

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

During the recital of this feat of expectant prowess, which will show, better than any description of ours, the unadorned vulgarity of the Drews, Mr. Drew had taken a fresh half "plug," put his feet up higher than his head, and drawn a small cap partly over his eyes. Now assuming a shrewd, suspicious look, he said: "I am regularly booked; blaze away at the injury."

Taking this as a hint to begin, Morgan said: "Ever since the sin in Eden there has been a continual fight between good and evil. Like two great armies drawn up in battle array, the hosts of Satan and the soldiers of the Cross confront each other. The fight rages continually; sometimes only a part of the armies are engaged; sometimes the combat is general. Satan leads the onslaught against the good; Christ is the leader of the just. Often the wicked triumph for a time, and the virtuous are oppressed."

"But," interrupted Mr. Drew, "if Christ leads the good, why don't they always win? Ain't He God?"

"Truly He is God," replied Morgan; "but it does not enter into the present providence of God to make the good always happy and prosperous in this world. There is another life in which the virtuous will reign triumphant; there will be a day of final reckoning, on which it will be made manifest to all how much better it was to be afflicted for Christ in this world, than to be prosperous under Satan."

"Abe, the just, led by the hand of the impious Cain; the chaste Joseph was sold into slavery; the Divine Saviour Himself was cruelly persecuted. His chosen Apostles were whipped and scourged. Christ forbade that His followers would have to suffer from the world, because they were not of the world, and that many would be put to death for His name's sake. This foreseen and foretold persecution of the servants of Christ was not limited to any particular age or place. It would be born with the religion in Jerusalem, and spring up side by side with it in other lands. Even as dark shadows are projected by objects in the glorious sunlight and decrease, or grow into giant proportions, so the shadow of persecution even hovers round the man who stands in the full blaze of the Gospel light. At times the shade is small and scarcely noticed; but suddenly, perhaps, it increases and grows black like a huge storm-cloud. Prisons, as gloomy as the ink vapors about to descend in a torrent of rain, are prepared for the faithful; or swords, bright and keen as the gleaming streaks which quiver in the rift of the thunder-cloud, cleave their damnable breasts; or wild animals roaring like the angry claps of thunder, are let loose again at their defenceless persons. For a season the storm rages against the Church; a few, appalled by the marvellous and murky atmosphere, fall away from the valiant ranks; but the vast majority, clothed with the armor of faith and protected by the helmet of Truth, remain faithful to their standard—the Cross. If it down in the night, they loudly clasp the Cross in their dying arms, and press it hopefully to their pale lips. The blood of martyrs, like oil cast on troubled waters, soon calms the tempest, and the Church once more stands out uncompanied and unshaken, without a spot or a wrinkle on her virgin face."

"This has ever been the history of the Church. Founded by the blood of Christ, watered by the blood of His Apostles, spread by the blood of His martyrs, its supernatural beauty is never more fully manifested than during these persecutions. In the second century of its existence Tertullian said: 'The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians,' and the same holds good in our own day. 'I opine from this,' remarked Mr. Drew, 'that you rather like a good tall fellow; it is the steam engine of your great overland trail.' 'We do not fear that persecution will destroy the Church,' said Morgan; 'we even believe that it will eventually increase her sway; still we do not court it—we pray God to avert it. The reason is, that many are weak, and may give way in time of trial. God will draw good out of the malice of persecutors; but it is no doctrine of the Church to do evil that good may thence follow.' Mr. Drew, who paid that concentrated attention to Morgan's words which is characteristic of the real American, said: 'We hitch up our teams here pretty close. But tell us how the Pope got to be king. Did he flare up a war of independence? If so, who was his George Washington?' Morgan could scarcely restrain a smile; still, since Mr. Drew was attentive and desirous of information, he thought it well to proceed. 'The Temporal Power of the Pope,' said he, 'was not obtained by rebellion, nor by a war of conquest. The Prince of the Apostles fixed his seat in Rome; it was then the capital of a vast Empire. From this central spot the rays of Divine Faith were more easily diffused over the various parts of the State than they could have been from any other place. For three centuries the blood of innumerable martyrs was shed; the crimes and enormities of pagan Rome were cleansed by this stream of gore. Christianity began to permeate all classes of society; the city became ripe for a Christian Prince. God disposes everything firmly, but sweetly. Constantine was hailed with delight. There were still very many pagans in Rome, but they had grown accustomed to the Christians. Just as educated Protestants in England no longer believe absurdities about Catholics, even so educated pagans in the time of Constantine did not believe that the Christians were impious sorcerers or witches. 'Constantine felt that a Pope and an Emperor would not be suitable in Rome. The glory of the Pontifical court would eclipse that of the Imperial. Hence he moved his seat of government to the banks of the Bosphorus. 'Gradually the colossal Empire, like every preceding kingdom, began to decay. Human institutions have not the property of immortality; they are the off-

spring of mortal parents, and are themselves mortal. Incursions of fierce barbarians shook the tottering State. The grand march of events went quickly onward, and numerous changes were effected. Even as many kingdoms had sprung from the ashes of the Macedonian Empire, so many States began to rise from the dust of the Roman. Constantinople became powerless at length to defend its Italian subjects from the devastating attacks of the Northern hordes. It tacitly relinquished its right to rule Rome, and left it to consult its own safety. Now in every community, as in every man, there is the right of defence against unjust aggression; and in every community there is, independent of the will of man, by Divine ordination, a civil power which is to provide for the temporal good of that community. 'But I opine,' said Mr. Drew, 'that the people give the power to rule. No darned monarchy for me; our eagle flies over a free people, and sticks its claws into all despots. Is not the power of our President conferred on the people?' 'Certainly not,' replied Morgan. 'All power is from God. Man cannot give to another what he has not got himself. But no man has, from himself, the right of governing himself or others; hence he cannot give it. Where no one has a pre-existing right to rule, men may choose by vote one who is to become the organ of civil power. But this is not conferring authority; it is only designating the subject that is to exercise a Divinely given power for the common good. You may choose the seed which you plant; you may select it from a thousand, still you do not confer on it the power of germinating. It is God who does that. 'That's Gospel, eh? me!' ejaculated Mr. Drew. 'Then you think a president is the same as a king?' 'As regards the power which they exercise, certainly; the authority of each is from God. They were made the subjects of that power by different means, and they hold their positions under different conditions, but in their quality of supreme civil rulers they are on an equal footing. Perhaps you think it an advantage to delude yourselves into the belief that you are a very free people because you are supposed to elect your rulers; for my part I would prefer the chance of having a suitable man born and educated to the position. You do not always get the best man for President,' rather maliciously added Morgan. 'Gospel again, by jenny! but go on about the Pope.' 'The Romans,' pursued Morgan, 'being left without a ruler, turned their eyes towards the Pope. In him they saw all the qualities requisite for a noble prince. Already he had, as the spiritual head of the Church, great power and influence. He had learning and a knowledge of affairs. He had no faction to serve, for he was the father of all; he would be just, because virtuous; he would be mild, because the Vicar of Him who was meek and humble of heart. On more than one occasion previously the Pope had saved the city by interceding with the invaders. Moved by all these reasons, and more still by the secret dispensation of Providence, the Romans besought the Pope to be their civil ruler. He accepted the post, and thus peacefully and legitimately became a temporal prince. 'Well, that explanation rather knocks over the apple-cart of some of our editors, don't it?' 'It does indeed, Morgan, and any conscientious student of history will be well pleased to hear it. 'But so the Cardinal designs of Providence. Before there were any Christian kingdoms the Pope did not require a temporal power. So soon, however, as Christian States sprang up, mutual jealousy might be considered in process of the Pontiff who had to rule and in spiritual matters was the subject of any earthly ruler. He was to be the arbiter of disputes in the Christian commonwealth; but to be above the suspicion of partiality, he must be independent. Fortunately reports the views of kings and emperors, to prey against the justice of his exalted office a territorial and hereditary crown greatly rendered. Here, although God would in other ways provide for the good government of His Church, still this way is most suitable, and it is the one which He has chosen. The temporal power of the Pope is a dispensation of Providence for the benefit of the Christian commonwealth. 'If all our ministers and editors say about the tyranny and ignorance of the Pope be true, I rather guess the Romans got done up brown pretty tall by getting them for kings,' quietly remarked Mr. Drew. 'For a moment Morgan's face flushed with a glow of contempt; but quickly checking this feeling he smiled half sadly, and made answer: 'Your observation is but the echo of the old false cry. It moves to sadness to find in many generous natures this fossil prejudice against Rome; it gives a shock like the digging up of a petrified load from a beautiful stalagmite. The City of the Popes did not send forth mailed warriors to subjugate the world to its civil rule; but it sent forth learned and holy men—heroes of Christian virtue—to announce to all the glad tidings of salvation. The heavenly message of 'peace on earth to men of good will' was proclaimed from purified temples and minarets, and wafted on the wings of Catholic zeal to the four corners of the earth. 'When you arrive in Rome you can wend your way to the foot of the Coelian hill and see the monastery whence issued St. Augustine and his brethren bearing light and civilization to England. From the tomb of St. Peter went forth missionaries to all the nations of Europe; and not only to all parts of Europe, but also to Asia and Africa. And when that noble pioneer of faith and true progress, Columbus, had discovered a new world, apostles received from the successor of St. Peter commission and power to bear over the waters of the Atlantic a slip from God's living vine, and to implant it on Columbia's shores. The candid admission of Guizot that Europe owes all her culture, all her art, and the best of her laws to Rome, is but the simple truth. 'Whilst the arts and sciences were driven before the Goth, Vandal, and Hun—whilst Europe was fighting for life and could not attend to them—they found a quiet home and magnificent patronage near the Popes. Look at the

churches and buildings of Rome; examine its repositories of art; read the long roll of eminent men who received almost kingly honor from the Pontifical Court, and then say whether I exaggerate. Call to your mind the colleges, universities, and academies founded and endowed by the Popes; think on the numberless volumes copied and preserved at their instigation; glance at the catalogue of great writers who flourished under the fostering care of the Church, and then ask yourself what are the spasmodic efforts of British associations and of infidel professors compared with Rome's unceasing work? 'Or if you look for that grand distinctive mark which was to characterize the followers of Christ, Charity, where will you see it so conspicuously as in the hospitals of the Eternal City, and at the doors of its monasteries? In the fever wards, by the bedside of those smitten with small-pox or by the fearful cholera, you will see in attendance, by day and night, persons of both sexes delicately reared, who have consecrated their lives to God for the nursing of those sick ones. Go to the door of a monastery and you will find men of great parts, men highly cultured and refined, serving out a substantial repast to the halt, the blind, and the infirm. Knowing these things, is it any wonder that we should be deeply pained at hearing the stale trash of smirking hypocrites and bigot's about Rome's ignorance and cruelty?' 'Wal, you can't blame me for what I said; I don't set up for a scholar in them things; but I declare it is too bad to be hounded so completely by them as ought to know. 'You are right,' said Morgan; 'I am well aware that a vast amount of silly prejudice is due to the bigotry of self-constituted teachers. You spoke of tyranny. Now look at this historic fact. The Jews were pretty badly used in different States of Europe. Indeed, it is not so long since England admitted them to Parliament. In this respect she was behind my own Catholic Lower Canada. The Popes, whose tyranny wife-beating old women of the male sex bewail, received the Jews kindly, allowed them their synagogue in Rome, and permitted them to have a magistrate for their own for deciding civil suits. This was done in what those who are ignorant of history call the 'Dark Ages,' and this disposition remains yet. 'Again, whenever a king or an emperor encroached on the liberties of his people, or violated the constitution of his State, the Pope, when invoked, always threw his great power on the side of the people. In the many struggles between the Church and temporal rulers we never find the subjects of these rulers against the Pope. It is never a league of Pope and king against the people; it is always Pope and people against a fiericious or tyrannical king. This clearly proves that the Popes always sought to uphold the rights of individuals and nations against the aggressions of tyranny. 'Your story looks pretty straight, but you have not come down to the cause of the present danger. 'I told you,' said Morgan smiling, 'that the story was long. I wished you to have a true idea of the origin of the Pope's temporal power, and also of the benefits conferred by Rome on Europe, so that you might fully see the ingratitude of the plotters and the justice of the cause of those who are going to enlist under the banner of Pius IX. 'The Pope is the head and centre of Catholic Unity; he is, likewise, the cornerstone of the social state. Every intelligent man, be he Catholic, Protestant, or infidel, fully understands that the Roman Pontiff could not disappear without a contingency possible from the world without bringing about a total upheaving of society. This social catalysis is exactly what some wish to effect. A wild growth of humanity, unsoftened by religion and unawed by law, has sprung up in the dark lanes of every large city. Formerly, owing to the comparative isolation of kingdoms and towns, these wild growths were kept in check by the law-abiding citizens. Now, however, that godless education is being propagated and the means of communication multiplied, a bond of impious fraternity has been established between the criminal classes of every nation. All that they know of civil laws is that they will be punished by them; their knowledge of religion is limited to the certainty that it would impose restraints on the gratification of their passions. Hence they look upon law and religion as their enemies, and band together to crush them. They see that the Catholic Church is the great bulwark of both; they know that the Pope is head of the Church. If they could smite the head they fancy that their end would be gained. Not recognizing that the Church is a Divine institution they fondly hope to succeed. 'It must be borne in mind that Satan has a share in this work. Even as he stirred the pagan emperor up to persecution, so he now stirs up these corrupted masses. Seeing that unity gives a great power of resistance to the Church, he seeks to make an infernal travesty of it among the secret societies. 'The revolutions throughout Europe in 1848 were the outcome of secret machinations. The Pope had to leave Rome for a time, but France, with all her faults, had not lost her love for Christ's Vicar. 'Her arms restored him. Since that time she has kept some soldiers in his territories; but the secret societies have not been idle. They set themselves the task of corrupting the youth of Italy. Members of the impious fraternity wormed themselves into the councils of princes, into chairs in the universities, and into the ranks of the clergy. In all these positions they began disseminating their principles; they corrupted the sources of knowledge and ensured the unwary. Through all these artifices they have succeeded in making some proselytes; the only wonder is that they have not made more. When we hear of the many Italians (few, however, in comparison with the virtuous) who are leagued with foreign Communists to assault Rome, we ought to bear in mind the long years of arduous and patient labor of the emissaries of corruption. 'Napoleon is about to withdraw his troops; the infidel revolutionists are jubilant; they hope to stir up a revolt

in Rome, and to force the Pope to flee again. To frustrate this plot Catholics are flocking to enroll under the banner of St. Peter. To do my share of the glorious duty I am here.' 'Having now arrived at Foligno the passengers for Rome changed cars, and in the hurry Morgan was separated from his new-found friend Mr. Drew. He was not sorry for this. Although not of a morose disposition, still at times he preferred to be left to his own musings. On no occasion could Mr. Drew be a companion, in the proper sense of the word. They had little in common; Morgan had kindly endeavored to dissipate the cloud of prejudice and ignorance which overshadowed him. It was a good seed sown which might fructify hereafter. The train sped on, and soon issued from the debiles of the hills, and rattled merrily along the undulating Campagna. Now, as it swept gracefully round the jutting base of the last mountain hill, Morgan fancied he caught sight of a grove in which, here and there, some lofty tree raised proudly heavenward its nodding head. (To be continued.)

[This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's Book Store, Halifax, N.S.]

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Wonder What I'm Going to Get? 'Wonder what I'm going to get? This is what begins to fret All the little girls and boys When they think of Christmas-time. Long before the day is near We are always sure to hear From each happy household pot-ter's to get the biggest part. 'Wonder what I'm going to get? 'Hangs around the house all day; Doesn't seem to want to play; Writes, with dirty little paws, Begging notes to Santa Claus; Hangs his stockings on a chair-seat to get the biggest part. By this question always met— 'Wonder what I'm going to get? 'Christmas Day is here at last, And our troubles now are past. Santa Claus came down last night, Sprinkling gold and fresh delight. With a twinkle in his eye, 'There,' said he, 'sleep on, young try; No more by the thought beset. As to what you're going to get. 'To the chimney quick he goes, Softly rubs his ruddy nose on the top of the chimney. As he looks a last goodbye, And methinks I hear him say, 'Ere he vanishes away, Say with us of the best regret— 'Wonder what I'm going to get?'

A Parrot's Eccentricities. Ben Lashie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket-seller" had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the cashiers of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Ferdinand. In the Bahamas, Lashie, says the New York Recorder, used to have a way of quieting the screaming mob of ticket purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying, "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot which was perched upon the side in the wagon just back of Lashie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour, and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lashie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, flew over in a neighboring woods near the circus grounds. A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Poll crouching as best he could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tall feathers left, and the stile crows were striking, pecking and pinching her right and left. Hanging as best she could, the parrot was shrilly screaming: "One at a time, gentlemen! Don't crowd there! Take your time! There's plenty more left!"

Lunar Theories. In some countries the picture presented is supposed to be two male lions engaged in deadly combat. In most Oriental countries the figure is supposed to be that of a single lion walking across a desert. Bishop Wilkins, in his book, called "The Moon a habitable World," says: "As for the form of the spots on the moon, some think that the represent a man, and poet-guess it is the boy Endymion, whose company Luna loves so well that she takes him with her. Others will only have it to be the face of a man, as the moon is usually pictured in the calendar, but Albertus thinks that it represents a lion with his tail towards the east and his head to the west. Others have thought it to be much like a fox, and certainly it is as much like a lion as that in the Zodiac, or as Ursa Major is like a bear."

Hastened to Cold. How much usage will do in toughening the human body is well known by some facts about the natives of Siberia, as recorded by the author of "Reindeer, Dogs and Snowshoes." Cold, he says, seems to have no effect upon them. Frequently, when we could not expose our ears for two minutes without having them frozen, the natives would go for an hour at a time with their heads thrown back from their heads; and when it required constant watchfulness to keep our noses from freezing, they did not appear to notice the temperature at all. On one morning in January I stood in perfect amazement at their disregard for the low temperature. They worked for at least half an hour with bare hands, packing up the tent and utensils, handling the packages and lashing them together with icy seal thong, without experiencing the least apparent inconvenience, while I partly froze my fingers striking a light for my pipe with a flint and steel, the whole operation taking not more than three minutes. The night before, happening to go out of the tent after our men had retired, I passed their camp, which was near by their fire had burned to a pile of embers, barely affording me light enough to distinguish the sleepers. They were lying coiled up on small deer-skins, with their backs to the embers and their fur coats thrown loosely over their naked bodies. The coat of one of them had slipped almost entirely off his body, leaving his back and shoulders exposed

to a temperature of eighteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and though his hair was frosted, he snored as soundly as if in comfortable quarters.

"On the Road to Heaven." A friend overheard two little brothers, but a few years apart in their ages, talking over Sunday-school matters after they had gone to bed, just before Christmas. It seems that Jimmy, the elder, had somehow just been placed in rather an advanced class, which he of his own opinion saw fit to name the Bible class; and Tommy, the younger, had only lately come up from the infant-school room, and had rather different and more simple lessons, although in the same room with his advanced brother. Says Tommy, "I'm up to you now, Jim, for I'm in the upper school, anyhow." "No," says the profound Jim, "you are like people when they die—they are only in paradise; they are not in heaven quite, but they are on the road to heaven, you know, Tommy," apparently wanting to give Tom all the comfort he could with the let-down of his audition. And the fact was, that two classes were side by side in their seats, "on the road to heaven" is encouraging, and ought to remind the reader that his teaching is not all in vain.

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Language of the Red Indians.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of language. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect of jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to the band. In all times the Indians have disclaimed to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon their enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other. Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to everyone. Among the plain Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide difference in meaning, that only few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for "summer, and so on, infinitely. Yet an expert sign talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other, with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding. —Noble Dancer Scholastic.

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