

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

IL GRIGIO; OR THE GRAY DOG.

The following true story giving an incident in the life of Dom Bosco is translated from the French:

God, Who made all things, both great and small, does not disdain at times to make use of the humblest of His creatures to further His noblest designs.

One of the most pleasing incidents in the life of the great and holy Dom Bosco, the St. Vincent de Paul of Italy, is the one concerning the mysterious and faithful dog which, on more than one occasion, became the means of saving the life of that illustrious saint.

But first, a few words about Dom Bosco himself. He was born on the 15th of August, 1815, in the little hamlet of Mivaldo, in the Province of Turin, Italy. I could tell you many interesting stories of his boyhood, but for the present shall pass to his life as a priest, in order the more quickly to introduce to your notice his wonderful dog Il Grigio.

The work to which Dom Bosco devoted all his time and energies was that of rescuing the children of his native country, and, later, of many other countries, from poverty, ignorance and vice, for the purpose of reforming and educating them, giving them instructions in a useful trade, or preparing them for the priesthood.

You might think that everyone would have loved and admired a man so good and charitable, and been eager to help him on with his noble work. But, unfortunately, such was not the case. The enemies of our holy religion, seeing the great success which attended the labors of Dom Bosco, did all in their power to undermine his growing influence, and even on several occasions sought to take away

THE GOOD PRIEST'S LIFE.

It is in connection with these wicked and cowardly attempts at assassination that the famous Gray Dog appears on the scene. Whence he came or who his master was no one knew, not even Dom Bosco. But in times of danger he would appear as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth, and, generally, when he had accomplished his mission, he as quickly again disappeared.

M. Buzetti, who was first a pupil of Dom Bosco, and later inspector of his workshops, gives the following trustworthy account of the Gray Dog. I give a literal translation from the French of the interesting story:

"Dom Bosco," he says, "often returned from Turin at a late hour in the evening, either because he had been detained by a sick call or because he had found a family that had been misled by heretics and had wanted to undeceive them. Then, without a thought for his personal safety, he would start on his way back to the Valdocco alone, even on the darkest nights. The route which he had to traverse, at the present day lined with buildings and lit with gas, was then an irregular thoroughfare, broken with marshes and bordered here and there with thick hedges, where men of sinister purpose might easily be concealed."

"One night, as he wended his solitary way homeward, not without a certain vague sense of alarm, he saw a large dog approaching him. At first he experienced a slight sensation of fear or distrust, but, seeing that

wagged its tail and only sought to caress him, he suffered it to approach him and returned its caress. The faithful animal accompanied him to the door of the oratory, but showed no desire to enter. From that time forward, whenever Dom Bosco had any delay and did not return before nightfall, he was sure to see, looming in sight from one direction or another, the faithful Il Grigio, or the Gray Dog, for that was the color of the enormous brute.

"Often 'Mamma Marguerite'—as Dom Bosco's dear old mother, who kept house for him, was called by the children—feeling uneasy at her son's delay, would send some of the young men from the oratory to meet him. I myself have been of the number of these, and remember seeing him approach us many a time with his four-footed protector by his side. Three times, to my knowledge, the Gray Dog saved the life of Dom Bosco.

"One dark and foggy winter's evening, Dom Bosco, to shorten his way, took the straight road down from the Consolata to the Institute of Cottolengo. At a certain point of the road he perceived that two men preceded him at a little distance, and regulated their steps according to his. Surmising that they harbored some evil design, he bent his steps towards the nearest inhabited house, intending to seek a shelter. But the villains were too quick for him. One of them abruptly threw a cloak over his face. Dom Bosco would have cried aloud for help, but they gagged him with a handkerchief. The poor man gave himself up for lost, when, suddenly,

A TERRIBLE BAYING was heard, less like the barking of a dog than the growling of an infuriated bear—it was Il Grigio, the Gray Dog. It sprang upon one of the ruffians, compelling him to defend himself; then, throwing himself on the other, whom he caught in his teeth, he cast him to the earth; then he stood still, growling ominously.

"The two wretches, now terrified in turn, begged for mercy and cried out:—'Call back your dog, call him back, quickly!'"

"I shall call him back," answered Dom Bosco, who had freed himself from the gag, "but only on condition that you go your way and let me go mine."

"Yes, we go; but keep back the dog!"

"Whereupon Dom Bosco called Il Grigio, who remained by his side while the two would-be murderers escaped with the utmost speed.

"Another evening, as he returned home by the St. Maseimus way, an assassin came behind him and fired two pistol shots at random. The shots not having taken effect, the hireling would have thrown himself upon Dom Bosco to finish him by other means, but just then Il Grigio came in sight, attacked the murderer from behind, and speedily put him to flight.

"On a last occasion, Il Grigio defended his master against a still more formidable attack, that of a veritable band of hired assassins.

"It was a dark night; Dom Bosco was

crossing the Milan Square, to-day Immanuel Philibert Square, when suddenly he perceived that he was being followed by a man armed with

AN ENORMOUS CLUB.

He redoubled his steps in the hope of gaining his oratory before being overtaken. He had reached the head of the descent when he was dismayed to perceive further on, at its base, a group of other brigands. Seeing this, he waited for the one who followed him, and dealt him such a skillful and dexterous blow in the chest with his elbow that the wretch fell as if dead, crying out aloud in his anguish. His comrades now surrounded Dom Bosco, threatening him with their cudgels. But in that very instant, behold! the faithful Grigio appears and takes up his station beside his adopted charge, barking and baying with such furious agitation that the murderous villains, fearing to be torn to pieces, begged of Dom Bosco to appease him, and one after another quickly disappeared in the darkness. Dom Bosco was then escorted by his protector to the door of the oratory."

But here is an incident of quite a different nature, which would seem to indicate with still more force the possession by this extraordinary animal of a sort of marvellous intuition. Contrary to his usual custom, Dom Bosco, having forgotten a matter of importance while in Turin during the day, prepared to set out in the evening to repair his mission. 'Mamma Marguerite' sought to dissuade him from his purpose, but he tried to reassure her,

TOOK HIS HAT,

opened the door, and was going out, when he saw Il Grigio stretched full length across the threshold.

"Oh! so much the better," he exclaimed. "We shall now be two instead of one, and prepared to defend ourselves," and he bade his mother look at the dog of the streets.

But Il Grigio apparently thought differently. He bugged not an inch, but emitted a sort of low subdued growl. Twice Dom Bosco tried to pass over him, and twice the dog prevented him from crossing the threshold of the door. Whereupon the good Marguerite cried out:

"You see, my son, the dog is more reasonable than you; if you will not listen to me, listen to him."

As the dog refused to move and continued his growling, Dom Bosco finally went back to his room. A quarter of an hour later one of his neighbors came to warn him that four or five men, having the appearance of regular banditti, and apparently bent on some evil purpose, had been observed prowling about the neighborhood.

One evening Dom Bosco was at supper with his mother and some priests, when Il Grigio made his way into the yard of the oratory. "Some of the young men who were taking their recreation there would have chased him away with stones, but," I say M. Buzetti, "who knew him, cried out: 'Don't hurt him; he is Dom Bosco's dog.'"

At these words they all approached him, surrounded him, lavished

A THOUSAND CARESSES

on him, and finally led him to the refectory. There, after a first glance at the table, Il Grigio made the round of it, joyously approaching Dom Bosco, who offered a little meat and bread. He refused to eat, showing, as it were, that his devotion was completely disinterested."

"Well, then, what do you want?" asked Dom Bosco.

The dog answered by flapping his ears and wagging his tail. At the same time he rested his chin on the table near Dom Bosco, whom he watched with an expression of satisfaction and respectful attachment; then he went out by the way he had come in, disappearing for ever from the oratory, and no one ever knew whence he came or whether he had gone. His mission was accomplished.

Thirty years later, however, he was seen once again—or at least it was believed he had been seen. It was on the evening of the 12th of February, 1883; Dom Bosco, accompanied by Dom Durando, one of the priests, was on his way from the railroad station of the Borgolengo to the Salesian House in the same city. As his coming had not been announced, no one had been sent to meet him. So the two travellers undertook to find their own way, though it was a long one, and neither of them knew the ground, which was, moreover, much broken up by recent rains. When they had gone about half way they were surprised by nightfall. They soon lost themselves. Dom Bosco floundered into a sort of marsh, where the water came up to his knees.

"Oh, if I had my Grigio!" he exclaimed in his distress.

The wish or the regret was scarcely uttered when an enormous dog

MADE HIS APPEARANCE.

Dom Durando was terrified. "Take care, Father, take care!" he cried. But Dom Bosco caressed the animal, which wagged its tail and bounded joyously around him.

"One would think it was Il Grigio," he said; "but yes, indeed, the same height, the same color—it is he, or some other which resembles him, perhaps his son. Come, if you are really he, you will get us out of here, my old Grigio, my faithful protector!"

The dog, as if he had understood started forward in a certain direction, then ran back to see if he were being followed. Dom Bosco did not hesitate to go after him. His companion, with

CAN YOU DRAW



ONE, LONG, PAINLESS BREATH? IF YOU CAN'T YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR SHARE OF THAT KINDLY ELEMENT OF NATURE—OXYGEN. THERE'S A GREAT DEAL OF ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT IN OXYGEN, AND IF YOU DON'T APPROPRIATE IT IN THE ORDINARY WAY, HERE'S A SUGGESTION: COMPOUND OXYGEN IS OZONE VITALIZED BY CHARGES OF ELECTRICITY. IT IS RELEASED FROM THE SIMPLE APPARATUS THAT CONTAINS IT BY HEAT. IT REACHES THE LUNGS WARM, YOU BEGIN TO TINGLE AND GLOW ALL OVER, CIRCULATION IS QUICKENED, DISUSED AIR CELLS COME AGAIN GRADUALLY TO USE. THE CHEST EXPANDS AND—BEST OF ALL—STRENGTH RETURNS AND STRENGTH REMAINS. THERE'S THE POINT OF THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT. IT MAKES VIGOR THAT DOES NOT LEAVE YOU WHEN THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN IS DISCONTINUED. IT PENETRATES, RELAXES, RELIEVES. DOES THIS NATURALLY. COMPOUND OXYGEN NEVER HARMED A SINGLE INVALID OF THE THOUSANDS WHO HAVE INHALED IT. IT CAN'T. HOW ABOUT THE GOOD—YOU ASK—THE BENEFIT, THE CURE? A BOOK OF 200 PAGES OF SIGNED INDORSEMENTS FROM LIVING MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY COMPOUND OXYGEN ANSWERS THESE QUESTIONS. SEND FOR THE BOOK. IT IS FREE TO YOU. NO PRICE. NO POSTAGE. IF YOU WANT IT ADDRESS DR. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 120 BUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 86 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

less assurance, brought up the rear. Before long they arrived at the door of the house they were seeking. They rang the bell; the door was opened; they turned round to thank their guide, but the faithful dog had disappeared.

Such is the simple story told by one who had often seen Dom Bosco and his mysterious protector. Who shall say that the noble animal—the dog of the streets—was not the humble instrument of a watchful Providence, who thus guarded the life of the holy priest of Italy against the snares and attacks of his cruel and cowardly enemies.

Let our little readers learn from this beautiful story always to put their trust in God in the hour of danger, and let them also remember that no one is too small or too humble to do His work on earth, since even a dog was chosen to render such important service to one who, like Christ, his Master, loved little children much, and believed that "of such is the Kingdom of God."

stamped it out, the toilers of the city, who sit at desks, attend at counters, bend over frames and benches, and seldom know the freedom of the fields, must even come by their shamrock how they can. The heart can be as Irish in a garret shut in by walls from all but a strip of sky as in a home that look on Tara. All—city, field, and mountain, lane and dell—is the one, the

SELESTINE IRELAND. "Fine Green Shamrock." Green they are, to be sure, but "fine" must be a figure of speech.

There is nothing fine or showy, nothing that broadly strikes the eye, in the plant we Irish wear on St. Patrick's Day. Our shamrock is a modest little beauty. It hides out in the human sight. The grass we walk on is often its canopy, as foliage of the forest may be ours. If we would find it, we have need to stoop. The English rose draws the eye from far away by the glow of its luxuriant beauty. The Scotchman's thistle—appropriate type of his rough and rugged land, and of his rare capacity to thrive on any soil—shows a resolute, stiff, and thorny self-assertion. In the best way by the Welshman on St. David's Day though we certainly see no beauty, we discern a considerable size, and indeed a fair share of utility, for if the wearer fall in with an enemy he can, maybe, make him eat the back of his head. Laurel leaves of the conqueror lay leaves of the poet, oak leaves of the civic hero, are more to the eye of sense, they are more to vision merely, than our darling little tricolor emblem; nay, set nations and the arts aside and is not the heather-spig of the Plantagenets more showy than our tiny one? Does our shamrock lift its head in rivalry with the sunflower of rooster woods, the meek and modest violet of the Neapolitans?

All the rest of our Irish emblems embody in themselves, and in excess to any eye, something presentment of magnificence, culture, power, or beauty. The round tower, more stately than a cedar of Lebanon, decks many an Irish plain. Compare it with what you will, Pagan temple, Christian church, pagoda, pyramid, steeple, tower, and still it must be deemed unique in its bold simplicity, as a realized heavenward thought of man. It lifts the eyes; it draws our reverence upwards; it gravely leads the thoughtful mind back through progress and through strife to the dim and solemn dawn of Western story. Our Irish wolf-dog supple as a greyhound, and faithful as a spaniel, and through as any mastiff, of them all, is a noble type of a people of many moods; but, above all else, true and fond in love, dark and terrible in

RIGHTFUL HATE. Our harp with its inheritance of a legend that puts to shame the gorgeous fables of Greece and Rome, blends in our minds with its own bold thrilling music, thoughts of patriarchal days when God made known Himself to the guide of his wandering people, and of times in this land of ours when its tones rang forth in bright halls of regal mirth, and mingled with the clash of deadly battle. The Celtic cross, girt with its embracing circle, reminds us of faith that Patrick brought, and the mission of our people to spread that faith in every clime and land around the globe. And our sunburst—birth of Heaven—manifestation of God Himself, sign of power, eternal guardianship and hope—can there be for the reverent mind a fuller, fresher fount of pure, noble, and strengthening inspiration?

One emblem of our land is left. The shamrock. And what is it? Ah! nothing in itself, but heroism and poetry have endowed the little shamrock with a glory that can never fade. Full fifty generations have lived and passed away since Patrick, lying in sleep for away in a foreign land, bled the children of Erin crying to him in his dream to come to them and save them. He came to them, the Christian hero, he returned to the island where he had been a swineherd and a slave, and plucking the shamrock from the soil, he found way to pagan minds for the light of a tremendous mystery.

Ages after, a sweet poet came, and drew around the little shamrock a charm of enduring power. His genius made it the token of the tenderest feeling, the blindest virtue, and the faculty most brilliant of a race whose nobility by the of Heaven man's vilest fraud and cruelty would not mar. Love that lasts and wit that sparkles and valour that dares the worst—these three are the precious leaves united on the stem of the Irish heart.

So, prelate and poet have made of our chosen leaf a type of the mysterious magnificence of Heaven and of what is most like divine on earth. Grand apostle and gifted minstrel—one guiding from earth to Heaven, one giving by Heaven to earth—have stopped to bless the shamrock, and have left to its humble keeping a heritage of all that is heroic in holiness and all that is

FASCINATING IN GENIUS. It is late in the world's long day, and we have struggled for many an age, yet still, through the bursting of bonds has

THE CHOSEN LEAF. The Green GIRT From Old Ireland. "Fine green shamrocks! Buy the fine green shamrocks!"

We who live and move in cities hear this motion and invitation ringing shrilly through our streets on Patrick's Eve. Poor women and girls who sell holly and ivy at Christmas, and wild flowers or sprigs of lavender in the Summer, go out to the fields at this time, and gathering a goodly store of the chosen leaf, bear it back to the busy town, and sell it from street to street for a trifle. As much can be had for a penny as will, on the morrow, proclaim to the sun and all the world that the wearer is a daughter or son of Ireland.

Well, this fugitive branch of industry—one of the few, the very few, left by creation's lord to his companion—thrives apace in the city lamp-light. Many a man who is speeding past with long stride and knitted brow, thinking, perhaps, of gains and hopes, or worn by his long day's work; hurrying eagerly to scenes of pleasure or seeking the repose of home, hears the plaintive musical chant of the shamrock-seller. He pauses, and buys a bunch, then goes upon his way, with a contentment something brighter than before. He, too, will wear the chosen leaf on the festival day of Ireland. There is a quality in the thought that blunts the edge of mental pain and sweetens the homed hope of pleasure. For all we know it may not be the true shamrock—the veritable leaf of St. Patrick, and of hard soil chief—that he will wear to-morrow. Unless he happens to be a judge, a *connoisseur* of the triple leaf, he may have been the owner of some insignificant member of the flourishing clover family who pretends to be a shamrock, and does it with such grace as to satisfy any and all the most experienced eyes. Well, even so, it is green, and three-leaved, and Irish. In husband, or in button-hole, on St. Patrick's Day, it will signify as much as the chosen leaf would, after all. And the women and girls who cry, "fine green shamrocks" will tell you that they "must live." The genuine shamrock cannot always be found in abundance, especially by a searcher from some dreary city lane, who hardly knows a cowslip from an oak—so its absence is made up for by one or other of its poor relations. This is why the wise man who talk political economy call the law of supply and demand, in obedience to which the one accommodates and fits itself to the other; but what about the opposite end of the question, presented when a gentleman buys a penny bunch of shamrock, and gives a silver coin in payment. His heart is stirred by old memories, by fond thoughts, at sight of the cherished leaf, and for sake of dear friends, lost lives, dear distant scenes, he is liberal of some little trifle. The incident is common enough, and as often as it happens it knocks the excellent hard-headed firm of Supply and Demand right into the yawning gulf of a cocked hat.

Town talk is all this, certainly, about thoroughfares, buying and selling, and the laws of supply and demand. Four millions and odd of men and women, boys and girls and little ones, who live out of the hives of street and lane—live in homes among the fields of Ireland—pluck the shamrock, they breathe the air, for nothing. Everyone knows, in the country, where beds of millions of shamrocks lie. One is given by a fairy rath, perchance, where elves dance off in the moonlight. One docks a sallow woolly glade with a space of tender green. A sheltered bank or a grassy hedge may be the shamrock's home, but wherever it is, at rise of sun on each St. Patrick's morn, thither cheerily troops Young Ireland, with laugh and jest, and song, to gather the emblematic leaf. In truth a merry journey! Nor a long one need it be, for the shamrock, like the sky, is all over Ireland. It would be where city streets are, if flags and paving stones, asphalt and syrup of mud, were not settled as an army of occupation; but these having

resounded throughout the earth though rights of men, ay! and sacredness and freedom, are watch-words of our noisy time, we find ourselves a poor, a fettered nation. Well, let us be patient, let us hope. Wrong cannot always last. Even now, there is some comfort for us. Our shamrock is a talisman that transports us by its magic to a time of peace and joy in Erin. Long after Patrick preached, this happy land of ours lay calm and free in the smile of a gracious Heaven. There was rapturous voice of song in the halls of kings and chiefs; there was the sway of religion, and the reign of worthy law; there was culture for the mind, and plenty for the needs of life, and love combining high and low. Then the surplus of Erin's mental riches raised Europe up from the squalor of her abject poverty. Now "none so poor to do her reverence." The nations that have triumphed care little to look back. America is concerned far more with her present importance and her hope to sway a continent than with the shipload of tea thrown into Boston Bay, or with Washington's furnishing army. Germany, drunk with power and pride, thinks more of how to "hold her own" than of the string of frauds and larcenies whereby a brood of petty dual cheats pushed up to imperial purple. France has been stricken sorely, but she has independence, vast resource, and eager legions, and her thoughts, so far from straying to Pepin or Charlemagne, are picturing a hosting by the Rhine. And England, "successful" England, with shrunken heart and liver, somewhat blanched, but bloated punch and ponderous money-bags—England wastes no moment's thought on past heroism and dead romance. It is so much better and wiser to lift coal, melt iron, sell shoddy to all the world, rob "inferior races," blow blacks of the face of the earth, brag, apologize, resort to arbitration, and, anyhow, pile up the sovereigns. These "leading" nations do not look back; they are too well satisfied with their present; and their future, so far as they think that they are able to see, affords a prospect far too pleasing. But even as unhappy men fall back upon joys of memory, so struggling nations will sometimes seek comfort in pondering over vanished glory. Our day will come to be merry, and look out before us bravely we wait for it to arrive, let us bless the kindly shamrock that cheers our dreary vigil with visions of a proud and happy past.

THE SPRING MEDICINE. The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-storing which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

THE OLDEST OF BIBLES. Phototype Copies Being Taken at the Vatican. London, March 10.—*Apocryph* of the sale of New York in the famous Gutenberg Bible, the following communication from the *Tablita* Roman correspondent is of great interest:—"The celebrated Greek Vatican Codex of the Bible, the most ancient existing, and bearing the number 1209 in the Catalogue of the Pontifical Library, has been phototyped under the auspices of his Holiness, and by the labor of the distinguished Father Cozza-Luigi, Vice-Librarian. This precious manuscript is written upon extremely fine parchment of antelope skin (that of the Egyptian fawn) in beautiful uncial letters of such regularity as to quite eclipse the productions of printing. Every page is in three columns; so that when opened the manuscripts presents to view six columns, and only some of the poetical books are in two columns. Of the Old Testament it produces the text of the LXX. With regard to it, Father Cozza says: 'Its antiquity is very remote. Some think it one of the fifty large volumes which Eusebius tells us Constantine caused to be nobly transcribed at his expense and given to the principal churches, but perhaps this volume is still more ancient, like the Herculean *papyri*, without notes or accounts, and with the monograms of Christ not in the X, but in the earlier form. From the time of Sixtus V. this Codex served as the basis of his well-known Greek-Sistine edition, which has been accepted as the common text by Protestants also. For the progress of Biblical studies it always held the first place, and was the principal authority for the different readings collected by the English, especially Holmes and Parsons; and so continues to be amongst all students.' The complete reproduction was contemplated from last century. Cardinal Madrigliet it under Leo XII and Gregory XVI, but he was not satisfied with the method pursued and would not publish it. Under Pius IX, the great and laborious festive edition was executed successfully by the Fathers Verellone and Cozza and their assistants, with a Brief of Eugenium. Fully completed under Leo XIII, it obtained from him a second and magnificent Brief. After all this, and still further to facilitate the study of the precious Codex, Father Cozza undertook the difficult enterprise of phototyping a few copies of the manuscripts, which are as useful as the original itself to scholars. This multiplication of the famous codex has been welcomed warmly not only by Catholic theologians, but those who differ from us, and is a clear confirmation of the precision of the facsimile volumes, and of the sincerity of the Catholic editors of this important document. A special letter from Leo XIII, himself to the vice-librarian highly praised the volume. To give an idea of the magnitude of the work it is sufficient to say that the fifty copies which have been taken are each priced 300 francs. Demands for copies have been made from Germany, England and America."

DR. J. M. FERRIS, Surgeon-Jen. 25 Hibernia Street, Makes the preservation of the Natural Teeth a specialty. Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. Artificial Teeth inserted at reasonable rates. CONSULTATION FREE. G-17-90

PIANOS.

New York Piano Co's BARGAIN LIST.

- WEBER N. Y. BABY GRAND Piano, at most new, in perfect order, can be had at about half price.
WEBER N. Y. PARLOR GRAND, very stylish, low price, rosewood case, American.
WEBER N. Y. CONCERT GRAND, suitable for Hotel or Hall, magnificent tone, best special price.
\$225—NEW UPRIGHT; swing front, 7 octaves; fully guaranteed.
\$210—WEBER N. Y.; 7 oct. square, rosewood case, fine tone; \$10 monthly.
\$215—HALE NEW YORK UPRIGHT; rosewood case, good tone; \$10 monthly.
\$250—CHICKERING SQUARE; 7 oct. square, fine tone; medium size; \$10 per month.
\$210—HOOD SQUARE; beautiful rosewood case; 4 round corners; 7 oct.; \$10 monthly.
\$185—WILLIAMS SQUARE Piano; at most new; 7 oct.; large size; \$10 monthly.
\$160—FOX SQUARE; rosewood case; 7 octaves; \$7 per month.
\$100—UPRIGHT; 7 octaves; small size, pretty walnut case; \$7 monthly.
\$60, \$50, \$40—SMALL UPRIGHTS.
\$70—BELL ORGAN; high walnut case; good tone; \$5 monthly.
\$60—DOMINION ORGAN; 2 sets reeds; \$4 monthly.
\$50—SMITH ORGAN, \$4 monthly; two full sets of reeds.

Also others at All Prices and Terms. Call and see our stock of new Pianos by the following celebrated American makers: WEBER, DECKER AND VOSE PIANOS.

Our fine American Pianos sold on instalments. Old Pianos taken at full value. Pianos stored. Pianos to rent. Pianos tuned and repaired.

N. Y. PIANO CO., 228 St. James Street.

DONALD KENNEDY of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps it is only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps it is a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The Medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the United States and Canada.

Missa Wine!

AUGUSTO DE MULLER. Bought directly from the Wine Growers, Tarragona. \$1.50 per gallon, 40c. bottle.

Imported and sold by DeCARY FRERES, Family Grocers and Wine Merchants, 85 Lawrence Warehouse, Corner Prince Arthur and St. Laurent streets.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world. 5000 in Use in Montreal.

WILLIS & CO.,

1824 Notre Dame st., near McGill st. SOLE AGENTS KNABE, WILLIAMS AND BELL PIANOS, AND BELL AND UXBRIDGE ORGANS.

Tuning done in an artistic manner at reasonable rates. Also tuning by the year.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

IS THE BEST AND THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it, as all others are imitations.

COINS

BRETTON'S Illustrated Canadian Coin Collector, containing 313 Illustrations of Canadian Coins, with their value. Every one who receives Coins should have it. Price 50 cts. P. A. BRETTON, No. 1614 St. Catherine Street, Montreal. Rare Canadian Coins and Medals bought and sold.

CHERRY P. MONARY SY-UP

Best specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Coughs. Constantly on hand; Puttins and Toilet requisites. Treatise on Cherry P. Monary Syrup, Open on Sundays. B. McNICHOLES, Chemist and Druggist, 167 St. Catherine Street (between Amherst and Walk Streets.)

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT

Unlike any Other. Originated by an Old Family Physician. THINK OF IT. In use over 40 YEARS in one Family.

Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., -14 Foster Street, Boston. For more than forty years I have used it in my family. I say (unasked by you) I regard it one of the best and safest remedies that can be found, used internally or externally in all cases it is claimed to relieve or cure. C. H. INGALLS, Dec. 21, 1890. Dr. J. S. Johnson's Every Mother Should Know of Johnson's Liniment in her home for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Toothache, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains. Delays may cost a life. Rulvers Summer Complaints like measles, whooping cough, etc., postpaid 25 cents. Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.