

## A Quebec Village.

The Village of Gentilly is a typical French village, with the exception of the fact that it is larger than the great majority of them. Usually there is little to distinguish the village from the rest of the country, for on some of the roads the farm houses are so close to each other that one would be excused for omitting to observe the village, were it not for the church and the inevitable magasin or general store. Gentilly, however, extends in the form of a cross along where two roads intersect each other. It is ambitious, too, in more ways than one. It has a wide space opposite the church, which is called the terrace, on which fine trees grow, and wherein seats are ranged in a row. The church is a spacious one, built in rubble style of masonry. But the most remarkable object in the village is the presbytere, or priest's house. This is the finest presbytere upon which my eyes have yet gazed. The building cost \$8,000, and it looks every dollar of the money. It is constructed of fine cut limestone, with ample verandas all around it, and most spacious in every respect. It would seem to me that this one house would be of as much value as a good big fraction of the rest of the village, and I would not be surprised if I were told that with the church added it would be equal in value to the whole of the remainder of the village. I have no doubt that the majority of travellers who see this gorgeous home of the cure of Gentilly put it down in their notebooks as one of the ecclesiastical outrages with which the Province is afflicted. Truth compels me to say that I found that the people of Gentilly did not feel that they had been damaged in any way. On the contrary, they seemed as pleased with their elegant presbytere as children over a new toy. It is one of the things that is first pointed out to strangers, and when I stated that there were few finer houses in the big city of Toronto the bosoms of the listening villagers swelled with conscious pride.

Sunday morning is a great occasion in Gentilly, as it is in every French-Canadian village in the Province. By 9 o'clock in the morning the first instalment of the congregation from the farms begins to arrive, and from that on until church time there is a regular procession of vehicles.

As I have said more than once before in these letters, the average English traveller in these parts dwells on the size and magnificence of the churches. He must admit, however, that they are never too big for the congregation they have to contain. That spacious Gentilly church was simply packed to the doors, and this seems to be the case everywhere. The churches are not too big for the congregations.

The hotel at which I stayed in Gentilly is kept by an old gentleman and his wife, the latter being the active partner in the concern. It was a humble little place, and appeared to have been the production of an amateur architect, who made some mistakes, notably in the stair. In spite of these defects I must acknowledge that I felt quite at home in it. The hostess is well declined in the vale of years, and had acquired that embonpoint that so often accompanies age in the gentler sex. She was nevertheless as sprightly and almost as light of foot as a girl. I will not soon forget my first meal under her hospitable roof. She did not know one English word from another, and the linguistic gymnastics which I had to perform would have made the great Mezzofanti look to his laurels. She was both cook and waitress, and was as successful in one role as in the other. After piling the table with meat and potatoes, pies, cakes, biscuits, cream, pudding, and a host of other things, she asked me to ring the bell when I wanted anything else. She doubted whether I understood her, and when I

took up the little tintinnabulator and rang it vigorously to prove to her that I did *she* laughed as heartily as if she were 16 instead of 60. I may say that I did not need to summon her at that meal, or any subsequent repast as she seemed always on hand at the right time, and even if she were not I would have gone hungry a long time before I would expect the splendid old lady to answer the summons of a sprig like me.—*John A. Ewan in the Globe.*

## Obituary.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly Queen St. West died on Monday Sept 24th. She was born in the county Wicklow, Ireland. The family are well known and highly respected Catholics. Under any circumstances death generally brings with it its pangs and its sorrows but the death to which reference is now made has cast a shade of deepest gloom over a pious household. As a pious member of the Sacred Heart League, she made it a practice to approach the Sacraments regularly. Feeling that she would not recover she took the precaution to make a last preparation and thus strengthened by the rites of the Church, and surrounded by the members of her family she calmly breathed her soul into the hands of her Creator. The remains were borne to St. Mary's Church where Requiem Mass was offered up by Father Tracey for the repose of her soul. The funeral cortege then proceeded to St. Michael's Cemetery for interment.

## MRS. HANORAH RIORDAN.

In the 4th Concession of Whitby, on the 17th ultimo, Hanorah Fitzpatrick, relict of the late Eugene Riordan, aged 62 years. Mrs. Riordan was born at Clonmoyle, Parish of Kilmichael County of Cork, Ireland. Some forty-two years ago she emigrated to this country, and after her arrival lived for a few years in Oshawa and Whitby. In 1858 she was married to Eugene Riordan, immediately afterward settling down at what is known as the "Devil's Den," where they largely contributed towards bringing the rough and uneven soil into smooth and arable land. After accumulating a reasonable competence by their toil they bought the homestead and its surroundings of the late Mr Murray, where they resided until the time of their death, Mr. Riordan having died on the 16th of January, 1883. Mrs. Riordan was widely known for her philanthropy and benevolence, as her door was always open to the wayfarer, to the rich and poor, and frequently was her home made her resting place of the clergy and Sisters of Charity, the latter never leaving her threshold empty-handed. She was very much attached to her church and its cause, and liberal in her contributions towards them. During the past few years she has been declining in health, but was always ready in case of emergency. She was visited by her Parish Priest Rev. Father Jeffcott two hours prior to her death, and received the last rites of the Church. On the morning of the 18th ult., her remains were taken to the Church at Whitby, where High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul after which Father Jeffcott preached a eulogistic and impressive sermon.

## Honor Roll for September.

## ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL.

The following boys deserve Honorable Mention for the month of September.

Form IV.—Excellent Testimonials—Jos. Murphy, D. Drohan, J. Callagan, D. Glynn, H. Duern, W. Collet, F. McGuire, D. Kennedy, J. McDonough, J. Donnelly, D. Gavin, S. Hallett.

—Good Testimonials—C. Byron, J. Connors, R. Rocomora, W. Getch, H. el, Haines, T. Forhan, B. Grathan, J. Hanlon, J. Ryan, J. Brennan.

Form III.—Excellent Testimonials.—L. J. O'Connor, J. Glynn, L. Daern, J. Glynn, L. Daern, T. Glynn, P. McDonald, T. Lannigan, F. Walsh, F. Shea, G. Fogarty.

Special Mention Form IV.—Jos. Murphy, D. Drohan.

## ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

Form IV.—Excellent—H. Boland, P. Boland, T. Molloy. Good—M. Huntley, W. Madigin, J. Tracey, M. Molloy, T. Donovan.

Form III.—Excellent—J. Flannery, A. Walsh, J. Lister, E. Huntley, R. Turner, W. Radey. Good—J. Ryan, J. Fayle, J. McFarland, F. Ryan, J. Cosgrove, E. Kelly.

## Grand Concert.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood are making arrangements for the holding of their annual Christmas sale. Ladies in the different parishes are already actively engaged in devising means of assistance in making the fair a success. We understand there will be a special programme each evening. The sale begins on Nov. 26th, and will open with a grand concert.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

## THE NEW STORE.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR SILKS.

Commencing to-morrow morning we inaugurate the greatest sale of Silks ever known in Toronto. 200 pieces of the Finest Black Silks ever made to retail at \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50 and \$1.25 will go in this sale for a few days at 99c—Silks that you will positively jump at. See them in our windows and on our counters.

15 pieces of extra fine Lyons Duchess, positively worth \$1.75	All at
12 pieces of finest 22-in. Satin finish Gros Grains, worth \$1.50	positively the
30 pieces of 21-in. extra fine Peau de Soie, good value at \$1.75	unheard of
15 pieces of extra fine new Royal Armours, well worth \$1.50	price
25 pieces of round cord Faille, worth fully \$1.50	
10 pieces of new weave Gros de Londres, worth \$2.00	99c
15 pieces of Satin Saxons-Rhadamas-Crystals, worth \$1.50	during this
	sale.

## Coloured Silks.

You will find nothing to compare with these at 49 cents.

9 pieces of good Satin finish Gros Grains, regular price \$1.00	All at
10 pieces of extra good Faille Francaise, good value \$1.00	
5 pieces of changeable Taffetas, all shades, regular price \$1.00	49c
6 pieces of beautiful Satin Figured Taffetas, regular price \$1.25	
5 pieces of new fall style Novelty Silks, beautiful patterns, worth \$1.00	during this
	sale.

Tax your memory for the names of Dress Stuffs that are proper and interesting novelties, then ask for them here and you can get them. We carry a complete assortment of B. Priestley & Sons' goods. A careful inspection of them will please and interest you. A snap occasion among the lower-priced Dress Goods—quick—lively—energetic. We have started out to make the store echo and re-echo with bargain music.

46-inch French Serge Stripes	25c
44-inch All-wool Storm Serges	25c
42-inch Plain Mixtures	25c
44-inch All-wool Bourette Suitings	25c
45-inch All-wool Cashmeres, all colors	25c
36-inch All-wool Serge Foulle	19c
44-inch Heavy Ladies' Cloth	19c

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