

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, February 23

The ARRIVAL OF SPRING GOODS

Everything about the Big Store is plainly of approaching Spring. There's a general clearing away of Winter goods to give greater opportunities for Spring displays.

New Spring Wash Fabrics, New Spring Silks, New Spring Lace, New Spring Muslins, New Spring Dress Goods, New Spring Gloves, New Spring Gremadines, New Spring Linens, New Spring Hosiery

DAINTY NEW WASH FABRICS.

SPRING GOODS. New Foulard Dress Satens, 30 inches wide, fast dyed, new heliotrope, new rose, new Italian pink, new designs. Special Price 28c.

WASH FABRICS. New Fancy Checked Gingham, with corded edge, satin ribbon effect, in latest new spring shades. Special Price, 36c.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEF SPECIAL.—Just put on sale, 225 dozen Ladies' Swiss Embroidered White Lawn Handkerchiefs. This is one of a manufacturer's stock that the Handkerchief Chief was lucky enough to secure.

SPRING LINENS. First shipment of spring Linens will have prominent showing on Monday. They are the pick of the best makes in Europe.

NEW EMBROIDERY. New White Cambric Embroidery Edging, fine open work patterns, neat designs, special value at 7 1/2c.

SPRING VIOLETS. With the advent of spring comes the wearing of violets. Thousands of bunches of these pretty flowers go on sale Monday.

Butterick's Paper Patterns delivered Postage pre-paid to any part of the Dominion. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

Market Report.

LIVE STOCK.—There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, a doz calves and a score of sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir a few days ago.

PROVISIONS.—The market for most lines remains of a purely jobbing character, and prices are stationary.

DRESSED MEATS.—There is rather more sale for dressed meats, especially for lambs and choice beef.

POULTRY.—The demand for chickens is still the chief feature of the market and the prices are firm.

EGGS.—Many dealers expected that prices would go up, but reports show that trade is about the same as usual.

BUTTER.—The situation in butter is practically unchanged. Only jobbing business is being done, and prices are steady at former quotations.

CHEESE.—There is practically no actual change in the situation, but there is an opinion in some quarters that a change will soon come.

ROLLED OATS.—The market is rather dull, due to the fact that the demand is good, supplies are short.

FEED.—The small amount of feed on the market to meet the demand leads to there being but little business doing. Prices are consequently firm.

HAY.—The firm feeling in hay continues and prices are steady to higher.

BEANS.—A good jobbing trade is being done in beans and prices are firm.

WHEAT.—The market for wheat is fairly active, especially for the latter grades, and prices are firm.

POTATOES.—The trade in potatoes is fairly active, especially for the latter grades, and prices are firm.

GRAIN.—The firm feeling in oats and peas continues, due to a good export demand. The supplies however, are small, and the market consequently dull. Other lines are quiet but steady.

MANITOBA PATENTS.—We quote as follows: Manitoba patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4.05 to \$4.20; and straight rollers, \$3.80 to \$3.45; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.70; winter patents, \$3.75 to \$4.25.

WHEAT.—We quote as follows: No. 1, \$1.60 to \$1.11; No. 2, \$1.50 to \$1.10; clover, \$3 to \$5.25 per ton in car lots on track.

BEANS.—We quote \$1.55 to \$1.65.

MINING DISASTER.

The reports of the terrible mining disaster by which so many lives were lost at Cumberland, B.C., last week say—

The dead in the mine itself are now authentically known to be sixty-four, of whom twenty were whites, nine Japs and thirty-five Chinese.

Of the white men dead in the mine, twelve leave widows in sore distress, with twenty-six boys and girls made fatherless. The family of the overman, Walker, is bereft of all its bread-winners, and equally distressing are the circumstances represented in other cases.

William Sheddin, whose name appears among the dead, had started work in the mine with the others, when a message was hurriedly brought to him that his baby had just died at his home in Nanaimo.

There is small hope that any of the dead will be recognizable when found, for when the fire has been drowned and the mine pumped clear, again in the lower workings, where the majority were, it is presumed they will be found smashed out of all resemblance to old conditions.

While in all the history of mining disasters there have been few so lacking in tragic, emotional display as this, the men of Cumberland, in their heroic endeavors to rescue their imprisoned fellow-workers, have shown themselves worthy of every tradition of their calling—beyond which higher praise cannot be spoken.

As soon as the explosions in series shook the earth—the third one unrolled and apparently at great distance from the shaft-head—and the cloud of smoke was seen rolling up from the air-shaft, the miners instinctively knew all the ominous truth, that the mine was on fire and its workmen burned and they forthwith commenced their preparations.

The men of Lake Slope hastened to No. 6; those of No. 5 concentrated their first endeavors to forcing entrance through the subterranean connection door. At No. 5 the hoisting gear was repaired with workmanlike celerity, while six lines of hose poured water into the flames below.

In less than one hour the first rescue party attempted to descend. It included John Mathews, the mine manager; Johnson, the boss; Dick McGregor and Charles Webber, two miners chosen from dozens of volunteers.

In shaft No. 5 it was Pit Boss Walker with Miners Keeley, Strange, McArthur and Coon who formed the pioneer company of heroes. They started to fight their way to the connecting door between the working of shaft 5 and 6, and had crept fully five hundred feet along the tunnel before the awful afterdamp interdicted all further progress.

Again two other parties of volunteers assayed this passage, but in each case to be expelled by damp and reach the surface with the strongest carrying their insensible companions, and all becoming unconscious when the strain was ended. It was on the failure of these endeavors that all direct methods of rescue were reluctantly abandoned as futile and impracticable, and the flooding of the mine was decided upon as a last resource.

THE ROAD TO RICHES. On the street railway, last Sunday, I happened to be in company with two gentlemen of middle age, both Irish born. One said: "Fourteen years ago I worked in a foundry for \$4 a week, which barely paid my board and washing. I had never been to a day school in my life, and after hard labor during the day, for five years, I attended a night school and got an education. For two years I did not buy a suit of clothes. When I had \$18 saved I gave it to a business college to be instructed in book-keeping and commercial methods. I

eventually got possession of an iron foundry which had been run at a loss. I now have three establishments, and the man who once employed me I now employ. I began with six men, I now have 160—perhaps 200—under me. Last year I sold my products, chiefly in the West, to the amount of nearly \$500,000. All this I have done in fourteen years." The other gentleman said: "In eighteen years, from relatively nothing, I have built up a business of more than \$1,000,000 annually." Here were two Irish born gentlemen, who, starting at the very bottom of the business ladder, by talent, energy, thrift and perseverance, are rich, in a brief period, and on the road to great opulence. Both are Catholics, one I know to be practical, and the other I presume to be so. They were and are temperate men, and it is said that temperate Irishmen and Scotchmen either grow wealthy or have the "glorious privilege of being independent," something that Robert Burns, who wrote what I have quoted, never was, largely because of dram-drinking.—Correspondence Catholic Columbian.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

We have had many graphic descriptions of the famous monastery of "The Grande Chartreuse," but, like other important institutions in the world, each one who visits there seems to see things in a special light, the consequence is that all the accounts written should be combined in one volume if we wished to have a full idea of the establishment. Mr. Thomas A. Dwyer, of the Rosary Magazine, giving an account of a visit to "The Grande Chartreuse," tells his story, in part, in these words—

"It was one clear day in the very dead of winter when I arrived at the station of Grenoble on my way to the Grande Chartreuse. Even then the snow-covered mountains, among which the monastery lies embedded, looked beautiful. A chaste fortification for the home of the white-robed sons of St. Bruno.

"There were three French priests from Lyons making their way up the steep ascent with me. The guide, who to the good monks send out to conduct their guests from the station to the monastery, was wrapped from head to foot in a great fur coat, the high collar of which enveloped his whole head. All that we could see of his face was his nose and eyes.

"He led us on through the vale of Chamouni, over a precipitous winding defile; the narrow road over which we were walking, he told us, had been hewn out of the rocks. Over our heads we could see stupendous crags towering into the clear blue heavens, below us a great gaping chasm from the bed of which ascended the muffled roar of an Alpine torrent. It was indeed a great mountain pass. But as we ascended higher and higher, delightful glimpses broke upon our view at each successive turn, until at last the white-crested summit of the Grand Som became discernible—a great mountain of rock, its summit made white by the clouds of a heavy mantle of snow. To me it seemed like a great apostle of nature, garbed in a chaste robe of glittering brightness, its sermons the avalanches that roar as they roll down its side, truly its voice like that of one crying in the wilderness.

"Ascending a little higher we looked down into the valley which is

called the "desert," and there like a great cloud burst, we beheld the snow-covered roof and spires of the monastery of the Grand Chartreuse. At the sight I recalled that sublime passage of the Apocalypse: "I saw a great white throne and Him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away and found no place." Among the many wanderings in the Catholic countries of Europe, none can be compared in point of situation with the Grande Chartreuse. It realizes more than any earthly thing my eyes have looked upon, the idea of the sublime. I hardly think there exists a more glorious shrine of nature's mackling. The monastery itself, though deficient in beauty, owing both to its heavy style and total absence of proportion, is nevertheless, taken as a whole, peculiarly impressive. The stillness of death seems to pervade the long corridors and cloisters. Now and then a white robed recluse will pass you by, smiling graciously but silent—silent as the tomb itself. He is a son of St. Bruno, and though separated from the world by insoluble vows, and passing in penitential loneliness the span of life allotted to him here below, his face presents you a picture of a peace and happiness truly enviable.

"The one great scene that imprinted itself most vividly upon my mind was chanting of the Midnight Office. A few moments before the hour of midnight I was awakened by heavy tones of the great monastery bell tolling slowly and solemnly through the rocky wilderness, to arouse the monks from their early slumber. And as the echoes at last die away, the great choir begins to fill with white clad Carthusians, who with cowl drawn over the eyes and in his hand, enter their respective stalls there awaiting in silence the commencement of divine service. And now is heard "The organ's soft celestial swell," beguiling one's senses by the heavenly influence of the majestic tones of the plain chant, and revealing the hidden soul of harmony."

In closing, Mr. Dwyer says:—"It is with gratitude and pleasure I now look back to the happy days I spent in the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. Memory pictures of the once and for all little cell I occupied, and the sacred influence of the spot steals over me, and I can understand why Dr. Johnson should write such words as these:

"I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I visit to never of a stranger, when I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."

PROSELYTIZING METHODS IN LIMBRICK. Continued from Page One.

As I have spoken about the medical profession, I take this opportunity of saying a word about nurses. There is no reason why our Catholic hospitals should have Protestant nurses. The city is well supplied with Catholic nurses, even nuns, who are there to attend the poor and nurse them in their own homes. When a poor person is sick he needs only send for one of the nuns, and she shall be attended by the nurse with all care. And we object to any one, doctor or other, recommending a Protestant nurse to attend any of our Catholic poor. It seems that the cost of a monastery, which should have Protestant nurses with him, and sends them round nursing patients. Keep them at a distance and all other Protest-

no other reason this alone is sufficient why you should not admit a Protestant nurse into your homes in Limbrick—viz.,—no public protest has been made which could show us that proselytism is condemned by the Protestant body here. Don't you have Protestant nurses? They may say nothing at present about religion, but remember that was the way the medical stranger began. At first he spoke only of sickness and medicine curing the body, but when he got an innings and felt more sure of his ground he did not stop at that, and we must suspect all this new-fangled Protestant interest in nursing Catholic sick poor in their own homes. You have your own Catholic nurses and they will attend to you. In conclusion, I will remind you of the contrast between the Catholic majority of the South of Ireland and the Protestant majority of the North. What support would a Catholic get, say, in Belfast for a Corporation of honor or trust in its position of honor or trust in its position? How differently the Catholic majority treats Protestants here. And the Catholic majority are as tolerant in commercial relations as they are in municipal matters. And I ask, is this the return Protestants will give us, that they look on without protest at the conduct that has been disgracing our city and the methods that have been tried to degrade our own people for the last few years.

There is energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

You find people ready enough to act the part of the Good Samaritan without the wine and the two-pence.

According to a recent report in the "St. James Gazette," Pere Hyacinthe has again changed his faith. He has now joined the Greek Orthodox Church, the oecumenical patriarch in person receiving at Athens the profession of faith of the ex-Catholic friar. Poor man!

You Don't Have to Go Far

To find the reason why the TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE has for so many years received recognition from advertisers as a Newspaper entitled to a foremost place among Canadian We Klies.

It is well established; it circulates among the prosperous homes of Montreal and the various Provinces in Canada; is a clean, reliable, family paper and occupies a field not reached by any other journal.

It cannot well be ignored in any effective advertising intended to influence the family trade throughout Canada.

We will be pleased to submit estimates on any proposed line of advertising.

TRUE WITNESS Ptg. & Pub. Co. Ltd., Montreal

Piano and Organ Bargains! \$3 TO \$6 MONTHLY.

We have too many second-hand Pianos and Organs occupying our second floor. To clear them out we have marked down the prices to one-quarter and one-third original cost and now offer them on the above easy terms with agreement to exchange and allow full amount paid at any time within two years.

- \$100—For Rosewood Goldsmith Square, Excellent tone and case. \$50—For Good Toned Square, Just right for young beginners. \$125—For a Genuine Heintzman & Co. Square. Mellow tone, good touch. \$135—For Another Heintzman & Co. Square Piano. Almost like new. \$125—For a Hal. Square of New York. A piano that will last a life time. \$135—For a Sweet Toned McCammon Square, made in Albany, and known as a good piano. \$150—For a Superb Square, by Pease & Son, of New York. \$150—For a Genuine Henry F. Miller Square. One of the sweetest toned pianos in Montreal. \$175—For a Double Round Rich toned Steinway Square. One of the finest pianos ever imported in Montreal. \$115—For Full Square, by Stanley & Son, of New York. \$125—For Genuine New York Fischer. A piano of splendid tone and good appearance. \$195—For a Rosewood Chickering Upright. Cost former owner \$600. \$200—For a Walnut Heintzman & Co. Upright. Splendid toned, case but little marked. \$235—For an Almost New Howard Piano, 3 pedals, all improvements. \$250—For a likely New Upright Mahogany Norheimer Piano. A high class bargain for appreciative people. \$35—For a Neat Walnut Doherty Organ. Cost \$90.00, and is now like new. \$40—For a Very Good Toned and neat looking \$100 Cornwall Organ. \$50—For a Pizco Cased Karn Organ, 6 octaves. Excellent tone.

Also a full stock of Nordheimer, Hazleton, Heintzman, Howard and other standard pianos. Terms made to suit all people. Value guaranteed—best in Canada. Personal visit and correspondence solicited.

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