

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

BOSTON'S SYMPATHY FOR IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

THE MOVEMENT FOR AMNESTY INAUGURATED ON SUNDAY DESTINED TO BE SUCCESSFUL. ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS AND DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC MEN ENDORSE IT.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

Boston's friendship for Ireland was shown once again on Sunday, May 17, when a mass meeting was held in Music Hall, to assist in the movement for amnesty for Irish and American political prisoners in English prisons.

P. J. Flately, chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the meeting to order. "We do not meet here as the apologists of crime, he said, nor do we say that laws can be violated with impunity. But we do claim the existence of deep prejudice against the prisoners at the time of the accusation and trial.

"And even if guilty it was for carrying to extremes one of the noblest passions that can animate the heart of man—a fervid love for his native land. Public opinion that fosters, creates and destroys parties, governments and dynasties today has given them full condemnation for already the ends of punishment have been subverted, and the expiation rendered far away in excess of the measure of the offence.

"Therefore, the voice of Boston is invoked, for it has an old-time potency in the cause of right and liberty. And if it cannot directly burst the prison bars and set the captives free, it may set machinery in motion that will accomplish that result.

Mayor Quincy was introduced as the presiding officer and was given a very cordial reception. He said in part:

"I am very glad to add my voice to those that have been raised in the United States and Ireland, in behalf of clemency or pardon for the prisoners in whose behalf we are met to-night.

"The duty of clemency and mercy is always agreeable, doubly so in cases where such severe punishment has already been suffered, and where such a large element of doubt entered into the facts of which these men were condemned, and where there is reason to believe that political feeling played a large part in the acts for which they are being punished.

Mayor Quincy then read letters of regret from distinguished gentlemen.

Archbishop Williams wrote: "I am in full sympathy with the purpose of the meeting and shall be ready to assist materially when called upon."

Senator Hoar expressed the hope that you will succeed in getting an amnesty for the unfortunate persons who are now imprisoned for offences, or alleged offences, wholly political."

The sentiments of the Rev. A. A. Berio, pastor of the Brighton Congregational Church, were told in these words: "I wish to express my hearty interest in the cause which calls you together, and to pledge my earnest co-operation in every way open to me for the securing of these aims."

Ex Gov. Russell wrote: "I desire, however, to express my cordial sympathy with the purpose of your meeting, and sincerely trust and believe that it will aid in creating a strong and earnest public sentiment, which will be helpful in securing the amnesty you seek. I feel confident that the sympathy of our citizens is with you in this worthy cause, and I wish for its Godspeed."

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, who had promised to speak at the meeting, but was called to Washington suddenly, said in his letter:

"England asserted her imperial power when she tried and sentenced these men. For fifteen years, I am informed, they have languished in hopeless imprisonment, enduring a living death, and yet they were not leaders of a revolting people. The enlightened feeling of great nations in these days abhors cruelty to political offenders. When the Civil War in the United States was closed, amnesty and restoration of civil rights was frankly extended to the conquered side. When the Transvaal Republic had successfully repelled and captured the invading filibusters, President Kruger, with a wise and generous heart, set an example of amnesty and pardon that has commanded the applause and respect of an enlightened public and statesmen in the United States and Europe.

"He had vindicated the integrity of his Republic, and he refused to be vindictive towards those who had borne arms against it. In Hawaii the Government has shown a like generosity of character; but I need not multiply instances.

"Will the Government of Great Britain desire to appear before the world as vindictive against these unhappy prisoners, from whom if free she has nothing to fear?"

Mayor Perry, of Somerville; the Protestant Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts; the Rev. P. A. McKenna, Rev. E. A. Horton (Protestant) and Hon. F. O. Prince also sent letters of regret.

Mr. James F. Egan, a one time political prisoner, spoke in detail of the trial and conviction of the prisoners, and of the shocking indignities which they suffered at the hands of English jailers. He told how he himself had been condemned on evidence so flimsy that he had the openly expressed sympathy of the judge who presided at the trial.

He said that each of the prisoners, in striking a blow for the freedom of Ireland, had been animated by the same high motive that actuated Fitzgerald, Sarsfield and Emmet.

Mr. Egan explained in detail the utterly worthless character of the evidence on which several of the prisoners were convicted, as well as the conspiracy by which some of them were led innocently into a trap that brought them into prison.

and heartless efforts afterwards made to prevent the victims communicating with friends, when the plots had failed. The Rev. Mortimer Twomey of Malden read an ode written especially for the occasion, entitled "The Captive's Ode to Liberty."

Mr. Edward G. Walker, a well known colored gentleman, among other things said: "I believe in attaining liberty, if necessary, by the methods of Donovan Rossa. Liberty is the right of every man, and no tyrant should oppress any man, if that man has the power to take the tyrant's life."

Hon. John E. Fitzgerald told the story of the oppression of Ireland during the last three centuries.

Hon. J. H. O'Neill made the concluding speech.

A set of resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote. They were in part as follows:

Whereas there are at present confined in English convict prisons no fewer than sixteen American citizens; all convicted on the flimsiest evidence, and during a period of intense excitement and panic in England; and

Whereas the circumstances surrounding the cases of several of the prisoners were such as to arouse the gravest suspicion of the methods employed to secure their arrest and conviction—a fact borne out by the uncontradicted statement of Mr. Farndale, then and still chief constable of Birmingham, that the principal prisoner, John Daly, was the victim of a plot on the part of a man in the employ of the British Government; and

Whereas these prisoners would years ago have been entitled to their freedom had they been tried under the law passed to cover their alleged offences, instead of being tried, as they were, under the wrong law of 1833 and sentenced to imprisonment for life; and

Whereas they have now served terms varying from twelve to fifteen years in prison; five of their number including Dr. Gallagher, of Brooklyn, have become insane because of the rigor of their punishment; and all have fully expiated any offence of which they may have been guilty; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Boston, in mass meeting assembled, under the presidency of His Honor Mayor Quincy, comprising men of various races and religious beliefs, and entirely irrespective of political or party affiliations, enter our most solemn protest against the further detention in prison of the Irish and Irish American political prisoners, and demand of the British Government their immediate release, and be it further

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the British Ministry might well be called upon to exercise in favor of the political prisoners that clemency which Mr. Chamberlain so recently invoked of President Kruger on behalf of the English riders of the Transvaal, and to extend to the prisoners' families a portion of the sympathy of which Englishmen protest to be so lavish in the case of other suffering nationalities. This meeting declares that, as the prisoners have suffered the penalties attached to political offences, they are likewise entitled to the consideration in every country but Great Britain. Be it further

Resolved, That we resent as an outrage of decency and an insult to the cause of constitutional liberty the conduct of the present Tory Government in compelling John Daly, the manumitted convict, representative of the citizens of Liverpool, to perform, since his election, the most menial services which can fall to the lot of a prisoner, with the object of disgracing him and the people in whose cause he is held a captive.

Resolved, That we pledge our best efforts in support of the cause of amnesty for these prisoners, and our material aid in the work inaugurated by the Amnesty Association of Ireland and Great Britain of raising funds for the support of the prisoners' families.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the Irish members of Parliament and other public men who in season and out of season have kept the cases of the political prisoners before the public of Great Britain and Ireland, and we trust that no question of political expediency and no dread of embarrassing any Government, Whig or Tory, will induce them to relax their efforts until every political prisoner is again a free man.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to Secretary of State Olney, to the senators and representatives in Massachusetts in Congress, to Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P.; Mr. John Dillon, M. P.; Sir Matthew White Ridley, the English Home Secretary; Mr. John Morley, M. P.; and Mr. Herbert H. Asquith, M. P. (Signed)

John O'Callaghan, chairman; Thomas Riley, James Jeffrey Roche, P. J. Flately, John J. Teevans, P. A. Foley.

A number of subscriptions to the fund in aid of the prisoners and their families were received. Among them these: J. R. Alley, \$100; Gen. Charles H. Taylor, \$50; Rev. P. A. McKenna, \$50; Michael McMann, \$25; James Jeffrey Roche, \$5; Roger Sannell, \$10; P. J. O'Callaghan, \$5.

BUFFALO CATASTROPHE.

TWO PEOPLE KILLED AND MANY INJURED BY A BUILDING COLLAPSE.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 21.—Seneca Street side of the Brown building, from which the Western Union and Great North-Western Telegraph Companies recently removed, fell with a crash this morning. Some alterations were being made in the ground floor and the walls were evidently imperfectly braced.

The work of cleaning away the wreck of the building is still progressing. At six o'clock to-night the body of Miss Jennie Griffin, the cashier of the barber shop of George Sehner, was found. Her death was a particularly harrowing one. She was pinned in a little wire bound office in the barber shop, and when the crash came she had no chance to escape. She was buried under an enormous pile of wreckage, and when found was frightfully crushed. The contractor who was supervising the re-

construction of the building, William S. Straub, is still missing, and it is believed that his body is under the ruins. It is also believed that there are three or four others still buried. The work of rescue is to be kept up all night or until the entire mass has been removed.

The wrecked building is the property of Brown Bros., the great London, England, bankers.

Dead—George Me z, J. Junie Griffin.

Missing—William P. Straub.

Injured—George Schner, John C. Langdon, Jacob Richmond, Geo. Murphy, J. Alexander, S. L. Hawk, James Adams, Michael O'Brien, Robert Cassler, Jacob Rickman, Frank Rickman, William Kuppinger, Michael Schultz, Jos. Boulev, Joseph Filley.

NATURE'S CHARMS.

There is beauty in all the changing moods of Nature. Whether we contemplate her smallest forms or her most majestic, we find beauty and wisdom in them all. Whenever we turn, our wandering eye is met by some new vision of loveliness designed by God for the pleasure and the enlightenment of man.

The sky is an ever changing picture from dawn to darkness. Clouds drift and float beneath its impenetrable blue, now soft and fleecy, golden-hued and rosy, now ominous, gloomy masses from whence the vivid lightning darts and flashes, and the deep sullen thunder comes booming and crackling, awakening terror in the hovering heart of man, and bringing to his mind, if only for a fleeting moment, the awful power of the Almighty God—there is beauty and grandeur in it all.

There is beauty in the tiny star-pointed snowflake that melts as it touches our hand, as well as in the sublime heights of the eternal snow peaks of the mighty Alps that rest above the clouds and seem to pierce the mystery of the skies.

The glowing sunset and the pallid dawn, noontide and twilight, moonlight, and the deep solemn darkness of the night, have each their loveliness and charm, and even their lesson, if we would but wait a while to watch and listen to the tale they tell of God's majesty and God's love.

Nature's book is opened wide for all to con its glowing pages, but business, care and ambition press too closely on our footsteps and a passing glimpse is all we catch of Nature's smile wooing us to her retreats, and we leave the thought, the inner beauty, the hidden mystery, to the idle dreamer to absorb and hoard at leisure.

Money and power is the keynote of the day, and our lives are more or less attuned to it, and what has tender grass shoots, and tender skies, limpid streams and wildflower blossoms to do with these? Nothing unless the grass ripens into hay at so much per ton, the streams can turn a millwheel or furnish motive power for some electrical mechanism—and the wildflowers?—well, they are away in the woods and sequestered nooks, and only last a few weeks anyway. So reasons the man of the world, the money grabber; but there are many human hearts still untaunted with the world's dress, who fly to sylvan shades for the gifts that crown the spring.

Of all the year, this lovely month of Heaven's Queen is favored in the lavish wealth of loveliness that is found in earth, in air and sky. Joyous month of bursting buds and tender bloom, of opening leaves and sunny skies, of purring brooks and fresh green grasses—all Nature offers a tribute to earth's fairest form, the Virgin Mother of the incarnate God—"Earth's solitary boast."

To the heart of the child what treasures are hid in the lap of May. Away to the woods, the meadows, the country lanes, and the green fields they lie, and what thrills their young hearts feel at the glimpse of some rare bloom peeping shyly out from beneath beaded green.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 23 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

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leaves, or rooted in some marshy spot, quite difficult to reach. The triumphs of later years rarely yield the pure unalloyed happiness that comes to the child when he grasps his flower prize. What a flush of joy brightens the little face when a hidden cove of trilliums or a purpled bank of tiny wood-violets bursts on his sight, or when he spies a solemn Jack-in-the-pulpit standing erect and still beneath his brown and green striped canopy, expatiating on all the isms in vogue among the floral listeners. There are yellow violets, white violets with tiny pink streaks, and even deep crimson violets, although these are somewhat rare: the gr. at snow-white, three petaled lilies or trilliums, yellow trilliums and deep red trilliums with a heavy wildwood odor, the feathery squirrel corn, the hepatica, and a little tiny, white star-flower, quivering above a circle of long, glossy green leaves; curled fern fronds, wild fruit blossoms, tender velvet mosses, and deep-deyed crimson, brown and green maple shoots and a host of other smiling beauties to be found among the glinting lights and shadows of a leafy glade.

What deep draughts of health, gladness and simple happiness are drawn in these May day rambles, and what pleasant pictures are imprinted on the youthful fancy, which will be brought out again above the accumulated lore of older days and be retouched by imagination, when in later life the city's bricks and stones, and dusty pavements, and clanging din have wearied the brain and heart of the toiler in the world's mart.

The happy little children that trod homeward at even laden with the wood-or mountain's fairest offerings, or perchance with only a basket or bunch of sunny dandelions clutched lovingly in their hot, tired hands, have only gleamed half their pleasure—the rest will come in later life, when memory will stray back to the misty slopes of childhood, when the ruling thought was what we would be when we were men and women. Could we only reach this point of the hill of life the world would be before us, and we would be something great in its moving throng. But when the pinnacle that attracted us is reached we find

"Hills peak o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

There are many who love the floral treasures that gem the foot-prints of the opening spring. A fresh greenward dotted with golden dandelion, and overhung with flower-crowned fruit trees, waving their wealth of pink and snowy bloom in the morning air, and willows with their light fringe of yellow green, will stay the hurrying footstep on its way to a perfumed whiff of balmy air gives new buoyancy to both foot and mind, and helps to lighten the cares and burdens of the day.

The dawn of these early May mornings is another delicious vision of surpassing loveliness. Slowly a grey glimmer of light penetrates the darkness and night steals softly away, and the heavy hangings that shield earth's sleep are slowly drawn aside. Steadily the little glimmer advances until earth and sky are bathed in a hue of golden grey with a light, filmy mist hanging tenderly over all, as if the night was still loath to leave her charge unweiled before the approaching march of the skies. The light deepens and a flush is seen above the distant mountains. A row of tall maples with their tiny red-brown leaflets clinging closely to the smooth grey stems and branches intervene between the watcher and the long stretch of grassy fields, marked beyond by a broad patch of ploughed ground, where the brown mold bleeds with the new green grass. Beyond—a white walled convent with high pointed roof, crowned with a quaint belfry that speaks of early days in Canada's history. Around the convent cluster the farm-buildings, alike white-walled and red-roofed, sheltered by tall elms. The high grassy sloped dyke stretches its long protecting arm around this pastoral scene, and under the grey, shimmering river, a long, low island with its western belt of forest land, and off, far in the distance the farther shores of the noble St. Lawrence and the blue, misty mountain piles bearing on their crests the roseate flush of coming day. Silence is over all. Not a footstep, not a voice to mark an echo or mar the mystery of the scene—not now. As if directed by some master chorister the birds awaken and from tree to tree the music flows, shrill and sweet, and all in unison the bird chorists, and no feathered songster leaves its bough until the matin lay is sung. There is no whirr of wings, but one glad song from myriad feathered throats. This is surely the birds' tribute of praise to the Eternal Father, and the weary watcher bows her head and offers heart and mind to God in fervent prayer at the dawn of a bright May morn.

K. DOUGLASS.

GERMAN CATHOLIC LITERATURE

A writer in the Catholic Times, speaking of the enlargement of the scope of the Maynooth (Ireland) curriculum, under the recently acquired papal charter, says:

"Another effect of the granting of the Charter will be to throw open to Maynooth the intellectual wealth of modern Catholic Germany. The study of Celtic, French and Italian is obligatory on every student at present, and Maynooth pupils now leave their alma mater with a valuable knowledge of Italian and French literature. This is an enormous gain. The knowledge of the Catholic literature of modern Germany is not only a gain to the candidate for degrees in philosophy and theology, it is absolutely indispensable. This is a truism which requires only the mere assertion to place it beyond question. A man who is sworn to defend the Church's teaching in the highest regions of intellectual attack,

and attempts to do so without a fair knowledge of German Catholic literature, might as well attempt to play the violin with a poker. The ablest defense of the Church, whether in the departments of history, science, theology or philosophy, is all written in German. A man who through ignorance of the German language is shut out from this mighty arsenal may do valuable work in many ways in defending Catholic truth, but in no sense can he be said to be an all-around champion in the Church's cause. Take for instance a work like Janssen's "History of the German People." It has dealt the most reeling blow to Protestantism which it has ever yet received; still that is only one out of the scores and hundreds of works scarcely less able and less valuable.

A SENSATIONAL INCIDENT IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

MEMBERS ARE SUSPENDED.

LONDON, May 22.—The House of Commons, in Committee of the Whole, sat all night discussing the Agricultural Rating Bill. After the debate had lasted until a quarter after three this morning, closure was adopted. Mr. Chapin, President of the Local Government Board, and introducer of the measure, moved that a certain clause of the bill be put to vote. This was done and the vote was challenged, whereupon a division was ordered. Several members of the Opposition refused to withdraw from the division and the Chairman, James W. Lowther, then summoned Dr. Gully, the Speaker of the House. The latter attempted to induce the recalcitrant members to take part in the division, but they persisted in remaining in their seats as a protest against the measure, which they declared they regarded as a legalized robbery.

Mr. Gully then "named" Messrs. David Lloyd George, member for the Carnarvon District; John H. Lewis, Flint District; John Dillon, East Mayo, leader of the Anti-Parnellites; Dr. Charles Tanner, Middle Division of Cork, and Donald Sullivan, South Division of Westmeath. After they had been "named," Arthur Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury and Government leader in the House, moved that they be suspended for a week.

Prior to a vote being taken on Mr. Balfour's motion, it was ordered that the House be cleared. All the members withdrew with the exception of Messrs. Davitt and Daniel Macauliffe, members respectively for South Mayo and North Monaghan, who retained their seats. The speaker appealed to them to withdraw, but they refused to do so.

Mr. Gully then directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove them. This was a mere formality and was effected without resistance. Then the House reassembled and Mr. Balfour's motion was adopted by a vote of 200 to 58.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, the Opposition leader, then moved to report progress on the bill. After some discussion of the motion, Mr. Balfour moved closure. James O'Connor, member for the West Division of Wicklow, then initiated Messrs. Davitt and Macauliffe, and was also removed from the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The closure motion was then carried and Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt's motion was defeated by a vote of 200 to 70.

ARE WE GETTING OUR SHARE?

Every president that the United States have had been Protestants. Every governor of the forty-five states now in the union is a Protestant. Catholics are one-sixth of the population; and yet they have not one-sixth of the offices.—Catholic Telegraph.

No, they never did, and probably never will; and the longer they are successful in keeping out of office the better it will be for them and their religion. Representative Catholics, men who are a credit to their faith, are seldom found in the political field, and we feel disposed to be proud of their absence from it. Almost any other occupation presents greater opportunities for good, with less temptations to evil.

Here and there, locally, Catholics have obtained complete possession of the political machine, and the manner in which they manipulated it was highly practical, if it wasn't as moral as it might be. In these cases they held not one-sixth, but six-sixths of the offices, and the men they placed in power rarely reflected any honor on the religion they claimed to profess.

We complain because of the opinion which some of our Protestant brethren hold of the great mass of Catholics. But how can they be blamed when the only type that is pushed forward is the swaggering, loud-talking, tobacco-chewing specimen of Catholicity who is so conspicuously in evidence at the polls and so conspicuously absent at church? Until there is a determination on the part of our people to suppress this class of individuals, and see to it that the man who claims to be a representative Catholic is all that he should be, the less recognition we get, the farther we are removed from "de gang," the better it will be for us.—Catholic Witness, U.S.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE BOERS.

Courting among the race is a novel proceeding, says a writer in the Forum. A young man, having, of course, asked permission of his father to court the hand and heart of some neighboring dame—by neighboring I mean anywhere within fifty miles—proceeds to purchase the most loudly colored and

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decorated saddle cloth for his horse that he can possibly find. He will spend large sums on this article of equine adornment, and one knowing the country can never mistake a young Boer going out courting. Mounted on his most spirited steed, he approaches the house of the father of his lady love. Unlike the youth of more civilized life, he avoids the lady and seeks her father, from whom he reverentially asks permission to court his daughter. The old man returns no answer, but consults his vrow, and the youth joins the young folks.

No more notice is taken of him during the day, but if his request be agreeable to the parents, when the hour for retiring comes, the mother solemnly approaches the young man and maiden with a long tallow candle in her hand. This she places on the table, lights, and bidding the couple an affectionate good-night, retires. This is the silent signal to the lover that his suit is successful. The young people are permitted to sit up together in the kitchen so long as the candle lasts, when the lady retires to the one dormitory of herself and her sisters, and the youth shares the bed of the brothers or male portion of the family.

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