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MEETINGS.

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to P. C. CHATEL, Corresponding Secretary 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
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Rooms, K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Next meeting Sunday, July 4, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., 29 Basin Street.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,
No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to H. J. BRINDLE, R.S., No. 11 St. Monique street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,
No. 3852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY
1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street, at 2 o'clock.

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WM. ROBERTSON,
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UNION OF MONTREAL.**
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WHO LIES ?

The above is the title of a book published by the Arena Publishing Co., of Boston, written conjointly by Messrs. Emil Blum and S. B. Alexander, and purposes to be an elaboration of the doctrine contained in Max Nordau's "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization." The illustrations of what would result from telling the plain and simple truth at all times are brought out by one day's experience of several members of the "Model Nine Club," and, by the way, are not overdrawn. The club is made up of a preacher, a college professor, a politician, a physician, a lawyer, an editor, a merchant, a philanthropist, and a young man of means, who is something of a philosopher, and has imbibed, in the course of ten years' wandering around the world some curious ideas in regard to our boasted nineteenth century civilization. In giving expression to some of these ideas he incurs general opposition from the other members of the club, and thereupon a wager is at once agreed upon, the terms of which are that the various members shall speak nothing but the truth in all their relations of life for at least one week. Then the first day's experience of each member is given, and the results amply bear out the contention of the young philosopher and brings out a general acknowledgement from the others that they were wrong and a desire to be released from their pledge. Here is a sample of the difficulties that beset the politician:—

"The Hon. Thomas Brown was seated at his desk in his office, busy with a formidable pile of correspondence regarding the approaching election, for which he had been re-nominated by the Republican party. He was interrupted before his work was well started by the unceremonious entrance of three men. The leader, a flashily dressed fellow, displayed a large amount of cheap jewellery, and half smoked, half chewed, a big unwholesome-looking cigar. His companions, rough, shabby-looking fellows, slouched in behind him, peering over his shoulders and leaving a muddy outline of their boots wherever they stepped. The faces of all three were marked with an expression of low cunning.

Browne rose to meet them, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, be seated"; then, turning to the leader, "This is Mr. Mulloney, I presume?" "Tim Mulloney, at yer service, sor," replied the man, an' these is the gentlemen who runs ward noineteen and twinty, Casey and Fitzpatrick. We wants a bit of a talk wid ye?" "Very good," said Browne; "go ahead."

The trio seated themselves comfortably, and Mulloney continued: "Ye've heard tell o' me before?"

"I'll be bound he has that!" exclaimed Casey.

"Yes," replied Brown.

"These fellers, said Mulloney, indicating his companions with a jerk of his thumb, 'has jist as big a pull as me. Now you know well th' by's has raison to complain avf th' Republicrats this term, an' that's w'y ye sees us here."

"Thru fer yer, Mul, me b'y," interjected Fitzpatrick.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," commanded Mulloney. Turning to Brown, he resumed: "We have nothin' agin you at all, at all, Browne, undershtand that from the shtart; and we're willin' to give yer our votes provided ye wants 'em bad enough."

"Pro-vided ye wants 'em bad enough, echoed Casey approvingly.

"Hould yer whisht, Casey! I'm talkin'," said Mulloney.

"I want every vote I can get, gentlemen," replied Brown.

"An' we're the by's can give 'em t'ye, cried Fitzpatrick, banging one big fist into another.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," repeated Mulloney with a scowl. "Well, sor, he continued to Browne, 'you gits iviry vote in th' wards if we say so; and if you say so we say so. See?"

"If I say so, eh? What does that mean I have got to do?"

"Now ye'r talkin', begorra, ejaculated Casey.

"Hould yer whisht, Casey! I'm talkin'."

"Lave him be, Casey," expostulated Fitzpatrick, 'he's doing all roight."

"Don't you be telling me what to do," retorted Casey.

"Use some sinse thin," said Fitzpatrick, contemptuously.

"I'll not be gettin' senses from the likes of you," answered Fitzpatrick, with a pugnacious look.

"Begorra! You'll niver be gettin' senses at all, at all!"

"Hould yer whisht, the both o' yez!" commanded Mulloney imperiously. "I'm talkin'."

Having once more quieted his followers, Mulloney relighted the stump of his cigar and continued: "The by's vote how we tells 'em, an' we tells 'em how is best for 'em. That's w'y we're here, t', see 'if you're goin' to do th' roight thing, see?"

"That's the talk, Mul," whispered Casey.

"Lave him be, Casey," growled Fitzpatrick.

"I'll not be lavin' you be 'if ye don't kape still."

"Hould yer whisht, both av yez, I'm talkin'."

The disputants subsided once more.

"They's to be a campaign fund, av course?" queried Mulloney.

"Certainly," replied Browne, "do you want some printin'?"

"Printin'!" scornfully echoed Mulloney, "wat fer? We ain't got no bundles to be doin' up. We wants to use th' cash. Gimme five hundred dollars to trate th' by's wid at me saloon, fer a shtarter."

"An' git me a place as boss in the sewer department."

"An' me in the new coort house."

"And back me broder fer th' common council."

"An' git me b'y Pat a job in the shtreet clanin' department."

"An' me girl, Mary Ann, writin' in de mayor's office."

"An' get us aich a soft snap. That's all we want."

"That's all," chorused his companions.

"That's all," repeated Browne, "how modest! In short, gentlemen, you wish me to buy the votes you control."

"Supposin' we do?"

"An' what thin?"

"Who's to prevint?"

"The first principle of the Republican party," said Browne, "is that citizens should vote as they think, and not be led to the polls like oxen."

"Huh," ejaculated Mulloney. "Shure we do's th' thinkin' for 'em."

"That is a side of politics which I cannot countenance."

"Hey?" questioned Casey.

"D'ye mane ye don't want us?"

"I shall be glad to get your votes, gentlemen, but because I believe in a pure ballot, I cannot buy them."

"Thin ye won't make no bargain?" asked Fitzpatrick in a tone of surprise.

"No, sir."

Hut, tut! exclaimed Casey, "an' ye think ye can get along widout us!"

"I shall try to."

"An' that's all yer have ter say?"

"That is all."

"Thin ye lose th' lection," said Mulloney, positively.

"That remains to be seen."

"Come on, by's," continued Mulloney, rising from his chair, "they's no use talkin' here no more. We got ter see th' other feller."

The trio gravely filed out of the room. Fitzpatrick, as he stood on the threshold, turned for a last astonished look at Browne and muttered, "Be Jabers! He's a big fool!"

There is a good deal of humor running throughout the relation of each man's experience, and on the whole the book will repay perusal. Here is another specimen brick taken from the experience of the "independent" editor:—

Scene, Editor's sanctum—(Enter Mr. Harwood, president of the Lowland Street Railway Co.)

Harwood. How are you, Colonel. Hope I don't disturb you?

Col. W. But you do. Have a chair.

Harwood (seats himself). Thought I'd jist drop in for a little chat. It's necessary to keep on good terms with the head of our most influential paper, you know.

Col. W. You want something of me, since you begin with taffy.

Harwood. I want to inquire about your advertising rates. We think seriously of extensively advertising our suburban home scheme.

Col. W. Indeed?

Harwood. Yes. It's a good thing, too; especially if we get our elevated railroad through. Gives a poor man an opportunity of establishing a home within convenient reach of the city, without investing anything to speak of.

Col. W. That is, convenient reach, provided the elevated road is erected.

Harwood. Certainly. What are your "ad" rates per page?

Col. W. One thousand dollars a day.

Harwood. We shall have to take a page for ten days or so.

Col. W. Very good.

Harwood. I'll have the matter written out and send some one in to see you with it.

Col. W. Any time.

Harwood. And now about this elevated. You know our company has applied for a charter, and I want to know if you will use your influence in our favor.

Col. W. The business of an honest paper is to report impartially; not to influence or favor. I shall investigate the matter objectively and criticise it from the standpoint of public welfare.

Harwood. Why not consider your own interest?

Col. W. My interests and those of my paper are secondary to the needs and wishes of the people.

Harwood. That sounds well, Colonel, but you won't act up to it. Personal advantages are paramount.

Col. W. So it seems.

Harwood. As to convincing you that the side of the Lowland Street Railway is the right one, I do not fear my ability to do so.

Col. W. I am open to conviction. If your bill passes and you are granted a charter, how soon will you build the elevated road you are planning?

Harwood (laughs). As soon as we can. You see we have the horse-car line now, and that fills the gap for the present.

Col. W. Your horse-car line affords very insufficient accommodation. You don't want another company to get the charter for the elevated for the fear of competition.

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AUTHENTICATED APPARITIONS

Optical delusions, or delusions of the judgment conveyed through the sense of sight, are by no means uncommon, and many wonderful instances of what is known as "subjective sensation" have been recorded.

Although illusive visions are no doubt, generally the product of a deranged nervous system, authentic cases have been known of persons in sound health and in complete possession of their faculties being subject to most startling appearances, for which no distinct cause could be found.

Sir David Brewster in his letters on "Natural Magic" gives some deeply interesting instances, and refers particularly to the case of a lady he knew, whose courage and strong mind alone prevented her from becoming a terrified believer in ghosts.

This lady was on many occasions the subject of many illusive visions of great distinctness. One night, whilst sitting before the dressing glass in her bedroom, occupied in arranging her hair, she was suddenly started by seeing in the mirror the form of a near relative who was then abroad, and, as she believed, in perfect health. She appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave clothes closely pinned round the head and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. Sir David Brewster says that his friend described herself "as sensible of a feeling of fascination, compelling her to gaze upon the melancholy apparition," which, she said, was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candle on the dressing table appearing to shine full on its face. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the form over her shoulder, but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

On another occasion she was sitting in her room reading, when, on raising her eyes, she saw, seated in a large easy chair before her, the figure of her deceased sister-in-law. The figure was dressed, as had been usual with her, with great neatness, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as she had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a friend as having been worn by her sister-in-law during her last visit to England. She paid particular attention to the dress and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude in the chair, holding a handkerchief in one hand. She tried to speak to it, but experienced a difficulty in doing so, and in about three minutes the figure disappeared.

Sir David Brewster states that she told him she was fully aware of the delusive nature of the apparition. She described it as having all the vivid coloring and apparent reality of life, and for some hours preceding this and other visions she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision had disappeared.

Another case, quite as remarkable as those already related, occurred to a farmer in the North of England some years ago. He was returning home shortly after sundown one evening, when he saw, as he thought, his brother standing in the road a few yards in front of him. He noticed that he carried a gun, and that his face bore an expression of great pain and despair. The farmer was about to speak when the figure seem to fade away. The next morning the intelligence was conveyed to him that his brother had shot himself at the very hour the apparition had appeared to him.