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Notes on Temperance.

LIQUOR LAWS.—"There has been introduced in the Texas legislature," says the New Orleans "Times-Democrat," "one of the most radical liquor laws in the Union, placing all manner of restrictions on the saloon business. Strange to say, the law was prepared by the liquor-dealers themselves, and will have their ardent support."

"But little over a year ago a stalwart prohibition movement struck Texas. Nine out of ten counties holding local option elections voted against licensing the sale of liquor. As in Mississippi and other States, the prohibitionists, having carried a majority of the counties, decided to

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Daily Greetings

PEOPLE meet each other at all hours of the day, on the street, in the cars, on shopping, or otherwise, and they seem to find it necessary to add to the passing salute some conventional, and more or less meaningless words. It is a generous and kindly spirit that prompts these greetings, and it shows that there exists a degree of mutual respect. But the cold formality that is so general, and the utter uselessness of the information imparted, make an observer smile. There is always one great and invariable subject upon which all—rich, poor, educated, or illiterate can say a few words—and that is the weather. If it is a very cold day, and you are obliged to bury yourself in your furs (if you have any), it seems almost funny to be told by each one you meet that "it is a cold day." The same in the case of heat, or of rain, or of bright clear weather. You are greeted with a bit of information that is entirely superfluous. But this is not half as bad as to be told that it is "a fine day," when, probably, it is raining, sleeting, freezing, or snowing in a most disagreeable manner. Yet, you are inclined to answer that it is "very fine," while you know perfectly well that neither you nor your friend believes anything of the kind. I merely draw attention to this every-day and every hour occurrence, which has its ludicrous aspect, while it seems so natural; my aim is to show how very meaningless are some of the strange greetings that appear to be of the very essence of modern politeness.

A WELCOME EVENT.—Very welcome is the event, be it what it may, which is of a sufficiently extraordinary character to attract general attention and to consequently furnish every person with a subject for greeting. It may be an eruption of Mount Pelee, or a general election result, or a street car strike, or a big snowstorm, or a breaking up of the ice, or a flood, or a conflagration—no matter what it is, the event furnishes the ordinary citizen with something to say a couple of words about when he meets his neighbor on the street. It seems to me that the coal famine has afforded more topics for passing remarks than any other matter during the past winter. In fact, it was a subject upon which all could speak, all could give expression to opinions, and all could find time to linger for a few extra moments, probably, in the hope of securing some extra information. Every person must have remarked how glad one is to be able to have some item of news to impart to a neighbor. So is it that people are generally radiant when they meet friends, and possess, or think they possess, some surprising word of information to say as a morning greeting. For my own part I always find it a relief when midday comes and I am over the ordeal of telling my acquaintances what kind of weather we are having, and what the latest bulletin contains. After that hour, as a rule, all these morning salutations are over. Still, when evening comes on, and you are returning homeward, you have to go through about the same ordeal. I am not finding fault with this custom—for it has long since become a custom—but there is a certain class of people whom I actually dread to meet. They are not the ordinary business men or the hurried people who rush past you with a word fired sideways as if a hunter were trying to shoot you on the wing. They constitute a very different category of citizens.

THE FUNNY MEN.—Every person has met with at some time in his life, the individual who is always loaded with the "latest joke," or a "good story. It is quite possible that you have heard the same thing several times before, or may have read it in the columns of some publication, but you are obliged to stand and listen to it again, and what is more you must laugh at it, and make believe that it is entirely new to you. This often becomes a veritable annoyance. I had a good old friend some years ago—he has long since gone to his eternal rest—who was an enthusiast on educational matters, and a philanthropist in his own way. He had always something new, fresh, original, instructive to tell you. Were it only for five minutes on the street corner, he would pour out a fund of information that was most delightful. There was only one little drawback in him. He had a funny story to tell by way of illustration. The first time I heard the story it made me laugh, and I thought it exceedingly appropriate and clever. The second time that he told it to me I still found it drole, but it had lost its flavor. But when I discovered that each time I met him, no matter what was the topic of conversation, he always had the same old story to tell, with the exact same introduction, the exact same details, and the exact same concluding laugh. I began to avoid meeting him. In fact, I grew to have a holy horror of that story. One afternoon he came to spend a few hours with me at my house, and I planned up to get over the story as soon as possible. So I made a remark that at once led up to the old story. He told it with all the original gusto of the very first time; and when it was done, we entered into a chat for two hours, and I rarely ever enjoyed anything more than that conversation. I had no dread of the story, for he never told more than once at the same meeting. I frequently thought over this strange peculiarity, and I wondered whether the old gentleman really imagined that he was telling me his story for a first time, or whether he believed that I had forgotten it. At all events this only shows how careful one should be not to contract any such habit. It is much harder to get rid of it than to allow it to take root in your mind.

CONCLUSIONS.—This observation may not be of any great practical utility, and the reader might well say that they contain nothing new. I admit that each one will recognize that I am penning exactly his own ideas and experiences; but the beauty of it is that these very observations are those most likely to provoke reflection. Your knowledge of their truth only makes them the more striking, and, therefore, the more useful. As I am not a professional social reformer I cannot pretend to point out the remedies for these petty defects. The most I can do is to draw attention to them and then leave it to the good sense of my readers to make whatever application they may deem fit. My observations have been going on for years now, and they have covered a very wide range of subjects, and further I go the more subjects I see ahead that I may never have the opportunity of treating. But, in a humble sphere I seek to give the public the benefit of my curbstone observations, and if any good is thereby done, I feel that I do not spend those long hours on the street and in the various by-ways of the city in vain.

pected in violating any statute, his license will be taken away from him, and he will be prohibited from operating a saloon for two years. If he swears falsely, he is in danger of a long term in the penitentiary for perjury."

BLACKLISTING THE DRUNKARD.—"Harper's Weekly" thus refers to the new liquor law in England:—

"American liquor laws either prohibit or restrict rum-selling. Few of them aim at preventing or diminishing drunkenness by punishing the drunkard and depriving him of liquor. Few of them discriminate between qualified drinkers and drinkers who are not qualified. The new British licensing act, which went into operation on Jan. 1, aims to make just that discrimination. Drunkenness heretofore has been comparatively pleasant for the drunkard, and very disagreeable for sober people. This new licensing act is designed to make drunkenness disagreeable to the drunkard. Heretofore it has been the glad and lawful privilege of a British subject to get drunk at any time and anywhere. The police could not touch him unless he was also disorderly. The new act regards drunkenness as itself a form of disorder, and provides that any one found drunk in a public place may be arrested, prosecuted, and punished. Three convictions within twelve months entitle the offender to be rated as an habitual drunkard. The prescribed treatment is to send him to prison for a month, photograph him while there, and to send a copy of his photograph to all the licensed liquor-sellers in his district, with a notice not to give or sell him any liquor for three years. This is called blacklisting the drunkard. If a publican is caught serving liquor to a blacklisted man, it may cost him £10 (\$50) for the first offence, and £20 (\$100) for the next. That tends to make the rum-sellers careful whom they sell liquor to."

Hill of Tara is Sold.

The historic hill of Tara, Ireland, was sold at auction last week and realized the sum of \$18,500. The purchaser was a lady, whose name was not announced.

The hill of Tara is in the County of Meath, near Navan, about four miles from the road running to Dublin. The place consists of nothing but a succession of grass covered mounds, which, however, are associated in the patriotic mind with many of the ancient glories of Ireland. Much of the tradition on which popular sentiment is based concerning Tara is, however, legendary. Moore's poem, a thing of pure imagination or fancy, has built a "hall" on these hills and peopled it with chiefs and ladies bright. Petrie, the Irish archaeologist, has written a notable essay on this subject, in which is brought together a considerable mass of matter dealing with this spot and the traditions concerning it. It is said that it was here that Thea, wife of Heremon, the first Irish king, ordered a palace built for herself. From "Thea" to "Tara" is an easy transition, but this origin of the name is warmly disputed. Ledwith and Pinkerton, eminent archaeologists' flatly deny that there are any architectural remains whatsoever at the place. But Feircearne File, the Irish bard, mentions that a college of sages existed there, and also a parliament hall for all Ireland. The great hall of Tara is described by Eochaidh O'Flinn, a poet of the tenth century. Furthermore, it is noted in an ancient manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, in which it is described as being 900 feet square. It contained 150 apartments, 150 dormitories, and could accommodate 1,000 guests. It contained vast quantities of gold and silver ornaments. The truth of this description is claimed as being attested by the number of gold and silver ornaments excavated in the vicinity. The monarch, with the four minor kings of Leinster, Ulster, Munster and Connaught, sat on an elevated throne in the middle of the hall and thence ruled the National Council, which met at periodical times. The literature on Tara, its origin and its great buildings, is quite voluminous.

WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 788 Lagachoffers (Palace St.) Two Doors West of Beaver Hall, MONTREAL. Will Remove, May 1st, to Birks' building.

Great Men Who Have Been Silent.

A tendency towards extreme taciturnity would appear to be a distinguishing feature of the majority of the world's greatest men. Since the period of Julius Caesar, who was reputed to be the most silent man of his time, genius has nearly always been accompanied by briefness of speech, as witness the following notable examples of taciturn celebrities:—

Count Von Moltke, the famous German commander, was hardly known to open his lips save when absolute necessity demanded the effort. The Duke of Wellington was similarly silent. Napoleon rarely spoke when he could avoid the process, nor did Blucher, his great opponent, gain a reputation for loquacity, he also being an unusually quiet soldier. In the arena of statecraft a similar state of affairs would seem to prevail. Lord Palmerston, the famous Premier, was silent as the proverbial fish. "Dizzy" was only talkative when thundering forth his eloquence in the Senate. Coming to the world of science and discovery we find that Sir Isaac Newton rarely spoke save to answer a question; that Leibnitz was equally reticent; that Galvani was known to pass many days without uttering more than a few syllables; and that Ampere, the famous French electrician, spoke so rarely that his servants would chronicle the fact when it occurred. Authors are rarely great talkers, but few writing men have carried the art of reticence to such a height as did Honore de Balzac, the great French romancier. Unless he chanced to be in congenial society he would not utter a single word beyond the ordinary phrases demanded by etiquette, and whilst engaged in typing out a new work he would often pass several days talking to no one but himself.

Mozart was sparing in his speech, Beethoven was likewise reticent, and it is related of Frederick Chopin that he loved silence better even than music. Rossini, Gluck and Handel were loquacious talkers, but Wagner, whom some critics place above these masters, was silent to the point of dumbness, save when discussing musical matters. Among members of the histrionic profession it is rare to encounter taciturn people, but one notable example of a great actor whose powers of speech were almost limited to the stage is furnished by W. C. Macready, the celebrated tragedian, whose reticence was a byword in the theatrical society of the day. Macready was distinguished by a curious abruptness of manner and converse; and in many quarters he was known as the "Silent Tragedian."

In the world of medicine greatness is frequently accompanied by non-talkative habits. Witness the case of the famous Dr. Abernethy, who rarely spoke more than a half-a-dozen words during an interview with a patient, whilst on occasions he would come and go without uttering a single syllable. The late M. Pasteur was also an exceedingly quiet individual, as was the great French surgeon Nelaton. The latter when visiting a patient rarely opened his mouth save to utter the word "Mieux" (better). If the patient were worse he said nothing at all. The late Lord Tennyson was a singularly reticent man, and in this respect he was matched by his brilliant contemporary, Thomas Carlyle. It is related that on a certain occasion the Sage of Chelsea paid a visit to the Poet Laureate and remained with him several hours. Throughout the visit both of them smoked incessantly, but no word was spoken, until Tennyson remarked, in his deep, thrilling voice, "Pass the matches, please!" Sober afterwards Carlyle took his leave, remarking as he went that he had enjoyed his time immensely. Doubtless there is a touch of exaggeration in this story; but the fact remains that both poet and philosopher were among the most silent of the world's great men.

The Stage Irishman.

In the treatment he receives from authors and actors, caricaturists and paragraphers the Irishman is the most maligned individual in the community. It makes no difference that there are a million of them here in the United States, and perhaps a half million in New York; no one seems to notice the variety which they display. Upon the vaudeville stage he is red-headed, fat-nosed, large-mouthed, awkward and ignorant. He em-

plays a hideous brogue and invariably uses bad grammar.

I have been playing Irish characters for many years, and am of Irish blood myself. I know "Pat" at home and abroad, and yet, much as it may astonish the reader, I never yet met an Irishman such as is presented before the variety foot-lights or in our so-called humorous papers. The trouble is that people have fads and theories, and after these are once started the facts are of no importance. If the latter agree with the theory, well and good; if they do not, so much the worse for the facts.—Edward Harrigan.

Bigotry in Scottish Infirmaries

Father Matthew Power, S.J., of Edinburgh, has done Catholicity a good service, says the London "University," by drawing attention to the fact that if an applicant for the position of nurse in the Edinburgh Infirmary has every qualification for that post, but belongs to the Catholic faith she will not be accepted. The "Hospital" denies Father Power's assertions, and says that Miss Spencer imposes no religious tests. Father Power returns to the charge in the Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch," and proves his contention up to the hilt, and gives three instances where competent nurses were rejected by Miss Spencer merely on account of their religion. More than that, out of the whole staff of nurses there was only one Catholic, and Father Power hints that she did not remain long after her Catholicity was discovered. Of course, the bigoted deny that religion has anything to do with the question. Still, it is a strange fact that the Catholic nurse is an almost unknown quantity in all our non-sectarian institutions. Indeed, in Glasgow, a number of years ago, an agitation was started by the extreme section of Protestantism with the object of excluding the Catholic women who washed out the wards. There seems room for a branch of the Catholic Democratic League in the large centres of industry in Scotland.

SAFETY FOR LITTLE ONES.

Mothers Should Exercise Great Care in Choosing Medicine for Children.

Every little one needs a medicine at some time, and mothers cannot be too careful in making a selection. The so-called "soothing" preparations, invariably contain opiates and other harmful drugs, which stupefy the little one, and pave the way to a constant necessity for the use of narcotic drugs. Undoubtedly the very best, and the very safest medicine for little ones is Baby's Own Tablets. They are mildly laxative and gentle in their action, and cure all stomach and bowel troubles, relieve simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Where these Tablets are used, little ones sleep naturally, because the causes of irritation and sleeplessness are removed in a natural way. Experienced mothers all praise this medicine. Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I have ever used for children of all ages. They are truly a blessing to baby and mother's friend."

These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given to a new-born babe. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid, at 25c a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MORTUARY STATISTICS.

The fifteen principal causes of death, with the rate per 100,000, as made public by the American Census Bureau, are as follows: Pneumonia, 191.9; consumption, 191.5; heart disease, 134; diarrhoeal diseases, 85.1; kidney diseases, 88.7; apoplexy, 66.6; cancer, 60; old age, 54; bronchitis, 48.3; cholera infantum, 47.8; debility, 45.5; inflammation of brain and meninges, 41.8; diphtheria, 34.4; typhoid, 33.8; and premature birth, 33.7. Death from all principal causes shows a decrease since 1890, the most notable being consumption, which shows a decrease of 54.9 per 100,000.

Death of a Catholic Leader.

Mgr. Schaepman, D.D., the leader of the Dutch Catholics, who was stricken down by illness during a visit to Rome, died on Wednesday, the 21st Jan., at a Franciscan Convent in the Eternal City. The Holy Father sent his own physician to consult with Mgr. Schaepman's doctor, and His Holiness made frequent inquiries as to the patient's condition. Though the case was considered dangerous from the first, hopes were entertained that the distinguished sufferer would recover; but the heart being affected, he sank rapidly at the end. His last words were "Jesu veni," and a prayer for the Holy Father. His fellow-countryman, M. Moritz von Vollenhoven, Father Hongreth, M. Plan, and a representative of the journal "Het Centrum," which he founded, were at his bedside when he passed away. By his death the political and literary world of Holland in general, and the Catholic Church in Holland in particular, have sustained a great loss. Born in March, 1844, at Tubbergen, where his father was burgomaster, he entered the priesthood in 1867, and in October, 1868, started for Rome, where the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him. After his return to Holland, in 1870, he was appointed professor of ecclesiastical history at the Seminary of Rysenburg. In 1880 the constituency of Breda, in Catholic Brabant, sent him to The Hague as a member of the Second Chamber of the States General. Here he soon gained influence. The breadth of his views, his practical knowledge of current national affairs, and his urbanity of manner procured him many admirers. But he was in advance of many of his friends, and for a time there was much estrangement and friction between him and the leaders of his own party. Later he became the recognized leader of the whole Catholic party. As such he strongly advocated the rapprochement with the Kuyper party, which ultimately resulted in the downfall of the Liberal Pierson Cabinet and in the advent of the present Coalition Ministry. Dr. Schaepman was offered a portfolio in it, but declined, chiefly on account of failing health. Dr. A. Kuyper, however, has remained one of his staunchest friends up to the last. The deceased was an accomplished orator, and many of his poems have become very popular, both in the Northern and in the Southern Netherlands. He spoke fluently German, French, and Italian as well as Dutch. When the last German Catholic Congress was held at Cologne his was one of the most impressive speeches addressed to those present. He spoke enthusiastically of the progress the Catholic Church had made in Holland, and of the freedom it enjoyed. Catholics, he said, made headway in every rank of life, and the fullest liberty was given to every religious Order. To the progress that has been made his policy contributed largely.—Catholic Times.

A New Observatory.

While the unthinking world is harping on that old and worn-out anti-clerical chord and condemning religious orders as the survivals of medievalism, we find the members of these same orders sending forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, not only missionaries of Christ's Truth, but also pioneers of science and profane knowledge. A small, but very significant item, of news comes to us from New York; it needs no comment, it is a whole volume in itself. It reads:—"Father Edmund Goetz, S.J., a famous South African astronomer, who has spent the last fourteen months conferring with American scientists, has sailed for France. He will go directly to Paris, where he will procure the astronomical, magnetic and meteorological instruments with which to begin the work in the first reliable observatory ever established in South Africa. It will be located at Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa."

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.

Here thou art but a stranger travelling to thy country, where the glories of a kingdom are prepared for thee; it is therefore a huge folly to be much afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.