

THE "CANADA-REVUE."

Last week we spoke somewhat strongly of the anti-clericalism that is daily gaining a foothold in Canada, and of the paper that is striving to propagate it. Today we intend to speak of that *so-called* Catholic publication that is known as the *Canada-Review*. We have no fault to find with the *Daily Witness* for reproducing in part some of the articles that have appeared of late upon the pages of that publication. It is the business of the *Witness* to do so, and it is perfectly justified in seizing upon any such weapons, especially when placed in its hands by traitors from the opposite camp. In addressing the *Canada-Review* we say that we are about to seek too much when we ask them to come out in their true colors, to fling aside the mask of Catholicity and be honest enough to wear the *baudouin* of their master. It is useless to thus parade in sheep's clothing, take off the woolly hide, and let the world see the horns. We have not space to review the series of hypocritical denunciations that have found light upon the pages of the *Canada-Review* and that have found circulation in the columns of the anti-Catholic press. We will be content with a few of their most pointed remarks, and these shall serve as a index to the Catholicity (?) of that atheistical offshoot of "the spirit of the Revolution."

In one article we read: "The diocese of Montreal is in the hands of a venerable prelate, but that he has not got the necessary energy to hold a tight rein on the clergy under his orders, events have just proven." So it is that the *Canada-Review* compliments the Archbishop of Montreal. That organ may well thank its stars that the head of the hierarchy is endowed with a paternal and forgiving nature, that he is animated with the highest Christian and priestly sentiments, that he is gifted with caution as well as energy, and that he knows when exactly to make use of the one or the other. Were it otherwise the episcopal hand would long since have been stretched forth to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church's malediction at the writer or writers of that priest-hating publication.

The Archbishop of Montreal needs no defence at our hands when assailed by the bitter enemies of the sacerdotal order, even when they carry the mask of Catholicity. Beneath the folds of the mantle it is easy to distinguish the symbol of their purpose. But if His Grace cannot, and would not if he could, step down from the arena to shield himself from the arrows of the moral cowards who, knowing his position, take advantage of it to attack him, we need not hesitate to pick up the point of and fling it back directly in the teeth of these anti-clericals. For His Grace requires a certificate of aptitude and qualification, for the high office he occupies in the hierarchy of the Church, he will not seek it from the *Canada-Review*. And when the *Canada-Review* is able to govern itself and to regulate its passions, to practise straightness and to give evidence of energy in curbing its vicious and half-sinister anti-clericalism, it will be time for him to lecture a man who is as far above it, as is the eagle hovering in the sky beyond the reach of the serpent that crawls along the earth. When the *Canada-Review* shall have acquired evidence of his fitness for his position, as the Archbishop has, and an adequate energy with talents in accordance, it will be time for him to criticise. Meanwhile the *Archdiocese* will be governed without the powerful aid of the *Canada-Review*, and it is to be hoped it will not perish.

Listen to that paragon of excellence, the *Canada-Review*. "We are told that the Church is the only judge of its members, and that we should not meddle in this. This is a bad excuse. The affairs of the Church are truly ours, since we give it everything, and what we do not give it, the Church takes." Who are "we"? Who are you that the affairs of the Church are yours? You give it everything? Yes, you give it abuse, slander, calumny; you strive to give it a bad name; you attempt to give it a hard road to travel; you give it a slap on the face every time you raise your hand. Is it you that gives everything to the lawyers? Do you support all the doctors? If so, does it give you right to mix and to meddle in their affairs, to regulate the council of the bar or the college of physicians? Individually, pray, what did you ever give the Church? Does the *Canada-Review* represent the whole Catholic population? If not, it only speaks for a section, or for itself. As well interfere in the affairs of the Grand Trunk or C.P.R. It is the public that give them all they have. Perhaps it is the *Canada-Review* that gives it to them. Hypocrisy! always hypocrisy!

But the Archbishop and the clergy that surround him are not targets enough for the poisoned shafts of the *Canada-Review*; it must prove its chivalry by attacking the Sisters of Providence. Cowardly when it spits its venom at a man whose position forbids that he should defend himself; mean and unmanly when it strikes with its lash the self-sacrificing and holy women whose

pure lives are given up to God, and consequently devoted to charity and to humanity. Thus speaks that organ:

"And the question of the Sisters of Providence who have established a banquet-entering system and who tender, like regular cookshop keepers, for banquets given outside of Montreal, and that without paying any patent, license or tax."

This is almost too much, but when we know the source whence it comes we are reconciled. One or two other extracts and our readers can judge for themselves where the *Canada-Review* learned its lessons.

"They command everywhere; they dispose of everything as they please, both in town and country, in our large as well as in our small schools, among the *congreges* and among the *ladies*; we are at their mercy; they make and repeal our laws; we can neither be born, live nor die without their permission, and if any one recriminates, he is at once pointed out as a slanderer, a brazen-faced liar, an infidel and an atheist."

Exactly! The final definition suits. The *Canada-Review* is just what it states in the last part of the sentence; a slanderer—and it knows it; a liar, as proven in the very same sentence, and a sheet such that its articles are more infidel and atheistic in their tendencies and results, than if it were to come out squarely against the Church.

"We can neither be born, live, nor die without their permission." That is not true; the writer of that came into the world without the permission of the Church, he lives now without the Church, and—unless he changes—he is likely to die without her assistance. Listen to this Communist!

"It appears that this state of things has lasted too long in our province. We are descendants of the French and, were it not for the English who live in the land and help to cool down the violence of our nature, a 1792 or '93 might some good morning waken up those petty tyrants who peacefully sleep by the side of our wives and daughters whom they steal from us by the aid of religion, and more especially of the confessional."

There it is! shades of Couthon and St. Just! of Marat and Hebert! spirits of Camille and Jean Jacques! of Condorcet and Barras! Were it not for the English who help to cool the ardor of the writer in the *Canada-Review*, we would have a French Revolution upon a small scale in Canada! Where did you learn your political creed, friend of the *Canada-Review*? It is out at last; you could not keep it in; you cannot hold "a tight rein" over your natural desires; you must let the world know of what stuff you are made. Men like you, men of the *Canada-Review*, have played the same *role* in the very period that you invoke; men like you poisoned the public mind against the clergy, and consequently against all social stability; men like you opened the dykes and the Zuyder Zee of devastation rilled over the land; men like you invented the guillotine and glutted her with victims; men like you, under the mask of moralists and philanthropists, stirred up the passions in the Faubourg St. Antoine and knocked down the innocent on the Place de la Concorde; men like you carried the anti-clericalism to such a point that the king, nobility, and clergy having suffered, and no more victims being at hand, the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of to-morrow; men like you were ready in 1792 and '93 to fan the embers of hatred into a flame and then were prepared to run away from the conflagration when it grew too hot; men like you had brains enough to concoct anti-clerical attacks, but had not heart enough to feel for the sad results of their own work.

We can tell the *Canada-Review* that there will be no such thing as another 1792 in this country; that the Catholic Church has survived the attacks of more dangerous enemies than the members of that little junta—whose creed is a social chaos and whose God is Victor Hugo. But since that organ is upon the confessional we would advise it to give Mr. Chiniquy credit for the ideas it has taken from his famous work on "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." "Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar," and don't forget to "give even the Devil his due." It is time to "handle these people without gloves." They quote Zola and draw comparisons from the literature they love, while, in the same breath, they pour forth their revolutionary and communistic attacks upon the bulwarks of their own nation ally. The library of the old *Institute* is not destroyed and the ghost of continental liberalism haunts its readers.

It is only under such circumstances as these that we feel the want of something more than a mere weekly organ. It would seem as if we had not only the Protestant papers to contend with, but that soon we shall have to hold our guard against the anti-Catholic section of the so-called Catholic press. If so we are ready, and with the Laird of Abbotsford we can say:

"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I."

Rev. Father Dion, Superior of the St. Laurent College, recently appointed *procurateur general* of his congregation, has left for Rome, where he is to reside.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"Green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days; Some knew thee but to love thee, Some named thee but to praise."

The Quaker poet is dead: on the sixth of September he peacefully passed away; his years were eighty-five. Where are all the friends of his boyhood, the companions of his manhood, and the contemporaries who might heartily repeat those four sweet lines that he penned in the years long gone? Towards the noon of this century there was a galaxy of promising American poets; he was one of them. Some of them have passed into comparative oblivion, others into literary immortality; only one remains—in the person of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Whittier's life is an interesting and instructive one, and we dare not attempt even a sketch of it. Some day he will have a biographer, and that writer's task will be a noble one. From the days of his early journalistic education, under Lloyd Garrison, till the close of his long career, from his father's potato-field to his own editorial sanctum, he was truly a friend of humanity. In the anti-slavery days Whittier was as conspicuous an advocate of abolition as Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, or even Garrison himself.

As a poet he ranks high, not only in the literature of America, but even in the universal literature of the English language. He was of that school and day when William Cullen Bryant flourished and Longfellow was in the ascendant. Amongst his confidants, in the temple of the muses, were Fitzgreen Halleck, N.P. Willis, Dr. Holmes, Charles Sprague, Grenville Mellen, J.O. Rockwell, Richard Coe, Park Benjamin, J.G. Percival, Lydia H. Sigourney, W.B.O. Peabody, R.H. Dana, Hannah F. Flood, J.G.C. Brainard, John Howard Payne, Crosby, Hunt, Thacher, Tucker, and a host of others. Only one of all these remains to lament over the Quaker poet's grave, Edgar Allen Poe was of recent date beside Whittier, while the poet Priest, Boyle O'Reilly, and James Russell Lowell, are but of yesterday compared to the one just departed.

To pass judgment upon his literary merit would be both untimely and inappropriate. "It is not Death alone—but Time and Death" that canonize the poet. America has lost a true and worthy son, humanity a sincere friend, and literature one of its brightest lights. The immediate friends of the dead bard will feel his absence most keenly, but America has his name upon her imperishable page of national glory, and his portrait hangs in the picture-hall of her sacred associations; humanity has his works—and his written works are the least part of the legacy he has left, for his example and deeds of charity surpass them; and literature can never feel his loss, since it has long since enjoyed the gifts that he laid on her shrine. Then in saying *adieu* to John Greenleaf Whittier we will borrow his own words. On the death of the poet Brainard, fifty years ago, Whittier placed this garland of verses upon his tomb; we take it up and, with silent emotion, we hang it over his own humble—but glorious—grave:

"Come to the land of silence—to the shadows of the dead—
With the green turf on thy bosom, and the gray stone at thy head;
Hath thy spirit departed? Doth it never linger here?
When the dew upon the bending flower is falling like a tear?
When the sunshine lights the green earth like the petals under the feet of God,
Or when the moonlight gladdens, or the pale stars look abroad?
Hast thou lost thy pleasant fellowship with the beautiful earth—
With the green trees, and the quiet streams around thy place of birth?
The sways that walters seaward—the tall, gray hills, whereon
Lingers, as if for sacrifice, the last light of the sun?
The fair of form—the pure of soul—the eyes that shone, when thou
Wast answering to their smiles of love—art thou not with them now?
Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainard, but the fame denied thee when
Thy way was with the multitude—the living tide of men,
Is burning over thy sepulchre—a holy light and strong,
And thither are kneeling there, to breathe thy words of peace, and the greatest satisfaction,
The beautiful and pure of soul—the lights of Earth's cold bowers—
Are twining on thy funeral stone a coronal of flowers!"

GRAND TOMBOLA

In Aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor and their Home for the Aged.

Indefatigable Father Strubbe! This time it is a grand Bazaar and Tombola to be held in the Windsor Hall, from October the 12th to the 20th. The prizes are valued at \$5,000. They are all to be seen at the show rooms, No. 146 Notre Dame street. How could we better tell the story of this most meritorious undertaking than by simply giving our readers the following appeal on behalf of "The Home for the Aged?" Later on we will be able to furnish a list of the principal prizes to be drawn:

About five years ago, in response to the request of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, the "Little Sisters of the Poor" established a Home for the Aged, at No. 105 Forfar street, in this city. The building contains accommodation for 80 old people, who have been continuously supported by this noble Order, through the kind assistance of the charitable people. The good Sisters have been frequently pained to be obliged to refuse admission to a large number of poor old men and women for want of accommodation, and they have finally concluded to build a new Home, which is now in course of erection on Seigneurs street, near Dorchester street, on the completing of which the Sisters will be enabled to furnish accommodation for 300 old people. The Little Sisters of the Poor know no race or creed. When any

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.
STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR.
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KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL.
IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.
FOR THE HAIR.
IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR.
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of those poor old people come to them for shelter and support, no one is turned away if there is room for him or her in the Home. Two conditions only are necessary to be admitted, viz: 1st, to be old, and 2nd, to be penniless. The Little Sisters of the Poor possess no capital, and never have anything "hid aside for a rainy day," trusting implicitly in Divine Providence for the wherewithal to feed and clothe the poor and hungry. In order that the Sisters may be able to pay for the erection of this new Home, they appeal to all the citizens of Montreal, irrespective of race or creed, to come to their help, and surely their appeal will not be made in vain. This is the first time, and will probably be the only occasion, on which they will make a public appeal to the people of the city for such a purpose, and therefore let us all respond to it generously according to our means. A grand Bazaar and Tombola will be held in the Windsor Hall, Dominion Square, from the 12th to 20th October next, in aid of this benevolent object. A committee of ladies has been formed who will personally solicit subscriptions, which it is earnestly hoped none will refuse to give, and thus materially help in bringing the undertaking to a successful issue.

A PLEASANT EVENT.

Presentation and Address to Mr. P. J. Carroll.

On Monday morning, at the Archbishop's Palace, Mr. P. J. Carroll, of the firm of Carroll Bros., and treasurer of Branch 50, C. M. B. A., led to the altar Miss Annie Bowes, only daughter of our esteemed townsman Mr. Thomas Bowes. After the sacred tie was made life-lasting by the hand of the Church, the happy couple and their friends returned to the residence of the bride's father, where the "marriage feast" was prepared in the form of a splendid breakfast. After due congratulations the young bride and groom left by the C.P.R. for an extended Western trip.

On Saturday evening, at the hall of Branch 50, C. M. B. A. on St. Antoine street, there was a meeting of the members and friends, at which the Rev. Father Dannelly, pastor of St. Anthony's and spiritual director of the branch, was present. When the meeting was called to order, Mr. P. Kehoe, the master of ceremonies, was requested to invite Mr. P. J. Carroll to the front. On his coming forward, the president, Mr. P. Doyle, read, in a feeling manner, the following address. The whole was accompanied with a presentation of a magnificent set of cutlery. Mr. Carroll made a happy reply, in which he expressed his sincere gratitude and the sentiments of pleasure that the event awoke in him. This was followed by congratulatory remarks from a number of those present. There were a few songs to lighten the scene, and of those who contributed most to this impromptu programme was Brother Roche of Branch 26. The following is the address presented:—

To MR. P. J. CARROLL,
Treasurer, Branch 50, C. M. B. A.
Dear Sir, and Brother—Having come to the knowledge of the members of this branch that you are contemplating what they hope and trust will be an auspicious and happy event in your life, they take advantage of the occasion to mark their appreciation of the sterling qualities manifested by you in your relation with them, not as member, but as an "other high" in the councils of the Branch, to request your acceptance of the accompanying present, not so much for the intrinsic value of the gift, as a slight recognition of your services as treasurer for so long a period, in which position you have given the greatest satisfaction. They also desire that you will be good enough to convey to the young lady, who is so very soon to become your wife, their kindest wishes. They hope that your union will be so blessed by Almighty God that you and she may live to see your children's children to the third and fourth generation.
Signed on behalf of the Branch,
PATRICK DOYLE, President.
FRANCIS MCCABE, Secretary.

Montreal, Sept. 1892.

A FATAL FIRE.

Three Dead—Several Injured—The Chambly Hotel Gone.

Three men burnt to death; one fatally injured; one seriously and one slightly injured, besides a number of narrow escapes was the result of a disastrous fire which broke out in the Chambly hotel on Jacques Cartier square at half-past one Monday morning. Hardly a minute before this time three carters, Louis Renaud, Joseph Parry and Fred Corbeil, who were on the stand talking, noticed that smoke was coming from over the doorway of the private entrance to the place. They quickly ran across the square shouting fire, and began to bang on the doors, in which they were assisted by Sergeant Millette. Although this only took a minute, what had before been smoke burst into flame.

FIREMEN TO THE RESCUE.

In the meantime an alarm had been turned in from box 245, to which the firemen quickly responded. They at once learned that others had been left in the building, which proved true, for everyone who was sleeping on the third floor is now lying dead in the Notre

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CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.
John T. Lyons, Corner Craig and Bleury Streets, Montreal.
SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

Dame hospital. After the flames were somewhat subdued, Captain Prevost, of No. 4 station, and his men dashed into the building. In a front room with his head wrapped up in a coat, they found the first of the fire's victims. This was Turcotte, a sewing machine agent. He had evidently made a hard fight to get to the door, but had fallen on reaching it and was then overcome. He was dead when brought out. The second to be brought out was one Cidal, a medical student, according to what Baptiste Charbonneau, a fellow boarder, said. He was breathing but died soon after in the hospital. The last body found was that of an unknown stableman, who was found lying under his bed on the top floor, the body being charred almost out of recognition.

DEAD AND DYING.

The scene in the wards of Notre Dame hospital was horrible. In one corner of the room on a stretcher covered over with a salvage cover of rubber, lay an unknown hostler of the hotel, his face and body intact but terribly charred and blackened. Seen at a distance he resembled a sleeping negro, but on nearer approach it was seen that in places the raw, roasted flesh showed through the coating of charcoal. His name was said to be Desautel, a stableman, but subsequent enquiry revealed the fact that Desautel had not slept in the hotel that night, and that this man's name was unknown. Next to him, on a cot, lay Cidal, a young medical student, of rough and powerful frame. His face was burned in blotches and the hair was signed from his massive head, while a red band across the abdomen denoted that the flames had not spared his body. In a cot next the dead Cidal sat a boy apparently not over 14 years of age. Further down the ward lay Jules Camiré, an employee of Mr. Coristine's, on McGill street. He had both ankles broken, but was conscious and appeared to suffer much pain. He heard some one call "Fire," he said, and when he rushed to his door the flames rushed in to his face. He immediately jumped from the third storey window. If he hadn't jumped he would have been dead, he said. He lost over \$200 in clothes and money, and was afraid of losing his job.—Gazette.

ST PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Arranging for the Annual Picnic—A Distressing Case Reported.

Monday evening a meeting of the committee of the St. Patrick's Society was held in their hall for the purpose of arranging for their annual picnic in aid of the funds of the Charitable committee. A request had been made to the Montreal and Shamrock Lacrosse clubs to play a friendly match on the Shamrock Lacrosse grounds on the 24th of the present month, for the benefit of the society. The Shamrocks wrote accepting the invitation, but a letter was received from the Montreal club regretting very much that they could not play on that day, as the annual games of the M.A.A.A. were held on the 24th inst. The president, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., said that it would not do to hold rival gatherings on the same day, and he was requested to interview the two clubs and try and induce them to play a friendly match on the 8th of October. The president stated that he thought a meeting of the clubs for a charitable purpose at the close of the season would have an excellent effect and that he would do all in his power to induce them to assent to the wishes of the society.

A case of great hardship was brought before the notice of the committee by Mr. Hoolahan, of the Immigration office. A poor woman with three children, the eldest eight years of age, had been sent by her husband from the state of Illinois, where they had lived for two years since they left Ireland, to Quebec, under pretence that he would follow her immediately. She had reached Quebec last week, but her husband did not join her. The Quebec authorities had shipped her back to Montreal, and she was now thrown upon public charity, without the price of a meal, for herself or her helpless children. The committee gave instructions, as none of the institutions would consent to receive her, that a room be rented for her and that she and her children be provided for until the chief of police at the point she left in Illinois should be communicated with to find out the particulars about her husband.

THE OKA PILGRIMAGE.

On Monday next, the 19th September, a grand pilgrimage to Oka will take place. The day being a civic holiday all persons desirous of taking part in the religious excursion to the home of the Trappists, will have every opportunity of doing so. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to attend. The pilgrimage will be under the personal direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal. In order that there may be no doubt about the programme and the time we beg our readers to read following order of exercises:—

- 5.15 a.m.—Holy Mass in St. Anne's Church, during which Holy Communion will be distributed to the Pilgrims not able to keep fasting.
- 6.30 a.m.—Train leaves Bonaventure Station and will take passenger at Ste. Cunegonde, St. Henri and Cote St. Paul, connecting with Boat at Lachine.
- 7 a.m.—Boat leaves Lachine Wharf.—Ave Maria Stella and Beads.
- 9.30 a.m.—Holy Mass and Communion in the Parochial Church of Oka.
- 10.30 a.m.—Stations of the Holy Cross. Pilgrims will assemble around the Cross erected at the foot of the mountain.—Stabat Mater.
- 3.30 p.m.—Boat leaves Oka.—Beads.
- 4.30 p.m.—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in Ste. Anne de Bellevue and veneration of the relics of St. Anne.
- 5.15 p.m.—Leaves Ste. Anne.
- 6.50 p.m.—Arrive at Lachine. Tickets \$1.00

Needless to say that we wish the good Fathers and the pilgrims every success, fine weather, pleasant times, abundance of graces and all that they seek. It is a new departure to turn the pilgrims' bark westward and upward instead of down the river towards the rising sun. The trip is most interesting, the scenery grand, and the village of Oka, itself, is worth the whole excursion, with its Indian and Trappists, its church and monastery.

Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport.

Arrangements have, we understand, been completed for a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport from Smith's Falls, including points on the C.P.R. as far west as Tweed, north as far as Almonte, and east as far as Green Valley. The pilgrimage will start on Monday, 26th September instant. The rates are remarkably low, \$4.25 from Smith's Falls, with a sliding scale from the other points based upon their respective distances from Ste. Anne's, \$4.70 being the figure from Tweed. The tickets will be good for five days, thus giving an opportunity to visit Quebec and Montreal on the return trip. The pilgrimage, which is under the auspices of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, has the approbation of His Grace Archbishop Cleary, and will be attended by several priests of the Archdiocese. As this will, no doubt, be the last of the season, and as the rates granted for it are, all things considered, most favorable, the number taking advantage of it is sure to be large. The last week of September and first week of October are, by those who know Quebec, said to be the most pleasant part of the whole year there. The glowing autumn weather has not yet departed and the story of its tints is seen on leaf and water. Apart from the main object of such a journey the veneration of the "Good Ste. Anne" at one of her most famous shrines, and the manifold blessings which so often flow therefrom, a visit to that quiet little village nestling against the hills on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence and to the Ancient Capital itself—the cradle of Catholicity in our land—will well repay the pilgrims.

New Music—Songs: Twelve Months ago To-night; Little Jim, by Paul Dresser; Little Maggie; Pieces; Bon Ton Skirt dance, by Holst; By the Sea Waltz; Yannah; all 10c each. Pic. mail. Brass Monkey Lancers, played at Hunt club and all fashionable waltzes. 20c. Quebec Jersey, best Jersey out, 20c. W. STREET.

The comma is very useful in its place, but it should be used with judgment. In the last number of an exchange there appears an advertisement in which the firm announce that they keep "check morabique corset laces, figured muslin hairpins, and embroidered grenadine skirts.—Savannah Republican.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like HOOD'S. It is the only one of which can truly be said "100 Doses \$1."