

THE MEN OF '98.

Continued from Second Page.

He asked for and obtained the ministrations of a priest, thanking God that he had ample time for preparation and would die in his full senses. On the morning of October 19th, as he sat at breakfast in the cell of Oliver Bond, another of the United Irishmen, who died in prison, under sentence of death, he was called to the door by the gaoler. As Mrs. Bond and a friend were present, Byrnes apologized to the ladies for having to leave them. Bond asked if he would be back. He answered "we shall meet again" and went forth to almost immediate execution. "An elegant young man," cries James Hope, "and went to his death as another might to a pleasure party. This James Hope is himself a quaint but most interesting figure. He was a Belfast weaver, a staunch, sturdy, uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty. He was trusted by both Northern and Southern leaders and was one who could be always relied upon in an emergency. Though a Presbyterian, he has thus verified his own liberal sentiments:

"I wish to leave my neighbor's creed alone. And find it quite enough to mind my own."

If "Honest Jemmy's" view had been general at that period many a dark deed had remained undone.

Bagenal Harvey.

It was a strange fate that placed a genial, lovable Protestant magistrate, of high social standing and wealth, at the head of an insurgent army, and that the most Catholic detachment of the insurrectionary force, that of Wexford, Poon Harvey had neither the military acquirements, nor the experience to fill the office of generalissimo, and he had fallen under the ban of Government chiefly through his humane efforts to give justice to persons accused or even to temper justice with mercy. He had been, from the first, outspoken in condemning the Government policy, which was driving the country into revolt, but he had no idea of rebellion until he was arrested, stripped of his goods and thrust into prison. Thence he was released by the victors of Ennisecorby, and was made their leader in the glorious defeat of Vinegar Hill.

Sir Josiah Barrington tells of a dinner party, given by Harvey, who was the original of Bagenal Daly, in Lever's delightful novel of 'The Knight of Gwynn,' at which so disloyal were the utterances that Barrington felt called upon to remonstrate, predicting what actually happened. Of the light-hearted and witty company assembled at Burg Castle, five had been within two short months executed. These were Captain Keogh, a fearless and patriotic Catholic gentleman of high principles, one of the ablest of the early organizers of the insurrection, Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, a venerable man of large property, John Coldough, of Tintern, who was likewise a Catholic, his brother and Bagenal Beauchamp Harvey.

The Fate of the Sheares Brothers.

has been often told in song and story, Henry, handsome, polished, and, despite his republicanism, a lover of the purple and fine linen of life. He had early incurred the hatred of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, by marrying a lady who had just rejected the future Lord Chancellor, and this hatred hounded him to his death. John, more sincerely democratic, an impassioned enthusiast of more force and dignity of character than his brother, romantically devoted to Maria Steele, who ranks with Sarah Curran amongst the ill-fated heroines of the time. The brothers, who were united by an extraordinary attachment, were executed together.

A Most Adventurous Career.

was that of WILLIAM CORBETT, entered in the archives of the French War Department as 'Maréchal de Camp, general commander of the Legion of Honor, Knight of St. Louis, of the Grecian Order of the Saviour.' His life is a romance. He escaped from Ireland, after the ill-starred expedition of Hoche had failed, to Norway, with Blackwell, another of the United Irishmen, and Napper Tandy, where he was imprisoned all winter in a dungeon full of untold horrors. His treatment during his detention there and his efforts to escape, always frustrated at the eleventh hour, are marvellous, as was likewise his escape from Kilmalsham jail, where he was next taken. Thence, after a variety of adventures, he re-embarked for the Continent, boldly asking a passport from the Foreign Office, as a trader going to Embden. He joined the Irish Legion, passing thence into a French regiment of the line, taking part in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and being made Chef de Battalion at Salamanca. He fought in all the battles of the Peninsular campaign, as well as in those of the Netherlands, serving on Marmont's staff. In 1814 he was made a colonel by Napoleon, and after the restoration, Chief of Staff to the Duke d'Angoulême. In 1822 he went as staff officer with Marshal Maison in the expedition to Greece. He became Governor of Messina and was presented with a sword of honor and a flattering address from the Primate of Greece on leaving that country. In 1831 he was made Major-General, and finally Field-Marshal. He died at St. Denis in 1842, at an advanced age.

Henry Jay McCracken.

Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North, was, from a military point of view, amongst the ablest of the Confederate leaders. His plans were so carefully laid, his attacks bold and decisive, his manoeuvres so exceedingly clever, being "an overmatch in cunning for all the intrigues of the English."

He was arrested while crossing the border at Carrick-Fergus, and whilst in jail was offered life on the usual condition of disclosure.

"I wonder," he said, smilingly, "how Major Fox could have believed me such a traitor."

Major Fox was the chief official of the prison. After his trial it was suggested

to him that the witnesses had perjured themselves. He answered that was true, but that the truth would have served the same purpose. He was brought to execution at the Old Market House in Belfast, the ground for which his great grandfather had given to the city. He died calmly and courageously, amid the universal sorrow of his fellow citizens, amongst whom he had held so honorable a position.

Thomas Russell.

ranked with T. A. Emmet and Fitzgerald in the important part which he played in the organization of the United Irishmen and in every movement towards its liberation. "I will join any body of men who are in arms for the cause of Ireland," he cried from the place of concealment where he lay, his life being already forfeit to the Crown.

"Had I a thousand lives," he cried again, in dying, "I would give them in the service of the Irish."

And at the time of his arrest: "Until the last moment of my liberty I thought not of myself, acted not for myself, but for my country."

Such were the sentiments of that singularly handsome, singularly winning soldier, who had served with distinction in India in the British army, wherein his father and brother held high rank.

Russell was remarkable not less for personal attractions than for distinction of manner and a rare sweetness of voice, having, moreover, an unusual power of winning love and esteem. "Dear Tom Russell," cries Tone, afar off in France, and the epithet was repeated by many a heart in Dublin or Belfast.

He was deeply in love with the beautiful Bess Goddard, of Newry, to whom he wrote verses, and when she married another he transferred his affections to Miss Simms, sister of a political associate. But the dark doom which had already fallen on Ireland's best and brightest was impending over Russell. Neither his high social station, the services of his father and brother nor the good offices of influential friends availed to save one who had given himself without reserve to the cause of liberty. On his trial he made an affecting appeal, not for himself, but for the poor, the lowly, the dependent, begging the lords and gentry to inquire into their grievances, to alleviate their miseries, to promote their welfare. He was attended in his last hour by a clergyman of the Anglican denomination, and died with true courage and manliness.

Foremost amongst the earliest of the United Irishmen was the wise, the statesmanlike, the patriotic

Thomas Addis Emmet.

the brother of Robert. His early imprisonment in Newgate and Fort George and enforced departure for America, deprived Ireland at this critical moment of one of the ablest of her sons—one who was possessed of the very qualities of coolness, foresight, calmness and discrimination too often lacking. His legal attainments, lofty intellect, polished manners and deep erudition, speedily gave him high rank at the bar of New York whilst his generous warmth of heart and breadth of mind secured for him many friends. He lies buried in St. Paul's churchyard, on lower Broadway, from which busy thoroughfare men may turn aside to read the flattering memorial tablet placed over the Irish exile by the chief lights of the metropolitan bar.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

of whom Lord Cloncurry remarks "that if knight errantry remained in our modern times it was in his person. He is pictured as "a gigantic old man, in old fashioned dress, accompanied by two of the last of the race of wolf-dogs." But this was after the period when his splendid youthful proportions were admired by Marie Antoinette, and when he threw himself with the fiery ardor of his twenty-three years into the cause of the people. After years of exile, struggle and privation in America he was permitted to return and end his life as a country gentleman. He is of the family of Lady Dufferin, and therefore of two fold interest to Irish Canadians.

William Putnam McCabe.

a Protean hero, who assumed innumerable disguises, now a preacher enticing recruits, now a wealthy merchant, travelling in a stage coach with men whom he had formerly known, unrecognized; now an English recruiting sergeant, entering the court and obtaining leave from the judge to press the King's shilling into the hands of a State prisoner, and so procuring his release; now a Scotch weaver, enlisted the sympathy of his compatriots amongst the officials of the jail, till a petition was signed for his release.

William James MacNeven.

a Catholic gentleman, who studied medicine under his uncle, Baron MacNeven, court physician to Maria Theresa, returned to Ireland, was amongst the first and ablest leaders in the rebellion, imprisoned in Newgate and Fort George, emigrated to America, where he lies buried on the shores of Bowery Bay.

To be remembered, too, are: SAMUEL NEILS N. bravest of the brave; WILLIAM ORR, of Fernanahane, the first to die under the Bill making it high treason to enrol men in the United Irishmen; Tony McCann, of Dundalk, the original Exile of Erin, who, being met one day upon the Strand at Hamburg by the poet Campbell, enjoyed this unique distinction; WILLIAM SAMPSON, BENJAMIN PEMBERTON BINNS, HUGH WILSON, EDWARD SHEEHY, JAMES FARRELL, FELIX ROURKE, HENRY MONROE, of Lisburn, a Northern leader and brother to the heroic Margaret Monroe, who was so devoted to the cause that when she saw her brother upon the gibbet, she cried out: "Aye, Harry, lad, I'm proud to see you there."

JOHN ATLEN, who, having served in the French army and gained the rank of Colonel, was demanded by the English Government on the fall of Napoleon. Gens d'Armes brought him to the frontier where he was to be given up. They caused the Mayor of the town to lock him up in a room, asking only the privilege of supping with him the last night. As they bade the prisoner good night, they said: "Monsieur le Colonel, you are in a strong room, only one of the

window bars is loose; we trust you will not attempt to escape." Monsieur le Colonel was in the street an hour after and lived to a good old age in Normandy. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, nephew of Lord Longueville, one of the founders of the United Irishmen, who took a prominent part in the negotiations with France, and his singular brother Roger, half highwayman, half patriot, half soldier.

The Irish Bob Boy.

Michael O'Dwyer, the outlaw, who lived in the fastnesses of the Wicklow hills, in subterranean retreats, a wild and adventurous career, keeping up his warfare against the Government long after the cessation of hostilities, and arrested at last, ended his days in the penal settlement of New South Wales.

The life of each one of these undaunted patriots, whom the exigencies of the times brought into existence at the end of the last century, is worthy of study, so replete is it with interest, with varied and thrilling adventures. Nobly did those men serve their country, giving the best that they had and deeming it all too little in her service. Their failure was almost inevitable, yet was their struggle glorious, and rendered possible the mighty awakening of the people under the great enchanter, O'Connell, the uncrowned king. He taught them the value of moral force where physical force could not avail, and this moral force is still at work in this present day. When it is concentrated by union it must succeed, and its champions shall wear the laurels denied to those fearless and selfless and heroic souls, who braved even unsuccess and the stigma of fophardness in their country's cause.

CATHOLIC CELT IN CANADA.

Striking Instances of the Achievements of Irish Pioneers.

Interesting Notes of Progress in Leading Centres—The Sturdy Faith of a Corkonian—Catholic Institutions in Ontario and Quebec.

[SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS]

DESPITE the fascinations of home life and the advantage of living in the charm of friendly circles, there is a desire in every human breast at one time or another to taste the pleasures of the outside world and to see what is going on abroad. Nor is it strange that this should be so, for the mind loves variety and change, and it is hardly ever content with present actual conditions. This is the natural fruit of the spirit of discontent that belongs to human nature and which constantly urges mankind to seek something better than what is already possessed. When home comforts grow faint we are apt to imagine that we can restore the lost delights by going away to new places and new scenes, and whether the thought is a delusion or a solid fact, it affords ease to the mind, because it points to a possible remedy for what we may find distasteful in our present circumstances. Apart, however, from other things, travelling is very useful in itself, if we regard it as a means of acquiring practical knowledge. It has, among other results, a corrective and sobering effect upon individuals who happen to over-estimate their own importance, for no matter what deference may be paid to pretended celebrities at home, such persons are seldom known outside their own immediate neighborhoods; consequently they can expect no notice from the busy, selfish world around them. This was the bitter experience of an inflated personage who once upon a time hoped to impress strangers with an idea of his self-importance.

He had not gone very far away when he had occasion to call upon a non-acquaintance, and was met at the door by a little maiden of six or seven years, who enquired what was his business with her papa, and if he had come of his own accord or if anybody had sent him? Not to have been known was bad enough, but it must have been doubly mortifying to be put under cross-examination by the inquisitive little girl. This rebuke was equalled, perhaps, by that given to another traveller of high self-esteem, who sought entrance to a family circle, but was foiled in his purpose. The bright-witted Irish girl who answered his call told him that the master was out. He then enquired for the mistress. "She was also out." The would-be visitor was willing to await their return and would sit by the fire meanwhile. The maiden again replied that the fire was out, too. The cool reception no doubt seemed to abate the exuberant feelings of the disappointed gentleman, who had newly started out on his journey of life and had not learned the unpleasantness of rubbing against its rough edges.

EARLY SET BACKS.

o' this sort would not trouble an experienced man of the world, for he would know from practical tuition that people nowadays are too much concerned about their own affairs to bestow attention upon that of others.

While the children of Adam belong to a common parentage it must be admitted that their interests stand wide apart, and that the keen conflict of every-day life engages one's time and thoughts so completely that hardly a glance is given to the things that concern our neighbor. This seeming spirit of hardened selfishness is the impression we get by looking at the world in its general business side, but if rightly looked into the softer and kinder side appears in its moral and Christian aspect, for we are aware that the world is full of devoted religious men and women who give

their very lives in sacrifice for the well-being of others. And even in the hurry and turmoil of worldly matters one can find a deeper feeling of human sympathy than what appears on the surface. But it needs the presence of sympathetic sentiment in ourselves before we can hope to reach the corresponding quality in our neighbor. It is a fact in nature that some species of bees can gather honey from flowers which yield only poison to another class of insects.

To the itinerant who views the world in its broad, practical aspects, the fact which strikes him most is the close resemblance that one part bears to another; "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin." This resemblance refers not only to the different parts of a country, but to diverse countries as well. When we come into contact with peoples of foreign tongue and race we may seem mystified for a time and think that nature's mould has fashioned different beings from ourselves; when we look below the surface we discover that the underlying principles are the same. Racial habits and customs may differ, but the things that please and displease; the pleasures and pains that affect one portion of humanity are apt to influence every portion of it. As we push on through the world we find almost the same identical struggle for existence among the masses everywhere. Perhaps the same faults and follies, the same strivings for preferment in the battle of life and in the feverish haste to acquire wealth and notoriety. On this side of the subject differences or mere contrasts exist between some countries and peoples. In Canada, for instance, one does not find the people rushing so eagerly after gold as they do in the United States. While the steady pursuit of industry is a marked feature in Canadian life it is not disguised by the mad rush for money that we notice in the great centres of commerce in the American Republic. We are here speaking in general terms, and ignoring the crowds who have lately rushed headlong to the Klondyke.

As we kept on our way through the various districts it was agreeable to notice the thriving settlements in the great provinces of Ontario and Quebec, chiefly settled by

THE HARDY SONS OF IRELAND.

who in numerous cases faced the hardships of clearing the forests, and who have succeeded in establishing for themselves comfortable homes, and all the accessories that go to make prosperous communities, as well as virtuous and religious peoples. When the mental vision looks backwards for a period of say fifty years and sees in imagination bush and tracts of wild lands, where to-day stand growing towns and cities, the mind begins to conceive how much this Dominion owes to its Irish and Irish-Canadian citizens, and especially to the faithful children of St. Patrick who have toiled in their sweat to advance the cause of true faith and morality, and that in the face of difficulties and heavy odds against them. During my visit to centres in Ontario I learned from the descendants of worthy Catholic pioneers that half a dozen staunch Irishmen often laid the foundations of congregations which are now counted by the thousands, and who own fine church property, convents, separate schools and the various temperance and religious societies which aid the good pastors in their works of mercy and education, and in the spread of the saving faith. The evidence of this beneficent work was so marked in some of the places I visited that it caused me to linger in the localities and leave them with regret.

TORONTO'S PROGRESS.

Of the many industrial centres in the province wherein Catholicity has made rapid progress it is fitting that Toronto should be especially noticed, for in that thriving city the Irish-Catholic population has progressed wonderfully within the past ten years. To prove the truth of this assertion it is enough to take a proper estimate of the members and wealth of the Cathedral parish. I think it counts between 5,000 and 6,000 souls; then let the colleges, convents, schools, institutes, hospitals and charitable institutions and societies connected with it be estimated at their full value, and then an idea of the progress and importance of this one parish may be gained. Let, then, St. Mary's St. Paul's St. Basil's, St. Helens, St. Joseph's, and the parishes in the suburbs be passed in review, and the good work they have severally done, and are doing, be summed up, and the total will gratify the heart of any Christian thinker who justly reckons the moral power of the spread of true faith and sound Catholic education. Among the great institutions in Archbishop Walsh's archiepiscopal city of which every Catholic and every citizen should be proud, may be mentioned St. Michael's College, the Loretto Abbey, the House of Providence, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Joseph's Convent, the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Nicholas' Home, those of Sunnyside and Blantyre Park. These are not all, nor nearly all, but they are the prominent ones I now recall.

On my flight eastward I located

AT PETERBOROUGH.

for a brief term, and while that progressive town has not yet reached city rank, it is, nevertheless, a Catholic centre of great importance, as being the seat of the Rt. Rev. Dr. R. A. O'Connor, the distinguished Bishop of the diocese, within the limits of whose see evident signs of Catholic progress are everywhere met with. The cathedral parish alone has a well-to-do congregation of over three thousand souls; nor is this a fixed quantity, for the Catholic faith is deeply rooted in Peterborough, and the prolific qualities of the Irish Catholic race are proverbial the world over.

St. Joseph's Hospital, in Ashburnham, just across the Otonabee river, is an institution of widespread benevolence and Christian charity. It offers its services to deserving sufferers of all creeds and classes without question. Mgr. O'Connor's convents, separate schools, and benevolent and literary institutions are of a high order of merit, and their good influences are being constantly ex-

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tended and strengthened. In a comparatively new diocese like Dr. O'Connor's, a great deal of constructive work has to be done, but its vigilant head is a zealous churchman and an able administrator to boot.

From Peterborough I visited many of the outlying parishes, so as to get a correct knowledge of their religious and educational status. No matter where I went the Irish Catholic element was in evidence, and the reverend pastors with whom I sojourned spoke feelingly of the fidelity that marked the character of the faithful Celtic race in their obedience to the precepts of the Church, as well as in their apostolic desire to help the priest to scatter the seeds of the true faith in thinly settled districts that could not yet muster enough heads to form a parish.

AN IRISH PIONEER.

A typical instance came under my notice in the person of the late Mr. Blute, of Lennox, near Napanee. When the aged patriarch went to his grave he was ninety-four years old, and he left behind him children and grandchildren who inherited his faith and his moral virtues, and who will transmit the same in enlarged circles to future generations. The venerable pioneer came from County Cork, Ireland, in the remote days when Catholics were scarce in Ontario and the difficulties were many that beset the path of the few who attempted to foster the principles of the Catholic religion. When the few pioneers who outlived Mr. Blute gathered around his coffin they lovingly recalled his nobility of character and related how he gathered the faithful of the neighborhood under his own humble roof in order that the missionary priest from a distance might celebrate Mass and break the Bread of Life to them. This practice continued for fifteen years until the little flock increased far enough to justify them in building a church and calling for more frequent service from their devoted priest. Many other cases could be cited in which the Irish Celtic played a conspicuous part in laying the foundations of remote hamlets which have since grown to live towns wherein Catholics prospered, but the one above mentioned is very typical, and the venerable man was called to his eternal reward at the time I happened to be staying in that part of the country.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

In pushing on to Ottawa I was at once duly impressed with the prestige of the Dominion Capital, as well as with the rapid growth and advance the city has made within the last ten or fifteen years. While I visited all the principal churches I preferred to sit in St. Patrick's, where the popular and well-known Rev. Father Whelan and his able assistant, Rev. Dr. McNally, newly from his studies and ordination in Rome, minister to the needs of a very large and representative Irish Catholic congregation. This populous and prosperous parish is recognized as the typical centre of the children of St. Patrick, and under the sway of such a powerful pastor it is no wonder that it is prominent and progressive. Grouped around it is the handsome rectory building, St. Patrick's Asylum, the Lyceum, the Girls' Schools under the charge of the Sisters, and the splendid separate schools for boys, under the able and accomplished Principal, Mr. Thomas Swift, and his five or six expert female teachers.

Continued on seventh page.

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