

was assisted in his Mass by Most Rev. Bishop Pifferi, Confessor to his Holiness, and Archbishop Constantini Elimosoniere di Sua Santita. The attendants were his Excellency Monsignor De la Volpe, Major Domo Del Saero Palazzo, the Right Rev. Monsignor Cuggiano di Azguedo, Maestro di Camera Vaticano. Present at the function were two Austrian Bishops and the Honorable and Most Rev. Edmond Stoner, Archbishop of Trebizond; his excellency the Most Rev. Monsignor Mey del Val, Papal Envoy Extraordinary to Canada. Immediately after the Mass of the Pope the Right Rev. Monsignor Zecchini celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, whilst his Holiness knelt apart at his throne absorbed in his thanksgiving.

The full choir of the Sistine Church was in attendance. At the Consecration the swords of the Noble Guards flashed from their scabbards, and at the Elevation their hands were raised in devout salutation. To unaccustomed eyes the ceremonial was startling and singularly impressive. But it was not the glow and splendour of the ceremonial, it was not the heavenly music that filled and thrilled the air it was not even the painted splendours of Michael Angelo that held the eyes and hearts of the spectators. The tall, frail old man who wields a power, the highest that man can reach, from the first held their attention.

When the Mass was concluded his Holiness, seated at the altar, received the pilgrims in succession. The Very Rev. Prior Glynn, kneeling beside the throne, introduced each pilgrim as he came. For each his Holiness had a cordial hand pressure and a friendly word, and graciously blessed the beads and other emblems which they presented. To all the priests present he gave the power of conferring the Pontifical Benediction once. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien P.P., Ticonderoga, New York, was exceptionally fortunate. He presented a white Zuchetta to his Holiness, who instantly placed it on his head and handed the one he had just worn at Mass to the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, a priceless souvenir of the pilgrimage.

How utterly worthless words are to convey even the faintest impression of the effect of the audience on those who had the supreme good fortune to be present! Apart from the great position Leo XIII. holds, there is a magnetic charm in the Pope's face and manner infinitely attractive and impressive. His eyes are full of light, his voice of sweetness. When he was at last borne away in his golden chair on the shoulders of his attendants the solemn hush in the chapel was like the silence of awe-struck reverence that scarcely dares to breathe.

In the afternoon his Holiness conferred on the pilgrims the unprecedented honour of a second audience, this time in the Grand Sala Clementina in the Vatican. Again there were present the Swiss Guards, the Noble Guards, and a number of prelates.

Having passed round in turn to each of the pilgrims, omitting none, but with a friendly word for each, his Holiness delivered to them collectively a most eloquent address in Italian, calling upon the Very Rev. Prior Glynn to translate as he proceeded:—

"My children," he said, "I welcome you from my heart. I am the Father of the Faithful and you are the best beloved of my children. You come to me from the most Catholic country in the world—a country that has suffered fearlessly, cheerfully, persecution, imprisonment, and death for the Faith's sake. Yours is a peculiar faith. This faith that was planted in your country by the blessed Apostle St. Patrick is impossible to eradicate. Not only has Ireland retained but she has spread the Faith over the Old World and the New; she has given priests and prelates to the Church in Europe and America. Therefore is Ireland much beloved of the Holy See. Therefore from the bottom of my heart, and with all the power that God has given me, I bless you my faithful children."

In the evening the pilgrims were entertained at a sumptuous reception by Chevalier Christmas at the Circolo San Pietro, and the Spanish Ambassador and a number of cardinals and prelates were invited to meet them.

Grave and Gay.

THE GREATEST OF MAGNETS.

PROFESSOR SMITH was once lecturing in a provincial town on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article. Then up rose old Johnny Sowerby. Said he:—

"I will give you facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man there was a little piece o' natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me fourteen miles on Sunday over ploughed land, no matter what the wind and weather. There wasn't no resistin'."

A GREAT PIECE OF ENTERPRISE.

"That was a fine batch of interviews you had this morning, Porter, on the Hawaiian question," remarked the city editor of a morning paper to the star reporter. "Did you see all those men yourself?"

"Yes."

"And you got them all to talk freely?"

"Yes, sir."

Well, I always thought you were a wonder, and now I know. Four of the men you interviewed are dead, two are in Europe, and one is in the insane asylum. I wish you would get some more to-day."

An Irishman beholding Niagara Falls said: "What is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said a companion, "see that mighty river pouring over into the deep abyss." "And sure, what's to hinder it?" said Pat.

Take the road that leads from Stratford to Coventry, and you have taken the loveliest road in all England. So say the travellers, and here is a story that looks as if there might be a grain of truth in the statement: An American woman who crossed the Atlantic this summer, one day announced her intention of driving, rather than "railing" through Great Britain. "Well," observed a neighbouring Englishman, "you won't find a lovelier road through the entire land's length and breadth than that from—" "Yes, she will too," interrupted another Englishman. "Of course I don't know the road you're thinking of, but whatever it is, it can't compare with the one I have in mind." The argument upon the subject at length waxed so warm between the two that the American suggested that each write his "drive" upon a slip of paper, the slips to be handed to her, and not opened till she had set foot on British soil. This was agreed upon. And when the American woman opened the slips she read upon the first: "From Stratford to Coventry," and upon the second: "From Coventry to Stratford."

THE WORD PUZZLED HIM.

There are many good Scotch anecdotes which will bear telling. One is that of a careful mother, who had a smattering of higher talk gained from association with "the quality."

"Ye maun gang to the minister and tell him to come and baptise the bairn, but mind John, that ye dinna say bairn—say infant."

Her better half pondered the word, and when he had committed it to memory he had reached the minister's house. As soon as he saw the Rev. gentleman he began his message.

"Maggie says ye air to come over and baptise the——"

"Is it the bairn ye mean, John?"

"Na, na, it's noo that at a'," said John in distress; "it's the—the—it's the elephant, minister!"

A Frenchman, having often heard the expression: "I've other fish to fry," astonished an English friend by saying: "I've no time to talk to you now; I must go and fry some fish."

"So they drove the editor out of town?" "Yes, the friends of some of the victims thought he was flippant when he referred to the cyclone as 'a sad blow to the community.'"

Boy: "Say, mister, please give me a pen'orth of castor oil, and give me very short measure, too." Chemist; "Short measure? Why?" Boy: "Cos I've got to take it myself."

Lea (sadly): "I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class. Perkins (promptly): "Make a chiropodist of him."

PERPLEXITIES OF TWO PALE GIRLS.

MISS WILLIAMS, of Capetown, South Africa, said that three years ago (when she was sixteen years of age) she began to be troubled with a tired, languid feeling after the slightest exertion. Her blood became very thin and watery, and often while standing her head would get dizzy and giddy, accompanied by a terrible buzzing sound in the ears, after which she would have a terrible bursting headache. Then she began to sleep very badly; and when she did sleep she was troubled with horrid dreams, and in the morning when she arose she had a very bad taste in her mouth.

Matters kept getting worse instead of better, and finally her blood got so thin and sluggish that her pulse barely throbbed. At this time she had to go to bed often for three or four days at a time. She could not eat, had no energy, no ambition, or desire to do anything, and, in fact, was as miserable as it is possible to be.

Luckily at this time she heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which she tried, with the result that now she is cheerful, happy, and bright. She looks healthy, and, instead of having her face covered with sores and pimples as it was, it is clear and smooth—thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss M. Warne, of 68 Tivoli Road, South Yarra, Melbourne, tells us that but three years ago she was simply dying. She grew thinner and thinner every day, and all her blood was turning to water. Her friends were very anxious about her. Doctor's advice was obtained. They said she was suffering from anæmia, but though she followed their directions most religiously no good resulted, and she sank lower and lower. At this time her elder sister, who had heard of the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, advised her to try them.

She did so, and they acted like a charm, and she soon regained her lost health, and says that, though she now leads a busy and active life, she is stronger and better than ever before, and that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that ever did her any good.

The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in wooden boxes, about two inches in length, encircling which is a blue warning label. The outside wrapper has the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red. They are never sold in bulk or from glass jars, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. He is a man who would show equal readiness in employing impure drugs when making up prescriptions. In case of doubt it is better to send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., enclosing the price 3s. a box, or six boxes for 15s. 9d. These pills are not a purgative, and they contain nothing that could injure the most delicate.

As a spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills far surpass all other remedies. Their action on the blood and nerves is prompt, and the effect is wonderful. Lassitude gives way to a feeling of renewed energy, and the lurking seeds of disease, resulting from the indoor confinement of the winter months, are speedily expelled from the system. These pills are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." A pill even if coloured pink, offered in any other form is a fraudulent imitation, and should be promptly refused. Buyers will protect themselves against imposition by bearing this in mind.