

Note and Comment

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in his "Collections and Recollections," relates the following incident connected with Emperor William's visit to the Pope. It illustrates the "fine Italian hand" in the way of retort courteous: "When the German Emperor paid his visit to Leo XIII. Count Herbert Bismarck was in attendance on his imperial master, and when they reached the door of the Pope's audience chamber the Emperor passed in, and the Count tried to follow. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview between the Pope and the Emperor. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' said the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not excuse, your conduct.'"

Further statistics regarding mixed marriages in Prussia, based upon the last census, have lately been published. We gather that on Dec. 2 last, there existed in Prussia 278,434 cases of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants. In 150,365 cases the husband was a Catholic, and in 128,069 the wife was a Catholic. Thus, to their shame be it said, more Catholic men than women contract such unions, and surely for men there is less excuse than for women. Now for the consequences. Out of 597,821 children, the offspring of these marriages, no less than 332,947 were brought up Protestants, as against only 264,648 Catholics, a clear evidence of the disastrous results to the faith; for here, in spite of the large majority of some 32,000 Catholic fathers, we find a majority of about 68,000 Protestant children. Could statistics be more eloquent? Again, look at the following figures: Of the children of Protestant fathers 59 per cent. of the boys and 53 per cent. of the girls—in each case a clear majority—follow the religion of their father; whilst those of Catholic fathers, only 46.6 per cent. of the boys and 42.4 per cent. of the girls are brought up as Catholics. Thus both Catholic fathers and Catholic mothers neglect their duty towards the souls of their children.

Mrs. Emily Crawford can claim to be the most remarkable lady journalist in the world. She has long been Paris correspondent to the London Daily News, and she has been a weekly contributor to Truth from the first number. Mrs. Crawford can claim to have made his story as no other newspaper correspondent save, perhaps, M. Blowitz has done. She has an extraordinary memory, and although ignorant of shorthand can transcribe an almost verbatim report of a meeting after having simply jotted down a few notes. She was the only journalist who was able to transmit to London the great historical first sitting of the French Chamber of Versailles after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war. Mrs. Crawford is a native of "Rebel" Cork.

The British experiments in motor-vehicles run quite as much to freight-carrying vehicles as to passenger carriers and the recent trials of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association at Liverpool were made with the former class exclusively. Two previous endeavors of this kind, one promoted by a technical newspaper and the other organized last year by the Royal Agricultural Society, were very disappointing in their results. The Traffic Association, however, had left no stone unturned to secure a representative competition of vehicles for heavy traffic and the list of judges and observers included some names identified with the work of the automobiles. The result, however, was not the unqualified success that had been sought; still, it is hoped that sufficient has been learned to justify the effort. But few of the competitors showed up for the road trials and they showed signs that notwithstanding care exercised in working out the details there were elements of weakness, due principally to the effort to decrease weight. The wheels of the vehicles were too light for the heavy loads carried and the difficult roads to be traversed at the average speeds set out in the competition. The question of wheel construction is stated to have been the bugbear of builders of motor-carriages ever since the revival of interest in road locomotion by mechanically propelled vehicles and it does not yet appear to have been settled.

Sir John Thomas Gilbert, the Irish historian, died in Dublin, Ireland, recently. He was born in Dublin in 1829, and was appointed Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland in 1867, which office he held until it was abolished in 1875. He edited the 'Facsimiles of the National Manuscripts of Ireland,' and was the author of 'History of the City of Dublin,' 'History of the Viceroys of Ireland,' 'Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland,' 'National Manu-

scripts of Ireland,' 'History of Affairs in Ireland,' 'History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland' and various other works on the history and literature of Great Britain and Ireland.

Father Russell, the editor of 'The Irish Monthly,' and a sweet singer himself, has made an anthology of 'Sonnets on the Sonnet,' which the Longmans will soon publish. The book contains about 160 sonnets, English, American, Irish, French, German, Italian and Spanish. The Spanish sonnets are the earliest of the examples given.

The Catholic Times of Liverpool has the following suggestive editorial note: 'A correspondent who has been a convert for forty-eight years writes to us pointing out the contrast between the treatment of Lord and Lady Aberdeen by the Catholics of Canada and the action of the Council of the Church Association warning the Princess of Wales in bad English that she must not open a bazaar for Catholic orphans at the Convent, Norwood, because 'the claim of their Royal House to the allegiance of the English people' rests upon pledges to avoid the Pope and his agents. Our correspondent says: 'I am disgusted with the intolerance of this poor old country.' On our part we feel sure that the Church Association is doing a good work for the Catholic Church: it is helping to make converts.'

OUR NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER.

Placentia, the "Killarney" of Newfoundland.

There may possibly be brighter and more beautiful places on this side of the Atlantic than Placentia, the Killarney of Newfoundland, but visitors to the place say that they are hard to be found. This charming seaport town was called Placentia by its French discoverer, Gargot, who came to it between the years 1494 and 1495. The name Placentia—now Placentia—was a tribute paid to its pleasant surroundings and unique site, by the poetic Frenchman. Placentia is truly unique in its physical formation. The general Newfoundland port opens immediately on the sea—or larger bay—while the settlement is built around on hills rising from the water's edge or landward. Such sites are always picturesque. But what makes Placentia singular is this: that it is built on a spacious level beach joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus called the "Block House." This immense beach was originally thrown up by the sea, and is still ridged in a manner to give the idea of waves. The beach is of silvery grey color and quite a picture as viewed from any of the many heights by which the place is sentinelled.

THE INDUSTRY OF THE INHABITANTS has for the past century and a half been in a measure directed towards turning this beach into fertile ground. This result has been achieved by bringing soil and clay from the neighboring hills and islands and depositing it on the beach, and so creating a number of gardens and meadows. Curiously enough, the potatoes and root crops grown in this soil are of the best possible quality, and the growth of grass, owing probably to the heat of the underlying beach, is phenomenal. The sea heating in on the outer embankment of the beach supplies a bountiful supply of fertilizing material in the shape of 'kelp,' so that side by side with the beach are grass plots, and vegetable grounds and tree-planted gardens have sprung up and industry has supplemented nature in beautifying the locality. Placentia has been called the 'Killarney' of Newfoundland from the rare and complicated system of water by which it is almost surrounded. The town is situated on the side of one of the largest bays on the Newfoundland coast, Placentia Bay, forty miles broad and upwards of ninety miles long. This bay is full of harbors and studded with numerous islands, and may be easily traversed, as a mail steamer crosses it regularly. The outer harbor or roadstead of Placentia begins on one side at Point Verte, a low lying green point, and on the other at the hill called Crevecoeur. Farther in on the Crevecoeur side rises the castellated peak of Frenchman's Hill, whence of yore

FRENCH CANNON THUNDERED DEFIANCE. Continuing on, the roadstead narrows to a channel and then diverges into the north-east and south-east arms. The new railway coming from St. Johns runs along the north side of the harbor, and from the train windows may be obtained views of the north-east arm not easily surpassed for beauty and grandeur. As the train comes round the head of the arm, the indraught discloses itself in a number of small and nearly landlocked lakelets. Farther down it takes the appearance of a chain of lakes, almost crossed by wooded and grassy points and dotted by islands; and further still, it opens in all its length from its head to its roadstead and gives a perspective of seven miles of a sea arm. The color of this great inland sea varies from dark blue to silver; it is bounded by hills and ridges clad with evergreen trees, and offers a panorama so beautiful and varied that once seen can never be forgotten. From the railway station with the sun shining on the great beach and white houses across the inlet, Placentia looks its best; and excellent views of the place and also of the south-east arm (five miles long) may be had from Mount Carmel Hill, situated on the Placentia Peninsula. But perhaps the grandest outlook of all is that from the airy height of historic Castle Hill, where still stands the

FLOWING CRUMBLING WALLS of the French redoubt. From here the further shores of the broad bay, the

inner harbor, the arms, the dark beach, the long strand and the sea of the roadstead rolling on the shore, are all in sight. It is no wonder, then, Placentia should have been a place much sought after by the modern tourist in quest of health and the picturesque, and with increased facilities for travelling, such as now exist, there is little doubt but that this summer its varied beauties of land and sea shall attract the artistic; its seeming lakes and rivers form a sufficient inducement to the angler; and its proximity to the greatest grouse shooting ground in the Empire, the moors of Cape Shore, that long promontory between Placentia and St. Mary's Bays, will prove an irresistible magnet to men handy with the gun who would like to take down sixty birds a day.

ANALOGOUS.

C. M. B. A.

A Rochester Brother Throws Out a Good Suggestion.

In speaking of fraternal protective societies recently, Mayor Quincy of Boston said: "The United States has seen an extraordinary growth of such societies, and much more encouragement has been extended to them here than in the countries of the old world. The idea of mutual assessment insurance is a sound one if the affairs of the society which puts this idea into practice are managed in a conservative or business-like way. There is just as much a place for societies of this nature as for the old line companies. It is the spirit of co-operation; of mutual dependence—not independence, but common dependence is the lesson. We have all a common life, not only in politics, but in insurance and in all the relations of life. Such societies, which teach the idea of mutual dependence and helpfulness, are entitled to all legitimate encouragement, and is doing a work of great value to the state and community. It is a great work to promote the feeling of fraternity, of mutual interests, and to unite men into one grand organization in which the interests of all are considered."

Commenting upon this, "J. J. H. B. S. I," says in the Catholic Journal of Rochester, N. Y.: "Now, dear brothers who are so fortunate as to belong to the C. M. B. A., I must say that Mayor Quincy has his heart in the right place, and what he said in favor of the associations in general is in every respect just what the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association professes, teaches, and nothing else; and yet how many members there are who forget the promises made when they took the obligation of the C. M. B. A., to do what they could to extend its influence and to increase its membership. It is to be feared that it is a very large number who never think of it at all; and yet it is as much a part of their duties as is the payment of dues and assessments. To be sure, it is a duty easier shirked than is the payment of dues, etc. If you fail to do what you can to increase the membership in your branch you are responsible for any falling off in your membership."

JESUIT SONS OF GENERALS.

Rev. Father Buel Follows Rev. Father Sherman's Example.

At the recent annual ordinations at the Jesuit College at Woodstock, Cardinal Gibbons ordained, amongst others, David Hillhouse Buel, only son of the late Gen. David H. Buel, who fought with distinction during the Civil War. General Buel was a member of the class of '61 at West Point, which was graduated ahead of time. The General's wife, the young priest's mother, is the daughter of Brigadier General Charles McDougal, and her brother is Captain McDougal, of the regular army. The Buel family has for generations shown a strong predilection for the Church. The grandfather of Father Buel, Dr. Samuel Buel, was the professor of dogmatic and systematic theology at the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary, Twentieth street and Ninth avenue, New York.

THE LATE MR. GLADSTONE.

Some zealous churchmen, writes Henry Austin Adams, M.A., in Donahoe's Magazine for July, are wondering if, after all, Gladstone did not die a Catholic and the fact kept secret for estate reasons. Fudge! Beyond a certain breadth of feeling and sense of justice compelling him to espouse the cause of Catholic liberties, the Grand Old Man, as far as I know, never gave the slightest sign of dissatisfaction with Anglicanism. He was a devout High Churchman, and as such his life and beliefs closely approximated to the true Catholic standards; but it would be hard to reconcile some of his published opinions with any desire on his part to submit to the authority of the Holy See. He told me once (in an interview which chance procured for me), that he was a life-long admirer and disciple of Dr. von Dollinger. He had a magnificent portrait of the great German apostate, and while showing it to me he launched out into affectionate praise of the man, and, inferentially, into condemnation of Papal infallibility and the policy of the Roman Curia, which had forced so noble a mind as von Dollinger's into revolt. Had this wretched man remained a Catholic, who knows but Gladstone might have had the gift of faith sooner or later? As it was, his noble life was a boon to a faithless age. His simple, unaffected piety; his childlike dependence upon God, even in little things; his great, pure, duty-doing character; his stern devotion to justice and ohivorous enthusiasm for humanity, all make him a great man. Such God will reward. Requiescat in pace.

Books are our household gods, and we cannot prize them too highly.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum, 10c.

A GALLANT IRISH SOLDIER.

Washington's Stepmother on John Byrne, of the Revolution.

George Washington E. Custis, the grandson of Lady Washington, and the adopted son of "the Father of His Country," in a speech delivered at Washington, on the 6th of August, 1832, when speaking of the Irish soldiers in the Revolution, told the following anecdote:—

"The recollections of America's days of trial must be more and more endeared to her the memory of Irishmen's services in 'the times that tried men's souls.' Perhaps I may tire you with 'a thrice-told tale,' yet if the Americans were as much instructed in the history of their own times as they are in the records of antiquity, they would find as brilliant instances of courage and patriotism to admire in the lives and actions of the heroes of the Revolution as those who flourished in the days of Rome and Greece. Do the mellowed recollections of antiquity contain a finer instance of

COURAGE AND FIDELITY.

under the severest pressure of misfortune, than is found in the story of John Byrne, the Irish soldier of the Revolution? Years have passed away since an aged and broken man came to my door and saluted me with, 'God bless you; I am one of Washington's old soldiers, and I have come to see you.' I am proud to tell you that I often received a call from the honored remnants of the Revolution. They say that they cannot pass my domicile without calling upon one they are pleased to term a member of the old family. And so hear me God! more welcome to my house and my heart are these gray and withered relics of the heroic time than would be the presence of an emperor. Byrne was one of the finest types of that order of beings, now almost extinct, that ever met my notice. Never can I forget the touching scene that ensued when I had ordered a cup to cheer the old man's heart; the sublime expression of his features, when having drunk to my health he reverently turned his eyes toward higher and better worlds, and exclaimed: 'Here's to the memory of General Washington, who is in Heaven.' 'Twas a head such as Guido might have painted, over which seventy winters had shed their snows, while tears of veneration, at the remembrance of a loved commander, coursed each other down the channels which time and hard service had worn full many and deep.

THE SUFFERINGS WHICH BYRNE ENDURED

were even a refinement upon the hellish usages of the prison ship. For this preference he was entirely indebted to his brogue, which betrayed his being a native of the Emerald Isle; and then, as he emphatically observed, they added their torture as a civility due to my native country. O' ye who jest at scars that never felt a wound, picture to yourself a being, captive and desolate. Gnawed by famine, breathing the air of pestilence associated only with the dying and the dead. But see, there appears the commander, like an angel of mercy, having healing under his wings, having pardon, protection, food, raiment, gold. But mark ye the price of all these benefits. 'Twas like the devil tempting the Son of Man of old. 'All these will I give you, but you must abandon the cause of American liberty,' said the English Admiral to Byrne, when the latter had crawled upon the deck and confronted the arbiter of his fate. And what was the suffering hero's reply? Hear it, Americans: treasure it in your hearts, aye, and write in your books that future ages may read it and admire the cry of brave Byrne in the prison ship at Charleston and amid the ranks of death at Eutaw—'Hurrah for America!' Turn over the page of the past, dive into the depths of centuries, and you can find no more brilliant example of courage in the midst of despair, of zeal and fidelity to the cause of human liberty, than is shown in the story of John Byrne, the Irish soldier of the Revolution."

There are but seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some

Girls who have to stand on their feet most of the time work as hard as any day-laborer yet they do not get what is rightly called exercise. Close, confining, indoor occupation gives no exhibition to the nervous system, nor active circulation to the blood. It wears, tears and drags a woman's life away. The whole physical system grows sluggish and torpid under it.

No wonder so many sales girls and factory girls and housewives suffer from indigestion and constipation and bilious troubles. No wonder they are subject to the diseases of the delicate special organism of their sex. The wonder is rather that they can stand it as well as they do.

But "a poor weak woman," as she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most eminent medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. Occupying this position for thirty years he has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

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IT IS THE BEST

great master in it creates his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game of fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? Is it possible that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? Is it not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of the Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they beside themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.—John Henry Newman.

Recent Notable Conversions.

The Missionary contains a list of a number of notable conversions, among which are the following: George Lewis, grandson of Chief Justice Lewis and Cassandra Blackburn Lewis of Frankfort, Kentucky; Sir Henry Hawkins, 'one of the greatest ornaments of the judicial bench in England.' Rev. Mr. Ferguson, an Anglican, formerly attached to the Protestant Episcopal cathedral, Edinburgh; E. Z. Ball of San Antonio, Texas, a marksman of company B, Eighteenth regiment, U. S. A.; the Rev. W. Evans, late of Cardiff, Wales; the Rev. James Spurgeon Green, forty-four years vicar of Brundall and Wilton in Norfolk, England; Miss Nellie Rowley, lately received by the archbishop of Guadalajara, Mexico, one of seven converts baptized at the same time, among whom was a deacon who for some years preached error among the people of Jalisco; Frank Reynolds of Irvington, N. Y.; William E. Stevens, an English commercial traveller, received at the Hotel de Roma, Spain; Harry Stephen Rolfe, Mrs. and Edith Winifred Rolfe of London; Capt. Joseph Barley of Brooklyn, N. Y., who served with distinction in the United States navy and the civil war; George Alston, a professed monk of the Cowley Fathers' community at Oxford, England; Rev. H. C. Corrance, late vicar of the rectory of West Bergoli, near Colchester, England; Hans Sibeth, German Consul at Merideth, Mexico; a Miss Pope of New York, well known in social circles in that city; Miss Catherine Mills, a Presbyterian of the well known Mills family of Westchester county, N. Y.; Mrs. H. J. Scramm of Seguin, Texas, and Dr. Sylvester Bentley of New York. Out of a class of 144 who were confirmed by Bishop Foley of Kalamazoo, Mich., last month, 21 were adult converts; of a class of 473 confirmed by the Bishop of Salford, England 37 were converts; and of 75 persons confirmed by Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, 12 were converts.

MISSION OF THE CARMELITE ORDER

A non Catholic doctor, who has been edited by the patience and charity of the Carmelite Fathers in Bellevue Hospital, writes to ask us, says the New York Sunday Democrat, if they have any special mission. We answer: The Carmelite Order has a special mission, for each religious order is an army of itself, with its own means of action, its special arms, and its own standard. Their mission is one which they have in common with other religious orders—a mission which the philosophy of the last century believed it had destroyed forever, but which has returned to sustain weak and faltering society to work more by example than by word, to stir up dying out piety; to protest, by a mortified life, against the effeminacy and voluptuousness of a decayed world; to teach the rich that there are purer, higher, nobler and more solid consolations than those which are to be found in earthly possessions; to teach the poor how one can live on little; to point out that there are interests more worthy of our care than those of this flitting life. And even if society should be deaf to this voice and remain submerged in its life of selfishness and its entire forgetfulness of God, then would the religious life, by spirit of prayer and immolation, appease the Divine wrath so justly kindled against an ungrateful world. The Carmelite Order has a special mission of prayer and sacrifice—the two wings, as it were, on which the human soul soars above all that is sordid and earthly, to the bosom of its Creator.

M. Zola admits that his decrease in popularity dates from the publication of his book on Lourdes. In quarters where he was almost a deity he is now a dead letter, and in other quarters his had books are not sufficiently discussed to call forth abuse. A friend said to him recently:

"To what do you attribute this deluge of unpopularity and ill luck that seems to follow you wherever you go?" "I attribute it," said Zola, "to my book on Lourdes, and have no doubt whatever on the subject. Before writing that book I could publish what I liked; nothing took from my reputation. But what I wrote about Notre Dame de Lourdes turned the tide of fortune against me, and now my popularity is so damaged that I doubt whether a writing will remain of it."

IRELAND IN ROME.

The Kirby Memorial Hall.

For several months Rt. Rev. Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College, Rome has been occupied with the laudable undertaking of erecting a hall and statue to the memory of the late Archbishop Kirby, Rector for so many years of the Irish College in the Eternal city. The Irish College is situated on the slope of the Quirinal Hill in that quarter of Rome known anciently as Santa Agatha in Subura or Sant' Agatha Dei Gotii. Near it is the ancient and historic church of St. Agatha—which is also the collegiate Church of the Irish students in Rome. Within that church is a monument of supreme interest to the Irish race, for it encases the heart of the immortal Liberator. Monsignor Kirby, whilst yet a young man in Ireland, was an ardent supporter of O'Connell, and often appeared with him on the same public platform. It is an interesting coincidence that the memoirs of the two friends—both great champions of faith and fatherland—one in the sanctuary the other in the Senate, should be preserved monumentally in the National College in the city of the Popes. But also on other grounds it is appropriate to honor the memory of Mgr. Kirby. His lengthened sojourn in Rome, during which he labored so assiduously for the college; his position in Vatican circles both officially and as a personal friend of the reigning Pontiff; his great ecclesiastical learning, only surpassed by his sanctity; his charity and munificence—and the fact that he had procured for so many English speaking visitors the inestimable privilege of a papal audience—all these facts will enlist universal sympathy in the undertaking of Mgr. Kelly to honor the memory of his venerable predecessor; and will appeal to the Bishops and clergy of the English-speaking world, hundreds of whom had experienced the kindness of the deceased prelate during visits to the Pope's City. Contributions may be addressed to Mgr. Kelly, Rector Irish College, Rome.

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