

OUR OBSERVER

REVIEWS A NUMBER OF SUBJECTS.

THE PROSPECTS OF AIR SHIPS—A HINT TO MAYOR WILSON SMITH REGARDING THE EXHIBITION—THE SILVER QUESTION—THE RECENT PARADE OF ORANGEMEN—THE TRIALS OF A CANDY DEALER.

How odd a horse-car would appear upon our streets to-day, and yet electric transportation is but a recent innovation and the crawling horse-car a reality of yesterday. This is an age of rapid advancement and startling evolutions. In a few years hence when we start each morning in an airship from our back gallery and float serenely on the breeze to our office on the twentieth story of the latest sky-scraper, we will gaze beneath with feeling not unmixed with sorrow at the once overcrowded trolley car now deserted and desolate, and wonder if the day-dreams of its slumbering conductor will ever be broken by his "promotion" to a position as pilot of a flying machine.

Self-satisfaction is quite a convenient article to carry around with you. Of course, it may annoy and irritate other people somewhat, and you may be occasionally referred to as being "chuck full of conceit," but what boots it when you are satisfied and at peace with yourself and wax fat?

What has happened to the 1897 Exhibition boom? Has the bottom dropped out of it since the elections? Little things like a political reverse, even if it did hit hard, shouldn't divert great minds from commendable channels. Start the ball rolling again, Mayor Wilson Smith.

You have no doubt met the man who knows everything worth knowing. He is posted on all subjects and is never reticent. On the contrary, he throws his knowledge broadcast to the winds with a reckless confidence that the supply will never be exhausted. He requires neither data nor study in arriving at a conclusion—the conclusion comes his way of its own accord. He is voluble, at times mysterious, always important and still at large.

If all the people who by their writings and talk would lead us to believe that the silver question was a. b. c. to them, really had any tangible knowledge on the subject, this part of the terrestrial globe would contain thousands of wiser men than it does at present. The currency question at issue in the politics of the United States to-day is a deep problem, after a profound study of which many brilliant and erudite minds have arrived at solutions diametrically opposite.

Some one has said "haste is not dignified." Perhaps not, but haste catches an electric car occasionally while dignity poses on a corner and loses valuable time waiting for the next one.

Many a good house-keeper gazed at her kitchen floor in despair, after inspecting the decks of Her Majesty's ships "Tartar" and "Intrepid."

One of the funniest things seen in Montreal since the antics of the two "chiefs in "Erminie" was not the clown in the recent circus, nor yet the young man on the unmanageable bicycle who collided with a stout lady on Beaver Hall Hill, but, by long odds, the parade on the "glorious" Twelfth. Masquerades and Brownie shows were cast into the shadowy recesses of the deepest shade by the moving double file of prodigious curiosities. Where they are kept during the rest of the year goodness only knows. The majority of them appeared to want a nurse, or something of that kind, and it is to be hoped that the outing did them good.

The average citizen who thinks his lot an unhappy and burdensome one should enquire from the Grecian candy and fruit seller, on McGill street, when he shuts up shop. The answer will be in effect that, this stand is open for business every hour in the twenty-four, not because trade is rushing or the checkers rolling merrily in all night, but for the simple reason if he went away an opposition vendor would "jump his claim," in other words appropriate the site. He has visions of the enemy lurking around the neighborhood at 2.30 a.m. awaiting an opportunity to steal the location, and accordingly, he takes no chances but remains on deck, dozing betimes and, perchance, dreaming of Athens and his ancient glory, of Diogenes and his search for an honest man, until rudely awakened by a hilarious chorus or a request for a match. Being only mortal, and desiring to remain that way for the present, he has a partner in the business.

WALTER R.

MR. THURMAN PROTESTS.

Allen W. Thurman is very indignant at the attempt to make it appear that he initiated an attack on Mr. Bland because of the latter's religious convictions. He says he was misrepresented in an interview which was printed. "I was asked," said he, "whether I thought the fact that Mr. Bland's wife and son were Catholics would in any degree weaken him as a candidate. I replied emphatically that it was an outrage that a man's religious connections should be talked about. No one has denounced the A. P. A. organization more openly on the stump than I. I have no religious prejudices. I was sorry, I said, that the matter was talked about, but I admitted that such prejudices did exist and might weaken his chances of election if nominated. Religious bigotry could not be controlled." Mr. Thurman sent the following telegram to Mr. Bland: "Hon. RICHARD P. BLAND, Lebanon, Mo.: The report that I started an attack

upon you on account of your wife's religion is absolutely untrue. What I said was in reply to a question by others, and many things are now put into my mouth which I never thought of, much less said. Your letter, when a candidate for Congress, on the subject expresses precisely word for word my sentiments and convictions.

ALLEN W. THURMAN."

OBITUARY.

MR. FELIX CALLAHAN

Sometime ago we announced the sudden illness of Mr. Felix Callahan, the well known printer and publisher, who had been stricken with partial paralysis. It was then hoped that, despite the gravity of the attack, with skill and care he would be once more restored to health.

Unfortunately we are now called upon to announce his death, at the early age of 54 years.

Deceased was a warm and true-hearted Irishman and a good Canadian citizen. Full of energy he devoted himself to business, and overcoming great opposition always held his own.

He was an enterprising man. Some years ago an attempt was made to organize a Company, for publication of a daily paper in the interests of Irish Catholics. Mr. Callahan was the leading spirit amongst those who launched "The Sun." In that venture he sank the savings of years.

Our readers will also remember that he was for sometime the publisher of the Harp, a well-known Magazine devoted specially to Irish Canadian literature. In its columns, if referred to, will be found the early efforts of many men who have since made their mark in the history of our country.

St. Patrick's society has lost one of its pillars in the death of Mr. Callahan. He was one of the most zealous and assiduous members; for years he held a position



THE LATE MR. FELIX CALLAHAN.

tion on the committee of general management, and in all its undertakings for national or charitable purposes he took a prominent part.

Mr. Callahan's faults were few, if any, and they were inherent to his virtues.

He was an ardent Irishman—his friendship was of a trusting character. When once he was convinced of anything as being right, he felt strongly and acted promptly. He entertained no enmity, and was of a forgiving disposition.

Mr. Callahan leaves a number of talented children, who will do honor to his memory. To Mrs. Callahan and family we tender our heartiest sympathy.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon last from his late residence, on University street, and was very largely attended by the friends and acquaintances of the deceased. The floral offerings were numerous. Amongst those on the casket were a wreath of roses from the directors and members of the Shamrock Athletic Association, an anchor of white roses and carnations from the St. Patrick's Society, and a pillow from the relatives of the deceased. The principal mourners were William H. Callahan, J. R. Callahan, Felix Callahan, Robert E. Callahan, Joseph D. Callahan and Edward Callahan, sons of deceased, and James F. Curtin and Thomas Curtin of Rochester, N. Y., brothers-in-law. The pallbearers were Hon. James McShane, Dr. Kennedy, Samuel Cross, Geo. Murphy, P. F. McCaffrey and P. Reynolds. Amongst those who attended the funeral, which was very large, were noticed, M. C. Malone, P. J. Heffernan, D. J. Donovan, J. O'Neil, W. O'Neil, J. Quigley, M. Britt, Hon. Judge Curran, Ald. Connaughton, F. B. McNamee, R. J. Anderson, D. Britt, W. H. Britt, C. A. McDonnell, G. A. Carpenter, Professor J. A. Fowler, E. H. Twohey, Thomas Waddell, John Dwyer, Daniel McEntyre, M. J. McGrath, Wm. Clendenning, sr., John Rafter, T. C. O'Brien, J. McRae, Chief Detective Cullen, B. Tansey, John Patton, E. McEntyre, Frank Gormley, W. H. Clancy, F. T. Duncan, Edward Hutton, R. McCleary, R. B. Brown, Chas. Dellier, J. C. A. Des Trois Maisons, Michael Butler, T. Butler, Jas. Butler, John Wilson, James Wilson, P. O'Neill, Thos. Kearns, F. C. Lawlor, P. McCaffrey, James Meek, D. Cameron, Henry Gagnon, Wm. Crowe, T. Kinsella, P. H. Bartley, J. D. Baker, J. Murray, L. Harris, John Twohey, James Twohey, Jas. Hayes, A. L. Friedman, Robert Jacobs, Thomas Doherty, M. Cochenhaler, M. F. Sheridan, John Burns, M. J. McAndrew, J. O'Neill, J. Malone, Edward Auld, J. D. Davis, Thos. Larkin, Wm. Kearney, W. H. Kearney, Enoch James, E. McCaffrey, Dick Kelly, E. Mansfield, E. P. Bonavay, M. Arnhill, Wm. Britt, P. Ross, Wm. Stafford, Thomas Brown, John Shinnick, E. A. Wilson, G. Egan, and many others. After leaving the residence of the deceased the funeral proceeded to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where a short service was held by the Rev. Father Superior of the Cote des Neiges College, after which the interment in the family lot took place.

An American exchange, in referring to the recent series of splendid victories won by the plucky master of the little Canadian yacht, says:—

The beating which the Canadian halibut-rater Glencairn has administered to the pick of the Seawanhaka fleet has been so thorough that in order to retain the trophy in the United States it has suggested that we annex Canada.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC CULTURE.

The evening lectures were devoted to "Christian Archaeology," and Rev. James Driscoll, S.S., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, was their exponent.

Mexico—"Ancient and Modern," was the subject of a lecture delivered by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, our venerable prelate, was the distinguished guest of the Summer School Executive on Saturday and Sunday. Rev. Dr. Conaty, President of the Summer School, escorted His Grace over the grounds and through the principal buildings. Archbishop Fabre expressed himself as well pleased and highly interested with the work undertaken and wished it continued progress and success.

Saturday was a day of recreation, and the lecture of the evening, "The Adirondacks from the Mountains to the Sea," delivered by Prof. S. Stoddard of Glen Falls, N. Y., was very pleasant finale for a delightful day.

The lecture hall had been prettily decorated by the ladies during the afternoon, and the Papal colors and American Stars and Stripes made a harmonious and elegant setting for the beautiful views that illustrated the Adirondack and Hudson scenery. Prof. Stoddard told his audience, in his introductory remarks, that he would permit the pictures to do the talking and he himself be almost silent. The first shadow on the canvas dissolved into a map of the Adirondack region, and after this picture followed picture in increasing beauty, until the Professor kindly forgot his first threat of silence, under the influence of well-known scenes, and for two hours he delighted his audience with an uninterrupted flow of eloquence, poetry, anecdote and wit. The wonders and peculiarities of the great health mountains were expatiated on, and with the accurate views before us we could well imagine ourselves in the heart of the Adirondacks, filling the foreground of a picture of Saranac Lake or peering into the crevices of Au Sable Chasm, sitting near the shores of Mirror Lake or sympathizing with the pallid invalids who occupy the piazza of the hotel on a January morning. Professor Stoddard explained that if you met anyone in the Adirondacks doing anything that would kill an ordinary mortal, be sure that he was doing it "according to the doctor's orders." Thus it was quite a common thing to find invalids stretched out on the piazzas in mid-winter, inhaling the frosty air, sleeping with open windows, etc., for the benefit of diseased lungs.

Passing on to brighter scenes, the old trapper and guide appears before us. We see him in his camp, and again laden with the spoils of the forest or half hid beneath a canoe which he is carrying over some portage—hard-visited and uncouth, but withal active and intelligent. Pile on pile the mountains rise, enclosing in their bosoms tiny lakes that shine like gems, and again when viewed from a lofty peak seem like a drop of water in a little green cup; now rock-ribbed precipitous heights are seen, and again gently sloping hills and valleys; often a bare waste where stunted spruce clings to the harsh soil, and, saddest of all, the mighty monarchs of the forest, stricken and dead, stretching their gaunt skeletons around as if in agony of protestation against the law that permitted the damming of the streams that gave them life.

The Hudson, which has been called the Rhine of America, was next visited, with the Professor as a guide, and traced from its cradle in the mountains till in its gathered strength it joins the mighty sea. A descriptive poem of great beauty was recited by the Professor in explanation of the passing views, and at its close a well-pleased audience re-echoed the Professor's good-night that flushed from the canvas with an added measure of gratitude for a pleasant evening's entertainment.

The services at St. John's church on Sunday, were of unusual solemnity and grandeur. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 10.30, with Most Rev. Edward Charles Fabre, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, as celebrant, Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, high assistant priest; Rev. Daniel J. O'Mahony, O. S. A., of Lawrence, Mass., and Rev. Joseph Wilmas, of Syracuse, Deacons of Honor; Rev. Daniel A. Morrissy, of Philadelphia, Deacon of the Mass; Rev. John M. Flennning, O. S. A., of Lawrence, Mass., sub-deacon; Rev. E. Provost, Secretary to Archbishop Fabre, and Rev. Dr. Conaty, president of the Summer School, masters of ceremonies.

During the Mass Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, S. P., of New York, delivered an able sermon on "Christian Unity." For three-quarters of an hour the reverend gentleman held the large congregation spell bound. Among other things he said:—

The sentiment in favor of Christian Unity, he said, is growing stronger among all religious bodies. The days of theological scalping have gone by, and people are becoming tired of religious controversy. Along with this sentiment towards the reunion of Christendom, there is coming an awakening of the religious spirit. The intellectual activity of the age is developing a keener research into and more thoughtful meditation on the deep things of God, for there is no passion in the human heart so strong as the love for religion. Very few men have been entirely without it and most men have been stirred to the highest heroisms by its promptings.

It has never even seemed to die out; like the grass on the prairie, though burned over year after year and trampled down by the hoofs of myriads of cattle, yet the next spring it covers the landscape with verdure, so the religious sentiment, though it be beaten down by revolution and trampled on by rampant vice, yet surely and inevitably it will assert itself.

To the watchers on the hilltops, the gray streaks of this dawning day of a

deeper spirituality are visible. What else is the decline of the blatant infidelity of the last fifteen years but the scurrying away of the clouds of the night? What else is the decay of agnosticism but the returning to religious standards, symbolized in the Christian deathbed of Romanes and the dissipating of the mists of darkness?

In this religious awakening comes the opportunity for Christian unity.

Even if some people of this generation may not be willing to give up their traditional beliefs, still we can take the means that are best calculated to break down prejudice. The seeds that are sown now will bear fruit in the years to come.

The Holy Father, in his luminous encyclical letter on Christian unity, calls the attention of all religious minds to the one faith and one baptism. He explains the ideal of the Christian church, and makes it very plain that the church was to be an organism deriving its life and strength from the indwelling of the holy spirit. "I am the vine; you are the branches." To be cut off from the vine is spiritual death, is to wither away. To be engrained on to the vine is life. "Other sheep there are that are not of this fold, them also must I bring that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

The Dedication.

At 4 p.m. the exercises began with the blessing of the temporary chapel by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, assisted by Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D., and Rev. James T. Loughlin, D.D. Most Rev. Charles Fabre, D.D., of Montreal, was present, and many other clergymen and a large gathering of people who more than crowded the pretty little chapel. After the blessing of the chapel, the ecclesiastical dignitaries proceeded to the lecture hall from the front piazza of which the Bishop blessed the school grounds. Then entering the hall he blessed the building, saying in all the ceremonies the ordinary prayers for such objects. The entire audience then joined in the hymn of thanksgiving, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." The spacious hall was crowded to repletion, many being obliged to stand. Seated on the platform were the following gentlemen: Archbishop Fabre, Bishop Gabriels, Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D., Rev. E. A. Pace, D.D., Rev. Fr. Lavoie, O.M., Rev. E. Prevost, Hon. John B. Riley, Major John Byrne, Warren E. Mosher, A. M., Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D. Rev. Dr. Conaty opened by welcoming the distinguished guests to the School, which was now indeed prepared to receive its friends and extend to them its hospitality.

Rev. Dr. Conaty gave a forcible, direct and eloquent explanation of the aims and objects of the Summer School. The reverend gentleman said the Summer School was a new idea, and yet not new, for the development of truth was its fundamental aim, and this was the teaching of the Church from the beginning. Jesus Christ was Truth, and all true knowledge was of Him and in Him, and the march of science was to bring us nearer to Him in the knowledge of the wisdom of His works. In the heavens above us, in the forests around us, in the waters of this lovely lake, the evidences of Christ's truth are visible, and it is for us to develop within us our intellectual powers that we may have a higher, clearer, nearer view of Christ in His works. *Deus illuminatio mea*, God is my light; this is the motto of our Summer School, and beneath this light it shall advance, casting the glory of higher knowledge over the length and breadth of the land, illuminating the darkness of prejudice and false reasoning. The dream of years has already passed into a reality, and the projects of the Summer School are proud of the success which has already been attained. They had worked hard for this moment, but its realization inspired them with gratitude to the Giver of all things. He had directed and fostered their plans; they felt that they were doing His work, and that His Light would diffuse itself and the spirit of Christ reign in the land.

Rev. Dr. Conaty's strong and eloquent countenance was aglow with the enthusiasm and feeling that consumed him, and his ringing words were the outcome of a heart firmly devoted to the great and grand work of Christian education, fostered and developed in the Catholic Summer School. The reverend gentleman closed his remarks by the formal presentation, in the names of the trustees, of the grounds and buildings to His Lordship the Bishop of Ogdensburg.

Bishop Gabriels made a graceful reply, and wished the School a success even beyond the hopes and expectations of its zealous and devoted President.

Hon. John B. Riley of Plattsburgh, chairman of the executive, was the next speaker. He spoke of the improvements made since last year, and promised that at the opening of the next session the School would be one of the most attractive spots in that portion of the country; and not only would intellectual tests be provided, but also innocent amusements of all kinds. In conclusion, he desired the co-operation of all present in the work, by enlisting the interest of all Catholics and encouraging the erection of cottages.

Mr. Loughlin, of Philadelphia, was next introduced, and in a very pleasant and amusing way, which is all his own, told of the erection of the Philadelphia cottage, and gave his definition of a true Summer School student.

Major John Byrne of New York, a member of the executive committee, spoke of the material considerations of the Summer School work and the efforts that had been expended in furthering the movement. At first it was up hill work, but the future was full of promise, for a lively interest had been awakened in Catholic circles as was amply testified by the large assembly that filled the hall. Of the intellectual side of the undertaking, there was no voice but of praise and congratulation to be used. The most eminent men of America had come to impart the knowledge they had garnered in their different pursuits to the students of the Summer School, and we were privileged to meet and to know men whose fame had long preceded them.

Dr. Pace, Dean of the Catholic University of Washington, was the next speaker. Dr. Pace spoke of the Univer-

sity and its true mission, which was the extension of its privileges, that they might reach the masses of the people as well as the comparatively few. Dr. Pace pointed to the Summer School as it stands to-day as an evidence of the power of co-operation. Shoulder to shoulder work would advance the interests of education, and he emphasized the fact that scientific truth was an elucidation of the teachings of Mother Church, and a strengthening of the tenets already held.

Prof. Conde B. Pallen, of St. Louis, when introduced, turned his attention to the duty of Catholic parents in fostering any latent talent their children might possess, and when in their power to do so, to advance them to the highest pinnacle of culture and learning, instead of turning them as raw youths into a commercial sphere. Prof. Pallen spoke with great force and distinctness on this subject and was warmly applauded at the conclusion of his remarks.

Rev. Dr. Conaty, ever happy in his introductory remarks, then introduced His Grace Archbishop Fabre, tendering him a hearty welcome from all friends of the Summer School, and referring to early reminiscences of his own career under the tuition of the venerable Archbishop in Montreal. Rev. Dr. Conaty desired the Archbishop to speak in English, encouraging His Grace with the remark that they had banished grammar from the Summer School and taken to higher flights of attainment, so that any error of speech in that language would pass unheeded. Archbishop Fabre, however, addressed the audience in his native tongue and expressed his goodwill and interest in the work, and congratulated the friends of the Summer School in their possession of so able, zealous and efficient a director as their honored president, whom he had long known.

Archbishop Fabre was heartily applauded, and received every mark of respect and honor from the large and intelligent assembly present. At the conclusion of the address Bishop Gabriels bestowed his blessing on all those present, and immediately they repaired to the newly dedicated Chapel, where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the kneeling multitude, the greater part of which, unable to gain admittance, surrounded the building, humbly waiting for the blessing of Him who is the Light of the world.

NOTES.

John J. McGee, Mrs. McGee, the Misses McGee, and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, of Ottawa, occupy a cottage here during the season. Mr. McGee is a brother of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the renowned orator and statesman.

The Misses Loomery, of Buffalo, the Misses Scanlan, and the Misses O'Toole, of Le Roy, New York, and Miss Arnold, of Lakewood, New Jersey, are among the guests of the past week.

The Misses Feron, of Montreal, are visitors to the Summer School. The Misses Feron arrived last Saturday. Rev. Father Doyle, the preacher of last Sunday, whose sermon on "Christian Unity" was so favorably commented upon, is a fanlist, and editor of the Catholic World Magazine.

Rev. Dr. Conaty, in introducing His Grace Archbishop Fabre, at the Dedication exercises, paid a high compliment to "that northern city, the Home of America, that had educated and sent out an army of ecclesiastics to battle for truth on the American continent."

K. Dolan.

THE STATUE IN THE SQUARE

'Twas in that old historic day,
O'er France the Grand Monarque held sway.
Of favouring winds their sails availed,
Out of their native port they sailed;
Across the deep and unknown sea,
To seek and found our Villomarie,
They went a goodly company,
With brave M. de Maisonneuve!

The perils of the deep they brave,
They fear not wind, they fear not wave;
They heed not tales of savage foe,
That lie concealed in woodlands low,
Nor bitter, frosty winds that blow,
Nor yet the deep Canadian snow,
Can make their sturdy hearts grow cold,
Those pioneers that came of old,
With brave M. de Maisonneuve!

'Twas on the eighteenth day of May,
In sixteen, forty-one, they say,
They reached our shores, an altar raised,
And Heaven's King with anthem praised,
By Vimont the first Mass was said,
To thank the Lord, whose hand had led
Him o'er the deep, to this far land,
Him and his brave, devoted band,
The good M. de Maisonneuve!

In prayer upon the shore knelt he,
The cross he reared, that all might see;
The Flag of France, with onward fling,
Next claims the land for God and King,
The holy water sprinkling earth,
The Baptism at the City's birth.
"In honor of God's Mother, we
Do name this city Villomarie."
Thus said the colonists that came
Over the wild and stormy main
With brave M. de Maisonneuve!

Two centuries their course had made,
Time's hand upon the scene is laid,
The Indian wigwam stands no more,
In glades where it had stood of yore.
Gone is the forest then that stood
Reflected in the river's flood;
All changed since first they sought our
clime,
Those heroes of the olden time,
That came with good de Maisonneuve!

Now in their place a city stands,
With port for ships of many lands,
Where stood the old French church, we're
told,
Sole place of prayer in days of old,
In chiselled bronze, henceforth stands he
To tell Canadians yet to be
How well he ruled the Colony,
The wise M. de Maisonneuve!

J. A. S.

Montreal, July 15th, 1896.

Boils and pimples are due to impure blood. Remove them by making the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism.

Made Well

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and healthy and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." UMAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

The CHAUVENET

Sparkling White Burgundy. Quarts \$20, pints \$22 per case; less 3 per cent. discount for cash and special discounts for quantities.

Tampier's Sparkling Saint Pirey

SPARKLING WHITE BURGUNDY. Gout Feuille (Raspberry Flavor), quarts \$18, pints \$20 per case, less 3 per cent. discount for cash and special discounts for quantities. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Sparkling Saumur Wines.

ACERMAN LAURENCE. Sparkling Wines, within the reach of all. Per Case 1 doz. 2 doz. 10 doz. 15 doz. Carte Noire (Black Label) \$11 50 \$13 50 Carte Blanche (Blue Label) 13 00 15 00 Dry Royal (White Label) 14 00 16 00 Carte d'Or (Gold Label) 15 00 17 00 FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Claret Wines.

... Special Values. JOURNU'S CLARETS. St. Estephe 6 00 7 00 St. Julien 6 50 7 50 Chateau Belgrave 10 50 11 50 Chateau Belleville 12 00 13 00 Chateau Larose 13 00 14 00

KRAAY'S CLARETS. Bataville 9 00 10 00 St. Julien 7 00 8 00 Pontet Canet 10 00 11 00 Chateau Belleville (Vintage) 14 00 15 00 Chateau Margaux (of 1891) 26 00 27 00

WHITE WINES. Labranche's Sauternes 5 00 6 00 California Sauternes 5 00 6 00 California Semillon 6 00 7 00

300 Kegs Salt Herrings.

Genuine Loch Fyne Herrings, in kegs, \$1.50 per keg. Aberdeen (East Coast) Herrings, in kegs, \$1.00 per keg. Holland Herrings, in kegs, \$1.00 per keg. All Full Herrings, with Roes and Milt. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

THE KAISER BEER.

Brewed from the German Empire Brewery, Bremen, Germany. Quarts \$2.50, pints \$1.50 per dozen, or in original cases containing 4 dozen quarts, \$9.00 per case and in original cases containing 8 dozen pints, \$11 per case.

FINEST EXTRA QUALITY

Cultivated Nutmeg Melons

"The Outremont Beauties." We have arranged for the bulk of the Crop this year—the best growths, raised on the Island of Montreal.

We will be receiving in a few days GORMAN'S, HALL'S WISEMAN'S, And Other Growers.

Every Melon is allowed to ripen on the vine. Every Melon is branded by the grower to guarantee its quality. Send in your orders ahead.

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