BY MISS H. E. HOPE, MONTREAL.

awful rebellion in 1858, had a peculiar fascination for me: found me intently poring over the bound volume of the Illustrated London News, where the scenes of the mutiny were ants. Good heavens! what is that?"
geographically pictured and vividly de "That was the fall of myself; listening

I was born during the siege of Luck now—and it was the news of the death of my mother's favourite brother that caused my unexpected birth and my poor young mother's speedy decease. She had that morning received the "Times" and read an account of "a sortie gallantly led by Lieutenant Adams, who was slain, and whose body was afterwards recovered horribly mu tiluted.

Poor Uncle George, so handsome, so gay, and light-hearted! how proud she was of him when his commission was purchased and he came to show himself in the dashing artillery uniform, that of the Honourable East India Company,and then, to picture the brave, handsome lad, slain, lying under the glare of the hot sun of India, surrounded by exulting fiends in human shape. The news killed her, and my grandmother says I inherited her impressions. I know well that one day, when I was six years old, an old friend of the family, who had made his money in the Civil Service of India, paid us a visit. I was always in fear of his Hindoo bearer with his quiet, cat-like movements, and used to feel little thrills of pleasure when Mr. Nugent soundly berated him in a to me unknown tongue; and if a boot-jack followed his retreating figure by his mas-ter's angry hand, I felt quite gratified in thinking it was only "Ali's" deserts.

One day I remember most vividly

There was the mild dissipation of a teaparty at our house, to which many ladice of uncertain age had been invited. In the midst of such an admiring bevy, Mr. Nugent appeared with éclat. He shone as a hero and a rich man—he had been besieged in his bungalow—he had fled, and had escaped by the aid of a poor sowar whose wife he had a year before relieved from the jaws of a hungry hyena. Therefore Mr. Nugent delighted in the incense of flattery offered to him by these gentle maiden ladies when a hospitable tea board gathered them to-

On this evening I remember so well the tea and cake had been removed, the lamps turned up, the fire had been replenished—everything looked bright and cosy. I had crept behind the sofa whereon were seated Mr. Nugent and Miss Sarah Maltby, and, parting the thick crimson damask curtains, stood looking through the window on the wintry scene. It was a clear night, the hoar frost lay fluffy and sparkling on the evergreens in the garden.

I remember looking at the row of beehives under the sheltering garden wall, must be t thinking how nice sleep safely through the long winter days, to work and fly about only when the bright sun was shining.

No walking to school when Jack Frost was nipping one's fingers and toes, and going into a chilly schoolroom where a lazily burning fire gave no warmth. As I stood the moon came into sight;

she was just in her first quarter, and close beside one of her horns a little star was twinkling.

I slipped on to a little cushioned stool which stood in the window recess, watch ing the bright crescent float through the

The voice of Mr. Nugent, in loud, excited tones, fell on my ears. Oh! he We had reached Sealkote before sunset, was speaking of the mutiny—I must and had found it a place of ruin as rekeep quiet and listen, for only too often my grandmother sent me to Jane when Mr. Nugent began unfolding scenes of Indian life—his language some time arti-being more forcible then fit for childish fire.

"M" dear madam," he was saying, "I cannot agree with these uncalled for reand noble officer. Colonel Stewart is of Charity beside it. dead, and the dead cannot defend themselves. madam.

A gentle sigh from Miss Sarah and a murmured "very true, Mr. Nugent," from alive, the idea was preposterous. the circle round the fire.

Ladies," he continued, "I should only harrow your feelings if I described the scene I beheld when we entered Cawnpore. I was with Colonel Stewart's column when we reached that place of torture and blood. The sight made bell, madam, in our hearts, and our blood turned to liquid fire in our veins when the well was uncovered. Ah! ladies, there they lay, huddled and distorted. The bodies of loved and loving wives; gentle, tender mothers; sweet, angelic children; grey, gold and brown locks mingled together, blood cementing the whole! Au, me! I see that pit of death

again—it is before me now.
"Then, when the Colonel turned away with flashing eyes, stern knit brow, compressed lips, one could see how hard it was to restrain the words rushing to the lips. His hand clutched the hilt of his sword, as he motioned a wretched Hindoo to lead the way to the Summer House, where the "Nana" had immured his beipless victims.

"The door was opened for us; what a sight met our eyes!

Pools of blood, ribbons, laces, little socks, tiny shoes, books, glossy twining curls; blood over all! Blood every where! Sabre slashes showing on the walls, low down, too, where the helpless creatures had crouched trying to escape the sword thrust.

rup the relica with streaming eyes. Tall 2 visitor: tender care a torn. Bible or little shoe in left me with a Jesuit priest. he breast of their tunics, swearing with "My dear father," said I; rising to lerce determination to never rest until welcome him, "who ever imagined that

S.A. CHILD, the history of the I vengeance had been taken. And when struggle in India, during the the Colonel, ordering forward a Brahmin priest, sternly bade him clean up a portion of the floor, and then had him hung up over the well where those martyred and my grandmother has told that often bodies lay, we all felt that a just and she has gone into the best parlor and righteous punishment had been awarded; for the Brahmin had been one of the Nana's chief advisers.

"We have well rewarded the miscre-

with straining ears to the forcible description of the massacre, my vivid im-agination had pictured the terrible scene, and, overcome by the horror, I had fainted.

Ever afterwards the crescent moon shining in a frosty sky has brought again to my mind the descriptive wordpainting of Mr. Nugent of the Massacre

of Camppore. Years passed, and in 1891 I was asked to accompany Lady H. to India.

With all my heart I accepted the offer. Now I should see all the wonders of that far-off land: would view the spots celebrated by many historical

I am not describing the voyage, or my ideas of the different places we visited. It is to relate a true story given by an eye witness, the relation of which may perhaps interest the readers of the Thus WITNESS.

During the voyage I read everything I could find bearing on India. Lady H—
often laughingly said "I should become
a walking Gazetteer." "The Light of Asia," Kussel's "History of the Mutiny." The Lives of Clive and the Lawrences,' Col. Meadows Taylor's novels, "Tara" and the "Confessions of a King," were some of the books gone through. Cawnpore, when reached, awed me. The beautiful angel over the well bearing the palm branch of martyrdom; the carefully cared for enclosure wherein it stands, guarded by sentries, and whose paths are never pressed by Hindoo feet. For years and years every Hindoo had to salsam when passing the spot-it is general to do so yet, but not obligatory. So we went on from place to place. Lucknow with its Residency; Delhi, its palace and great gate; Agra, with its fairy Taj Mahial; Benares and its statue of Juggernaut. Ah, how wonderful is that far Eastern land!

We reached Meerut and finally Sealkote. At Meerut our party had been joined by Captain Mark Carew, formerly with the H. E. I. C. Artillery, but after-Maiesty. He was a heavily built man, over six feet in height, and a cousin of Lord Carew-a Carew of the Irish branch. As a lad of seventeen he had obtained his commission as Ensign and had serv-

Captain Carew was (as most Irishmen | Deum. are) a brilliant conversationalist, and it was a treat to me to listen to him. We left Meerut and reached Sealkote,

and on the journey thither Captain Carew gave us much information... At Sealkote, a place where the mutiny first broke out, he related the following: "We had been ordered to this place with six guns, and a detachment of Sikhs accompanied us. We found a lot of rebels whose execution had been ordered, and whom we fired from the guns. Indeed as I look back it was a fearful deed to do—but it was necessary

then. Often after the forced marches, on reaching a village, our men were too tired to put to death the mutineers the Resident had in charge, and our brave allies, the Sikhs, had to take their place. We had reached Sealkote before sunset, gards the European quarter. Every bungalow had been "looted" and the compounds were strewn with various

"My attention was drawn by my color sergeant to the gilt cross shining over the chapel belonging to the Jesuit Misbukes on the conduct of a very gallant | sion and the small Convent of the Sisters

articles broken and partly destroyed by

"How was it-I wondered-that these two buildings had escaped fire? As to expecting to find any of the inmates

" My Lieutenant proceeded with the execution of the prisoners. Seventeen were Brahmins, the rest house servants and Sepoys. Thirty souls found eternity. "I must explain, ladies" interposed Captain Carew, "that the punishment of being blown from guns was ordered as an extra severity. If the mutineers had been simply hanged or shot. the Hindoo, who believes in the transmigration of souls, would have exulted in the belief that the soul of his guilty relative had passed into some other person or animal. The dead body would have been burnt with suitable ceremonies and the when the guilty bodies were acattered to

gods would have been satisfied. But the winds of heaven, the purifying fire could not pass through them and the soul was lost. This war was not "racial" but snrung through religious animosity, and, like all wars that have been caused by religious differences, was most bitter and cruel! When we had performed our duty the gans were unlimbered and our men were ordered to supper and rest,— for by three a.m. the next morning we were to be en route again.

"I was resting in the forlorn bunga low which had belonged to the poor major, formerly with the native troops, and who had been first to fall when his regiment mutinied, meeting his death on the barrack square.

And our men—stalwart Irish, who is the smoking on the voice feared neither man nor devil—gathered dah that my soldier-servant announced feared neither man nor devil—gathered la visitor: Father O'Mara to see you. sir, said Mike Feeney, and saluting, he

son, the good God in His Most Hol Sacrament, has been our shield, and to those who called upon Him, when in the depths. He has stretched forth His Almighty power to defend His helpless servants."

Be seated, Father; both Lieutenant Adam and myself will be glad to hear of your escape; we had dreaded to know the fate of the poor Sisters."

Father O'Mara was a tall, ascetic looking old man, worn by his labors and the hot suns of India.

"You will have had the reports of the outbreak," he began; "I will only add that the General had been warned many times of what was impending but had chivalrously trusted in the honor of his

Sepoys.
"We heard that morning the firing of guns, the acreams of women and cnildren, and at last a man (a native convert) ran to the Sisters and advised them to flee. The Mother sent for me. What could I advise but to place themselves in God's hands. The Convent doors were closely fastened, and I assembled the Community in the church. There I heard the confessions of the twentythree nuns and helpers. They were unconscious of the terrors lying before them. They viewed the crown of martyrdom shining afar off, to be reached by a painful death—but I thought of the fearful trials before their crowns were gained. Vested in my cope, I placed the Bleased Sacrament in the Monstrance, and humbly kneeling before it we chant-ed the Penitential Psalms. I desired Sister Hedwige to place herself at the organ, and we began the office of Bene-

Hardly had the bleesing been bestowed and the Blessed Sacrament was still exposed, when we heard the Convent doors been battered. The frightened nuns left their places and clustered round the sanctuary steps. We heard now the cries of "Deen, deen," from the mutineers, and, turning from the altar. I saw, through the latticed doors of the church, the tierce, dark faces of the rebel Sepoys. Wild gleaming eyes, shining blades held aloft whose brightness was dimmed in places by dripping blood. My heart went up in an agonizing prayer to Our Crucified Lord. And then, in-spired by His Blessed Presence, I took up the Monstrance, and saying to the Sisters, follow me, we will go to meet Our Lord on Calvary,' I intoned the Miserere. Silently the Sisters fell in rank behind. After the first versicle, Sister Hedwige sent forth the organ notes. Slowly and with beating hearts our little procession moved down the aisle, the wail and pleading music sounding our dirge.

"Aloft I held the Sacred Heet. What the rebels saw I know not, but, as we slowly moved to what we believed our martyrdom, the hoarse exulting shouts of vengeance and of blood grew lower and lower, and when within a yard of wards with the Imperial troops of Her the church door the horde of ruffians stood silent and spellbound.

"I heard a voice-'it is the God of the Feringhee, he will revenge them,'-then I heard a command given, and the whole erstwhile shouting and the blood-thirsty ed through the whole of the mutiny. multitude moved away. We looked at The sinews of his right hand had been one another—one deep heart-sigh of damaged by the wrestle with a mutineer thanksgiving went up to Our Dear Lord and he had ever since been unable to use it for writing. At this time he was attached to the staff of "Bobs." the Sacred Host, I commenced the Te

> "Was it not deserving the para of victory-this conquest of Our Lord over the would be slayers of His servants?

Sacrament exposed, and for three days | fragrant. An old haggard woman pass we only felt safe when before Him.

"Dark faces came and looked through the door, but Our Blessed Lord, in all but another who sat near, unwashed in His Majesty, overpowered those fierce hearts. And so we have remained—untouched, unnarmed, through all this time of blood and fire."

Allan and myself had listened spell bound to the priest's words. I saw the eyes of my lieutenant glisten at the recital, and Protestant as he was, he firmly realised that God had most wonderfully protected His children, My own heartstrings had tghtened at the recital.

"Father," said Allan, "I hope you will accompany us to the Convent. Carew and myself wish to pay our respects to the Sisters." "Yes, Father, said I. "and kindly

offer a Mass of thanksgiving on my be-We arrived at the Convent, and, late hour as it was, the Sisters assembled to pute.-Exchange.

receive us. Their eyes still showed traces of the strain they had gone through, and their voices faltered as they returned thanks

for our congratulations. safety, telling them that he was leaving a trusty guard for protection.

So we left the Sisters ;-the tide of rebellion moved away from Sealkote, and the Convent remains untouched to this

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18 HAVE DONE

According to the contraction of the contraction of

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ing order, their quaint stiff coronets THE PRACTICE OF BURNING A LIGHT reminding us of home and France. The Reverend Mother had visited Lady Dufferin in Calcutta, and to receive a relative in the presence of Lady H. gave her great pleasure. "Have you any Sisters here yet who were present during the rebellion?" enquired Captain Carew.
"Oh yes," said the Mother. "Sister Hedwige is still our organist, and one Sister, who was novice Elizabeth then, deliverance."

The Superioress sent for the two nuns. The oldest, a gentle sweet-faced Sister, recognized Captain Carew. "Why, Sister," he said laughingly, "do you remember the thin stripling of thirty years ago in this grizzled old frame?" forget anyone connected with that time me, and I say a De Profundis for these selves.

After a little conversation and an inspection all round we left, Lady H. parted. In many monasteries it is pre-leaving a gift to the church. Father scribed that during the celebration for O'Mara had long ago gone to his rest. the dead several lamps be lighted. Again, Under a luxurious rose tree a little cross marks his grave.

Sealkote has nothing worthy of re-mark about it now-though it will always be remembered as the place where the Mutiny of 1857 first broke out. May God have mercy on all who per-

ished there. Deeds o: valor and heroism of those days have been written and re corded by many brilliant pens, but to my humble quill this simple, true his tory of Our Lord's power is "the first

recital to Canadian ears." employed in recording it.

Toothache stopped in two minutes. with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand One sat by a stream and dipped her hand "We knelt in silent adoration before her fingers were pink; and another Him. Then I decided to keep the Blessed | gathered violets until her hands were ing by asked, "Who will give me a gits; for I am poor? All three denied her; the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her and litted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beau- markable when it is remembered that tiful indeed," said she, when she saw to lights are allowed in night ascenthem. But when they asked her which sions, and the balloons could only be was the most beautiful, she said: "It sent up under the cover of darkness. One is not the hand that is washed clean in the brock; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers; but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her

APPETITE AND STRENGTH.

staff was thrown away, and she stood be-

fore them an angel from Heaven with

authority to decide the question in dis-

"I have been a victim of indigection, and I took medicine without relief. I Lieutenant Allan assured them of their resolved to try Hood's Saraaparilla. After taking one bottle I found that my appetite was better and I had more strength. I am now able to eat heartily without any distress afterward." . Mrs. GEO KIRKPATRICK Windsor, Nova Scotia.

day. "Perhaps," continued Captain
Carew," you would like to visit it?"

Lady H. assented. We found the
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FOR THE DEPARTED.

This touching custom seems to bave been handed down to us from the Jews. who still observe it. Boudon related that when he once entered a Jewish synagogue and : aw several lamps burning therein, he was told in explanation changed her name to Sister Mary of the that they were always lighted during Blessed Sacrament, in memory of our the prayers for the departed. Certainly this custom is very ancient in the Church, for even S: Athanasius, who lived in the for rth century, mentions it. These are the words of the great Patriarch and Father of the Church: "Even if the corpse of the faithful departed is interred under the open skies, "Indeed I do-your eyes are still you must not fail to light oil and wax at there, and the ring of your voice is yet | the grave, for this is acceptable to God the same. Do you think we can ever and obtains great reward from Him. For oil and wax are an offering, the of trial? I never," continued Sister Holy Sacrifice is an explation—the alms Hedwige, "play the Miserere without given to the poor an increase of every every item of that day coming before good merit." The Church manifests her regard for this very ancient practice by slain. May the Sweet Jesus rest their accepting and approving of foundations souls," and the Sisters crossed them- for lights to be lett burning continually for lights to be lett burning continually for the departed, and by burning many lights in all her celebrations for the deit is the custom the world over to keep a light burning for the departed at least before the corpse is buried.

Many examples attest the worth of this pious custom. Budon writes: One of his relatives appeared to him and complained that his children offered no candles at the Mass-s offered for him, according to the custom of the place

Sime years ago it happened in the house of a picus family that had been accustomed to burn a light every Satur day night, for the departed, that when this custom was discontinued a great If it serves to open some heart to the monning was heard until the custom influence of the Holy Sacrament of the | was resumed. D) the holy souls, per-Altar, my time will have been worthily haps, besides obtaining the merit of this charitable act, enjoy the comeo ation, of seeing this light kept burning for them in the continued darkness to which they are doomed?-Annals of Our Lady of

The Baileon in War.

The last big European war taught the French more about ballooning than they would otherwise have learned in a generation. At the beginning of the war into the water, and held it up; another the Government rejected many proposals plucked strawberries until the ends of from balloon makers to construct a numshot up in Paris, they gladly turned to the balloon to help them. They turned all their disused stations into balloon factories, and sought the services of the few experienced aeronauta then available for the teaching of the use and management of the balloon to the people. During four months 66 balloons left

Paris, of which number only three have never been accounted for. This is rehundred and sixty persons, including Gambetta, were carried safely over the Prussian lines, and 2 500,000 letters were sent. The balloon also took with them pigeons, which were sent back to Paris with letters and despatches. The messages were written and photographed down very small on exceedingly thin paper. This was rolled up, inserted in a quill, and attached to the tail feathers of the pigeon. When it was received i Paris the photograph was put under a microscope and the message read. One of the balloons, the Ville d'Orleans, left Paris at 11 o'clock at night, and arrived near Christiana, Norway, 15 hours later, having crossed the North Sea in its remarkable voyage. Most of the gronauts were sailors, who were chosen because of their familiarity with the management and steering of boats at sea, and they proved very capable. During the entire siege balloons formed the only means of communication with the outside world for the imprisoned inhabitants, and nothing could

have taken their place. Since then ballooning has been made an important branch of military study, and the course through which the ballooning corps has to pass is becoming daily more scientific and severe. The war halloon must be compact, always ready for action, and very strong. It is not large enough for two. It is always captive—that is, it is secured to the earth by a cable. It is seldom emptied of its gas, and is, therefore, corps, besides the balloon itself, consists and heavy, somewhat resembling a lumthe balloon to and is provided with large reels containing about 2,000 yards of

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 aspeedy and permanent cu e of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh. Asthma and all Throst and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical our for Nervous Debilits and all Nervins 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. WTA. NOYM, 320 Powers' Rock: Rechester, N.Y.

bounds up ward; to the height of several hundred feet uncolling the rope after it. The officer in the carriakes up with him maps of the surrounding country and a field glass. The position and arrange. ment of the enemy are marked down on the maps with different coloured pencils, indicating cavalry, infantry, etc. These marked maps are then placed in a leather bag which is attached to a ring, which slides down the cable to the ground, where a mount-ed officer awaits it and carries the message to the general in command. Othermeans of communicating the information have been tried, such as by telephone and photography, but many offi-cers still cling to the coloured pencil method, which they say is very sure and effective.

The man with a weight on his leg can't hope to win in the race. A man with a weight on his health can't expect to compete in life and business with those who are not handicapped. If his brain is heavy, and his blood is sluggish, because of constinution, he will not succeed in doing anything very well. Constipation is the cause of nine tenths of all sickness. Symptoms of it are sallowness, listlessness, poor appetite, bad taste in the mout , dissinces, biliousness, and: assitude. Constipation can be cured easily and certainly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Piessant Pellets. They are not at all violent in their action, and yet. they are more certain than many medicines which are so strong that they put the system all out of order. The great advantage of the "Pleasant Pellets" is

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