

THE CHILDREN OF THE ALLEYS.

I think if the suffering Saviour Were to come to earth again, And walk the streets of our cities, In the midst of toiling men, He would find His way to the alleys— The by-ways dark and dim, In search of the meek and wretched, And souls most dear to Him.

He would seek the little children, In their huddled state of woe— Ah me, how His eyes would soften! On earth He loved them so. Methinks they would troop and gather, As of yore about His knee, And He'd press them to His sacred heart, In the depths of their misery.

He would read such tales of sorrow, In eyes uplifted to His own— The stress of Life's tribulation Out of human weakness grown: But the sufferings of the helpless, Through no evil known or done, Would touch with divine pity The Father's only Son.

He would teach us the noblest lesson With one look from His loving eyes, As would fathom our foolish seekings, And our jarring phyllophesies. We, too, would hurry and hasten To the alleys full and dim, Drawn by a resistless longing— In sooth, because of Him.

Perchance He is in the alleys ' This bleak December day, When the snow flakes fall like manna Upon each rugged way. Come, let us hasten to greet Him, And hear the celestial voice, In the accents of little children, When we make their hearts rejoice.

B. F. D. DRISX. Montreal, 25th December, 1890.

IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD IN DUBLIN THIS YEAR.

THE FEIS MOVEMENT—IT AIMS AT THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LOVE OF MUSIC.

In the large Irish cities enthusiastic meetings have been held in furtherance of the new movement for the revival of Celtic music through the holding of annual festivals similar to those held in Wales. At a gathering in Cork, a few days ago, in connection with this Irish Feis movement, a large number of prominent citizens were present.

The Mayor, in opening the meeting said he had called the meeting in response to a requisition presented to him for the purpose of receiving a deputation from the Executive Committee of the Irish Feis movement, and hearing explained and considering the programme of the Irish Musical Festival to be held in Dublin this year. The Feis movement for the revival and cultivation of music, and for the holding annually of an Irish musical festival in various centres, including choir, instrumental and solo competitions, was one that eminently deserved their approval and support. He was sure a movement of this kind was calculated to revive the love which the Irish people naturally have for music.

Mr. Brendan Rogers then addressed the meeting, and expressed his gratification at the Mayor's opening statement. He interpreted the object in coming to Cork, and he rightly understood their wish in endeavoring to further the cultivation of musical art in Ireland. He need say very little, or nothing at all, in such a committee as to the necessity of music forming a portion of the education of the people. It would be difficult to advance arguments against that proposition and he would pass it by. They found on the Continent, and particularly in England, that the people were educated to the highest extent indeed in the art of singing. They sang in their homes they sang in their leisure they sang at their worship, they sang in large bodies and small bodies, they sang on every occasion. In the musical festivals in England they got together choruses numbering thousands of voices. In centres of large population, like London, it was quite a common thing at a musical festival to find four or five thousand voices. On the Continent they were also most musical. It permeated the whole system of life, it was stamped in their minds, and he would not stay to argue the question whether they were better or not for that, it was too obvious. In Ireland where they were to obtain any large body, and his brethren on the profession would bear him out in saying that the trained choruses in Ireland were rammed and crammed. In Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and other large cities a great deal could be done, and his brethren there were laboring conscientiously well and constantly. Throughout the country the musical art was progressing in England, and Wales, and the Continent, though it may be said not to exist in Ireland. His experience went to prove it. The speaker then instanced how he had heard 1,600 voices in a singing competition last June at Llandudno, in Wales, and asked how long would it take to make up 1,600 trained voices in Ireland. It was impossible. They could not get them trained to such a pitch as he had heard. He could probably get 800, which was half of what he had listened to in that small town in Wales. Why were they so backward in Ireland? On the Continent they had enormous rich academies devoted to music, and each country had its own peculiar school of music representing the national characteristics of the people. In Ireland what had they? They had the efforts of a devoted band of musicians through the country, and nothing else. In Dublin there was a local academy, and in Cork an excellent school and that was all. Their funds were provided from local sources, and should be distributed locally. The national system of education largely neglected the question, and the Government which took such care of the financial resources, had refused to do anything to extend the art of music. The peculiar Irish character of music,

was not taught at all. It was nothing to the Commissioners of Education. That brought him to the Feis movement, which was established to do away with the inequalities under which they labored. The Feis movement was taken in hand and was being developed for two years by a committee of ladies and gentlemen in Dublin, representing all classes and sections. There was only one question before them—the question of the progress of the musical art. They hoped to enlist the sympathies of the educated classes in carrying out their project, and had formed a provisional committee. It was intended to form a central committee for the whole of Ireland, in which Cork and other cities and towns would be represented. Resolutions were passed approving of the objects of the Feis, and promising subscriptions.

IRELAND'S CLAIMS.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE ACCEPTS THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

LONDON, January 4.—Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., formerly Solicitor General, to day delivered a speech at Plymouth, which place he represents in the House of Commons. In the course of his address he took occasion to refer to the claims of the Irish that they are overtaxed to the amount of about £2,000,000 yearly and to the demand that taxation be reduced and restitution made of the excess of taxes collected during the past forty years or so. After referring to the commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which recently submitted a report favoring the Irish contention, Sir Edward said he could not hesitate to accept the decisions on matters of fact of such a strong commission. This declaration is noteworthy as being the first from an English Tory in support of the report of the commission. As a body, the English Tories are bitterly opposed to the acceptance of the report as final, and during the coming session of Parliament will seek to obtain the appointment of another commission to investigate the question.

C. M. B. A.

At the regular meeting of Branch 54 held on Thursday evening last, Grand Deputy Gostigan, assisted by Chancellors A. D. McGillis and P. Doyle, installed with becoming ceremony the following officers of the Branch for the ensuing year:—Spiritual Advisor, Rev. J. E. Donnelly; Medical Advisor, Dr. F. L. Hackett; Chancellor, Bro. Thos. J. O'Neill; President, Bro. M. J. Moran; First Vice President, Bro. Thos. Styles; Second Vice President, Bro. C. Farnhill; Recording Secretary, Bro. Wm. P. Doyle; Assistant Recording Secretary, Bro. John P. Gunning; Treasurer, Bro. M. Neher; Financial Secretary, Bro. F. McEneaney; Marshal, Bro. P. Sheeran; Guard, Bro. Patrick Kehoe; Trustees, Frank Langan, J. Polan, P. Doyle, P. Carroll and Thos. J. O'Neill. The following gentlemen have been installed as officers of Branch 140, C. M. B. A., of Canada, for 1891:—Spiritual Advisor, Rev. Father Adam, pastor; Medical Advisors, Drs. Gadhoo and Charlebois; Chancellor, Dr. Gadhoo; President, Bro. A. H. Spelling; Vice President, Bro. C. Corbeille; Second Vice President, Bro. O. Parizeau; Secretary, Bro. C. Perrault; Financial Secretary, Bro. X. Faveau; Treasurer, Bro. J. O. Riard; Guard, Bro. Michael Monette; Marshal, Bro. E. Boisjoly; Trustees, Bros. Ernest Theriault, C. Corbeille, O. Parizeau, Charles Perrault, T. Desjardins.

GAVE BACK HER FORTUNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 6.—The Examiner says: Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson, the only daughter of Claus Spreckels, the millionaire sugar king, whose secret marriage to Thomas Watson, the San Francisco grain broker, on Wednesday of last week, set society agog, has of her own volition returned to her father all property, bonds, etc., which he placed in her name. These gifts amounted to nearly \$2,000,000 and were, it is said, relinquished with a single stroke of the pen by Mrs. Watson after her marriage. It is reported that Mr. Spreckels was opposed to his daughter's union with Watson and that upon his chiding her for her seeming ingratitude in marrying against his wishes, she decided to give up her fortune, and did so, it is understood, upon the advice of her husband.

WHO WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

People who sneer at Civil Service reform, and call it "snivel service," must sympathize with the candidate who recently applied for a place on the New York police force, and was rejected because he was not sufficiently familiar with American history. To the question, "Who was Abraham Lincoln?" he replied: "Kind Gentlemen, in reference to the life of Abraham Lincoln would say that I am not personally acquainted with him he was Clark in a grocery store and could lick any of the village boys. He at one time had a very bad friend who at the end killed him." Even this aspirant was outdone by another, whose effusion the Critic pronounces the perfection of "condensed ignorance." He said: "He was the President that freed the South and let the Dorky go free and he was shot by Garfield this is all that I remember of pre-tended Lincoln so I close hoping that I will pass."—The Pilot.

OUR PARAGRAPHER

OUR PARAGRAPHER

DISCUSSES TIMELY TOPICS.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S SPIRITED LINES—THE WAYS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS]

Come to think of it, we are a wonderful people—we make sacrifices—we send delegates to conventions—we pass resolutions. In fact we give the world to understand that if we had Erin's cause in hand, victory would have perched on the banners of Home Rule long ago. Yes, I repeat it. We are a great people, on paper, but not on our own paper. Oh, no!

The other day I took up our local Catholic weekly and glanced over the advertisements in order to ascertain where to purchase the usual holiday gifts.

Judging from the list of advertisers, very few of our people are in business in Montreal (or, if they are, they do not advertise); two thirds are non-Catholic, the remaining third composed of enterprising French Canadian, with "here and there and over yonder" an Irish Catholic name looking decidedly lonely and out of place in such foreign company.

Ye gods and little fishes! Can it be possible that we owe the existence of the only Irish Catholic weekly paper in the Province of Quebec to the enterprise and generosity of people differing from us in race and creed? If so, to us, as well as to the quarrelling factions of Ireland, could William O'Brien's spirited lines apply:—

Shame, brothers, shame! Here's the day of battle breaking;

See a nation straining wildly for the music of your guns!

Think, soldiers, think! Freedom waits but for your waking—

And your camp but wakes to discord and your blows smite your own side.

Your country's cheek Your faction shriek Dyes scarlet with your shame!

Hark! the foemen laugh their loudest in their red ranks grim and steady,

While your jarring war of curses mad their thirsty ears imbibe;

But yesterday for panic flight our beaten hosts were ready—

Our mirth's to-day the tears who'd lose a country for a job!

A jibe, a jeer, some faction shout, While Ireland's red with shame!

Hark! the warning from the green grave where the dead lie watching:

"Not Ireland's sword, but brother's feud, forever struck us down."

Hark! the exile's prayer the Heavens from a hundred lands are catching:

"Touch their hearts O angel's wing of peace, ere our golden hopes are gone!"

But no—ever no! Still the curse and blow, While Freedom's golden moments go.

Think, O comrades, of the camp-fires where we laughed and quaff'd together,

While our souls flashed fire divine at touch of Ireland's holy hand.

In days when, welcome thunderclap or triumph's blazing weather,

We sought the shock with England's hosts, our peerless soldier band!

I live all perished— Dreams so cherished— When we thrilled at touch of Ireland's holy hand!

Hark! a murmur from the martyr graves and o'er the ocean swelling!

The air grows dark with menace of a race in wrath uprising;

"Petty breed of brawlers, cease your table—or your swords of foul stains telling,

Purer hands will use to scourge you to graves curs'd for your treason.

And legions ten Of truer men Will spring to Ireland's sun bright flag new risen!"

Once upon a time, as the children say, a Micmac Indian wished to cross Halifax harbor. Being too lazy to paddle the canoe, he placed in the end of the little birch vessel a large spruce bush in lieu of a sail and settled him self back in his seat to enjoy his voyage.

To his discomfort a sudden gust of wind caught the bush and overturned the canoe. The Indian swam ashore, and, as he shook the sea water from his dripping person, a sympathetic friend questioned him as to the cause of the catastrophe. Turning on his enquirer a look of disgust, the aborigine grunted, "Too much bush!"

What we require is a little more "do" and a little less talk. If we wish to influence others, we had better begin by giving good example, and one way would be to unite in support of a paper pledged to defend our faith and nationality. Charity should begin at home in this as in other cases.

We of all people should not give our enemies the chance to fling at us the reproach, "Physician, heal thyself!" Why do not our societies advertise their meetings in our Catholic paper. They do not meet so often (as a general rule) that a weekly advertisement would answer its purpose.

If each member subscribed for the paper and took an interest in it, the benefit to themselves and their work would, I venture to say, more than repay a little expenditure.

A paper is often injured financially by the careless good nature of some of its best friends.

Not long ago, I had occasion to ask a subscriber and well wisher who resides in the country how the "TRUE WITNESS" was appreciated in her neighborhood. Her face lit up with genuine enthusiasm as she answered, "appreciated! Well, I should say it was. Why I lend my copy all round and sometimes before I could get it back it is worn to pieces"

Now if the good lady in question had advised her friends to subscribe for it

themselves she would, while helping a good cause, have had her own copy intact.

A little bird told me, which will be good news for her many admirers, that K. Dolores will soon resume "Our Philosopher's Column" in the TRUE WITNESS.

BABETTE.

A NUN'S RETALIATION.

RISKED HER LIFE AT THE BEDSIDE OF A FRIEND OF MARGARET SHEPHERD. (Catholic Standard and Times.)

Here is a pretty story from Elkhart, Indiana. It is vouched for by a priest and is certainly true. As told here it consists of bare facts, but they are eloquent:

Margaret Shepherd, the notorious lecturer and villifier of Catholic Sisterhoods, recently visited Elkhart. She became especially intimate with one lady of the town, who attended her lectures and advanced her interests in every manner possible. The lady believed all of Mrs. Shepherd's statements. Mrs. Shepherd had scarcely taken her departure when this friend was attacked by diphtheria. Before the notice had been placed upon the door by the Board of Health the husband of the stricken woman had telegraphed to the hospital in South-Bend for a Sister of the Holy Cross to nurse his sick wife. There being no Sister there to spare, he was referred to Mishawaka, Ind. There a Sister was secured who started on the evening train and entered immediately upon her dangerous duties.

The feelings of the patient as she was being nursed back to life and health by a gentle nun, the beamishing of whose character she had recently countenanced, are not described.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

WHAT SANITATION HAS DONE FOR HUMAN LIFE.

(Mining and Scientific Press.)

In a recent lecture on what sanitation has done for human life, Prof. Brewer, of Yale University, said that no one doubts that human life has been prolonged by the application of science in the last fifty years. How much, mathematically, this amounts to, in years, in per cents, is an unanswerable question. We can never have the data in figures. Even if we had our vital statistics completed for that period, men would differ as to the relative value of the several factors in this problem. Our great cities would not exist—they could not exist—without the aid of science. We have had an ancient Egyptian and Greek and Roman civilizations, which were Pagan, and later Christian civilization, and all were powerless to convert practices. Between the epidemics that raged from time to time and the high death rate in the best years, the population of Europe, as a whole, probably scarcely increased at all for 1,000 or 1,200 years. This century came in without a single city in Christendom with a million of inhabitants. Paris had in 1800 but 548,000; London and its suburbs in 1801, 864,845. The other great English cities had less than 100,000. Great cities could not endure then. First, the people could not be fed. Then, most of the population had to be fed and food produced within twenty miles of the place of consumption. Science has now made it possible to transport food half way around the globe, and has discovered new methods of preservation as well. City population was not self-perpetuating. Man did die; the death rate was continually high, and from time to time there was death by pestilence. Even where there were sewers, they were to drain the ground of water rather than to carry away sewage. Now cities are made nearly as healthy as the country.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The January Donahoe's covers a wide range of subjects that must meet with general appreciation. Among the most striking features of this issue are:

"Presidential Administrations," by Theodore F. Benton, who in a concise graphic treatment of his subject contrives to give much valuable information. Readers will look forward eagerly for the conclusion of this paper in the February number. Fine illustrations of the Presidents add much to the interest of the article.

"The Transition of an Historic Order," is described by M. R. Taylor in a resumé of the foundation and development of the famous teaching Order, the Benedictines.

"The Ballad Poetry of Ireland" receives eloquent tribute from the pen of the Rev. William Dollard, who cannot fail to enthrall his readers, so lovingly does he dwell on the beauty and pathos of his theme.

"Arbitration and Conciliation" by Edward O'Donnell, is a subject of much importance and of vital interest to the masses who make up the working world.

"Newfoundland in Her Four Hundredth Year" is written by Rev. J. O'Reilly, D.D., who informs his readers of the great natural advantages possessed by this rugged country, and traces its history and struggles back to the foundation of the first colony.

"The Rights of Children" have found a vigorous champion in the Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, who pleads the cause of the helpless with an earnestness and kindliness that are more convincing than paragraphs of denunciation. "The Young Salvini," by Mary F. Nixon, is a sympathetic study of the young actor whose bright life closed all too soon.

The fiction of this number is excellent; "The Land Leaguer's Christmas," by P. J. Lynch; "John the Beloved," by Margaret Kenna; "Barbara Burchard's New Year," by Sarah Flint; and "Two Under Dogs," by Blanche McCarthy, furnish a variety that cannot fail to be pleasing.

The illustrating is beautifully done, the Departments replete with topics of interest, and the poetry of a very high order, particularly the contributions from D. J. Donahoe and Chas. Beede.

"We must get little Bobby a football mask." "What for?" "He is going down town with nurse. I don't want him to ruin the shape of his nose on the shop windows."—Chicago Record.

X-Rays

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MODERN ORATORS.

THEIR WAYS AND METHODS EXPLAINED BY MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

WRITTEN SPEECHES DELARED TO BE A FAILURE—SOME TYPES OF DEBATORS IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., writes in his London paper, The Sun, about some methods of present day public speakers.

The remarks of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Paul on Parliamentary oratory agreed in the dictum that speeches should not be written out. This is an opinion in which every Parliamentary observer must agree. I have rarely, if ever heard a successful speech in the House of Commons which had been written out beforehand; and the Parliamentarians who have accustomed themselves to write out their speeches have almost invariably prejudiced their oratorical powers by doing so. I know that everybody will exclaim against me when I give Sir William Harcourt as an instance of the truth of the latter statement. What—this splendid gladiator—this unequalled and dauntless debater—wanting in any of the arts of the orators! Sir William Harcourt has no greater admirer of his truly wonderful gifts than myself; I have seen him do things which no man of his time could do as well. On the platform he is immense; with a prepared speech in the House of Commons he can produce greater effects than any man there; but as a debater without preparation I would put him, not high, but low on the list of the great speakers of that assembly. I would put him far below Mr. Chamberlain, below Mr. Balfour, below Mr. Goschen, below Mr. Asquith. And I believe this has arisen mainly from the fact that all his life he has persisted in writing out every word of his speeches.

Mr. John Morley used to be the victim of the same bad habit but he has given it up to a great extent, and is accordingly increasing in ease and readiness and effectiveness as a parliamentary debater. Sir George Trevelyan used to be an even worse offender than Sir Wm. Harcourt. I was at an election in Scotland when Sir George stood for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow—when a vacancy was created by the resignation of Sir Edward Russell, editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post," whose disappearance from Parliamentary life, I may say in parenthesis, I have always regarded as one of the most unfortunate losses the Liberal party has sustained in recent years. Judge of my astonishment when I found that at the end of a long day spent in the dockyards and mills and at street corners Sir George turned up at a great meeting in the evening with his manuscript written out as if he had spent the whole day in his study. He also has gradually weaned himself from this pestilent habit, and the improvement in his effectiveness is very marked as a consequence.

Do I mean that men should not prepare their speeches? Not at all—the more preparation the better, if it be of the right sort. Facts should be investigated, studied, weighed; arguments should be arranged in their order of logical sequence; the whole speech should be complete in its outlines and arrangement in the mind of the orator before he rises. But there should be no preparation of the mere phraseology of the speech. That should be left to the impulse of the moment and the free working of the mind. A peroration should always be prepared, for it is often difficult to know how and when a graceful exit can be made. On the stage, Shakespeare shows his realization of this difficulty by ending his scenes with a rhymed couplet. If an orator has not

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his few lines of peroration ready he fools about for minutes trying to find his proper exit, as a consequence, ends flustered, abruptly, or wears his audience and depresses himself, by uttering half a dozen perorations. A joke or two should also be prepared, come relief is as much a necessity of the platform as of the stage. And, finally, the golden rule in oratory is to speak on your legs, and to live thousand people, exactly as you speak when seated and to two persons.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete weekly up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors, which is prepared especially for this paper, by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:— 54418—David A. Rôse, envelope. 54424—James Culley, Toronto, Ont., unrefillable bottles. 54535—Joseph McCallum, Montreal, P.Q., inking mechanism of printing press.

54436—Benjamin Witmer, Plattsville, village, Ont., mouth-pieces for cornets and kindred musical instruments. 54439—Charles Sandford, Madoc, Ont., bar holders.

54442—William Maffey, Toronto, Ont., cooks' cabinets. 54447—Geddon E. Henderson, Toronto, Ont., apparatus for representing planetary movements and phenomena.

54450—John H. Stevens, Peterborough, Ont., games. 54454—R. Ovens, Forest, Ont., automatic syphon tank closet flusher.

54456—Alfred Ulford, Vancouver, B.C., display mechanism. 54458—W. C. & E. Ackerman, Picton, Ont., broom holder.

54459—Matthew Willis, Toronto, Ont., combination locks. 54460—George E. Baldwin, Granby, P.Q., lasts.

54463—William L. Mitchell, Peterborough, Ont., stoves.

Speculative Bonanza—And now that wonderless carriages are an assured fact, I wonder what will come next.

Philosophical Bonanza—Let us hope that we will have dogless sausages, hairless butter, soundless pianos, voiceless eulogiums and acheless backs.—Cairo, Egypt, Sphinx.

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