

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Cathedrals of England.

Rural Life and Its Attractions—
Ruskin and His Critics, Etc.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1897.—Walking swiftly through an art gallery recently, I was arrested by a glance at a small water color I was passing. It was an English meadow in the early twilight, under a flushed and cloudless sky—a simple, peaceful, lovely scene. In the foreground, there was a broad, shallow stream of clear water through which a country road led westward towards low-lying clumps and scattered groups of small trees. That was all there was of "scenery," but there was that in the picture which redeemed it from all insignificance and gave it a lasting dignity and interest to its very simplicity. Gloucester Cathedral rose in the centre, majestic, solid, stately, immovable as the ages, warmed by the glow from Heaven, venerable with the honors of past generations and instantly the little scene had life and spoke to the heart. How much of the earth's beauty, when one thinks of it, is due to the buildings raised for the worship of God. In spite of the changes of fashion, the "progress" of the times, the very name "cathedral" stirs a feeling of reverence, and in spirit even the irreverent tread softly through the dim aisles of their imagination. There are no lovelier paintings, no more charming water colors, no more artistic photographs than those which have for their subject the

INTERIOR AND THE EXTERIOR OF CHURCHES, old and new, and the works of man show nowhere to more advantage than when he bends his powers to do homage to One higher than earth's highest. That sight of Gloucester Cathedral alone with nature will linger long in my thoughts. We would not think of thus placing such a building, yet it is in such a spot a cathedral should stand, and such surroundings, breathing of peace and purity, of meditation and prayer, suggesting homage to the Creator in the midst of His works as they came from His quickening touch, would certainly have an influence for good here as they have in England. What secrets of the past lie hidden in the very stones! What in sense of prayer, unseen, unthought of, forgotten with the names of those who breathed them, may not cling to rugged carving and moss-grown buttresses! Even the ruins of her churches and the hoary walls of her stolen cathedrals plead for England night and day, and she shall return to them with the true worship. In the ages yet to come, such walls shall rise in every beautiful spot, and men shall gather before the altars that are not crowded in narrow city streets.

THE OPEN SKY AND RUNNING STREAM. Gradually, the longing of the people is growing towards the open sky and the running stream and the privacy of the country. The new sense of beauty and independence which belongs to the life of those who are, perforce, thrown upon their own resources for at least a portion of their waking hours, is everywhere perceptible, and it may easily be traced to the return of many citizens to their forefathers' life of the open country. Never was a better move than this! Rapid transit should be classed among the greatest of temporal blessings, and the facilities now afforded the dwellers on the outskirts of our cities in reaching their homes and their business stands so far towards reconciling the pessimist to the evils, imaginary and otherwise, of "too much and too many inventions." "I hate to think of them!" exclaimed an intelligent woman the other day. "The inventions of the last fifty years have beggared and starved as many as they have helped." "Well, no," said a bright girl, who is a worker among new things, "I don't see it that way. Every invention shifts the work and changes the manner of doing it. There used to be more copying by hand before typewriting was possible, but it takes as many people to make typewriters, to sell them, to repair to run them as could have found copying to do in the whole world, so I think the invention did no very harm in the long run." It was a very easy and simple statement of the matter in a nutshell, but long thought and careful investigation can do no better in setting the grievance fairly forth and routing it. "All things come round to him who will but wait," and the lost beauty Ruskin so deprecates will "come round" in the wake of the inventions and the new fashions of labor and living.

THE WISACRES AND RUSKIN. By the way, I have often wished to say that I think neither the new nor the old wisacres who lay down the law for all the rest of us are quite fair to Ruskin—as they are very often most unfair to every person and every thing outside of their own hat-crown. It has been the fashion for some years to take on an air of superior wisdom towards Ruskin, and speak and write of him as a failure. That can never be. Ruskin will be read for ages yet by those who love reading, and once read and thus made a part of any sound mind, he can not but teach as he wished to teach—the love of truth and the knowledge of beauty. What he says of trees and clouds and water and mountains is true—everlastingly true. No one else has said it as he has, no one else has called attention to it as he has, and the thousands and thousands who have first seen nature through his eyes, have also seen that no mist veiled his vision and no enthusiasm warped his judgment. For the things to which he points are there for everyone who cares to verify. Beginning with his statements, and are unmistakably true, one goes on and on, taught by Ruskin himself to know the meaning of words, to think, and to criticize. It is, then, a task of respectful reverence to study Ruskin and to understand even his mistakes to one's satisfaction and improvement. That he began with a "silly ignorance of Catholicity" was not his fault, but that of England and

the result of the teaching and example of those among whom he had been placed by the All-Wise God. That he expressed his opinions, as they honestly were his opinions, was no more than every true man expects of every other true man. That he has changed and softened in his views, that he has lived a sad and lonely life in a brave and unselfish manner, and that no man can say what may yet be the end of it, is all that should concern us. In no sense that is a high and noble sense has he been a failure, and long after his critics and would-be reformers are forgotten, and have ceased to complain of what they can never improve, Ruskin will live in pure hearts and earnest minds as one who helped them to find the best there is, and to go on from the good he taught them to better and holier than he knew. May all good find him, and follow him, and lead him gently "into that haven where he fain would be!"

TWO NEW BOOKS.

Just as I finished and sent off my letter last week, I had a surprise that seemed an answer to it. There came in to me two books of Maurice Francis Egan, and the Rev. Giles Carton, you may say, shook hands with me from the smooth pages of "The Vocation of Edward Conway," while a new friend peeped at me from the leaves of "Jasper Thorne." I was right in the opinion I expressed of the Rev. Giles Carton. I renewed his acquaintance at once, wishing I had had the chance before I sent that letter. He is admirably drawn, and the whole book is finished and dainty, bright, clear-witted and sensible. As for "Jasper Thorne," it is a very great improvement on the prize-books, and the "libraries," as children so often call their Sunday School books. It is the story of a good boy with whom one could live very comfortably—could even enjoy him, and be neither ashamed nor afraid of him. The opening page was so fresh and so delightful that it was read aloud at the breakfast table as soon as the cover was taken off, and aroused a hearty laugh and a desire to hear more of it on the spot. The continuation of the story fulfilled the promise of the conversation between Jasper and his father on the first page.

A WORD ABOUT THE FASHIONS.

It is not very often that I care to say a word on the subject that, I am told, always interest and most interests women—the subject of clothes and their fashions. But I sometimes hear such good things that I cannot help to keep them to myself. Last week I was present at a conversation between two fashion-able and elegant women—friends of each other, and both friends of mine in all that interests them, sure of finding it worthy of note. They were discussing the best method of counteracting the influence upon their daughters of school intercourse with underbred and over-dressed girls. "At present," said one, "it is the silk petticoat and the silk-lined gown that I am struggling against. Peggy cannot help envying the girls who rustle, and Polly is so wistful in her remarks upon that topic that I am almost moved to pity. Poor little foolish dears! Real elegance and good taste do not come by nature. It all has to be taught." "Yes," assented the other, whose daughter is rather older than Peggy and Polly, "and I am thankful that I am through with some few of the lessons. Betty sees for herself now that the wants—the personal wants—of a lady are very few. No matter what her income, no matter what the demands of society—to which she pays just so much attention as pleases her and no more—to be perfectly clean is the first thing, and to be as noiseless and inconspicuous as possible is the next. Why, then, have shown Betty more than I could ever tell her of the silly and false idea some persons have that clothes must be fashionable to be elegant and suitable. They are often quoted as the 'richest women in America,' but no silk linings for them! No rustle, no shimmer of petticoats! You and I and the rest of us know the kind of people who dress 'in the height of fashion,' don't we?" And yet, the fashion article of half a dozen publications will tell its readers that a woman of 'any standing,' and that 'no woman can retain her self-respect unless the rustle of elegance accompanies her movements!' The pity of it is, there are women ignorant enough to believe such utter nonsense.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Church Improvements—Public and Private Social Reunions.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SUMMERSIDE, May 21st, 1897.—On Wednesday evening last the League of the Cross, Charlottetown, gave a musical entertainment in St. Patrick's Hall. The show was much above the average of amateur affairs, and was well deserving of the crowded house it drew. The singing was good, the selections being bright and catchy, and much better than is often heard from travelling professional troupes. The jokes of the end men were new and principally localisms, and they kept the audience in the best of good humor. The singing of Mrs. Melvin (Detroit), and Master Hogg, the impersonations of Miss McMahon, the character songs of Sambo, the Grand March of the "Colored Knights of Pythias," and the plantation scene with which the affair wound up, were features worthy of special mention in an entertainment that did credit to the boys of the League.

EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS ARE BEING MADE to the interior of St. Patrick's Church, Grand River, lot 14. It is being finished with wood, in a very handsome and attractive manner. The exterior was remodeled and improved two or three years ago. When the work now in hand is completed St. Patrick's will be among the finest country churches on the island. Rev. L. J. MacDonald, the pastor, is a quiet and unassuming but most effective worker, and very popular with his parishioners and all who know him.

THE REASON OF THE PARADE.

Especially in this institution, is opening and several already announced

to take place early in July. If any of your Montreal readers intend summering on Prince Edward Island they should not miss attending one or two of the principal tea parties. The experience will be an enjoyable one.

BARNEY O'REGAN.

MRS. SADLER TESTIMONIAL.

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Subscriptions may be addressed to the chairman, Sir William Hingston, M.D., Montreal, P.Q.; the secretary, Mr. Justice Curran, Montreal, P.Q.; or to the treasurer, Mr. Michael Burke, 275 Mountain street, Montreal, P.Q.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, REV. F. J. MAGUIRE, LL.D., PASTOR.
ALBANY, N.Y., May 22nd, 1897.
MR. M. BURKE.

Dear Sir,—I enclose a mite to the Sadler Testimonial Fund and regret my inability to send more. In days when need for them was great and Catholic books but few, how greedily I read the stories by Mrs. Sadler. In turn, we

laughed, wept, or grew indignant over their interesting contents, and even now remember with pleasure these books and their narrations.

I hope your Testimonial may be a great one, and convey to Mrs. Sadler the assurance, which all her old readers must entertain, of the lasting value and efficiency of her life work.

Respectfully your servant,
REV. F. J. MAGUIRE.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG STALWARTS

Give a Splendid Performance in the Acadmie Hall.

The "Double Triumph" a drama in five acts, played by pupils of St. Ann's School, on the 18th inst., was a grand success. The scenery in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall seemed particularly adapted to the play. The miraculous conversion of Placidus in the forest, Pope Felix in the catacombs, and the martyrdom of the Saint, were beautifully illustrated. The role was well chosen.

W. J. Liston, as Placidus, played a star part and deserved the applause he received. He was well supported by Rufus (F. J. Hogan), his faithful companion in arms. P. McGuire's personation of the pagan priest was excellent. G. Gummere, J. O'Dowd and T. Gleason played double roles and did themselves honor. George appeared first as the amiable and loving wife of the Roman General, and again as Epicurus, the rollicking manager of the baths; he seemed at home in both characters. Masters O'Leary and O'Neill, sons of Placidus, were worthy of their father, and J. Slattery made a very courteous deacon. It was R. Brown's first appearance on the stage, and though he was killed by Rufus he promises to live again.

The play was a literary treat and decidedly moral; no one can see it without wishing to be more virtuous.

The Junior members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society promise to sustain the enviable reputation of the senior society. Mr. P. Shea, organist of St. Ann's church, presided at the piano, and Prof. R. McGuire, with his happy musical selection, lent a charm to the evening's performance.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONE.

Placidus, Roman General, W. Liston; Imogen and Farfax, Sons of Placidus, A. D. O'Leary and O. R. O'Neill; Rufus, Captain of Banner Guard, F. J. Hogan; Felix, Pope, Jos. O'Dowd; Adrian, Deacon, Jas. Slattery; Trajan, Emperor, Thos. Gleason; Calphurnius, High Priest, P. McGuire; Proculus, Governor of Gaul, Jno. E. Murray; Epicurus, Manager of Baths, A. Gummere; Sinitulus, Military Tribune, Robt. Brown; Hibernian, Master, Jas. Paelan; Stella, Wife of Placidus, G. Gummere; Soldier, Lictors, Etc.
Prof. E. Varney, Instructor.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

FROM THE OLD LAND

A NOTE OF WARNING.

The Cork Herald, in a recent issue, publishes the following letter, which goes to prove that it is now the turn of the United States to receive a set back in its endeavors to attract Irishmen to its shores.

A leading citizen in Cork has received the following letter, and handed it to us:—

Treasury Department,
Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D.C.

April 26, 1897.
My Dear Mr. — During the nine months ending with the close of March, 13,443 immigrants from Ireland arrived in this country, of which 8,223 were females—principally young women. This is a deplorable showing. This constant drain on the best part of the population of our dear old island is very sad, especially at the present juncture, when thousands are stalking through the streets of our cities unable to find work. Can not something be done to warn our people of the poor prospects of employment in this country at the present time?

Why cannot the newspapers be got to speak out on the subject? Something should be done, and done at once, to warn the people of the poor prospects for employment. Perhaps if you could get the "Herald" to notice the matter other papers throughout the country would say something on the subject.—

Very truly yours,

J. D. O'CONNELL.

In commenting on the foregoing letter,

the Cork Herald says:—
A letter has been published from an exiled Corkman in America, who, from his official position and long residence in the States, is fully qualified to speak with authority on the present prospects of emigrants to that country, and the picture he draws of the fate there awaiting them is one, we think, which should bring home to the minds even of the most thoughtless the folly and madness of facing a dark, uncertain and very probably for ninety-nine out of every hundred of them, a disastrous future in a land where the chances of employment are of the slenderest kind. What are the facts? Thousands of people are leaving Ireland every month in the expectation of improving their lot by working for a few months in a country which has long ago ceased to be a profitable field for emigration. In the streets of New York thousands upon thousands of those who went and were disappointed are living the lives of penniless outcasts, unable to get work to do, no matter how capable or willing. The majority of them are Irish—the bone and sinew, the youth and vigour, of the old country, which can ill afford to lose them. It is the same in other cities in the States as it is in New York. The labor market everywhere is overcrowded. The old conditions, when emigration to America meant in most cases a life of comfort, independence, often of comparative prosperity, exists no longer. Those who go there now, if they obtain

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employment at all, drift into the position of mere drudges and slaves, infinitely less agreeable and infinitely less bearable than the worst of which was theirs while at home. It is certainly true that our people should realize the greatness of the risks, the depth and intensity of the disappointment, they must be prepared to meet with if they foolishly continue to act on the belief that America is still the El Dorado it once was. It is a great pity the illusion has survived so long, for it has been the means of depriving our own country of the best elements of its population, without bettering in the least the expatriated ones. The note of warning we publish to-day is only one of many that have come recently. All tell the same sad story; all point to the one conclusion—that emigration not only to America but to Canada and other British colonies is out of the question just now. We hope the warning will have its effect.

DEATH OF LORD JUSTICE BARRY.

The death of the Right Honorable Justice Barry, Lord Justice of Appeal, is announced. The melancholy event took place with painful suddenness at his residence in Dublin. Judge Barry was born at Limerick in 1834, received his academical education at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Irish bar in 1845, was made a Queen's Counsel in 1849, and was the first Crown Prosecutor in Dublin from 1859 to 1865. Mr. Barry was law adviser to the Crown from 1865 to 1869, during which period he represented Dungarven in the House of Commons. He was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1869, and Attorney-General in January, 1870, succeeding, in the latter office, Mr. Sullivan, who had been appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland. In December, 1871, he was appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench in Ireland, in the room of the Right Hon. John George, deceased. In August, 1878, he was nominated a member of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the provisions of the draft Code relating to Indictable Offences. In June, 1883, he accepted the office of Lord Justice of Appeal, vacant by the death of Lord Justice Deasy. Lord Justice Barry was brother to Mr. James Barry, an eminent Limerick solicitor, whose son, Professor R. Brereton Barry, is one of the most prominent practitioners on the Munster circuit.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

The return of the 1st Battalion of the 88th Regiment (Connaught Rangers), after an absence of nearly twenty years from Ireland, is an item of interest to all the members of that celebrated corps. Recently a detachment of one officer, one color sergeant and fifty men left Shelburne to take up quarters at Athlone, which, by a coincidence, was the last Irish station occupied by the 1st Battalion.

THE ARDAGH BURIAL GROUND CLOSED.

A legal order was laid before the Longford Board of Guardians recently, notifying them that the Ardagh burial grounds, owing to over-crowding, had been declared closed for burials.

Mr. Thomas Duff, T.C., said St. Mel was buried in this church yard, and it was strange the Board of Guardians had no control over it. He was informed it was the Church Body who controlled it. He proposed a resolution of protest against the sealed order, as the guardians believed there was sufficient accommodation for the people of Ardagh to be buried in the graveyard.

Mr. Casey seconded the resolution which was unanimously adopted.

The tenants on the estate of Colonel Hatton, situated at Clone, about two miles from Oulart, County Wexford, have just concluded negotiations with the landlord's representatives, by virtue of which the landlord has agreed to sell the tenants their holdings under the Land Purchase Acts. The late Colonel Hatton died within the last twelve months, but previous to his death Messrs. O'Connor & Co., solicitors, had opened negotiations on the part of the tenants. An agreement has since been concluded with the present owner. The gross rental of the estate is £395 15s., and the amount of purchase money will be £7,000, being eighteen years' purchase, which the tenants have agreed to give. Messrs. O'Connor & Co. acted for the tenants, and Mr. Elgee for the landlord.

Some persons have set fire to Bragan mountains, county Monaghan. The mountains were swarming with game of every description, and a large number, chiefly hares and young birds, have been destroyed, being unable to flee from the flames. The fire extended for upwards of five miles, and was so huge that the illumination could be seen for fully twenty miles. For several years past similar outrages have been perpetrated, but the miscreants have never been discovered.

Corporal Hennessey, who was until recently stationed with the York and Lancashire Regiment at Chichester, has just obtained his discharge from the army under somewhat romantic circumstances. A few months ago he went on furlough to Youghal, where he met a wealthy widow who is related by birth to an English earl, and whose daughter married an English peer. The widow fell in love with Corporal Hennessey, and they are now married, the arrangements for Hennessey's discharge being an easy matter, as the lady has an income exceeding £1,000 a year.

NURSING THE SICK.

This is the title of a most valuable and concise treatise on the art of nursing the indisposed. It deals with nursing at home, ventilation of the sick room, bathing the patient, arranging the bed, etc., etc. It also gives several recipes for liquid and solid foods, and tells the kind that can be used for the different diseases. It also enumerates the several diseases in which special nursing is a necessity, and explains in plain words the directions for the performance of these offices. Altogether the book is very handsomely gotten up, and is illustrated with a reproduction from photographs of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Montreal, on the cover, and interior views of the hospital in the body of the book. The publishers, Messrs. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, will gladly mail this book to anyone sending them a one cent stamp.

A Signal Victory.

It is a comparatively easy matter to acquire a local or national reputation, in either the arts or sciences or as a manufacturer, as the press through the daily papers and periodicals very soon brings before the public any new achievements of real interest in the above branches.

It is, however, quite another thing to have one's talents recognized and endorsed in any of the great centres of civilization, and it is a very difficult matter to gain the approbation of the public of one of the European Capitals, especially that of artistic Paris, in either an industrial or artistic enterprise.

A Parisian success is the highest honor one can aspire to; but how low obtain it? We are happy to be able to record at least one Canadian industry which has made its mark in the Parisian world, and established for itself an enviable reputation there.

The following letter from a celebrated Parisian firm, which lately received a piano from the Pratte Piano Co., of Montreal, addressed to a luminary in the musical world, will no doubt be of interest to our readers:

Paris, January 23rd, 1897.

"During the two days that the Pratte piano has been in our ware rooms since its arrival from Montreal, I have shown it to some of the principal Parisian piano manufacturers. They were simply astounded, not only at its magnificent tone and agreeable and responsive touch, but even more so by its careful workmanship, which is carried to the highest point possible to attain to in this branch.

"One of them, who was a member of the jury at the Exposition of 1889, could hardly recover from his astonishment at the fact that there was a factory in Canada capable of turning out an instrument of such excellence.

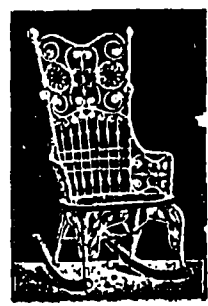
"If Mr. Pratte had been present at the time, hidden in some corner of the warehouse, he would certainly have run away to escape from the flattering remarks and compliments which were showered on him from all quarters.

"I am aware of the interest you take in Mr. Pratte, and am sure that you will be much pleased to hear of the first impression which his piano produced on the French piano manufacturers."

(Sgd.) "J. HERBINGER FILS."

We wish to add our congratulations to those of Mr. Herbinger Fils.

We do not half realize how much the happiness and prosperity of our life depends upon our own effort. We blame our parents, our circumstances, our ill-health, everything but ourselves; yet there is no situation in which we can be placed that we cannot be great in if we make the most and the best of ourselves.



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