

THE EVOLUTION OF VANITY.

BY JAMES MARTIN.

[BY JAMES MARTIN.]

Many centuries ago, when the world was young and man yet unspoiled by contact with civilization, there existed, or at least we must suppose that there existed, a state of bliss and peace beautiful to contemplate. The world, in the freshness of its charm, held forth to man all that his heart could desire. The prodigal earth, eager to please the lords of creation, gave forth its luscious fruits in abundance. It gave him beautiful verdure-clad mountains, from which he could view the grand panorama it had spread for him. The dark, solemn forests, with their eternal quiet and gloom, were given him that his mind might be brought to commune with nature, by contrasting their solemn nature, by the brilliancy and glitter of other scenes over which the shadows of the forest monarchs had never been cast. And man, sole master of the earth, walked abroad. He feasted his eyes on the beauty and grandeur of his possessions: he ate of the fruits within reach and drank of the sparkling mountain streams. He trod the pathless forest and its solitude calmed his soul and subdued his high spirit, but only for a time, for in his onward march the shadows of the mighty trees were cast off; the sun burst forth in gorgeous splendor, flooding the valleys and mountains with its light, and showing in the distance the blue ocean—that figure of the infinite. The majesty of the sea and the beauty of the land combined to light in the man's soul a spark of the fire of vanity, and the longer he gazed the faster it grew, until his imagination heated by the fire within, pictured to his mind a greatly magnified vision of his own importance.

HIS EYES FLASHED ON THE MOUNTAINS.

He said, "They fire mine!" The broad valleys were swept by his glance, and he cried, "They, also, are mine!" Beautiful animals gambled in the meadows; birds of brilliant plumage perched upon the richly-clad trees, and, unlike their master, sang a song of praise to their Maker; but the man looked triumphantly upon them and said, "You are mine!" The billows of the ocean rolled and tossed and chased each other in their never ceasing activity, and the man looked upon them in their play; his gaze covered the expanse of dancing waters, and the mountains echoed back his words: "You are mine, all mine!" You were created for me and I am your master!" He grew rapidly in his own estimation; he measured his greatness by the wealth of his possessions; the fire within grew fiercer than before, and he looked upon himself with grandeur than ever; from that moment he was civilized, and vanity, the besetting sin of mankind, owned its first slave.

In this nineteenth century everything has had its rough edges smoothed off. The original man was uncouth in his manners. When he felt the promptings of vanity he spoke words which told of the spirit that moved him. But the latter day man does nothing of the kind. He is too thoroughly refined—too civilized—to speak his mind. His rough edges have been smoothed away, and his vanity has shared the benefits derived from the polishing process. He does not extend his arms and say, "This earth is mine!" Oh, no! He is too humble to do that. He is refined, and as vanity is vulgar, it becomes a part of his code of ethics to hide that amiable quality which he knows he possesses. He does not stand on the hill-tops and wildly proclaim his wealth and importance, but he takes care that you will

FIND IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

When daily business calls him to his office he travels in a carriage. Here, again, he shows his refinement, for it is only those who are vain who walk to business or pleasure, thereby giving the world a chance to admire their fine figures, well-fitting garments, etc. And the refined man does not drive his own horses—not at all! He would parade his vanity were he to exhibit his horsemanship, so he employs a proud, vain fellow who wears a more or less gorgeous uniform, to do it for him.

Vanity shows itself in all sorts and conditions of people. There are vain big men and vain little men, and—alas, that I should have to say it—vain big women and vain little women. There are vain rich men and vain poor men, but it does not show so well in the latter, for, as a rule, they do not have sufficient time to cultivate it.

Much has been said and written against this failing of mankind, but never a word in its defence, nor has an effort been made to bring to light its bright side—and it has a bright side. It will be said that this is a hazardous assertion to make, but a little thought and observation in the right place will convince most people that there exists a good foundation for it. Take, for instance, that wonderful production of the present era,

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

He began as a boy, which is quite natural and harmless. The street-corners knew him—not as a mere decoration such as we see on most corners at the present day, but as a worker. Bootless, hatless, and scantily clad, yet he feared not the weather in its darkest moods. Throughout the day he essayed to impart an air of respectability to the foot-wear of his brother-man, for even at a tender age he shined among his fellows. In the evenings his musical voice was heard offering intellectual food to the passer-by, for he sold the product of the press. But a time came when the corners knew him no more; his familiar and ragged figure had vanished never to return; he had stepped upon the second rung of the ladder of success; he had caterpillar-like, discarded his old garments, and, clad anew, he passed his days as junior in a counting-house and his nights in study. A few years rolled into eternity, and the boy—the once ragged victim—steps forth a pillar in the edifice of commerce. His old friends know him, but he knows them not. He is a self-made man and scorns to bend his haughty head in salutation to his one-time comrades. He has made himself, and is intensely proud of his work. Vanity's bright side is turned to him. He

is wealthy, and, therefore, powerful. He has become the darling of society. He is sought after—is dined and wined by the great, by the philanthropist—in fact most men become philanthropic in his presence, for they cannot help loving him and his kind. They evince a wonderful interest in his welfare, and never lose an opportunity of showing it, for they love him. He has become a demigod, a hero, and he expands accordingly. He is taught to look upon himself as

A KING AMONG MEN.

and his soul swells with pride. The spark has grown to a flame, and in its dancing light he sees the picture of his august self, and is deliciously happy in the contemplation of it. The bright light of his vanity has thrown a shadow over his fellows and dwarfed them almost out of his sight. He, and he alone, is of any consequence. He knows that the world courts him, not for his wealth or power, but because it loves him, and from his exalted height he looks down upon the pignies, and although they are infinitely beneath him, yet their incense is sweet to his nostrils, and their adulation is as the breath of life to him. He has reached the summit of his vanity, and is supremely happy. Vanity's bright side is turned to his gaze.

Vanity is a seed from which springs a weed dire and destructive. Were it confined to the successful money-gatherer, the gilded fop, or the silly portion of womankind, its existence would but furnish food for laughter and ridicule; but, unhappily, the noxious plant is fed and pastured in such places and in such minds as to cause untold misery to thousands of the sons and daughters of Adam.

The statesman, eager for fame, will perform fantastic feats, frame destructive bills, crush the liberties and aspirations of a people, that he may be known to posterity as one apart from the common herd of men. He thinks little of, and cares less for, the people, whose voices have given him the power he wields, and whose trust has been

SHAMEFULLY BETRAYED.

The warrior, thirsting for fame and power, calls the farmer from the plough, the workman from his honorable toil, the husband from his wife and children, the youth from his mother, sisters and sweetheart; masses them together; points the road to glory; shows the dazzling picture of a successful war of conquest; flings them headlong to death on the battle-field; invades and desolates the homes of a happy country, leaving death and destruction in his wake; makes weeping widows and lonely orphans of God's helpless creatures, whose every wail of misery ascends to the throne of Heaven calling for vengeance on the destroyer of their happiness. And vanity urges him on; makes his eyes blind to the suffering he causes; closes his ears to the groans of the dying; robs his heart of pity; crushes every spark of human sympathy in his breast, and changes him from the image of his Maker into a fierce and destroying demon. And vanity is the cause of all; vanity is the food upon which he lives. He wishes to make his name great—to be classed as one of the world's great conquerors, and he succeeds

BUT AT WHAT A TERRIBLE PRICE!

When age has robbed his frame of its iron sinews; when his heart becomes feeble and his soul conscious of its near flight into eternity, the adulations of the rabble lose the power they once possessed; the spectres of thousands of slaughtered men haunt him by day and night; remorse claims him for her own, and if he die not by the hand of a designing rival, he will cut the thread of his own life, or else die cursing himself and the world that fanned the fire of vanity within him, and he hurries before the bar of justice to receive that which his vanity has earned for him.

And now a word about vanity's opposite, if it may be so termed, and which, if it bring not its reward here, will come hereafter; and that is, the quality which spurs man on to elevate mankind, to help engender in the mind of his fellow-man noble thoughts and aspirations; who is ever ready to aid a struggle by the way-side; who will extend a helping hand to a brother in distress, and, by example and precept, show the right path to those who would follow the road to perdition. This is the quality which raises man to the level of heaven's angels, and, though a marble column may not be raised to him who possesses and exercises it, yet he will have a more enduring monument in the hearts of his grateful countrymen, and his name shall be blessed for generations.

THE UNION OF CATHOLIC AND ANGLICAN CHURCHES.

A CONFERENCE NOW BEING HELD IN ROME.

The Catholic Witness, of New York, says that a conference of world-wide interest, and which may lead to far reaching consequences, is being held at present in Rome. Its object is of prime importance and one of the accomplishment of which Leo XIII. has for many years set his heart. It is nothing less than the reconciliation of the Roman Catholic and the Anglican churches. This, at least, is said to be its true object, though in some quarters it has been denied that there has been or will be any discussion over this subject.

Leo has more than once made a step in this direction, but never has he acted so decisively as at present. Hitherto there was plenty of theorizing on the subject, but now the work to be done is practical. The Pope has named a committee, composed of some of the greatest theologians in the world, and has instructed it to meet at the Vatican and to consider this vexed question: Can ordinations conferred by the Anglican Church be considered valid from the Catholic point of view?

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club is always well attended, but last week the attendance was so large that even standing room was at a premium. Mr. P. J. Gordon presided, and among those present were Sir William and Lady Hingston. The programme was a lengthy and an enjoyable one, the several items evoking loud applause. Those who contributed were Prof. McGurik, Messrs. F. McCrory, J. St. John, C. A. Gregory, Frank Ibbotson, Geo.

Summers, Geo. Regan, Walter Jack, W. Murray, M. G. Greenwood, J. Reid, James Milroy, Masters F. McCrory, J. Slattery, Misses Quinn, Wheeler and Norah Coghlin. During the course of the proceedings, Sir William Hingston delivered an address, which was full of encouragement to the sailors. Sir William also referred in very kind terms to the great efforts made by the working administration of the Club. Brother Prudent, of St. Ann's, who accompanied the boys of that excellent institution, many of whom took part in the evening's programme, deserved very great praise for the splendid assistance he gave in making the entertainment a success. The recitation of Maurice Walsh, the little lad of six summers, was well deserving the applause it received, but care must be taken that talent so early developed should not be overtaxed; with judicious care, a bright future awaits the little orator.

A GENUINE TRIBUTE.

An amusing little incident occurred toward the close of the meeting held in connection with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society at the Mansion House. The Countess of Warwick had just resumed her seat, amid loud applause, after paying a warm tribute to the work of the society among sailors, when a bronzed, burly seaman made his way toward her. He then made a profound obeisance, and remarked in loud tones, "Goodby, countess. We did not think that the likes of you ever took any heed of the likes of us."

DR. BANNERMAN.

Dr. T. W. Bannerman, of this city, who recently took the triple qualification in Edinburgh, while on his tour of Europe, visited Rome and had the much coveted pleasure of an audience with His Holiness, Leo XIII. The doctor was introduced by Bishop Howley, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who acted as interpreter. The interview with the Holy Father lasted about a quarter of an hour, at the conclusion of which he received the Papal Benediction from His Holiness. Dr. Bannerman will shortly leave Rome for Naples, Mount Vesuvius and Pompeii, from whence, preparatory to returning home, he will visit Florence, Venice and Vienna.

THE SUPERIOR OF THE SULPICIAN.

The Sulpician community in the United States is now enjoying the pleasure of having the super-general of its society as its guest. This eminent ecclesiastic is Very Rev. Father Caplier, who is on a brief visit from France. Probably one of the principal reasons for his American trip is to arrange with Archbishop Corrigan for the management of the new seminary that is to be opened in his jurisdiction the coming fall, and of which the Sulpicians are to have the management.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

The Standard says that there is very little prospect now that the second reading of the Irish Land Bill can be taken before Whit Sunday. It is probable, however, that, with the exception of the remaining stages of the Finance Bill, it will be the first business after the House reassembles. After the second reading of the Irish Land Bill the Education Bill will be taken in committee, and will be carried steadily forward until this stage is disposed of. The Nationalists appear disposed to allow the second reading of the Land Bill to be passed with the minimum of discussion, reserving their criticism for committee. The Irish landlords in the House will, however, insist on a reasonable debate on this stage of the measure. They are not unfavourable to the principle of the Bill, but they consider that it embodies so many important changes that the second reading ought to be seriously dealt with.

A POOR CLERK BECAME PREMIER.

Spain and her affairs have been more in the world's eye of late than has been the case for years. Under the circumstances, a word about her Prime Minister may be interesting. Don Antonio Canovas del Castillo, the son of a poor village schoolmaster, was born near Malaga, nearly sixty-nine years ago. At an early age he went to Madrid—some people maintain that he covered the distance on foot—and obtained a clerkship in the office of a railway company. In spite of his wretchedly low salary, he contrived to pay the expense of studying law, and in due time blossomed into a lawyer. He attracted attention by writing two works, one on fiction and the other on history. After occupying several subordinate posts, he became, in 1865, Secretary for the Colonies, an office which he considered the first step to a Ministerial career. Thenceforth his rise was comparatively rapid, and his name is as well known in Spain as is that of Mr. Gladstone in England.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a teaching congregation of women, founded in Michigan by the Redemptorist Father Gillett, was celebrated in its various convents throughout the country on Wednesday, May 20.

VALUABLE PRIZES.

Two prizes worth \$2000 each were distributed on the 20th and the 27th instant by the Society of Arts of Canada. 1666 Notre Dame street, to Miss E. A. Ogilvy, 1414 DeMontigny St., and the other to Madame Ant. Lapierre, 75 Robin St., Mile End.

BISHOP RYAN'S SUCCESSOR.

Roman rumor has it that the list of names sent to Rome for the vacancy existing in the Buffalo diocese, by reason of the death of Bishop Ryan, contains the name of Rev. J. E. Quigley, rector of the Buffalo Cathedral, H. M. Leddy, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Wellsville, and dean of the Southern diocesan district, and James A. Lanigan, vicar general, and administrator at present of the episcopate.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

BY ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

SHALL WE OR SHALL WE NOT STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION—THE CATHOLICS OF HALIFAX DO NOT COUNTENANCE ANY OTHER COURSE—MANITOBA CATHOLIC RIGHTS MUST BE RESPECTED.

The following appears in the Antigonish Casket:

SIR,—On my arrival here from the East, a few days ago, I learned from the reports of Parliament, as well as from newspapers, the fate of the Remedial Bill. I need scarcely say it was a surprise to me, as well as a subject of regret. So strong was my faith in the good sense of my countrymen, and in their spirit of loyalty to our peerless Constitution, to say nothing of their love of fair play, that I felt it would be an insult to doubt the practical unanimity of the House in holding that Constitution, and in deciding once forever that in Canada there is as little room for religious fire brands as there is for political tricksters. The noble action of the Commons, on two previous occasions, had amply warranted this belief. Who could have imagined that public men, in Canada, both within and without Parliament, should have turned a purely constitutional question into a partisan one, or should have sought to perpetuate an admitted injustice at the risk of an era of senseless sectarian strife, and of national retrogression. The worst enemy of our country is the sower of religious discord and of racial enmity. There is no place in our public life for such an one. He should be bound in a shroud with the phrophets of pessimism and the would-be betrayers of our country, and trampled under foot on the threshold floor of public opinion.

A plain question is before the people of Canada. Shall we, or shall we not, stand by our Constitution which ensures the rights of all, but only inasmuch as they are guaranteed to each? Or shall we, by striking at the rights of a few, be the motive what it may, weaken the safeguards of our own, engender a spirit of mutual distrust, and fan into a flame the fast expiring embers of former unworthy discussions? Only a desperate professional politician could be guilty of such a crime against the social well-being of our fair country. An honest man, it is true, who dislikes the idea of separate schools might, for a moment, be tempted to pursue such a course of action, looking at the question from one point of view only; but on reflection he would recognize that it is not whether the Constitution shall be observed to-day in regard to the rights of Smith, so that it may be invoked to-morrow to support those of Brown. Our rights must stand or fall together. Few, I trust, have any desire to inlunge on those of their fellow countrymen. Our enlightened sense of true liberty, as well as the conditions of our national life, would render impossible the gratification of such desire.

Having lately passed through various countries, and having attentively observed their social condition, the superiority of our own Canada, as a home of peace and plenty, has been more fully than ever impressed on my mind. And yet we are only at the starting point of our course. Mutual trust, mutual respect for the convictions of others, a little bearing and forbearing, with a loyal devotion to the Constitution, even when it may run counter to some fad of our own, will ensure to Canada the future, in great part at least, of the world. It is simply wonderful what she has accomplished during the past twenty-five years. History affords no parallel to it. Grecian or Roman legends of mythical greatness do not equal the sober facts of our short career. The vigorous spirit that breathes life and hope, and national aspirations into the blood and brain of young Canadians has excoriated, or at least silenced, the voice of the annexationist, and has created a bond of union between all races and religions in the pursuit of national progress.

An insidious attempt is now made to break that unity, and although this may not be intended, the consequence will be to bring back that wilderness of discord and national disruption in which the cry of union with, or rather subjection to, the neighboring republic will be heard again; and who can say with what effect?

In a crisis like the present no lover of his country can keep silence. Would that my voice could reach the ears and intelligence of all my countrymen. To non-Catholics I would say: Are you, the descendants of men who won, after a long and hard fight, constitutional liberty, going to inflict a blow which must have far reaching consequences on the work of your fathers? If you do not uphold the Constitution now, your action will one day be invoked as a precedent for breaking it on some other point—it may be against yourselves. In your hands rests the future peace and advancement of the Dominion. You are a majority; you can oppress a poor minority in a certain Province; you can say, we reek not the decisions of courts, nor the claims of good faith, and fair play; you can evoke an evil spirit and implant a rankling feeling of injustice in the hearts of very many of your countrymen; you can stay the wheels of progress, and blight the fair prospects of our loved country. You can do all this by voting against Remedial Legislation. That any considerable percentage of you will do this, I, who have been nurtured in your midst, refuse to believe.

I know it will be said: "We do not refuse to right any wrong that can be shown to exist; but we wish first to investigate, to ascertain if any hardship has been inflicted on a minority." To an outsider this appears reasonable: to a Canadian it is what I sorely wish to characterize, lest I should be accused of using violent language. No man at all conversant with public affairs can be unaware of the injustice practised against the minority in Manitoba. It is a subject for sorrow and humiliation that any

FOR INDIGESTION.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Helps digest the food.

one should ignore this injustice; it is a hollow pretence to talk of investigating it; it is treason against conscience to plead this wretched excuse to justify opposition to its abolition. We may add, it is an insult to non-Catholics to suppose that any appreciable number of them will allow a difference of religious belief to blind them to the dictates of ordinary justice; or that they can be made the pawns of a movement which must end, if successful now, either in surrender to the claims of the minority, which is probably contemplated by the leaders, or in disaster to the country.

I trust, sir, you were mistaken in supposing any Catholics in Halifax "lent countenance to an appeal to anti-Catholic prejudice." Some of them, indeed, may dislike the present Government, and might, on a question of trade or other policy, bitterly oppose it; but in common with their non-Catholic fellow citizens who are not blinded by fanaticism, they will surely be on the side of justice, even should they doubt the motive of the Government in acting justly. We are to look at acts, not motives. The former fall under our cognizance; the latter are seen and judged by God alone. True Catholics in Halifax, as elsewhere, will not learn their duty, nor the ethics of political action, from party politicians, Catholic or non-Catholic, but from purer and less interested sources, viz., from the principles of justice, which are binding on all men, at all times. No party triumph, no worldly consideration, no ties of association, can excuse an act of injustice.

C. O'BRIEN.

Rome, May 6th, 1896.

VOTE FOR

R. Wilson Smith,

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

AND ENSURE

Commercial and Industrial

PROSPERITY

FOR

Another FIVE Years

CENTRAL

Committee Room,

56 St. Lawrence Street.

4-1

ASPHALT
FLOORS
COPPER
ROOFS
METAL
CORRIDORS
METAL
SKYLIGHTS
METAL
ROOFS
CEMENT
ROOFS
SLATE
ROOFS
GRAVEL
ROOFS

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS

GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS:

Jor. Latour et and Busby Lane.

TELEPHONE 130.

CARBOQUINE
HAIR TONIC.

IT CLEANSSES THE HAIR,
REMOVES DANDRUFF, GIVES
STRENGTH AND VIGOR TO
THE ROOTS, THUS PROMOTING
A HEALTHY GROWTH.

PREPARED AT

Westmount Medical Hall,

Cor. Atwater Ave & St. Antoine St.

MONTREAL.

46 11

GALLERY BROTHERS,

BAKERS: AND: CONFECTIONERS

Bread delivered to all parts of the city.

CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREETS

TELEPHONE 2845.

LORGE & CO.,

HATTER: AND: FURRIER,

81 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

MONTREAL.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Readers

will help THE TRUE WITNESS materially

by dealing with those who advertise

in its columns. The Catholic population

of Montreal should patronize those who

lend aid in building up the business of

their favorite paper.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S
ADVERTISEMENT.

CLEARING SALE.

Hundreds of Mantles at giving away prices. Examples:
Jackets, at \$2.90, \$4.50 and \$5. Your choice \$3.95.
Jackets, \$6.50, \$12 and \$14. Your choice \$2.90.
Jackets, \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$9. Your choice \$3.95.
Jackets, \$11, \$11.75 and \$13.50. Your choice \$5.90.
And hundreds of other lines at exactly Half-Price.

Light Colored Cloth Capes.

At the following reductions:

\$2.90 for \$1.85, \$7.50, \$7.00 and \$8.75.
Your choice for \$3.90.
\$8.50 and \$9 for \$1.90; \$10.50, \$12 and \$12.50 for \$5.95; \$13 for \$6.50; \$15 for \$7.50; \$22 for \$11; \$24 for \$12; \$29 for \$14.50, and so on.
Hoptonette Garments, \$4.75; worth \$6.75.
Hoptonette Garments, \$12 for \$6.50.
Rubber Waterproof Garments, \$5.75 and \$6, for \$1.50.
Children's Rubber Waterproof Garments. To clear, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; all worth from \$2.25 to \$3.50.

BLOUSE DEPARTMENT.

375 Ladies' Blouses, made from the best English Prints and Scotch Ginghams. The regular values are \$1.20, \$1.35 and \$1.50. During this sale we will clear them at 50c.

White Muslin Blouses, also White Blouses, Starched Collars, Front and Collar. Your choice 30c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

2343 St. Catherine St.

CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.

TELEPHONE No. 3888.

LEGALLEE BROS.,

General Engravers.

ENGRAVED BRASS SIGNS

White Enamel Letters.

METAL: AND: RUBBER: STAMPS

SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS.

Sole Agents in Province for the "Gold's Pat. Stamp Casing"

674 LaSalle Street.

LL TELEPHONE 2154.

ORGANIST WANTED.

(CATHOLIC ORGANIST (MALE) WANTED

for an important Catholic church in a large city. Good references required. Address, stating salary and enclosing testimonials, A.B. Fox, 115-117, Montreal, 115.

454

First Communion.

PICTURES FOR FIRST COMMUNION.

For Boys and Girls.

Size 12 x 18, with figures of the Sacred Heart, 75c doz.

12 x 18, Enamel, 90c per dozen.

12 x 18, 30c per dozen.

12 x 18, 25c per dozen.

FIRST COMMUNION ROSARIES.

In Mother of Pearl, Silver Chain, \$1 each upwards.

Plated, 25c.

Imitation Pearl Beads, 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.20 doz.

White Beads, 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.20 doz.

Red Beads, 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.20 doz.

Plain Wood, 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.20 doz.

PRAYER BOOKS.

White Covers at 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

Black Covers at 50c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

Cheap Books at 25c, 50c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

Eight Day Sanctuary Oil, best quality.

Regular, 10c; Charcoal, 5c; 10c.

Headquarters for the best grades of Candles in Pure Wax, Stearine and Paraffin.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,

Church Ornaments, Vestals, St. Stations and Religious Articles.

1669 Notre Dame St., 123 Church St., Montreal, Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1864

C. O'BRIEN,

House, Sign and Decorative Painter,

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING.

Wholesale and Retail. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

residence 645 Dorchester St., East of Byrry, MONTREAL.

447

DROPSY FREE

Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have tried many, but none cured. Write for full particulars of this new remedy. Book of testimonials of cures and testimonials sent free by mail. Free Green & Sons, Atlanta, Ga.

LA BAQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

DIVIDEND No. 61.