

AN INTERESTING SPOT.

THE HOME OF THE PARNELLS
BEAUTIFUL, THOUGH.
MELANCHOLY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOHN H. PARNELL,
THE PRESENT OCCUPANT—AN IDEAL PEN
PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LEADER.

The Westminster Gazette publishes the following interesting article under the heading of "Avondale." The writer says: The one pervading influence of this beautiful spot is melancholy. Perhaps it is difficult to dissociate the place from the sorrowful memories which linger around the name of its late owner. But however that may be, a feeling of sadness and gloom possessed me as I drove up the avenue leading to the house—a spacious, even in some measure a noble residence. There was an appearance of neglect—a look, indeed, as if death had been there, and as if his shadow overhung the stricken home.

As I alighted I was met at the door by the present owner, Mr. John Parnell—a quiet, courteous, hospitable, kindly gentleman. He, too, looked sad and thoughtful, and there was for a moment in his eyes that far away look which those who knew Charles Stewart Parnell will never forget. On entering the hall, which has quite a baronial appearance in miniature, there was a warm pleasant feeling. There was no fire to be seen, but a genial comfortable atmosphere which made me at once think of what Parnell used often say, "I like a warm house." In this respect Avondale is perfect. Above the hall is a little gallery, and hung all around are mementos of the dead Chief. "In the old days," said Mr. John Parnell, "we used to have dances in this hall and the band used to be played in that gallery." We lingered for a while in the hall. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the Parnells that they seem to be like no other people. They are absolutely unconventional. They all give you the idea of preoccupations quite outside their immediate surroundings. How often did one feel in walking with Parnell that he really was unconscious of your presence that his thoughts were far, far away from you, and from anything of which you were thinking or talking. He did not strike you at these moments as a practical statesman. He looked a visionary, a poet, a dreamer of dreams—anything but the Charles Stewart Parnell that the world knew him to be. You feel that those eyes, with their astonishing inward look, took little notice of anything that was going on around. But suddenly you said something that specially fixed the attention of the Chief. He at once woke up, the eyes were turned full upon you, the whole body was swung round, and you soon found that, not only had the immediate remark which had produced this effect been fully taken in, but that all you had been saying for the past half hour had been fully grasped and most thoroughly considered. Well, all the Parnells have that preoccupied look that distinguished Charles, but they lack the practical skill and the genius which made him famous.

We walked through the house. Everywhere there was an exceptionally warm, agreeable atmosphere, but an inexpressible air of sadness all the time. There was absolute silence. The house might have been almost deserted. Indeed, one felt as if one were being shown over the castle or mansion of a great chief who had passed away long ago, and as if nothing had been touched since his death. There was furniture, there were bookcases and books, all looking ancient, all apparently belonging to another time. In the hall hung a picture of the Irish House of Commons. The scene painted was an important debate—Curran was addressing the House. Around sat Grattan, Sir John Parnell and other well-known figures of the day. But the memories which this picture awakened did not, as it were, belong more completely to the past than did the memories awakened in walking through the rooms at Avondale. We stood at a window. What a beautiful sight met our eyes! The house stands on an eminence; around rise the Wicklow Hills, beneath runs the little river Avonmore through glens and dells that lend a delightful charm to a glorious scene. For ten minutes we exchanged not a word. It is the genius of the Parnells to invite silence and to suggest thought. I was thinking how beautiful everything was and how sad, I said at length, exactly what I thought. "It is most sad to wander through this house and to think what might have been." "Ah, yes," said my host, "I often think of that too, but I was just now thinking of what is going to be. Can anyone get us all out of the present difficulty? When will Ireland be united again?" We did not at the moment follow up the subject. We walked about the grounds, and new glimpses of an erect and beauty constantly caught the eye. We passed through a wooded way close to the river side—a delightfully solitary spot to commune with oneself and to enjoy repose. "This," said John, "was Charles's favorite walk. He was fond of Avondale. There is no place like Avondale, Jack," he would say. "We met some old people who had known Charles as a lad, and all spoke of him as a bright boy, fond of sport, but quiet, thoughtfully gentle. 'You see, sir,' said a middle-aged man who had played hurling with John and Charles as boys, 'if it was only the picking up of that piece of stick' (pointing to the ground) 'Master Charles would take about half an hour to think of it. He never, sir, would do anything at once, and when he grew up it was just the same. I would sometimes ask him to make some alteration about the place. 'I will think of that, Jim,' he would say, and I would think he would forget all I said. But he would come back maybe in two days' time and say, 'I have considered it all,' and would do what I asked or not, just as he liked."

I remember well, sir, the day he came home when he was beaten at the Dublin election (his first political contest). He walked here looking so handsome and

grand and devil may care. 'Well, boys,' he said, 'I am beaten, but they are not done with me yet.' The driver, sir, who brought him home said to us afterwards, 'that's a regular devil. He talked all the way out about fighting again and smashing them all, and he looked wild and fierce.' And, sir, master Charles was a regular devil when his blood was up, and no mistake. Ah, then, 'tis he that's the loss to the country.'

After a ramble round the grounds we returned to luncheon: we sat in the library. It was still a dampish day outside, and there was a nice log fire which gave a pleasant air of comfort to the room. When luncheon was over John said, thinking rather aloud to himself than talking to me:

"How are we to be united?" Taking up the point of conversation where he had dropped it an hour before while we were standing at the window. "The convention cannot bring about unity because it was only the meeting of one side. You must get every side together to work out some plan. I see the situation plainly enough, though, perhaps, people think that I don't. I sit in the House of Commons. I do not make speeches. I do not even ask questions, but I see everything. And what strikes me most is how those English despise us. That is the first thing."

All this was not said in one continuous speech. It was jerked out from time to time, slowly, deliberately, and after many pauses.

I said, "Well, what do you think Charles would do if he were alive now and had to deal with the present situation?" He answered with unusual quickness—"He would forgive everyone." I knew him well, and this is how he would begin.

"Well," I said, "how would he go on, for after all he would need a plan and a policy as a basis of union?" "Ah," he answered, "that is the difficulty." He then rose and said, "let us walk to the Vale of Avoca. You have never seen it, and it is very beautiful. We will think (laughing) over a plan as we go along."

There were tourists at Avoca, of whom John Parnell took no notice, but who looked at him with much interest and curiosity. I learned afterwards that all tourists visiting the place specially Americans, ask to see "Parnell's home," and are eager to learn "what sort of man John Parnell is." After leaving Avoca John Parnell spoke a good deal about home industries. He laid great stress on instructing the people about the management and development of industries elsewhere, and spoke warmly of the efforts which Horace Plunkett was making in this direction.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

SIR JOHN ARNOTT TO EMBARK
UPON SOME BENEFICIAL
REFORMS.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN
PRINCIPLE THAT PROPERTY HAS ITS
DUTIES AS WELL AS ITS RIGHTS—AN
ENTERPRISE THAT WILL RESULT IN SUCCESS.

It was an Irish Chief Secretary, Thomas Drummond, as far as we can remember, who declared on a memorable occasion that property has its duties as well as its rights. Unfortunately for the material welfare of this country, this grand principle has been rarely, if ever, acted upon by Irish landowners. They have been on all occasions ready enough to assert not only their rights, but more than their rights, while they have, as a general rule, ignored their duties. It is a pleasing and a hopeful circumstance to find in these days, and amongst ourselves, a notable exception. We have been informed, on unimpeachable authority, that Sir John Arnott intends at an early date to start a new and most important project on his recently acquired Bandon estate. Briefly described, this project is one that when carried out will revolutionize more than one branch of the agricultural industry in the district. It is Sir John Arnott's intention, as we learn, to find a stock breeding establishment on his estate for the purpose of improving the breed of his tenants' horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. Sires of the best class are to be introduced in the equine department, and in the other sections the highest-bred animals which can be procured will be at the disposal of the tenants of the estate for merely nominal fees. Nor will the dairy and poultry industries be neglected. Prizes will be given each year for the best exhibits, and every possible encouragement will be offered them. This is a brief outline of the project which Sir John Arnott has now in contemplation. It is obvious that its usefulness will be far-reaching. The Arnott estate is in the centre of a large agricultural district. Not only the farmers on its borders, but also the entire agricultural community of West Cork, will benefit by the new scheme. Sir John Arnott, we are sure, has no desire to restrict its usefulness. Anyone acquainted with the conditions under which the agricultural industry is carried on in West Cork knows that a scheme of the lines we have mentioned is urgently needed. In recent years, it is true, the efforts of the agricultural societies in Cork and West Cork to induce the farming community to adopt more improved methods in the great industry on which their welfare depends, have been attended with considerable success. But a great deal yet remains to be done; and the public will be glad to hear that Sir John Arnott will do his part, and that he is about to inaugurate his career as landowner by introducing a new system, which cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on the future of the industry. He evidently is broad-minded enough to recognize that property has its duties as well as its rights. The great project which he intends to carry out on his new estate is a proof that he is about to act on the principle which was enunciated so many years ago by one of the most sympathetic English statesmen who ever came to manage Irish affairs. We have no doubt that Sir John Arnott's enterprise will be crowned with success.

It deserves the warmest appreciation of everyone who has really at heart the advancement of the material interests of our country. The example he has given is one which other landowners might profitably imitate, and it is certain that if he had predecessors in his philanthropic work the relations between the Irish tenantry and their landlords would be happier than they are, and the condition of the country would be far different from what it is.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS TRIHEY.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the sudden death of a most estimable member of St. Anthony's parish, Mrs. Thomas Trihey, which sad event took place at her residence last week. The deceased was up to a few hours of her death in the enjoyment of excellent health, and, without any premonition whatever, was stricken with an attack of paralysis, from the effects of which she succumbed.

Mrs. Trihey was widely known in this city among all classes and creeds, and was highly esteemed for her many noble qualities of mind and heart.

She was an earnest and tireless worker in her own household, and her greatest reward was in beholding the success achieved by her sons and daughters.

In works of charity Mrs. Trihey was always an enthusiast, ever ready to devote her leisure to any movement having for its aim the alleviation of distress. For many years she occupied a front rank in the administration of the St. Patrick's Bazaar. In later years, ever since the establishment of St. Anthony's parish, Mrs. Trihey had concentrated all her efforts in forwarding its welfare. The funeral, which was held on Monday morning, was one of the largest which has taken place in this city for many years. In the cortege were seen leading citizens who are connected with public and private enterprises, as well as a large representation of the parishioners of St. Anthony's.

The chief mourners were the two sons of the deceased, Mr. T. F. Trihey of the Trust and Loan Company and Henry J. Trihey, and Messrs. Michael Burke and Isaac Clement, sons-in-law.

The Requiem service held at St. Anthony's Church, at which Rev. J. E. Donnelly, the pastor, officiated, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon was of a most impressive character.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. E. F. Casey and Miss Donovan, the organist, rendered the musical portions of the service in a beautiful manner. Mrs. Trihey leaves five daughters and two sons to mourn her loss, three of whom are married. The TRUE WITNESS is for them its sympathy in their sad loss.

MISS MARTHA ROSE DONNELLY.

It is our sad duty to chronicle to-day the death of Miss Martha Rose Donnelly, of Point St. Charles. Though the duty be a sad one, it is nevertheless a consoling thought when assured that she lived as she died. Always in the true servant of God and admired by all who knew her, so in death a saint of God's, and an example to those who had known her but to love her. Her departure from our midst leaves a gap that shall not soon be filled, nevertheless consolation is also therein found in the knowledge that in God's presence she will be able to intercede for us whom she has left behind. She was young, only in her 14th year, yet old in years in virtue. To the members of her family, her kind father, loving mother, four sisters and cherished brothers, we extend our hearty sympathy in this their hour of trial, for it is hard to lose one such as she. May she rest in peace.

NOTICE.

The statements so often and so very generally made, that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that confidence is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life, could not be much better exemplified than in the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society. For a sum within the reach of the very poorest—75c yearly—they are at your command should death visit you. Rich and poor are treated alike, and all is first class. The Society is prosperous and rich, and therefore confidence is established.

The central office is at 1725 St. Catherine street. Bell Tel. 6295. The West office to be opened this week, with a mortuary room decoration on exhibition, which all are most cordially invited to visit, is at 2159 Notre Dame street, between Murray and Mountain streets. All classes of funerals outside of subscribers at very reasonable prices and conditions. Equipment new and first class. Offices open all night.

A DETERMINED QUAKER.

At one time the town of Huddersfield belonged entirely to Sir John Ramsden, with the exception of a small house which was owned by a Quaker. Sir John was very ambitious to obtain possession of this house so that he could lay claim to the whole of the town. Time after time had he endeavored to purchase the house, and on each occasion had increased the sum offered. On one occasion, it is reported, he actually offered a price to cover the floor with sovereigns, but the Quaker still refused the offer, and remarked, "Nay, thou shalt not have it at that price; but if thou wilt pile the sovereigns edge-wise the house shall be thine." Sir John remarked upon the unreasonableness of the Quaker's terms, and pointed out that the house itself was of very little value. He made no secret of his intentions, and told the Quaker that he merely wanted to buy the house so that he would be able to say that the town of Huddersfield belonged to him. "Never mind," replied the Quaker, "thou can get and tell the people that Huddersfield belongs to thee and me."

OLD SHOES.

Old shoes in this country are a ten repaired and sold by second-hand dealers and are cut up and the bits of leather used in a variety of ways, but there is

not nearly so much demand for them as in France. There the ash heap and other similar places are eagerly watched for them, and they are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations which turn them into a paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest Morocco. Upon this material stylish designs are stamped and wall papers, trunk covers and similar articles are manufactured from it.

An other French industry using old discarded shoes is the transformation of old into new footwear. This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpelier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes, and parts of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied to be used in high Louis XV. heels, which were so much in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet which attracts the steel nails, while the copper or brass nails are carried on further. The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into a paste from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

A NEW REGIME.

I was unable to discover that any such torture is practised by high church Episcopalians in this city. There are several churches of this faith in which the confessional box is to be found. Confession, of course, involves penance, but the usual form of penance is enforced fasting and the devotion of prayers. At St. Mary the Virgin's, in West Forty-sixth street, and St. Ignatius', in West Forty-third street, I could gain no information upon which to base the belief that more drastic inflictions were imposed.

The high church rectors are shy and diffident of approach. One of the curates said: "I have no personal knowledge that 'instruments' of torture are in use with our people. I have heard of isolated cases where very devoted penitents have flagellated themselves. I know one clergyman who is said to wear a hair shirt next his skin. But I think it is safe to say that no Episcopal clergyman in this city recommends such methods of penance as you have described."

A CHICAGO PENITENT.

The clergyman with the hair shirt has a church in Chicago. He is one of the highest of high churchmen. Even a hair shirt is no joke. An Englishman who lately, in the spirit of investigation, put one on for four hours has left a record of his sentiments:

"I put on the garment with some difficulty, and I leave it to any one who has attempted to remove a fish hook from the middle of his back to judge whether it was an easy or pleasant operation. However, with much moving of the shirt and consequent scraping of the skin, it was at length done, and for a few moments I surveyed myself with a renewed feeling of pride. It was positively handsome, that interlacing network of brilliant black upon a white background! But handsome is that handsome does, and it was not a minute before I reversed my opinion and reverted to first impressions of the black, brittle and brutal thing in which I was partially clothed. There were sundry other things to be done before I might venture on lunch; a first article of clothing to be added, oh!—a second, uh!—braces, ah!—waistcoat, wrrrh! That last was the bitterest pang, I think."

SEVERAL HUNDRED NEEDLES.

"The effect of the tight waistcoat was to increase their penetrating power a hundred fold. After that, collar and tie and coat mattered little. The mischief was done, the shirt was buried, held down, pressed against the skin, and each little hair was hard and uncompromising as a nail."

"In the first five minutes of wearing I was conscious of several hundred needles operating independently at as many points. Later a well defined centre of extra irritation was formed, which began to travel aimlessly and without method. At one time it was over the shoulder, then under the arm. For a time it settled over the heart, and later discovered itself between the shoulder blades. Knowing that it would crop up somewhere, it began to be interesting to speculate as to its probable location at the end of a stated period."

"After four hours, during which I went through my ordinary work, I found myself beginning to rejoice in my moral degeneration, and judged it was time to I call a halt. With much pain and some sorrow I removed my hair shirt and at once felt a flood of joy and good nature pervade my being, which in some measure perhaps compensated for previous irritation and the parboiled appearance of a cuticle that was no longer white."

THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but, sitting a few seats behind her, I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly, young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody.

At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort, and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way

that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled; but when I heard him say "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the car and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was no money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that there was a young man who loved his mother.

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE.

The place of woman, says the C. T. A. News, is in the front ranks of the total abstinence movement, with whatever power God has gifted her working for the preservation of the home. If facile with the pen, if fluent of speech, both or either to be used as the case may be in the waging of her warfare. And if possessing neither of the foregoing attributes then with the power that nature has bestowed upon her, with woman's love and woman's influence, let her wage her battle, and as it is the battle of home against the saloon woman's love and influence will prevail.

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: A fool's mistakes never teach him anything.

The lightest man on his feet—the man with the cork leg.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.
No. 981.

Dame Marie Louise Arnaud, Plaintiff, vs. Oscar
Tessier, Defendant.
Dame Marie Louise Arnaud, of the City and
District of Montreal, wife of Oscar Tessier, of the
same place, has, this day, instituted an action in
separation as to property against her said husband.

Montreal, 3rd October, 1896.
BEAUFY (GARNAL),
DORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,
Advocates for Plaintiff.