

Wanted, a Male Teacher for the R.C. Separate School of the Village of Bonaventure...

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal.

For Sale. PLANING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY...

ESTABLISHED 1864. W. P. NOLAN & CO., PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS...

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1875.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.

JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

MR. JOHN DUBOIS. DEAR SIR—The Cooking Range which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction...

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET.

CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty.

OWEN MCGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. Price \$35 with attachments.

THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE. Is unequalled in light running, beauty & strength...

J. D. LAWLOR, Manufacturer, AGENT FOR New York and Paris Fashion Co's "Recherche" Paper Patterns.

PATENTS. Obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trademarks and labels...

Patents. Address: LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL JOBBER, NEATLY EXECUTED AT OFFICE OF THE "EVENING POST."

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, ETC. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England.

PRIZES RECEIVED: LONDON 1871, PHILADELPHIA 1876—FIRST PRIZE.

The MIC-MAC REMEDY. A SPECIFIC FOR SMALL-POX.

DEAR SIR—I telegraphed for a package of your Small-Pox Remedy on last Monday, which I received the following day...

THE REMEDIES OF J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D.

The business that in connection with prepared prescriptions approaches more closely to a manufacturing pursuit...

Dr. Coderre's Expecto-rating Syrup. For the last thirty years the Expecto-rating Syrup has been known and used with never-failing results...

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup. Can be given with impunity to infants in cases of Cough, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, Inability to Sleep, Coughs, Colic, &c.

Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elix-ir. Is especially adapted for women requiring the use of tonics and alterant agents.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, Tonic Elix-ir, Expecto-rating Syrup. We, the undersigned Physicians, after carefully examining the above Proprietary Remedies...

E. H. TRUDEL, M.D., Professor of Midwifery. HECTOR PELTIER, M.D., Professor of Institutes of Med.

P. A. C. MUNRO, M.D., Professor of Surgery. THOS. D'ODET DUBOIS, M.D., Professor of Chemistry & Pharmacy.

J. P. ROTYOT, M.D., Professor of Theoretical and Practical Med. J. G. BIBAUD, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.

A. T. BROSSEAU, M.D., Professor of Botany.

For sale by all the principal Druggists in the Dominion at the following prices: DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP, 25c per bot.

DR. CODERRE'S TONIC ELIXIR, 50c per bot. DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP, 25c per bot.

Prepared by J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Victoria College, Montreal.

321 DORCHESTER COR. ST. DENIS STREETS. WHOLESALE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION. B. E. MCGALE, Chemist, 301 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Montreal.

THE "EVENING POST" OFFICE. JOB PRINTING. Circulars, Bill Heads.

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY.

GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor...

More Sleepless Nights. BY USING HAWKES' HYPNOTIC. Price 50 Cents per Bottle.

Sample Bottles, 15 cents each. October 18.

STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON!

We are determined to CLEAR OUT our entire stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE AT THOMAS BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill streets.

The best and most reliable place to get cheap, stylish and sensible Hats.

Come and see my DOLLAR HAT. Pairs at wholesale prices.

Alterations and repairs in Hats thoroughly and promptly executed.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN A. RAFTER & CO., 450 Notre Dame Street.

The stock of DRY GOODS held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap goods...

Table Linen Department. Canton Flannels, 10c, 12c, 14c, 16c, 18c, 20c, 22c, 24c, 26c, 28c, 30c, 32c, 34c, 36c, 38c, 40c, 42c, 44c, 46c, 48c, 50c.

White and Grey Cottons. Horrocks White Cottons—full stock. Water Twist White Cottons—price from 5c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Children's Carriages. A large Stock just received. To be sold cheap.

MEILLEUR & CO'S, 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY.

P. O'NEIL, DEALERS IN—Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store.

CHIEF SOLICITOR AT 273 WILLIAM STREET.

CHEAP FARMS FREE HOMES IN THE WEST. 90,000 acres taken in four months by 85,000 people.

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY.

GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor...

More Sleepless Nights. BY USING HAWKES' HYPNOTIC. Price 50 Cents per Bottle.

Sample Bottles, 15 cents each. October 18.

HALLOWE'EN. How it was Celebrated by the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society.

FATHER GRAHAM'S ADDRESS. As usual with the concerts and entertainments of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society Thursday night was a grand success.

On the stage were the presidents of the different societies of the city, including Ald. Kennedy, Mr. Edward Murphy, Mr. O'Neill Russell, the celebrated Irish scholar and lecturer; Father Graham, and a number of other gentlemen.

The Vice-President, Mr. E. Tobin, occupied the chair, owing to the President, Mr. W. T. McNally, having to take part in the vocal proceedings.

Next came Mr. Bernard Shea with a fantasia on Irish airs on the violin, followed by Mr. A. Filantrini, who sang "The Heart Bowed Down" and sang it well, at least the audience seemed to think so.

When the Swallows Home-ward Fly, in good voice and in excellent taste.

Father Graham was introduced by the Chairman, and after the applause his appearance created loud and sided-speakers follows:—We hear, ladies and gentlemen, a great deal, now-a-days, about giving Catholic Irishmen a chance, or a share, or a part, in the emoluments and honors of the country.

Let young Catholic Irishmen imitate this society throughout the country—let them elevate the intellectual and social tone of their race—let them manfully recognize themselves, their duties and obligations to the Dominion, and they need never seek for recognition from either Hon. Sawrie or Sir Sandy, who, believe me, will never care a pin's value for our nationality or religion until they are compelled to do so in order to protect their own interests and power.

The rising generation of Catholic Irishmen in Canada are blessed with advantages which their immediate ancestors never knew. On an occasion like the present, it is not necessary to particularize the causes of that condition of things.

They are sufficiently obvious to every student of Ireland's history. The young men of our race and religion have a great future before them if they carefully avoid two rocks—the atheistic and revolutionary opinions which constitute the very atmosphere of the nineteenth century, and carelessness with respect to their imperative duties as Catholics.

By striving to elevate themselves in the intellectual and social scale—by watching every chance and working with a legitimate ambition and a high and noble purpose—by testing public measures and men by the inerring principles of Catholic teaching—by scorning to allow themselves to be considered as so many voting units by intriguing politicians—by being ever ready to defend Church and country against their enemies—these things will surely make the Catholic Irish a power in the land, and save us from the humiliation of seeing rights begged for as if they were privileges.

There is a certain class of men in Canada who have been educated to look upon Catholic Irishmen as an inferior element of society. Though the letter of the Penal Laws has been wiped out from the statute book, their cruel and unjust spirit exercises an active influence at this hour on those whose fathers and themselves escaped, by treachery to country and apostasy from creed, the evil effects of that infamous legislation.

Their ridiculous assumption of superiority has no other basis whatever than the persecutions of the past. It is time that Canadian snobs should understand that this is the nineteenth, not the seventeenth, century—that this is America, not England or Scotland. The evil elements of ominous import to the future of the Dominion which old world persecution has projected into the civil life of this colony will quickly disappear before Catholic Irish union, faith and intellectual culture.

Especially does it behoove young Catholic Irishmen in their time to hold steadfastly to those healthy Christian principles which ruled the intelligence of their forefathers, and carried the true faith triumphantly over an ocean of light and shadow—over ages of glory and sorrow—from St. Patrick, of Armagh, in the fifth century, to John of Tuam in the nineteenth. Days of trial and terrific combat are approaching for the world, Catholic principles, alone will survive the catastrophe which awaits modern society. But there is another question suggested by this evening of less importance than the foregoing, it is true, which it would be unpardonable to pass over in silence. We are too forgetful of our benefactors. We owe something to the little half of mankind, for it is a poor heart that forgets it was once young. Halloween is the festival of the fairies. There are some solemn creatures of a torpid liver and Puritanical spleen who pooh-pooh "Jack and the Beanstalk," and march off in huge dudgeon if one but hints at the existence of fairies. Whenever I meet with such I am irresistibly reminded of the ancient sect of the Tasdragruti, whose dismal worship was confined to holding their noses and whinching forth prayerful woe over the sins of their neighbors. I may as well here add the New England Puritans are the legitimate representatives of the old Montanist sect. As to "Jack and the Beanstalk," I must confess that, though my faith in that portentous history has been somewhat staggered by the ups and downs of prosy fact, yet there lingers in the crannies of my mind some remnant of that living faith of my youth which caused me to search eagerly for that miraculous bean-stalk in a variety of works. I may add that I was unsuccessful in the search. Nevertheless, the Germans, who are always discovering recon-dite philosophy in the veriest trifles,

of the imagination, have had a huge volume written by a learned pundit, setting forth the heathen thought, the vast system of social and political ethics concealed beneath the childish text of "Jack and the Beanstalk." I have not discovered that the Jews ever had any fairies. The reason of this sad want, I suspect, was because the origin of that race was specially theocratic, and that the imagination was curbed by their holy books and religious traditions. When the great Gentile apostasy took place from the theism of the fathers became corrupted. Even the idea of God Himself was distorted by the imagination, until at length the Gentile world accepted the wildest dreams of the poets, and, as a result, supernatural agencies, partaking of the distinct genius of the different peoples, were called into existence. In the temperate zones the fairies, just like man, reach their perfection. But in the extreme zones of cold and heat we find not only a monstrous mythology, but, as one might naturally expect, a very repulsive class of fairies. The Scandinavian sagas are all of bloodshed and violence. The Valhalla is a vast, rugged, gloomy hall, where drinking mead out of capacious goblets is relieved by quaffing the blood of enemies out of well-polished skulls. King Koffe Kallali, of Ashantee, and his dusky subjects do not wait for a valhalla to drink the blood of their foes. We are told that Sir Garnet Wolsey found at Coomassie what often filled with the blood of captives taken in war. Coomassie was a mere slave-catcher-house, and the highest art consisted in a fantastic piling up of skulls. You may imagine what kind of fairies haunt the Scandinavian and Ashantee mind. They are a sanguinary crew of evil phantoms. The literature of oriental nations is swarming with fairies. The Persian djinns are everywhere as tricksey as their Western counterparts. The Arabian stories, such as the Thousand and One Nights, without the genie, would be like Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out; and there are lessons in some of them which we might utilize in our prosaic age. Take, for instance, the Genius of the Bottle. It was but a little phial in which the genius was confined, but when liberated, he grew to such amazing proportions that he darkened the sun. Have we not a genius of the bottle, that darkens the sun of prosperity and overclouds the highest promise of many a noble soul? The Grecian fairy partook of the delicate genius of that poetic people, while the Romans, in borrowing, degraded them into a semblance of their own ferocious materialism—half spirit, half brute. The Roman Satyrs, dryads, hamadryads, fauns, and harpies, illustrate the fact perfectly. The different character of the Teutonic and Celtic race is very plainly visible in their respective fairy lore. The German Kobold, Hodeken, nixes are every-day characters, fond of good cheer and, on the whole, good-natured, and willing to share their good things with plodding mortals. And, upon my word, I must here bring an eulogy on the green skirts and red coats of the tiny Kobolds. They were most industrious little creatures. You must know that in olden, prosy times, ere pianos were necessary, an article of mere furniture as the bed, people were very ignorant. Young ladies were young women then, and helped their mothers to tidy up the house without finding the task a shameful outrage. The young men, too, in those slow ages, actually imagined that life was destined for some other purpose than coloring a meerschaum or exciting a ferocious hisute outbreak on the upper lip. Well, the Kobolds tried the house-maiden's patience by throwing chips through the window on her clean floor, &c., &c. If these trials were good-humoredly borne, the Kobold helped her at the work the whole day. If we could induce a few Kobolds to emigrate to Canada it would certainly be a boon. The English fairies are, like their rulers, of German extraction. Robin Hood, Robin Goodfellow are nothing but the Teutonic Hodeken under another name. The English outlaw, Robin Hood, who lives in the vivid pages of Scott's "Ivanhoe," took his name from the fairy, he being a sprite who loved the shady woods and pretty, solitary dells of the forest and vale. The Celtic, and especially the Irish, fairies have a tinge of melancholy in their character. The German lady, Nix, a pretty fairy, is always guilty of combing her long, golden hair when not dancing on water. The Irish banshee does the same thing, but she accompanies the ghastly toilette with a gentle wail of sorrow, hallowing of death. There may be a little vanity in both, but I shall not investigate the matter, for fear less ethereal beings might suspect a hidden sarcasm. Strange to say, the German male Nix wears a green hat, which would lead one to infer that, during the migration of the Celtic race, he had fallen out of the ranks and lost his way. Very naturally the fairies occupy a prominent place in poetry. Hafiz, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare and others give the fairies full play. Chaucer tells us that the monks drove all the fairies out of England. That accounts for two things not sufficiently elucidated heretofore—the prodigious numbers of fairies in Ireland, and the absence of snakes. The monks ejected the fairies, and they fitted to genial Erin! St. Patrick banished the snakes, and, as one good turn deserves another, I doubt not but the reptiles settled in England—which accounts for Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the Penal Laws. In his "Midsummer Night's Dream" the illustrious Shakespeare gave to the world a great manifestation of genius. He took a clod-hopper and a popular superstition, and wove them into such a magic dream that animation was hushed and criticism grew dumb. Titania is the product of a heavenly genius; Queen Mab, of Lucifer eclipsed. Perhaps it is not generally known that the airy freakful Puck foretold the telegraph. "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes!" he exclaimed, when starting on a message. I suppose all have heard of the Irishman who devoted his life to one purpose—the capture of a fairy—for, if you catch a fairy, he will give you anything—generally a crock of gold—to get off. Why the gold must always be in a crock, history does not explain. Now, a number of Cork aldermen, among whom there chanced to be a mighty little chap, voted themselves a supper as a delicate recognition of their gigantic labors in behalf of that honest bawliwick, in which course they were very like their municipal brethren the world over. The company separated somewhere between midnight and morning—they could never tell when—but one thing was certain: the bottles were empty when they left. In those days, aldermen used to wear red gowns, which gave them a gorgeously royal appearance, productive of awful respect among the plebeian mob. The little chap I have mentioned started on foot for his home arrested in his red robes. But it was dark—he lost his way, punch being unfavorable to exact topography—and, finally, lay down under a hedge and fell asleep. Bright and early in the morning the fairy hunter was prowling about, when, lo! he espied a little red man asleep! At last, the "crock of gold" was his! He stole up, trembling with eagerness,

ponced upon the poor little alderman and throttled him with a grip of iron. "The crock of gold!" shouted the fairy hunter. "Murder!" roared the alderman. "Spare my life, and I'll give you my gold watch and all my money!" "Arrah! what the dickens has fairies to be doing with gold watches?" cried the fairy hunter. "Am not a fairy; I'm an alderman!" yelled the victim. "Fair!" quoth the fairy hunter, dryly, as he saw his mistake, and arose. "Anyone would know ye are an alderman, by the smell of your breath!" I once asked a gentleman from Meath if he had ever seen the fairies. "Seen them? Of course! Davy's little creatures, with red coats, caudles in their hats, and they playing slinky with might and main!" The "radiant boy" is a kind of Salamander fairy, who comes laughing from the fire, flutters for a time, and dwindles away. He betokens violent death. Castlereagh saw him. "It is well if he has not seen worse. There is a tradition that the great head-quarters of the fairies are in the bowels of the Himalaya Mountains. All the chiefs of the little people are there; and, in their midst, strange to say, sits, slumbering at a table, bar-baron. His head has gone twice around the table; when it accomplishes the journey a third time, the end of the world will come. I should rather think the end of the world would come before that takes place. From present indications, I fancy Bar-baron's rest will be rudely disturbed if the fairy ever be anywhere in the vicinity of the Khyber Pass. In the olden time Halloween was devoted to certain Eleusian mysteries, provocative of much mirth. Reaching cross sticks, with a bunch of apples and a lighted candle at the ends thereof were much in vogue, which explained the numerous scorched noses prevalent about that time. Dipping for apples and signposts tested the ingenuity of the boys, and, in the case of the small girls, too, for I remember one little niece of a daughter of Eve who got all the sixpences in a corner—as Chicago speculators do the wheat—that is, in the corner of her mouth, and who was, therefore, much scorned—as a cheat—by the losers. Just like the grain speculators again. Snap-dragon I believe, and the supreme test of the charnelists are of a most serious signification. The chestnuts are put into the fire and when they are sufficiently heated to explode, and they jump, and that young maiden in whose direction one looks, shall you may rest assured, be married within the year, which, remarkable as seems generally prophetic, for that young lady has been married within the time specified. It is as providential a thing as that other marvellous dispensation, alluded to by a pious preacher, which makes a river pass through nearly every great city in the world. The powerful influence of Christianity is in nothing more clearly shown than in these popular beliefs. From the fetich of the African barbarian to the fairy of the Christian, there is an immense distance. The gloomy spirit of Paganism tinges its lightest fictions with a sombre, even a bloody hue. Its superstitions have nothing genial or attractive about them. Terror is the basis of them all. The Christian can never be the slave of his superstitions, for authority guides his judgment and curbs the dangerous flights of the imagination. But the Pagan has no restraint, so he lives the sport of a perverted imagination, the growth of the deluded moral of centuries. He peoples the woods with spirits, which are ever seeking his destruction. He trembles at the sighments of his own mind and crouches beneath the fears engendered by the false traditions of his tribe. But, enough! The Catholic on such an eve as this has something better, something holier than those creatures of the imagination to fill his mind with; for, as he meditates upon the real significance of Halloween—the holy eve—beautiful visions of the saints and martyrs of God are embodied forth from the memories of the past. He rejoices to feel that, though nearly two thousand years have elapsed since the Expected of Nations walked the earth, he is in perfect sympathy and communion with those saintly heroes who elevated humanity by their glorious sacrifices, and left us the shining example of their faith and sublime deeds. Poor, indeed, of spirit is he who feels no holy emotion on this night, or who is not desirous of becoming a better Christian by the noble inspirations which cluster about All Halloween.

A vote of thanks to the speaker, moved by Mr. O'Neill Russell and seconded by Mr. Edward Murphy, was carried unanimously, and the second part of the programme was begun, Father Graham's address being, of course, the piece de resistance of the evening's entertainment.

"The Last Words of Emmet," a song by Mr. W. P. McNally, was delivered with pathos and feeling, and was deservedly applauded. After this, song followed song, and hours flew like minutes, until the concert closed to the regret of all present, who acknowledged they had never passed such a pleasant evening. We congratulate the committee of the society who got up the programme and had it carried out; it was unlike the general run of amateur concerts, neither too short nor too long, and pleased everybody, and there was no yawning seen or heard in the hall during the evening.

Before the close it was announced by the chairman that Mr. O'Neill Russell would, at an early date, deliver a lecture on the Irish language, under the auspices of the society, and the announcement was hailed with cheers.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL. The Academy of Music was, for once, well filled Thursday night on the occasion of the Caledonian Society's Halloween Concert. At eight o'clock punctually, the pipers struck up "The Campbells are Coming," during which performance Sir A. T. Galt, the orator of the evening, and U.S. Consul-General Smith entered the hall. This finished, Mr. Alexander McGibbon delivered a welcoming address to the members and friends of the society. Sir Alex. T. Galt then delivered an interesting and, at many times, amusing speech. After humorously apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to speak, at present, he referred to the universal celebration of Halloween in Scotland. Every Scotch family, in fact, was celebrating that night. The speaker alluded to the derivation of the name as the "hallowed eve" of All Saints' Day. He asked the audience to welcome heartily the Scotchman who was once more to assume the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, paying at the same time a graceful compliment to Lord Dufferin, whose memory, he said, would never fade from Canadian hearts. Sir Alexander concluded by a reference to the system of education pursued in Scotland, declared that it was that which had made the old country what she is. "The concert" closed appropriately with "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the Queen."

An association has been formed in England entitled "The Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association," to encourage the adoption of such observances as are consistent with the hope of a resurrection to eternal life, and to discourage feasting on the day of burial and all useless, and extravagant expenditure in the coffin and its furniture, and in wearing of mourning.