

OUR OBSERVER.

WHAT THE CITY COUNCIL SHOULD DO REGARDING UNDERGROUND WIRES.

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—WHAT ST. ANN'S WARD REPRESENTATIVES SHOULD DO—A POLICEMAN IN TROUBLE—THE SHAMROCKS' DEFEAT—AN EASY WAY TO HAPPINESS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

(Specially written for THE TRUE WITNESS.)

The idea of putting the telephone wires under the roadways is a good one. It might have been wiser, had they been put underground before the streets were asphalted, but this would be expecting too much foresight from soulless monopolies and unscrupulous councillors. When the telephone wires are all down and the roads nicely smoothed out and levelled it will be in order for the Telegraph Companies to suddenly discover that the underground system is exactly what they have wanted all along.

I see that the Hon. Mr. Tarte, in his official organ, the *Quill*, says that the present Administration intends to assist the International Exhibition along. Unless the assistance comes fast and strong, and Montrealers get a rapid move on, we will be clashing with the great Paris Exposition of 1900.

Aldermen Connaughton and Kinsella should take a memorandum book and a pencil, a walk through St. Ann's Ward, and a note of the sidewalks requiring renewal.

Quite a crowd of people congregated at the corner of Notre Dame and Guy streets the other evening. The centre of attraction was a tall policeman who was performing a surgical operation beneath the rays of an electric light. He was probing for a splinter in his left thumb and took no chloroform. This great display of nerve amazed his audience and held them spellbound.

Protests have been entered against the return of Ald. Kenny and M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., as members of parliament. Why not call both off!

The defeat of the Shamrocks by a team from Cornwall caused general surprise in this city, and emphasized a fact (which should be well known), that men cannot play lacrosse without practice. To have expected, or ever hoped, that a man with but half an hour's regular practice could do justice to himself or to his club, in a hard-fought two-hours match, was absurd. Such a policy in selecting a team is suicidal, and there must have been a lapse of judgment on the part of the Shamrock executive for a period.

Judging by the crowded state of the street cars on the warm evenings of last week there are a few people still left in town.

The Minister of Public Works is using heavy ammunition in the preliminary skirmishes. If the hon. gentleman is not careful, he will exhaust the supply and have to fall back on a pea-shooter.

"Take things philosophically" is easy advice to give and difficult to follow. If in our hours of reverses and loss we could regularly call up a philosophic humor, our troubles would cease to be troublesome—a fact, it might become necessary after a while, in the excess of our philosophic happiness, to take a dose of pessimistic pills in order to retain our mental equilibrium. However, I am afraid that as long as there are men small things will worry them. We are annoyed at men nothing and grow wrinkled over trifles. Burns says: "Man was made to mourn." Whether he was or not, the average man seems to do it on the slightest provocation. He requires no coaxing to muster up a regiment of grunts and growls at what he considers the eternal "unfitness" of things. If we met all our crosses and disappointments with a true spirit of philosophy, they would disappear with the marvelous ease and rapidity of a coin from the palm of a magician, and the growling and grunting part of the programme would be left to the brute creation. Methinks the chances are, nevertheless, that the quadruped will never have monopoly of those outward expressions of inward woe, and that the dismal biped will never be in evidence.

There may be some consolation in the thought that under an up-to-date definition of the word we may all be philosophic without any unnatural effort. This definition is to the effect that "philosophy is that fortitude with which one endures the misfortunes of other people."

I sincerely hope that Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., will accompany Montreal's delegation to the Irish National Convention. Then might Leinster Hall ring with true Irish-Canadian eloquence.

WALTER R.

"THE IRISH BOG AND THE WAY OUT."

The above is the name of a pamphlet, by Thomas Martin, secretary of the United Irish Association of London, England, which has come to hand. The little book is written with the intention of propagating the ideas of the Association, of which the author is an officer, and contains several facts relative to Irish connection with Great Britain and the disadvantage of the Union for the people of Ireland. Mr. Martin laments the divisions in the ranks of the Irish party, and states that unity must be restored, even at the cost of sweeping from the political arena all the present party leaders if necessary. An alliance with either English party is deprecated as unsafe and unwise, as, in the author's opinion, neither is to be trusted and both would betray the Irish cause. The policy of the United Irish Association as outlined is as aggressive as possible within the limits of constitutionality.

Upon the hypothesis that Ireland cannot get the right of Home Rule from Great Britain on the principle of justice, the United Irish Association by organizations in every city of any pretence in the United Kingdom, propose to take active and unanimous interest in all local and general questions of politics with the one object in view, of worrying the English people by systematic obstruction in every branch of their administration until they are obliged to accord Home Rule to Ireland to get rid of the incubus of Irish malcontents in England. The pamphlet, which invites the co-operation of the Irish people throughout the world in successfully carrying out the scheme of appealing to the self-interests of the English people rather than to their sense of justice, is published by Ware & Son, Kennington, London.

SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGE

Of the Archdiocese of Kingston—Many Remarkable Cures Reported.

(Smith's Falls News.)

The fifth annual pilgrimage of the Archdiocese of Kingston, under the distinguished auspices of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary, which took place on Tuesday, July 28th, to the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, over the C.P.R., was a decided success in every sense of the word.

From various points in Ontario and the United States pilgrims came in large numbers and all were delighted with the perfect arrangements and speedy travel. Three special trains carried 1,400 passengers from Peterboro', Pembroke and Smith's Falls. Supt. F. F. Brady, Smith's Falls, was most energetic and solicitous to do everything possible for all passengers and his efforts in this respect were ably seconded by Messrs. Spencer and Bennett of the C.P.R. staff here. Supt. Folger and F. J. Conway, of the K. & P., with their usual kindness and push, did much to promote the success of the pilgrimage.

The organization of the pilgrimage was under the charge of Rev. Father Stanton, Smith's Falls, and he was ably assisted by Rev. Father McDonald of Kemptville, and Rev. Father O'Gorman, of Gananoque. Of the Rev. Father Stanton it may be truly said that he never tired of the arduous labor attending the successful issue of such a great undertaking. As on previous occasions his thoughtfulness and anxiety for the comfort and safety of pilgrims gave to him additional strength and ability, and the success following his efforts must certainly afford him much gratification.

Several remarkable cures took place. Amongst the many are those of a young lady of Kemptville. She had been deaf for seven years and was restored to her hearing. A lady from Michigan who had been paralyzed for several years was able to walk home without crutches. Another instance is that of Miss Cairns, a girl of eight years, from Tamworth, who had been deaf for 4 years and who miraculously received the use of her hearing. A boy twelve years old from Wisconsin, who had epileptic fits daily, was relieved. A young lady from South Leeds, who had been deaf and dumb for years regained both speech and hearing. Another remarkable case is that of Mr. Fitzgerald from Picton, who had been unable to walk without crutches for years; he left his crutches in the church of St. Anne de Beaupré and was able to walk unaided. These were only a few of the many cures effected at the shrine of the Good St. Anne.

Although the pilgrimage of last week was the fifth under the direction of Rev. Father Stanton, it was in every respect just as successful as the former ones, and the Rev. director desires to express to all grateful appreciation for the very liberal manner in which the undertaking was patronized, and it clearly demonstrates the confidence and esteem entertained for the Rev. Father. There was not an unpleasant or annoying incident during the whole trip, and all who attended express their delight and admiration with the able manner in which the pilgrimage was conducted.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB CONCERT

"Always so jolly!" was the favorable and pleasant expression heard on all sides as the large and respectable audience slowly, almost unwillingly, rose from their seats to leave the hall at last Thursday evening's concert of the Sailors' Club. Mr. Gordon ably presided and conducted the following programme: Miss Wheeler opened with a piano solo. The gem of the evening was the kind Mrs. Tygh, who delighted the house by her beautiful rendering of the good old songs—"Annie Laurie," "Comin' through the Rye," "Last Rose of Summer," to her own fine accompaniment on a splendid new piano from Lindsay's warerooms. Mr. Linton, recitation; Messrs. W. P. Sheridan, J. Clark, F. Kieley, M. Strachan, W. Greenwood, A. Read, George Wilson, J. Dodd, Mr. Cochrane, S. Lancashire, and J. Williams, citizens and seamen, were all heartily applauded for their successful efforts. Miss Wheeler and Miss Delaney, in their sweet duets, never fail to please. Miss Mabel Appleton, Miss Wright, and Miss Kearney, all did justice to their several parts and afforded much pleasure. Several members of the Club were on duty as ushers. The chairman earnestly thanked the talent for their cheerful assistance, and closed an enjoyable evening.—P.C.L.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

There are minds, no doubt, in England which will be disappointed by the Pope's proud utterance, a mind which is filled with the modern passion for compromise, which can not rid themselves of the hope that the Papacy will concede something, will declare that two plus two make three and ninety-nine hundredths, and that then there will be a restoration of visible unity and a ceasing of varieties of faith. We do not believe those minds are numerous, but still they exist; and they may be driven by the Pope's trenchancy into a sharp recoil, which will take them farther from perfect submission than ever. But there must be many more minds in which any fresh perception of the unchangeableness of the Roman Church, of its unbroken continuity, of the haughtiness with which

it disregards not opinion but its own apparent interests, will develop admiration; and with admiration, love; and with love, belief in the institution loved. Only the possession of truth, they will say, could give the Church such impenetrability to modern ideas, such scorn for all that seems powerful outside herself, such profound confidence in herself and her own permanent teaching. The English minds that long for Rome are usually tired of their own fluctuating judgments, and longing to be guided by some permanent and final authority; and here is the authority asserting itself, unearring, unhesitating, as incapable of doubt as it claims to be of error; calmly demanding the one thing—submission—which those minds have hitherto refused. Even we ourselves, who reject the Papal pretensions as founded on unproved assumptions, can not avoid feeling a certain sympathy for the frankness and disinterestedness of the Encyclical.—London Spectator.

ELECTION ELOQUENCE.

A CAPITAL SPECIMEN OF THE SPEECHES MADE IN LOCAL ELECTIONS.

The following manifesto, copied verbatim from the original poster, is a capital specimen of election eloquence as applied to parochial contests: "Fellow workmen, gentlemen and ladies, I honorably put myself forward under your very kind notice for a seat on the Swanscombe parish council. Let me tell you as a man that I was the first to give cheap meat on Galley Hill and Swanscombe and all round. I never did and never will hurt a workman. When times are good, I want to get paid for my very superior food that I always supply, and when times are hard then you can take it at any price you like to feed your wives and children and your families from George Clinch, 'The Peoples only Butcher' in this parish. I shall work hand in hand with the Reverend George Hale to bury the dead at the lowest price and put the poor body deep in mother earth, where they ought to be, and I promise that I shall sell my meat at the same price. I shall also help Mr. Dunbar (for he is an old toff) to reduce the salaries of clergymen, as it do cost too much for prayer, and we can go up to glory at a less price. I also promise to do more than the last council, for they done nothing, and as Mickey Finn is not standing, but sitting down low, we can do good business and have no Donnybrook fair at our meetings—in fact, gentlemen and ladies, I shall do every mortal thing for the good of your body, and the person will take care of your departed souls. I shall reduce the rates and get rent for the workmen cheaper. I shall light up your roads so that you can see them upon a dark moonlight night. The last word I say unto you is, do your duty to yourselves and never mind about me, but put me on the council for your own sake and the interest of the men who get bread by the sweat of their brow."—Household Words.

LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

Within a stone's throw of Whitechapel, surrounded by some of the very worst slums, stands the largest school in the world. It is presided over by a peer of the realm, Lord Rothschild, who is regarded with love and admiration by every pupil, for he is, indeed, their good fairy. This school educates 3,000 children, belonging mostly to the poorer foreign Jews, and has a staff of 100 teachers.

It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and that were it not for his munificent support the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish Passover.

An idea of the poverty of the children may be gleaned from the fact that not more than 2 per cent of them decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them.

A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department, instituted by the kindly president. In order to encourage habits of thrift he allows an interest of 10 per cent per annum on all savings, the said savings not to exceed 25 in a year. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of this bank, the maximum savings allowed them being £15 per annum.

It remains to be mentioned that in pursuing this noble work, Lord Rothschild is following in the footsteps of other members of his family, who have supported this school in a princely fashion since its foundation, fifty-five years ago.—Church Standard.

It was an odd coincidence that the Standard, the A.P.A. organ in Boston, died a natural death on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Its age was twelve years and four months; its editor was a discredited politician, and the only motive for its existence was hostility, in season and out of season, to Catholics. Two hundred thousand dollars are said to have been sunk in this enterprise and the money came almost entirely out of the pockets of honest but narrow-minded people who could ill afford to lose it. The stockholders numbered four thousand. If now the British American, which exists solely for the purpose of vilifying the Irish, and one or two Irish papers—not those in Boston—which exist solely for vilifying the English, could follow the Standard to its unhallowed grave, the cause of true Americanism would be served.—Harper's Weekly.

In Missouri ideas of hospitality and of the attributes of perfect freedom seem to be still a little crude. At Jefferson City, on July 16, Governor Stone gave a reception to the Hon. "Silver Dick" Bland, at which he is reported to have said: "When I was a candidate for Governor, I told the people that, if elected, they would be welcome to call at the man-

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

sion, put their feet on the table, and spit on the carpet. Many friends called on me to-day, and when reminded of the promise, I pointed out the table, the floor, and offered to furnish the tobacco to everyone who wanted to spit." The report says that Mr. Bland and all his friends promptly accepted the Governor's invitation, but it is not a sworn report, and may be doubted, though the population of Jefferson City is only 7,000, and no doubt diversion is scarce there, and visitors have to be content with simple pleasures.—Harper's Weekly.

MET AFTER YEARS.

Curious Scene in a London Hotel Between Two Americans.

(London, Eng., Telegraph.)

There was a remarkable scene at a Northumberland avenue hotel on Thursday. It seems that a party of newly arrived Americans, most of them strangers to each other, were sitting at luncheon, and one of them was with an English friend, who had called to see him.

The conversation between the two naturally drifted back to the war time, and the American, who had been a Federal, described some of his adventures, and now at one place the opposing soldiers used to work so near each other in the trenches that they were able to engage in conversation, and surreptitiously exchanged tobacco and tea—the Northerners having plenty of the latter and none of the former, while the Southerners were in exactly the opposite condition. But, he continued, the most curious "swap" he ever made was a small packet of quinine for a pound of tobacco, to which the Confederate added a curiously carved wooden pipe. That pipe he had kept ever since, because he regarded it and the tobacco as having saved his life; for somehow or other his superior officer had come to know that he possessed a quantity of "the weed," and ordered him to report himself concerning it. Before he could regain his post a skirmish occurred, and the man who was in his very place was killed.

At this point a tall, sunburnt American, with white hair and beard, who had been listening to the other with considerable emotion, interrupted him with, "Excuse me, though I am a stranger to you, but didn't that Southerner tell you that the quinine was for his little daughter, who was down with fever?"

"Yes," said the other, "and didn't the Northerner say that his little girl was ill of fever, too, but he would share her medicine with the other little one, even without the tobacco?"

"Why, yes," cried the original narrator, "I believe he did, and that was me."

"And I was the Southerner," cried the other, "and here is my daughter, whose life you helped to save, and here's one of my grandchildren with her."

The Englishman who was present says that there was then such a scene of hand shaking, introductions and congratulations as must have made people at the other tables think the company must have been visitors from Bedlam. The Northerner had also a daughter with him, who is a widow, and the embrace of the two women who had never seen each other before, but whose early lives had so closely touched, was peculiarly affecting.

"And to think we should meet each other so far from home, and in England, too," exclaimed one.

"God bless England for it, say I," replied the other.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN CHELSEA.

LONDON, August 5.—The memorial to Sir Thomas More, the cost of which has been defrayed by public subscription, has been unveiled in the Chelsea Public Library, and formally handed over to the Library Commissioners. The subscribers were represented by Mr. Alfred Cook, D.D., Mr. H. A. de Colyar, and Mr. Sidney Lee, author of the life of Sir Thomas More, in "The Dictionary of National Biography." These three gentlemen, with the Bishop of Emswiler, who was unfortunately absent from illness, have acted as the Organizing Committee. The commissioners of the Chelsea Public Library were represented by Mr. D. H. Hodge, the Chairman; Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. C. C. Blane and Mr. George White, with Mr. Quinn, the librarian. After Mr. Cook had made the presentation Mr. Hodge expressed the pleasure it gave the commissioners in accepting the gift. The memorial consists of a very delicately executed bronze statuette by Herr Ludwig Cauer, of Berlin, which was exhibited in last year's Royal Academy. More is represented seated, and wears the furled robes of a member of the Court, as in Holbein's sketch of More and his household which is now in the Basel Museum. On the pedestal is a tablet with the inscription:—"Sir Thomas More. Born in London, 1478. Lived in Chelsea, 1523-1534. Executed on Tower Hill, 1535. This statuette was placed here by public subscription, 1896." Additional interest attaches to this memorial, in that it is

the first public endeavor to pay honor to More which is free from sectarian associations. The subscribers include the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, Earl Cadogan, Lord James of Hereford, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Teynham, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Wills, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Cook, Q.C., Mr. Bigham, Q.C., M.P., Judge Bagshaw, Mr. Richards, M.P., Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Willis, Q.C., Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., Mr. J. Walton, Q.C., Mrs. Goschen, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Bishop Mesmer Celebrates the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of His Ordination.

The jubilee celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Bishop Mesmer, bishop of the diocese of Green Bay, took place last week. The clergy, wearing the cassock and surplice, escorted the bishop to the cathedral. The services there were most impressive, Bishop Mesmer himself celebrating high pontifical mass. He was assisted by Father O'Malley of Oakshoah as arch-deacon, Fathers Czarnowke and Joly, deacons of honor; Fathers Kraemer and Hummel, deacons of the mass, and Fathers Lau and Vanier, masters of ceremonies. Archbishop Katzer and Bishop Vertin occupied a throne on the epistle side, assisted by Revs. Dewitt and Richards. Very Rev. J. J. Fox, vicar-general, Very Rev. J. Rainer, rector of St. Francis seminary, and Father Kersten of Milwaukee, also occupied seats in the sanctuary. After the mass the Te Deum was sung. It was expected that Bishop Cotter of Winona would be present and preach but illness prevented his attendance.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE.

When the service at the Cathedral was over the bishop and clergy took the street cars to St. Joseph's Orphan asylum. There dinner was served and the bishop received the congratulations of the clergy.

Directly after the dinner an interesting occurrence took place which was not down on the program. Vicar-General Fox, on behalf of the priests of the diocese, presented the bishop with a purse containing \$2,500. The bishop, in a few chosen remarks, returned his thanks for the handsome presentation so kindly made.

The presentation was in the form of a check and was enclosed in a handsome silver frame. On a silver heart was inscribed the names of the priests whose donations had made the splendid gift possible.

THEY DIDN'T GET IT.

MANDY AND AARON COULDN'T AGREE ON A GRAVESTONE.

An elderly couple came into the office of a dealer in marble the other day and wanted to look at "something kind o' nice in gravestones."

"What kind of a stone did you want? Something for a child or adult or—"

"No. It's for ourselves."

"For yourselves?"

"Yes. We're kind o' gettin' long in years, an' we've kind o' talked the matter over an' made up our minds to pick out our own gravestone. It won't hurry us off a day sooner to do it, an' we'll have the satisfaction of getting one to suit us."

"About how much do you want to pay for one?"

"Well, we set the figger at from \$30 to \$300. Can't we get something kind o' neat and tasty for that?"

"Yes. Now, here's a brown granite one for—"

"I don't like them nasty brown or gray gravestones," interrupted the old lady. "I'd never rest easy under one. I want a white one."

"Sho, now, Mandy," said her husband, "I think them brown ones are real rich lookin'."

"I don't, Aaron Puddy, an' I won't have one. How much is this white one?"

"La, Mandy, you don't want a gravestone with a little lamb carved on it?"

"I'm going to have either a lamb or a dove on it, Aaron Puddy."

"Did you want one stone for both of you?"

"Yes. We thought it'd save expense. How much is this one with the cross on it?"

"I won't have one with a cross on it. Folks'd think we was Catholics or Episcopalists 'tad o' Free Will Baptists. How much is this one?"

"Great Scott, Mandy! You s'pose I'd have a monnyment like that set up over me?"

"It's a plageny sight prettier than that thing with the cross on."

"No, it ain't."

"It is too."

"It is."

"Why don't you get one for each of you, so that each could be pleased?"

"Well, there's no use payin' for two stones when one will do. How'd you like this one, Mandy?"

"There's no lamb nor dove on it."

"I could put one on it for you," said the proprietor.

"I don't like the shape of it. How much would this one be with a lamb on it?"

"I tell you flatfooted, Mandy Puddy, that no lamb nor dove goes on my gravestone. Purty lookin' lambs an' doves we air!"

"That's the polite to me, now ain't it, Aaron Puddy? If you ain't got any more manners than to talk like that right before strangers, you ain't fit to have a tombstone over your grave. I'm goin' home, an' you kin git a tombstone to suit yourself, an' I'll come in some day myself an' get me one if it does cost double. Good day, mister."—New York Sunday World.

TESTING HIS HONESTY.

Your druggist is honest, if, when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

PATENT REPORTS.

Below will be found the only complete weekly up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, Solicitors of Patents and Experts. Head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

\* CANADIAN PATENTS.

53140—John Leask, Gare Bay, Ont., Improvements in Rolls for holding Ribbon.

53120—Katherine Campbell, Montreal, Carpet Fastener.

53129—C. Bourgeois, Henrysburg, Que., Bale Tie.

53145—F. Longtin, St. Constant, Que., Apparatus for crossing Rivers, Canals etc.

Relief for Lung Troubles. The D.P. EMULSION. IS CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASE, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest. By the aid of the "D. & L." Emulsion, I have got rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I think this Emulsion so well I will give you the time taken around to take it. T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1.00 per Bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Sadlier's Perfected Sanctuary Oil. The Original! The Cheapest! The Best! The only pure 8 day oil in the market. It gives constant light, without smoke, without waste. The Wonderful 8 Day Taper. Burns 8 days with Sadlier's Perfected Sanctuary Oil. Tapers for one year, 90c. Ring for Glass, 40c. S. P. S. Oil Jar, 75c. Red Glass, 10c. Paraffine Wax Candles, Moulded Bees Wax Candles, Wax Souches, Unbleached, Wax Tapers, Stearic Wax Candles, Gas Lighter and Extinction, Floats, etc. Floats for Sanctuary Lamp, 75c. dox Milton Floats, \$1.00. Incense for Churches. Extra Fine, \$1.00 per box. Incense No. 2, 75c. dox. Incense No. 3, 50c. dox. Artificial Charcoal. Box containing 50 tablets, 50c. Large Wooden Box, Incensed, \$2.00. Celluloid Roman Collars and Cuffs. Collars, sizes 14 to 17, 15c. price 25c each. Cuffs, sizes 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420,