

## JOURNALISM

**The Business of Business: Methods of the Secular Press.**

It is also a daily equipped up-to-date Managing Editor of a Great Daily Paper, no Irish man of the kind of a man in every line of type - The Way of Journalism and Journalism.

The managing editor of a great (?) daily was seated at his desk thinking great and deep thoughts. So immersed was he in the ocean of mighty and magnificent thought that a knock at the door failed to disturb him. So he kept right on at the thinking business, the only difference being that his great and deep thoughts changed to long, long ones. But they were cut short. A reporter entered the room with face pale and manner agitated. The great editor did not look up—great editors seldom do—it doesn't seem great to look; up—merely asked:

"What do you want?"

The reporter trembled. Reporters have a habit of trembling when in the presence of great editors. So this one trembled again, and his agitation was so violent that even the great editor noticed it.

Again he asked: "What do you want?" but his voice was not so harsh as before.

"You sent for me, sir?" said the reporter, in an apologetic tone, as though ashamed of being alive in the presence of the great editor of the great daily. In fact he felt like kneeling, but he didn't even take his hat off. I suppose he felt very timid. Reporters attached to great dailies are usually very timid and shy. At any rate this one's hat remained on his head, and the great editor spoke.

"Did I send for you, Joyce?" quoth he, looking at the trembling man before him.

"I believe you did, sir," replied the reporter, as he struck an attitude. Now the fact of the matter was that the great editor had forgotten that such a person as Joyce was in existence. He was absent-minded—all great editors are, otherwise they would not be great. But suddenly he remembered. Hastily snatching a blank cheque he filled it in signed and handed it to Joyce. "There is your cheque!" he thundered.

"Does this mean dismissal, sir?" weekly queried the reporter of the great daily.

"Yes, sir, it does, sir, and you know it, sir!" shouted the now irate, but still great, editor. The reporter began to feel that he was being badly treated, and this gave him courage, so he forgot that he was a great daily reporter, lost his presence of mind and took off his hat. This, in itself, showed plainly that he was not intended by nature to be a modern, progressive, up-with-the-times reporter.

"May I ask," said he, "wherein I have failed?"

The great editor glanced at him out of the corner of his eye—all great editors do this—and shouted: "Failed! Why, man, you have failed all along the line. You have begun and ended in failure. Failure is stamped on every line of your report."

"In what way, sir?" asked the "failure."

The question had a remarkable effect. The great editor gasped; beads of perspiration stood, unaided, upon his brow; he was about to have an apoplectic fit, but was saved the trouble. Another reporter dashed in with two hundred and forty sheets of "copy." A glance told the great editor that it was a full report of a fresh and beautiful murder, written by an up-to-date man, and the heart of the great, great editor overflowed with joy. He read the entire report, and when he came to a passage which informed him that the murderer, after great persuasion on the part of the wonderful reporter, admitted that he was very fond of *habitué* tobacco, he laughed loud and long, for was not this a "scoop"—no other paper would contain the delightful intelligence! Ah, yes! The great heart of the great editor was full of joy and gladness. He was supremely happy.

The "failure" had waited while the great editor read the report, and, noticing the change which had come over the great editor's face, he returned to the attack. All his timidity and backwardness fled the moment he learned that he was no longer a reporter of a great daily.

"Well, sir," he began, "will you be good enough to tell me why I am dismissed?"

The face of the great editor became black as a thunder-cloud. "You do not know! Then I shall tell you. I sent you to Ottawa to write up the Smith murder case, did I not?"

"You did, sir, and I wrote it up."

"Yes, but in the old fashion—a plain statement of prosaic facts—not a sensational line in the whole report!"

The "failure" sat quietly in his chair. He felt cheeky—he was no longer a great daily reporter.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I wrote a very full and good report."

"You think so?" shouted the editor. "Well, now, let us see. Did you point out the fact that the murderer smoked six cigars per day? Answer me!"

No, sir, I didn't think of that.

"Did you tell how fond he was of chicken?"

No, sir.

"Did you say a single word concerning the manner in which he fixed his hair?"

"I confess that I did not."

"Did you tell how your watch was behind all through the night for the purpose of finding out which eye he was in the habit of opening first in the morning?"

"I really did not occur to me."

"Did you show your courage by sitting in the front of the murderer's cell?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"Did you travel over an almost impassable country road to interview the murderer's alleged sweet-heart?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then you did not ascertain how much or how little she loved the murderer? You did not hold up to the light what old fogies call 'the most sacred sentiments of a woman's heart'?"

"Great Caesar, no!"

"Did you drag forward the tottering old father of the murderer and point him out to a gaping world?"

"Did you throw the light of modern journalism into the bleeding heart of the murderer's mother and show each terrible wound? Did you force the mother-heart to lie exposed to the morbid gaze of a sensation-loving multitude?"

The face of the "failure" was a study. His eyes looked like saucers as question after question poured into his listening ears. But he could not stir—could not even answer the last question of the great editor.

The latter, after a deep inspiration, continued:

"The other day I sent you to look into that suicide case. How did you do it?"

"Pretty fairly, I think," moaned the "failure," in a far away voice.

"Pretty fairly!" screamed the mad-dened, but great editor, as he sprang out of his chair. "Pretty fairly! and not a word about the suicide's relatives! Not a line about the father—his business—his annual income! Not a solitary word concerning the mother or sisters—their style—dresses—social habits! Man alive, you are dead! You, a modern, up-to-date reporter!" and the great editor mopped his brow and sank into his chair completely exhausted. In a few minutes he was all right and was about to speak, but a glance was sufficient to show him that he was alone. The "failure" had crawled out of sight.

We all know that a straw tells which way the wind blows, but when the afore-said straw has been converted into paper which, in turn, is transformed into the Daily This or the Daily That, it cannot be said to indicate the bent of the minds of its readers. Editors are astute individuals, ever alive to the power of the mighty dollar, and, as increased circulation means increased dollars, the increased circulation is sought after by hook or by crook, and generally attained.

An editor will look about him, and having ascertained that his readers comprise about three-fourths of the population—the clean-minded three-fourths—make a up his mind to gather in the other fourth—the dirty fourth. Hitherto the tone of his paper has been clean—irreproachable; he is somewhat afraid of the respectable three-fourths of his readers—afraid of losing them—but he wants that dirty fourth and he is bound to get them. He makes a test. He inserts in his next issue a nice little divorce case. Result: increased circulation—already he has caught a portion of the dirty fourth. The other three-fourths—Well, some of them giggle a little; buy an extra paper to send to a friend; others make a wry face, like the boy after his first smoke, but in the course of a week or two the offence is forgotten.

The editor's eyes are wide open all this time and, noticing the good effects of the first pill, administers another—a double dose this time. More giggling; more wry faces, but not so wry as at first; they are becoming used to it; consider it inevitable—must have their paper at any rate. The dirty fourth? Why, bless your heart! It is a fourth no longer. Oh, no. It has waxed fat and become one-half! The respectable three-fourths—I beg their pardon. I should have said half—groans a little, but makes up its mind that it is none of its business. On the other hand, the remaining half claps its hands and is happy for the editor—great and clever man—has ordered that a halo of romance be thrown around the murderer, the suicide and other scamps.

And thus it goes. A certain individual with an upper storey to let—one of the original fourth—finding life a tedious, dull affair, decides to mount the ladder of fame climbed by his favorite murderer—his newspaper has taught him how to go about it, and lo! the go-ahead secular press is again busy—another murder—more horrors—more disgusting details—more devils!

J. M.

## The '98 Centennial Celebration.

A meeting of delegates from the Irish Societies of Montreal was held in Hibernia Hall, on Sunday evening, the 14th inst., and organized to celebrate, in a praiseworthy and patriotic spirit, the coming Centenary of 1798, and to commemorate in a becoming manner the heroic efforts of the martyrs to the cause of Irish liberty of that sad but glorious period.

Representatives were present from thirteen societies.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. W. Rawley, and Mr. J. McIver acted as secretary. After the committee on credentials had made their report, the meeting proceeded to elect permanent officers, with the following result:

Chairman, B. Wall; vice-chairman, W. Rawley; secretary, J. P. O'Hara; corresponding secretary, B. Feeney; treasurer, A. Thompson; trustees, J. McIver, W. P. Stanton and J. Kennedy.

An executive committee was also elected, consisting of one delegate from each society, as follows:—Hon. Dr. Guerin, J. Brady, D. J. O'Neill, Michael McCarthy, A. J. McCracken, L. P. O'Brien, F. J. Tierney, W. Rawley and H. Kearns.

The election of the remaining members of the executive committee was deferred until the next meeting, which will be called by the officers at an early date.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.**

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Beneficent Society was held Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14th. Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., President of the Society, opened the meeting by religious exercises in the church after which the administration of the pledge by Mr. Thomas Walsh presided at the business meeting which was held in

the hall adjoining the church. Quite an amount of business was transacted at this meeting.

The Society usually holds a religious demonstration in St. Patrick's Church on the first Sunday of Advent in each year, but owing to the Mission opening at that date the celebration will take place next Sunday evening, Nov. 21st. The St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Societies will also attend in a body, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion will be delivered.

## C. M. B. A. OF CANADA.

Branch 26.

Branch 26 of the C.M.B.A. of Canada celebrated its 14th anniversary by an "At Home" at the Queen's Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, 10th Nov. The event was a most enjoyable and successful one. President Sharkey, Vice Presidents Martin, Egan, L. E. Simoneau, and Chancellors Patrick Reynolds, A. D. McGillis and J. J. Costigan, assisted by other officers of the Branch, were the reception committee, and thoroughly succeeded in making their many friends feel at home.

The invited guests were the Grand Officers of the Association and the Presidents of the sister branches of the city. Amongst those present were Grand Deputy T. P. Tansey and Mrs. Tansey; Grand Deputy Joseph Girard and Mrs. Girard; Grand Deputy P. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds; Grand Deputy J. J. Costigan and Mrs. Costigan; Grand Chancellor T. J. Finn and Miss Finn; President W. J. McElroy, Branch 41, and Mrs. McElroy; President M. J. P. Llan, Branch 50 and Mrs. Llan; President A. H. Spelling, Branch 140, and Mrs. Spelling; President Dr. Germain, Branch 142; President T. M. Ireland, Branch 132, and Mrs. Ireland; Brother M. Egan, Mrs. Egan; Miss Sharkey; Brother John Houlihan and Mrs. Houlihan; Dr. Pellan and Mrs. Pellan; Bro. Richard and Lady; Bro. R. Cogan; Bro. J. C. Walsh, B.C.L.; Bro. F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Bro. John P. Curran; Bro. Jas. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy; A. D. Gillies and Misses Gillies and Ladies; Bro. J. J. Shea, Mrs. Shea, Master Shea, Miss Shea; Mr. and Mrs. Palmer; Bro. J. E. Shortall and Lady; Brother Chancellors D. J. McGillis, Mrs. McGillis, Master McGillis, Miss McGillis; Brother W. H. Griffin, Mrs. Griffin; Bro. John H. Feeley and Lady; Master E. Feeley, Miss Feeley; Master John A. Ruan and Miss Ruan; Mr. W. F. Costigan, Miss Lill Costigan; Bro. W. P. Doyle and Lady; Miss Simoneau; Miss Watkins; Mr. Crowley, Miss Crowley; Bro. A. McCulloch, Mrs. McCulloch; Bro. J. E. Brown and Ladies; Bro. W. W. Halpin; Bro. J. M. McMahon and Ladies; Mr. Jas. Milloy; Miss Milloy; Mr. Lamare and Lady; Bro. W. E. Darack; Mr. J. Barbeau; Bro. Cuddy and Lady; Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher; Mr. W. J. Stuart and Miss Stuart; Mr. J. Burke, Miss Burke; Miss Ling; Miss Donnelly; Mrs. and Mrs. C. Webb; Mr. O. J. Tansey, and about fifty others.

At the opening, President Sharkey made a brief address of welcome. A most enjoyable programme of music and song followed, conducted by Bro. John S. Shea, in which Bro. Palmer, Master Shea, Miss Shea, and others took part. Casey's orchestra was in attendance, and, needless to say, was much appreciated by the lovers of the light fantastic, and it was most enjoyable to see the set in which the older members of the gathering entered into the old-time cotillions and quadrilles when they were announced. Encore also took a prominent place in the pleasures of the evening and was much enjoyed.

During the evening a most *recherché* supper was served by Mr. Charles M. McCarrey of Richmond square. Needless to state that justice was done to the good things provided, and of which there was an abundance. The gathering dispersed at an early hour. The Branch is to be congratulated on the success of its 14th At Home. Bro. J. E. Shortall acted as master of ceremonies. Mr. McCarrey was highly complimented by the officers of the Branch for the excellent manner in which he served the supper, and well deserved the praise he received.

Branch 50.

St. Anthony's Branch, No. 50, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada, will celebrate the eleventh anniversary of its organization by a supper and social in the Queen's Assembly Rooms, Thanksgiving Eve, Wednesday, Nov. 24th. The celebration of these anniversaries has always proved to be productive of much good, the members and their families and friends being thus brought together in social intercourse. Branch 50 inaugurated the celebration of its anniversary last year, when a successful social and supper was held which is still remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to attend. It is the intention of the committee in charge of the coming event to leave nothing undone to make the evening a pleasant one for all who will attend. The following members form the committee in charge of the celebration: Chancellors T. P. Tansey, P. Doyle, Mrs. McCabe, T. J. O'Neill, President M. J. Pellan, Bro. M. Neher, P. Kehoe, J. P. Gunning and W. P. Doyle.

## MR. CONROY HONAN.

Mr. Conroy Honan, youngest son of Mr. Martin Honan, died on Monday afternoon at Dr. Shepherd's private hospital, whence he had been removed from his home in Westmount in order to allow an operation for appendicitis to be performed. The operation was successfully performed on Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Honan appeared to be doing splendidly until yesterday afternoon, when he began to fail rapidly and died. Mr. Honan was well known in the circles of the rising generation, and his death was a shock to his many friends. Deceased was at his work in Molan's Bank on Tuesday last, and when he was confined to his room it was not thought that he was suffering from any serious disease.

Our subscribers are particularly requested to note the advertisements in the *True Witness*, and, when making purchases, mention the paper.

## Random Notes

The theatre-hat question, as related to churches, says a New York secular journal is likely to be seriously considered if the autumn fashion lasts through the winter. A young woman came into a church pew last Sunday wearing one of these enormous cart-wheel hats, and when she had taken her seat, those directly behind for five or six pews back lost all view of the preacher. The accommodations of the pew in which she was seated were also reduced from five to four persons by the presence of her enormous head-gear. The two other occupants who sat on either side of her had to edge away to give her room for the turning of her head with its stupendous adornment. These hats are a nuisance in the theatre even when they are removed. They are too large to be held in the lap, and New York women are strangely reluctant to leave head coverings in the dressing rooms of the theatre. The only thing to do with them for convenience to their wearers is to leave them at home, except for promenade or driving.

A sanitary expert recently sounded a note of alarm against indiscriminate drinking from wayside wells by bicyclists or other travellers. He affirmed his positive knowledge of several cases of typhoid fever traced to this cause. He points out the fact that a well may be considered healthful by those who habitually drink from it, and may in fact be so far as they are concerned, and yet be dangerous to a stranger who takes only a slight draught.

Marriage is fast becoming a farce in certain circles in the United States. In reading over an American paper I find on the same page two items adorned with big headlines—one is entitled, "Married in a lion's den" and the other "Eloped on a tandem." In the lion den episode a Methodist minister tied the "nuptial knot" and in the matter of the tandem it was a Congregationalist minister.

It is wonderful how the illness of a man will affect big interests, but here is the fact that the serious condition of Henry O. Havemeyer, the King of the Sugar Trust, from appendicitis, has depressed the sugar stocks so seriously that at one time a crash was imminent.

Every new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in order to cover up the bad faith of the Castle Government always lays the blame on the people he misgoverns. Thus Earl Cadogan, at a recent gathering at Calford, Bury Edmunds, in speaking on the subject of promised reforms in Irish local government, said that Irishmen had been behind hand in opportunities of development similar to those which have been given the people of Great Britain.

It must cost the Anglican Church a lot to make converts in China. Bishop McKim, the Protestant episcopal prelate of Tokio, stated recently during a visit to San Francisco, that of a total of 150,000 converts in Japan the Catholics are first, with about 50,000, and the Greek Catholics second, with 23,000. The Episcopalians number about 10,000.

Among the latest converts to Catholicism in England is the daughter of the Marquisess of Hastings and Sir George Chetwynd (Miss Chetwynd). She is now engaged to Lord Uxbridge, whose income is between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand pounds.

Appropos of the Montreal Herald's campaign against the hand-organ fraternity, it is said of the celebrated composer, Verdi, that during last summer, at Montecarlo, he made an arrangement by which he hired and stored away all the hand organs in the place, so that he would be free from what he doubtless considered, and the Montreal Herald evidently does, an abomination of abominations.

An exchange has an article entitled "Decline of the New Woman" and a friend remarks that so long as the old woman is all right nobody need have cause of complaint. No country in the world suffered from such a sharp attack of the advanced fashion fad as did the United States, but like all sharp attacks the more pronounced it is in the commencement the more pronounced is the collapse. The moment woman is robbed of her sweet attributes which make her the beloved companion of man, his comfort and even his protector, that moment she becomes a social monstrosity. It is not on the bicycle, it is not in the golf field or in connection with other mannish amusements, that

the man finds his true life's companion. It is within the sacred precincts of the home, where, safeguarded by another old world woman, the maiden is being trained to shine in the sphere God and nature has appointed. Already men are beginning to be tired of the athletic girl, the amateur pugilist, the strong muscled carwoman, the female scotchman and the ever present mannish independent woman, who knows all about everything except to make the home comfortable. The New Woman movement began with the Woman's Rights agitation; mothers forgot their families, jumped on the platform and started to rant. As time progressed they got tired of petticoats and wanted bloomers, and now they demand everything in sight. Ridicule has at last stepped in as well as disgust and the mannish woman is being fast relegated to the size of a paragraph in the history of the social progress of the world.

In referring to the fact that the late Henry George died poor, the Ottawa Free Press points out that he lost the money which he made in connection with his noted book, "Progress and Poverty," in the endeavor to establish a newspaper in New York. It goes on to say, in regard to conducting a paper, that:

"To the uninitiated nothing looks easier than to 'run a paper.' Only get a press, some paper, type and an office, a few 'newspaper fellows' and off she goes, seems to be the common idea of the outer world. Even with a 'cause' behind it a new journalistic venture is a hazardous operation. It has been recently estimated that \$50,000,000 have been absolutely lost in New York alone in the establishment of new papers, daily and weekly, within a comparatively brief period. And George's well meaning venture is in the list. The truth is that the 'much needed want' which newspapers always undertake to supply is always found filled to overflowing. Then comes mortification, injured vanity, disappointment, useless outlay, financial loss, and then the final catastrophe, with all its recriminations and engendered enmities in its train. This is the record in the United States, where capital is plentiful. What a lesson it should teach smaller and less rich communities like Canada."

Henry Louchere evidently is unable to see much difference in the political cut outs of England and America, judging from an article which recently appeared in Truth.

He points out that a number of well-paid Court appointments are always distributed among the Peers on the winning side, adds that the House of Commons gets its share of patronage, showing that there are many prizes on the judicial bench which go to the victors, and asserts that when the party needs a war chest, there are various wealthy gentlemen always willing to subscribe, upon the understanding that they will be repaid by a peerage or by a lesser title.

The only difference Mr. Louchere can see between British methods and those followed in America is that in America each party insists upon the rank and file sharing the spoils, while in this country the spoils go almost exclusively to the "Upper Crust."

## CAPTAIN LOYE

THE RECIPIENT OF A WELL MERITED RECOGNITION FOR HIS ENDEAVORS TO PROMOTE ATHLETICS IN THE POLICE FORCE.

Captain Loye, of No. 5 station, is a thorough admirer of all manly sports. For a great many years he has been a prominent member of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association and has done yeoman service in advancing its interests. Through his efforts the Montreal Police Athletic Association was founded. He merely did this because he, as a constabulary man, recognized that there were athletes on the police force, and it would be to the betterment of the force to have an association regularly incorporated. This was done, and the M.P.A.A. is now what is a credit to the city.

The captain was agreeably surprised on Friday afternoon when Inspector Lapointe, at a special meeting of the Association, called to meet at No. 5 station, presented him with a very handsome gold medal, which is put in the form of a horse shoe, surrounded by maple leaves and suspended from two clasps by a dark blue ribbon. The frog is filled in with burnished gold, in the centre of which is chased the figure of a runner. The medal is worked in excellent taste and is distinctly appropriate. The reverse of the medal in vignette carries a shield on which is engraved:

"Presented by M.P.A.A. To the Founder of the Organization."

The captain was taken thoroughly by surprise, but he managed to make a nice little speech expressive of his appreciation, and recommending that the practice of athletics should be followed by all members of the force.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. ANN RAWLEY.

Mrs. Ann Rawley, the beloved mother of John T. Rawley, a member of Company K, Fourth regiment, died last week at her residence, No. 1026 Garden street, New York. Mrs. Rawley has been a sufferer for years, and unable to leave her room. Within the past ten days she had grown so much worse that her sons and daughters, who are pretty well scattered about the United States, were summoned to "come on." About 11:30 last night the end came. It was a very affecting scene, as all the family stood around the bedside. The patient lying in an unconscious condition recognised her children and grandchildren, and gave them a smile of welcome and closed her eyes as if in sleep and passed away. The funeral, which was held at the Church of Our Lady of Grace, where a solemn requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated, was largely attended. Deceased resided in Montreal at one time, and is aunt of Mr. William Rawley, well known in connection with our national organizations, and is also related to many other

leading Irish Catholics of this district. She was married in this city and sometime afterwards took up her residence at New York, where she was highly esteemed for her many womanly qualities.

## HINTS TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS

Here are a few hints that a Georgia paper has recently given to its delinquent subscribers: "Wood on subscription would be acceptable now." "We feel grateful to a lot of our subscribers who remember us with a dollar this week." "Say, can't you bring us a load of wood on your subscription when you come to town? It will be mighty lonesome up here without any fire this winter." "A subscriber wants to know if we will accept whip-poor-will peas and seed potatoes in payment for subscription. Yes or any other digestible fruit, except codfish and gristlebones." "We are needing what you owe us, and, if you haven't got the money, we will take cows, calves, hogs, sheep, goats, chickens, eggs, butter, corn, wheat, oats, peas, meal and, in fact, anything or everything we can eat or sell."—N. Y. Tribune.

A VERY LITTLE MONEY

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English White and All Wool Blankets in single and double sizes. (Fancy Borders.

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CHILD BLANKETS—Fine assortment of 5-6, 6-6, Canadian make, with pink and blue borders, all wool.

**COMFORTERS.**

A nice comforter filled with white wadding, covered with choice designed and handsome colored Art Satens, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, \$70, \$75, \$80, \$85, \$90, \$95, \$1.00.

A pretty and well quilted Comforter with an off-white Art Saten covering, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, \$70, \$75, \$80, \$85, \$90, \$95, \$1.00.

Fine Art Saten Covered Absolutely pure White Wadding Filled Comforter, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, \$65, \$70, \$75, \$80, \$85, \$90, \$95, \$1.00.

Down Comforters with the handsomest Art Saten Coverings, \$25, from \$4.00.

An extra Special Comforter, \$25, with Art Saten Reversible covering, pure white filled, \$6.00.

Four Pillows all Qualities and all sizes in fancy coverings.

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