

# JULIE GADBOIS.

A Story of the Neighborhood of the Old Church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours, Montreal.

BY B. F. D. DUNN, MONTREAL.

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## CHAPTER VI.

It was a market day in the third week of May, and the little window was left open, for she loved to hear the babel of voices down in the street, and sniff the odour of thyme and savoury herbs wafted to her from the waggons, drawn up in line facing the room. The street being so narrow she could hear the voices of the market women and catch their words. She thought she could distinguish some of the customers from the tones, and she repeated their names—Mme. Sentenne, H&Sone Filiatr ut and Mme. Allard—letting the picture of their appearance come before her in the recollection.

It was a happy day, for outward life had helped to calm her restlessness, and the violent coughing that left her gasping for breath had been less severe, so that the thought of life and the possibility of speedy recovery acted like a balm. As the day lengthened, a longing stole into her heart, an irresistible desire to look out of the window and see the country folk going home as of old. She heard the men at the waggons getting their horses ready, and then it seemed to her that the grandchild was out on the sidewalk talking to some one; perhaps to him!

The thought seemed to give her a miraculous strength, and with difficulty she raised herself, moving painfully, until her feet touched the floor of the room; but when she stood up she felt rooted to the spot, and it was only by repeated efforts, and with the aid of a chair pushed in front that she managed to reach the window. Here she paused for breath; her heart fluttering in her throat, and the heavy masses of hair escaping from their coil, fell about her shoulders. She knelt upon an old trunk covered with untanned cow hide and full of bright nails, standing beneath the window, then, drawing herself up, looked out.

A country girl going home with her father, started when she saw the wasted face, framed in the wildly flowing hair thinking some troubled spirit had returned to earth to crave prayers.

Julie who noticed the girl's startled look smiled sadly and whispered to herself: "Ah! I must be changed: It is all Monette does not know me!"

While these thoughts occupied her mind for a moment, a wagon had appeared at the turn of the hill, where the steps lead down to the fish market, and a sudden movement of the head made her notice it. It was a newly painted wagon drawn by two horses, and on the seat a man and woman. The man was arranging a gaily striped shawl about the woman's shoulders, and she wore a large hat decked with bright feathers and ribbon. She was a rosy-cheeked woman, with small eyes and white teeth, for she was laughing heartily at the way the man had placed the shawl. It was Clovis Bergeron and his wife.

She tried to lean further out to get a good look at them, for the horses had stopped. Then they came on and he was jesting with his wife. The truth flared before her, and her eyes seemed hypnotized by the sight. As they came nearer she drew back, as one draws back from unnoticed danger, and forgetting her weakness, she started violently as they passed before her, releasing her hold of the window sash and falling backward from the trunk upon the floor.

An hour later, when Mme. Plamondon came up with a cup of fresh milk, she found her where she had fallen. A purple froth had oozed from between her pale lips and trickled down, staining her white robe, the proof of the hemorrhage that still her young heart and eased its pain forever.

When the enfeebled woman succeeded in placing her upon the bed, she found it strewn with withered rose petals, for the odour of their dead loveliness had been to her as a reminder of a moment in life when her soul tasted of the bliss of cherubim.

Quickly the news spread, and one by one the neighbors dropped in to express sorrow for Mme. Plamondon in her affliction. And then it was that the perfect sympathy of the poor for the poor came out in a vivid way. Monique Contant brought her spare sheets to tuck upon the walls of the humble chamber, and Mme. Normandin her brass candle sticks, shining like guinea gold.

While these good souls went on with their sad work, M&re Chairette and Suzanne Decary went out to consult old man Lefevre as to the funeral arrangements, for Mme. Plamondon sat like one bereft of reason, the suddenness of her grandchild's death leaving her devoid of exertion even in a common way.

Pitiful, indeed, was the picture presented by M&re Chairette in the shop of Lefevre, and the contrasts made up a scene not uncommon in the tragedies of human life. All that day she had worked in one of the large warehouses of the rue St. Paul, scrubbing at dirty floors, until her hands had a parboiled look, the skin about the nails, torn to the quick, looking like proud flesh. An old, crape-covered bonnet served as a frame to her face, so worn and wrinkled that the furrows ran in shadowy lines across the sunken cheeks; but there was in her eyes so frank and patient a look, born of suffering and necessity, as would have moved the hardest heart with feelings of compassion. Yet her poverty, like that of Him who toiled in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth, was a divine thing, for she accepted the hardest trials with a sublime resignation, and could think of the woes of others to the forgetfulness of her own.

As she was turning to leave the shop, a thought delayed her steps. She loved the dead grandchild of her old friend, and while she hesitated to speak, her eyes rested longingly on a little tin cross

in the undertaker's showcase. She thought it would adorn the plain lid of the cheap coffin; it would be her parting gift. Her total wealth was a fifty cent piece, carried in an old leather purse thrust into her bosom, but she determined to drive a bargain. M. Lefevre was absent, but his factotum, in the person of M&re Robichaud, had been well trained as to his duties in the absence of his employer.

It has been said that there is something of an affinity between the workman and his work, and this supposition was borne out in the assistant of Lefevre, whose ghoul-like appearance seemed a fitting accompaniment to his gruesome labor. It was his boast that he had drawn some 18000 persons to their last resting place; and so familiar was his appearance in the populous neighborhood of the quarter that he was nicknamed "In K&reminis." Perched upon the box of his one horse chariot, and enveloped in an old black coat and cape, trimmed with tattered velvet, and wearing a high hat of ancient date, from which the fur had fallen away in patches, giving to his face the look of a vulture that sniffs carrion, he believed himself a person of great consequence. Constant intercourse with the afflicted had made him look upon every kind of suffering with an indifference that was stoical, so that M&re Chairette's tender of fifty cents, as an addition to the price of the coffin, was received with some hesitation, and not before she had reached the door did he think it proper to express his willingness to accept it, doing so with mock humility and a pretended disdain of bartering, though his small, greenish eyes, with yellow and brown streaks running through the whites, examined the coin with some suspicion ere he thrust it into the pocket of his moth-eaten, red cloth jacket, glorious with brass buttons and once the property of a drum major in a military corps.

"That man," said M&re Chairette, when they got out of hearing, "would rob the dead of their shrouds!"

As the two women drew near the house of mourning, a faint murmuring of voices in unison came to their ears. "It is the chapel!" whispered Suzanne Decary; and when they looked into the shop, they saw the narrow stair crowded with kneeling figures, whilst now and again the response to a prayer being said in the room above would be taken up and repeated.

Some weeks later, in the afternoon of a Provincial holiday, two women climbed the crooked road leading to *C&te des Neiges*. The heat and dust compelled them to make pauses as they trudged along, for the weight of many years had left them with halting steps. The arms of one held a small wooden cross, painted white with black lettering, while her companion carried some young shrubs. They were M&me Plamondon and M&re Chairette. When they reached the cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges, which takes its name from the adjoining village, they walked on until they came to the third station of the *chemin de la croix*, behind which, stretching to the north, the ground at a distance looks like the ridges of a potato field, so thick are the graves running in even rows in that section where the poor lie at rest. They picked their way through the close mounds until they came to one where a piece of wood with a number attached looked fresher than the others, and she who carried the cross stooped and thrust it into the place of the numbered stake, whilst M&re Chairette planted the shrubs at the foot of the new grave; and when they had finished their labor, both knelt down and prayed in silence.

The sun, sinking like a globe of blood in the waters of Ile Jesus, shot up beams of scarlet light that touched the white marble of the distant monuments until they seemed streaked with ruddy veins; and, as the fainter rays fell athwart the two silent figures, the lettering on the humble headpiece, a labour of love of *bonhomme* Contant, stood out in relief; a pathetic statement, that filled the hearts of the faithful ones with speechless misery as they read it through their tears:

"Ici repose le corps de  
JULIE GADBOIS.  
Decedee le 10<sup>em</sup> Mai 1894—  
age 17 ans et 6 mois.  
Parents et amis prient pour elle."

THE END.

## OUR REVIEWER

The Ave Maria, for March, has a frontispiece—a picture of St. Joseph that will be welcomed wherever it goes. The mild, contemplative countenance seems to inspire devotion from the printed page, and gives us a clearer conception of the divine sanctity and benign character of the Just Man, Mary's spouse. Charles Warren Stoddard is the subject of the first prose article, and is not complete in this number "Some Props for University Extension" deals with the falsehoods that alien historians have planted in their histories of Catholicism, and is written by that able divine, Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Dawne Graye contributes an interesting little story, "Shamrock" but we cannot help wishing her heroine a better fate. The special departments are capably handled and contain much interesting matter.

The first number of the second volume of The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly devotes considerable space to an article by Rev. F. X. Mulry, S.J., "Where Mercy Dwells," which furnishes us with an idea of the work done by the Sisters of Mercy

in St. Claire's Orphanage, Jamaica, and the little black-faced orobins who are the Sisters' special charge are presented to us in their improved condition. "A Responsibility of Wealth" speaks forcibly to the rich for benevolence towards the poor to be bestowed with a pure intention. Right Rev. John T. Farley, V.G., is the writer. "A Catholic Boy's Club," by J. E. R., tells something of the work of the Catholic Boys' Association in New York City, and the remaining pages of the Quarterly give interesting information regarding the general work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The April number of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart describes the famous Shrine and Abbey of Our Lady of the Hermita, in the Swiss valley of Emmenthal, "Mary's Shrine in the Alps," in an article from the pen of R. M. Taylor, and glimpses of the Abbey, its chapel, and Alpine scenery are given in the accompanying illustrations. D. A. Dever, in "The True Light of Asia," expresses an opinion of Edwin Arnold's well known work, and then passes on to a study of the probable reunion of Rome. Church to the communion of Rome.

"The Boy in the Blue Blouse" is a choice story by Rev. David Bearne, S.J. The subject of "Catholic Books in Public Libraries" is ably treated by J. F. O'Donovan, S. J. John A. Mooney's "Jeanne D'Arc," from Domremy to Chinon, gives an historical account of the Maid of Orleans, from which many interesting facts may be gleaned. It is amply illustrated, and the frontispiece of this number is devoted to the same remarkable heroine. Other articles are "Jubilee of the French National Yow," by Rev. E. Corunt, S.J. "The Relics of the Holy Cross," by Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J., "The Story of Kirkistall Abbey," by J. Reader, and several poetic contributions that are in keeping with the general excellence of this Magazine.

Continued on sixth page.

## Note and Comment.

Rev. Father Fidelis, the eminent Passionist, who recently preached at Harvard University, his Alma Mater, has been called to Rome to become one of the consultants to the General Superior of the Passionists in Rome. Father Fidelis' name was James Kent Stone. He was born in Boston, 1840 and is the son of Dr. John S. Stone, headmaster of the Cambridge Theological Seminary. After graduating from Harvard he went to Germany and pursued a course of special studies at G&ettingen, returning to America at the beginning of the civil war and taking his share in the struggle as a soldier in the Second Massachusetts Infantry. After the war he was ordained a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church and served as president of Kenyon College, Ohio, and Hobart College, Geneva N. Y. In 1870, Father Fidelis became a Catholic and for six years served in the Order of St. Paul; then he became a Passionist, which he has now been 21 years. Father Fidelis is the second Catholic priest, in the history of Harvard University, that has been permitted to preach within its halls. His venerable mother, a daughter of James Kent, the author of "Commentaries on American Laws," still resides in Boston, and though over 90 years of age she still enjoys excellent health. Her distinguished son visited her on the occasion of his recent trip to Harvard. Father Fidelis will leave for Rome within a few weeks.

Michael Cudaby and John Cudaby, two of Chicago's shrewdest and most prominent speculators, are arranging their forces against the Standard Oil Trust, and a battle royal in the commercial arena is expected between the great Oil Trust and the two plucky Irishmen who have ventured to wrest its gigantic monopoly from its grasp.

In 1895 the Cudabys purchased the Indiana Oil fields, and recently they secured the patronage of the Yerkes Street Railway Company of Chicago, one of the largest oil consumers in the city.

The Cudabys are two of four brothers, sons of an Irish immigrant, who settled in Milwaukee, and followed the trade of a butcher. Michael and John early made their mark in Chicago, one as the manager of the Armour shops, and John as a bold and successful speculator. Both are possessed of large fortunes which they have piled up by their own efforts in their different lines. Michael Cudaby is considered an invaluable assistant of Phil. Armour, the great pork packer, for since he became connected with this large business he has found means to utilize much that was hitherto considered waste material and so considerably increased the Armour profits.

"Round about the County of Limerick" is the title of a new volume from the pen of Rev. James Dowd, N.B., which will be of special interest to the men and women of that historic county.

The author in his preface announces that "the work is intended to be, as far as possible, a history of those places in the County of Limerick about which there is something to be told," and there are few spots in Limerick that are not entwined with historic or legendary associations from which a literary garland might be woven.

Kilmallock and its Dominican Abbey, of which the rev. author says "there are few ecclesiastical monuments that, for beauty of outline and gracefulness of construction, can compete with the Dominican Abbey of Kilmallock," Knocklong, Lough Gur, Adare, Croom, Uskeaton, Newcastle, are all given their due share of attention. "The Knights of Glin," the Geraldines, and the Ardagh cup or chalice, "the most beautiful example of Celtic art ever yet found," each find their place in this interesting Irish work.

A lecture in the Irish language will be one of the features of the St. Patrick's Day celebration of New York. In St. Alphonsus' Church, on the evening of the 17th Rev. Peter J. Cunniffe, a member of the Redemptorist Order, will tell of "The Fidelity of the Irish People to the Faith of St. Patrick" in the old Gaelic tongue of the Celtic race. For the

# Good Blood

Is essential to Health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

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benefit of those who do not understand the ancient language. Father Cunniff will give an immediate repetition of his novel lecture in familiar English. There is little fear from such evidences of interest as are frequently shown that Gaelic shall ever be numbered with the dead in languages.

The London Daily Chronicle contains a special article, devoted to the woolen industry, which has been revived in Ireland through the efforts made by the Sisters of Charity at Foxford, in the County Mayo. Five years ago these nuns established the Foxford woolen mills, which have proved a great boon to the people of the district and have made rapid progress during their brief period of existence. Referring to the good Sisters, the Chronicle writer says:—

"They are proud of the fine quality of goods they turn out, and aim at keeping up to the highest standard of production. Above all things they desire an English market, for the English have money to spend, and their people are so poor. What a Godsend the weekly mill wage is to their homes can scarcely be realized in prosperous countries, where paying work is abundant. Now the people occasionally eat meat. The superiors notes with pride that when they came to Foxford there was but one butcher—an amateur—in the neighborhood. Now there are three professional butchers, all making a small living. The enterprise of the sisters does not end with the factory. They teach girls cookery, dairy work, laundry work, etc., and encourage the people to rear poultry, superior breeds of fowls being given out to the peasantry by the congested districts board."

The Catholic World makes announcement of the great International Congress of Catholic Scientists that shall be held at Freiburg, Switzerland, in August next. These great gatherings of eminent Catholic scholars have been held at various periods and have steadily advanced in importance and each successive one commands the attention of a wider circle of scientific men.

The prospects are bright for the coming convulse, for already the most notable scientific men of the European universities have signified their determination of being present, if not personally, at least represented by their work.

A wide range of scientific thought will be discussed in the topics brought before the Congress, and much benefit is derived from a gathering such as this, which represents a great people's university from which the fruits of original and individual research flow into the general treasury of knowledge.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., the president of the International Scientific Catholic Congress for America.

Here is an interesting item which we find in the Dublin Freeman's Journal:—

"Dr. Whitley Stokes has paid a graceful compliment to the young Irish priest selected by the Board of the Catholic University of Washington to fill the Gaelic chair in that institution. Writing from Freiburg, Germany, where Father Henery is completing his preparation for the duties of the chair, he says that Dr. Stokes has presented him with a superb set of photographs, (123), a full reproduction of the Bodeian Life of Columbkille. Dr. Stokes has made this valuable present to his friend in the hope that Father Henery may some day edit the work. It was compiled in 1532 by command of a northern prince. The material is furnished by the various Irish lives, and the whole is re-edited and written out fully and orderly in Irish of the period."

News comes to us from England that Lady Henry Somerset is erecting a heroic-sized statue of the Saviour in her temperance village in England.

Times are changing wonderfully in that once Catholic land, and we may yet hope for our local scoffers who could not tolerate the figure of their Redeemer within the Franciscan gates on Dorchester Street.

A remarkable man died recently at Darien City, Genesee County, N. Y. He was the father of 15 children, ten of whom are still living, and among the number were two sets of twins that remain unborn. The oldest of his family is a son aged 84 and the parent had a record of 104 years before leaving his mortal sphere.

Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C.S.P., the eminent temperance advocate, is preaching a course of Lenten sermons in St. James' Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn.

Gaston Paris, in an address on Pasteur before the French Academy, said the

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scientist often left the table in the middle of dinner, and his bed at night in order to pursue an idea fermenting in his brain. Pasteur rose from a humble place in a village drug store, but even in his youth he astonished his companions by his eagerness to soar beyond the limits of known science, by attacking problems which the greatest savants had not attended to solve, and by extraordinary audacity in the choice of subjects for investigation.

At Philadelphia, recently, 800 couples assembled and played euche for prizes, the proceeds of the affair going to clear off the debt on the handsome Philadelphia cottage which has been erected on the grounds of the Catholic Summer School at Plattaburg.

At a meeting of the Irishmen of San Francisco, Cal., to perfect arrangements for celebrating St. Patrick's Day, the following denunciation of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was adopted:—Resolved, that we appeal to our people, to the many among them who are lovers of true athletic games and sports, to discontinue the coming fight, to keep away from it, and to repel authoritatively that it has the support or approval of reputable Irishmen.

## ERIN.

Fairest isle of the ocean of you I will sing,  
While the thoughts of your struggle round memory cling;  
I will tell of the grandeur that fled with years,  
And the sorrow that bathed your fair visage with tears;  
Of the exiles whose lives brighten history's page,  
Of the warrior, statesman, the bard and the sage;  
And as fancy weaves visions of days that are o'er,  
In my misty I hear the wild-sons as of yore,  
And the lark's wisest melody swells on my ears,  
As I gaze down again through the depths of the years;  
But a sadness like nightfall creeps slowly o'er all,  
When I think of the sorrows that come with your fall;  
And the grim forms of famine, and darkest despair,  
Conceal that bright picture,—that vision so fair;  
And my heart throbs with sympathy, Erin, for thee,  
And I must write the thoughts which your grief gives to me.

Just come back, I will ask you, to dim distant years,  
And behold Erin's people on trial and tears;  
Every patriot who by faith gave his life to the Lord,  
Was an object of hatred and fell by the sword;  
And the peasants were crushed by the law's harsh decrees,  
Till they died by the famine the stranger to please;  
Oh! to think of the tears in those dark bitter days,  
Even birds ceased their warblings and hushed all their lays;  
And the wild-vested ocean its sympathy sobbed,  
For that land and its people of liberty robbed;  
And the flowers in bloom drooped and withered in pain,  
For the bitterest days that a nation can know;  
Filled that bright happy land with destruction and woe,  
And the people still held to the faith of their love,  
And we're thankful and bless them as God will above.

There was one—O, how different this Erin was  
When her knights and her nobles were first among men;  
When fair liberty's flag waved above Tara's hall,  
And he beheld the contentment and joy among all,  
It was little it thought that one day it should see,  
The green land that it cherished subdued and free;  
And we've thousands like him from the ocean's green sea,  
Who have given their thoughts and examples to men;

Turn to France, and you'll find on her history's page,  
Some specimens grand to the true Irish brave;  
And McMahon, who stormed the wild Malakoff height,  
Thrilled the hearts of a nation with pride and delight;  
And the Frenchman still tell how the brave Celtic boy,  
Made the fair Lily bloom on the field of Fontenoy;  
And M&re hung his picture on memory's walls,  
That statesman who graced once our Canada's halls.

But aside from this fame that comes over the sea,  
You have still held our love and endearment to these;  
For as storm's violent fury lifts high ocean's wave,  
And in anger's control its wild passion obeys;  
When its fury is past it returns to its love,  
And the self-same resplendent calm ocean lies there;

So with Erin disturbed by wild tyranny's storm,  
Has withstood all its fury, its anger and scorn;  
But its fury is past, it has gone to its lair,  
And that bright smiling island remains just as fair.

As in days when grand castles were filled with gay throngs,  
And the birds sang with ecstasy liberty's songs;  
And her people are still styled the cheerful and gay,  
But they wish themselves back to the bright happy day;  
When the harp's strings were roused by the bard's willing hands,  
And the freedom they loved was dispersed through the land.

But delights will return again, sweet sunny Isle,  
Then be patient and bear your refusal awhile,  
For there's no heart so hard that it will not be moved,  
By a calm perseverance in suffering proved;  
And the prayers of your heroes across the blue sea  
Are sure to appear to high heaven for thee;  
And I see in the future, oh bright happy land,  
An island by freedom's winds lovingly fanned;  
Rising up a grand castle to live evermore;  
And the daylight is dawning for Erin's fair form,  
And with day shall have vanished each sign of the storm.

And like a fond mother who sorrows through years,  
When that sorrow's uplifted she smiles through despair,  
So will Erin the day, when with liberty crowned,  
Her face touched with sorrow in smiles shall gleam around;

And the ocean shall lay her fair brow in its gleam,  
And its music shall blend with the songs of the free;  
And at nightfall each star will be flushed with delight,  
And with love's brilliant rays shall illumine the night;

And over the ocean on every wave,  
Shall be wafted the songs of the free and the brave;  
Then the harp shall awake from its dream of despair,  
To rejoice once again with the brave and the fair;  
And the green flag of Erin shall toll to the world,  
That 'tis free as the breeze on whose breast 'tis unfurled.

J. L. HAYES.

JUDAH, BRANCHAUD & KAVANAGH, ADVOCATES, 3 PLACE D'ARMES HILL. F. T. JUDAH, Q.C. A. BRANCHAUD, Q.C. H. J. KAVANAGH, Q.C.

## Facts About Greece.

The kingdom has a population of 2,187,206.

The flag of Greece is a white cross on a blue ground.

About one-half of the people are farmers and shepherds.

The area of the country is about 24,977 square miles, or half the size of Pennsylvania.

No part of Greece is 40 miles from the sea nor 10 miles from the hills.

About 70,000 of the inhabitants speak the Greek language only, and but 20,000 profess the Christian religion.

The chief characteristics of the average Greek are his inquisitiveness, fondness for excitement, love of discussion, desire for knowledge, an aptitude for learning and aggressive patriotism.

There are three distinct races within its confines, speaking different languages, wearing different costumes and holding little social intercourse with each other—the Greek, the Albanian and the Wallachian or Roumanian.

The present King, George I., came to the throne in 1863, in his 18th year. He draws an income of \$200,000 annually, including \$20,000 from Great Britain, France and Russia. He is the son of the present King of Denmark, Charles IX, and brother of the Princess of Wales and the dowager Empress of Russia. He married in 1867 the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the grand-uncle to the present Emperor of Russia. She has six living children—five sons and one daughter.

The King has a palace at Athens, built by Otto, at a cost of \$2,500,000, and a summer residence at Corfu. He shares the legislation with a single chamber, called the Boule, the members of which are elected by the people every four years.

There are seven ministers of administration, whose salary is \$210 a year each.

For purposes of local government, Greece is divided into 13 nomarchies, under officers called nomarchs. It has an excellent legal system, based upon the old Roman law.

Its regular standing army consists of 16,280 inantry, 3120 cavalry, 3842 artillery, 1080 engineers and transportation men, 3400 officers and men, making a total of 28,470 troops in the land forces.

Anamia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood. Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat foods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust health, by supplying it with red corpuscles.

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## Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:—

- 55,053—Isaie Fr&chette, Montreal hand lasting tool.
- 55,052—Isaie Fr&chette, Montreal, last holders for boots and shoes.
- 55,058—Alex. N. Carman, Perth, Ont., quilt coupling.
- 55,060—Frank K. Bell, St. George's, Ont., feeding cutting machine.
- 55,065—Wm. H. Smith, Penetanguishene, Ont., window.
- 55,071—F. Brown and Chs. W. Jarvis, Fort William, Ont., nut lock.
- 55,124—J. B. E. Rouseau and Joseph Boutet, Quebec, leather measuring machine.
- 55,133—F. R. Edwards, Thurso, Que., improvements in ball bearing rockers.

Avoiding a Delicate matter.—Assistant Tailor (of Pizen Creek tailor shop, in whisper to proprietor)—Say, shall I speak in the person if he wants a back pocket in these new trousers? Proprietor (settling these new trousers)—He likely wants one, but he's temperance, an' he might get touchy if you asked him that. Ask him if he wants a pistol-pocket in 'em.—Judge.