### A HIDDEN GEM

ELOQUENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT,

An Address Delivered Before the St. Patrick's Society at Their Concert in the Windsor Hall.

We are enabled to offer our readers a Patrick's Society, at the concert given in Windsor Hall. After some prefatory remarks, Mr. Foran said :

Once I read a poem, written by Martin Mepermott, in which he pictures an old woman ested under a tree, and singing to a child the tog of the "Colleen"; Years roll over, and the oldwoman sleeps 'neath the chapel yard grass, while the child-now a youth-asks his mother to let him go and kneed at the grave of the old granused a tear. And the mother would encouragingly say: "Go, my son; fond of the old woman, you must have an affection for me." Such is a picture of the children of the Irish race in Canada. The old mother, the granuale of our nationality, she who rocked its cradle and sang its fullaby, is Ireland; but the mother of our present and the native land of our descendants, the home of our tuture, is Canada. Out of 355 days of a year consecrated to the advancement, glory and prosperity of this new land, surely one day can be now and then taken, to lay aside the cares and troubles of life, to retrace the wilderness of the Atlantic, and to go kneel at the grave of the old woman Erin, there to plack-were it

### ONLY A SHAMROUK,

to breathe a prayer-were it but for her fature gary, to drop a tear-were it merely upon the memories of her sorrows. And Canada, instend of being jenious, will say: "Fond of the old land, they must be true to the new; devoted tothe old land. I have in them truthful, loyal and mithful subjects." It is in that spirit, my friends, lask you this evening to come with me on the wings of imagination and dwell for a scort space amongst the rulned shrines and shattered aisles of a once world-renowned merray splendor. Many is the costly gein boried in the debris of years, under heaps of sorrows and trials, amidst the dust of unintentional neglect. I will seek with you for one of these jewels, priceless and rare; togother we will study it, polish it anew, and set it in the ring of sourcese, that the children of the rising generation may enjoy its brilliancy. Ireland has had many titles which she richly deserved: "The Island Saints and Martyrs," "The Home of Heroes and Patriots," and the "Land of song," of the first and second titles I cannot speak this evening; in fact, they would, of themselves, aurnish material for a series of lectures And, as It is, the third title-"The Land of Song" -is so Vast that it seems almost impossible to even properly refer to it in the short space of time at the disposal or a speaker apon such an occasion as the present.

Music and song, twin-sisters, walk hand in hand down the pathway of her history. The areienthard tuned his harp to the peasant's ear, he sang the prowess of the warrior in the sanguet half of the chieffain, and his pibroch was load over "the closing and splintering of spears," when "the clansmen came down from metr hills at the voice of the battle." Osslan, in his would,

MILLO IMAGERY, chanted the praises of Fingall and of Cona; he transmitted his harp to Carolan, from whom it passed to Moore, who, with harp of delicate ouch and lip of flame, tuned its chords into vibration. He sang not only of Ireland, her pern-clad hills and verdant vales, but his song, ike the spirit of the good, went into every dime, giving strength to the weak and courage to the timid. He sang the exile's sorrows as he rambled by the Schnylkille; he sang of the ottawa's tide, and the echo of his "Canadian st. Ann's. His songs went on the winds of beaven into the very Eolean caves, awaking, with "Lalla Rookh," the echoes of Cashmerean vallys, and dying away in a delicious wait beyond the helghts of Parnassus. Yet Moore was only one of Ireland's Bards. In 1852. almiy entered the office of Richard Coc, an American poet, and during the conversation he said: " How strange that you Irish people who have so much imagination, should have only one pact-Thomas Moore!" The lady asked him to open the Morning Ledger. She pointed out to him a poem, "The Dying Girl," by Richard Dalton Williams. The poet's eyes sparkied and he would only exclaim: "Grand! meantiful! Who wrote that poem?" The lady made reply : "The author is a Tipperary boy : and that is only one gem in Williams' casket; and he is only one star in the galaxy of Ireland's literature." Ladies and gentlemen, I wish, in a short and superficial manner, to tell you to night the simple story of that star; to ask you o open with me that casket and examine a few of the genrs it contains. The life of Williams is nearly all told in the history of his poems. The Irish Monthly says he was born in Dublin "on the 8th of October, four or five years before Emancipation year, 1829." The inscription upon his tombstone would put the date a couple

of years earlier. At the AGE OF SIX he was taken to live at Grevenstown, near the Devil's Bit, in Tipperary. He began his education at st. Stanislaus College, Queon's County, and completed it at Carlow College. It was from the latter that in 1843 he sent his first poem to the Nation. A critic of the time said ofit; "It had no weak spats, no gaps, nowhere was it padded out with adjectives or adverbs to fill up the metre; no rhymes were laboriosly dragged in from afar, and clumsily fixed into their places. It was as easy and natural, as solid and bright and beautiful as the statue of some warrior fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. • • • The Nation had won him, as it had indeed many others, to venture into print." The young minstrel heard the call that summoned so many others, so many noble, fertile, glowing souls into the fields of Irish literature. He asked Erin to bless his harp; she did so; and faithful was he to give ner all its notes gay, or serious, humorous or rad. The last days of his short life, by the mighty Mississippl, were consecrated to loving songs for Ireland, such as he sang in his prime on the banks of the Barrow and the Liffy. The subject is so extensive that under the circumstances I find it difficult to pick out from a wealth of material the most suitable sample a accordance with my limited time. His more than versatile mind had three peculiar phases. In the first mood he was patriotic and dery, as a warrior bard; in the second he was overflowing with rich humor and boyish fun; in the third he was intensely religious. His humoours poems were written over the signature of "Shamrock," so that for a long time no one ever dreamed of Williams, the

dual as "Shamrock," the gay, light-hearted, DEVIL-MAY-CARE

solemn, serious writer, being the same indivi-

kind of fellow. Moreover, Williams was touched with consumption, the ghastly spectre eventually carrying him to an early grave; he know his fate, and yet so Celtic was his nature | tender, mild and leving. He addressed these

that his humor and fun bubbled up and overflowed till the end. Not to weary you with pure and simple blography I will dot the silver chord of his life with the rosary of his smiles and tears and songs-songs that like Ireland herself are a mixture of light and shadow, joy and grief. From 1844 till 1943 he constantly wrote; but the fallure of the '48 movement was great blow to him. In 1851, being downspirited, he emigrated to America. He was professor of Belies Lettres in Spring Hill College, Alabama. In 1856 he married a Miss Connolly, of New Orleans, and removed to that city; later on he went to Baton Rouge, and all report of the charming paper read finally to Thibodeaux, Louisiana. There, on by Mr. J. K. Foran before the St. the 5th July, 1862, in his 40th year, a hemorrhage of the langs carried him away. The Irish-American soldiers camped near his grave, in April, 1863, erected a suitable monument over his humble resting place, and it bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Richard Dallon Williams, the Irish patriot and poet who died July 5th, 1862, aged 40 years." This stone was creefed by his countrymen serving in Companies C. and K., 8th Regiment N. H. Volunteers, as a slight testimonial of their esteem, for his unsullied patriotism and his exalted devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. grandmother, there to pluck a flower, broutho it was a kindly act. The incident touched the heart of a brother-poet, and the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee addressed an ode to the tombbuilders of the South, in which he said:

"God bless the brave! the brave alone Were worthy to have done the deed, A soldier's hand has raised the stone, Another traced the lines men read; Another set the guardian rall Above thy minstrel-Innisfail!"

A thousand years ago-ah! theu Had such a harp in Erin ceased. His cairn had met the eyes of men By every passing hand increased. God bless the brave! Not yet the race Could coldly pass his dwelling place.

Probably had Williams the choice he would have preferred that even one of his songs should be ch**e**rished

IN TRISH HEARTS

than that a marble ston? should tell his name to a people who had no knowledge of his work. If he could have afforded to be careless about the preservation of his poems the Irish nation cannot. Sir C. G. Duffy once said: The man dies but the race lives. The author passes away, but his works remain to be the heritage of his countrymen. For the sake of their honor and repute in the world the Irish people should be careful custodians of whatever literary or artistic treasures have been left them, and I do not hesitate to say that amongst the possessions in which they can feel a legitimate pride, and which they never should allow to be hidden away, neglected or forgotten, are the poems of poor Richard Dalton Williams. His humorous poems must necessarily lose much of their strength and effect on account of the lapse of time, and our want of knowledge of the local hits. He took great delight in making fun of his brother bards and tantalizing them with the most absurd parodics on their best poems. One of the contributors to the Nation, a poor student, wrote the "Student's Lament," in which he pathetically described the hundred and one difficulties that surround the empty-pocketed aspirant to fame. Beauti ful was the poem, and it seemed a desceration to laugh at it. Still "Shamrock" appeared in the next number with the "Misadventures of a Student." one of which ran as follows:

A moon ago, one morning, as I tried to kill the blucs.

By the fragrance of maniflas and clopement: in the new -. All suddenly the ceho of a superious double

knock. so startled me that both of them fell from me

at a shock. But my vinalgrette was near the-it was near me, thank my stars,

For my nerves are very weak from dissipation on eigars.

sank upon the cushions of a lounger, rich and thick.

(Like all my other furniture, I had it upon

tick) Boat Song" lingers to-night by the rapid of Till the valet brought me, grinningly, an ablong

billet doux, With Queen Victoria's compliments, requesting one pound two.

By Parnassus, 'tis the taxman, he had called three times before:

The phantom of the threshold," the lion's at Say, Tom, I'm sick, or not at home, and

won't be home at all;" So I tould him, plaze your honor, but be

would not lave the hall." Well, then, thought I, soft solder must be given

took a gentle stimulant and hastened to

the door. In my richest robe-de-chambre, and my Turk

ish slippers too, And my very blandest simper, I began, "Ah! how de do ?"

But the taxman spake unto me: "Three times Dve called in vain:

By the Hokey, you shall rue it, if you make me And then the door he most melo-dramatically

slammed-A fine emphatic pantomline, expressing, "you

A week of doubt most terrible, of expintion dire,

be damned."

And again the phantom cometh-he cometh in

his ire, And the taxman spake unto me-he spoke with

sneer and scoff; · Fork out the blunt instanter, or I'll cant your

chattels off." And therunto, besides, moreover, superadded

he an outh; But the Muse, unused to swearing, to repeat it

here is louth. But courage future phiomaths, and friends of

lyric lore, By Jingo-living Jingo-was the solemn oath he swore.

In vain to soothe this worshipper of Jingo, I begau,

Dear sir, 1'll tell my uncle, who's a very public man : And if you call to-morrow, I, may hap, shall

tell you then, What Sunday in the coming week you'd better

call again." went, while many an oath came upon the

zephyr's wings. By Jingo and by Hokey-by Hokey and by

And though he loves me not, he will surely come again,

With certain raw crusincese, most likely, in his train-The phantom and his lobster host with calm-

ness I shall view,

For my uncle, afore mentioned, has supplied the one pound two.

Would you ever dream that the author of such a composition as that was a man upon whom death had set his seal, who was fearfully In earnest and deeply religious? Yet Williams felt that Ireland had enough of tears, and that it was well to keep up the livelier spirit and discourage discouragement itself. I said he was sincerely religious. Listen to a portion of his "Bister of Charity." It differs greatly from that written by Gerald Griffin. Griffin's was bold, lofty, grand; William's poem is

lines to an humble nun whom he had seen tending the sick in one of the hospitals of Dubin, where he practiced medicine for a few short years:

THE SISTER.

Sister of Charity! gentle and dutiful, Loving as Seraphim, tender and mild. In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,

In spirit heroic, in manners a child, Ever thy love, like an angel, reposes

With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here, Till the arrows of death are half hidden in

roses. And hope-speaking prophery smiles on the bler.

When life, like a vapour, is slowly retiring, As clouds in the dawning to heaven uproffed. Thy prayer, like a berald, precedes him ex-

piring. And the cross on thy bosom, his last looks

And oh! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,

What hundred-fold blessings descend on the then; Thus the flower-absorbeddew in the bright iris

glistens,

And returns to the Illies more richly again. Sister of Charity! child of the Hollest!

Oh! for thy loving soul ardent and pure! Mother of orphaus, and friend of the lowliest! Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor! The embrace of the God-head so plainly enfolds

thee, Sancity's halo so shrines thee around, Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee Nor droops in thy presence, abashed to the ground!

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes, Burning the breast of the maidenly rose, To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty

flushes. When the luceuse ascends and the sauctuary

And the music, that seems Heaven's language Is pealing— Adoration has bowed him in silence and

sighs: And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling skies.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!

Choir-musle thy voice is, thy step angel And thy union with Delty shines in a splendor. Subdued, but uncartfly thy spiritual face, When the frail chains are broken, a captive

that bound thee. Afar from thy home in the prison of clay, Bride of the Lamb! and Earth's shadow

around thre. Disperse in the blaze of Eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story. Arresting the thunders of wrath e'er they roit. Intervene, like a cloud, between us and His

giory. And shield from His lightnings the shuddering

And fulld as the moon-beams in Autumn descending,

The lightning extinguished by Mercy shall While He hears, with the waif of the penitent

blending, Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent de Paul!

The Dublin Nation,

COMMENTING UPON THE POETS, said: "We have had many singers of song it our day, but Williams stands distinct and separate from all. Mangan, with the mystle oracular utterance of a seer; Davis, with his gallant, bounding strains, the fit minstrel of a national guard: Walsh, with the fairy music of old traditions, and the inherent genius of the ancient harpers; "Mary" of the tender melodies sung in summer eves. But Williams' music is daring, vehement, flerce, thundering with intense passion. With eagle wing he sours among the stars; and when he stands again aponthe firm earth his hearty bursts of mirth are prolific as the wild flowers on a forest bank. His style accords with his theme: sometimes grand, solemn and sonorous as the verse of Homer; and, anon, brilliant, sportive and humorous as the very genius of mirth." Buch the idea of his companions in the reopen-

ed fields of Irish literature. Still beneath the dancing rhymes of this poet a deep current of nationalism sweeps. There is a meaning for those who can read between the lines, in each of his parodies. However, Mangan was enraged with this "Shamrock" for making fun of his weird poems; and Davis came one day to Williams and complained of that "wicked fellow who turned his war song into a glutton's paen to his foul god." If Williams enjoyed vexing the poets, he enjoyed still more their coming to himself for consola-

Moore wrote that beautiful Oriental poem. Lalla Rhookh," but "Shamrock" ridiculed it. Let me give you one verse as an example.

There's a bower of sweet roses by Bendameer's stream.

And the birds sings 'round it all the day

In the days of my boyhood, 'twas like a grand dream. To sit 'midst the roses and hear the birds'

"Shamrock" comes out with:

Thre's a temple of humbug by Liffy's dark stream.

Where the victims of gambling sit all the night long; In the days of my glory it was my grand

dream. To hear the paid patriots pitching it strong !

When Mangan's "Cahal Mor of the Wine-

red Hand," a glorious tale of the warrior-days appeared, it was followed by "Shamrock's" Romdolph Routh of the Wine-red Nose," a rap at the commissary-general of the day. All went well enough until Mangan published his "Time of the Barmecides," a unique piece of oriental composition of which the author was justly proud. It began:

My oyes are flimed, my beard is gray, I am bowed with the weight of years, would I were stretched in my bed of clay, With my long lost youth's compeers! For back to the Past, though the thought brings

woe, My memory ever glides,-To the old, old time, long, long ago, The time of the Barmecides!

Imagine his large, blue, dreamy eyes how they opened, and how his pale cheek glowed as he scanned the next paper with "Shainrock's"

My eyes are gaggled, my whiskers dyed. I am stooped, notwithstanding stays, I would I were stretched that stream beside, Where I fished in my zig-zag days. For back to that spot-(it cost nothing, you

My memory ever fles: Where I first saw glow, long, long ago, In the light of the Bar-mald's eyes!

Time will not parmit or I would give you

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# MAGG CANTERNS AND STEREORTICONS after the fort and observe means of object benefing for Callagree, Serious, and Seaves, (If Innocesse, Per Horses Americans of Views, Britans), and Seaves of Seaves, Serious, Establicos, and Seaves, (If Innocesse, Per Horses Americans of Views, Sections), and Seaves of Seaves, (If Innocesse, Per Horses Americans of Views, Seaves Seaves, Seaves, Seaves, Seaves of Seaves, (If Innocesse, Per Horses Americans of Views, Seaves, Sea

must skip. But the climax of annoyance for the poets and fun for Williams was reached of Isalah, fill his bosom with inspirations like one day when Davis vowed that "Shamrock" would not attempt any such liberties with him. One morning appeared poor Davis' glorious war song, "Oh! for a steed!"

Oh! for a steed! a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindustan!

And a hundred thousand cavaliers to charge like a single man : Till our shirts were red. And the enemy fled,

Like a cowardly caravan!

. . .

Oh! for a steed! a rushing steed, on the Curragh of Kildare. And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are

ready to dare; A hundred yards. And Holiand's guards, Drawn up to engage us there!

Try and imagine the astonishment, the be wilderment of Davis, when Williams (serious as an owi) handed him a paper with " Shamrock's" parody.

Oh! for a feed! a motley feed! a corporation

Of hot and cold, of roast, of boiled, of fishes birds and beast-

From cod and snipe To leathery tripe. Two inches thick at least.

Oh! for a feed! an awful feed! or else a mighty lunch, With a Niagara cataract of Irish whiskey

Port, crusty, red, And home-made bread,

Ad libitum to crunch! Oh! for a feed! a bribing feed! at an election spread?

Where much is said that's never done, and done that's never said-And bloed swine. To "ninetimes nine,"

Invert their heels and head. Oh! for a feed! precarious feed! at boating or picnic. Where nobody gets nothing, and everybody

And sudden somalls. Seize hats and shawls,

Just borrowed or on tick. And while "Shamrock" was still perpetrating his endless parodies, one day a cloud arose upon the horizon and shadowed it from pole to pole; the sun of Ireland's literature came up the eastern slopes and his rays were dimmed with the mists that hung upon the land; a wail arose, like a Banshee's cry, and came mouning around the shore, sighing through ruined towers, careering sadly over rath and hill. Williams paused to watch the grim spectre, and his mirth was hushed for a moment: he listened to the walling of the wind through the corridors of a newly erected nationality, and he heard the words-strong, few and

terrible-" Thomas Davis is dead!" His, like every heart in Ireland.

CEASED TO THROB: the calamity seemed too much to bear. "But the calmness of grief coming soon, in its deepness and stillness profound," the poet stretched forth his hand for his harp, and binding cypres leaves interwoven with laurels around his instrument, he touched its chords into vibration,

and thus he sang: Hast thou fallen from our band. Purest spirit of the land? Hast thou perished white thy glory yet was

young? While more than mortal fire Sprang intensely from thy lyre, And love and wisdom flowed from thy tongue:

Let him sleep in Irish ground, At his feet the Irish hound,

The harp of battle broken at his side. And let his willing hand embrace the halfdrawn brand;

Oh! had he but unsheathed it ere he died! Williams always envied those who slept in he land of their fathers, and the coldest breath that his unpromising future could blow was the chill thought that he should sleep in a

foreign land. He once exclaimed; When I slumber in the gloom Of a nameless foreign tomb. By a distant ocean's boom,

> Around thy emerald shore, May the clasping sea adore, And each wave in thunder roar

And when the final sigh. Shall bear my soul on high, And on chainless wings I fly Through the blue,

"All Hail!"

My latest thought shall be, As I soar above the sea, Green Erin, dear, to thee Adleu!"

Poor, dear, generous, soul-inspiring Williams, could your spirit look down from beyond the stars to-night, would it not feel Joyous to know that your songs, your name, your patriotism and your noble worth are still green in the minds of your fellow-countrymen. We of the ancient Faith believe that there is a communion between the souls on earth and those beyond the grave, and as you prayed in your lifetime for your country and her sons, so should they now pray for you. Sleep calmly by the "Father of Waters," for "time has not ages and space has not distance" to sever your memory from the land of your love and the people of your affection. May your songs long live to inspire the men of our day and

OF THE FUTURE

as they did those of the past, and in the day of Ireland's regeneration may the Almighty power guide her people in the way of union forbearance and wisdom, guide her rulers in the way of justice, and when her flag is unfolded, pure and stainless as the banner of our Dominion, beside the grandold "Meteor Flag" those poems in full and dozens of others that I of England, may He raise up a harper and a

lyrist in the land, cleane his lips as Hedid those unto those that thrilled in the breast of the Royal prophet, give him the vigor of Davis, the molody of Moore, the genius of Mangan, the fire of "Speranza" and the soul of Williams,

that while he is praising the "Giver of all good

gifts," he may worthly chant the deathless

unthem of Ireland's rejuvenated nationality. Ladies and gentlemen, a word about Canada before I close. I feel I have fatigued you. I will say but a word. Let us return from our half hour at the grave of the old woman and contemplate for a moment the mother of our future. Here we are in a land vast in its proportions, endless in its resources, boundless in its liberties, majestic in the sweepings of its rivers and gorgeous in the grandeur of its mountain panoramas. The whistle of a steam engine was heard the other night on the seaboard at Hallfax; it did not cease to cry out till a few nights afterwards it scared the eagles from their nests in the Rockies. This country is like a vast ocean into which a thousand streams roll and blend their waters. One stream from the forests of Germany and the castelated Rhine; another from the vineyards of France, the home of chivalry and arts, the mother-land of the brave and generous race that gave us our pioneers and missionaries, the For \$1.00 you can draw...... 5,000 leaders of advancing civilization and Christianity; another stream from the clm-groves of old England, the mother-land of the great For \$1.00 you can draw...... 1,250 world-encircling belt, of which Canada is the buckle: another from the "Land's cakes and brither Scots," from "Caledonia the stern and wild," from the land of Burns and Scott, whence come those good, generous, thrifty people, solid and grand in character, as Ben Velrloch and Ben Vernie, bright and placid in disposition, as Loch Lomon and Loch Katrine; another from the "sen-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelle Isle" of my ancestors. All of these should co mingle in the great ocean of Canadian nation ality. Burying in the Atlantic the difference of the old world, we should aid each other in th struggle for glory and advancement in the new No matter what altar, we kneel before, we a adore the same God, and the same God com manded us all to love each other. By performingthat first act of Christian charity-as I see it exemplified here to-night—we will be aiding in a strife wherein, to use Lord Dufferin' words, "the spoils of victory will fall into the lap of Canada, and the garland of triumph b twined around her brow." Every good, gener ous or noble act we perform, like a ray o light upon a convex mirror, will reflect upon the land of our ancestors and to the honor o our race; and by each performing faithfully his duties in the sphere in which he lives, he will be adding his stone to the great fabric of this country's future; he will have a share in

the building of that-" Northern arch, whose vast proportions Span the skies from sea to sea, From Atlantic to Pacific,

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"IS IT WEBER OR STEINWAY?" "In speaking of these two planes, I do not ignore the claims of other makers. There are many good commercial planes, in the sense in Aprep As aboug of commercial Efficiales' se distinct from those that are genuine works of art. They are generally well made, and being sold at a moderate price, give satisfaction to the ordinary purchaser. But the musician, the artist or the connoisseur, who wishes to obtain from the plane the grandest results of which this noble instrument is capable, will have to seek these results from either of the two great makers, Weber or Steinway.

"These are universally acknowledged to be the leading planes of America. They are not. nor have they ever been, strictly speaking, rivals. In a mechanical sense there is positively little difference between them. Both memors have achieved the tithost limits of perfection so far as durability and good workmanship are concerned, and the cost of construction is about the same, but in respect of tone there can be no comparison between them. The Steinway planes doubtless possess great power and sonority; perhaps equal in this respect to Weber, but here the comparison ends. They cannot approach the Weber for purity, richness and durability, or prolongation of tone, three qualifications which combined, give that distinct and perfect articulation which one only hears in youal organs of the highest order and calibre. Hence all the principal artists of the present day, whether vocalists or instrumentalists, prefer the Waber pianos for their public performances and pri-vate use. They are more sympathetic, better adapted to the voice, and capable of giving the various lights and shades of expression in so remarkable a manner as to make them incomparably superior to any other plane of this age."-Spectator.

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