

Municipal Elections in Montreal.

RETURNED BY ACCLAMATION.



ALD. JOHN DUMBREY,
Hochelaga Ward, Seat No. 1.



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



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



ALD. CLEARHUE,
St. Lawrence Ward, Seat No. 2.



ALD. AMES,
St. Antoine Ward East, Seat No. 1.



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



ALD. TURNER,
St. Gabriel Ward, Seat No. 2.



ALD. FOUCHER,
St. Antoine Ward South, Seat No. 2.



ALD. ROY,
St. Jean Baptiste Ward, Seat No. 2.



ALD. JACQUES,
St. Gabriel Ward, Seat No. 1.



ALD. J. D. LESPERANCE,
St. Mary's Ward East, Seat No. 2.



ALD. MORRILL,
West Ward, Seat No. 2.



ALD. SADLER,
St. Antoine Ward.



ALD. LAPORTE,
Centre Ward, Seat No. 1.



ALD. ROBERTSON,
St. Antoine Ward South, Seat No. 1.



ALD. LABEAU,
St. Mary's West, Seat No. 1.



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



ALD. EKERS,
St. Lawrence Ward, Seat No. 1.



ALD. ROBILARD,
St. James Ward North, Seat No. 2.



ALD. WILSON,
Hochelaga Ward, Seat No. 2.

FATHER YORKE'S PEN-PICTURE OF ROME.

Rev. Father Yorke of San Francisco, spent several months in Rome, during his recent trip abroad. Before he visited the Eternal City he was thoroughly conversant with her glorious history; even the topography of Rome was as familiar to him as to a resident. Thus Father Yorke saw and understood more of the city of the Popes after three months than the ordinary tourist does in as many years. He has contributed a brilliant paper on Rome to the San Francisco Examiner, which is in part as follows: "Byron was inspired by the sight of

Rome, when he sang, 'Rome! My Country! City of the soul!' With the poet's insight, he penetrated the mystery of her power. She is the city of the soul. Other cities, it is true, are also cities of the soul—nay, in some sense, every city is a city of the soul. We recognize in objects and places that which we bring to them. The charm comes not in at our eyes. Like all good things, even the kingdom of heaven, it is within us. Everywhere we see only such meaning as we know how to see. Herein is the pre-eminence of Rome. There is no city with such a history and such associations. There is no

city whose name is so widely known, no city whose influence has been so deeply felt. There is not any system of education that can ignore her, and there are few of us who, from youth have not heard or read of her grandeur. Within her walls every street, every square, teems with memories—memories not of one sort, nor of a single interest—but memories as varied and complex as are the classes and conditions of men. She has been a stage on which the world has played its part. For over 2600 years the flood-tide of life has roared through her ways. The basest passions, lust and hate, greed and evil ambition, have built their monuments thick on her seven hills. But the higher things of the soul are there to balance and overbalance the bad—patriotism and self-sacrifice,

justice and courage, temperance and great-mindedness, with religion, high and secure above all. Athens, Carthage, Florence, Jerusalem, they are harps of a single string. Rome is the great organ that responds to every mood of the player's soul, and never proves unequal, no matter how high the theme, no matter how skillful the master's touch. When the empire was at the height of its power there came a poor Jew fisherman to the Eternal City and took up his abode with his own people across the Tiber. He taught a strange doctrine that he had learned in a far eastern land—a doctrine that struck at everything the Romans revered or held dear. Blessed are the poor, blessed are the meek, blessed are they that mourn, blessed are the merciful. He went among the Ro-

mans, ay, even amongst the nobility, and the authority that was in 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 into the Tullianum. He lay in the lowest dungeon, a circular cave, to which there was no entrance but a manhole in the roof. There he was bound with chains, and without air without light, he endured the weary hours in a chamber of such loneliness and filth that even in a pagan and cruel age voices were raised to condemn its horrors. But one day he saw the sun at last. They dragged him out of the noisome pit and hauled 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 cruelty the Romans respected the dead. No matter how great the crime, no matter how horrible the death inflicted, the friends could ransom and safely inter the remains. Once interred, it was a sacrilege to disturb their dead.

So Peter's body was taken down from the cross, and borne by his friends a little way outside the circus, where a few tombs by the roadside marked a cemetery on the slopes of the Vatican Hill. There they laid him.

Year by year, on June 29, the anniversary of what in their opinion they called his triumph, the disciples came to visit his grave. The humble monument erected over 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 successors martyred remains were laid close to his. Poor and humble that little cemetery was; the nettles 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 the gates, the first Christian Emperor. The days of concealment were at an end. The Christians might now flock to the tombs of the martyrs to do them honor, and leave 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 ancient Romans' respect for the dead, and they considered it a sacrilege to disturb the sacred bones.

Therefore, out beyond the walls on the side of the Vatican Hill, a stately church arose, built after the model of 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 Basilica was the monument of the first Pope. During these years great changes have taken place. A new Rome has arisen by the Diosphorus and the barbarian had again and again looted 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 Tullianum needed neither weapons nor soldiers to enforce its authority. It was a spiritual power that was mightiest when it seemed most weak. As in ancient days the legion marched forth to the conquest of 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 blessing 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 wondrous dome to which Diana's marvel was a cell. The Capitol hides the view. But as I turn away from the silent Forum and walk to the west end of the gardens 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 life mass lifts itself into the sky. It is the type of the new power and the now Rome's grandeur and inspiration—the Forum is old Rome; let the dead bury their dead.

There are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

HUMOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

During the course of the American Civil War, John Bright, it will be recalled, was a thorough and unflinching 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 between England and America. In the course of his speech he talked humbly of the harm which might be done to the North by a British fleet on one of the Great Lakes. "The noble Lord," said Bright in his reply, "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 more than thirty years ago because of his first effort to enfranchise the working classes. The party was very small but exceedingly noticeable, 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 jocular repartee, but I think the truth is that the rush of his eloquence and the brilliant boldness of his statesmanship diverted public attention to a good deal from some of his lighter gifts. Certain it is that there was in him a deep vein 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 urge 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 proceeded to wind up the debate. The member of whom I have spoken saw that his chance of obtaining a hearing for 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 allowance for the Honorable Member, because we cannot help knowing that he is suffering from the pangs of over-retention."

The once famous Haliburton, author 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 pompously 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 deal 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 Peel, 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 his humor to throw ridicule on certain of those who were mainly in- (Continued on Page Eleven)