



HON. JOANNI ELSMLEY.

Cujus cor hic depositum est  
SOCIETAS S. BASILII GRATA.

Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori  
illi: autem sunt in pace.  
Sep. III. 2, 3.

R. I. P.

His death was a great loss to the Catholic community of Toronto. Always conspicuous for his good deeds he could ill be spared, but though he is gone he has left for us who have come after him a shining example of generosity and loyal devotion to the Church.

The foregoing does not profess to be anything like an adequate sketch of Mr. Elmsley's career, but merely "a few scattered fragments" here-published so as to be available for future reference.

H. F. McINTOSH.

### MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The three dread days sacred in Montreal to the annual flitting from house to house are upon us, the preliminary packing has commenced and desolation reigns.

TO LET, FOR SALE, BOARDERS WANTED, and such like announcements figure upon our door posts, and do not, by any means, convey that comforting assurance of security which the "only real and original" posters did to the privileged few long ago in the land of Egypt. It is not pleasant to have one's landlady suddenly give up house-keeping. There is about it an awful feeling of being thrown into deep waters, with an absolute ignorance of where one may swim to. Looking for lodgings is a most depressing occupation, and is not rendered the more pleasant when one sets about it with a heart full of regrets for the pleasant home so soon to be broken up forever.

It is fashionable to write with airy sarcasm upon the discomforts of boarding house life; but readable as such complaints are, they are frequently most unjust. Landladies are not always the relentless foes of those whom their roof covers. The mutton is not invariably tough nor the soup watery, and when, in addition to creature comforts, one has the society of pleasant, refined, intellectual people, whose pursuits are all more or less different, and whose views are equally varied, conversation has a piquancy and the after-dinner hour in the drawing-room a charm that does not always exist amid the anxieties of a home circle.

Then the oddities that one meets—those who, though among us, are not of us, who rarely intrude within the charmed circle of the drawing-room, but who, in the seclusion of their apartments, pursue the recreation that seems best in their eyes, alone, and I fear, unappreciated. One of these I knew once. He was a chirpy youth, born, I imagine, within sound of Bow Bells, and his daily avocation was that of a clerk in a fancy store. There all day long he posed as the "aimable and obliging young man," coming home to dinner with the ghost of his professional smile upon his lips. He was musical—very—he played the scales while in the drawing room, and he played the banjo in his own room. But that was not all, with him a tendency to musical frenzy was united to a taste for groping in the mysterious labyrinth where the feet of none but a pharmaceutical chemist may stray with impunity, and he manufactured a superior (so he said) kind of liniment in his bed-room. What he did with the large bottles of white and pungent fluid I know not. Where he obtained, or whether he invented the recipe I never could ascertain. He was most generous in offers of bestowing the mixture upon his fellow-boarders, but they, warned by one wise in the things of this world, to a man, refused the offer; for upon their acceptance would have followed the request for a note in the testimonial form, which would, sooner or later, have figured in the patent medicine column of some paper.

Benign Biggs of happy memory! May good luck attend your liniment-making future, and the yellow of your Sunday necktie never pale! What fun you innocently afforded us,

when gathered together in an upper room, we discussed your little peculiarities together with our coffee and cigars.

"Full many a ditty,  
Both wise and witty,  
In this ancient city have I heard since then.  
With your name before me,  
How the dream comes o'er me,  
Of those attic suppers and those vanished men!"

It is a very bad habit of the citizens of Montreal—this perpetual moving. Besides ruining the furniture of the ambulancing population, and destroying the wall hangings and paint of the more stationary landlord, it must weaken, if not annihilate, the sense of security, the faith and love and sentiment which should gather about a home. To us old folk, whose hearts still glow with the memory of the pine knot fires of our childhood's days, it is impossible to annually call up an affection for the domestic hearth, heated by asbestos and gas, which is ours only until the first of next May. Even the "old arm chair" and the "moss-covered bucket" of yore would lose their individuality and their charm if each successive year saw them occupying a new position in one or other of the "desirable residences" so freely advertised.

Talking of advertisements, one sometimes finds funny ones in our papers, owing, I suppose, to the universal use of two languages among us. I saw in the *Star* recently a demand for "a live young man," while in another column a rather distinguished dressmaking establishment publish, "Hands wanted on ladies' waists!" A small-ware shop proclaims that "Misses Aucoin stamps every kind of embroidery," but does not come up to a sign which a few years ago hung in McCord-street, and which on one side bore the inscription, "Mad. Pigeon couturiere dans les hardes d'hommes," while on the reverse we read the very literal translation, "Mad. Pigeon, dressmaker in men's clothes!"

A very foolish and wicked advertisement has been lately doing a great deal of harm here—that of a fortune-teller. It is almost incredible that a low bold woman, living in a remote corner of St. Jean Baptiste village, should have power to decoy educated and sensible people to go and listen to her senseless fabrications. Yet such is the case, and her parlours are crowded, and she waxing rich over the utter idiocy of her simple victims. That Catholics should patronise such an oracle is very regrettable, for of this "much shall be required." Father Quinlivan, at the eight o'clock mass yesterday, alluded to this most pernicious snare, and gave illustrations of real unhappiness which had ensued from visits paid and credence given to the impostor who pretends to lift the veil of the future. The rev. gentleman also touched on certain superstitions common among some of his flock, and which he severely condemned, such as the reading of tea-cups, fearing to enter a house by one door and leave it by another, or turning back from a journey if one chanced to encounter a black cat or a red haired woman. These crotchets, he said, were the remains of a pagan superstition, and unworthy of a place in the mind of a Christian and a Catholic.

Father Kenny, at the Gesu, last night preached on human respect,—a magnificent sermon lasting sixty minutes, and listened to with profound attention by a crowded congregation. Popularity, he said, was a pagan word. Pilate, though he found our Lord guiltless, succumbed to his longing for popularity when he brought Him out and said to the people, "Behold the man!" Rather than lose his popularity he sent his God to the Cross. The Rev. Father dwelt long and fully on the various forms of human respect, showing how it conquers even love and gratitude, for, said he, when they led Christ away to put him to death, there were walking about the streets of Jerusalem cripples whom He had made to walk, there were looking at Him the blind whom He had made to see, and yet they owned Him not! The sermon was one addressed to Catholics, rather than controversial, and the Rev. Father concluded by adjuring us all to be good and valiant soldiers of Christ.

OLD MORTALITY.

Montreal, 30th April, 1888.