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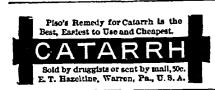
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OF SIDE-WHEEL PASSENGER STEAMER "FLORIDA"

The Baltimore Steam Packet Co, will sell, by public anotion, at the Columbian Tron Works and Dry-Dock Company's Took, Baltimore, their Side-Wneel Steamer FLORIDA, 1200 ions gross measurement, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1892. at I o'clock p.m. Terms and full description mailed, or Steamer shown on application to

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operations.
Hours, 1 to 10 p.m.
Bell Telephone 3351 Residence, 2111 St. Catherine street. THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The Irish Patriot, Orator, Exile, Hero. And Refugee-A Grand Life And Sad End.

With regard to the life and character of Thomas Francis Meagher, writes John T. Goolrick in a late issue of Donahoe's Magazine, there is an aphorism of the great Roman historian, which is as noble in itself as its application to Meagher is appropriate. Tacitus said that "whilst other nations went to battle, the Batavians went to war." And surely the whole career of the hero of our tale was a glorious warfare.

By a most interesting and notable co-incidence, Thomas Francis Meagher first saw the light of day the very year in which that grand man, Daniel O'Comell, became the recognized leader of the Irish Emancipation Party, the year 1823. He had, from the first, the advantage of an education under the fostering care of his own Church, both in Ireland and in England. Subsequently to his academic course, he pursued the study of law at Dublin: and here, though as yet a student, he became the leader of the "Young Ireland Party." Those who reflect upon the stern sanctions that for centuries have attended

in Ireland, and attend them to-day, will see already the stuff of which Meagher was built. Yet a little while, and, in 1846, he assisted in the organization of the "Irish Confederation." From henceforth his career became as auspicious as it was stern and sober. This year and the following three years in which beautiful Ireland lay under the shadow of a mighty sorrow. For two years famine stalked with grim and ghastly tread athwart the land. But neither pestilence nor famine, nor the shadow of death dismayed his constant soul. And now the news came across the waters from sunny France, that glorious land of Celtic enthusiasm and aspiration, ike his own, of the overthrow of Louis Phillippe and the establishment of the

Aiready had the inspiration of the struggle been caught at home, and he, with such men as William Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell, men like himself, rarely gifted and of consuming patriotism, and, like himself, destined to have glorious but checkered careers, had

openly advocated "REVOLUTIONARY" IDEAS. Their careers, as we shall see, were cur-

iously linked together. They all three came under the shadow of the gallows, and it was then that Smith O'Brien wrote these immortal lines:

"Whether upon the scaffold high or in the battle's van. The moblest death that man can die, Is when he dies for man."

In 48 Meagher was the head of a delegation, of which O'Brien was a member, which was sent to France to announce that the heroism of the Republic "taught enslaved nations that emancipation ever awaits those who dare to achieve it by there own intrepidity."

And now the day of false but fatal reckening had come. Upon their return, both Meagher and O'Brien were arraigaed for sedition and sentenced to death. The sentence was subsequently commuted into transportation to Australia. Mitchell was also expatriated thather, for the promulgation of seditious doctrines his newspaper. Surely, he should need have a prophetic soul, as well as poetic vision, who could see future civil and literary distinction awaiting these fonely exiles, at the ends of the earth. It would indeed be a dramatic narrative to record such heroic natures holding high converse in that lonely land. Meagher and O'Brien escaped and came

MITCHELL WAS NEXT

comprehended in a general amnesty, and he, too, came. We regret that we can no further run the remarkable parallel in the lives of these gi'ted and distinguished men; but our space admonishes us to follow rapidly in the footsteps of him who, dying in the home of his adoption at the age of forty-four, had filled the varied role—and filled it well—of scholar, soldier, statesman, diplomat, and patriot, stern as Brutus.

Meagher landed in New York in 1852.

Upon his arrival, he at once resumed the thread of his life's discourse: and for two years delivered lectures, in all of our large cities, upon Irish Independence. Those who will consult those speeches will discover the germs which have fructified into more rational conceptions of human liberty and human brotherhood, and catch the beams of the day-spring which has brightened into the full orb of appreciation and sympathy for down-trodden, but invincible Ireland. In 1855 he was admitted to the ranks of the New York Battalion. The next year he estab-hished the Irish News, and his burning words of patroitism were pondered by thousands. This man had the chivalry of his great prototype, "Bran the Brave," and his ceaseless agitations of his country's rights and his country's wrongs re-call the words of the Hebrew Seer: The zeal of thine house hath consumed

me."
The love of Thomas Francis Meagher for his native land seemed to have the chastening and true zeal of consecration. And as "hope deferred made the heart sick"; as the day of deliverance did not approach; as the skies seemed covered with clouds and thick darkness, he must have fancied that the Angel of Death brooded, with outstretched wings, upon home and upon his hope. As he girded on his sword to fight for the land of his adoption, his love for home was crystallized into immortality.

"That love where death hath set his seal; Nor age can chill, nor rival steal, Nor falsehood disayow."

In 1861, he joined the 69th New York. At the bloody battle of Bull Run he was

AT THE FRONT OF THE FRAY and the face of the foe, as the major of his regiment. To a nerve and purpose less dauntless than Meigher's, the result of the conflict in which he flashed his maiden sword must have occasioned despondency, if not dismay. Let the sequel

prove. Before the year was out, he had organized the "Irish Brigade," and had been made a colonel. And when, on February 2nd, 1862, the brigade was mustered in, he was made brigadiergeneral. He was in that week of unbroken bettle around Bishmond he broken battle around Richmond, he was away with his command to the stubborn field of Antietam; and then both armies paused to catch their breath. Scarcely Fredericksburg, than his immortal brigade stripped itself,

TO CLIMB THE HORRID HULL,

where serried ranks of artillery awaited them. For hours the kindly fog delayed the appalling panorama, and when the sun at length rolled back its reluctant folds, that devoted command rushed for the guns. They literally dashed themselves against death: and when he could not engulf them all in his relentless maw, they dashed against his front once more. And now the remnant of that incomparable legion grew emulous of apostheosis, and made its final dash. The world knows the tale. Well may General Dick Taylor say that the Irish tight the world's battles. Why should I add that the leader of those tremendous onslaughts was himself striken down, seriously wounded.

It was the tale once more of Balaklava; Some one had blundered," and, like those glorious dragoons who paused not to make reply, this cohort of Erin's sons rushed into the jaws of death, with the joyous intrepidity of their race. The mind wearies of an essay, the facts about this man are almost too rugged to be polished into style. The grass was not yet green above the graves of his legions, than he was again wounded at Chancellorsville; and now he had to pause for a space. Early, however, in the ensuing year, he was assigned to a military division, where he proved a valuable and vigilant officer until 1865, when he was mustered out, "with the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war." and circumstances of glorious war.

Mustered out! aye! had he not done

FOR HONOR AND FOR GLORY? With his culture, his achievements, his , who is determined to keep abreast of the wounds and his renown, would not rest times - I mean have been sweet-and the smiles and tears of women? And then would not larger avenues of legal usefulness have opened to him in the great metropolis; But the eagle of the cyric does not seek its pastime in the valley. Who can tell how Destiny impels the steps of men of destiny. We only know that when we take his life, as a whole, it was symmetrical throughout. Upon his final retirement from the army, he was made Secretary of the Territory of Montana. The governor, being called away, appointed him, not long after, acting governor. Whilst in the discharge of this high function he was called away. this high function, he was called upon this high function, he was called space to take measures to protect the settlers against the Indians. He was hastening to accomplish this end, when he fed from a longer than the settlers are the settlers are the settlers. Thus: "Landladies and their lodgers—what they think of each other." steamer and was drowned. He died with his harness on. He fell asleep under the shadow of mountains with hearts of granite like his own; and was hearts of grantes have as his patriotic of a commutation. After our or whole hulled by waters pure as his patriotic amples: "Why temptations " or "Who's pathies for mankind. There is only the Pacific Sea between the extreme Occident and Orient. Through all the reverse course the Engish tongue is known; his name will last as long as shall lost that thorough. soul, and switt as the flow of his sympathies for mankind. There is only the shall last that tongue.

"The good knight is dust And his sword is rust, And his soul is with the saints, we trust."

Knights of Labor

The Knight's of Labor aim to protect their members against diametal difficulties, etc. Hagyard's Yellow Oil protects all who use it from the effects of cold and exposure, such as theumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, serethroad and all inflammatory pain. Nothing compares with it as a handy pain cure for man and heasts.

Blythewood parish church on Sunday. March 29th, than any form of words contained within the boards of the Bible contained within the boards of the Bible with it as a handy pain cure for man and have done with this type. "Family heasts

at \$8, for his maid servants, and then expended \$1 in having them sent to Rome saries as such, and 35 per cent, on the Father might not be amused at the value placed on his benediction.

Five to One.

DEAR SIRS,—Last winter I had five large boils on my neck and was advised to use B.B.B. Before I had finished the first bottle I was com-pletely well and think B.B.B. cannot be excelplenely well and turns better ted as a blood purifier, Louis Wood, Round Plains, Out.

Correct Again.

Teacher-"If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she Class--" Eight."

Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole: remember that."
Class—" Yes'm."

Teacher—"Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?"
Smart boy—"Sixteenths:"
Teacher—"Correct. And if cut again?"

Boy—"Thirty seconds."
Teacher—"Correct. Kow supplies we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?"

Little girl-"Hash."-Good News.

Easily Caught. Croup, colds, sore throat and many painful nilments are easily caught in this changeable chimate. The never-tailing remedy is just as easily obtained in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the many reme-dies offered for the cure of colds or pains.

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PULPIT BUFFOONERY.

A Sharp and Timely Condemnation of a Modern Evil.

Pulpit Buffoonery was the title of a lecture delivered recently at Glasgow by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Munro, D.D., before the Scottish Catholic Truth Society and the Glasgow and West of Scotland skies, to shorten the dreadful carnage at Fredericksburg, than his immortal brithe wretched failure of the ordinary Pretestant methods-free bibles, tracts, etc. etc., to keep the people in the right path. he proceeded to scarify the "vulgarian" sensational preacher of the Spurgeon, Talmage, et hoe genus omne, type as follows: Let me introduce you to them-first to

the sensational minister, who is ever looking out for startling occurrences which may form stirring subjects for the Sunday sermon, and furnish attractive titles for Saturday's posters. Years of practice that the formidable fasces had, in the have made him aware that the worn-out commonplaces of the Evangelical pulpit could no longer draw a respectable audience together. His stock of subjects is of infinite variety—just as miscellaneous as the contents of the accident, the criminal, and the variety columns of the papers are from which his supplies are drawn. Nothing comes amiss to him. He can make a telling discourse on any agent which may chance to have excited ence together. His stock of subjects is the interest of the public during the week; and then he can add as much to the solemnity, or the pleasure, or the horror, of the subject by the skilfully worded advertisement in which the sermon is announced. There has been a disastrous fire in the city, a steamship has been wrecked and many lives lost, chimney has been blown down and killed a passer by-all this is capable of sensational treatment. Here are a few examples: "Lessons from Recent Disablement of the Steamship City of Paris," "Playing the Fool," "The Opening of the Edinburgh Exhibition," "A Noisy Devil. "Lessons from the Kirriemair Divorce Case," "Auld Lang Syne," "A Short Bed and a Narrow Blanket," Take another type of the Evangelical preacher

THE TUNNY MINISTER.

It has struck him that what fills the theatre and the music hall is the funny element. Now, if fun can fill theatres and music halls, why not kirks? It is true there is no Scripture warrant for this method, but so little is Scripture or Scriptural authority regarded now as binding on either intellect or conscience to come to his church and patronize the This opens up a field for infinite just when the funny man is really up to his business. Sometimes it takes the form of a commdenia. Here are a few ex-"Are the few who answer 'No' the clever terms of this commdrum are assuredly unparliamentary, but no doubt they thus proved all the more efficient in filling

This story, told by the New York Sun, has a touch of humor in it: "Officers of the Custom House were such and the custom House were such as the cust the Custom House were suddenly called upon not long since to decide the proper tariff on the Pope's blessing. A New Yorker while abroad bought two rosaries, cencies of common life. But the new method is to be expected to cover any pended \$1 in having them sent to Rome for the Pope's blessing. On reaching New York the honest imperfer explained the whole matter to the custom officers, and said he was willing to pay duty on the full value of the articles. Accordingly he was assessed 40 per cent, on the sames as such, and 35 per cent, on the that church, and one of her little boys served you at the altar. It was Queen ling Sunday. Another sang his amatory ditty to the rollicking air "A Humbugging Wife." These types are all exceled by the music-hall type. This is the kind of preacher who relies in great measure on the accompanying "entertainment" Evidently Scotch Dec. "I am Louis come every day to that church, and one of her little boys served you at the altar. It was Queen Hortense and her two sons, Charles and Louis." "That is all perfectly true," said the archbishop. "but what you are driving at?" "I am Louis come for little boys served you at the altar. It was Queen Hortense and her two sons, Charles and Louis." "That is all perfectly true," said the archbishop. "but what you are driving at?" "I am Louis come for little boys served you at the altar. It was Queen Hortense and her two sons, Charles and Louis." "That is all perfectly true," said the archbishop. "but what you are driving at?" Pope's blessing as an article 'not otherwise provided for.'" If this story be not | Darling; or, the True Law of Love," and true, it is well invented; but the Holy it had to be preached again on the followon the accompanying "entertainment." Evidently Scotch Presbyterianism is on the down grade. Its churches turned into music-halls, its ministers advertising themselves as hazlequins, and its Sabbaths given up to musical selections, to masquerades, and to magic-lantern ex-hibitions, give evidence of the extent and rapidity of its descent. Only one step more seems wanting-the attraction of a promenade and a beer bar. The distance from this consummation seems measurable. One type remains. The Evangelical swashbuckler who seeks notoriety with much bluster and far greater ardour than honest men seek iame. In this connection he quoted from the sermons of the Rev. John Mc-Neill and the Rev. John Robertson, and concluded with a burst of eloquence on the Catholic Church.

A Goneral Overcome.

DEAR SIRS,—I suffered from general weak ness and deblifty and my system was complete by rin down and I found B B. the best medi-cine I ever tried. I would not be without it for a great deal.

MISS NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Dublane P.O., Out,

Prehistorie Rome.

Lord Dufferin presided, recently at the opening lecture, delivered by Canon: bent his energies to the destruction of the legends and myths and fables and the legends and myths and fables and poems relating to the origin of the city of Rome. The dawn of history was

plunged into darkness by this peculiar process, and the few lights that have served as landmarks of tory—or fable—for centuries past were cruelly extinguished by this Canon. Lord Dufferin, with that gracious discourse which distinguished him, and that wit which he may be said to inherit from his ancestor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, commented

on facts distinctly contrary to those cited in the lecture. The Ambassador from England to the Quirinal, who makes it his boast that he is an Irishman, related that when he was in Turkey thirty years ago he assisted at the religious festival of the Bairam, when the Sultan, on horseback, went forth in state preceded by twenty-four Turkish officials, each bearing a straw. On inquiry into this peculiar function he found that Byrantine archeologists had made learned researches into the subject, and had discovered that the twenty-four officials represented ancient Roman lictors, and course of centuries, dwindled down to a simple straw!—Pilot.

Dawn is upon the hills—the flowers awake
In colors radiant as the skies o'er head—
(h sunrise glory! mocking hearts that break,
(h): I tissued carpet for the leper's tread.
It only adds a sting to his despair
That all, except himself, should be so fair!

Unclean! Unclean! are those who touch th side.

Severed from every tie that life holds dear;
The heavens may sparkle and the earth may smile.

Light for the charnel! flowers for the bler!
As well the festive robe for corpse decaying As went the testive robe for corpse decaying As startif skies for these, and subbanns play

For hear the waitof agony undying . Blends with the ceaseless murmur of the waves,
The perfumed breezes bear the lepers' sighing,
or ally play above the sea-washed graves.
Wherein they rest—those forms defaced and

marred, Hidden from seorn within that lone church What could they know of love, those extler dreary, cast out from man's? Nor sea nor sky reveals that One has said; "Come unto Me, ye

weary."
That One is near who soul and body heals,
In whom their heavy weight of woe doth As on a mother's heart her child's distress.

"Who will go for me? Who will turn aside The burden of the King of Kings to share?" That ery went forth upon life's surging tide. And with it rose the waiting of despair. There came an answer o'er the murmaring " Lord. I take up my cross to follow Thee."

How hath he borne it? Wind and waters tell,
From which the desolate lament has past;
Stient the sighting of the ocean shell,
Borne to its home in the deep sea at Instestent the sighting of the human heart
That finds in God's unfathomed love its part.

He with whose name to-day the world is ringling, the isle the fidings of that love; pt berned within his heart—the message winging.

With Pen ecostal fire from above—bandende Vettsler! they who sawthy face Beneld the shining of thy Master's grace.

Where once the leper wept, and cursed his

tate
The sound of happy singing celoes now:
That sout can bear to stufer and to want,
Who sees the crown of thorus on Christ's
pale brow—
For they who see the thorus behold the glory;
Content are they to wait! lite's finished story."

men, or the hundreds of millions who content—mid wasting of disease and pain; answer 'Yes' contounded idiots:" The There is a land where sickness is unknown, terms of this confindrum are assuredly There is a home which the worn feet may gain. Room for the leper at his Father's throne! Room theng the angels for the stricken one Whom here to I's soint a'one refused to shun.

The pain is past, he lieth slient now The pain is past, he lieth slight now lighten three shadow of the pain where first. He sheltered aching himb and tired brow. From the wild tempest and the fituider burst, or Life't D health's with what strange power. was well, perimps, for the lunny man. From that low grave mong those he came to

Mary Gorges in Iri

Pope and Prince.

one day the servant of Pris IX, when a Bishop told him that a stranger, who refused to give his name, wanted to see him. The bishop gave orders to admit him. The stranger was a careworn and haggard young man very plainly dressed. To you remember, monsignor," said be, when you were in Rome you used to say mass in the Church of Santa Maria, in the Via La**t**ió"

"Yes," replied the bishop,
"A lady with two children," continued the stranger, "used to come every day to

And here the future Emperor told the future Pope that he was a member of the Sercognani, who attempted to march upon Rome to break down the temporal power of the Pope. They were beaten by the troops, and Louis Napoleon, a fugitive, begged the archbishop to save him in the name of his mother. The great heart of the archbishop was equal to all the most difficult circumstances Louis Napoleon was concealed in the archbishop's palace. Furthermore, the archbishop went to Rome and pleaded the cause of the fugitive so well that when he returned to Spoleto he was able to give him a safe conduct, and sent him to the frontier, after presenting him with 1200 francs for his travelling expenses, for Napoleon at that time was

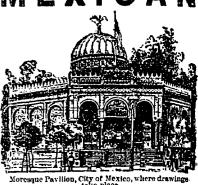
This anecdote was told by Pope Pius IX, himself to a few of his intimates. One of them told it to the writer in the Figure, and this is the first time that it ever appeared in print. It is also said that as long as Nopoleon remained in power he never forgot the generosity of Pius IX., and was faithful to his benefactor to the very limits of his engagements with the friends of Orsini. He rememhered Spoleto, and at the same time re-Issue Taylor, before the British and American Archaeological Society of Rome. The subject of the lecture, "Prehistoric Rome," was of remarkable interest from the fact that the fecturer bond his energies to the destruction of the subject of the destruction of the fact that the fecturer bond his energies to the destruction of the fact that the fecturer bond his energies to the destruction of the fact that the fecturer bond his energies to the destruction of the fact that the fecturer bond his energies to the destruction of the fact that the fecture of the fact that the fact that

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50 Prizes of \$30,
approximating to \$50,000 prize, \$9,000

50 Prizes of \$50,
approximating to \$20,000 prize, \$7,500

(50 Prizes of \$40,
approximating to \$10,000 prize, \$6,000

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Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Fores and Ulcers This is an infallible remedy. If offectually rubbed of the neck and circut, as sait into meat, it cure SORE FHROAT, Diphtheria, Itronchitis, Couple, Colds, and even A-THMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscessed Piles, Fistulas

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