Peruliar Administration of the Stars

Right through the sombre clouds of anlightened darkress which surround and bover above our nineteenth century civilization there shines a light which seems to promise something which we nature is not the warped, twisted and ungainly thing that acidulous pessimists would have us believe. I refer to the extraordinary interest in the education of youth displayed by those good; ople whose only fault is that they have neither the time nor the inclination to mind their own business. Their own sons, mayhap, are going, as fast as their limbs and their purses can carry them, to that region where water floweth not, yet they, dear souls, are so given to their neighbors' best interests that their growth. The great Shakespeare knew own flesh and blood is forgotten, or, rather, neglected; you see, their boys are so good that they do not require looking after—it is the other fellows' progeny that needs their constant care and attention. This is what I should call larg ness of heart, but it has been termed narrow-forehead philosophy by wicked and designing people.

The above-mentioned good folks re. mind me of the spider and the fly. A magnanimous spider, whose large heart was pained upon learning that a certain fly for whom he entertained the greatest ragard and affection, was a very ignorant and uneducated fly, invited him into his school (if I may be allowed to paraphrase a little). The fly, owing to his ignorant and uneducated state, was not a suspicious fly, and at once accepted the kind and friendly invitation. He was conducted through long corridors and was shown the beautiful class-rooms. In one of the latter he saw a number of little spiders busily engaged at their in hand and explained, as well as a and the many and different studies pur-sued therein. Of course the uneducated fiv was mightily impressed and somewhat awed by what he saw and heard. but one thing struck him as being rather queer, to say he least. He had looked around the class-room and was about to leave for the purpose of inspecting the one adjoining, when his attention was arrested by a curious eight. He saw about twenty little insects march into the room, each of whose bodies was half fly and half spider. Putting on his spectacles the astonished fly turned to the spider and asked: "My dear sir, what are those little objects? Methinks I see in yonder forms a picture of my humble self, yet strange to say they do appear to bear a striking likeness to your noble lordship. Pray what are they?" The wily and educated spider replied in a highly educated manner, informing his visitor that once upon a time all the pupils which he now saw before him were genuine flies, but his methods tended to raise them to a higher sphere, so they had become spiders, whilst the little wee fellows now marching in had not yet had time to become wholly transformed. This explanation agitated and irritated the fly, so much so that he picked up a book, but before throwing it at the spider he looked at its title which, to his amazement, told him that the volume was a treatise on "How to Catch Flies." The now thoroughly aroused fly was about to wreck summary vengeance upon the wicked spider when the latter, with a view to appease his visitor, offered him a partnership in the business. The fly, being unpolished and ignorant, apurned the offer and said: "I'll be hanged if I accept!" The spider's face was flushed with anger as he shouted: "Then if you won't you'il be eaten!" and with that he swallowed the fly, and at the same moment the little half flies half spiders began to sing "Oh, really, it is good to be a

When a man admits that a mountain is composed chiefly of rock; a river, of water; and an alderman of impudence, he admits facts which are patent to all who live on our planet. But will he admit the equally evident fact that he and his fellow-men are mere imitators, the one of the other? No, I think not, for the simple reason that such an admission would lower him in his own estima. tion by placing him in line with the monkey, the greatest imitator on earth. I do not mean to say that I am a believer in the Darwinian theory. Not at all; but when I look around me I am forced to confess that the monkey is a sort of thirty first cousin to the human race. This brings me to the Stage—the modern, get-all-you can-out-of-them Montreal Stage. But, before going into this subject, I wish to say a few words in support of my contention that man is merely an imitator.

Who has not seen at one time or another, something like the following: A man is standing with one eye glued to a hole in a fence. Another fellow comes along, and, seeing the other, immediately proceeds to look for a convenient hole. If such be above, his reach he will tax his ingenuity to attain his end; and if the original sight seer remain, say two selves. Anything and everything that minutes, at his post and then relinquish appeals to the baser nature of man apit, he will find every blessed hole in the tt, he will find every blessed hole in the fence with an eye behind it. Of course, and alluring, scatters its noxious persuance of the force of every place of the force of every place. curiosity, in such a case, strengthens the force of example.
Should Mrs. Hightone Brown give

ple vill co to the wheelmen's more there learn met a "socrober" always des with a hump on his back—enough; the callow youth will immediately cul-tivate a tump, and in a short time our streets become filled with a string of diminutive, imitation camels on wheels. Should the officers of a Halifax regiment be told that swieds ought to be worn at the side and not in the pocket or as an ornament for the hair, they forthwith resign—as gentlemanly soldiers should always do when they smell sulphur—and lo! the gallant defenders of our country resign one after another, because the horrid General-ignorant fellow, don't ye-know -has hinted that they couldn't hit a hay stack. The Halifax officers were have not now, and which, look upon it great and good soldiers, and—well, imihave not now, and which, look upon it tation is the highest flattery, 'tis said.

as we may, serves to prove that human This is the last and most dreadful illustration of the force of example. Alas! that our bump of imitation should bring us to such a pass. Where, I ask, ah, where would we be should the awful Yankees make up their minds to "take" us-that is if the General should refuse to apologize, and confess that he was in error—that the above mentioned soldiers could hit a hav-stack? I shudder at the thought!

> Some one has said that the theatre is like unto a school wherein are taught the unripe youth and children of a larger

> 'All the world's a stage."
>
> If he were in the flesh at the present time he would, doubtless, make use of a much stronger line as the vehicle of his thoughts. However, let that pass, as a famous old lady would say.

what he was about when he affirmed that

There was a time when a Mentreal audience would rise as one man and betake itself to its home, rinse its mouth and take a shower-bath, if the then theatre managers had the impudence to place before its intelligent eyes the hideous, deformed, unnameable, fivelegged monstresities that are daily and nightly seen in our theatres at the present day. And then, having freed itself from the contagion, it would make a vow to withhold its patronage until such time as the managers would make up their minds to cease insulting the intelligence of the people from whom they derive their support.

I admit that at times we are treated to something good, very good, but such lessons. The old spider took his visitor occasions are as oasis in a desert—few and far between. And why should this highly educated and philanthropic be tolerated? There is no earthly reaspider could, the working of his school son or excuse for such a state of affairs. A theatrical manager was once heard to exclaim, "Oh, there is no use in my bringing a good company to Montreal. It don't pay!" I forgive the "don't," but not the implied insult. The statement, moreover, is not borne out by the facts. When the great Irving pitched his tent in our midst-alas! now some years ago-the newspapers teemed with matter relating to the enthusiastic reception the eminent actor had met with at the hands of Montreal people—told of hundreds who had left their beds at five o'clock in the morning that they might be sure of securing their tickets, and, upon arriving at the ticket office found a little army ahead of them. And the newspapers, wonderful to relate, did not exaggerate; they told the bare truth, which is usually a difficult undertaking for a newspaper. And Sara Bernhardt, Salvini, Ada Rehan, Mansfield, Collier, Haworth, and scores of artists, were they questioned on the matter, could easily refute the statement that a Montreal audience can appreciate nothing save the antics of mountebanks and alleged "actors."

> A recent occurrence at one of our uptown theatres brought to the notice of hundreds of people who never enter a theatre the vile and contemptible "plays" that are nowadays staged for the public. Everyone has read or been told of the reception accorded the "actors," who seemed to imagine that Montreal was a nest of savages who delighted in witnesing a hideous caricature of a race that has won glory and distinc tion in every field of battle and of peace, and whose worst fault lies in the superabundance of good nature which permits hirelings, vile and wretched, to earn a living by continually libelling the Irish race. The reception the "actor" re ceived was well merited, and the odour of the "provisions" launched at them was not a whit more unsavoury than the reputation that they had earned for themselves. A protest, in the usual and accepted form, would be quite lost on such a conglomeration of strollers as the ones referred to. "The punishment should fit the crime," and such people deserve to be taught in the hard school of experience that he who grovels in the mire shall receive that species of punishment which he best comprehends.

The stage, as we have seen it in recent years, enacts in a thoroughly finished manner the heavy part of the spider. In the vicinity of our theatres of an evening the flies may be seen hurrying to the feast. They are mostly of tender years, from eight to twelve, and they are going to be taught! The master spider has prepared his net, and his assistants of the family Araneidæ pull the lines taut. But, unlike the spider first referred to, this one does not swallow his victims; he prefers to extract their little coins; nor does he convert them into little spiders. No, his genius takes a higher flight—he transforms them into little devils! Exhibition after exhibition follows, one none degrading and debasing than the other, until the once innocent little flies become worse than the spiders thembecome thoroughly permeated with the vile stuff; they breathe it, take it into something new in the shape of an electheir lungs, their hearts; their minds tric blue tea. Mrs. Smith Jennings and become saturated with it; it is now a Mrs Kill Time will most assuredly do part of themselves of their life blood; the same. Electric blue tess become the they cannot do without it; the habit is recommend the leady common of without it; the hab

ooin in his pocket!

This is a picture of the stage as it ex ists in a certain quarter of the city. Its victima-its imitators—are to be found without the aid of a detective. They prowl through the city's streets and on the mountain top; no person may feet safe when they are about. The degenerate stage has taught them well, and they have proved apt pupils. Their imitative faculty has been fully developed, but on the sinister side-with the other they will have nothing to do.

About the more respectable professional stage as we have it, I have little to say. Except at rare intervals, it is 'neither fish, flesh nor good red herring." It is neither good nor evil; it is a grave -a house of bones-a nonentity-a painted emptiness-a shallow vessel - an ark, with nothing save fine scenery, good furniture and bright lights to save it the former, and the punishment, in the from the fate of all old hulks—the ocean of oblivion. And this in Montreal, the premier city of the Dominion! Awake, beautiful city! Raise your powerful voice and demand a return to the elevating stage, the purifying stage—the stage that saves many a man from the grossness that surrounds him—the vile powers that never slumber—that never halt in their efforts to drag him down to their own grovelling level!

A question which is agitating the minds of thinkers on the social condi tion of the people to-day is the problem of female labor. This question is many sided, and its solution, as far as we can see, distant There are hundreds of thousands of women in North America employed in every conceivable capacity. who do their work well and conscientiously, but at wages for which a man cannot work and live. These women, or girls, are readily engaged, while men go

The weakness of the average employer of female labor is easily explained. Individual or corporation, heartless or soulless, as the case may be, has the work performed at the lowest possible cost, that the greatest profits may be made. In our sight, there is only one remedy for this evil, and that is a regular scale of wages in branches of labor, irrespective of the sex or age of the per son who performs the work. Women have an equal right with men to earn their living in the world, and many of them are compelled to do so owing to the uselessness or inability (or worse) of the men who should support them. They cannot, therefore, be shut out; the labor field must be left open to them. On the other hand, a man, if he is such in the best sense of the word, has greater responsibilities and burdens to carry and in order to properly support his wife and children he requires a salary greater than that upon which the aver age woman can live comfortably. The prime difficulty arises in competition, and the man gets the worst of it. Women are not adequately paid for the work they do. Innumerable women actually slave day and night for what will barely keep life in themselves and those dependent upon them. Self-sacrifice and martyrdom come more natural to them than to men. In the meantime, the latter go idle, and, where a husband should be supporting his family in ten or twelve dollars a week, we find a wo man struggling to keep herself, husband and children on four or six dollars per week. The remedy lies wholly with the employer, and we must state that we are pessimistic enough to think that he has no intention of applying it. The average mana er of a corporation thinks of little besides his own big salary, and his desire to present a good sized dividend to the shareholders. Our modern "mer chant prince" is inclined to screw his employes down to the brink of starvation that, in after years, he may make his name "immortal" by a donation of a million or so to some educational estab lishment. When he dies a large, imposing monument is erected over his grave. and an elaborate epitaph describes his virtues and his noble deeds of philanthropy. This is empty praise for him now. Around his tomb, in unmarked graves, lie hundreds who, bad the "philanthropist" given them and theirs just wages, might have lived to pray for his

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, in a letter to the London Times, draws attention to a genuine religious grievance, the absence of adequate provision for the spiritual wants of sailors by the appointment of Catholic naval chaplains. Hope was held out some time ago that Government were about to remedy this, but so far these hopes have not been fulfilled. "It is heartbreaking to think," says Mrs.
Maxwell Scott, "how many of our sailors live for months, or even years, and even die, alas, without the grace of confession or the consolation of being assisted when ill by an English-speaking priest." Mrs. Scott concludes with a strong expostula-tion which ought to move the Admiralty if they are not wholly indifferent to the moral welfare of the Catholic portion of the Navy. "We are most willing," she

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in met and they bow that head; blood his do give our sons to the service of their master and solinowledge his do our country, but I think we have a right minion over them, whilst the cunning to sak in return that suitable provisi a spider amacks his lips and jingles the be made for their spiritual needs, and it assems a shares that the nation should seems a shame that the nation should accept the services of so many Catholics and give them so few opportunities of doing what they consider necessary for the sulvation of their souls "

> It cannot fail to have struck these of our readers who patronize, either frequently or occasionally, our local the aires that there has or late years been a marked deterioration in the class of plays presented in them. A good play is like a good novel. It is not merely entertaining; it is elevating. Arist-tle defined the function of tragedy as being the purification of the passions by the excitation of the emotions of pity and terror." In like manner the modern drama—the ordinarily good play—might be said to have as its function the purification of the feelings by the calling into action of sympathy and revulsion. For, in such a dramatic representation there is depicted virtue and goodness wronged, persecuted by villainy and badness at first, with the triumph, finally, of end, of the latter. It is a moral lesson

> Formerly, when there was a healthy rivalry among the proprietors of our local theatres, good plays and good operas-tragedy, comedy and music of a high order of merit-were often provided for Montreal audiences, who have never been niggardly in their patronage of what has been worth patronising. Now this is no longer the case. The high class play or opera is the exception in our theatres; the trashy and objectionable and, generally, badly acted production is the rule.

> The fault lies, first with the daily press and next with the theatre going public. The daily press of this city. bribed by advertisements and orders for printing praises every dramatic or mu sical production that comes along, with a total disregard for its merits or defects; and the public notwithstanding the free quency with which it has been deceived and disappointed by misleading "ad vance notices" and dishonest critician a in the daily press, continues to support the theatres. The remedy is obvious.

An exchange says :- One of the oldest teachers in the city of Brooklyn draws our attention to the fact that private and parochial schools are multiplying. He says that parents are discovering that it is cheaper for them to pay for the careful education of their children at a private school, where the peculiar talents and temperament of each scholar is studied, than to send them to a public or free school where they must herd with the crowd, receiving their education in a regulation dose, the stupid and the bright unequally yoked together and, as a result, both falling into the ditco. It has been found, too, that neither chil dren nor parents value the education which costs them nothing. Because it is free the entire family, without regard to prop sed occupations in life, is hud dled off to school. When the education is paid for, only the child likely to improve the opportunity, and to gain s rength for his battle with the world, is kept at school after he has mastered the rudiments of an e ucation.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF REASON.

In conclusion, dear brethren, our Lord stood before the representative of the power of this world Pilate, who represented the Roman power said to Him : "Art Thou the King." And our Lord answered, 'I am a King." Why, they tried to make Him a King a few days before and He had fled away into the desert to avoid the kingship, and now He was asked by the representative of Roman power-the world and revelation face to face. Pilate said: "Art Thou a King" He says, "I am a King and for this was I born." It is not a kingship that is simply given to Him by the voice of the people. For this was I born and for this came I into the world. What! to be a king? What kind of a king? To give testimony to the truth, and all those, continued our Divine Saviour, all those who are of truth hear My words Therefore one Church, one Truth. You will notice that our Lord this world. He said the contrary. For

this came I into this world; TO GIVE TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH. The Kingdom of Christ is not of this world. No, because this world is too small to give it power enough. The Kingdom of Christ is not of this world. because the thing that rest on this world are transitory and changeable, but the Kingd m of Christ is immoveable and eternal; and, therefore, it is not of the world though it is in the world, and though He came expressly in the world for this purpose. It is not of the world, He a ya, because if it were I would call upon My legions to save Me from the power of Cæsar. I do not call upon them. And then Pilate, the representative of the world wa troubled; he said: What is truth? Oh, if he had only waited for the answer. He would not. The greatest question, dear brethren, ever put by man to God, like the one put by St. John the Baptist to our Divine Lord, Art Thou He that is to come? the same question in another form is no longer put by the friends of Christ, but by His enemies. What is truth? And the answer would have been: "I am." And that was the answer to all objections until the end of time. "I am Truth, and I am the Way and Truth of Life." Right close to poor Pilate there was the shadow of Cosar. "If they art the friend of this man, thou art no friend of Casar." And then the weak Judge turned on his heel and went away, and would not wait for the answer. This is what the world is doing to day, and Unless there is an institution that traces we are speaking, then the truth of God

in the world, and therefore the Lord,

they that it is the truth of God, and the truth will make us tree.

illustrated with peculiar vividness.

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE]

father was at Waterloo and at the cap ture of Paris, as well as engaged in the suppression of the rebellion in Caunda.

Suppression of the rebellion in Caunda.

Parisass 66 Eleator street.

says the notice in the Inverses paper, "one of the most popular Highlanders living." An eathusiastic Carolic Captain Chisholm was the leader of the party of volunteers who wens to R me to project the person of the P. po ir on the threatened attacks of Garibaldi. He had no family, but begyes a wid w, Mary Frances, daugnter of William D Lynch Devenshire, London, and grand did not say that His kingd m was not in daughter of L wis Euquhers n Innes of Bilmoral and Ballaghie, Aberdeenshire.

> He will tell you that Scott's Emulsion cures poverty of the blood and debiling of the nerves. He will say that it is the best renedy in the world for delicate children.

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of competition? But the foundation of all this cleanliness, and the only thing that makes it possible. is Pearline.

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pair, because we cannot hear the anawer. But it, on the other hand, the Lord loves little ones such as we are, and loves us as He loved the tender ones that clustered around Him, we must be able to know as charly and as unnestratingly and as positively and as unerringly as

THE LATE CAPTAIN A. McC. CHISHOLM

Formerly of the 42nd Highlanders, and a Pupil of Montreal College.

The Scottish Highlander and North of Scotland Advertiser, published at inverney, in its issue of 21s; October, has a lengthy obituary notice of the late Captain Archibald Macra Chisbolm, formerly of H. M. 42nd Royal Highlanders. (The Black Wetch") who died at his cauntry seat, Glassburn Strathglass, on the 19th October. The late Captain Chisholm was a brother of Mrs J J. Rolland, of this city, and uncle of Mrs Ter aix and Mrs. Gray, of St. Lambert; he was also consint of Mr. C. C. Chisholm of this city. Independently of the interest attaching to the se facts, a further tie connects his name and memory with Montreal; he was partly educated here.

A.O. II.—Idiation No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, as flucter and 14th Mondays of each month, as flucters (The Black Wetch") who died at his having been a pupil of old Montreal C 1. I ge. Captain Catsholm's father was Dr. Stewart Chisholm of the Royal Artillery, who took part in the suppression of the Canadian rebellion in 1838 3.), which accounts for his son's presence in Montreal and his attendance at the college. Captain Caisholm was poss seed of remarkable physique, and was considered one of the most spendid looking men that ever entered a Highland regiment. He was true to the garb of old Gaul and wo e his kilt to the last, to the great gratification of the people of Inverness, who regarded him as a typical Highland gentleman Cantain Chisholm came from grand old stock on both sides. His father, who died at Inverness in 1862, had attained the rank of Deputy Inspector General of army hospitals. His mother was Mary, daughter of Janet, one of the ten Lively daughters of John McLeod of Rassay, of whom Doctor Johnson speaks in his "Tour" to the Hebridea. Janet McL od married Archibald Macra of Ardiotoul, and one of her sons was the distinguished Sir John Macra, K.C.H., Lieut. Col. of the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, who ultimately became secretary to his distinguished relative the Marquis of Histings, when Governor-General of India, Capt. Chishelm's

After retiring from the Black Watch," to which famous regiment he was warmly attached be became factor near Beauly. From thence he came into possession of the spheroid property and shootings of Glassburn. An ordent lover and patron of manly exercise and sport and a lover of everything Celte, from the reel to the pipes on which he was an excellent performer, "he was," says the notice in the Inversess paper,

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A.O II,-hivision No. 3.

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