

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

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

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Morgan did not suffer much from sea-sickness. He went on deck every day, and used to experience a strange feeling of solemnity as he felt the ship ploughing with a subdued, rushing sound, through the water. How isolated and helpless one feels on the deep! The ship is but a speck on the immense waste of waters which sport with her weakness. A few inches of wood that may be riven by the straining of the vessel, or consumed by fire, is all that intervenes between you and death.

There is sublimity and danger in a squall on the Atlantic. A fitful wind is abroad on squally days. For an hour or more the sky will be clear and the sea smooth. Anon, in the distance, a dark spot will be seen which rapidly grows in size, and quickly develops into a cloud of dark mist. On it will come, seeming to glide phantom-like over the agitated bosom of the waters, and gradually hiding the bright beams of the mid-day sun. Jets of spray and huge billows fleeted with a creamy foam, come dashing madly forward, like savage heralds of the advancing storm-king. The broken waves wash over the decks: the mist envelops the ship, and winds roar hoarsely through the rigging. But the sailors had seen the danger: the sails had been lowered and furled ere the squall struck, and the vessel kept before the wind. Disaster is thus usually averted: but persons unused to such scenes are filled with awe, and feel for knees when relentless Juno obtained from Æolus the release of the winds from their rocky prison-house.

Morgan had witnessed one of these squalls, and wished that Virgil could have seen it, in order that his description of the Trojan hero's perils might have been yet more vivid. But the worst was to come. During the day the wind veered round all the points of the compass, and settled at the northwest. This caused a heavy swell of sea, and when after midnight the gale increased to a hurricane, the gallant ship tossed about as aimlessly as a bubble sporting in a zephyr. Towards midnight the storm reached its height; it was impossible to keep before the wind, for the waves were washing over the deck and drenching the cabin. Sail was furled, and the ship was "hoove to."

Poor Morgan felt slightly sick and somewhat unnerved. He thought it would be a dismal fate to sink, on that wild night, beneath the surging sea, amidst the crash of timbers, the hissing of the waters, and the screams of the passengers: to have all the aspirations of youth rudely buried in the seething waves; to perish on the pitiless ocean so far from home, where loved ones were perhaps wondering where he might be, or perchance offering up a prayer to the Almighty for his safety: to think as life was departing, that no one would be left to tell the story of his fate, or to give to sorrowing friends the mournful satisfaction of knowing how he had died.

These thoughts cursed quickly through his mind, and awoke all the tender affections of his soul. It is in such moments as these that one becomes aware of the real nature of one's love for friends. Morgan was resolved not to die in his stateroom, but to go on deck and be prepared to battle for life, or at least to be able to look up to the sky when sinking. But soon an unaccountable something dispelled all gloomy thoughts; he felt his time had not yet come: he felt that the protection of the immaculate Virgin, under whose patronage he had placed himself, was not withdrawn.

All night the storm raged but gradually decreased towards dawn. The sight presented by the sea at daylight was terrific. No one who has not seen an Atlantic storm can imagine its untamed fury. At one moment the ship would rise on the crest of a towering wave, hundreds of feet above the natural level; next moment it would descend with a giddy whirl into the trough of the sea while the mighty billows rose far above its masts on each side. One would fancy escape impossible; but in a moment the swell of a wave from behind would rise under the vessel's keel, and quickly shoot her aloft on its advancing tide. The water no longer appeared liquid, but seemed to be pressed into a firm substance, and to surge to and fro in solid masses, like great bodies of snow, emitting a hissing sound not unlike the noise of a snow-drift on a rough day in February.

After the storm had subsided a favoring breeze soon waited the ship into the magnificent harbor of Liverpool. Without delay Morgan started by train to London, and quickly passed on to Brussels. Thence he went to Cologne, and up the banks of the Rhine by railway. Arrived at Bale he resolved to pass into Italy by Mount St. Gothard, one of the Alpine range. He crossed the beautiful Lake of Lucerne, which quietly nestles in the bosom of snow-capped Alps, like a lovely child asleep in the arms of a hoary grandparent. At Altorf, a small village, he took the stage-coach, which conveys passengers who desire to ride over these rugged heights up the frowning mountain.

The road is, in great part, cut out of the rock along the edge of the ascent, and runs zig-zag up its almost perpendicular sides. As you ascend it becomes more steep; the path is quite narrow, the outer wheel of the carriage being only a few inches from the brink. The mountain falls down with alarming steepness. Far below rushes a wild torrent, plunging and hissing through its rocky gorge. Jagged rocks and stunted trees offer, here and there, a precarious footing for a daring climber. One slight push over the edge of the road and all would be over in this world. The torrent, thundering so far below, would receive the shattering fragments of what had once been a human body and bear them to the Rhine, and thence to the German Ocean.

The drivers of these conveyances have a sturdy and professional playfulness, not always appreciated by travellers. It is this: when a timid passenger remarks that the wheel is dangerously near the brink, the driver says, "Look here!" and jerks the horses until the wheel grazes

the extreme edge. Your only consolation is the certainty that an upset would involve the death of the coachman and horses, as well as your own.

Along this mountain track traces of human habitations are to be seen. A rude shed supported by a jutting rock, serves the hardy mountaineer for a dwelling; scanty patches of clay amid the clefts of the stone, and table rocks covered with soil carried from far below, afford a little space on which to grow a sparse crop of vegetables. The wild goat, which, by some process known only to itself, ekes out a livelihood on these barren heights, supplies meat and clothing. Blasted trees are good fuel; what more is wanting to those who require no better?

The free air of heaven blows coldly at times, over their exposed brows; the sharp frost pinches their gloveless hands; the wild goat may clude their pursuit,—but what of that? Is there no misery in towns and cities?

The mountaineer is not haunted by the tax-gatherer; he is not dunned by the baker; he is not bullied by the butcher. Freely he climbs his rugged patrimony; sweetly he sleeps in his rude hut; fervently he prays in the little oratory or before a picture of the Madonna set in some rocky recess. If contentment of mind be a true measure of happiness the mountaineer is more blest in this regard than the millionaire.

When Morgan and his companions had arrived at the summit of Mount St. Gothard, a wild and rugged panorama was presented to view. They wore thousands of feet above the level of the sea. The mists were thickened and congealed in the cold upper air. Snow was on the ground; snow was in the air; snow was drifting in eddying whirls down the gorges of the mountain.

The various bald peaks of the Alpine hills looked as cold and cheerless as the broken shafts and draped funeral urns which, unrelieved by the cross or any emblem of hope, may be seen in so many cemeteries. The sublime savagery of un-reclaimed nature stood forth in all its massive strength and beauty. What a puny being man appears when considered side by side with one of these dark, frowning mountains! yet what a noble superiority is his which enables him to triumphantly scale these giddy heights, or to pierce a track through their rocky bowels along which screeching engines may rattle and labor, a fitting heart for such enduring hills.

But even these savage wilds have been warmed and brightened by Catholic charity. Ages ago, ere yet steam and electricity had become the servants of man, and ere an ungrateful world had begun to persecute its benefactors—the religious orders—a community of monks was established on these barren peaks, they employed their time in glorifying God amid these howling solitudes, and in caring for the occasional wayfarer who passed from Switzerland to Italy. We often hear sneers and gibes against these generous men who renouncing all worldly comforts, dedicate themselves to the service of God, and to the care of his suffering creatures. Men who have rancored themselves a forbidden pleasure, or wrought at any useful trade, or assisted a fellow-being in distress, will prate about "lazy monks" and political economy. Unable to appreciate a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, they declaim against it as unmanly. With long drawn faces they will de liberately swindle day after day, falsify bank accounts, impudently cheat without remorse, and then cant and whine at prayer-meetings about the evils of non-resistance. Had such as these ever been exhausted in the dreary waste of Alpine snow and felt the cold shadow of death from frost-bite gradually projected over their bodies, and been roused to consciousness by a huge but gentle dog, tacking the snow from the face, and by a draught of warm wine and milk proffered by one of these abused monks, perhaps even their devilish malice against God's holy ones might be softened. Hundreds, aye, thousands of human beings have been saved from death by those devoted men who left cheerful rooms to wander out into the cold blasts of the Alps in search of lost travellers.

At the old monastery the poor are fed gratis, and ordinary travellers can procure an excellent dinner at a small cost. A fresh pair of horses was procured for the descent towards Italy. The road was cut out of the mountain in a manner similar to that already described. Naturally the descent is more expeditious in the ascent, but it is perhaps more trying to weak nerves. The horses are jerked so often and so sharply around the corners of the zig-zag path, that one begins to fear that they may grow dizzy and fall.

As the coach in which Morgan rode passed near a small hut, a little girl, with all the wild beauty of a mountain sprite, came out and nimbly ran for a distance at its side, holding up for sale a few flowers which she had just culled. They had none of the rich coloring or luxuriant foliage of the flowers which grew in the plains beneath; they were cold and chaste and redolent of the mountain snow.

Towards nightfall Morgan alighted and walked for a short time, whilst the driver was engaged in mending a broken strap. He gazed around on a scene well calculated to inspire awe. Far below him, to the south, stretched the Italian plains, faintly lighted up by the autumn twilight. Lago Maggiore faintly glistened in its caustic recess; the Ticino hopelessly chafed down its gloomy ravine; little streamlets which, through an open valley would have babbled peacefully onward, leaped with a sharp hissing sound from crag to boulder, and frothed and foamed in their puny strength. High above him the grim peak which he had descended stood frowning and stern, despite the glow on its summit which yet caught the sun's expiring beam. It was not unlike a gloomy misanthrope in a well-lighted drawing-room.

Every object around, the heaving crags, the thundering river, the foaming brooks, the irregular mass of unshaken mountain, spoke of strength and greatness.

O God! how little does man's power seem amid the Alpine heights! how great doth thine appear!

At the foot of the mountain Morgan remained all night, and crossed the island-dotted Lago Maggiore in the morning. This is after Lake Como, the most beautiful in Europe. The scenery around its

banks and on its fairy heights is varied and magnificent. From the bold grandeur of the Jura Mountains to the smiling loveliness of the Italian shores, every phase of natural beauty is to be seen.

Morgan landed on the Italian soil, and swiftly sped by train to Milan. The great cathedral was hastily inspected, and on he went to Venice.

The Queen of the Adriatic still attracts the tourist and the lover of art. No adventurous Doge pilots her fleet to distant lands; no martial sailors sweep down the Gulf to bear supplies to an army of Crusaders. The Lion of St. Mark sleeps listlessly at his post; the great square which once resounded with the tread of heroes, now echoes at times the footfalls of solemn revolutionists, who plot, in dark lodges, the downfall of that Church to which Italy owes all its glory. Yet there is a lingering of old-time beauty and majesty and beauty around Venice still; she is a disrowned Queen, but traces of royal greatness remain. The song of the gondolier is still heard on her canals, and the great Church of St. Mark still tells of past glories, and speaks from its every stone a hymn of praise to God.

It was while visiting this cathedral that Morgan met a party who were his fellow travellers afterwards to Rome. Said party consisted of an elderly man and his wife, together with their two daughters and a son. They were from the United States, and were a good specimen of that class of vulgar persons who acquired money during the late Civil War.

Newspaper scriblers would, probably call Mr. Drew a "self-made" man. By this phrase you often find designated creatures who are composed, so to speak of ninety-nine parts beast, and one part man. So that the individual has made money, whether by honest business, or by defrauding the Government, or by cheating the Indians, or by robbing a credulous multitude, he is frequently styled a "self-made" man. A gushing reporter will give a sketch of his life, and propose it as a model to rational beings. Small wonder that dishonesty is rampant when it is fawned upon instead of being denounced.

Mr. Drew had made his "pile" as he called it by supplying bad army-shoes at an enormous price. He was shrewd, ignorant, and unprincipled. His wife was vulgar but good-natured. The daughters had been sent to a boarding school, where they had learned to hammer a little on the piano, and to forget English and to dabble in French and German. To dress extravagantly, to talk about the "beau monde" and to despise all manner of household duties. The son had profited first by the "glorious free schools" to the extent of being able to stammer tolerably well through dime novels, and vicious habits. Then he had been sent to a mushroom university, where he chewed tobacco, swore great oaths, frequented low haunts, and otherwise improved his mind for three years. At the expiration of that period he had done fifty dollars and picked up a parchment dubbing him A. M. The "secular schools" of the United States have produced many such families.

The young ladies had been looking at something which they pronounced "awfully nice," and "fearfully pretty." Desiring to know more about it, they endeavored to ask the custodian its history. Evidently their French was not very strong: "Vous savez le history du cete..." but here the jargon failed. Morgan seeing their difficulty, kindly came to their rescue. Mr. Drew, hearing an English voice, at once introduced himself and party. His appreciation of fine arts and of the grandest monuments of human genius was on a par with that of his countryman "Mark Twain." Doubtless there are some with whom Mark's vulgar attempts at wit in "Innocents Abroad" for being of the purest water; but they belong to the class of Mr. Drew.

"What a tarnation fine shoe-factory this would make! you could put in a couple more lofts; ram your engine in in that nook; cram your leather here; stuff your shoes round there."

"Lawk, Daniel," said Mrs. Drew, you are always thinking of shoes. Me and the girls think it would be just the go for a *suete*," probably soiree.

"Yes, quite *ou fait*," said the elder; words which Morgan at length supposed were intended for *ou fait*.

"What a nice cool place to keep the *vin blanc*," said the younger German being her strong point.

"How that little chan is *skobadling*," said the heir to the house of Drew, as he pointed to an angel.

Poor Morgan felt it useless to point out the beauties of St. Mark's to such uncultured minds. With a keen sense of pity for such animal men of whom the United States can boast thousands, he got out of the church as soon as possible, closely followed by his new found friends. Next morning they started for Rome. Mr. Drew, with easy familiarity, asked Morgan his object in going to the Eternal City. When told it was to fight for the Pope, he "guessed it was *quise* the old fellow could not do his own fighting, and wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about. As many of our readers may wish to know the same thing, we will tell them in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE TROUBLE HAD BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

There is something exhilarating in the motion and clatter of an express train. To be whirled through a lovely country at the rate of fifty miles an hour; to feel the quick rush of a balmy atmosphere fanning one's brow; to catch fleeting glimpses of ruined towers, bold mountain ridges, and glistening lakes; to know that you are fast drawing near to your journey's end,—to experience all this while comfortably seated and under no necessity of driving or guiding, is surely enough to cheer one's spirits. The pulse is quickened, the heart beats in unison with the rattling music of the wheels, and the play of thought keeps time with the rapid change of scene.

It generally were to bring their men to the field of battle on an express-train they would on aughting, make the most gallant charge yet witnessed. This will doubtless, be part of the tactics of the future. The roar of cannon will be drowned in the swelling wave of sound created by the fierce rattle of advancing

wheels, and the cracking of musketry be elided by the shrill whistle of puffing engines. Krupp cannons will be preserved in museums as a monument of a clumsy German invention. Englishmen, will, like their remote ancestors go to war in chariots, but no vulnerable horses shall be yoked thereto. The scythes of early Britons will be succeeded by electric batteries which shall discharge artificial thunderbolts into the midst of a terrified enemy.

In the great battle of the future, by a Catholic British Empire, comprising in addition to the United Kingdoms, America, North and South, Germany, Russia, and India, shall be firmly consolidated, and the Church shall receive her greatest worldly triumph, the English strategist will employ tactics similar to these herein foreshadowed. Some may smile at this fancy, but we believe in a mighty future and an almost universal dominion to be attained by England after her return to the faith of her forefathers. Feelings and thoughts akin to those expressed above were experienced by Morgan, as he sped from Ancona towards Rome.

It was late in November, but the spirit of summer seemed to be still hovering in the air, and warming it with her gentle breath. Summer never dies in Italy; she sleeps for a season whilst the rains descend; but every glancing sunbeam wakes her from her slumber, and she smiles over the valleys in every warm gleam.

The verdure was fresh and green; wild-flowers were growing by the roadside, and many species of vegetables were flourishing in the garden. Morgan accustomed to the cold of a Canadian November, almost fancied that he had fallen asleep somewhere for six months, and that it was now May. For some time he had sat gazing out of the country through which they were passing so rapidly, when Mr. Drew questioned him as to his reasons for going to Rome. Then he wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about.

"It's a long story," said Morgan, "and its primary cause is very remote; possibly it might tire you to hear it related." Mr. Drew protested that he "rather liked a long-spun, hifalutin sort of oration" and would listen with "tarnation pleasure."

Having said this he spat out of the window the jellied products of half a "plug" of Virginia, and as Morgan, who was between him and the window, foreseeing the discharge was about to move, he quietly said, "don't move, I guess I'll clear you," and true to his word shot it fairly over his head out into the harmless air.

Morgan looked aghast at this novel mode by which Mr. Drew avoided disturbing his fellow passengers. That gentleman appeared to enjoy his surprise, and Mrs. Drew laughed until big tears coursed down her flabby cheeks. When she recovered the power of speech she said: "That's nothing that ain't to what I see Daniel doing once at a hotel in Nevada. There was three long fellows from the hills smoking in the bar, and boasting of how truly they could spit and squirt into the spittoon. Daniel he walks in a kind of a careless way and says, 'I ain't much in the smoking line myself but I guess I can spit about as true as any of you.' Then the barkeeper he gets a fly and pins it to the wall. He marks off three yards and tells them to toe the scratch. The man as spits the widest from the fly the most times out of three pays for the drinks says the bar-keeper. One tall mimer spits first and hits the fly twice. The next hits only once. Then comes Daniel's turn; and winking to me (laugh how I laughed) he stepped up to mark and standing with his hands behind his back, he spits three times, quite rapid like and hits the fly every time."

(To be continued.)

This story can be had in book form from J. Murray & Co., Bathmore, or Knowles's book store, Halifax, N.S.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—Consulting, Mich. U.S.A., Feb. 16, 1887. "Was troubled 20 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from either remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 11 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. BEAVER.

Self-respect will not permit a man to boast of his own good deeds, while egotism will not permit him to keep quiet about them.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Glandular swellings in the throat, neuralgia, the rheumatism, gonorrhoea, lumbago, and other diseases affecting the glands, muscles, and nerves of sensation are permanently eradicated by this healing and life-giving and soothing preparation. It is also a perfect remedy for all skin diseases, and every kind of superficial inflammation, which soon lose their angry and painful character under this invaluable Ointment. The Pills have never been administered either by hospital or private practitioner in dyspepsia or liver complaint without producing the desired result.

D. NIGHTINGALE,

Dealer in General Sporting and Athletic Goods, Snow-Shoes, Boxing-Gloves, Fencing Foils, Masks, Single Sticks, Hockey Sticks and Pucks, Bicycles, Belts, Lanterns, etc.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Pool and Billiard Tables.

Improved Billiard Cushions patented Nov. 21, Ivory and Composition Balls, Tips, plain and fancy Cues, Billiard Clobes, etc. Tables altered, repaired and put down, etc. Agents for Canada of The Star Patent, Burlington, Toledo, etc. Just the thing for Clubs and Boys. If you wish the best and where quality is considered the cheapest, get a Star Patent.

1742 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Bell Phone 2331. 211

AGENTS who seek to make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. The World's Sufferers and Co., Windsor, Ont. 18-13

DR. FULTON Cures patients of all Diseases by letter or interview. Enquiry FREE. Piles, Tumors, Glanders, Scrofula, etc. cured without Surgical operations. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Bell Telephone 3351. Residence, 214 St. Catherine street.

THE O'HART 'ESTIMONIAL FUND.

Hon. Edward Murphy..... \$25 00  
A. Brogan..... 1 00  
D. Macdonald..... 1 00  
Subscriptions sent to this office, or to the Hon. Edward Murphy, will be duly acknowledged and remitted to Mr. O'Hart.

The Two Misers.

A miser living in Kufa heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, from whom he might learn much. He forth with journeyed thither and presented himself to the great miser as a humble beginner in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. "Welcome," said the miser of Bassora; "we will straight go into the market to make some purchases." They went to the baker. "Hast thou good bread." "Good, indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter." "Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the man of Kufa, "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we will therefore act more wisely, and more savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter." They then went to the butter merchant and asked him if he had good butter. "Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as is the finest olive oil," was the answer. "Mark this also," said the host to his guest, oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They then went out to the oil vendor. "Have you good oil?" "The very best quality: white and transparent as water," was the reply. "Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa: "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a painful and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you." And, indeed, on their return nothing but water did place before his guest; because he had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread. "God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"—Exchange.

Dr. T. A. Stocum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

It begins to look as though our new gunboats would continue to remain merely pretty.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. People's Popular ONE WAY PARTIES TO THE Pacific Coast. IN TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, FEB 3 & 17, MAR 2, 16 & 30, APR 13 & 27. PARTICULAR ATTENTION paid to applications received by any CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENT. MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES: 266 St. JAMES STREET (corner McGill) and at stations.

BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore. BLOOD. CURES. DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES. BITTERS. BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour. AS THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it: all others are imitations. OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER. Mr. Henry Macomber, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Sustaining, Strength-giving Invigorating. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. IS A PERFECT FOOD FOR Invalids and Convalescents. Supplying all the nutritious properties of PRIME BEEF in an easily-digested form.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S CELEBRATED ALES - AND - PORTERS. Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE". INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER. XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER. If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1165. THE MONTREAL BREWING CO., Brewers and Malsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. DRAWINGS IN FEBRUARY, 1892:—February 3 and 17. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Prize worth \$15,000.00, 1 " " 5,000.00, 2 " " 2,500.00, 2 " " 1,500.00, 2 " " 1,000.00, 5 " " 250.00, 25 " " 50.00, 100 " " 25.00, 200 " " 15.00, 500 " " 10.00. Approximation Prizes: 100 " " 25.00, 100 " " 15.00, 100 " " 10.00, 999 " " 5.00, 999 " " 5.00. 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 31 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO. St. Lawrence Paper Mills, 588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. Manufacturers of and Dealers in Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters. Bleached and Unbleached Manilla. Brown and Gray Wrappings. White and Tinted Flat Writings. Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms, and General Printing Supplies. SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION. TELEPHONE, 2690. P. O. Box, 1133.