morsel in the portion served you.—Make a sacrifice of it to Jesus, who immolated himself for you. You have a good appetite; you are in haste to satisfy it. Wait awhile; eat slowly. Are you sad? Do you feel inclined to weep? Then sing. Are you in bad humor?—Laugh if possible. Are you anxious to talk, to utter a witicism?—Offer as a holocaust to Jesus, your desire, and that you wish to say. Are you tempted to anger?—For the love of Jesus be very meek and gentle.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappear. Try it.

A FELLOW FEELING.—Indignant old lady: Guard, do you allow smoking in this compartment? Obiging guard: Aw, weel, if nae of the gentlemen object ye can tak' a bit draw o' the pipe.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

A COUNTERMAND.—(Extracted from a merchant's letter to a manufacturer)—"I was induced to-day by the importunity of your traveller to give him an order, but as I did it merely with the object of getting rid of him in a civil manner and without loss of time, I must ask you to cancel the same."

SOREL, 11th February 1892. I, the undersigned, have used Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine for bronchitis, from which I was suffering for over a year. This syrup not only cured me of bronchitis, but also of gravel and calculus of the kidneys, which had caused me intense suffering for over 3 years and from which I was very near dying 2 years ago. I am now in perfect health, all symptoms of those diseases having completely disappeared for over three months. J. B. ROUILLARD, Inspector-General of Mines for the Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL, 18th February 1892. I, the undersigned, certify to my little boy, seven years old, having been cured by Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. He caught "la grippe" last winter, and took several remedies unavailingly. His cough was most violent and very painful for us to hear. Towards the month of July last, when the cough was at its worst, he made use of this marvellous syrup and was completely cured by two bottles. He has never coughed since, and I consider his lungs much strengthened by this wonderful remedy. J. A. DESROSIERS, No. 111 St. Christophe Street. (Agent of Estate Skelly), 1595 Notre Dame Street.

"JENNIE," said he, "I shall go to your father and ask his consent at once." "Wait, George; don't be impatient," said Jennie; "wait until after the first, when my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will be more willing to part with me then."

EVERYBODY SUFFER PAINS.—It is the result of violation of nature's laws. Perry Davis has done much to allay the suffering of the people by giving them out of nature's store-house "a balm for every wound." Such is the Pain-Killer; it stops pain almost instantly, is used both internally and externally, and is of all other pain remedies the oldest and best. New size Big Bottle, 25c.

DAUGHTER: Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often; but it isn't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away. Old gentleman: Fudge! I haven't heard you sing to him once.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—All our Faculties.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. Holloway's Pills recommend themselves to the attention of all sufferers; no injurious consequences can result from their use, no mistake can be made in their administration. In indigestion, confirmed dyspepsia, and chronic constipation the most beneficial effects have been, and always must be, obtained from the wholesome power exerted by these purifying Pills over the digestion. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by Holloway's Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of Physic, attest this fact.

Customer who has ordered fish, and been given some leathery substance: What is this, waiter? Waiter: A sole, sir. Customer: I thought so. Whose boot did it come off?

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

LA SEMAINE RELIGIEUSE SPEAKS.

And Furnishes Figures to Show the Amounts Paid by Religious Institutions—An Array of Powerful Facts.

The Archbishop's official organ has been publishing, of late, a series of most interesting articles upon the good done by the Catholic religious institutions of this city. It has also ably refuted the miserable attacks, made by thoughtless people, upon those holy establishments. But to cap the climax, last Saturday's issue of *La Semaine Religieuse* comes out with more than a mere statement of facts; it furnishes the figures that substantiate its statements and solemnly declares that the figures have been carefully verified. We quote the article in full:

HOTEL DIEU.

It first takes up the Hotel Dieu, and shows that, from January 1, 1888, to December 1, 1892, that community paid \$2,589.39 for water, \$14,962.49 for heating the hospital, \$2,999.81 for light, \$8,720.40 for remedies and surgical instruments, and \$39,597.38 for the ordinary tax on their properties. Against this, the Nuns received from the Quebec Government \$1,120 for Irish patients, and within the past five years, another grant of \$1,400 for French-Canadian patients. Now during the above mentioned period, 11,366 patients have been received and attended to gratuitously. The total number of days of sickness was 287,429, and putting down at the low figure of 25 cents the cost of each day, the sum of \$71,857.25 is reached. Moreover, the nuns have kept, fed and clothed 371 children in their orphanage. At the present moment they have 167 poor patients, and, during the last 12 months, 800 patients received gratuitous treatment at the dispensary for diseases of the eyes, ears, nose and throat.

GREY NUNS.

From 1887 to 1892, the Mother House of the Grey Nuns paid \$55,066.64 in taxes, made up as follows:—Water, \$3,914.62; streets and pavements, \$1,612.13; horses, \$216.04; on properties, \$30,822.73; to Cote St. Antoine, \$11,177.12; to St. Henri, \$4,039.84; to St. Gabriel, \$102.19; to Notre Dame de Graces, \$181.57.

The Institute for the Blind paid \$582.34 for water; \$840.63 for special taxes, and \$899.50 on properties.

The Notre Dame Hospital paid \$731 for the water tax and \$269 for roads and pavements. The water tax during the same period was for the Hospice St. Joseph, \$393.22; for the Hospice St. Charles, \$466.10; for the St. Patrick's Institute, \$307.60; for the St. Bridget's Institute, \$355; for the Bethlehem establishment, \$229.63. Total amount of taxes paid by the Sisters of Charity, in the course of five years, \$62,479.52. Now, here is what they do for the people. Their present Montreal family is composed as follows: 192 old men, 305 poor women, 260 orphan boys, 360 orphan girls, 29 sick persons, 87 foundlings, 64 blind people, 1676 children in the "Salle d'Asile."

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

In the course of five years, the Sisters of Providence have paid \$8,298.90 to the Corporation for their Mother House, their St. Catherine street, Asylum, their Deaf and Dumb Institute and their St. Alexis Orphanage; \$4,315.93 for water, and \$3,982.97 for expropriations, street widening, pavements, etc.

Since its foundation in 1843, the Providence Asylum has given gratuitous accommodation to an average of 100 poor people every year. The dispensary, established in 1863, has given between 15,000 and 20,000 medical prescriptions to outside poor, every year. About 10,000 meals have been served each year to outside poor, at the depot.

For the present year, from July, 1891, to July, 1892, the following are the figures for the Mother House, the St. Catherine street asylum and the St. Alexis Orphanage:—340 poor kept and fed gratuitously; 137 little girls kept, fed and taught gratuitously in the orphanage; 1,002 children in the Salle d'Asile, a large number of whom do not pay the monthly contribution, which is 30 cents only; 25,099 visits to sick persons and poor people; 1,931 night watches with sick and dying persons; 300 corpses laid out; 15,313 meals given at the depot; 4,885 sick persons attended to at the dispensary; \$8,000 expended for

remedies given to the poor; charities distributed by the visiting nuns to outside poor, \$3,233. For the same period, July, 1891, to July, 1892, the Deaf and Dumb Institute had 287 pupils, plus 49 poor inmates. The Government grant and the boarders' fees formed an amount equal to the maintenance of 78 inmates only, according to the terms of the prospectus, so that the remaining 209, plus the 49 poor mentioned, were at the charge of the institution.

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From 1888 to 1892 they paid \$3,946.58 for water; \$1,211.22 taxes on their immovables not occupied by them; \$996.50 for sewers, roads, etc., making a total of \$6,154.38. The Sisters generally lodge, feed and keep gratis 200 poor women or young girls. The families that they have been helping in the city, for many years past, are numbered by thousands. In the course of five years the Government gave them \$3,270, which makes about \$2.50 a year for each poor in the institution. Putting down at \$5 a month the cost for the board and dress of an inmate, we come to this result, that in the course of five years, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have made charity to the unfortunate children to the extent of \$69,000. The Sisters must, besides, see to their own maintenance and the keeping of the monastery.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Sisters of Mercy paid for water, in the course of five years, \$2,631.81 and they received from the Government for the Maternity and the children \$1,545. From December, 1887 to December, 1892, they received 2,804 patients, of which number 1,382 paid nothing at all. The expense incurred for the latter, including the three months' board, laundrying, remedies and other cares, amounts to \$56,877.1, making about \$41 for each. Besides this, from April 9, 1889, to Dec. 1, 1892, the 1,100 children born in the Maternity, caused an expense of \$23,443.36. Again, in May last, the Sisters bought at St. Hilaire, for poor abandoned little children, a property which they paid \$10,000. We have now reached an expenditure of \$95,333.07 on behalf of poverty and weakness in the course of five years.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

They were the last to arrive in Montreal among the Sisters of Charity. They have no revenue; no money in the bank. They live from hand to mouth, begging the food of their old people as well as their own. They were founded fifty years ago, and now number 4,500, disseminated throughout the whole world, in 266 establishments where they care for and feed over 200,000 old people. Since their arrival in Montreal, Sept. 1887, they have received 218 old persons. They have assisted at their death bed and laid up 78 of these. They now have 83 inmates, 41 men and 42 women; that is all that the Forfar street asylum can accommodate. In the course of four years, they have received \$280 subsidy. They have paid \$197.03 for the water, and \$337.05 for the widening of a street.

When referring to the taxes paid by the different institutions on their real estate, the article remarks that the revenue thereof is applied to their work of charity.

Little boy: Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw. Mother: What is? Little boy: I just saw our school teacher at the corner of the street a-laughin' just like other people.

As if by magic, sir, for, after a few applications, every grey hair I had in my head was changed to its original brown color by Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer. I now use it when I require to oil my hair. Try it, my dear fellow, and you will see for yourself, that there is no preparation of its kind known that can in any way compare will compare with it.

Mrs. Fashion, about to give a party, to her greengrocer, formerly in service: I hear you're used to waiting. Greengrocer ruefully: Yes, mum; your account has bin runnin' over a twelve-month.

Warranted—"Are these razors sharp?" Shopkeeper turning down his collar and exhibiting a superb gash: "Look here."

Men in training for or in the field of athletic sports, at all times subject to sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds or hurts, will miss a surety of cure if they are not supplied with St. Jacob's Oil. The best for training.

ELLEN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Little Ellen's mother was dead. Oh, my dear children, you who have happy homes and loving arms into which to cradle your tired little heads at night can not understand the terribly sorrowful meaning of these words. But Ellen did, for on All Souls' Day a year before they had laid her dear mother in the graveyard, and it only remained for her to conceal and try to repress the tears that worried father so, and to pray, as she did daily, for strength and patience as her mother had taught her to do, her beautiful prayer for the souls in Purgatory.

She was an only child, which made her condition doubly lonely, for if she had had brothers and sisters to play with, they might have consoled each other and made the time seem less long and dreary. And yet she was only a child, but eight years old, and as she sat in the deep window seat, waiting for her father, and looking out into the gathering night, she longed for a Christmas tree, such as the children were preparing in the house opposite, a glimpse of which she could catch now and then through the half-closed shutters. But she dared not ask for it. Papa was so sad, he had said last night he hated the thought of Christmas and wished it were over. So did Ellen wish it were over, for she remembered the last happy Christmas, when mamma had decked the tree with her own hands, and when it was lighted had danced gaily round it, half lifting Ellen in her arms from the floor, so full was she of the joy and festivity of the season. And it was not so much for herself as the thought that it would please her mother, if she knew, that made Ellen long for the Christmas tree. She was a loving, thoughtful, conscientious child, and never could banish the feeling that her mother would wish her to be cheerful and happy as she could, without her. Before her death she had given her many little charges and injunctions—telling her to be very kind to her father, and to grow up a companion for him, not to grieve for her, but to do all her duties as if she were there, that so she might grow up to be a good and useful woman, a comfort and joy to all about her. Somehow Ellen felt that a Christmas tree would be the beginning of all the pleasant and cheerful things and thoughts she meant to do and think for her father. But she dared not ask him, and her small forehead soon became a mass of wrinkles, so full of conflicting thoughts was her perplexed soul.

Finally a smile dimpled around the corners of her mouth, and she slipped from her seat just in time to greet her father as he entered the dark hallway, where the lamp had not yet been lighted. All through supper time she was absent minded, but Judge Trenor, low-spirited as he was, did not observe it.

Ellen arose the next morning still firm in her resolve; she had determined to have a Christmas tree, even though she should keep it in the seclusion of her own room; she felt assured her mother would have liked it. But what to decorate it with? There were some crystal balls and gaily colored trinkets in the top drawer, a few half-burned wax candles lying about here and there, some

Japanese fans and bright advertising cards in her play-house, and a small Santa Claus on the mantle. Ellen was confident that if she only had the tree she could soon find enough decorations to make it presentable. Once embarked in the enterprise, she was fertile in resources. A stunted, half-withered juniper tree, grew in one corner of the small city garden. It had always been an eyesore to Mrs. Trenor, who had frequently spoken of having it removed. "Mamma would be pleased if I were to dig up and make a Christmas tree of it, I know," she said, and suiting the action to the word she ran down stairs, eluding, as far as possible the gaze of the servants and was soon tugging away at the tree, which readily yielded to her efforts. Smoke blackened as it was, she hastened with it to the bath room, where she treated it to a warm bath, which improved its appearance very much. Then she carried it to her own room, and stuck it in a large old-fashioned, broad-bottomed vase which always stood on the mantle. It was a tight fit, but that was rather desirable than otherwise, as it made it less liable to topple over. This accomplished she brought forth her treasures, and began to arrange them on the tree. When all was finished the tree still looked bare, and Ellen did not feel satisfied. After rummaging through various drawers she found some gaily colored ribbons which she tied among the branches. Her best doll was too large to put on the tree, but she sat her down beside it, and taking the rest of her small family, battered and broken as most of them were, she prepared to arrange their garments in some kind of order. This is no easy task either, they had been neglected for some time, and were sadly in need of repair. At length all was in readiness, the little family seated amid and below the branches and Ellen gazed admiringly at the results of her labor.

But something was yet wanting. Opening the drawer of a small cabinet she took therefrom a picture of Our Blessed Lady holding the Divine Infant in her arms. The scene was the stable of Bethlehem. This she placed at the apex of the tree, beneath the one gilt star which crowned it, symbol to her childish mind, of that wonderful star which led the shepherds to the new born King. Taking a photograph of her mother from its frame she put it reverently a little underneath the picture of the Madonna and child, tears starting from her eyes as she gazed lovingly into the dear remembered face.

It was now unlighted, and she felt impelled to light the candles few as they were, so anxious was she to see the effect. She did so, and was standing with her back to the door half admiring her own success and half wishing the tree had been more complete when her father opened the door. For a moment he stood amazed, half vexed also, for to his quick impulsive mind came the thought that Ellen should not have thus indulged herself on this sad, lonely Christmas. She neither saw nor heard him, as standing beneath the flickering lights she said in a low and tearful voice, while she looked up at her mother's picture:

"O, my two dear mothers, Mary and my own mamma, my tree is not nice I know, but it was the best I could do, and I dared not ask papa. Dear sweet mamma, I only did it because I knew it would have pleased you."

In another instant Ellen was folded in her father's arms, and they mingled their tears together. That night he resolved that he would not let his grief degenerate into selfishness, and remembering the sweet, sunny nature of his wife, he looked upon this as almost a direct message from the dead, and then and there made the resolution that Ellen should then and always have a happy Christmas while he lived. Enlisting the services of a kind cousin whom he invited to spend Christmas with them, he ordered a beautiful tree, handsomely decorated, and then he led Ellen on Christmas Eve, to her great surprise and unfeigned joy. In the sparkling light of the many colored tapers together they sang the "Venite Adoremus" as had always been their wont, and though each voice was broken with tears, they both felt happier in the knowledge that all things had been done as the dear, dead mother would have wished.—*The Poor Souls' Advocate.*

ON TRIAL.
That's a good way to buy a medicine, but it's a pretty hard condition under which to sell it. Perhaps you've noticed that the ordinary, hit or miss medicine doesn't attempt it.
The only remedy of its kind so remarkable in its effects that it can be sold on this plan is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder, there's nothing like it known to medical science. In every disease where the fault is in the liver or the blood, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, it is guaranteed in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

To every sufferer from Catarrh, no matter how bad the case or of how long standing, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure it, perfectly and permanently, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Sold by all druggists.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S
Self-Raising Flour
as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it: all others are imitations.

Mr. Troomer: where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it? His bride sweetly: You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I sent it out to the laundry.

RESPECT THE CLERGY.

Last week, in an editorial note, we plainly stated that correspondence or communications of any kind reflecting upon the Church, its clergy, or its institutions, will not be published in the True Witness. Two weeks ago we gave space to a letter signed "P. J. D. Cleric," on the subject of the respect expected from school children towards members of the clergy. In order to give fair play to every one we published, in our last issue, two communications, both dealing very severely with "P.J.D." In all justice, "P.J.D." should have a right to a rejoinder, as there are two against one; but, evidently, he does not deem it worth his while to carry on the discussion, and we are very glad. These are the last letters on the subject, or any kindred one, that we will accept. Through courtesy we produced "J.J.M.'s" epistle, the tone of which would suggest a spleen, either against "P.J.D." individually, or against wearers of the cassock in general. Its last phrases might be easily construed into a direct insult to all those who carry the cassock. The saying that "the habit does not make the monk," is very true; but neither does despising it mark refinement—even if it be fashionable, in our day.

We would also remind our readers who may have been interested in this little cross-firing that the cassock is not as easily *donned* as it is *cast off*. Moreover, no man can wear it, above all, in a seminary, without the permission and special sanction of his ecclesiastical superiors. And no man is allowed that privilege who is not deemed worthy of it. As a rule they who fling aside the garb of religion are most ready to criticise the men who retain it. There is one more point in this short correspondence which deserves attention. To say that "the keen eyes of the little ones see through the garb," is a very poor compliment to the teachers, or, rather trainers, of those little ones. It indicates that the young minds are brought to such a point of detective cunning and general suspicion that the boys can read through features that to experienced disciplinarians must have been impervious. It would show that the children were taught to scrutinize every one that wore the cassock, and to look upon him with a preconceived doubt. It would be an evidence that the great warning "judge not" was ignored in the formation of these young lads.

The truth of the whole matter is, that the boys—especially in the Brothers' schools—are taught to pay due respect to every clergyman they meet; not on account of the cleric's individuality, but on account of the garb he wears and which of itself announces him to be one specially removed from the world. How faithfully the young lads carry out the teaching of their masters is another question. But one thing is certain, there is no class of children in the world more respectful towards the clergy than the Irish-Catholic boys of this country. And it would be a sad day when these urchins would be taught to look with suspicion upon the garb of religion and to use their "keen eyes" in attempting to distinguish a wolf in sheep's clothing, under every cassock. It is not for us to judge of the hearts, much less of the souls, of other men; be they ecclesiastics their lives are under the eyes of their superiors; and be they laymen or clergymen their intentions are known to God alone, and we can judge them only by their actions. Therefore, as Christians, as Catholics, as citizens it is our duty to pay reverence to the religious garb under all circumstances, otherwise we sin against charity and we insult God Himself. Respect your clergy if you wish to be respected.

C. M. B. A.

OFFICIAL.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND PRESIDENT, BROCKVILLE, Dec. 19, 1892.

BROTHERS,—At the foot of the last assessment notice there appears to be an "Important Notice" which should not have been issued at so early a date. On looking at the list of deaths on said notice you will observe that they cover to October 21st only, while, as you are already aware, our liability to the Supreme Council extends beyond that time. You will be duly notified when the separate beneficiary arrangement takes effect.

Particular attention should be paid to that part of said notice which refers to the applications for new certificates, and no time should be lost in connection therewith. We are anxious to have all the details of our arrangement with the Supreme Council completed as soon after the 31st December as is possible.

I had the pleasure of meeting the Supreme President and his Executive and the Supreme Committee on Laws at Rochester on 15th inst., and feel justified in saying to you that as a result of my interview with them I am satisfied Canada will have no reason to complain about the treatment she will receive at the hands of the Supreme Council.

The membership at large will be pleased to hear that the ranks of the C. M. B. A. in Canada are rapidly closing up, not altogether because those who have hesitated have changed their view that union with the Supreme Council is preferable, but because they realize that if there must be a division it is far better that Canada should remain united, and that the separation of one Province from all the rest means a weakness to us as a people.

Already three of those branches which had signified their intention of separating from the Grand Council of Canada have for the very best reasons come to a different conclusion and have now decided to remain with us to build up a grand and prosperous association in Canada, and in addition to this we have now sufficient applications from every other Branch which has asked for a separate Grand Council to hold the charter of these Branches for the Grand Council of Canada.

And now that the vast majority of the Branches and members in Quebec Province have decided to remain with us, and that in consequence a new Grand Council cannot be expected there, let me again earnestly request those who have honestly differed from us to make the little sacrifice necessary to once more unite in the effort to make this a great Canadian Catholic Association.

Fraternally and faithfully yours, O. K. FRASER, Grand President.

OBITUARY.

LATE MR. EDOUARD BAUSET.

It was with a great pang of regret that we heard last night of the somewhat unexpected death of one of Montreal's rising advocates, in the person of Mr. Edouard Bauset. The promising young barrister was in his thirty-fifth year, and was a brother of Mr. Rene Bauset of the City Hall, and Mr. Jules Bauset, lawyer, of Hull. Mr. Bauset's father has been, ever since confederation, a prominent official in the Government at Ottawa. In that city the deceased spent his childhood and youth, and was there educated at the Catholic University. The writer of these few words—for the news came to us as our forms were made up for this week—has good reason to recall all the splendid qualities and fine characteristics of the young man so suddenly called away from the path of worldly distinction. The last time we heard him in public, was upon a memorable occasion, when in the grand hall of the Ottawa University he delivered a glowing panegyric of the ever to be lamented Father Tabaret. On that night, his companion and confre, the late Judge Olivier, was summoned by Death's Angel in the midst of the banquet of rejoicing. One by one they are passing away, and, though comparatively young, one cannot help feeling old, when the news of Edouard's death comes to us, we feel like repeating the words of a Celtic bard:

"Have I not seen Death strike so fast, That grave yards could not hold, The remnant of the young, the brave, The bright-eyed and the bold: Ah! yes, I must be very old."

We have followed him in his career, from the days when he enlivened the pe-

riod of college life, till the time he began to climb the ladder of success in the world; we have traced his movements from the day when he was president of the first College Literary Society, until he became president of the Liberal Club National of Montreal. He was foremost amongst the first in every undertaking upon which his heart was set; he was always in the van when his help was required, yet never did he intrude his individuality for the sake of self-interest. He has gone to his reward, and we can but pray that his crown will be that of the truly Catholic soul. Cut off in the full vigor of his manhood, he has done well the part assigned to him, by the Almighty, on the field of mortal existence and we feel that his memory will be long green in the breasts of those who really knew him.—R. I. P.

Mr. W. S. Walker, the well-known Notre Dame street jeweller, died yesterday morning at his residence, 77 Maize street, after an illness of about ten days. He caught a cold while attending the funeral of the late Mr. Perrigo, which developed into pneumonia, and although until Monday he was expected to be in a fair way for recovery a relapse set in which terminated fatally.

Mr. Walker came from Hull, England. In 1851 he opened a jewellery store on St. Lawrence street. In 1867 he purchased the stock belonging to Mr. W. A. Townsend from Mr. E. Lusher, son-in-law to Mr. Townsend, and opened in the same store, opposite the Seminary, on Notre Dame street. He remained there until 1890, when he removed to more commodious quarters in the Nordheimer building on St. James street. He was president of the Incline Railway and treasurer of St. George's Society. Deceased was 62 years of age, and leaves a widow and one married daughter, Mrs. M. Smith.

Mr. John J. Daley, Dominion emigration agent at Montreal, died Sunday, after a somewhat prolonged illness, at the age of 50 years. Mr. Daley, who was born at Kingston, in 1842, succeeded his father, the late Mr. J. J. Daley, in the charge of the Government's immigration work in 1869, and has since discharged the duties of that responsible position. He was widely known in the city, where he was popular and possessed many friends, who will be sincerely pained at the announcement of his early death. Mr. Daley married, in 1868, Miss Agnes Sinclair Pennie, daughter of Mr. Pennie, then a prominent contractor. She, with three daughters, survive him.

The funeral of the late Mr. T. C. DeLorimier, Q. C., which took place Monday morning, was very largely attended. The chief mourners were deceased's five sons, his brothers Judge DeLorimier, Dr. DeLorimier, Mr. P. E. Emile DeLorimier, and his brother-in-law, the Messrs. Duckett. The pall-bearers were Chief Justice Lacoste, Judge Loranger and Mathieu, Dr. Mount and Messrs. C. P. Hebert, F. Carbray (Quebec), J. W. Bain, M. P. Soulanges, and J. C. Auger, registrar for Montreal East. Amongst others present were Judges Tait, Gill, Jette and Taschereau, Hon. Speaker Leblanc, Hon. H. Mercier, Hon. Louis Tourville, Mayor McShane and several of the aldermen. At the funeral service in the Church of Notre Dame, the Rev. Abbe Duckett officiated, with deacon and subdeacon. After the service, the remains were conveyed to Cote des Neiges cemetery for interment.

A French Reader.

We have upon our table a copy of a new "French Reader," just published by Messrs. Ginn and Company of Boston, and compiled by Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S. J., professor of French Language and Literature, at the Georgetown University. This able author is also the compiler of an admirable French Grammar. The "Reader" is a volume of nearly three hundred pages and contains a gradation series of "Morceaux Choisis," from the works of the most eminent French writers. Beginning with Reboul's "L'Ange et l'Enfant," and ending with extracts from Racine's "Athalie," we find Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Lamartine, Montsabre, Lacordaire, Chateaubriand, with numbers of others figuring upon its pages. Even the extracts from the earlier writings of Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, Alexander Dumas, and such like brilliant infidel authors, indicate how powerful these men were in the days before their Faith

was extinguished. The "French Reader" is an admirable little work and deserves to be in every family.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EUROPEAN.

John Emile Lemoigne, the French statesman, is dead.

August Simeon Luce, French historian and scholar, is dead.

Latest advices from Samoa indicate that tranquility prevails there.

The Monarchist papers of Paris hail the fall of M. Rouvier as a triumph for the Monarchist cause.

The Pope will shortly send to the Italian bishops and people a circular denouncing Freemasonry.

The London Daily Chronicle says: Michael Davitt's intimate friends state that he will not re-enter Parliament.

British imports from Canada for the 11 months ending 30th November, this year, showed an increase over last year of £1,750,000.

The British government will appoint a cholera survey similar to those of 1884 and 1886, with a view to preparing for an epidemic next spring and summer.

AMERICAN.

A sharp earthquake shock was felt at Athens.

United States Senator Gibson died at Hot Springs, Ark., yesterday.

A despatch from Washington says James G. Blaine is now on his death bed.

Dr. Chas. Schenck has been elected president of the Swiss confederation and A. Frey vice-president.

Col. N. Hernandez of Mexico will die on Monday at sunrise for assisting Garza, the rebel leader to escape.

Another plot of the followers of the late Balmaceda has been discovered by the government at Santitgo and frustrated.

The Governing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange has decided to not close the exchange on Saturday, December 24.

Peter Hart, the man who nailed the Stars and Stripes to the flagstaff at Fort Sumter at the outbreak of the war, died Tuesday night in Brooklyn.

The ports of Colombia have again been closed to all vessels hailing from Hamburg, owing to fresh cholera cases recently reported.

The steamer Statigart, at New York from Bremen yesterday, brought 2,263 steerage passengers, the largest number ever carried over the Atlantic by one vessel.

CANADIAN.

Sir Adams Archibald is dead at Truro, N. S.

Hon. John F. Wood will not be opposed in Brockville.

Mr. William G. Whittier, town clerk of Trenton, Ont., is dead, aged 55 years.

The horse car company in Winnipeg is selling 50 tickets for a dollar. The electric company has not yet met the cut rate.

It has been definitely decided that there will be no opposition to Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General in Montreal Centre.

The evidence in the graveyard insurance case at St. John, N.B., has all been taken. The argument of counsel will be heard this week.

Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau accepted Mr. De Boucherville's resignation last week, and sent for Mr. Taillon to form a Ministry.

Sir John Thompson has practically accepted the invitation to a dinner sent to him by the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association of Toronto.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes HOOD'S Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-18-90)

GLADSTONE IS RIGHT.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN-SMITH WRONG.

"How the Union was Carried,"—An Historical Letter from the Venerable and Learned O'Neill Daunt.

KILCASCAN, 24th November, 1892.

SIR,—The interesting correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goldwin-Smith which appeared in your journal of last Tuesday, recalls the often-told story of the mode by which the Union was forced upon Ireland.

The authors of that measure held that absolute necessity of employing a strong military force for that purpose. We learn from Mr. Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century* that Lord Clare told Lord Fitzwilliam that without a strong army in Ireland it would be impossible to carry the Union. The Duke of Richmond, in a letter to Lady Louise Connolly, said that if opposition to the Union should produce civil war even that extremity should be faced. On the 22nd of November, 1798, Lord Castlereagh wrote to Mr. Wickham for the information of the Duke of Portland that the presence of the British militia in Ireland was vitally needed. He said:

"Were the British militia to press their recall, there is reason to apprehend that several regiments of fencibles, who were induced by the same public motive to offer their services in Ireland, would do the same. The alarming effect of withdrawing from this country, where the treason is rather quiescent than abandoned, the flower of its army at a period when the King's Ministers have in contemplation a great constitutional settlement his grace (the Duke of Portland) will feel. The Lord Lieutenant's opinion decidedly is that, without the force in question, it would expose the King's interest in this kingdom to hazard a measure which, however valuable in its future effects, cannot fail in the discussion very seriously to agitate the public mind."

Lord Castlereagh adds in a postscript that he had communicated very fully with Lord Buckingham, by the Viceroy's direction. He says that with respect to the troops "his lordship (Buckingham) saw the importance of their service in the same point of view with the Lord Lieutenant; he went so far as to say that, in his lordship's judgment, the event of the question of the Union is altogether dependent on their continuance."

Mr. Gladstone has said that the military forces employed by the Government to impose the Union of Ireland amounted to 137,000 men. His statement as has been challenged. If he had erred, it is rather in understating than in overstating the facts. In a speech of Lord Castlereagh's prefacing a motion on military estimates, as cited in a report of the Parliamentary proceedings of the 18th February, 1799, his lordship gives the following table:—

The Regulars were.....	32,281
The Militia.....	26,634
The Yeomanry.....	51,274
The English Militia.....	24,201
Artillery.....	1,500
Commissariat.....	1,700
Total.....	137,590

The Unionist statesmen of that period earnestly deprecated the withdrawal of any portion of this vast armament. The expense was charged exclusively to Ireland. The late Mr. Staunton, in his able essay on the Repeal of the Union, gives a statement of the army payments for five years, ending January, 1801. He takes his statement from a Parliamentary report of session, 1830, No. 667; here are the figures:—

Year.	Army Expenditure.
1797.....	£2,221,505
1798.....	2,548,331
1799.....	3,697,314
1800.....	3,879,569
1801.....	4,285,362

Ireland was designedly persecuted into rebellion, and thus made to pay the expense of suppressing the inevitable outbreak. The mode in which our people were scourged into revolt, is well and clearly stated in the concluding volumes of Mr. Lecky's admirable history. Mr. Lecky is an honest historian. He tells the truth all round. He does not imitate Macaulay or Froude in dressing up

a narrative in the interest of any political theory, giving prominence to such facts as suit his purpose, omitting or slurring over all that tell the other way. Whatever may be Lecky's inferences from the facts which he records, he gives the reader ample grounds for an independent judgment.

Lord Cornwallis distinctly recognized that the people were driven to rebel by violence and cruelty. On the 16th November, 1709, he writes to General Ross—

"You will have seen by the addresses, both in the North and in the South, that my attempt to moderate the violence and cruelty which has once driven, and which, if tolerated, must again soon drive this wretched country into rebellion, is not reprobated by the voice of the country, although it has appeared so culpable in the eyes of the absentees."

Pitt, Castlereagh, and Clare have long since been called before the Grand Judge to account for the thousands of lives which were sacrificed by their infamous policy. A rebellion is provoked by intolerable tyranny in order to furnish a pretext for covering Ireland with a vast armed force to keep down opposition to the Union. Carnage and corruption are the instruments employed by the Government to overthrow the Irish Constitution. In the face of such facts we cannot but admire the intrepidity of assertion with which Mr. Balfour describes the Union as a voluntary compact embraced by the free consent of the two nations, and constitutionally ascertained.

Mr. Lecky, as I have said, affords his readers ample information concerning the condition of Ireland during the years that immediately preceded the Union, and the mode in which that event was brought about. Will you permit me to repeat in the *Examiner* the resume of facts which I have already submitted to the readers of the *Westminster Review*?

From Mr. Lecky's narrative we learn: "1. That from the acquisition of legislative independence in 1782, the material prosperity of Ireland made unquestionable and rapid progress.

"2. That as national prosperity increased, old religious enmities were fast dying out.

"3. That a majority of the Irish Protestants desired Catholic Emancipation.

"4. That Pitt had authorized the Catholics to expect support for their claims from the Government.

"5. That having excited their hopes, he suddenly recalled the Emancipating Viceroy and encouraged a furious revival of sectarian strife.

"6. That he was solemnly warned by Earl Fitzwilliam that this course would raise a flame in Ireland that nothing but the force of arms could keep down.

"7. That Pitt, thus warned, persevered in his course, raised the flame, and the predicted sanguinary consequences followed.

"8. That the rebellion, thus provoked, was intended and utilized to facilitate the Union.

"9. That classes who, if left to themselves, would have fused into a national brotherhood, were transformed by the passions evoked in civil war into opposing forces, animated by finer reciprocal hostility.

"10. That the Union, in its results in Ireland, has all the features of its parentage, and displays the true character of the forces by which it was produced."

Mr. Gladstone made a statement of historical importance when he said that the Government had employed 137,000 armed men to force the Union on Ireland. "The event of the Union," said Lord Castlereagh, quoting Lord Buckingham's opinion on the continuance of the troops in Ireland, "is altogether dependent on their continuance."

Home Rule is in the air: the absence of domestic legislation has consigned Ireland to a condition of something like chronic anarchy; and I conclude by repeating the believe I have elsewhere expressed, that the more nearly our restored Home Rule approximates to the constitution of 1782 the more sure will be its beneficial efficacy.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.
In *Cork Echo*, 3rd Dec., 1892.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT OLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kensington Park, London S.E., England. 30-G

REQUIEM SERVICE.

A Solemn and Imposing Scene in St. Patrick's Church.

On Monday morning a solemn requiem Mass was chanted in St. Patrick's Church. It was the first anniversary of the death of the late lamented pastor, Rev. Father Dowd, S.S. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Quinlivan, S.S., successor to Rev. Father Dowd. The Rev. Fathers Toupin and Martin Callaghan officiated as Deacon and sub-Deacon respectively.

The church was profusely decorated, and all the funeral drappings, indicative of the great sorrow and cherished recollections that the event called forth, were most grief-inspiring. The choir sang the Mass for the dead, and the members were evidently impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The church was filled, with members of the congregation: men and women who learned to love the dear dead priest, and whose heart-felt sorrow of a year ago was awakened afresh by the memories evoked. The grief expressed and the fervor manifested clearly showed that the time will never come when the name and works of Father Dowd shall be forgotten in Montreal, and especially in the good old parish of St. Patrick's.

"Ashes to ashes: dust to dust:
He died as becometh the faithful and just,
Placing in God his reliance and trust."

The New Crypt Blessed.

The crypt of the new monastery of the Fathers of the Holy Sacrament was blessed Sunday morning by Archbishop Fabre. The chapel contains seats for about 800 persons, but more than double that number crowded in yesterday. Solemn high mass was celebrated; the choir, under the direction of Dr. Sylvestre, executing Gounod's mass. Mgr. Fabre delivered the sermon. Vespers, in the afternoon, were again largely attended. The ceremony was followed by a procession of the Holy Sacrament. Midnight mass will be celebrated on Christmas eve. Tickets of admission can be obtained at the Fathers' residence.

St. Anthony's Young Men.

This society, which now numbers over a hundred members, has made great strides of late under its director, the Rev. J. E. Donnelly. They have an excellent club house on St. Antoine street which is well patronized. Monday night they gave an entertainment to their friends at Belmont hall. It consisted of a lecture by Mr. Armstrong, with stereopticon views, entitled "Max O'Rell's Journey from Hong Kong to Europe."

Ordinations.

The Archbishop of Montreal has made the following ordinations at the Cathedral:

Tonsure—Messrs. W. Condon, A. Hudon, Congregation de St. Croix; S. Seiguan, E. Galetier, H. Leblond, Congregation du Tres-Saint Sacrament.

Minor Orders—Messrs. A. Perron, F. X. Valliere, C. Brissett, Montreal; W. Condon, A. Hudon, Congregation de Ste. Croix.

Deacon—Mr. A. J. Champoux, Montreal.

At the ordination at the Grand Seminary Monday morning by His Grace, twenty-three received minor orders, fourteen were made sub-deacons, nineteen deacons and twenty-three priests.

The Forty Hours.

To-day the Forty Hours devotions commence at Pointe-aux-Trembles; on Friday, at *Enfant Jesus de Mille-Eud*; and on Sunday at the *St. Joseph Asylum*.

Taking the Habit.

Yesterday, at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at St. Laurent, the solemn ceremony of taking the religious habit was performed.

Men's Retreat.

On Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, the retreat for the men commenced at the Cathedral chapel.

Mr. Haultain is again Premier of the North-West territories.

Dr. A. T. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Catarrh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

The Catholic Home Almanac.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers, the world-known Catholic publishers, have issued the tenth annual number of their admirable *Catholic Home Almanac*. On the first page is a magnificent illustration—almost equal to an oil painting—of the Crucifixion. This may be detached for framing purposes. We say that the stories, historical sketches and illustrations surpasses anything yet published of that kind in America, we are not even given half the praise that this admirable Almanac for 1893 deserves. It is sold for 25 cents, and the work is actually worth double the price. Our enterprising Catholic publishers, Messrs. D. & J. Sadtler & Co., of Notre Dame street, are the agents in Montreal and for Canada of the *New York House*, and have a goodly stock of Benziger Brothers' Almanacs on hand. A splendid Christmas Box or New Year's Gift.

A creamery and cheese factory is to be established at Frelton, Wentworth county.

Housekeepers, Hotels and Restaurants.

ATTENTION!

Save time, save money and annoyance by posting yourselves on our prices.

Canned Goods. Canned Goods.

1500 Cases finest Brands
Peas, Corn and Tomatoes,
95c per Dozen.

Potatoes, Potatoes.
Early Roses and other qualities, dry, mealy, sound and large, three car loads just received, 95c per bag.

Turnips, Turnips.
Quebec Turnips grown at St. Foy, one of the finest districts, 50c per bag.

Apples, Apples.
Spys, Baldwins, etc., \$2.75 per barrel. Carefully packed and well filled.

Tons Raisins, Tons Currant-.
8 lbs. Raisins, 8 lbs. Currants, \$1.

John Gray & Co., Glasgow.
Scotch Candied Peel, Lemon and Orange, 19c per lb.

John Gray & Co., Glasgow.
Scotch Marmalade.
1 lb. Glass Jars, 18c.
2 lb. Glass Jars, 35c.

John Gray & Co., Glasgow.
Scotch Jams, 1 lb. pots, 15c, 2 lb. pots, 30c.

Jams, Jams.
Strawberry, Raspberry, Peach, etc., 7lb Pails, 75c.

Jelly, Jelly.
Just received a ton of Patterson's Apple Jelly, guaranteed pure, 7lb Pails, 50c, 14lb Pails, \$1.

Mince Meat, Mince Meat.
Tons English Mince Meat, 12c lb.

Ocean Flour,
Barls., \$4.75, 1 Barls., \$2.45, 1 Barls., \$1.25, recommended by all who use it.

TEAS, TEAS.
Don't pay 50c for Tea when I can give you as good for 30c, finest Nan and Black, all this season's picking.

BUTTER, BUTTER.

For This Week.
Just received a ton of Fresh Roll Butter, 22c per lb.
Just received 100 Tubs Fancy Townships Creamery Butter.
Creamery Butter, 25c per lb.

GRANULATED SUGAR.
22 lbs for \$1.

EVERGREEN, EVERGREEN.
25,000 yards evergreen for Holiday Decorations. Special prices for Churches, Sunday Schools, Schools, and other Institutions.

I wish to call special attention of city and country buyers to compare above prices with what you have been paying, and see what you can save by buying your Groceries and Provisions at

E. ELLIOTT'S,
59 Bleury Street. 22 1

THE HOME RULE FUND.

The List of Subscribers—A Good Commencement.

As stated last week we now furnish the names of those who subscribed, at the first meeting of the Home Rule Fund Committee held in St. Patrick's parish. Meetings will be duly held in all quarters of the city. Any sum from the part of a dollar upward will be gladly and thankfully accepted. The amounts will be all duly acknowledged in the TRUE WITNESS.

Table listing subscribers and amounts: Hon. Edward Murphy \$50.00, Dr. Hingston 50.00, Hon. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P. 50.00, James O'Brien 50.00, P. McCrory 20.00, H. J. Kavanagh 20.00, P. Wright 20.00, J. P. Heffernan 10.00, W. E. Doran 10.00, Alderman W. H. Cunningham 10.00, John Hoodahan 5.00, F. Callahan 5.00, T. O'Connor 5.00, James Milloy 5.00, T. Styles 5.00, James Ryan 5.00, John O'Neill 5.00, J. J. Mullin, Bedford, P.Q. 5.00, A. Branigan 2.00, T. D. Franc 1.00, Peter Horne 1.00, M. Duggan 1.00, Cash paid to True Witness office 1.00

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Rev. John Gmeiner of the diocese of St. Paul is engaged upon a work to be called "Prehistoric America."

According to the latest report the Catholics of Germany number 17,671,929. The total population of the empire is 49,428,470.

Baroness Rothschild, whose conversion to Catholicism was recently announced, was baptized on November 11 in the cathedral at Beauvais.

A new monastery and a church for the Carmelite fathers will soon be erected in Pittsburg, Pa. Ground has been purchased at a cost of \$50,000.

The Eucharistic Congress of 1893 will be held at Jerusalem. The design of holding it in that city has been blessed and encouraged by the Holy Father in a letter to the Bishops of Liege.

The Irish Seminary is the name of a new Salesian college just opened at Ivrea, in Piedmont, for the reception of English speaking students who desire to become priests in the Salesian Order.

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in Liverpool, Rev. J. S. Vaughan stated that out of 29,000,000 of people in England hardly one and a half million professed the ancient faith.

The Pope has recently received from the converted savages of New Guinea a curious present consisting of three crowns made of feathers of the Upi birds. These crowns, united together, form a tiara.

The Catholic students attending the Ohio State University have formed a Newman Club. Twenty-five young men and women form the present membership. A similar society flourishes in Cornell University.

A number of influential Italian Catholics have decided to make a handsome present to the Lord Mayor of London, as a mark of their appreciation "of the energetic manner in which his lordship has defended his religious convictions."

The Archbishops of the United States will meet in conference at Chicago on September 12, 1893, while the fair is in progress. A Congress of Catholic laymen will also assemble in that city one week previous to the Archbishops' meeting.

Chicago is perhaps the largest Catholic city in the world. Rome has only fifty-four congregations, while Chicago has ninety. And the Catholic population of the Lake City is about 150,000 souls, larger than the entire population of Rome.

The new wing of the Vatican library, known as the Leonine library, has just been opened. It is rich and rare in costly works which have been offered Pope Leo, and will be an object of unusual interest to visitors and of much service to residents.

The Church of St. Michael, Vienna, Austria, was destroyed by fire on Dec. 1. The church was one of the finest in the

city, and was visited by tourists from all parts of the world. The loss to the city is irreparable, and causes much regret among all classes.

Baron Ludwig von Weber, a recent convert to the Church, is now studying for the priesthood at the seminary of the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Spencer County, Indiana. After he has completed his divinity studies he will devote himself to the American missions.

The late Cardinal Lavigerie, became a member of the Sacred College in the consistory held March 27th, 1882, so that he had worn Rome's purple a full ten years. With him were created Cardinals Picci, Paracciani, Lasagni, Agostini, McCabe, Llvch-y Garriga and Jacobini. His death leaves only Cardinal Paracciani of all the group surviving.

NEWS FROM ROME.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

Here is a piece of petty contemptible anti-clericalism from Italy which it would be hard to parallel. For the first time in twenty-two years the Minister of the Interior has refused a card of admission to the reporters of the Osservatore Romano and the Voce della Verita.

In a conversation with a journalist at Buda-Pesth, Mgr. Galimberti stated that the Papacy would never admit the institution of the obligatory civil marriages. In the eyes of the Church marriage is a sacrament. If the Hungarian State insists on its fad the Hungarian episcopacy and priesthood will be in arms against it.

His Holiness has decided that the six forthcoming beatifications at Rome will be held on the following Sundays—8 and 22 January, 3 February, 5 and 12 March and 16 April—so as to enable as many of the pilgrims as possible to witness them. The ceremonies will take place in the Aula Maxima over the vestibule of St. Peter's.

At the last Congregation of Holy Rites held at the Vatican the Cardinals, Prelates, and Consultors present discussed the miracles attributed to the venerable servant of God, Leopold della Gaiche, professed priest of the Order of Minori Riformati, and of the Venerable John d'Avila, secular priest, known as "Il Maestro."

The Agence Havas (no very sound authority) says that the see of Angers—the only one now vacant in France—will be provided with a titular at a Consistory in March next. In consequence of the death of Cardinal Lavigerie, it adds, the Pope will most certainly give the red hat to a third French prelate besides those of Tours and Rouen.

The relations between Russia and the Holy See are said to have assumed a friendly footing, principally because of the intervention of the Princess Galitzin, lady companion to the Grand Duchess Sergius. This noble dame became a convert to Catholicity, and it appears that deportation to Siberia is the fate which attends all Russians guilty of this—awful crime! But the Grand Duke intervened, and pleaded her cause so well with his brother—the Czar—that not only was she not sent into exile but she remains undisgraced and preserves her grade and dignity. When the Grand Duke was at Rome, the Princess laboured to effect a reconciliation between the Vatican and "the divine figure of the North. So the story runs, but those who prefer to withhold their belief in it are free, and may not be unwise.

M. Richard, French Minister of Worship, has signed the decrees (after counsel with Mgr. Ferrate, the Papal Nuncio at Paris), making the following episcopal appointments:

- Archbishop of Cambrai, M. Sonnois, Bishop of Saint-Die.
Archbishop of Bourges, M. Boyer, Bishop of Clermont.
Bishop of Amiens, M. l'abbe, Renou, parish priest of Amboise.
Bishop of Quimper, l'abbe Valteau, parish priest of Saint-Pierre, at Saintes.
Bishop of La Rochelle, M. l'abbe Bonnefoy, parish priest of Neuilly sur-Seine.
Bishop of Beauvais, M. Fuzet, Cishop of Saint-Denis (Island Reunion).
Bishop of Saint-Denis (Island Reunion), M. l'abbe Fabre, parish priest of Charenton.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

Is no land under the heavens is Christmas celebrated with such fervor, joy and unity as in Ireland. Let every other day in the year witness a pall of misery hanging over the land, on this great day it is lifted, and the heavenly anthem, "Peace on earth to men of good-will," brings joy and gladness to all hearts.

The religious ceremony with which the festival is observed is most imposing. It is a custom in most Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas Eve, in order to join in the devotion at that hour.

We agree with Gerald Griffin that "few ceremonies of religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning Mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before daybreak." On this eve a candle called the Christmas light (previously blessed), is lighted at sunset. Griffin alluded to it:

"The Christmas light is burning bright In many a village pane, And many a cottage ring to-night With many a merry strain."

It is considered a kind of impiety to touch, snuff, or use this Christmas light for aught save religious purposes after. On Christmas Day the Irish people exchange Christmas boxes—any gift being termed a box, but deriving the title from little boxes of turned wood stained red, which are given to young people and dependants with a coin to rattle in it.

The houses are decked with holly branches interwoven with ivy leaves. The holly has come down to us from the remotest past as a favorite among the evergreens, and as being allegorically typical of the Redeemer's mission. The following is quoted from an old broadsheet of a century and a half ago:

"The holly and the ivy Now are both well grown; Of all the trees that grow in wood The holly bears the crown."

The holly bears a blossom As white as the lily flower— And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ To be our sweet Saviour."

The holly bears a berry As red as any blood— And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ To do poor sinners good."

The holly bears a prickle As sharp as any thorn— And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ On holly Christmas morn."

All the relatives of an Irish family assemble at the house of the "head" or sometimes at that of the "most well-to-do" member, keep up the time with wit and merriment, congratulations on the success of the year, and words of comfort to those who may have fallen in misfortune; while the young exhibit their gifts and "boxes," sing, dance, and amuse themselves with healthy hilarity.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Hypochondriac patient detailing real and imaginary ailments to sympathetic physician: And then, doctor, there's my head. Doctor: Oh! don't alarm yourself about that; believe me there's nothing in it.



Sensible Christmas Presents PRETTY SLIPPERS In Velvet, Plush, Carpet, Russia Calf, Alligator and Kid, in the Latest Styles. NO TROUBLE ABOUT THE PRICES. THEY ARE RIGHT. RONAYNE BROS. 2720 NOTRE DAME STREET. Cor. Chabolliez Square. 222

The Ave Maria.

The twenty-ninth annual Prospectus of the AVE MARIA is to hand and it promises a rich programme for the year 1893. We need add no comment of our own to that very attractive menu; the mere statement of some of its most striking details should suffice. The publishers and editors promise to "strive in every way to make it the best publication of its kind extant, as it is already the cheapest Catholic publication in the language." "The main object of the magazine being to propagate devotion to the Blessed Virgin, articles on her Glories, Favors and Festivals—her Shrines and Servants, will naturally be the most prominent feature." Charles Warren Stoddard will contribute a new series of "Traces of Travel," under the heading "Along the Vesuvian Shore." "The Vocation of Edward Conway," a serial story by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, will form a striking feature in the 1893 AVE MARIA. Rev. Father Lambert, the eminent controversialist will furnish a series of short articles. There will be one fine illustration in each monthly number, and occasional musical compositions will be secured. The department for Young Folks, will be rendered most interesting and attractive for the little ones. Amongst the well-known writers from whose pens, either in prose or verse, contributions are expected may be mentioned the following: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, Maurice F. Egan, Flora H. Longhead, Rev. Dr. Parsons, Eugene Davis, Mary C. Mannix, Rev. Father Kennedy, Eliza Allen Starr, Brother Azarius, Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D., Katherine Tynan, Anna F. Sadler, Rev. A. Dooley, the author of "Tyborne," Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C., Louisa Dalton, Eleanor C. Donnelly, J. K. Foran, LL.B., Rev. J. M. Toohy, C. S. C., Sarah Trainer Smith, P. Goldie, Wilson, Marion Muir Richardson and others. The price is \$2.50 (postage free) for the United States, Canada and Mexico, and \$3.00, or 12 shillings, British, for Foreign subscription.

Hailing An Omnibus.

An old lady hailed a passing omnibus, which pulled up at her call. "Good-bye, then, my dear," said she to a female friend who had accompanied her. "I'll write and tell you how I get on directly I've got there. You've got my address, haven't you? No. Why, I thought I gave it to you. It's in this bag, I suppose, under my pocket-handkerchief and my key and packet of sandwiches. Oh, I'll come to it directly. I'd better give it to you now, else when I write I may forget to send it. That's not it, is it? No; that's the prescription. There—there you are. And you won't forget to write? If you see Mrs. Brown you must remember me kindly. She's a sweet woman, isn't she? And to think she should be married to such a brute. But that's the way of the world all over. It's just like my poor dear sister, Maria; she was as meek as a lamb—never did a bad thing or said a bad word of anybody, that ever I heard of. Drat that conductor's impudence. If he hasn't gone again! Now I shall have to wait for the next."

From the Liverpool Catholic Times we clip the following interesting paragraph:

"A paragraph in the Standard gives an excellent illustration of the good feeling which still subsists in some parts of England between landlords and their tenants. Mr. Osmond Williams, Merionethshire, held a meeting of his tenants, and told them he knew that large reductions would be necessary, adding that he was willing to give as much as 50 per cent., but that such a change in his income would oblige him to leave the neighbourhood. Upon this one of the farmers rose and said that they did not mean to part with their landlord on any account; and it was unanimously resolved that the reduction should be fixed at 20 per cent. If Irish landlords had been like Mr. Williams—but regrets are vain."

A. C. C. "Bull."—"It is a great mistake to suppose that only Irishmen can perpetrate "bulls." Happily for the gaiety of nations, these diverting solecisms are indulged in by all sorts and conditions of men, even by County Councillors. Thus the other day at Spring Gardens a C. C. awoke much merriment by the statement that it was impossible "to row a boat direct across the river without taking a circular."

The editor of a Western paper, speaking of an entertainment, says, "The hall was lighted by the smiles of fair women and by kerosene lamps."

How is it you can never tell whether a lady is really in hysterics or not? Because in either case it's a feint.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Graphic Sketch of the Famous Irish Patriot, Agitator and Statesman.

There are few prettier spots in Ireland, says a writer in the World, than the broad sketch of picturesque country lying between Killiney Hill and the range of cone-shaped mountains which separate the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. On the southern slope of Killiney Hill, looking across on the intervening plain to the blue mountains of Wicklow, lies the village of Ballybrack. To the average car driver the best-known dwelling in the whole place is "Land League Cottage." Although it is utterly devoid of any architectural pretensions, and might be taken at first sight for the abode of some fairly well-to-do artisan, a closer inspection, however, reveals the fact that the house stands in an acre and a half admirably laid out garden, commanding nearly all the salient features of the surrounding landscape. As Mr. Davitt bids you welcome to his house you perceive his right arm is missing, but there is something almost juvenile in his playful eyes, and soft, caressing speech, although time and trouble have long since grizzled his curly hair and carefully-trimmed beard.

No sooner is the threshold of Land League Cottage crossed than the blending of the Irish and American flags in a trophy over the dining-room door reminds one forcibly of Mr. Davitt's nationality. A corridor lined with every conceivable sort of framed congratulatory addresses, runs right through the house, dividing the living and sleeping apartments into two groups. These testimonials come from every part of Great Britain, as well as the United States, Canada and Australia, and overflow from the central passage into Mrs. Davitt's parlor, where photographs from Palestine, Egypt and Italy do duty for the costly pictures you look in vain for in Land League Cottage. Of gilt frames, however, there are a pair, and they occupy a conspicuous place of honor on the walls; an examination discloses the fact that they contain nothing more artistic than two tickets-of-leave, the one granted by the Tory, and the other by the Liberal government. Michael Davitt can afford to smile grimly as the looks at them now, but a deep drawn sigh tells you that he does not forget the nine years' of penal servitude undergone in English convict prisons, although he jokingly calls them "patents of Irish political ability," and explains that "they are evidences of his impartiality in the matter of receiving 'favors' from both parties."

Mr. Davitt will never hide these grievous relics; they will probably one day be buried with him, but his habitual good humor returns when he comes to speak of the next "fixings and furniture" and "the richly-toned cottage piano" given him by his grateful compatriots on the occasion of his marriage only five years ago. The study overlooking the tree-covered hills is evidently the "den" of a hard worker. The well chosen collection of books unquestionably belongs to a man of literary pursuits, while his two books ("Leaves from a Prison Diary" and "Defence of the Land League") are evidences of more enduring authorship. At Land League Cottage you look in vain for the "fierce agitator" so much dreaded by his enemies. When at Ballybrack, Mr. Davitt puts up his shillelagh and turns his home rule sword, metaphorically, into a literary pruning knife. By disposition, he is rather a student than a politician, and you cannot talk to him for five minutes when under the shelter of his own roof without feeling that it can be no mere anxiety for popularity which draws him away from the country life he loves so passionately to the worry and turmoil of the platform, for which he has never disguised his rooted aversion. His pastime is floriculture, and at the Land League Cottage certain beds are set apart for the blossoms which were his favorites when he attended his infirmary garden of Portland ten years ago, and brought Roupell's deserted plot of ground again into cultivation.

While walking by your host's side along the shady paths of his garden he tells you in his own fashion the story of his checkered career.

Born in 1846 at Straide, in county Mayo, he had already begun to work for his living when his parents were "ejected" ten years later from their holding and migrated to Lancashire. While "minding" a cotton mill he had the misfortune to lose his right arm, but this

accident gave him three years of hard study in the Wesleyan school to which he was sent by a Catholic priest. He then obtained employment in the local post office, where he mastered the art of printing, and became an efficient "typo," perfecting his education at night by attendance at a mechanics' institute. His father, an old follower of O'Connell, was always an ardent Nationalist, and before he was 20 Michael Davitt found himself mixed up with one of the revolutionary movements, which he regarded at that time as the only means of righting his country's wrongs. He induced the other members of his family to emigrate to America, and he became one of the Fenian leaders in England.

In 1870 he was arrested, tried on a charge of treason, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He continued in prison for nearly eight years, when he was released by a Tory Government. He owes three terms of imprisonment to the Liberals, while he can place three orders of liberation to the credit of the Conservatives. After his release he met Parnell, and went over to Ireland to inquire into the condition of the peasantry at his birthplace. Remembering keenly the experiences of his own people, he always felt very strongly about land laws and landlords, and his sentiments on the subject were in a way softened by finding on arrival in America that, although his mother lived to welcome him, his father died broken-hearted a twelvemonth after his sentence had been passed. He now set about organizing the Land League, delivered lectures on the subject in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Coming home again in 1879, he once more conferred with the Irish leaders, and, in the end, the Land League was formally started.

Other trips across the Atlantic followed; money began to pour into the Land League treasury; but in February, 1881, Sir William Harcourt caused him to be re-arrested, although his treatment at Millbank was a good deal milder than when he was at first incarcerated. He was subsequently transferred to Portland, where he remained until May 6, 1882, the very day on which Lord Cavendish was murdered. In the following year Mr. Gladstone registered his "incendiary language" as coming under a statue of Edward III., and he went to prison a third time on declining to be bound over to keep the peace. While in Portland, for which he confesses a certain weakness, he was elected by his present constituents as a protest against the treatment he had received, but the House of Commons rejected him, on a motion by Sir Henry James.

When his disqualification was removed, he declined to serve, as he had firmly resolved only to enter such a British Parliament as would pass a Home Rule bill. "This," he adds, looking you full in the face, "was a promise I made to Parnell. I have kept it." During Mr. Davitt's sojourn at Dartmoor and Portland, he had abundant leisure for reflection. The upshot of the prison thoughts was the conviction that revolutionary methods were powerless to effect any useful object, and on this belief he has acted consistently ever since. He gives great credit to his late leader for having persuaded the majority of the Irish people, both at home and abroad, to put their faith in the efficacy of constitutional agitation for the redress of Irish wrongs.

IRISH NEWS.

At the Presentation Convent, Carlow, on Nov. 21, Miss Walshe, of Shanakill, County Kilkenny, received the black veil, taking the name of Sister Mary Berchman.

In a case of Rogers vs. Duffy, on Nov. 24, a decision of the Master of the Rolls awarded a sum of £16,000 to Archbishop Logue, of Armagh, as trustee for charitable purposes.

Miss Bridget Matilda McNamara, of this county, received the white veil and took the name of Sister Mary of St. Bonaventure, at Bartistree Convent, near Hereford, Eng., on Nov. 10.

Miss Nugent, formerly of Whitehouse, Belfast, in religion Sister Mary Aquin, was professed in Newry Convent on Nov. 21. Bishop McGovern, of Dromore, officiated.

An erstwhile prominent oarsman and football player, Walter Kelly, died on Nov. 18, at his home in Athenry. Mr. Kelly, besides holding the sculling championship of Ireland, struck the Pembroke eight and four to victory on sev-

eral occasions; while in the football world he was looked on as one of the best forwards in Ireland.

Miss Dora Lawton, of Cloyne, made her solemn profession at the Presentation Convent, Bandon, on Nov. 21, and Miss Katherine Ryan, of Pallas, Limerick, received the white veil. Dean McSwiney, V. G., officiated.

Mrs. Bridget McLaughlin, of Derry, died on Nov. 20 at the remarkable age of 105 years. She was the widow of Bernard McLaughlin, and came of an old Derry stock. She lived to see her family attain to maturity in life and success in their several advocations, and died, surrounded by every comfort, in the house of her son, Mr. William McLaughlin, a well known merchant.

Their many friends will be glad to learn of the marriage, which was solemnized at the Catholic church, Mornington, on Nov. 18, of Mr. Thomas Reilly, of Shangan Hill, Dublin, to Miss Kate Carroll, daughter of the late Michael Carroll, of Mornington. The Rev. N. S. Woods, cousin of the bride, officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. P. Flynn, of St. Mary's Church, Drogheda.

A marriage of much interest was solemnized in St. James' Church, Dublin, on Nov. 23. The contracting parties were Mr. Patrick A. O'Farrell, of Chicago, and Miss Elizabeth Flanagan, daughter of Mr. Michael Flanagan, Alderman of Portmahon House. The Very Rev. Michael Walsh, pastor of Sagart was the officiating priest. The bride's train was borne by two pages—Master Frank Flanagan, her brother, and Miss Louise Flanagan. The bridesmaids were Miss Flanagan and Miss McQuade. Following the marriage was a reception at Portmahon House.

A force of police accompanied an eviction party to Brushfield, near Charlestown, on November 22, for the purpose of carrying out evictions on Lord Dillon's estate. Thomas Farrell, who has a wife and five children, was dispossessed. The victim was suffering from paralysis, and has not been at work for eight years. For most of that time he was confined to bed. The eldest of the children is twelve years old, and it has been a hard struggle for existence for the family for a number of years. The furniture was thrown into the yard. The bedstead was broken before being removed. The evictors, who were provided with crowbars and hatchets, seemed inclined to proceed to raze the house to the ground. They took the crowbars and hatchets off the cars, but desisted when they were informed that police protection would not be afforded them in the work of demolition. In eight other cases settlements were made. Evictions on Dillon's estate were continued at Leecarrow, in Carracastle parish, two miles from Charlestown, on the following day. Fifty police accompanied the evicting party. A settlement was made by three families. In the case of Michael Doherty three half years' rent was offered, but not accepted. The house was cleared, the bedsteads cut down with hatchets, and all removed. Orders were given to level the house. The poor fellow begged for time to go and try to get money from a neighbor. He hurried away and returned to find the walls of his house shattered by the crowbar. The next case was that of Frank Gavaghan, whose rent is £4 3s. He has a family of five children, the eldest of whom is only eight years of age. He could only offer three half-years' rent, which was refused. The house was ordered to be levelled. Everything was removed in a broken state. The crowbars were driven into the walls, and in five minutes the roof fell in, and the house was razed to the ground. It was lamentable to listen to the screams of the children when they saw the roof falling and the mother standing by with an infant in her arms. Strong indignation was manifested by the neighbors standing by. One of the evicting party presented a revolver and swore that he would shoot them if they interfered.

CANNOT BE DENIED.

The curative influence of the pine in lung diseases is everywhere admitted, and when with other effective pectoral remedies as in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup the effect is doubly beneficial. No case of cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or hoarseness can resist the healing powers of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 25 and 50c. at druggists.

The Holy Father has received a deputation from Bohemia, which presented him with an album containing twelve thousand signatures of workmen thanking the Pope for his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.



Clifford Blackman

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Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

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because of the wonderful good it did my son." ABIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1892

NOEL! NOEL!

Nearly twenty centuries have rolled away, like waves on the stream of Time, and have gone to swell the ocean of the mighty past, since on that most wondrous of all nights the star of salvation twinkled over the little town of Bethlehem. Crowds thronged the narrow streets of that Oriental city, and the men and women, from all quarters of the land, congregated there at the order of the Roman Emperor. While the tired travellers, from distant parts, slept the sleep of the weary in the little khan outside the gate the grandest event, since the morning of creation, was taking place. It was the noon of night, the million stars that the rapt Chaldeans loved to gaze upon, glittered in the blue vault of that Eastern sky, the sheep on the hill-sides huddled together and the watch-dogs shivered in the chill of a Judean night, while the shepherds attempted to snatch a few hours repose by the fagot fires in the valley below. In the cave behind the khan the Virgin Mother was seated upon a pallet of straw beside a manger; St. Joseph kept watch outside the door way, and expectantly anxious was his vigil.

At last the hour came; the time that had been appointed by the Almighty, ever since the voice of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, after man's first sin, had arrested the thunder's of Divine wrath, and had promised to become the Redeemer of the fallen race; the hour that had been looked forward to during four thousand years by the Patriarchs and wise men of old; the hour foretold by prophets and described in the books of the inspired scriptures; the hour of the wonderful appearance upon earth of of the Son of God, Co-Eternal with the Father, in the form that belongs to humanity. The hour came and the Infant Jesus was born, His mother laid Him in the crib; His foster father came in and adored! The world rolled on as ever, the multitude in the city of David slept, the wind coursed down the bleak mountain-side from beyond the Jordan, the stars shone brightly in the blue depths of the Syrian heavens, nature seemed not to recognize any more than did man perceive that the greatest of all mysteries and the most wonderful of all events had transpired.

Hark! Look! A peal of music steals down the infinite abyss of the sky; an indistinguishable light flashes across the expanse of the heavens; the sheep are startled on the hill-side, the watch-dogs begin to howl in terror, the shepherds awaken bewildered and dazzled; and still the celestial chorus grows louder and nearer, and still the celestial splendors of scintillating glory flash brighter and closer. At last the very words descend upon the air and the rocks, off to the very shores of Tiberias, re-echo again and

again the angelic hymn, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis." At last the heavenly beams gild the turrets of the City of David and concentrate over the Manger in the humble khan, where the Redeemer of mankind lay in all the weakness of a human babe and all the Omnipotence of an Eternal God. And the shepherds went down and adored; and a star led the Magi, from the Orient, to the feet of the Infant Saviour, and the scene was impressed upon the minds of all who beheld the Holy Family when Christ was a little child. That scene has been described by inspired writers and by historians and poets; it has been transferred from generation to generation upon the painter's canvass and in the sculptor's stone; it adorned the cold walls of the catacombs beneath Eternal Rome, and it appeared in fresco upon the walls of the immortal temples of the deathless city; Luca della Robbia has preserved it in terra cotta, and Correggio, in his master-piece "The Holy Night," has glorified art and immortalized himself, by leaving in the Dresden gallery this imperishable commemoration of that wonderful scene.

In every Catholic Church in the world, on Christmas eve, the Bethlehem crib is arranged and from the lordliest Basilica, that rears its cross-crowned spire over the confusion of city roofs, down to the humblest missionary chapel upon the plains of the North West or in the fever-haunted jungles of India, the scene of that holy night is commemorated and the events recalled by the representation of the "Child in the Manger." How consoling the Faith of centuries; how wonderful the grandeur of the Church of Christ; how encouraging her doctrines and how perfect her history; how truly she connects us to-night with that glorious night and with the three sacred actors in that most sacred of all dramas—Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Oh! Holy Faith, may thy adherents ever increase in numbers, and may the day soon come, when in all parts of the earth, a Christmas will be celebrated and the children of men will, without exception, kneel at the crib on thy holy altars.

OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

We closed our last editorial on this subject with a short reference to the necessary in the education and instruction of young ladies: by the necessary we mean the elements of education and rudiments of instruction. This week we will move to the second factor in a complete system, namely, the useful. On this point there is an immensity to be said. However, without fatiguing our readers with a rehearsal of what has so often and so ably been argued in favor of plain sewing, cooking, general domestic economy, as well as all that goes to constitute the really useful in a woman's edification, we will confine our remarks to the useful in the instruction branch.

In our convents and academies there is no lack of history, geography, grammar, literature, sacred instruction, mathematics, and all the other studies to be found, as a rule, in every well-equipped system. But with them the end is reached. And, in all probability, these branches would suffice, were every young girl destined to either enter a religious community, or else to go home to rich parents. But it is otherwise with the vast majority of our young women of today. They who have vocations for religious life are not very numerous, they are the exceptions; they whose parents are well off and able to support their daughters until eligible young men be found to continue that support, are comparatively few. Then what about the

vast majority of our school girls? They are obliged to leave the convent or academy at a young age in order to earn their livelihood, or to help their parents along the rugged path of toil. What avenues are open for these young girls?

The principal means whereby they can utilize their instruction must be in employment congenial and suited to their acquirements. In order that a young girl can be sure of such employment, in this age of competition, it is absolutely necessary that she should have a knowledge of book-keeping, typewriting, shorthand and such-like acquirements. Are these taught in our convents and academies? We say they are not, or at least, they are not taught as they should be; they are not made a primary instead of a secondary consideration. And what is the result? It is simply this: the girls are obliged to leave the school at the early ages of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, in order to pick up the only really useful branches, the indispensable. Instead of remaining a year or two longer at the convent-school to learn these portions of their instruction-course they go to the public commercial school where each and all of the necessary and useful elements are taught. And what is our objection to this?

We object to it, firstly, because it is not as safe for young girls of that age as their quiet and home-like academy or convent; and, secondly, because they lose much of the charm with which their more innocent course of studies was heretofore surrounded. They are cast in amidst a crowd of men and boys, and they are forced, at that peculiarly trying period in life, to jostle with the rougher elements of the world, to rub against social corners and thread the brinks of moral precipices that should not be found in their paths until much later on in life. Not only for the sake of their institutions, the good name of their curriculum, the success of their educational system should our religious and lay teachers exert themselves to introduce into their schools all those useful branches, but especially for the sake of those young girls, whose lives are cast in lines of labor, and whose livelihoods are to be gained by their own exertions and work. It seems to us that there is no more sacred obligation upon the teachers and trainers of our young girls than that of shielding them from danger as long as practicable, and then of sending them forth fully equipped for the great struggle of life.

It is not in a tone of censure that we speak, but rather in the accents of advice. As certainly as the necessary is indispensable in the completion of an educational system so surely is the useful an all-important element. Let the ornamental come later on, it will be most acceptable; but it is not a *sine qua non* of life. On the other hand the useful cannot be done without. If these branches are not taught to the young girls, of our day, in all our academies and convents, there is not the slightest doubt that they will seek them elsewhere and at a period of life when it would be preferable not to sever the ties of friendship, love and mutual attachment that have grown into existence between the teachers and pupils. We will say no more, for this week, upon this subject; but we beg of our religious and our lay teachers, in convents and academies to establish regular and complete courses of typewriting, stenography, book-keeping and kindred subjects; they will eventually be more useful than languages and science.

Many happy returns of this festive season and may the next Christmas bring us many more intimate acquaintances.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"A Merry Christmas to all our readers and friends and many happy returns of the season." Sometimes this greeting is heard with indifference, when it is merely for custom sake that it is spoken; more often is it the expression of the true sentiments of the heart and it then always awakens a responsive echo in the bosom of the one to whom it is addressed. Although we have not the pleasure and advantage of a personal acquaintance with each and all of our many readers, still we feel as though we were linked to every particular subscriber and friend of the TRUE WITNESS by a bond that grows stronger as the weeks roll past. Every Wednesday we send forth our twelve columns of editorials and through them we hold converse with several thousands upon every imaginable kind of subject. In penning these articles we actually spend twelve full hours and sometimes more, each week, in most intimate communion of spirit with our readers, and they, in perusing these columns, converse with us, thus mind speaks to mind, soul looks into soul, heart pulses to the throbs of the corresponding heart, and the writer and his readers are united in the closest of all unions—the union of thought.

For these reasons do we speak from the inmost recesses of our nature, when we wish each and every one of our readers a truly merry, a really happy, a sincerely prosperous and a most holy Christmas; and in expressing this wish we feel confident that it is reciprocated from all the thousands who, though in one sense, are strangers to us, in another and grander sense, are well-wishers and friends. May the aged enjoy many another Christmas time to "husband out life's taper" in peace and holy contentment, for truly is it sung that

"Age will come on with its winter,
 Though happiness hideth its snows;
 And if youth has its duty of labor,
 The birthright of age is repose."

May the young be happy and may the blessings of this holy time come to them in countless throngs, for along the road of their earthly pilgrimage they will need the choicest graces from above to battle with the spirits of evil that shall hover around them. May the number of your friends increase and may the Angel of Death spare those we have tonight, that when the next Christmas comes it may find us all as happy and as strong as we are this year. May the One whose lowly yet glorious birth we celebrate on the 25th of December, with His Holy Mother and His Foster Father, direct our mind, enlighten our understanding, and guide our pen, that the continuation of the bond of union between us and our readers, may be for their benefit, spiritual and temporal, and, therefore, for the greater glory of His Holy Spouse the Church.

IMMORAL PLACARDS.

Several times already have we called attention to the suggestive and immoral placards that announced, from the city walls, the arrival of theatrical companies. Evidently our city authorities are not able to cope with this nuisance; it is to be regretted, but yet it does not leave the respectable citizens without any recourse. It would seem very easy to efface these abominations as rapidly as they are exhibited, but since that much cannot be obtained we think that there is another way out of the difficulty, a way by which it will be made impossible for these sensational troupes to daub our walls with obscene images, and by which the city authorities will escape the dilemma that seems to empale them.

These placards are printed in the United States, and in order to reach

Canada they must pass the Customs, they must be examined by the appraisers in the examining warehouse. There is a law that prohibits the importation of all immoral literature, immoral pictures and engravings. These placards come under this law. Yet they are passed and have been passed by the Customs officers in contravention of the law. The appraisers may plead that they did not consider these prints as dangerous from a moral standpoint; if so the appraisers are evidently unfit for their positions, for common decency would suggest that such pictures, purposely gotten up to be pasted upon the fences and walls of the city, are offensive to all good women, all self-respecting men, and highly dangerous for the younger members of society.

However the fact is there, that every one of these placards has come into Canada via the Customs examining warehouse and a duty of fifteen and twenty-five cents per pound was paid thereon. With the law on the one hand, the infringement of it on the other, what course remains for those who wish to have our virtuous citizens protected against such offensive objects? Simply to call the attention of the Collector and Deputy Collector to the fact. The case has, in all probability, never been brought to the notice of either. We do so now; and we ask them to see that their appraisers enforce the regulations of the Department with regard to these immoral placards. It is easy to know when they are in the wrong. There is not a placard in our streets but can be traced to the examining warehouse through which it was passed. By so doing the Customs officers will have the credit of putting an end to a nuisance that baffled the civic authorities.

THE SPIRIT OF THE "MAIL."

The Toronto *Mail*, and the "anti-Irish Irishmen" connected with it, must feel happy these days; not because the season of "Peace and good-will" is at hand, but merely on account of the presence in Toronto of Mr. T. W. Russell, anti-Home Rule member for South Tyrone, and in Kingston of Mrs. Shepherd, the anti-Catholic female sensationalist. Surely these two characters can furnish the *Mail* with good and sufficient excuse for ridiculing Irishmen, misrepresenting the country's cause, insulting Catholics and abusing the Church of Rome. Under the pressure of this Russell-Shepherd combination and the approach of the festive season, the *Mail* will be expected to lash itself into fury, and to rave against the interests of the land that had the misfortune of giving birth to such unworthy children, and to spit its venom, upon the Church of Christ and her sacred hierarchy. But while we shall hold that turn-coat organ irresponsible for its abusive language and its false reasonings—that the next couple of weeks may bring forth—we cannot find any palliation for its baseless, false and unpardonable attack, made in its issue of 12th December, upon the Roman Catholic Church. The only shadow of an excuse that we can find is in the fact that the new Premier succeeded in forming a Cabinet at Ottawa. It is that fact, as recalled in *Le Monde*, that set the *Mail* agoing, and caused it to fling off one of the most bigotted, frantic and malicious articles that, perhaps, ever appeared in its unprincipled columns. Politically, nationally and religiously the *Mail* has scoffed at every profession of faith, and has belied every promise of its earlier days. But it is not difficult, with the *sine qua non*, to procure able writers to abuse the political principles of those to whom their organ owes its existence, nor is it hard to find scribes to vilify the land of their

ancestors, nor, again, is it any great feat to secure certain journalists ever ready to dip the pen of mendacity into the ink of vituperation and bespatter the columns of a paper with misrepresentations of Catholicity and of its different elements.

But let us come to the *Mail's* article of the 12nd December: we will quote a few sentences. "The fault lies, however, not with the people, but with the Roman Catholic Church and its polity. Ever since that Church has been a Church it has demanded the right to rule." Exactly! No, not quite exactly, but very nearly so. It is not the fault of the Catholic Church if the *Mail* sees fit to invoke sectarian prejudices. "Ever since it has been a Church," is precisely eighteen hundred and fifty-nine years, and "ever since" then the Church has not "demanded" but has possessed, by Divine authority, the "right to rule." To deny this is to deny the truth of Christ's own words. The *Mail* knows them as well as we do and quotation is unnecessary. "A Church that proposes to govern is necessarily suspected by the people." The remainder of this quotation is merely the ravings of anti-Catholics and Infidels—all enemies of the Church since the days of her foundation—and have been refuted times out of mind. If the Church did not "propose to govern" in matters pertaining to religion it would no longer be the Church of Christ; it would immediately become what the different so-called churches of the denominations are, a human institution and consequently would have no positive *raison d'être*.

"When the Church takes her place with the other Churches, as an agency for the promotion of religion, her sons will rank themselves as Canadians, not as sectarians. * * * Catholics will then be nominated and elected with as little enquiry touching their mode of worship as are Methodists and Anglicans." What profound reasoning! What grand logic! The *Mail* accuses the Church of Rome of bringing its religion into the political arena, and yet, in the same article, arrogates to itself a right which it denies to the establishment of centuries. It tells us plainly that when the Church sees fit to fling away its claims to Divine origin, to reject its unbroken chain of historic tradition, to disregard its succession of Pontiffs, from St. Peter to Leo XIII, to abolish its sacraments, to repudiate Christ as its founder, to become heretical and to step down into confusion of other sects—that then the *Mail* will "nominate and elect" members of its shattered Faith without any question as to their creed; but so long as the Church of Rome remains orthodox, and continues faithful to its mission, so long will the *Mail* object to its adherents occupying places of public trust. The sublime audacity of the vindictive organ is only surpassed by the rank hypocrisy of its writers. Would that we had space to analyze every sophistical phrase in that most self-contradicting of editorials!

Were ever such rank intolerance manifested? "Roman Catholics," says the *Mail* "You must join the other sects; your church must leave aside its Unity and Truth, it must join in the discord of the different denominations that are brandishing the fragments of their brok-en creed against each other; unless you do so you shall not be elected as Canadians without our deadly opposition." Gentlemen of the *Mail*: does not your reasoning savor of the Penal laws? It was thus your own ancestors were debarred from all rights of citizenship by the "cursed alien laws," that men of your caliber passed and men of your

bigotry put into bloody execution. The days of the Pale are gone and forever: in this fair Dominion the spirit of bigotry can find no resting place. It was Daniel O'Connell—a name hateful to the *Mail*, but revered by all good men the world over—who said, when speaking of that spirit, that "she has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is in ruin; her prayers are curses, her God is a demon, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation."

That spirit cannot live in the pure atmosphere of Canadian freedom; it cannot resist the light of the dawning century of universal toleration. Long after that spirit shall have vanished from earth, the glorious liberty-loving Faith of Rome shall soar higher and higher, in its eagle flight, towards the eternal source whence it came. Long after the *Mail* shall have sunk into the obscurity from which those whom it abuses once drew it, long after its petty scribes shall have returned to the nothingness from which they sprung, over the debris of the sects and the dust of her enemies, the Catholic Church will stand forth as the evidence of Christ's truthfulness when He said that He would be with her "until the consummation of time."

Like the storm-bird dashing itself to death against the great lens of the lighthouse and falling into the sea, the *Mail*—bird of ill-omen—vainly strives to extinguish the beacon light of centuries, and in its puny efforts merely kills itself and is lost in the confusion of the billows that rage around it.

THE EXILE'S CHRISTMAS.

Half a century ago, in the golden days of the *Nation*, poor Martin MacDermott, the whole-souled bard, penned his glowing tribute to the "Irish Exiles;" and on this Christmas Eve, in the presence of many changes that have been wrought in the fortunes of those Exiles, we, their descendants wish to send a Christmas greeting to those who are still in the Old Land. Who does not remember those words of that truly Irish poet:—

"When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth, That glorious mingled draught is poured— wine, melody and mirth! When friends long absent, tell low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er, And hand grasp hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more— O in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice might say: 'Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far away!'"

"Then, O, to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise, Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies. Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine, The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark adia pine, O, don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay— Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles far away!"

"Old times are changed," and the exiles of MacDermott's days, or their children, are the very persons from whom such a Christmas greeting should sweep back over the Atlantic to cheer and console their fellow-countrymen in the land of their love. In our age the exiles are the most free, the richest, the happiest; and they who labor on in the home of their affections are the most in need of encouragement, sympathy and timely assistance. In this grand country, beneath our "dark Canadian pine," we enjoy all the blessings of a free constitution, all the advantages of Home Rule in every acceptance of the term; our prospects are broad as our limitless prairies, our hopes are high as the peaks of our Rockies; our freedom is endless as the

ever receding horizon of our land. But yonder, by the Liffy or Shannon, by the Avon Dhu or Avonmore, there is yet a vestige of the old sorrow of centuries hanging over the people. And through those dark clouds the silver shafts of expectancy are darting. Be it ever so humble, in the Irish home, there is rejoicing at Christmas time; this year thousands of warm hearts beat with pulsations of hope, that, when the next celebration of that holy event shall take place, they will eat their Christmas dinners upon a free soil and will attend the midnight Mass in a land where the law that rules will come from the people.

While sending the men who are fighting the battle of Home Rule all the material assistance we can afford, might we not parody MacDermott's poem and say:—

"When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth, That glorious mingled draught is poured— wine, melody and mirth! When friends long absent, tell low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er, And hand grasp hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more— O, in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice might say: 'Forge not those who wait to-night for freedom's dawning day'"

We once thought that the Rev. Mr. Noble, of Quebec, was the only Protestant clergyman, that held to a faith professedly without principle or dogma. But we beg Mr. Noble's pardon. He is not the only one who will "admit of no custom howsoever ancient, and acknowledge no dogma, howsoever pronounced." From Leamington we have received a copy of an extraordinarily peculiar publication. It is a quarterly magazine, and rejoices in the very suggestive title—*The Heretic*.—On the cover (we need not go beyond that) we find: Quarterly—founded 1886—sixpence—then a British flag: underneath this emblem of loyalty we read, in large characters, "*The Heretic*, a name sacred to Protestant Martyrs, opposed to Jesuitry and Ritualistic Mummery." We suppose they mean Jesuitism and Catholic practices. This is followed by these very significant lines:

"Dogma—Child of Ignorance is parent of deception, Conscience regulates its future, and is not bound by dogma."

We will give *THE TRUE WITNESS* free, for a year, to any boy or girl that will analyze these two lines and tell us exactly what they mean. They are evidently as meaningless as the so-called faith of all heretics. We have no intention of examining a review that announces on its cover that it has no principles. The coming of heresies (and *The Heretic*) have been foretold, and all Christians have been warned against them: see 2 Tim. iii. 13.

Through the kindness of Mr. S. Cross, of the Customs, we are enabled this week to give our readers the admirable and historically exact *expose*, by that eminent Irishman O'Neil Daunt, of the question recently discussed by Gladstone and Goldwin Smith. The former maintained that the Union was enforced by means of over 137,000 armed men; the latter contended that not more than 30,000 troops were used by England for the purpose of coercion in Ireland. Read O'Neil Daunt's correspondence and you will find that 137,590 was the exact number of the British troops engaged in that work of persecution. This English professor—who won't live in England—this learned Breton—who is an annexationist in England's first colony, this cynical anti-Home Ruler, this anti-Catholic falsifier of history, should not attempt to measure swords with a master of Gladstone's science; he gets himself "run through" every time.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

DRESSES FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

No woman is too busy even at this busy season to consider the engrossing subject of clothes—especially her clothes. The debutante is interested in the topic also. But with the girl in her teens it is different. She has subjects of much more importance to think of than clothes and she cheerfully lays the burden of her attire on the shoulders of mother. These hints, therefore, are for the mother's benefit.

A pretty gown for a girl of thirteen is made of silk warp Henrietta cloth of a magenta shade. The skirt is gored and made with a rather full back. About the bottom are three narrow rows of black silk braid. There is a pointed bodice to the gown, decorated with square lapels, which have long jabot-like ends. These lapels are outlined with two rows of the black braid and between them is a soft arrangement of Chiffon the tint of wild rose petals. From the shoulder to the elbow the sleeve is a huge puff of the Henrietta cloth. Then it is caught and banded with a piece of ribbon or stripes of magenta and black. Below this is another smaller puff, ending in the deep straight puff.

For a small girl of eight or nine, a pretty little frock to wear is made of dark brown bengaline. The garment is made all in one, the full skirt being edged with a ruching of light brown ribbon shot with gold. On the waist a jacket effect is gained by the arrangement of the ribbon ruching. With this is worn a deep bertha of point d'Irlande lace. The sleeve is composed of the usual puff and straight cuff, separated by a lace frill.

A dress in which bright tartan plaid is effectively shown, is of navy blue wool rep. The skirt hangs loosely from a shirred belt, the fold at the bottom being edged with black feather stitching. The round baby waist is more intricate than its name implies. Its foundation is bright red and green tartan plaid. Over this at certain intervals full long folds of the dark-blue rep attached at the waist and collar. The leg of mutton sleeve has the full puff made of alternate bands of rep and plaid. It is very odd and pretty.

A school dress for a small girl is a fashioned of coarsely ribbed brown serge. The dress is made all in one, the waist hooking invisibly at the side. Narrow bands of Oriental trimmings brighten it.

THE TABLE NAPKIN.

Curiously enough that article, now considered almost indispensable, the table napkin, was first used only by children, and was only adopted by older members of the family about the middle of the fifteenth century. In the etiquette books of an earlier date than this, among other sage pieces of advice for children, are instructions about wiping the fingers and lips with their napkins.

It seems that the tablecloth was long enough to reach the floor and served grown people in place of napkins. When they did begin to use napkins they placed them first on the shoulder, then on the left arm, and finally tied them about the neck. A French writer, who was evidently conservative and did not welcome the napkin kindly records with scorn:

"The napkin is placed under the chin and fastened in the back, as if one were going to be shaved. A person told me that he wore his that way that he might not soil his beautiful frills."

It was a difficult matter to tie the two corners in the back, and it is said that thence originated our expression for straitened circumstances—"hard to make both ends meet." This custom led to the habit of the table waiters of carrying a napkin on the left arm.

Napkins became popular in France sooner than in England. At one time it was customary at great French dinners to change the napkins at every course, to perfume them with rose water and to have them folded a different way for each guest.

About 1650 Pierre David published the "Maître d'hostel," which teaches how to wait on a table properly and how to fold all kinds of table napkins in all kinds of shapes.

The shapes were: "Square, twisted, folded in bands and in the forms of a double and twisted shell, single shell, double melon, single melon, cock, hen, hen and chickens, two chickens, pigeon in a basket, partridge, pheasant, two capons in a pie, hare, two rabbits, suck-

ing pig, dog with a collar, pike, carp, turbot, metor, turkey, tortoise, the holy cross and the Lorraine cross.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS.

Where is the housekeeper who has not a weakness for pretty china, and where is the man that knows anything about the fashions in dinner sets? "But what relation between these two propositions?" some bewildered woman asks. Just this: Suppose that as the time of giving gifts approaches you begin to wish with all your heart that the object of your undivided affection would give you a new and fashionable dinner set. How are you to get your wish? Of course, every woman is able to drop a hint as she would plant a seed, and if she would have a really fashionable dinner set, let her tell within the privacy of her own family circle, some of the new fashions in china.

For example, there is the sort that is decorated in little sprays of small flowers in their natural colors and heavily stippled. The meat dish of this set is oblong with square corners. The edges and handles are in gold. The entire set includes 125 pieces, but one can get any number desired. Again these are those of fine Limoges in oval shape and decorated in Dresden flowers in various colors, with the pattern closely powdered over the surface. The edges and handles of these are of burnished gold. Yet another set in this same ware has a pure white ground, with a delicate border of gold lace work. And still another Haviland Limoges is of purest white, with graceful sprays of forget-me-nots in pale blue in Louis XV style. There are many other sorts of ware that are much used, but as to decorations, they are, for the most part, similar to those mentioned.

Like a Thief in the Night.

Consumption comes a slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that is caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger.

Consumption is Lung-scurf. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, for scrofula in all its forms, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit, or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy know that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

A LIFE WELL LIVED.

Some Musings on the Late Cardinal Howard.

The most simple record of the events in the life of the late Cardinal Howard reads like a romance. It was an existence which began in sunshine, and, humbly speaking, ended in gloom; but one which the peace which passeth understanding ever seemed to bless, owing to the retirement necessitated by mental maladies. The name of this rare scholar and holy man has been but little before the public of late, and the secular Press has dismissed the mention of his death with scant comment. The world at large forestalls the demise of a man, however great, whose work appears to be done; it is to the conferees and co-religionists of Cardinal Howard that we must look for an interest in the removal from earth of this distinguished ornament of the Church.

Edward Henry Howard had in his veins the best blood of England; and as he entered manhood the enticements of society were thrown around him, as about every youth who is born to the purple and possessed of the graces which attract and hold. Like so many other Englishmen of wealth and education, he entered the Life Guards and all things pointed to a brilliant military career. But God had other work for this darling of fortune. A winter in Rome marked the turning point in his destiny; and after serious questioning of himself, and in spite of the opposition of many friends, he decided once for all that only in the selfless and laborious life of the priesthood could he find the heavenly way. He was ordained at Rome on the morning which witnessed the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and therefore became in an especial sense a client of Our Lady.

His rise was rapid, but new honors only served to increase the severity of

his own life and his devotion to the poor. The people of Rome grew familiar with the sight of this tall English ecclesiastic, hunting for unfortunates to whom he might minister or give consolation. The unpleasant and repulsive features of work among unclean paupers were to him as though they did not exist. After he became cardinal, the outward state consequent upon his position gave no clue to the simplicity of his daily habits. His life was, as one says, but a perpetual fast; and he never allowed himself but one meal a day, although dispensing a boundless hospitality to the stranger within his gates. His great dream was the reconciliation of East and West; and this led him to a study of the eastern tongues, in which he became singularly proficient. This knowledge was subsequently put to good use, as his deep interest in foreign missions caused his residence to become a headquarters for missionaries of every nation.

Excessive toil at last brought about serious consequences, and mind and body suffered together. His last Mass was said in 1887, on the anniversary of his ordination; and then in his native land, and with dear friends at hand, he passed into twilight, which was to last until death came to bring the day. God rest his noble soul.—Ave Maria.



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The Branches of LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE in this City, St. Catherine Street East, and Notre Dame Street West, (Cor. Aqueduct St.) will take

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COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of this Society for the Election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year and other Matters of Importance, will be held at the Richelieu Hotel, St. Vincent street, in this city, on WEDNESDAY, the Twenty-first of December instant, at Eleven a.m. By order,

W. BRODIE,

Montreal, 1st Dec., 1892. Sec.-Treas. 2)-2

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next Session, by the Roman Catholic School Commissioners, of the City of Montreal, to obtain an act ratifying the sale consented to of lot 818 on the official plan and book of reference of St. James Ward, in the City of Montreal, by Dame Ann Maria Devins to said Commissioners and declaring the said immovable to be free of all substitution.

BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE,

TURGEON & ROBERTSON,

Attorneys ad litem of said Commissioners. Montreal, 14th December, 1892. 22-5

SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL

No. 1164.

Dame Olive Galarneau, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Pelletier, heretofore grocer, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband.

Montreal, 30th November, 1892.

N. DURAND,

225 Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Application to the Legislature

The Testamentary Executors and the Heirs of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry, in his lifetime a citizen of the City of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of this Province, at its next session, for the passing of an act authorizing the said Testamentary Executors to separate the administration of the goods willed by the Testator for benevolent purposes, from those left to his heirs, and to associate with themselves, for the purpose of such administration of the goods of the heirs, other Testamentary Executors, chosen from the family, and even to hand over to them entirely said administration, if they so deem proper. 225

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XII. Continued.

WHY THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S HAIR GREW GRAY.

"I was very proud and happy when I got the little school. I thanked God with a full heart that now my widowed mother would have a home, and some of the little comforts to which she had so long a stranger. My father died when I was twelve years old. Her life since his death had been one long struggle with poverty and want. I had too much reason to believe that she had not been happier as a wife than she had been as a widow; for my father was a drunkard. Yet, she always endeavored to make me believe that he was a good man; and my own recollection of him led me to believe that he was not a bad man. Strange to say, I loved him far better than I loved my poor mother; and what is still stranger, his ill treatment of her—I might apply the term brutal to it—never caused me any pain or grief. I believe I thought that everything my father did should be right. My mother confirmed me in this way of thinking; for she always spoke to him with respect,—almost with reverence. I can remember her singing and laughing when he had gone out after cruelly beating her. I think he must have loved her; for, one day when he returned home unexpectedly and found her asleep, with a wound upon her forehead, which his own hand had inflicted, he stooped down and kissed her. I knew she was not asleep, though he thought she was; for I saw her lips tremble, and the tears stealing down her cheeks. He walked out of the house softly; and then my mother began to sob, and flung herself upon her knees. I can recall to this day the flutter of her heart as she strained me in her arms after praying fervently.

"It never occurred to me that there was anything degrading or sinful in drunkenness, until one morning when I went with my father to the public-house. He drank two glasses of raw whiskey, and was on his way home, when a wretched sot of his acquaintance stopped him. The man's face and lips were livid, and his eyes dull and glassy. He was in rags, and when I saw his whole frame trembling, I thought it was cold he was.

"Are you after having your 'morn-ing'?" said he to my father.

"I am," was the reply.

"The wretched man held his face close to my father's. 'Blood-an'-ouns, mun,' said he, 'let us get the smell of it.'

"That was the first time I conceived anything like disgust for a drunkard. Perhaps the reason I did so then was because I saw my father was disgusted. I often reflect upon the extraordinary influence a father must exercise over the minds of his children. How great in his responsibility if he does not exercise that influence for good!

"One day my father was dragging my mother by the hair, and calling upon her, with the most frightful outbursts, to get him money for more whiskey. In vain the poor woman pleaded that she had no money; he only kicked and dragged her the more savagely.

"Come you rip!" he shouted 'get me the money.'

"Come you rip!" I exclaimed, catching her by the hair, to 'get my dada the money.' For my sympathies were always at my father's side.

"He let her go, and staggered back against the wall as if a bullet had gone through him.

"Oh! God help me!" he cried, in the most heartbroken tones I have ever heard; 'as the old cock crows the young cock learns.' 'Oh! God help me!' He said no more, but went into his bedroom, apparently quite sober. He went to Cork next day, and took the pledge from Father Matthew. And from that day to the hour of his death he never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink. But his constitution was entirely broken by a long course of intemperance, and he lived only one year after becoming a teetotaler. His last words to me were: 'Willie, never be a drunkard.'

"What privation my mother suffered for my sake! She took the bit out of her own mouth to give it to me. Her great ambition was to make me 'a scholar,' and I was kept constantly at school. My

father, who was a good angler, had often sent me with presents of fish to the Protestant clergyman. A few months after my father's death the clergyman's wife met me, and inquired kindly for my mother. She also gave me a half-sovereign, which she desired me to give to my mother to buy clothes for me. And when the clothes were bought we were both to call upon her. We did call upon her; and, to my poor mother's dismay, the lady offered to provide for me if she were allowed to bring me up as a member of the Established Church. The lady was very mild and handsome; and I am sorry to think the half-sovereign which made me so happy was only a bribe. But these things have little or nothing to do with what I wish to tell you. I have written them almost unconsciously.

"My health was never very strong, and I scarcely ventured to hope that I could ever be anything but a burden to my dear mother. Judge of my rapture when my kind friend, Father O'Gorman, gave me the appointment of teacher to one of his schools. For three years after I was as peacefully happy as mortal man could hope to be. The injustice which I suffered from the parents of some of my pupils was very trying. But the love of the children for me made me forget it. The love of children has always been like a blessing from Heaven to me. Latterly I have been sorely persecuted by an inspector—for the school is 'under the Board'—who appears to take pleasure in wounding my feelings in every possible way. But a word of sympathy from Father O'Gorman will heal the worst wound this official can inflict upon me almost instantaneously. For awhile I used to feel pained by the sneers of course-natured fellows, who would refer to my former poverty in the most offensive manner, because I respected myself and dressed decently. I soon, however, learned to despise this; particularly as none but the most vulgar ever attempted to annoy me in the way I have mentioned. And what need I care? Had I not my dear mother to welcome me with her loving smile, every evening, after the day's toil? Had I not the respect and good will of many among my humble neighbors? Yes; and the friendship of a few whom I could look up to without feeling that I was looked down upon. He for whom I write this was the most valued of these few friends. And here, in one word, let me thank him. His manner towards me was always frank, always kind, but never patronizing. I thank him with all my heart. He made me feel that I was a man.

"I have not yet touched upon the subject about which I sat down to write. I find I have been putting it off, almost unconsciously.

"Rose Mulvaney came to my school. She was accompanied the first day by her father and mother, who were simple peasants.

"They told me that Rose had lived with her grandmother high up on the mountain, and that her education was almost entirely neglected; and with tears of entreaty in their eyes, they begged of me to do my best to make up for the lost time, by taking all the pains I could 'to bring her on,' as they expressed it. I promised to do my best; and after warning Rose to be 'a good girl,' and assuring her that 'the master' would soon make her 'a fine scholar,' the good, simple old couple shook me warmly by the hand, and with many a 'God bless you' and 'Good luck to you,' took their leave.

"Poor Rose! How she laughed, and cried, and blushed at her deficiency. She was diligent, however, and naturally quick, and soon began to make wonderful progress. Have I said that Rose was strikingly beautiful? I have seen

one face which was, perhaps, more regularly handsome. It was that of a young lady whom you know. But you will pardon me for saying that there was a soul, an ever-changing something in the face of Rose Mulvaney, which, to my mind, far excelled the still loveliness of the face to which I have alluded. O my friend! may you never feel the pang which has torn my wretched heart to pieces!"

Jane Evans' pale face flushed, and her breathing became quick. She closed the book hastily and gazed into the fire.

"Is the difference much?" she thought.

She stood up, with her hair flowing wildly, and opening the window shutters, rested her burning forehead against the glass, and looked out at the stars. The room door opened and Mrs. Evans, with a most woe-begone face, presented herself.

"O Jane!" she exclaimed, in a tone of utter misery, "what are you thinking of?" Miss Evans turned round quickly.

"What am I thinking of?" she repeated. "Why?"

"I won't allow it," says Mrs. Evans, with feeble determination.

"Allow what?"

"Mrs. Hill came down from the lodge, and told that there was a man on horse-back at the gate, and I'm after sending Joe and Philip to arrest him. I'll send for the police, so put it out of your head," exclaimed Mrs. Evans, still feebly energetic.

"For Heaven's sake, mamma, tell me what you mean."

"Ah, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America?"

Here voices were heard outside, near the front of the house, and Miss Evans hastily pulled down the window-blind. She moved the blind a little aside, and saw the two serving men leading a horse with somebody on his back. When the hall door was opened, and the light shone out upon the group, Miss Evans smiled.

"Come here, mamma."

Mrs. Evans looked out.

"'Tis Mr. Mooney," says she faintly.

"And now," her daughter observed, "you know I have retired for the night. I need not say how ridiculously you have acted. And now I suppose you will see the necessity of making the best of it."

"But, Jane, what did you mean by talking of America? Is it possible that you are still thinking of that man? You know—"

But Jane pointed to the group outside, and waved her hand towards the door.

Mrs. Evans walked away with a look suggestive of smelling-salts. She was not a strong-minded lady. And Brian Purcell was the one shadowing her path.

"Mr. Mooney," said Mrs. Evans from the hall door, "there has been some unfortunate mistake. And now, to let me see that you are not offended, come in."

Mr. Mooney alighted with great alacrity. The men having hold of his bridle prevented him from dashing away in a figure of eight.

"Sit down, Mr. Mooney," says the lady of the house.

"Oh! not at all," says Mr. Mooney.

"I'm sorry my daughter has retired for the night."

"We had a capital hunt," observed Mr. Mooney, with his eyes very wide open, and staring at the wall. "After going four miles, as the crow flies, towards the slate quarries he doubled back to Coolbawn cover, where the earth was open. Everything went off splendidly—the marquis was delighted—except a row between Mr. Grindem and a person of the name of Brian Purcell. Mr.—that is Grindem and I, are capital friends. 'How are you, Mooney?' says

he. 'How do you do, Mr.—ahem!—How do you do Grindem?' says I. Capital fellow, Grindem. Stood any amount of brandy." Here Mr. Mooney fortified himself with a glass of wine, and with desperate resolution said, "I had the pleasure of seeing—ahem!—Miss Evans there in the morning."

"Oh! yes; she was there."

"The three Miss Plunkets were in at the finish. Why does not Miss Evans ride to hounds? Don't tell me she can't do it. For dear me," exclaims Mr. Mooney, holding out his hand, and staring at the wall, "there's nothing she can't do." Mr. Mooney sat bolt upright in his chair, sucking the handle of his hunting whip. He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, as if he could see through it into the room above. "Mrs. Evans," says Mr. Mooney, looking through the ceiling, "I can't stand it."

"Stand what, Mr. Mooney?"

"Particularly now," continued the young gentleman, "since my mother is down on me."

Mrs. Evans looked surprised, but thought it best to let him go on.

"Down on me," he repeated, "on account of Miss Baker. Not Miss Baker, you know, but the fat one."

"Really, Mr. Mooney, I don't understand you."

"Don't think, Mrs. Evans," says Mr. Mooney, taking the lady's hand, and looking the reverse of cheerful, "don't think it was her beauty! No, Mrs. Evans. It was the sublimity of her disposition. The sublimity, Mrs. Evans. And is it not a sad thing, Mrs. Evans—"

—here Mr. Mooney became lugubrious to a degree—"is it not melancholy, heart-breaking, for a man to have a mother—"

Mr. Mooney is obliged to have recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, but not being able to find it, uses the skirt of his scarlet coat. "To have a mother, Mrs. Evans, without an atom of sublimity?"

"Really, Mr. Mooney—"

"I don't say my mother is not grand, for she is grand. Look at her in her violet velvet, and where will you see a grander woman? But, my dear Mrs. Evans, what is grandeur without sublimity?"

"Pon my word, Mr. Mooney, I must beg—"

(To be continued.)

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JOSEPH LEVESQUE & Co. 21-8

25 PERCENT DISCOUNT OFF ALL OUR Fur Caps, at Alex. Nelson & Co's Removal Sale. 21-3

PERSONAL.—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2131. Private Telephone: 4658 and 6048. JOHN A. GROSE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILAS H. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

ST. GABRIEL BAZAAR.

A Successful Wind-Up to the Week's Bazaar—The Address to Father O'Meara.

The bazaar in aid of the St. Gabriel Church, which has been so successfully carried on during the past week, came to a very satisfactory finish on Saturday night. The profits of the bazaar amounted to over \$3,500, which shows that it was a success both socially and financially. Special mention must be made of the banquet held on Thursday evening in honor of the Shamrocks. Among the many who were present were noticed: Rev. P. McMenam, Rev. P. O'Donnell, Rev. J. E. Donnelly and Rev. M. L. Shea; Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General, A. W. Morris, M. L. A. and the guests of honor (the champion twelve of the Shamrock club headed by their worthy president, J. Clark).

During the dinner, which lasted all evening, Prof. Sullivan and his pupils gave a number of selections. Miss Alice Herbert, Wm. Fleming, Masters Shea and Kennedy also contributed to make the evening a pleasant one. Much praise is due to the lady president, Mrs. James McMenamin and her assistants, who made the banquet such an equivocal success.

Mr. John S. Shea, leader of the St. Gabriel choir, had charge of the musical entertainments given during the bazaar, and acquitted himself to great advantage.

The feature of interest at the closing of the bazaar was the contest between the Shamrock and St. Gabriel Lacrosse clubs for a valuable diamond ring, which, after an exciting struggle, resulted in favor of the St. Gabriel's by a majority of over three hundred votes. By the unanimous consent of the members of his club Richard Ryan was presented with the diamond ring.

During the course of the evening Mrs. James McMenamin, accompanied by her lady assistants of the bazaar, ascended the stage and read the following address to Rev. Father O'Meara, the worthy pastor of St. Gabriel's:—

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—As our bazaar is drawing to a close, we, the ladies of St. Gabriel's, deem it proper to take advantage of the present occasion to offer you our sincere congratulations on the successful effort you have so worthily accomplished.

No doubt you undertook the more than difficult task under very trying circumstances, but God has blessed your efforts and we feel confident He will crown them with a grand success.

We desire, also, on this favorable occasion to offer you our heartfelt sympathy with all your trials, assuring you that any pain felt by you is equally shared by your devoted people. You were called upon by your worthy superior to take charge of this parish, as we are well aware, under great difficulties, debts and financial embarrassments, but with the help of God and your own remarkable energy and perseverance you have succeeded in removing the ominous clouds of the past and placing us in the light of religious prosperity; the end of our ambition. And to-day we can truly say that if we are standing within the walls of our own church, which, in a short time, will be a rare and worthy temple to our Lord, a fitting ornament to the city of Montreal, and a credit to the generous people of St. Gabriel, we owe it to God's kindness, and to you, our worthy and esteemed pastor.

We also compliment you on the efficient manner in which you have preserved good order and harmony all through the bazaar, as well as in securing for it a financial success. We are grateful to all those who helped us by their very generous donations, their cheerful presence and kind words. We thank, in like manner, the good ladies from neighboring parishes, who voluntarily came to our assistance, and we assure them of our help in return in a similar cause.

Trusting you are pleased with the result of our earnest efforts we once more congratulate you and beg you to accept our assurance that when your voice is raised again for help you will find the same willing hearts ready to support you in all your undertakings.

Signed on behalf of the ladies of the bazaar and parish of St. Gabriel.

MRS. JAMES MCMENAMIN,
Lady President.

MRS. JOHN MCFEE,
MRS. JOHN MCMENAMIN,
MRS. JOHN CONNORS,
MRS. HENRY ARMSTRONG, etc.

Father O'Meara was, of course, taken by surprise, but it was a most agreeable one, and he responded in a very feeling manner, thanking them for their kindness and assuring them that he owed his success wholly to their devotion and generous co-operation. At the end of the reading of the address Miss Nellie Armstrong presented on behalf of the ladies a beautiful bouquet, which Father O'Meara accepted amidst loud applause.

"I hear your daughter is engaged to a man of note." "I suppose so. She is going to marry a trombonist."

Toronto's postal returns show an increase in every department for the present as compared with previous years.

For 50 Years PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer

Has demonstrated its wonderful power of KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN. No wonder then that it is found on

The Surgeon's Shelf
The Mother's Cupboard
The Traveler's Valise,
The Soldier's Knapsack
The Sailor's Chest
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ASK FOR THE NEW
"BIG 25c. BOTTLE."

Canadian Pacific Ry.

HOLIDAY CHEAP RATES
TO ALL POINTS.
Fort William, Ont., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and East.

First-class Return Tickets
WILL BE SOLD FOR
CHRISTMAS
SINGLE FARE
Dec. 24, 25 and 26, 1892, good to return until Dec. 27th, 1892.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD
Dec. 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1892, good to return until Jan. 3rd, 1893.


NEW YEAR'S
SINGLE FARE
Dec. 31, 1892, and Jan. 1 and 2, 1893, good to return until Jan. 3, 1893.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD.
Dec. 30, 1892, good to return until Jan. 3, 1893.

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.
FARE AND ONE-THIRD on presentation of standard certificate, signed by the Principal, good going December 9th to 31st, valid for return until January 31st, 1893.

TICKET OFFICES,
266 St. James street, Windsor street and Dalhousie Square Stations.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

HEADS OF FAMILIES
BUY YOUR
FUR CAPS for the Girls at our
Removal Sale, Commencing to-day.
At ALEX. NELSON & CO.
21-3 25 Percent Discount.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Night School Question.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—You have been doing good service in every cause which you have espoused since you took control of the editorial department of THE TRUE WITNESS. In no department has your facile pen found a more congenial field than in that of education. Your articles on that subject have been widely read, and in many schools your suggestions have been put to the test and not found wanting. Your special articles, together with your correspondence on the subject of a night school for St. Ann's parish, have caused a sensation among the people, old and young—I am speaking mildly. In fact, there is a feeling of intense indignation aroused against the partisan manner in which the School Board discharges its duties and obligations in the matter of a most important public trust. This feeling has been deeply accentuated by the cavalier manner in which the Board received a deputation of our K. or L., on the afternoon of the 9th inst. It is true the deputation was not from the ranks of millionaires or boodlers. No: it was from the ranks of the honest, horny-handed sons of toil; handicapped with the double-dyed sin of having English for their mother tongue; and a censorious resolution in "shopkeepers" language, too vulgar for the refined ears to which it was addressed—hence the haughty manner in which the deputation was received. Now, Mr. Editor, you will permit me to offer a few suggestions. Taking up the dropped thread of a letter which appeared in your issue of the 14th inst., over the letter "K," I would suggest that a meeting of interested citizens be called at an early date, to meet in the St. Ann's Y. M. Hall, to discuss the question in all its phases, to pass a series of resolutions on the subject; and that these resolutions be presented by a committee named by the meeting to the Hon. Mr. Hall, the Treasurer of the Province, for an expression of his opinion as one of Montreal's representatives in the Cabinet. The deputation might be instructed to ask the Hon. Treasurer for a distinct and separate grant, to be used in opening a night school for the workingmen, in St. Ann's school, under the control of the noble Christian Brothers. It would also be in order to demand adequate Irish Catholic representation on the Board, or legislation giving us a separate and independent Board of our own. If the present Board of Commissioners are able to treat the wishes of forty or fifty thousand Irish Catholics with studied contempt, and a total disregard of their rights, it would be well to make the Hon. Mr. Hall feel that the Government of which he is a member cannot afford to antagonize the Irish people by pursuing the same course our paternal Board of School Commissioners are pursuing towards us.

J. S. KEELY.

Those Night Schools.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—The public has been led into the belief the Catholic School Commissioners have engaged the services of their own teachers ONLY, for the night schools. Is the statement borne out by facts? The public can judge for themselves, by referring to the published list of teachers employed in Olier and Belmont schools. At Olier school will be found two men of the name of Primeau, father and son. At Belmont school, another Primeau, also a son of Primeau, senior, of Olier school. One of these two young men is a law-student, consequently, not a teacher under the Board. When a teacher of St. Mary's school, St. Mary's Parish, applied for a position on the night-school staff, he was informed that the Commissioners were engaging their own staff ONLY. How do facts and statements tally, Mr. Director-General?

K.

To The Editor of The True Witness.

Dear Sir:—I would wish now to say a few words on the responsibilities of our Aldermen: and here let me first thank you for publishing my letter respecting immoral representations in our city, the indecencies of which must shock the pure minded and, like the cholera, tend to contaminate the community. Aldermen are called City Fathers; they have

accepted a trust, namely, the fatherhood of a great family. Alas! Aldermen have a great power, that of levying taxes and compelling the payment of the same; but such should only be for urgent and necessary improvements. Economy, with fair pay only for the workman, should be the rule and basis of their expenditure of taxes drawn from the rich and the poor. But costly and ornamental structures, monuments &c., should be ignored while the city is a debtor for large loans bearing interest. In the home of the wise father of a family thrift must be observed, for debt and ruin, or sickness perhaps, may follow the extra expense of a costly fancy bonnet, kid boots, silk umbrellas &c., all of which could be well done without. The comparison may be thought extreme, but when we look at the ruinous proclivities of our City Fathers for borrowing money which must be paid back by further taxation, I don't think the comparison extreme. Dear Sir, I would like to see what you have to say on this subject.

JULIA.

MONTREAL Dec. 19th 1892.

(As in the case of the placards, we agree with "Julia." More practical economy is needed in the administration of civic affairs—Ed. T. W.)

Midnight Mass.

The midnight Mass at Notre Dame Church on Christmas Eve will be marked by some novel music. Ivitch's solemn Mass will be given for the first time in America under the baton of Mr. Achille Fortier, with a full orchestration. Among the artists are Messrs. F. Jehin Plume, E. M. Prume, J. B. Dubois, Ed. Hardy and several other well known musicians. At the organ will be Mr. Beique. At the Vespers will be given the Benedictus and O Salutaris of Amb. Thomas, duo by Messrs. R. Bourdon and Ed. Lebel. Ave Maria, composed expressly by Mr. Achille Fortier for Mr. R. Budoan, violincello obligato by J. R. Dubois. The choir will render the Tantum Ergo of J. Haydn, and the Laudate of Amb. Thomas. Tickets for the Midnight Mass may be had at the Seminary.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

An apparent anomaly—The more cheques a spendthrift receives the faster he goes on.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Catholic publishing houses will find THE TRUE WITNESS a first-class advertising medium. Fair rates, not the lowest.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE.

AN ACT OF HEROISM FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering He is Restored to Health—A Story of Interest to Canadians.

Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight year old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and sister, Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia St. which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly had passed out of the mind of the writer until a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct., 26, '92.

I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly,

EDWARD DONNELLY,
71 Moravia St., Auburn, N. Y.

Immediately on returning to Auburn our reporter called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

Moravia street is one of the pleasant suburban streets of Auburn, and No. 71 is about the last house on it before reaching the open country, and nearly two miles from the business centre of the city.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Donnelly, "come into the house, I will tell you all about my case and how Pink Pills cured me, and will be glad to do it and to have it printed for the benefit of others, for I am sure I owe my restoration to health and happiness wholly to those simple but wonderful Pills." And then in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N.Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street, on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir I am sure I should have died long ago if Pink Pills had not saved my life, and I wouldn't have cared then for my sufferings were so great that death would have been a blessed relief; but now, thank God, I am a well man again and free from pain and able to be happy.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of last June (1892) my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into

the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals and I must say I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking the medicine ('It was Iodide of Potassium,' said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body.

"The latter part of last June I read of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed Pills before, but I thought if they could cure another case of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once, following all the directions closely. In a few weeks time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets—(more than 2 mile) where I was there employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Potchin, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to pop-pop at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left me a prescription with Dr. Hyde of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes, at an entire cost of less than \$10.00 (my other treatment cost me a pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country, but instead of dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would, at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially to New York City, where I am much better known than I am here."

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world. Why when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also wore the ruddy flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Our reporter then called upon Chas. H. Sager Co., druggists, at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by the use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances, which had come to the knowledge, where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves; they are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance; sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to the pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's

trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood-builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers wish to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

FOUR DOSES CURE A COUGH.

GENTLEMEN,—My little boy was troubled with a very bad cough, and a lady friend advised me to try Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. I got it at once and can truly say I did not give more than three or four doses until his cough was gone. I have never been without it since, as I find it the best for troublesome coughs. Mrs. J. S. RUDDY, Glen Williams, Ont.

The Brand that Returned Him.—Visitor: "Don't you smoke, old fellow?" Mr. Younghusband: "Not since my wife gave me a box of cigars on my birthday."

PROVED BEYOND DISPUTE.

No one now doubts that Burdock Blood Bitters will cure dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache or bad blood. The proof is so thorough and overwhelming that the doubters have been silenced and B. B. B. is secured in its place as the best purifying tonic and regulator extant. BYRON HOLT, Princeton, Ont.

RIENDEAU HOTEL,
58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.
MONTREAL.
The cheapest first-class house in Montreal.
European and American Plans.
JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

W. H. D. YOUNG,
L.D.S., D.D.S.
Surgeon-Dentist,
1694 Notre Dame Street.
Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsalia Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory.
TELEPHONE 2515. (7-17-90)

Kelly's Songster No. 46

CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SONGS:

- Not the only One (new topical).
 - Put Another—Gone a (the rage).
 - The Last Words mother said.
 - You Gave me Your Love.
 - He Never Far as to Wander From His Home.
 - Tip Your Hat to Nellie.
 - Such a Nice Little Girl.
 - Jennie and Joe (companion to Mary and John).
 - These Were a No-shave-are-Write (parody).
 - Jays—hooes and warks (rude song).
 - Between Love and Duty (parody).
 - The Picuro Turned Toward the Wall (parody).
 - My sweetheart's the Man in the Moon (parody).
 - Oh, Tara ra! (ament on La-ra-Boom-de-ay).
 - He is an Angel Now (comic).
 - He Got Key to the House.
 - The Dago Banana Bandler.
 - She's Pate No 15, 07.
 - The Night We Lost the Bell.
- All the above songs and a column of the latest end-men gags, jokes and comedians, to be had at all newsdeas ers, or mailed on receipt of two three-cent stamps. P. Kelly, Song Publisher, 154 St. Antoine street, Montreal Que.

A PRIZE PUZZLE.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.



(In the above Sketch Six Faces are to be Found.)

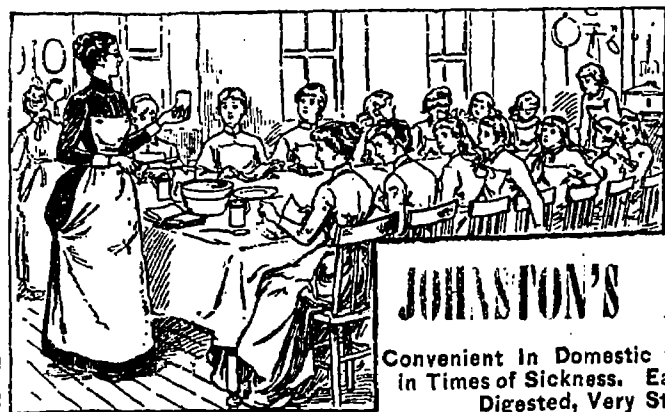
The proprietors of THE LADIES HOME MONTHLY will give a first-class Upright Piano, of the very best make (valued at \$350) to the person who can first find the six faces. A reward of a Safety Bicycle (valued at \$125), for the second correct answer. A fine Oak Bedroom Set (valued at \$85) for the third correct answer. A Solid Gold Watch for each of the next two correct answers. A Ten Dollar Gold Piece for the next three correct answers.

Every contestant is to cut out the Rebus, and make a cross with a lead pencil on the six faces and send same to us with ten three cent postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for three months subscription to The Ladies Home Monthly, which is the best ladies publication in Canada.

We will give to the last ten correct answers received each a handsome Banquet Lamp, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer the Rebus correctly until fifty prizes have been awarded.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the remainder in order as received. Every prize in this competition will be faithfully awarded. Our 'bona-fide' offers are made by reliable publishers.

Be sure and answer to-day and enclose 30 cents, and you may receive a valuable prize for your trouble. Address (H) Ladies Home Monthly, 192 King St., West, Toronto, Canada.



Never Be

WITHOUT A

SUPPLY OF

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

Convenient in Domestic Cooking. Indispensable in Times of Sickness. Easily Prepared, Readily Digested, Very Strength-Giving.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S

—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled.
XXX PALE ALE.

SAND PORTER.
STOUT PORTER.

If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING Co., Brewers and Malsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

YOUTHS' OPIUM.

IT TELLS THE WHOLE STORY.

A woman under an imported hat hurriedly entered the telegraph office and announced, with unmistakable evidences of mental perturbation, that she wished to send a message right away. She was accompanied by another woman, who wore a feather boa and was scarcely less excited.

The woman under the imported hat rushed frantically to the desk.

"Got to keep it within ten words," suggested the other woman.

"What for?"
"I don't know, but I've heard my husband say so lots of times."

"Oh, well—"
The woman under the hat fell to writing furiously.

"I can say what I want to in five or six words."

Presently she paused.
"There," she sighed, with a look of relief, "that's off my mind. Listen."

She read the telegram:

"Dear Frank: You know baby's tooth that we've been expecting would come through. Well, it hasn't come, but I found another one starting. Ain't that lovely?"

"Ain't there more than ten words?" asked the other woman, anxiously.

"What? Eh? True's I live. That's too bad. It tells just what I want to say. Let's see—what can we leave out?"

"Dear Frank," suggested the other woman.

"What? How'd he know it was meant for him? The idea!"

"Well, just tell about the new tooth, and—"

"Not mention the tooth we've been expecting? Well, I—"

The woman under the hat recoiled in horror.

"—never. That's just what Frank wants to hear about."

"Then why not leave out all about the new tooth?"

"The other woman clearly thought she had hit upon a happy expedient. She smiled radiantly.

"Bah. You make—"

The other woman's smile vanished.

"—me tired. That's news, and I guess Frank wants to hear the news."

The other woman bit her lip in perplexity.

"I'll tell you," she suddenly exclaimed, with intense enthusiasm.

She seized the pen and wrote:

"Dear Frank: Weather's lovely and all well."

"There."

The woman under the hat read the amended telegram.

"Just the thing," she cried, ecstatically. "Just beautiful. Tells the whole story."

They sent the message and were very happy indeed.—*Detroit Tribune.*

WHAT TO GIVE GRANDMA AND GRANDPA.

It is hard to select presents for those who have passed the "sunny" side of life, and who no longer take an active interest in the trivoltities, the fads and its changes of fashion.

Grandma and Grandpa are dear old people, with hearts as young as the youngest and minds capable of enjoying everything. But one can scarcely expect Grandpa to begin wearing a new style watch in a new way, nor will Grandma want a set of the new-fangled hairpins.

"Such things are pretty on young people," say grandma and grandpa with a smile and a sigh. "But—the old way is best for us, after all."

What, then, can one select for the occupants of the armchair. What can one give them which will be just the thing needed for comfort and luxury?


To begin with, a clock is always an acceptable present. It need not be an expensive one, nor a showy one, as long as it has a big, plain face, and a pair of hands which point out the time a long way off. Do not get a loud ticker, and do try to find one which will run a week without winding.

Both Grandma and Grandpa like nice pocket handkerchiefs. Notice the kind which seems to be a favorite with Grandpa, and get him half a dozen just like them with his initials done in big letters upon one corner. Let Grandma's be of lace as delicate as you can afford.

Grandpa does not care for many ornaments, but he is fond of a nice necktie. Get him one or two, just like those he usually wears, and give them to him with a gold-letter pin standing for his last name, which can be used for a scarf pin if he fancies it.

Always humor Grandpa's tastes a little,

ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES DONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

because he probably knows to a nicety what pleases him, and it is kind and delicate to fall in with his wishes.

Grandpa probably has a cane, but has he a nice black silk umbrella? Has he a storm-coat? Does he own a pair of the new kind of high-cloth overshoes? Has he a pair of lined gloves for cold weather? Has he a cap which sets snugly on his head when the wind blows?

Notice the styles in these things, gently sound his tastes and buy accordingly.

A cup and saucer, an oatmeal set a handsome goblet, a deep-blue beer-mug—no matter what may be Grandpa's principles,—a handsome plate for fruit, ornaments for his table, and nice warm foot rugs are very sure to be appreciated by him.

If he likes to smoke, notice the style of his favorite pipe and get another just like it. Get him a pound of his favorite tobacco. Give him a few bottles of wine if he is in the habit of taking a little "for the stomach's sake," and send along with the wine a fancy tin box containing the best fruit cake you can buy or make.

So much for Grandpa!

Grandma likes neck trimmings, if they be after her style. Observe and select the right things. Take a gold dollar and have your initials put on it. Have it made into a pin, and you may be sure Grandma will treasure it as long as she lives.

Give Grandma a few yards of fine broad lace for her caps, her neckerchiefs or her aprons. Buy material for a pretty house dress for her and let her have the pleasure of making it up into a gown.

If she has no chair of her own in the dining-room, give her one which shall be more comfortable, perhaps, than the dining chairs. Give her an individual set of pretty plates, cup and saucer and butter-dish for her own use. Notice if she has plenty of cushions and foot-stools in her room.

Give her three or four pots of Hyacinths not yet bloomed, or if she be a semi-invalid, a bird in a golden cage, or, mayhap, a jar of gold-fish would interest her.

Grandma loves pretty pictures. A sweet-faced child in a white frame. A group of graceful pets or an etching of something quaint and interesting—all these things please her.

There are little creature-comforts, too, of which Grandma is very fond. She could make use of a tiny gas stove for warming teas and broths. And a broth-cup, with a saucer which fits on top, is sure to be treasured. Warm, soft slippers, gay to behold, lambs' wool petticoats, snug woollen jackets and great downy robes for the bath are deemed very delightful for grandma, who should have every simple luxury.

Both Grandma and Grandpa have foibles. You probably know what they are. Watch for them, and then it will be easy to select your gift.

To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

A couple of bosom friends take affectionate leave of each other at the railway station. B., shaking his departing friend once more by the hand, sobbing: And though everything else may vanish, fond memory still abides. A., deeply moved: "Ah, yes; and perhaps some day you will remember my having lent you that \$10 a couple of years ago."

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

FATHER Koenig's NERVE TONIC

A Happy Orphan. XI

ST. JOHN'S ASYLUM,
KENTON, KY., Oct. 9, 1890.

In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year-old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that she oftentimes in the night got up, and with fear depicted on every feature and in a delirious condition, would seek protection among the older people from an imaginary pursuer and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed. Last year Father Koenig while on a visit here happened to observe the child and advised the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and kindly furnished us several bottles of it. The first bottle showed a marked improvement and after using the second bottle and up to the present time the child is a happy and contented being. All those suffering from nervousness should seek refuge in Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1840, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

In Montreal by **E. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence Street.**

HUNDREDS OF MUFFS TO CHOOSE FROM AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF ALL OUR LADIES' GAUNTLETS, MITTS, AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE.

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF ALL OUR LADIES' GAUNTLETS, MITTS, AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE.

DELICATE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

REFRESHING

PURE SWEET LASTING



RICH RARE PUNGENT

IMPERISHABLE

FLORIDA WATER

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FRAGRANT

MENS' FUR CAPS. FROM \$1.50 AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE, Commencing Dec. 5th, 107 and 109 Steury street.

Castor Fluid Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. **HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.**

Every description of Job, Printing done at THE TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

BOYS' FUR CAPS From \$1.50 at **AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE** Commencing Dec. 5th, 1892.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,
Consulting Counsel,
SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS,
Montreal.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.
Under the care of the Irish Christian Brother
This College affords, at moderate expense excellent advantages to students. The healthiness of its situation, the equipment of the Schools, and the general furnishing of the establishment, leave nothing to be desired for the comfort and improvement of the pupils.
THREE COURSES: Preparatory, Commercial and Matriculation (London University)
TERMS: Day Pupils, \$12, \$15, etc., per annum, according to class. Boarders—\$160 per annum. Prospectuses and further particulars on application to
J. L. SLATTERY.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

Wear a pair of our

SHELL CORDOVAN BOOTS,

And You

WILL NOT HAVE WET FEET.

B. D. JOHNSON & SON,
1855 Notre Dame Street.

GIRLS' AND BOYS' FUR CAPS, HUNDREDS TO CHOOSE FROM AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE. All goods marked in plain figures and 25 per cent Discount for cash. 21-3

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the TOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN-SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of **Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers**

This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, a salt lint moistened with it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Brouchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ANTHRAZ, or glandular swellings, abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at **588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,** and are sold by all vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 588 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

HUNDREDS OF FUR CAPS TO CHOOSE FROM AT ALEX. NELSON & CO.'S REMOVAL SALE.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER ONE-QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes...

To Continue Until January 1, 1895.
AN GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING...

BANNED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Attested as follows:

We do hereby certify that the signatures... of the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

St. Charles

St. Eulge
M. A. Asable
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn on the Louisiana State Lottery...

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
JNO. H. CONNOR, Pres. State National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING
WILL TAKE PLACE
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000
100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table with columns for prize amounts and number of prizes. Includes categories like 'PRIZES OF \$75,000', 'PRIZES OF \$10,000', etc.

3,434 Prizes, amounting to \$283,460

PRICE OF TICKETS:
Whole Tickets at \$5; Two-Fifths \$2;
One-Fifth \$1; One-Tenth 50c;
One-Twentieth 25c.

Send Money by Express at our Expense
in Sum not less than Five Dollars,
on which we will pay all charges...

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to all LOTTERIES...

ATTENTION-The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the ticket is dated at New Orleans...

There are so many inferior and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of which vendors receive enormous commissions...

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate,
Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery,
Spoons and Forks, All quality,
Choice Selections and
Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.
WATSON & DICKSON,
1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.

25 PERCENT DISCOUNT OFF ALL OUR
Fur Storm Collars, at
ALEX. NELSON & CO'S
REMOVAL SALE.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,
Dates of Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892: - - - Dec. 7 and 21.
PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$1,750.00

LIST OF PRIZES
Table with columns for prize amounts and number of prizes. Includes categories like '1 Prize worth \$3,750.00', '2 Prizes worth \$125.00', etc.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS
TICKETS, 10 CENTS
Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m. on the day before the Drawing.

Head Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. - S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

COMMERCIAL. FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.-Prices are quoted as follows:-
Patent Spring... \$4.20 @ 4.35
Patent Winter... 3.95 @ 4.15
Straight Roller... 3.45 @ 3.65

Barley.-Feed barley is quoted at 38c to 40c.
Oats.-We quote 32c to 33c per 34 lbs., with very little doing on spot.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.-We quote:-
Canada short cut mess pork per bbl. \$19.00 @ 19.50
Canada clear mess, per bbl. 18.50 @ 19.00

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.-Dairy butter has sold at 20c to 21c, single packages of choice selected bringing 22c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.-Western limed have been placed at 14c to 14 1/2c. Held fresh are quoted at 18c to 20c as to quality...

FRUITS.

Apples.-Round lots of winter varieties being quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.75 as to quality.
Lemons.-Fancy Messina at \$4.00 per box...

Grand Trunk Railway Co.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

Return tickets will be issued between all stations of this Company, Detroit, Port Huron, and the East at

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE,
On December 24th, 25th and 26th, valid for return until December 27th and on December 31st and January 1st and 2nd, valid for return until January 3rd, 1893.

FIRST-CLASS FARE & ONE-THIRD
On December 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 30th valid for return until January 3rd, 1893.

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.
On presentation of standard form of certificate, signed by the Principal, good going December 9th to 31st, valid for return until January 31st, 1893.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF ALL Children's Sleigh Robes at ALEX. NELSON & CO'S REMOVAL SALE.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from bonnet to factory, wool or cotton yarn.

John Murphy & Co's ADVERTISEMENT.

HE BRINGS GOOD CHEER,
And his never-falling comrades are Mirth and Jollity. His influence stirs the nation, and the pulse of Commerce beats fast at his approach.

FATHER CHRISTMAS!

The Great Mantle House, as in previous years, is fully prepared to welcome his coming. It has diligently selected and laid aside hundreds of those bargains so dear to the hearts of ladies which he so delights to bestow.

Xmas Bargains.

PLAIN PLUSH JACKETS.
\$9.00
10.00
11.00
12.25
18.00
15.00
23.75
20 Per Cent Off.

PLUSH JACKETS, Astrachan Trimmed.
\$15.25 } 20 PER CENT OFF.
16.25 }

PLUSH COATS. Beaver Trimming.
\$28.00 } 20 PER CENT OFF.
27.00 }

PLUSH DOLMANS.
\$12.25
14.00
16.75
18.00
19.50
20.75
20 Per Cent Off.

Plain PLUSH PELERINES
\$10.00 } 20 PER CENT OFF.
15.00 }
20.00 }
24.00 }

PLUSH PELERINES, Feather Trimmed.
\$21.00 } 20 PER CENT OFF.
25.00 }
29.00 }
40.00 }

Call and see above Bargains.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
1781 and 1788 NOTRE DAME STREET,
And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter st.
TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE
Telephone 2193.

GENTLEMEN,
WHETHER YOU NEED ONE or not this WINTER don't miss the bargains in FUR CAPS. - AT ALEX. NELSON & CO'S REMOVAL SALE.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.
Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

ALL OUR GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, AND 25 PER CENT DISCOUNT, AT ALEX. NELSON & CO'S REMOVAL SALE.

McGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT
PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. MCGALE,
 CHEMIST & C.,
 2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
 MONTREAL.
Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.
 For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

The Great Rummage Sale.

Take the Elevator for the Rummage Sale, and on your way call at the Refreshment Room and take a cup of the celebrated Rowntree's Cocoa, for which there is no charge made.

S. CARSLY
 Notre Dame street.

We offer the largest stock of Mantles and Jackets in Canada at low enough prices to pay Dry Goods Dealers to Purchase them Wholesale. No common Mantles in stock, but good ones for the price of common ones.

S. CARSLY.
 Notre Dame Street.

Make No Mistake

About where to buy all your Christmas presents. If you wish the best value and the largest stock to select from, then we are pretty sure of your custom for Dry Goods.

S. CARSLY,

Select from this List.

The following list may assist in selecting a Christmas present :

For Gentlemen.

- Silk Mufflers, from 50c to \$4.50.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, from 20c to \$1.75.
- Kid Gloves, from 75c to \$1.75.
- Lined Kid Gloves, from \$1 to \$2.50.
- Braces, from 12c to \$2.50.
- Dressing Gowns, from \$6 to \$35.
- Scarfs and Ties, from 15c to \$1.25.
- Hosts of other things.

S CARSLY,

For Ladies.

- Winter Jackets, from \$2.50 to \$40.
- Winter Mantles from \$5.25 to \$60.
- Black Silk, from 34c to \$3.70 yard.
- Colored Silk, from 34c to \$1.85 yard.
- Kid Gloves, from 35c to \$1.70.
- Lined Kid Gloves, from 97c to \$3.50.
- Dress Lengths, from \$1.95 to \$20.
- Print Dress Lengths, from 20c to \$1.75.

S. CARSLY.

For Boys.

- Tweed Suits, from \$1.25 to \$15.
- Overcoats, from \$2 to \$17.
- Gloves, from 80c to \$1.05.
- Overstockings, from 25c to \$1.25.
- Fur Caps, from \$1.25 to \$18.

More for Ladies.

- Lace Collars, from 16c to \$1.05.
- Silk Collars, from 75c to \$1.40.
- Lace Handkerchiefs, from 16c to \$13.25.
- Linen Handkerchiefs, per box, from 75c to \$5.35.
- Fur Caps, from 50c to \$18.
- Fur Muffs, from 90c to \$11.

For Girls.

- Ready-made Dresses, from 75c to \$15.
- Winter Mantles, from \$1.60 to \$14.75.
- Kid Gloves, from 65c to \$1.25.
- Fur Caps, from \$6.25 to \$22.
- Fur Collars, from \$2.25 to \$16.

S. CARSLY.

From Two to Four Years Old.

- Grey Lambskin Coat.
- Grey Lambskin Cap to match.
- A Pretty Sash.
- A Pretty Pair of Mitts.
- A New Dress.
- A New Mantle.

S. CARSLY.

For Baby.

- A Pair of Boots.
- A Handsome Wool Hood.
- A Pair of Wool Booties.
- A Pair of Wool Mitts.
- A Beautiful Embroidered Dress.

S. CARSLY.

For Grandma.

- A Dressy Dress Cap.
- A Shoulder Shawl.
- A New Mantle.
- A Pair of Gloves.
- A New Dress.

S. CARSLY.

HANDSOME UMBRELLAS

For Presents.

Ladies' Umbrellas.

- Ladies' Alpaca Umbrellas, from 85c to \$1.75.
- Ladies' Silk Umbrellas, from \$1.55 to \$17.90.
- Ladies' Handsome Umbrellas, from \$8.50 to \$17.90.

S. CARSLY.

Gents' Umbrellas.

- Men's Silk Umbrellas, from 50c up.
- Men's Handsome Umbrellas, from \$5 up.
- Men's Alpaca Umbrellas, from 75c up.

S. CARSLY.

Men's Furnishing Sale.

THIS WEEK we offer some special bargains in Silk Handkerchiefs, Goves and Neckties, Silk Mufflers and Braces, also Underwear, Shirts, Colars, Cuffs, etc.

S. CARSLY.

Handsome Dress Lengths.

THIS WEEK we offer a Table full of Dress Goods at a special bargain, put up in Dress Lengths, specially for Christmas Presents.

S. CARSLY.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY,)

Advocates : and : Barristers,

180 ST. JAMES STREET.

City and District Bank Building

MONTREAL

City and District Savings Bank.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollar per share on the capital stock of this institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city on and after TUESDAY, the 3rd JANUARY, 1893.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board
 H. BARBEAU, Manager.
 Montreal, Nov. 30th, 1892. 21-3

Notice

Is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec application will be made for a bill to incorporate "L'Alliance Nationale," as a benevolent society.

BEAUDIN & CARDINAL.

Attorneys for Applicants.

Montreal, December 20, 1892. 22 6

BELL TELEPHONE 8114.

JAS. H. McKEOWN,

Baker and Confectioner

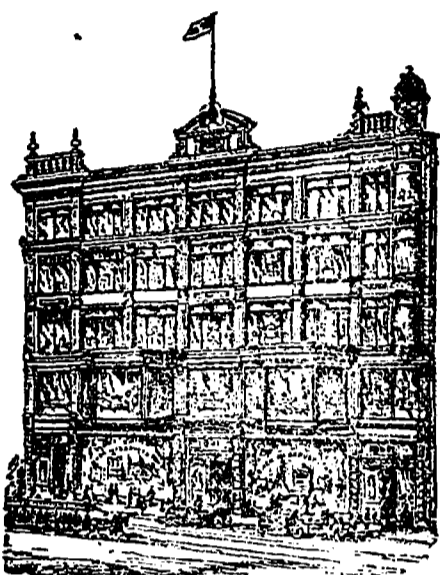
370 ST. ANTOINE STREET

MONTREAL.

Daily Delivery of Bread and Confectionery. 22 2

MME. BAILEY'S HAIR GROWER SURE

is guaranteed to produce a Thick, Soft and Beautiful head of Long, Flowing HAIR in 8 to 12 weeks. A purely vegetable and positively harmless compound. Endorsed by leading physicians. Two or three packages will do it. Price, 50 cents per package, or three for \$1. Sent by mail, pre-paid. Bailey Supply Co., Cooperstown, N. Y.



A SIGHT Worth Seeing

WALTER PAUL'S Grocery Establishment,

THE LARGEST RETAIL GROCERY STORE IN THE DOMINION.

Stocked with as many fine Groceries, Fruits and Provisions of all kinds as would fill ten first class stores.

Everybody knows that his goods are all of the very best quality, and his prices during the Christmas Season will be found wonderfully low.

Arrangements are now complete to meet the great rush of extra business during the Holidays.

Come and give your orders early and have them delivered in good time.

The public generally are invited to call and see the store and examine the stock.

WALTER PAUL,

Family Grocer,

Cor. Metcalfe and St. Catherine Street.

TELEPHONE 4237.

CARPETS !!

The large quantities sold during the past few weeks is an assurance evidence of the popularity of our prices and patterns.

STILL OPENING.

- Novelties in BRUSSELS, with Borders and Ties
- Novelties in WILTON and X-MIN-TER, with Borders and Ties.
- Novelties in TAPESTRY CARPETS, Borders and Stairs to match.
- Novelties in WOOL and KID BRISTOL CARPETS.

CURTAIN AND SHADE DEPARTMENT

Has never shown greater activity. SHADE, to all sizes of windows. SHADES for Churches and Convents, schools and Public Institutions. SHADES of store and office windows, plain or lettered. KENSINGTON and ANGLO-INDIAN CARPET SQUARES, in various sizes. Moderate Prices. Mail Orders filled. samples forwarded

THOMAS LIGGET,

1884 NOTRE DAME ST.

GLENORA BUILDING.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. 10-1892-91

SPECIAL NOTICE !

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Buck, both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we cannot guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line, and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son :

Large Sales and Small Profits.

OWEN M'GARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851 & 1853

NOTRE DAME STREET.

Walker's Pure Candy

In every walk of life men seek to excel, for this is an electric age, one of keen competition and a time when only the energetic can hope for success. "The World," says Mark Twain "is like a huge ball of soap, growing smaller and smaller as it is rolled in the hands of Father Time." The American who is right; for with our railways, telegraph, phonograph, telephone, and every other nineteenth century means of communication, cities are drawn closer together and men live as if were in one vast centre. It is consequently necessary that each one, in his particular branch, trade or profession, should keep abreast of the time, or he will surely be left by the way side. It is the Christmas season, the time of festive enjoyment, of happy greeting, of presents, of toys, of candles and all the accidents and elements that go to make up the happiest period of all the year. Kris Kringle or old Santa Clause, surely needs abundant supplies of pure, wholesome, reliable candies for the children. Just let him drop in to Mr. Walker's palace candy store, at 231 St. James street, or its branch at 2317 St. Catherine street. There he will find large and fresh stocks of "Walker's Pure Candy." This is not a mere catch title. For fully eighteen years has this candy been on the market, and from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, this candy and its great merits are known. Evidence of this fact is ample in the rapidly increasing demand all over the continent. Be it remarked that Mr. Walker sells no imported candies. All his stock is manufactured under his own immediate supervision, and even the flavorings are pure juices of his own fabrication. Call upon that firm for your supply. 22-3

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 21, 1892.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years!
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem!
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, &c.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, &c.

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."
Hail, &c.

Sacred Infant all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thou camest from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, &c.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, &c.

Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.
Hail, &c.

FATHER CASWALL.

THE CRIB AND THE CROSS.

"The High Mass at St. Peter's surpassed its usual grandeur owing to the presence of the Council in their silver copes and mitres of fine linen. Amid all the magnificent splendour one could only reflect that it symbolized the glories which are destined to be the final issue of the Crib and the Cross. It was the Crib of Our Lord that was being glorified; and one went back to that bundle of old wood that is kept at St. Mary Major's, for the interpretation. There are two bundles of old wood kept in Rome more priceless than all her splendours; one is at St. Mary Major's, and the other at Santa Croce, and close by the old Manger is the Pillar of Scourging, kept in the house of St. Peter's daughter, herself a martyr of the Cross. And, that the Mother and Mistress of all Churches might not want its glory, close to St. John Lateran are the Holy Stairs which Jesus and His persecutors alike ascended, on which St. John followed Him, down which St. Peter came from the saddest of divine and human spectacles. The trumpets may entrance the kneeling multitude, when, under the marvellous dome, the Vicar of Christ lifts up the God of Heaven and Earth in his mortal hands; but the Crib, the Stairs, the Pillar, and the Cross explain it all * * * I went with Bishop Vaughan to see the great relics at Santa Croce, which always does me a good deal of good. They bring us so near Our Lord and His terrible humiliations, and pierce one through with a sense of the need of sacrifice to break down the old Adam with his pride and sensuality, and to break us open for the possession of the new man and the Holy Spirit. Then the Holy Crib looks so very like the Holy Cross, as if it were part and parcel of the same instrument of sacrifice and the same life of abnegation and suffering * * * There are the great things of Rome—greater than the Coliseum, greater than St. Peter's even, for they will shine in Heaven at the last day when the great works of men have perished.

"Keep, then, to the rude Crib, keep to the rude Cross, that sweetens the water of salvation, that you may be known to belong to Him who had one for the pillow of His Divine Infancy, and the other for the pillow of His dying hours. You will find it all in your rosaries. Fasten your hearts to Him there, and let nothing induce you to take them off again.

This is faith, this is love, to fasten our heart firmly—come sorrow, come joy, come pain, come ease—ever fast and constant on our dear Divine Lord, be He in the Crib, or on the Cross, in the mystery of His Sacraments preserve in the church, or in your own heart, which is equally consecrated to be His temple."

LETTERS OF ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.
"Rome, Christmas, 1869."

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Among the northern nations of Europe the feast of the Nativity, or, as it is commonly called, Christmas, has always been celebrated with the greatest possible enthusiasm. Antiquarians and those learned in the ancient lore of the Teutonic races account for this by the fact that these very people even before their conversion to Christianity had held high revels during the long nights of the winter solstice, and that the missionary monks teaching the barbarian nations the verities of the gospel only compelled them to forego such of their former practices as were in themselves noxious and sinful, while those that were indifferent were sanctified and blessed by being brought into the service of the one God.

One of our most beautiful Christmas customs is the decoration of the House of God with evergreens, the emblem of immortality. We have a very pleasing recollection of a lovely Gothic church, a gem of modern architecture raised by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, in an unfrequented back street of a wealthy and populous city; at all times this temple of the Divinity is tenderly cared for, but on this Christmas morning it seemed to have been built anew with ivy, box, holly and laurel for the reception of the Infant Saviour and his Holy Mother. The sanctuary and crib naturally received the greatest attention from the busy hands of many loving workers, but it was the body of the church with slender, clustered pillars and pointed arches decorated with ivy, green and glossy, that won the admiration of all beholders. The stone work was half covered with its clinging trails, and from the groined roof huge festoons were hanging as if to touch the ground only to be caught up again and carried to another piece of masonry. The ivy is long ago withered, but the remembrance of it is still living and green.

Perhaps the most beautiful, and at the same time the most Catholic of all the customs that crowd around this feast, is that of giving—giving to every one, first of all to God's poor, to the church, to the children, to one another, a universal thought of others and forgetting self. Here it may be said that very little can be done for the poor, for there are scarcely any, when once the institutions of charity are remembered. This is happily very true, for hitherto work has been plentiful and well paid for, and compared with older countries the really necessities are rare, but still there are some, and these should be sought out, and we shall enjoy the more making the Yule-gift to our bairns and friends.

In this country there is an especial way in which hospitality may be shown. When inviting our relations and friends to eat the proverbial turkey and pudding on Christmas Day, let us remember that there are hundreds of young men in the land, far away from kin and home, who must eat their dinner in a comfortless boarding house, or, what is worse still, cook it themselves if no one asks them for this one day to become one of their family to share in the universal rejoicing, and forget their loneliness in the family circle that has enlarged itself to receive them.

We do not ever remember hearing carol-singing in British Columbia, but there can scarcely be any one born on

the other side of the Atlantic ocean who has not been awakened very early on a cold frosty Christmas morning by hearing the old familiar words being sung by some choir who have been practising for a long time before hand.

In the olden time mummers were one of the most unfailing of Christmas sports. In general the mummers were some of the most uncouth villagers who acted a rude kind of play for the edification of their richer neighbors, and who, during the festive season, visited hall and manor, farm and grange for several miles round, not forgetting the more appreciative, if less select, company who were always to be found in the bar-room, of village inns, where the cheer was good and the liquor flowed freely. There was always unlimited bread, cheese and beer for all, and often in the private house quite a substantial meal prepared, while at the inn "mine host" would bring out a steaming bowl of hot rum punch, but whenever they played silver was given, and in those times it was indeed a rare sight among the poor, as constant wars with France had made money scarce and provisions very dear. Robin Hood and Maid Marian with their retinue of foresters were the characters custom had decreed should be assumed by the villagers, and these semi-mythical beings remain still unforgotten in out-of-the-way hamlets, in which the electric telegraph and locomotive, coupled with universal education, have yet to bring the people to a common level of uniform mediocrity.

Then there is Santa Claus, a foreigner naturalized from the Spanish Netherlands who annually holds his court at this season. Through the falling snow he comes in a heavily-burdened sleigh, drawn by rein deer. What has he in the numberless packages? Toys and gifts of all sorts that he bears from the cold north land, where he is supposed to make his home. He alights on the house-top, and coming down the chimney leaves for good children many and varied presents, at least this is what we are taught and believe in our infancy. It is a sweet illusion that makes life more picturesque for the little ones.

Christmas is indeed a time of peace and joy. K. P. J. N.—In the Month.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Graphic Description of the Scene at Bethlehem.

Winter had thrown its robe of spotless white over the fair face of Nature; the strifes of contending hosts and the din of arms had for the first time in centuries died away. The victorious Eagles of the Imperial Caesars had taken their loftiest flight and spread their wings over a conquered world.

When, on a cold, bleak December night, the stars drifting unconsciously across the sky and shining serenely through their azure homes, out upon the midnight air and silence enveloping a slumbering world. Behold He was born whose Word pierced the realms of ancient night. He whom myriads of angels adore, born in a poor stable, holding court with the shepherds, He who could form creation from naught, He who hurls the thunderbolt, was wrapped in swaddling clothes. He whom the heavens cannot contain was peacefully slumbering in the arms of the Virgin of Nazareth. How feeble the effort when man attempts to describe this solemn yet lovingly tender Mystery.

The angels, appearing in the solemn stillness of midnight, chanted their heaven-born canticles, which were heard by the ravished ears of the listening shepherds. Suddenly the vision disappears! The mystic symphony is hushed into stillness. The midnight watchers hear naught but the sighing of the wind or the bark of the watch-dog—which ever and anon disturbed the solitude of slum-

bering Bethlehem. Wrapped in wonder and amazement, the shepherds go over to Bethlehem to adore the "Pastor Parturum."

Looking into the cave in order to assure themselves that they had reached the end of their nightly pilgrimage, these "Men of Good Will" discovered Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor and to abolish the curse of slavery, there reposing under the form of a little babe peacefully resting in His humble crib.

The Infant God was next visited by the Magi, who had followed the guiding star from the far Orient to the "hallowed hamlet of Bethlehem." They found Him not wrapped in soft garments, nor reposing in the cradle of luxury surrounded by numberless worldly attendants, but they found Him occupying His throne of perpetual poverty; protected from the chilling cold blast by the breathings of the humblest of beasts. What a sight must have met the gaze of the Magi skilled in ancient lore! The feeble light of the lovely luminary enabled them to perceive an aged patriarch, a tender Virgin and a helpless infant—whom they recognize as God!

What a spectacle! The King of Eternal Ages born in time, adored by the Wise of the earth. The cradle of Him who came to abolish sacrifice was not to be covered with blood. Hence the Magi did not offer Him either spotted lambs or white heifers. They offered Him gold as an earthly prince, myrrh and incense as God. "Oh!" exclaims Chateaubriand, "how antiquity would have expatiated in praise of this wonder! What a picture a Homer or a Virgil would have left us of the Son of God in a manger, of the songs of the shepherds, of the Magi conducted by a star, of the angels descending to the desert, of a Virgin Mother adoring her new-born Babe, and of this scene of innocence, enchantment and grandeur!"

What pleasing recollections the time of Christmas brings with it. Again the soldier, who wears the badge of his adopted country, thinks tenderly of the violet vales and sparkling streams of his native land; and his heart warms, his pulse beats quicker, as he hears the boom of musketry and the chimes of a thousand bells—proclaiming that it is Christmas Day. Joys seems to permeate all classes; the young are doubly cheerful, and their joy seeks expression in the effulgent beams that light up their innocent faces. What does all this joy, this universal gladness show but that the God-Man by His coming brought "peace and joy to men of good will."

It does but re-echo the strain heard as each family gathers round the domestic hearth and recalls the memory of bygone days. The absent dear ones are present in spirit. The old relate the many soul-stirring events that time, in his hurried march, has wrought upon their checkered career. The aged sire and venerable matron, whose locks have been whitened by the winters long ago, are young again, and their countenances are lit up with the joys of youth. The weather-beaten sailor, far away on the scorching sea, whose frame has become injured to the blasts of perpetual winter, has joyful visions of his far-off happy home on Christmas Day. Even the poor exile listen to the chant heard centuries ago on the plains of Palestine, when the angelic hosts sang in clear, liquid resonance to the astonished shepherds: "Glory be to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." O, Christians! from the depths of your ransomed souls, pour forth your sincerest hymns of love and praise, and with gratitude offer to your new-born King the gold of charity and the incense of prayer.

Ye heavenly powers, chant your glad-some, harmonious hosannas before the throne of the Omnipotent—for this is Christmas Day.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Being an Account of How King Henry VI. Spent the Christmas-Tide of A. D. 1433-4 with the Monks of Edmundsbury.

[The following narrative, even in minute details, is taken from the contemporary account of the King's visit and the records of the Abbey, and is condensed by us from the London Tablet, of 26th December, 1891.]

LYDGATE'S DEDICATION TO KING HENRY.
Sovereign lord please to your goodly head
And to your gracious royal magnificence
To make this treatys, which alwen hope and
dred
Presentyd ys to your byh excellence
And for Kyng Edmunds notable reverence
Both to bye on yre dyffence and champton
Because yt ys off your souaacion.

INTRODUCTION.

The Christmas of 1433 Henry VI. spent at Edmundsbury. Although events were taking place which already threatened the overthrow of English rule in France, as yet the heritage left to his infant son by Henry V. was intact, and the English people greeted their young sovereign with every confidence as the monarch of the two great realms of England and of France. A child of but twelve years, he had, at the time of which we speak, been recently crowned in Paris, whither he had proceeded amidst every sign, fallacious though it might have been, of popular rejoicing; "attended by the chief of the English nobility and 3,000 horse, he left Pontoise and was received by the clergy, the Parliament, the magistrates, and the citizens of the capital. Triumphant arches had been erected, mysteries were performed and devices were exhibited to honor and entertain the young King." The ceremony of coronation "was performed by an English prelate, the Cardinal of Winchester, and the high offices of State were filled by Englishmen, or by natives of inferior rank." Herein lay the weakness which time was to disclose; but as yet the Maid of Orleans had not appeared on the scene, and there was no indication that the fugitive Charles VII. would ever enter into the full possession of the kingdom which had been ruled by his fathers. On Henry's return to England, therefore, the people of this country could welcome their twice crowned sovereign with unrestrained exultation and joy—feelings heightened by the ingenuous and noble character of the child, and by the bright hopes of the future to which the thought that he was the son of a hero gave birth.

THE PREPARATION FOR THE VISIT TO BURY.

On All Saints' Day, in 1433, presiding at the meeting of Parliament at Westminster, the King publicly announced that, in accordance with the custom of his royal house, he, by the advice of his Council, intended to spend the season—Christmas to St. George's Day—at the Abbey of Bury, St. Edmund's. The unwonted news reached Abbot Curtseys whilst he was staying at his manor of Elmwell, some six miles distant from the Abbey. At first he seems hardly able to understand this novel proposal. At St. Albans on the high road to the north, the monks had been accustomed for two or three centuries to frequent visits of King and Court, but, said the Abbot, when the message was brought him, nowhere in the chronicles can we find that the King of England, at least for such a time, ever fixed his stay with us, by the expression of his Royal will.

The burden, be it understood, was no light one. A King, a Court, and all the numerous attendants, from the Lords and Knights to the lowest valet—to house and board all these in a fitting manner would put the resources of even such a house as Edmundsbury to the test. However, the Abbot quickly determined to do his best to maintain the honor of St. Edmund's Church and Monastery, and a few days later found him returned to Bury in order himself to superintend the needful preparations. His house, or "Palace," as the record calls it, was in an indifferent state of repair, and eighty workmen were at once engaged, not merely to set it all in order, but to decorate and beautify it, as so loyal a subject as Abbot Curtseys would best wish to do.

THE RECEPTION.

At length all was ready for the day of the King's arrival. The monks among themselves had for three days past

sounded the note of the coming feast of Christmas by the antiphon *Orietur sicut sol*. For at St. Edmundsbury, at least, it was the custom to watch for the coming festival from the third day before Christmas, and the 23rd December stood in their calendar as the Vigil of the Vigil of Our Lord's Birthday, from the first Vespers of which day, out of reverence for the coming feast, the whole divine services were performed with special solemnity.

Christmas-Eve was the day fixed for the royal arrival. At daybreak the town was all astir, and the Alderman and Burgesses and other townfolk, five hundred in number, in their scarlet robes and red cloth gowns with blood-colour hoods, set out on horseback, in open ranks stretching a mile along the road, to meet the King at the Newmarket Heath and bring him into Bury. Henry was accompanied by a stately train, and with this brilliant addition to his retinue, he rode on to the monastic enclosure.

The bell tower over the great gateway was then in ruins, and so to avoid all possible danger, Henry and his gay cavalcade entered the precincts by a safer if a lesser entrance. But this can in no way have detracted from the splendour of his reception. The Burgesses, who, on the part of Bury, had taken so prominent a part of the proceedings, had only come to introduce the King to the reception prepared for him.

It is no difficult task for the imagination to picture the vast court of Bury Abbey, crowded with the inhabitants of the town and the villages of the franchise of St. Edmund, eager to catch a glimpse of their Sovereign. Meantime, the hosts themselves had done their parts to arrange a ceremonial of reception worthy of a King. As rumour heralded his near approach, the great western doors of the Abbey Church—works of beaten bronze, cunningly chiselled by the skilful hands of Master Hugh and possibly by what Abbot Anselm, the nephew of the sainted Archbishop, had himself seen at Monte Cassino—were thrown open. Forth issued the community, some sixty or seventy in number, all vested in precious copes, headed by cross and candles, and preceding their Abbot in full pontificals, with whom walked, an honoured guest, Bishop Alnwick of Norwich, whom on this occasion they associated with themselves in the part of host. The ranks of the vested monks opened on either side, and through them the Bishop and Abbot advanced to greet their Boy-king. Then, the Earl of Warwick, quickly alighting from his horse, ran forward, and, receiving the King in his arms assisted him to dismount. Henry now advanced towards the procession, and kneeling on the silken cloth spread out on the ground, was sprinkled with holy water by the Abbot, who also presented the crucifix for adoration, which was reverently kissed by the King.

The procession here turned to re-enter the stately church, and was followed by the whole crowd. The building was enough to accommodate even such a multitude as was then assembled. The western front from end to end stretched for nearly 250 feet, and within an unbroken length of over 500 feet met the eye. The massive Norman architecture was relieved by the painted vaulting—that of the choir by the monk "Dom John Wodecroft, the King's painter," in the days of Abbot John I. de Norwich (1279-1301) that of the nave to match—executed in the taste of the 14th century at the expense of the sacrist, John Lavenham (circa A. D. 1370), who during his term of office had spent something like £50,000 of our money on beautifying the church. The new lantern tower above the choir was his work, as well as the clerestory windows round the sanctuary; and the painted glass in the southern side of the Minster had been the gift of King Edward III to St. Edmund.

The procession finished, and Henry having prayed before the Blessed Sacrament, he passed out of the sight of his people by one of the side doors in the altar-screen, which had been adorned with paintings by the care of Prior Edmund Brundish, into the feretory beyond to pay his devotions at the shrine of the saint. This priceless work of art rested on a base of gothic stonework, and was itself covered with plates of solid gold enriched with every kind of jewel. The monks loved to recall how King John had every year of his reign bestowed ten marks on the work of beautifying the shrine, and how among the stones which sparkled on it a great and precious sap-

phire and a ruby of great price had been his special gifts. On the right side, too, was the golden cross set with many jewels surmounting a flaming carbuncle, the rich gifts of Henry Lacy, the last Earl of Lincoln of that name, whilst a second golden cross weighing 66 shillings, from the same generous benefactor, formed the apex of the shrine.

Having ended his devotions, King Henry turned to the Abbot and thanked him for the reception given him, and then, accompanied by the members of his suite, he passed into the Abbot's palace, where all expressed their pleasure at the preparations which had been made for them.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FEAST.

Christmas Day was rung in by four successive changes; first came the tones of the two Londons—the greater and the Holy-water bell, the second and the third peals were sounded on the bells in the cemetery, and amongst them Gabriel, the bell rung in thunder storms, and its companion, Galieona. The beginning of the third peal was the signal for the cantors and all the rest of the vested ministers to enter the choir for Vespers, wherupon the younger monks began ringing the bells in the great lantern tower, and then all the bells of the Monastery took up the music, and above them all was heard the well known tongue of *Haut et cler*; and thus, all sounding together, there rang out what the townspeople knew as *le glas*, which was the signal for the beginning of the office.

With the first peal the monks prepared for Vespers. Coming from the dormitory they repaired to the lavatory and washed their hands. Then those who were not to be vested in copes put on albs which lay ready set out for them in the choir, whilst the Abbot, Prior, and others prepared for the functions in the vestry. The Abbot, and today, of course, the Bishop of Norwich, would be in full pontificals. Meantime the torches and candles were being lighted throughout the church. Besides the four great wax candles mentioned as ever kept burning at the four corners of the Shrine of St. Edmund, twenty-four each, of a pound weight, were lighted on the walls surrounding the feretory, and seventeen more of the same weight were placed in the seventeen windows round the presbytery. In the choir, the great candle, five large torches standing before the high altar, each weighing four pounds, and seven of the same size in the great gilded seven-branched candlestick, were lighted. These last were reflected in the plates of gold which adorned this great candelabrum, and, together with one torch before the high altar, were kept burning until the close of the second Vespers of the feast. Then twelve more great torches were ablaze in the choir and rood, and a second dozen in the lantern tower, whilst twenty-six in either transept! one before each of the twenty-four altars of the church, one great candle set; under each arch of the nave, and twelve more huge waxen torches, each of eight pounds, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the chapel—a church itself in size—on the north side of the choir, completed the illumination of the vast church.

THE MATINS AND MASSES OF THE FEAST.

Between nine and ten o'clock the bells rang out once more for Matins and the midnight Mass. The manner of life in the 15th century was more hardy than ours, and, what is more, religion was interwoven with all the thoughts and habits of the English people. There is little doubt, therefore, that the building was once more filled with an expectant multitude. The proportions of the spacious church would have been magnified to the imagination by the solemn shadows of the Christmas night. The altar and feretory was a perfect blaze of light, which only threw the nave into deeper darkness. For it is evident that in the disposition of the lights there was a settled purpose. Whilst the vast nave was left in comparative shade, the great crossing was brilliantly lit up, and from the lantern a strong light was cast down upon the Rood with the attendant figures of Our Lady and St. John, an incomparable production of the same Master, Hugh, who had made the great brazen doors of the church. The intermediate choir was again moderately lighted up, contrasting with the brilliant illumination of the altar and the place of the shrine beyond.

The long Matins were yet more magnificent in their ceremonial than had

been the Vespers. The closing Responsory of each succeeding nocturn was sung by an increasing number of coped cantors standing around the great antiphonal of Prior Brundish, whilst the *O magnum mysterium*, though sung by only two, had a thrilling effect. For these two were the picked voices of the community, chosen because their clear and resonant tones would make the vaulting ring, and would penetrate to every corner of the vast basilica.

The close of each nocturn was marked by the same elaborate ceremonial of censuring as at Vespers, and by the time the *Te Deum* was reached the whole church was filled with fragrant incense. During the singing of the hymn of praise the Abbot and his numerous ministers went to vest for Mass, and at the close of Matins the Holy Sacrifice began with the *Introito*, the *Confiteor*, and so on, as usual.

The Introit was sung by the Presentor, the Succentor, and four companions in copes, and, according to the practice at Edmundsbury, into the *Kyrie* was inserted the *O Rex clemens*, one of the two *farsuræ* allowed by the old use of the house. *Gloria in excelsis*, as was then the custom on all principal feasts, was sung by the whole convent in a body, and glorious indeed was the chant of such a number of trained voices, re-echoed by the vaulting of that mighty roof.

The Prophecy was sung by two with well-according voices, and the Mass was followed by Lauds, and only after this the community retired, if not to sleep, at least to rest, awaiting the big bell of the great tower, which it is the duty of the Sacrist's servants to ring on this morning at the first streak of dawn, at which sound all went once more into the church to the Aurora Mass.

The third Mass was preceded by Procession, for which, whilst Tierce was being sung, preparations were made. First walked the servers, carrying the Holy Water and two thuribles; next, two cross-bearers in copes with two torch-bearers on either sides; then the shrine with the *Camisia* of St. Edmund, borne by two secular chaplains in albs and copes; then three subdeacons followed, of whom the middle one—the epistolar of the Mass—reverently bore the great Gospel Book, the sumptuous gift of Abbot Samson, and the other two other texts of lesser price. Then walked three deacons carrying relics, the middle one—the Gospeller—having the reliquary with *Ave* on the top. Last, in the first part of the great procession, walked a priest, a grave and ancient senior, carrying the arm of St. Edmund, and after him, two and two, in open ranks, followed the whole convent, whilst in their midst walked the Procentor and the Succentor ruling the chant, the former with the seniors, the latter with the juniors. On this day the procession was closed, after the two prelates in full pontificals, by the King clad in regal dress, followed by his court and doubtless by some, if not all, of the scarlet clothed burgesses of the town of Bury.

In this wise they passed along the cloister, by the marble effigy of Anselm, the first mitred Abbot of the house, whose memory after three centuries was still fresh, and so by three sides of the cloister to the crypt, the entrance of which was from the Eastern alley. This crypt, over a hundred feet long by as many broad, supported on twenty-four columns, and dedicated like that at Canterbury to the Blessed Virgin, extended under that part of the eastern limb of the church occupied by the shrine of St. Edmund. The procession entered it singing the responsory *Descendit*; the relics were placed on the altar, the ministers ranging themselves within the altar rails. When all had entered and had taken their places, the Prior and Sub-Prior censed the altar and the dignitaries, and the thurifers the community. After a prose sung by six voices, and the prayer of the Station, the procession returned through the cloister to the church, and there, singing the *Sancta et Immaculata* they entered the nave. A supreme moment this for the Bury people. Our imagination can well picture the eagerness with which they crowded round to look at the splendid pageant and to get a glimpse of their youthful Monarch, and the delay, necessitated by a second *statio* before the great cross in the rood loft, gave them time to satisfy their curiosity.

Here the Abbot intoned the anthem *Hodie Christus*, singing which the procession passed into the choir, where, today, as on all greater feasts, the relics

were venerated by the convent. Then followed the Mass, one part only of which need delay us here. To heighten the jubilant character of the Sequence before the Gospel, as was the practice on all principal feasts, it was prefaced by a psalm from the great tower; and so soon as the Mass was over the joy bells rang out again, whilst the King left the Church.

THE CHRISTMASTIDE.

After the religious celebration of the day, Henry returned to the palace and there held high festival such as Bury had never seen before. On Christmas Day, as on two or three other of the greater festivals of the year, it was the practice of the house to invite all the dependents of the monastery of every grade to dinner. This crowd of guests was distributed in accordance with their rank or character. Thus, all those who were connected directly with the service or the custody of the Church itself, and all that pertained to the Church, dined with the community in the great refectory. The chief officers, the Abbot's gentlemen and yeomen, with other persons of credit and position, would dine with the Abbot in his hall; while, again, the chief officials of the Obedientiaries of the monastery, forty-eight in number, were accommodated in the guest-hall; and so on with others of lesser degree down to the turnbroach and the disher. In this way, all connected with the Abbey were ever reminded that they formed, with the monks themselves, one great family—the family of St. Edmund—bound together by ties and affection.

But to-day there must naturally be some displacement when the King took the place of Abbot and a kingly court had to be provided for. But Bury Abbey was big enough and its hospitality ample enough for all—the new guests and the old friends also. The stores of plate which had accumulated were sufficient to supply the table even of a King, although Abbot Curteys had already sold much as superfluous. Abbot Thomas, for example, had alone given to the house 18 large silver dishes, 18 salts, 25 silver cups—of which 8 were gilt—4 water pots, 3 bowls, and other pieces of plate, weighing in all over 105 pounds.

Moreover, the establishment as a whole, in the number of persons who were engaged on some duty or other, was on such a scale as in these days it is difficult to realize. Every part of the complicated service was accurately mapped out and for every piece of work there was a special servant or officer, whose duty and responsibility was clearly defined. Moreover, the housekeeping of a great Abbey was continuous from year's end to year's end, and the house was always open and the family on the spot. Nothing strikes one more, in looking through the records of a complicated administration like this than the way in which all needs were foreseen. Nothing is too small to escape attention, or too minute to be left to the chance of accident, and nothing was left to be counted as anybody's business; and thus on the one hand all knew for what they had to answer; on the other if there were defaults the failure could be visited on the defaulter personally.

Unfortunately in this case we have not, as in so many others, the actual menu of the dinner, but on the evidence of similar records it may be safely asserted that each man was expected to do justice to the ample hospitality in a way alarming to us with our modern appetites. Fortunately the hours were early, and all had time to prepare themselves for further functions, for in those days in matters of religious observance everyone was called upon to do his duty manfully.

The visit of Henry VI. to St. Edmunds bury for the Christmastide of 1433-4, which we have attempted to describe, seems more like a journey to dreamland, so changed is all the world. Of Edmundsbury itself and all its glories scarcely one stone remains upon another. But of his visit one special memorial is left. It is a book often shown as one of the treasures of the National Library at the Museum, and is the copy of the poet Lydgate's life of St. Edmund, which was not only written as a memento of this royal visit, but is the identical volume presented by the author to King Henry. The illustrations from this precious manuscript have become familiar to others besides the antiquary. One of them, representing the young King at his devotions before St. Edmund's shrine, together with the verses dedicating the volume to Henry, is copied at the com-

mencement of this account. How many are there, we wonder, of those who have examined this volume, and turned over its pages, who have ever realized the circumstances in which it had its origin? But it remains a witness of a life that indeed is past and gone, but which was once as real and as absorbed as our own.

CHRISTMAS WHEN I WAS A BOY.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Christmas was much farther apart when I was a boy than it now is. It came, by the almanac, once a year, which was right and regular. But such long years have never been, since long ago. Possibly one reason why the arrival of Christmas was long deferred each year was that we lived in the West. It was the West then—that long-departed land of pioneer memories and forgotten adventures—and Christmas came, like the wise men, from distant lands. It came to us from the east. Had it started in the summer time it could have "staged it" over the Alleghenies; and then, if haply there had been some water in the Ohio River, as there sometimes is in the summer time, it would have taken boat for St. Louis, and there, finding an Illinois River packet with two decks and a Texas, capacity for one hundred cabin passengers and all the freight that could be piled on without falling off, and drawing about four inches of water, it could have reached Peoria the same year.

But then it wouldn't have been Christmas. It came in the old-fashioned way, on runners, with jingling bells and clatter of reindeer hoofs, up hill and down dale, flying across wide stretches of drifted prairie, lying in the starlight like a frozen sea, skimming over frozen rivers and ice-bound lakes. It took a long time, for the distances were magnificent as the prairies. I could understand it all very clearly at that time.

It was so easy to understand a great many things when I was a boy that have been dark and perplexing problems and inscrutable mysteries since I became a man, and put away the pleasant theories of childish things. Concerning Christmas, have I not heard with my own ears and those of brothers', the reindeer scampering over the roof above our heads? Did I not one night hear the cheery shout of encouragement from no human voice, and hear the crack of a whip that was plied by fairy hands in "Christmas-tree Land," as the antlered team of six-in-hand leaped from cornice to the ground? I could have proved it, too, if it hadn't snowed that night and covered all the tracks of reindeer and sleigh. Did I not lie awake one night and hear subdued laughter in the room where hung all our stockings? Indeed I did. And so excited was I that, instead of creeping softly down the hall, I sprang from bed, and ran pad-padding to the door of the sitting-room, and as I pushed it open did I not hear the hurried rustling of robes and scampering of feet? By the Sacred Books of the Sybil and the Great Pocket Book of Rockefeller, I did! I rushed in and looked up the chimney, but he was gone. I peered into the room where slept my parents, but their painfully labored breathing told me, with impressive emphasis, how they slumbered. I had nearly caught Kris Kringle in the act.

I think once, indeed, I did see him. I can't remember when nor where. But I must have seen him, because my conception of him, indeed my personal knowledge of his appearance, is a memory of my early childhood. It has never changed. To this very practical, steam-engine and dynamo, spookless day, I see him as I saw him then with the same face he wears in the pictures, the same garments in which the costumers array him for Sunday-school entertainments, although with a different voice. His voice in the old days was deeper and jollier and more impressive. Sometimes, in these latter days, I have sat in the audience at our Sunday-school Christmas festival, and heard a boy, fifteen years old, whose voice was "changing," take the part of "Santa Claus" in a snowy beard 1800 years old, less or more. And when the boy speaks through that motionless beard—no matter how loudly and rapidly and shrilly the boy talks that venerable beard never moves a hair—my emotions so overcome me that I never like to sit where the boy's father and mother can see me. It seems to make them very angry at me. But it isn't my fault. Somehow when

I feel badly I have to cry, or laugh, or do something.

When I was a boy, I knew nothing of Santa Claus. His name was Kris Kringle. Occasionally in some of Kris Kringle's books there was mention of Santa Claus. But we looked upon him with great disfavor, and called him "Sandy Claws." He was generally believed to have come from Boston, whereas Kris Kringle came from heaven, which is, possibly, the reason why he has been superseded in popular favor in these latter days. I always accept the inevitable, and I have long since most loyally transferred my allegiance from Kris Kringle the Was to Santa Claus the Is, but still I feel there is loving power and reminiscent influence "in that strange spell," a, g, n, a, i, g, b, m, e—name.

One thing I do most distinctly remember, with all the tenacity and accuracy of an old settler's reminiscences. Kris Kringle seldom failed to bring a sieveful of snow with him. During his reign the dreaded "green Christmas," marshaling the inevitable "fat graveyard," was the exception. I could prove this, but I don't have to. When I know a thing, that should be satisfactory. And it is often much easier to know a thing than it is to prove it. This happens to be one of the things. But it did snow, in those older days. Sometimes it snowed right on Christmas day, just as it does in the books which are distributed at Christmas time in Florida and Southern California. The first winter we lived in Illinois we had a Christmas according to the books. My brother and I had new sleds. Not store sleds, gaudily decorated with stenciled trotting horses and a name that no self-respecting boy would give to a stone-drag, let alone a sled, but real hand sleds, made by a regularly ordained carpenter. They were not so good as they would have been had we made them ourselves, of course, but they were far and far away better than store sleds. They were ready for the snow about the last week in November. And early in December the snow came down. And stayed down. And kept on coming down. It drifted up to the windows and over the fences. The country roads were turned into embankments. When the first flakes came fluttering down, a double case of whooping-cough trundled itself into our house and took two boys by their respective necks and kept them on the war-path until the springtime brought its healing sunshine and malarial mud. Then it resigned and gave place to "fever 'n' ager." But all that winter was made of gala days to boys who could get out. Every hill was a toboggan chute, and every bob-sled or sleigh that drove past our windows dragged after it a long trail of juvenile humanity that had "hooked on." Think of two boys entertaining the whooping-cough and gazing through the windows at that panorama of boyish joy week after week, and then talk about the martyrs! And the worst of it was, there was no need for our remaining in quarantine. But we hadn't lived out West long enough to know that. The next winter my youngest brother had it. He went to school with it, coasted with it, and one night while skating, broke through the ice with it. It did him good. He was all through with it by the end of January. We were a tough people out West in those days, and a boy who couldn't help build a snow fort or go skating when he had the croup was considered effeminate.

Hanging up our stockings when I was a boy was not the hollow farce which it now is. There were fireplaces by which stockings could be hung up. To hang a collection of stockings of assorted sizes around a black and cheering register, smelling of sulphur from a defective heater, is a profanation. And hanging them in front of a cold and calm steam radiator should be prohibited by law. It tends to make children skeptical and atheistic. In the older days Kris Kringle had a broad chimney to come down, and a fireplace as big as a store box to jump out of. There was a mantle-piece like unto a sideboard, from which the stockings depended. Sometimes if a long stocking were hugg in the middle, insecurely held by a pin, the draft would draw it partly into the fireplace during the night. Then the whole family would be aroused, and we would go shuffling about the house, like so many shivering phantoms, hunting for the fire.

The old-fashioned fireplace had more drawbacks than the back-log. As a rule, the bigger the fireplace the colder the room. All the heat that could be drawn from every room in the house went up

the big sitting-room chimney. Eternal summer must have lingered somewhere up in that great stack. Those old fireplaces were splendid things in which to roast apples. And the soles of your bare feet. You could hold your feet out before the glowing fire until they curled up and warped and crinkled with intense heat. And by the time you got them to bed they were cold as blocks of marble. Your feet, that is. Not the apples. You didn't take them to bed. You took long strides and walked on your heels to keep them warm. That is, your feet. They filled the room with a grateful flavor when they began to sizzle. The apples.

The old-fashioned fireplace was no less romantic and interesting in the summer time, when it was enclosed with a light paper screen. When a child, romping about the room, fell up against that pictured screen, and went plunging and screaming right through the Lake of Como, those placid waters never regained their pristine placidity. Even when the artist of the family restored the picture, by pasting its shattered edges together, and coloring them with laundry bluing, the scene of the tragedy was emphasized in a manner too ghastly to contemplate. The tragedy always followed the act of breaking through the lake. The drowning, indeed, was looked upon as a sort of comedy, and was highly enjoyed by the bystanders, until the Life Guard, armed only with her slipper, rescued the survivor of the wreck. Then any person under the age of fifteen, who had any tears on hand that were about ripe enough to shed, could find a ready market for the entire crop as fast as the shedder could turn them out.

Most of the Christmas presents in those days were designed by the manufacturers for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child, the old reliable "Noah's Ark" was always looked for. We hailed with acclamations of astonished recognition, Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messieurs and Mesdames Shem, Ham and Japheth. There was no way of telling the men and women apart, they were exactly alike; but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow: because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invariably plain blue. Within twenty-four hours after the landing on Ararat, the baby would have all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be sent for. He told us, once a year, returning with the breathless messenger, to keep the candy out of the baby's reach, and let it wean itself on the rest of the antedeluvians if it found them to its liking.

The red monkey climbing a red stick was another regular Christmas visitor. He was highly esteemed as a light luncheon by the baby. It never seemed to affect the infant unpleasantly, to himself that is; although the cloudy symphony in red and blue about his innocent mouth was apt to make the beholder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a soldier on a box, with a major-general's uniform, beating a drum. You turned a crank, the general lifted his sticks high in the air, and something in the box made a noise as much like a drum as a peal of thunder is like a piccolo. These things as toys were of no great value, but as practical and useful object lessons they were beyond all price, on the minus side.

It seems to me—and isn't my fault that the success is fairer and lovelier than the sunrise—that there was something more Christmasy about Christmas when I was a boy. Its pleasures were simpler; its gifts were cheaper and healthier. At least, I cannot remember to have read, save in these later years, articles in family journals and magazines bewailing the burden of toil and worry and expense in the planning and making, or purchasing of Christmas presents. "Krismas gifts" we called them when I was a boy. It didn't and doesn't have much refinement of culture in the spelling and the sound thereof. But the people who made them didn't rush into the papers to tell how much it cost them, and how glad they were that it was all over for another year. But last year and the year before, I read such articles in print. So did you. Wherefore it seems to me that we killed Kris Kringle a full century too soon. We have more currents in our Christmas cake under the reign of Santa Claus, it is true. But we have also more flies in it.—In Ladies' Home Journ., d.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Christ the Lord was born this day,
Christ the King in manger lay,
Then on earth let all men say,
In excelsis gloria.

Through the world was perfect peace,
Wars and tumults vain did cease,
When he came our hearts to ease;
In excelsis gloria.

Angels' voices praised his name,
Heaven above was bright as flame,
From the fields the shepherds came;
In excelsis gloria.

Mighty kings and chiefs were led
By a wandering star o'er head
To his lowly manger-bed.
In excelsis gloria.

Bringing to that stable bare
Royal gifts full, strange and rare,
Gold and frankincense and myrrh;
In excelsis gloria.

Angel, shepherd, earthly king,
Joyful hearts to him did bring,
And with joy let all men sing,
In excelsis gloria.

Glory to the heavenly child,
Glory unto Mary mild,
Maiden—mother undefiled.
In excelsis gloria.

—M. PEACOCK. In the Month,

CHAT'S WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Christmas.

Christmas is gradually presenting more and more a materialistic aspect. The load of gifts, and the anxiety of the givers to surpass one another in the luxury of giving, are hiding out of sight the real meaning of this glorious and lovely feast. Advent is made a season of meditation—not on the lessons of the time, but on worldly things—the cost of this and that. It is too often not a season of spiritual joy, but of worldly anticipation. 'What shall I get?' succeeds 'What shall I give?' The spiritual is hidden in the material; and even for little children, the Christ-Child and His Crib are obscured by the piles of costly toys and fragile ornaments. People who are not poor are very luxurious at Christmas; even people who can not afford to burden themselves for the whole year that they may rejoice in splendid gift-making at Christmas.

When the Third Order of St. Francis was founded, it was as a protest and an antidote to just such luxury. Simplicity of life, the putting of the spiritual first, and the showing of the Crib, the humble Manger, to the people was a reminder of this humility,—we need these now. Why should not all children that have a Christmas tree see the Manger beneath its branches, and the kneeling animals, and the grave of St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and the Star in the East? Why should the beautiful symbols of St. Francis be replaced by the glittering gewgaws of 'the toy-shops? Christmas must be kept symbolically or we destroy, as far as we can, its true value.

And as to gifts, Emerson, who in his blind way (not knowing Christianity) said many true things, recommends simplicity and heartiness. I quote him, not for the authority of his name, but because of the truth of his words. The artist, he said, should give a drawing! the author, his book; the weaver, of the web he has woven; the gardener, the flowers he has raised;—each one should give part of himself. The most costly gift at Christmas, with the price legibly marked upon upon it, means, as a rule, that the receiver shall be even more generous.

This is not vulgar—for vulgar is too good a word for it; it is both mean and ostentatious. It requires a good deal of stamina to be both Christian and simple in the manner of living in these times; but once these qualities are attained, the anxious mother and the perplexed father have life made more easy for them; and Christmas becomes, not a day of care and worry, and of anticipation of large bills, but of serenity and joy.

Books are always good gifts,—books that mean something. They live and give refreshment when other temporary things decay. 'The Following of Christ,' or 'The Jewels of the Mass,' or 'All for Jesus,' or Newman's 'Occasional Verses'; or, for a non-Catholic, 'The Faith of Our Fathers' or Father Hill's 'Short Cut,' or any of a hundred other books, are joys forever. We can do more good at Christmas by paying all our small bills, and helping the poor about us, and giving good books to our friends, than by exchanging grudging money for silver ware or plush albums, or other useless things. 'Only books!' one may

exclaim. But the time will come when the donor, if the book be good and part of his own thought, will be devoutly thanked.

I have no right to preach,—these are only suggestions; but the most hopeful of us can scarcely fail to see the danger of electroplating little hearts with a love of luxury, and of encouraging older minds in materialism. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.—In Ave Maria.

CHRISTMAS.

A Beautiful Description of one of the Greatest Events in History, Condensed to suit space.

On its human side, the joy of Christmas is the joy we all feel at the sight, or thought, of beautiful infancy. The festival has the charm which belongs to infantile smiles and infantile tears;—the pathos which naturally comes into Christmas being as tender as the joy itself. Of all festivals of the year, therefore, Christmas is most universally in touch with human sympathies; for, where has there not been a babe to love, to idolize, to become the sovereign of the home, as it is the unspeakable joy? It is by the spell of this human sympathy, that Christmas has disarmed the puritanism of the Puritan and trained its garlands of spicy evergreens from pillar to pillar of Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, and, first of all, to make the innovation, Unitarian houses of worship. The joy of the Christmas season may be called contagious, and its enthusiasm increases with crowds. If we were to ask each individual of the thousands on thousands, that throng the streets two, three, days, before Christmas, until, the day before, our streets and sidewalks are almost impassable, by reason of the eagerness to secure what will make this a true festival in homes, a hundred to ten would say: "Oh! our little one must be happy on Christmas day! It is the children's festival! for is not a child born to us, a son given to us?"

So far from thwarting these beautiful humanities which intensify around us with every coming of the Christmas season, we are rather to thank God, who, in creating man, made his sympathies so ready to respond to any natural appeal, thereby providing for conditions of grace; leading him through these very affections and sympathies to perceive supernatural relations between God and man, and a supernatural destiny for the creature through the infinite goodness of the Creator.

As if the angelic hymn heard above the hills of Bethlehem, had touched the subtle chords of harmony in the souls of believers so as never to be again silent, vibrating eternally under this theme of the "Word made flesh and dwelling among us," we find the offices of the Church overflowing with melody at this season, Antiphon and Responsory, Chapter and Hymn, to which ancient choirs gave such intonations of tenderness and delight, still charm the imagination even in their English translations. The *Adeste Fideles* with its refrain, *Venite adoremus*, is not the only Christmas hymn; although this has become so popular as to appear in the hymn books of nearly every denomination until they have forgotten its source. There is one for the office of Christmas Day, *A solis ortus cardine*, beautifully translated by Rev. Dr. Littledale, and ascribed by venerable Bede to Sedulius, a priest, or as some say bishop, of the time of Theodosius the Great, which sings its carol for every ear that has once heard it.

"On hay reclined, the Lord Most High,
Within a manger deigned to lie;
And He Who feedeth the birds of air
Vouchsafed a little milk to share."

To commit these hymns to memory, is to store it with images of such delicacy and sweetness as to outlive the strains of Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, so justly celebrated; breathing, as they do, the humility and simplicity of the manger-crib; while the whole theology of the Incarnation, of the Advent-time and the Nativity, are expressed in a way to fix them in the mind of any child as no catechism page could do.

But if music and poesy can claim this inspiration, no less can that art which addresses the soul through the eye, as song addresses it through the ear. Some one has said that the idolatries among heathen nations had one palliation,—the universal expectation of an Incarnation; of a God appearing in the form of man. Certain it is, from the moment the second person of the adorable Trinity became

manifest in the flesh, pictorial art took a flight never before known, never before attempted. Sculpture had been the medium of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, all through the centuries prior to Christianity. Paintings they indeed produced but they are inferior, in every way, to the sculpture of those gifted nations. But when Christianity put forth such stealthy blooms amid the shadows of the Catacombs, she rejoiced in color, in the narrative which color so beautified. How much there was for this young Church to tell, what wonders to relate! and sculpture was too slow. Thus we see the walls of the Roman Catacombs blossoming, as it were, with Madonnas—the Virgin Mother and her Divine Babe—with groups giving the most charming incidents in the childhood of our Lord, before the year one hundred even, and continuing, influenced by the same delightful spirit of narrative, beyond the year 250 fully to 300 A.D. The earliest Madonna yet known, on a wall of the most ancient part of the cemetery of Saint Priscilla, has all the gracious charm of Raphael's groups; yet it is confidently affirmed to have been painted during the life-time of the apostles, Sts. Peter and Paul.

"Strange," many people say, "that one finds no representation of the actual Nativity of the manger-crib, of the adoring animals!" This is partly to be explained by the ruin incidental to many of the Catacomb chambers, through a course of fully eighteen centuries, although other causes may be taken into consideration at the very earliest years of Christian art. But over one *arcosolium* in a very retired, and until lately undiscovered, portion of the Catacomb of Saint Sebastian, has been found a veritable Nativity—the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger; by the side we see the traditional ox and ass. Even in the small cut, as it appeared in the "Bulletin d'Archeologie Chretienne" of 1877, there is a wonderful tenderness in the face of this Little One in His swaddling-bands, looking out on the world He had created, which He had now come to redeem; and the two animals seem to kneel beside Him inclining over Him as if to warm Him by their breath. This dates to the period of Constantine near the middle of the IV. century; possibly a little later than a sculptured representation of the Nativity with the two animals, dating distinctly to 343, A.D. But if the literal Nativity was eclipsed in the Catacomb delineations by the visit of the Magi, it found a popularity during the XII. and XIII. centuries which has left us nothing to desire in the way of beauty of conception or execution. Its type is justified by the sculptures of the IV. century in several instances, and, in painting, by the Nativity lately discovered in the cemetery of Saint Sebastian; so that its later popularity was not without venerable authority in art; while the Gospel of St. Luke supercedes the necessity of any other. The loveliness of the middle age conceptions onward to our own day, cannot be exceeded, we are ready to think, they will line in all future and make the glory of the masters who have executed them. "The Holy Night," by Correggio, shares with the Sixtine Madonna by Raphael, the attractions of the Dresden gallery, nor has there been, nor will there ever be, an end to the descriptions lavished upon it. The rapture of the Virgin Mother kneeling beside the crib, and still holding her newborn Babe in her arms, is almost beyond any other triumph in art; the jubiliations of angels, the awe and delight of the shepherds, being infinitely below the bliss of the embrace given by Mary herself to the Word made flesh of her flesh, in her virginal womb; Mother and Infant in the soft radiance which emanates from the sacred Humanity. Others may have wished to express this even before Correggio's time, but to him belongs the glory of producing it to the eyes of men, so as to fix forever in their minds, that this Little One is, indeed, the light of the world, from whom sun and moon and stars and outnumbered systems have caught their first ray! Unfortunately, no engraving has ever fitly reproduced this famous Nativity, the softness of blending tints is often sacrificed to the desire to keep distinct forms; whereas distinctness yields, in the original, to a spirituality which makes outlines felt rather than seen.

Luca della Robbia's Nativities in terra cotta, responding almost as readily to his swift conceptions as the wall and

canvases to the limner, give, in their material forms, a depth of entranced adoration, altogether their own; while Ferrigno's, full of color, and also full of the solemnity which belongs to shadows, are ideals of meditation; subduing every wandering thought; subjecting the imagination, even, to the unflattering fact of the mystery. It is with a soul penetrated with light, and yet awed by its own conception of the mystery, that Overbeck approaches the midnight cave and the crib. Angels kneel with the Virgin Mother and Saint Joseph beside the manger, and we feel the hush of that hour of adoration before the shepherds appear in the stable. There is no surprise in Overbeck's picture, but you feel the habit of adoration in every kneeling figure.

It is within the shadow of some manger-crib within our own minds, evoked by our own imaginations aided by these marvelous representations from the chisels and the pencils of devout genius, that we must turn during the bright festive days of the Christmas-tide, if we would gather the fruits of meditation for our own souls, or present these fruits in behalf of those we desire to set free, and bring to the gladness of Christmas in Heaven. Master-pieces, such as we have described so briefly, were not painted as decorations even when on the walls of chapels. They are expressions of lifelong habits of meditation, of dwelling upon the mystery and its circumstances. It was not a mere glance at the mystery, but it was a sinking, day by day, into "the depth, of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" And we must sink with them into the ineffable abysses of the Incarnation, if they are to be to us what these devout geniuses intended they should be to all who beheld them—what the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, and *Magnificat* and the *Te Deum* are accounted to be—supernatural forces to speed us, and the dear souls for whom we supplicate, more and more swiftly to Heaven and its vision of Him who was made flesh in order to dwell with us; dwell with us here, that we might dwell, everlasting, with Him, in peace and gladness passing all understanding.—Eliza Allen Starr, in *The Poor Souls' Advocate*.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

The Earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below:
But, longing for spring time, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our Lady,
Her own month of flowers!
How happy we were with our garlands
Through all the spring hours!
All her shrines, in the church or the wayside,
Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption;
What feast was so bright!
What clusters of virginal lilies,
So pure and so white!
Why, the incense could scarce overpower
Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of October
The roses bloomed still;
Our baskets were laden with flowers,
Her vases to fill:
Oleanders, geraniums, and myrtles
We chose to our will.

And we know when the Purification,
Her first feast, comes round,
The early spring flowers, to greet it,
Just opening are found;
And pure, white, and spotless, the snowdrop
Will pierce the dark ground.

And now, in this dreary December,
Our glad hearts are faint
To see if Earth comes not to help us;
We seek all in vain:
Not the faintest blossom is coming
Till spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
And Mary is blest;
For now she will give us her Jesus,
Our dearest, our best,
And see where she stands, the Maid Mother,
Her Babe on her breast!

And not one poor garland to give her,
And yet now, behold,
How the Kings bring their gifts—myrrh and
Incense
And bars of pure gold:
And the shepherds have brought for the Baby
Some lambs from their fold.

He stretches His tiny hands towards us,
He brings us all grace;
And look at His Mother who holds Him,—
The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
In the manger we place.

Where love takes, let love give; and so doubt
not:
Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
No winter can chill;
They who cared for "good will" the first
Christmas
Will care for it still.

In the Chaplet of Jesus and Mary,
From our hearts let us call,
At each *Ave Maria* we whisper,
A rosebud shall fall,
And at each *Gloria Patri* a lily,
The crown of them all!

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.