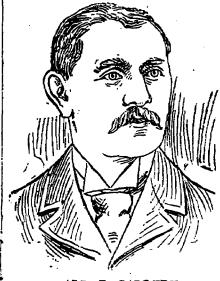
Municipal Elections in Montreal.

RETURNED BY

ACCLAMATION.



ALD. JOHN BUMBRAY. Hachelaga Ward, Seat No. 1.



ALD. D. GALLERY, St. Ann's Ward, Sent No. 1,

ALD, BRUNET,

St. James Ward, North, Seat No. 1.

ALD. JACQUES.

St. Gabriel Ward, Seat No. 1.



ALD, FRANK J. HART, St. Antoine Ward East, Scat No. 2.



ALD. CLEARIHUE, St. Lawrence Ward, Scat No. 2.



ALD. FOUCHER.



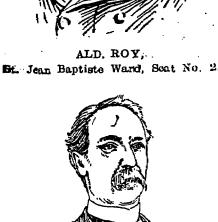
St. Antoine Ward South, Seat No. 2.



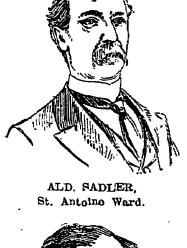
West Ward, Seat No. 2. ALD, J. D. LESPERANCE.





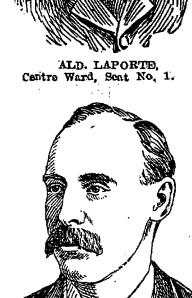


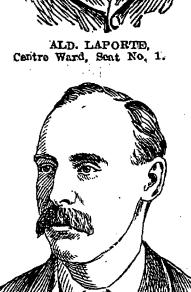
St. Antoine Ward East, Seat No. 1.



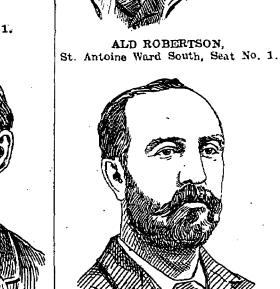


ALD. MARTINEAU, St. Denis Ward, Seat No. 2.





St. Lawrence Ward, Scat No. 1.



ALD. ROBILLARD, 1 St. James Ward North, Seat No. 2.

St. Mary's Ward East, Seat No. 2.



ALD WILSON,

Yorke saw and understood more of the city of the Pones after three does in as many years.

Rev. Futher Yorke of San Francis- Rome, when he sang, "Rome! My co, spent several months in Rome, Country! City of the soul!" With during his recent trip abroad. Be the poet's insight, he penetrated the fore he visited the Eternal City he mystery of her power. She is the was thoroughly conversant with her city of the soul. Other cities, it is glorious history; even the topo- true, are also cities of the soulgraphy of Rome was as familiar to nay, in some sonse, every city is a him as to a resident. Thus Father city of the soul. We recognize in chjects and places that which we bring tothem. The charm comes not in at months than the ordinary tourist our eyes. Like all good things, even the kingdom of heaven, it is within He has contributed a brilliant la-per on Rome to the San Fringico meening as we know how to see Examiner, which is in part as 100. Herein is the recembered of Rome lower. us. Everywhere we see only such Herein is the riverminence of Rome. lows: There is no city with such a history Byron was inspired by the spell of mander such associations. There is no

single interest—but memories as var- master's touch. ied and complex as are the classes | When the emp're was at the height and conditions of men.

there to belance and overbalance the are they that mourn, blessed are the There are 9,000 cells in a square taim of those who were mainly slipped patriotism and self-scorifice, merciful He went among the Ro foot of honeycomb.

city whose name is so widely known, justice and courage, temperance and no city whose influence has been so great-mindedness, with religion, high deeply felt. There is not any system and socure above all. Athens, Carthof education that can ignore her, and ago, Florence, Jerusalem, they are there are few of us who, from youth harps of a single string. Rome is the have not heard or read of her grand- great organ that responds to every our. Within her walls every street, mood of the player's soul, and never every square, teems with memor es- proves unequal, no matter how high memories not of one sort, nor of a the theme, no matter how skilful the But as I turn away from the silent

of its power there came a poor Jow She has been a stage on which the fisherman to the Eternal City and world has played its part. For over | took up his abode with his own peo-2600 years the flood-tide of life has ple across the Tiber. He taught a roared through her ways. The baser strange doctrine that he had learned passions, lust and hate, greed, and in a far custern land—a doctrine that evil ambition, have built their monu- ctruck at everything the Romans revments thick on her seven hills. But erenced or held dear. Blessod are the let the dead bury their dead. the higher things of the soul are poor, blessed are the meek, blessed

into the Tullianum. He lay in the lowest dangeon, a circular cave, to which there was no entrance but . manholo in the roof. There he was bound with chains, and without air. without light, he endured the weary hours in a chamber of such loathsome ness and filth that even in a pagar and cruel age voices were paised to condemn its horrors. But one day he saw the sun at last, They dragge! him out of the noisome pit and haufed him through the city, outside the walls of Nero's circus, beyond the Tiber, where they crucified him head downward between the goals to make a Roman holiday. With all their crueity the Remans.

him drew men after him and his

teaching. It was not long until he was accused of disturbing the peace. and they arrested him and cast him

respected the dead. No matter how great the crime, no matter how horrible the death indicted, the friends could ransom and safely inter the romains. Once interred, it was a sacrilege to disturb their dead,

So Poter's body was taken down from the cross, and borne by bifriends a little way outside the circus, where a few tombs by the roadside nurked a cometery on the slopes of the Vatican Hill. There they laid him.

Year by year, on June 29, the auniversary of what in their ociosion they called his triumph, the disciples came to visit his grave. The humble monument erected eiver it was known as his confession, for was it not by his confession of Christ, that he won his crown? Some years, indeed, his disciples came not, for the hand of the Emperor was heavy upon them and one by one his steressors' martyred remains were laid close to bu-Poor and humble that little cemetery was; the nettler grew rank before it and the thorn bushes circled it round about.

But at last there came a day when pagan Rome gave up the battle. At the Milvian bridge Constantine put her champion to flight and entered is that the rush of his eloquence and the gates, the first Christian Emper the brilliant boldness of his stateor. The days of concealment were at manship diverted public attention a an end. The Christians might new good deal from some of his lighter flock to the tombs of the martyrs to gifts. Certain it is that there was in do them honor, and acove all to his tomb whom they called their Moses. the leader of the people of God.

The Emperor himself decreed that fitting honor should be paid to the grave of the Prince of the Apostles The Christians inherited the analem Romans' respect for the dead, and they considered it a sacrilege to disturb the sacred bones.

Therefore, out beyond the walls chthe side of the Vatima, Hill, a stately church arose, built after the model o: the law courts and called by the same name— Basilica. The tomb of the apostle was untouched the Emperor contenting himself with laying a golden cross upon the sarcophagus. Over it an altar was erected, on which the sacred mysteries were celebrated, and the tomb and altar bore the olden name, the confession of St. Peter.

For 1200 years the Pasilies was the monument of the first Pope. During these years great changes have taken place. A new Rome has arisen by the Bosphorus and the barbarian had again and again leoted the palaces of the Caesars. The power of old Rome was broken and the arms wherein she trusted. The new influence that arose from the Tallianum needed neither weapons nor soldiers to enforce its authority. It was a spiritual power that was mightiest when it seemed them weak. As in ancient days the legion marched forth to the conquest on kingdoms, so now the Roman legions of a new warfare marched forth to the conquest of souls. Patrick to Ireland, Augustine to England, Boniface to Germany, we see them coming weary and battle stained to invoke the b,essing of Peter and setting forth stout hearted to change the face of the earth.

Year by year the Christian conquests of Rome extended and larger and larger grew the crowds of pilgrims that came to visit the Apostle's shrine. After 1200 years the Basilica built by Constantine showed signs of decay, and Pope after Pope searched Italy for men of genius to build another that might be worthy of the city and of its patrons. They succeeded.

From where I stand I cannot see the dome-the vast and wondroug dome to which Diana's marvel was a cell." The Capitol hides the view. Forum and walk to the west end of the gatdens it breaks upon my sight. With good eyes one can see the gigantic statues that look down from the facade, and above them the great blue mass lifts itself into the sky. It is the type of the new power and the new Rome's grandeur and inspiration—the Forum is old Rome :

mans, aye, even amongst the nobility, and the authority that was in HOUSE OF COMMONS.

During the course of the American Civil War, John Bright, it will be recalled, was a thorough and un flinching champion of the Northern cause. Lord Palmerston during one debate which had to do with the bearing of the English Government toward the Federated States, tried to turn off with light contempt the warnings uttered by some speakers about the possibility of a war butween England and America, In the course of his speech he talked jauntily of the h.rm which might be done to the North by a British fleet on one of the Great Lakes, "The noble Lord," said Bright in his roply, "has been in such a hurry for naval invasion that he has forgotten to take into calculation the difficulty presented by the Falls of Niagara,"

Bright was very happy in describing a certain small party of Liberal renegades who deserted Gladstone mete than thirty years ago because off his first effort to enfranchise the working classes. The party was very small but exceedingly nuchievious, for it included two or three men of great talent and great bitterness. Bright in his speech made allusion to this little group of apostates and to the fact that nobody seemed quite clear as to who was its actual leader, and he sent to House into shouts of laughter by likening the party to a Scotch terrier he once had, which was so small and so shaggy that it was almost impossible to tell which was its head and which was its tail. "He is a Self-made man," Bright once said of Disraeli, "and we must all admit that he worships his maker."

Gladstone was not generally regarded as a master of sarcasm or as one who was always ready with a jocoso repartee, but I think the truth him a deep voin of ready Northern humor which occasionally amused and delighted the House of Commons. There was a member of the House of Commons who was very fond of making speeches, had great fluency, and self-conceit so supreme. that it would urgo him into argument with the greatest financier, the greatest lawyer, or the greatest soldier in the House, challenging each on his own special subject. During an important debate many years ago this orator sprang to his feet several times, but was unable, as the parliamentary phrase goes, to catch the Speaker's eye, and had therefore each time to resume his seat.

The night wore on and at length Mr. Gladstone, who was then at the head of the House, arose and procceded to wind up the debate. The member of whom I have spoken saw that his chance of obtaining a hearfor that night had gone, and was beside himself with disappointment and anger. He began interrupting Gladstone with questions and interjected comments, and he kept on doing this in an unmannerly way. The House resounded with cries of "Order!" 'Order !''

Gladstone paused for a moment in the course of his argument and, looking toward the author of the interruptions, blandly said: "I think we must make some allowince for the Honerable Member, because we cannot help knowing that he is suffering from the pangs of over-retention."

The once famous Haliburton, nuthor of Sam Slick; was for some years a member of the House of Commons. One night Haliburton made an elaborate attack upon the policy of the Government, and was especially severe on one of its younger members, who, he said, had made a speech which contained not the argument but caricature, and the House of Commons he pompchisly declared, was not a place for the caricaturist.

When the time arrived for Gladstone to make his reply, he came, in the course of his speech, to doal very briefly with what Haliburton had said. "Wonders will never cease," he declared, "and this truth has been brought home once again to me, for here is the author of Sam Slick declaring that the House of Commons is no place for a caricaturist, although he himself has found a place here, and will not, we must all hope renounce the gift that has brought him fame."

The late Sir Robert Peel-I do not mean the great Sir Robert Peci, but his son, who has been many years: dead-used to make good jokes sometimes. During a debate on some of the earlier working of the Volunteer movement in England, it suited, bis humor to throw ridicule on cor-