

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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The Litany of Our Lady.

Mother of God, amongst all creatures, holy;
Virgin of Virgins, most meek and lowly;
Mother of Christ, whom we follow slowly;
Smooth thou the wearisome way for us,
Mother of grace from the God-head dwelling;
Mother most pure and most chaste, excellent;
Fairest of angels in heaven dwelling;
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Mother alone undefiled and peerless;
Motherly, blameless, sinless, fearless;
Mother most lovable, life is cheerless,
Be thou a comfort and stay for us,
Mother most wondrous, love-stars elated;
Mother of Him who the world created;
Mother of Jesus the Passion-sated—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Virgin most prudent, enshrined in story;
Virgin revered since the ages hoary;
Virgin renowned of thy dazzling glory,
Spare but a glimmering ray for us,
Virgin most potent, whose foes surrender;
Virgin most merciful, kind and tender;
Virgin most faithful, our sure defender—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Mirror of justice and all perfection,
Seat of true wisdom by way of election,
Cause of our joy and of hell's dejection,
Passion's wild tumult ally for us,
Spirit-like vessel with grace bounding,
Vessel of honor to God redeounding,
Vase of devotion unique, astounding—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Mystical rose with a bloom eternal,
Tower of David, against loss infernal,
Tower of ivory, fair, supernatural,
Symbol of help to the way for us,
Mansion of gold that delights our vision,
Ark where the Law suffers no mispision,
Gate of our beautiful home in heaven—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Star of the morning, through deserts guiding
Health of the weak and their hope abiding,
Refuge of sinners in their contending,
Still thy compassion display for us,
Comforter of the sorrow-stricken,
Help of all Christians when perils threaten,
Grant that our hearts with thy love may
gladden—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Queen of the angels, creation alden,
Prior to thee, but to thee beholden;
Queen of the patriarchs, swift to holden
Souls that sorrow may our lives becomen,
Queen of the prophets, the wisdom gifted;
Queen of apostles, whose graces bounding,
Queen of all martyrs with hearts wroth-rioted—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

Queen of confessors, for Christ outspoken;
Queen of fair virgins with vows broken;
Queen of all saints, may our lives becomen,
Triumph like theirs, not dismay for us,
Queen most immaculate, sullied never;
Queen of the Rosary, blest forever,
Union with thee not an death can sever—
Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us!

—Rev. Arthur Barry, C. S. C., in Ave Maria.

ART AND LITERATURE.

Address Delivered by Very Rev. Dean Harris at the Banquet of the Canadian Club at Hamilton.

The annual banquet of the Canadian Club, of Hamilton, took place on Thursday evening, and was one of the most successful ever given in the Ambitious City. Over two hundred of the representative men of the city, including clergymen, merchants and professional men, sat down to a most sumptuous repast. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, was present, and his speech in reply to the toast, "Art and Literature," was a masterpiece of condensation, and evoked repeated applause. He spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Canadian Club: Nothing affords me more gratification as a citizen of Ontario by adoption and choice than the fact of your existence, and as a society, organized to keep to the front the spirit of Canadian nationalism. We have in this country associations such as St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. George's, every one of which is intended to celebrate something on the other side of the Atlantic, and nothing here except of recent importation. But we have become old and venerable enough to have societies that will perpetuate something that is purely, absolutely, and originally Canadian. You have organized to proclaim, at least once a year, your undying attachment to the laws, institutions and traditions of this country, and to keep alive a social and patriotic organization which is entirely Canadian in its origin, in its character and in its results.

I look forward to the time when every city, town and village of this Dominion, catching inspiration and enthusiasm from the loyal and enterprising citizens of Hamilton, will strive to emulate the splendid example given by you when five years ago you laid the foundations deep and strong, I trust, of a society whose members assembled around this board to night are exercising the ghost of racial, religious and political animosities, and inviting the spirit of brotherly love, and national unity to possess the land and be with us for ever more. You have done me the honor, gentlemen, to associate my name with a sentiment so intimately identified with art and literature, as to be inseparably wedded to them. The prominence which you give to this toast at your annual banquet implies on your part a hope that as a nation we are passing from Colonial boyhood into stalwart manhood, when art and literature will receive that hospitality and generous encouragement which are theirs in every highly civilized community. There are two periods in the history of art, when the genius of our race soared to its highest limit. These are known to us as the Periclean and Leonine ages. In the days of Pericles, when civilized Paganism reached the fullness of its growth, sculpture, painting and architecture attained their greatest perfection, while under Pope Leo X., in the two centuries passed the highest point of Pagan aspiration. The "Flayed Man," the "Apollo Belvedere," and the "Vatican Laocoon," the product of the Phidian age of Grecian statuary to this day evoke the wonder and excite the astonishment of our nineteenth century sculpt-

ors. The flayed man of Phidias is the despair of modern artists, and if the statue did not exist to attest the enormous possibilities of plastic art, credulity would refuse to accept even the testimony of a cloud of historical witnesses. The consensus of opinion declares that the statue of Apollo Belvedere marks the limit of lithic art, and that the physically perfect man is here petrified and immortalized in the masterpiece of sculpture that even its jointings were so skillfully concealed that it required a Michael Angelo to show where they ought to be and must be. Putting for a time these wondrous productions aside, let us take three examples of the sublimest form of Christian art of the Leonine period, and then endeavor to ascertain the causes which conspired to develop the master minds of these past ages and to confine their existence to two periods in the history of Pagan and Christian civilization. In a room of the Vatican Palace are three matchless paintings, the Virgin of Raphael, the Communion of St. Jerome by Titian, and the Transfiguration. Art connoisseurs and students agree in acknowledging these famous paintings to be equal to and in some respects surpass anything produced by the pagan Greek. The history of art recognizes in these three statues and these three paintings two periods of absolute perfection, the Phidian or Periclean age in Greece, and the Leonine or age of the Renaissance in Italy. These are such stupendous productions of genius that it is difficult to imagine how they can be surpassed or equaled. Wagner asserts that instrumental music ended at Beethoven and beyond his symphonies was madness, and it may be said of these works that they mark the limits and possibilities of pictorial and plastic art. Through generations of tireless endurance the Greek evolved the art of sculpture from crude and conventional beginnings and lifted it to a plane of beauty and perfection that the mind of man admits, at least, in its present state, to be the limit of human power and exertion. Christian art was born in the Catacombs, and from the rough drawings in these dark vaults, from effigies scraped upon their walls, we perceive the elements of symbolic, representative and commemorative art. In rude scratches of departed relatives and slaughtered saints we find the beginning of commemorative art. In various scenes from the Old and New Testaments, and in crude paintings, in whose sacred import is Christian salvation and eternity, we find the elements of representative and symbolic art, which grew into the marvelous productions of Raphael, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Guido, Reni and Titian. Hellenic ambition tore down the Indian, Babylonian and Persian buildings, and from their ruins regenerate architecture, and gave to the world the Peristyle, the Ionic, Doric and Corinthian pillar, the fluted column and floriate capital. In statuary Greek art reached a finality, and from the days of Pericles until now the sculptor, no matter what his nationality or religion, still draws his inspiration from Greek sources and takes Greek masterpieces as his models. But the change from paganism to Christianity brought about a corresponding change in art. The Greek found in plastic art his highest conception of physical strength and beauty, which he deified and adorned. Having special value for the body, he had enthusiasm for the art which idealized it, and in Grecian discipline and Grecian games, he had ample opportunity for continuous study. The Christian liberated by Truth from the slavery and worship of the flesh demanded an art that would actualize his conceptions of spiritual life, or sorrow, and exaltation of the soul from intimate union with its Creator. Marble, ivory and bronze would at the command of genius take shape of physical strength, and dress of physical beauty, but they could not be by any effort of genius or cunning of hand take on the divine expression of love spiritualized, or tenderness, commiseration and sympathy. Defied, marble and bronze were indeed suited to give expressions to the form and beauty of the natural man, and answered the heathen's sublimest conception of happiness which lingered on the pleasures of the flesh and the joys of the senses here and hereafter. Christianity demanded a medium more subtle than sculpture, an art so delicate that it would tell to the soul in the tintings of the cheek and the light of the eye the secrets of the heart and the visions of the spirit. He demanded an art that would show to his fellowman that the face of his brother could be made God-like by sanctity of life, and the face of his sister made angelic by purity, and that even the thoughts of a noble soul could be imperishably imprinted on the eye. The Christian turned to painting and though he recognized its limitations he perceived that its resources were practically exhausted and were better adapted to deal successfully with the struggles and joys of the soul when lifted by its religion into spiritual and immortal regions. The Church welcomed painting as an efficient aid and coadjutor, and from the Old and New Testaments, from the sanctity of her virgins and

the heroism of her martyrs her painters drew their inspirations and gave to our race those matchless treasures of pictorial art that to this day, like Genius itself, are priceless and immortal. Sculpture could not answer to the Christian's hope, and though Michael Angelo, Canova and Thorwaldsen have left us invaluable legacies of their genius in marble, the Christian Church never attached the same importance to it, as it did to painting, music and architecture. As Grecian sculptures could not satisfy the aspirations of the Christian pagan architecture failed to realize his conceptions of what was due to divinity and immortality. The heathens had temples of astonishing magnitude and ponderous design, they had also basilicas of exquisite simplicity and buildings dedicated to their gods of most lovely and fair creation, but their architecture lacked spirituality, was buried in bulk or ran low along the earth, and suggested nothing of immortality. Architects of every age and land admit that, with but one sublime and solitary exception, all their tracings and drawings, all their alterations and changes, are but modifications of Greek style, and unanimously acknowledge that Grecian architecture embodies four of the five basic principles of constructive art. The Grecian temple, marvelously beautiful as it was, failed to realize the Christian's hope, and he conceived and wrought into lovely shape and form a new architecture which he solidified in the Gothic cathedral. Christian architecture, as imaged in the cathedral, is a sacramental photograph of the unity of God, the diversity of nature and the multitudinous aspirations of the soul, which places turret above tower and spire above turret, until the cross over all pierces the clouds and vanishes into immortal light. We have seen that at two periods in the history of our race, the artistic genius reached its highest perfection, and if you ask me for the causes that conspired to give birth to the great men of these times I reply that we have not far to go for an answer.

I waive the consideration of all artificial and meretricious aids, and insist on the one word "encouragement," as an ample answer to all questions. Ruskin contends that as much art ability is born in one generation as another, but that by force of circumstances, nature of environment and the like, it remains inactive or is diverted into other channels. The great art critic deals of course with people on the same plane of civilization. While a community is struggling with a stubborn soil or employed in shaping the political institutions of a new country it is unfair to expect that much time will be given to aesthetic culture, or that art or artists will receive much encouragement. With material prosperity and political stability, a nation has the time and means to found art museums, and decorate their public buildings and private homes. At no time in the history of art was aesthetic ability more liberally encouraged or bounteously rewarded than in the Periclean and Leonine ages, and at no time in the history of our race has genius reached such lofty heights or accomplished in the domain of art such stupendous results. It is a remarkable fact that no age has ever produced illustrious painters, architects, musicians and sculptors without the co-operation and encouragement of religion. Hellenic art was the child of Hellenic theology and the offspring of the religion of the Greek. Everywhere temples were raised to divine gods, and in their rivalry to mortal gods, and with each other in divine competition and sought to outdo each other in the magnificence and beauty of the basilicas and temples dedicated to their tutelary divinities. The man who achieved with in any department of art was frequently rewarded by divine honors. While living, wealth poured upon him, the inspiring plaudits of the multitude greeted him in public places, and after his death the Church and State enrolled him among the gods. The archetypal Diana had his statue erected among those of the gods, and the builder of the temple of Dodona was created a demi-god. Foot to foot with the architect ran the sculptor and painter, in this glorious race for the divine crown, and the reward of immortality. Then might and majesty became personified in Zeus Olympus, the perfection of masculine grace and beauty in Apollo, skill and refinement in Athena and Hera, and Aphrodite was henceforth the type of maternity and sensuous beauty. Thus it happened that religion and art acted and reacted upon each other, and gave to the world of art as its inheritance Zeus Phidias, Parhassus, Polyclitus and Ictinus, who built the Parthenon. As it was with the Greek in the Phidian age so it was with the Christian in the days of Leo X. The Greek lavished embellishment, statuary and decoration on the temples of his gods, believing that his reward would be an immortality of glory. The Christian beautified his churches, cathedrals and religious edifices with the masterpieces of his genius. His Church encouraged him in his aspirations, and his hopes, and by her liberal patron-

age and exalted honors raised the Christian artist to a plane of equality with the great men of the world. The State emulated the Church in extending generous encouragement and enviable rewards to her sons who became illustrious in the domain of art. St. Peter's cathedral and that of Milan are in a sense imperishable monuments to the illustrious men who designed, constructed and embellished them, and are irrefutable and eternal proofs of sacramental contract long ago entered into between the Church and Christian art. The galleries of the Vatican palace in Rome, the Sixtine chapel protecting the immortal frescoes of Michael Angelo, and the Vatican halls of tapestry are indisputable arguments, moving the thoughts of men to a conviction, that art separated from religion can never become truly great. And, now, gentlemen, what of the future of art in our own country? The evolution of art requires an educated public. Great art would be lost among barbarians, for they have never been trained to an appreciation of anything above brute strength, rude military action, and animal pleasures. The Catholic Church, like the Greek, believes art to have an educative influence, and as such to be a necessity. Like the Greek she displays the masterpieces of her children in her churches and temples, where they are the common property of all, the poor as well as the rich, the uneducated as well as the educated. It is a consolation beyond the power of language to express, that the severity of the Puritanism of other days is passing away, and that Christian communities not in affiliation with the Roman are beginning to realize that it is a mistake to allow the Roman Catholic Church to have exclusive possession of the advantages which flow from fine paintings, richly colored windows and exquisitely carved statues.

Judging from the past I am persuaded that until the Christian Church and Christian State in this glorious country of ours unite to encourage dawning genius to aspire to something higher than mere drawing-room decorations there is no room for the future of art in our land. If barbarians had never painted anything on a higher plane than the parlor curtain which desecrated Zeuxis, he would not have earned the name of one of the world's greatest painters. Fortunately for him and art, the Church and State employed his great talents in the decorations of public buildings. Until public sentiment in this country advanced sufficiently to recognize and give encouragement to native art, those who look for the spontaneous blossoming, and fruition of Canadian art will be doomed to disappointment. Our Premier's hope that another Washington with its art galleries, its public buildings frescoed, ornamented and decorated by our own sons, would rise on the banks of the Ottawa, I trust, will soon be actualized. When that day comes, gentlemen, Canada will take her stand with the advanced nations of Europe, and as she is now their peer in public enterprise, intelligence and morality, on that day her own Statue of Liberty at the mouth of the St. Lawrence will proclaim to all peoples that she has realized her hopes and possibilities.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

His Character and Work Reviewed by Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

Montreal True Witness.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, M. A., of New York, on Friday delivered the last of the Winter Course of lectures organized by the Montreal Free Library. There was a large gathering present. The proceedings were opened by Prof. J. P. Costen, who gave an exquisite selection on the piano. He was followed by Miss Morrison, Montreal's favorite soprano, and Mrs. Harding, who rendered, as a duet, that famous composition of Cardinal Newman, "Lead Kindly Light." Both performers were warmly applauded as they resumed their seats.

Rev. Father Devine, S. J., introduced the lecturer, in the unavoidable absence of Sir William Hingston, who put in an appearance later in the evening and occupied the chair during the remainder of the lecture. "Cardinal Newman" was the subject of Mr. Adams' discourse, and he treated it in a manner that showed him to be a thorough student of Newman and his works. The audience closely followed the lecturer, as was plainly evident by the frequent outburst of applause which greeted him as he placed before it some striking picture of the Cardinal's nobleness of character, or depicted his reverential humility, traits which won for him a warm spot in the hearts of English Protestants.

In commencing his lecture, Mr. Adams said that he was going to try and give to his hearers the picture that he had in his hearts of hearts of John Henry Newman. He wanted to get Catholics to appreciate more fully than they did the meaning of the great non-Catholic world all round them, pressing and looking in through the bars of Catholicism and yet, in their (the Catholics) opinion separated from them by chasms

of time worn indifference, chasms of three hundred years of misunderstanding. He wanted them to recognize, first of all, that John Henry Newman was the connecting link between Catholicity and the English-speaking world; that no longer could the Church ignore the English-speaking world—she never had done that—but that no longer could the English-speaking world ignore the Catholic Church, which was a very different proposition. Mr. Adams then went on to say that the central fact in the religious evolution of the nineteenth century was that, in 1845, John Henry Newman, the leader of the intellectual and religious evolution of the English-speaking world, in the maturity of his powers, and at the cost of everything that could be used to measure the sincerity of any man's act, deliberately submitted TO THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SEE, and surrendered his imagination, his will, his preconceptions, everything, and said: "God, teach me through Thy one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church"; and for forty years he lived an obedient child of the Holy Church. That central fact was the one great rock on which the modern non-Catholic world had split, and through the gap in the walls of the glorious Catholic Jerusalem which Newman made as he entered, the vast majority of non-Catholics got their first glimpse of Catholicity. They loved him; they could not help it. They admired his genius, they trembled at his power, they grew silent and broken-hearted when they contemplated the step he took. While other men were battling for the truth in all other lines, while men's minds were being torn this way and that, Newman was right up all the time, simply asking, "Truth, truth, truth; only pure abstract truth." He was fighting that last foe, the great Goliath of the nineteenth century, intellectual pride, and Goliath's chief lieutenant, a great deal more fussy than Goliath, spiritual pride. The greatest intellect in England said to himself: "I am not infallible, nor am I free, except as truth shall make me free." The greatest spiritual force in England said: "I am not free, except so far as truth shall make me free." And when he did those things HE SHIPPED THE VERY BIRD OF PHOENIX.

Pride of judgment, with all its inclusions, was smashed forever, and educational, sophomoric dilettanteism was pricked in its very heart. Newman, therefore, stood in the centre of our century, spanning it by his long life, dying not until its last decade was reached, and having proved in both the spiritual arena and the intellectual that he was capable of understanding all of the issues, that his face was on the side of God and truth, that the intellect could reach its highest power only when it was admitted to the truth, and that the soul of man was safe and near to God only when it submitted to the truth as God revealed it through His one Holy Church. Having spoken thus generally Mr. Adams touched on the depressed condition of the English Church, English society and English art and literature seventy years ago, and said that paralysis had struck the world, when, suddenly, along all avenues of man's endeavor and thought came the spirit of revolt, change, breaking up, in order that the strong and new might come. In that crucial moment of a great living factor in the development of the world John Henry Newman was born; and on him God laid the glorious, splendid vocation of the scapegoat. It was a grand thing, remarked the lecturer, to be a scapegoat of that type, to bear up uncompromisingly under successions of affliction, in order that others might enjoy the good things of life in peace. He spoke of

THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF NEWMAN'S CRITICAL MIND, referred to his college career at Oxford, touched on his entering the Anglican Church, which from the crown of his head to the heel of his foot, he thought was the true Church, and then went on to allude to the part he took in the Oxford Movement. The tracts issued by the leaders of that movement, Mr. Adams said, at times called on their heads a perfect storm of ridicule. The first time that a vicar in London wore a white surplice he was stoned and nearly killed. That gentleman was the vicar of the church in Pimlico and vicar of the church of Knightsbridge. Every step in advance that was taken by the leaders of the movement was fought out in the law courts. But at last a great popular wave of appreciation swept over England; and at the moment of its culmination, when the whole country was beginning to read the Fathers, those who were nearest to Newman began to see a change in him. The lecturer spoke of THE WONDERFUL INFLUENCE WHICH NEWMAN EXERCISED over those who came in contact with his lofty soul, as was shown by the fact that for twelve long years he, Sunday after Sunday, took the noblest in the brains of England and moulded it as if it were putty. Mr. Adams vividly portrayed that great event in Newman's life when, whilst administering Holy Communion in his church at Littlemore, the change, the matter of which had long perturbed his mind, suddenly came, and being convinced in his soul that he was not a true priest of

A Song for Mary.

O what were the year without May-time,
The month of the birds and the flowers,
When Nature is thrilling with beauty,
At sight of her own lovely bowers?
O what were the year without May-time,
When gold gleams were blue in the skies,
And youth life is happy, reflecting
The beauty of May in its eyes?
O what were our life without Mary,
The cause of our hope and our joy,
Whose love is the one love enduring—
The love that hath never alloy?
O what were our life without Mary,
The spring tide with promise replete?
She sows in our hearts, and their garner,
And lays our life's fruit at God's feet.
—Ave Maria.

the Church he represented, he left unfinished the administration of the sacred office in which he was then engaged. There was not a pupil from Land's End to John O'Groats that did not kiss his "I told you so." But, with a lofty noble spirit, Newman arose above it, and humbly, in the dead of the night, he received into the Church, made his confession, sobbed at the feet of the Father who instructed and received him, and looked eagerly to the time when he could make his first Communion. At that time he was only forty-five years of age, just in his prime. Keble, his dearest Protestant friend, tried to persuade him that his career of spiritual usefulness was finished, that God had no more work for him. But, suddenly, within five years afterwards,

ALL ENGLAND AGAIN HAD ITS EYES ON HIM. Again this mighty intellectual and spiritual giant threw down the gauntlet and took a magnificent position in his essay on "The Development of Doctrine." All England surged back and forth, and you could see how magnificently he was cornering his opponents. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, essay after essay, and the consciences of the people were aroused. Later on he was dragged from the seclusion of his cloister into the arena to defend himself against a stab by Charles Kingsley. It was then that he wrote his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," which contained no fussy underbrush, but was just the broad, white, calm, serene flight of marble steps up from the cradle, where he suffered in the dark night and used to cry, to the great altar of his self-sacrifice when he said to God, in truth, "Lead Thou me on."

Not only did Newman vindicate himself in that work, but the whole Catholic priesthood, from the moment it was printed, stood absolutely in a new relation to the English-speaking world.

It showed that not only was a Catholic priest capable of honorable, truthful, direct, manly, out and out square dealing, but that from the top to the bottom the whole Church repudiated, denounced, stigmatized and damned the slightest approach to anything underhand, sneaking, double-faced, equivocal or mean. And so the whole broad, strong, productive of the English public had a good solid laugh at itself, and shook hands, for the first time in three hundred years, with the Catholic priesthood. The "Apologia" took the scales from ten thousand eyes, and they saw for the first time certain vital principles, and saw through the clear light of that beautiful production the sympathetic, almost child-like nature of the man. The humility of that book was simply indescribable. The author of it did not go out of his way to show his enemy wrong; but he came out and tried to explain to the people how hard he had tried to know what God wanted him to do, and how he felt at every step that he was falling short of what was required of him. Speaking of Newman's picture of a medieval university, the lecturer said he considered it the finest thing in English since Shakespeare. Through that picture the English public got its first honest, loyal and appreciative look at those grand principles of Catholic education which had been

THE GLORY OF THE HOLY CHURCH; and on the lines there laid down could be seen the future in the development of education. Already, at Oxford, there was a Jesuit College; so that it began to look extremely as if the medieval university Newman so graphically and beautifully pictured was going to be the University of Oxford in the twentieth century. Newman was not a theologian. Pusey was a more accurate theologian; but he failed to attain to the conception of Catholic truth. It was not on Newman's theological side that he was of the greatest use to all mankind; but he gave to the revolt of the Protestant prejudice of his fathers what was better than exquisite song, for Keble could do that; he gave to God his absolute pledge that he would go through fire and water, across the mouth of hell, from friends, ambition, hope, career, to where He showed him the truth was to be found. To his fellowmen he gave a personal leadership. Innumerable converts had been helped up the steep and difficult ascent that leads to Catholicity more largely from the splendid enthusiasm aroused by Newman than by any other means.

Science springs from man's yearning for truth; art, from his yearning for beauty; religion, from his yearning for love. And as truth, beauty and love are a harmony, so are science, art and religion. —Bishop Spalding.

MAY 1, 1897.
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