

IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

A Terrestrial Paradise Described.

Sir Thomas Eamonde and Mr. Dillon visit the Islands of the South Pacific. Some Native Customs.

In United Ireland, Sir Thomas Eamonde gives the following pleasing description of a trip to the South Sea Islands in company with Mr. Dillon:—

"What are these South Sea Islands like? A general description will serve generally for all. They are of volcanic manufacture, and the industry of the coral worm completes what nature has begun. Volcanic and his cyclops are terribly busy away in the South Pacific. There are perpetual riftings and sinkings of the ocean bed. Hardly a year passes without some change thereto through volcanic agency. Of Nukunono, the capital of Tongatapu—Mr. Barker showed me an island of considerable extent which a few years back he himself saw thrown up in an afternoon. To picture a coral island you must imagine first an outer circle of coral reef. This reef skirts the shore at distances ranging from a few yards to nearly a mile. Its crest is visible at low tide. At high tide the water rushes over it with a tremendous roar, breaking all along it into a grand foaming line of majestic breakers. Outside the reef, and up to its very edge, the sea is foamlessly deep, so deep sometimes that ships cannot anchor, their cables are too short. There are occasional breaks in the reef through which ships may pass in safety sometimes, and sometimes only boats. Inside the reef the water is often very deep also, but in most cases it shallows gradually to the snow white strand. There you come upon your coral island. There are various scientific names for the different species of coral reef, with which I shall not trouble my readers. Some are as flat as pancakes, and visible only when you come upon them. Others are hilly, mountainous even, with peaks thousands of feet in height. They are usually covered along the coast line and upon their low-lying ground with graceful coco-nut palms, whose feathery branches quiver incessantly with every passing breeze. On the uplands and in the interior the country is clad in dense jungle, so dense that it is barely possible to force a passage through it, of banana, breadfruit, and pawpaw trees, and a hundred

OTHER SORTS OF TREES BESIDES, bound together and covered over with many species of creeping and climbing vines. Now and then you come to a small clearing, surrounded with fruit-bearing trees, and carpeted with luxuriantly green grass, about which are scattered the houses of the natives and their farinaceous roots. In the centre of these villages is an open space called the "mal," where the folk assemble by noon—when it is fairly often there is occasion to discuss matters of public importance. The king, or head chief, presides; and each subordinate chief addresses the assembled audience in turn, through his "talking man." A good "talking man" is an influential personage. Every chief has one as an indispensable adjunct to his household. The debates of these South Sea Parliaments are conducted in accordance with strictest rules and are certainly with far more decorum than even the deliberations of Britain's Imperial Legislature. The native houses are most picturesque, clean, and comfortable. They are built upon a wooden framework, most ingeniously designed fastened together with rope made from coco-nut fibre. Not a single nail, nor iron of any sort, enters into their construction. This framework is thatched with coco-nut leaves, most neatly interlaced to the eaves, which rise some six or seven feet above the ground, and are covered with plaited palm-branches, so designed that they can be drawn up in panels like Venetian blinds to admit the breeze from whatever quarter it may blow. Inside the walls are bare, if it be an ordinary house. If the house of a chief, they are artistically draped in folds of "Tappa" or "gutu"—native cloth—manufactured by beating

FROM THE STEEPED BANK of the Chinese mulberry tree, and painted in very effective, if rude, designs in black and white and yellow and brown. The interiors of the houses are spotlessly clean. When a stranger enters he is at once greeted with words of "Tala, Aloha," "Hello," "Good day," or "My love to you." A roll of making is spread for him upon the small black pebbles of which the floor is made, and he is invited to eat himself. Young coco-nuts, full of delicious, cool, clear liquid, are brought to him to drink; and luscious bananas for him to eat. Such bananas I have never seen like elsewhere. Clusters of native-grown tobacco, rolled in bits of banana-leaf, are handed round. If the master of the house desires to do his visitor special honour "Kava" is ordered to be prepared. Kava is the national drink. It is made from the dried roots of a shrub, which is carefully cultivated. These roots are cut into small pieces and grated. In the good old days they were marinated into a large wooden bowl, standing on many legs, and sometimes hilly carved. When enough has been grated water is added; and when the compound has been strained and cleaned by an elaborate and graceful process of every particle of woody fibre, it is Kava as it is drunk. When the beverage has been thus concocted the maker announces the fact, whereupon all the company clap their hands. An attendant then stands up with a cup of luscious coco-nut in his hands, and calls solemnly to the host, "The Kava cup is full. To whom shall it be brought?" The latter then names each guest singly, and in the order of his eminence; and to each in turn the cup is carried, emptied, and filled again until each has

HAD HIS SHARE. The ceremony is most interesting from first to last. Unfortunately, like many another of the ancient native customs, it is gradually being shorn of the details of its celebration under the influence of our so-called "civilization." As to the Kava itself, it looks like muddy water, and tastes like soap-suds. They say, however, that it is very good, and that the liking for it is easily acquired by practice. I found it abominable. It is intoxicating, and has a curious effect when taken to excess—a sitting one, perhaps, for an antipodean drink—in that the tippler loses his feet instead of his head, and while he keeps his senses in bereft of his understanding. Another charming South Sea custom is the "Siva" or native dance. I was present at several of them. The best was one organized for my entertainment at Apia, by a Samoan chief—a judge, and one of King Mafeta's Cabinet—called by the musical name Lapaletafa. These sivas used to be given upon grand occasions such as marriages in high life or returns from victorious wars. On the occasion in question we were seated on mats in the place of honour at one end of Lapaletafa's house. Kava had been duly drunk, and we waited for the dance to begin. Then the dance began. The dancers were divided into parties. Each party was ushered in in order

at the opposite end of the edifice, and went through their several figures, while all the native community of Apia gathered round. The actors were dressed in native gale dresses of various-colored woven leaves. Round their necks strings of scarlet berries, which were set off by their dark skins glistening with coco-nut oil. The orchestra was placed behind, and beat time upon the ground with sticks. Various chants, marvellously harmonized, were sung. The dancers

WAVED THEIR HANDS AND ARMS to the ringing with graceful motions; sitting at first, and standing; slowly to begin with, then more and more rapidly; finally going through all sorts of figures, with the most extraordinary (and bodily) contortions; the whole to the most perfect time, and each figure to a different song. The dancing roused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, which after each set found vociferous expression in a chorus of "Malies," Samoan for "Bravo." On the island of Tutuila I was treated to a full-dress native feast, the presiding genius at which was a kind and generous French priest—a missionary, who has devoted his life to the people among whom he lives, and to the efficacy of whose efforts for their advancement his congregation at Leone is a standing testimony. At this feast I tasted of every South Sea delicacy, and was initiated into all the mysteries of South Sea cooking. We ate bananas, taro, yams, breadfruit, and good ones only know what else besides, served up on banana leaves, and cooked in a dozen ways, the whole washed down by copious draughts of coco-nut milk, cool and fresh from the trees around. Our piece de resistance was baked pig. My readers might wish to know how we baked him. Well! We first made fire by rubbing together two sticks; we applied the fire to bits of dry branches; those we covered with stones, washed in sea water, and the stones again with banana leaves; the whole we left to smoulder. Meanwhile a held was dug hard by in the soft sand, carefully swept clean, and lined with leaves. When the stones were red hot they were taken from the fire

WITH WOODEN TONGS. Some were placed on the bottom of our over. The pig was then laid upon them. The remainder of the stones were piled on top of him; the heap was covered down with banana leaves, and piggy was left to take care of himself. It is about an hour he was roasted, done to a turn, laid upon a bed of leaves, carved up with surprising dexterity, and handed round. The Tongans and Samoans are a cheerful people. They are of the same stock as the New Zealand Maories. Their hair is straight and as long as ours. It is naturally black, but by bleaching with coral lime it turns to a ruddy golden hue, which contrasts with their coppery skins with pleasing effect. They are tall of stature and splendidly built. They are brave, cheerful, thoughtful as children. They are most expert swimmers and divers; there is no drowning them. One of their favourite pastimes is diving through the furious surf which surrounds their rock-bound coast, or riding over it on planks. They fish much, and are clever fishermen. They think nothing of paddling over the ocean from island to island in the thicket little outrigger canoes made from a single log hollowed out and plaited at each end. Under their natural conditions they are the happiest and most fortunate of peoples. They have no care for the morrow. Nature does everything for them. Heaven will always provide them with coco-nuts without any trouble on their part. Fruits in abundance grow wild. Their main industry is the making of tappa and their main occupation the cultivation of the taro. They are law-abiding under their own laws. They are peaceable now-a-days. The Tongans used to be cannibals, but they are such no longer. All they require is to be let alone. Our next stay was at Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Kingdom, where we remained a week, and where the Irish colony welcomed us and fêted us as none but Irishmen know how to do. This group of islands—on the map the "Sandwich"—has been named the Paradise of the Pacific. It possesses the most wonderful volcano in the world. It was the scene of Capt Cook's death. The city of Honolulu is built by the sea shore, at the end of a V-shaped valley, formed ages ago

BY AN EARTHQUAKE. A chain of hills in twin. This valley opens gradually towards the sea, and ends abruptly in a cleft of the mountain. This spot is known as the "Pal." It possesses an historic interest as the scene of the last great battle which decided the future of Hawaii, and placed the present dynasty upon the throne, by the total destruction of the opposing faction. The "Pal" has a character and a scenic beauty quite its own. Shortly before you reach the summit of what is in reality a mountain peak, the track seems to lose itself in air between the gigantic portals of two forbidding mountain peaks. When you attain the crest you find yourself upon the brink of a precipitous abyss, which falls perpendicularly at right angles to the road, some eight hundred feet into the valley at its base. On either side a mountain wall runs in arcs of semicircle right round to the sea, which fronts you ten or fifteen miles away, enclosing a fair garden tract, covered with plantations of sugar cane and rice—or, as they call it, "paddy." All the land is emerald green, even to the mountain tops. The sky is blue; so likewise is the ocean upon the horizon, while the track on ward from the base of the precipice winds a red ribbon over the volcanic soil. The "Pal" is the only opening in the mountain chain that cuts the island asunder. Beneath it, to this very day, are to be found hundreds of skulls and bleaching human bones, the relics of the broken and flying hordes, which Kamehameha, the great Hawaiian conqueror, drove in headlong rout to awful destruction over the abyss. The city of Honolulu is an urban Eden. The houses are hidden in a carefully-ordered confusion of tropical trees and shrubs, and overgrown with flaming mantles of creepers and flowering parasites. It is a prosperous place, with a cosmopolitan population, among are many Chinese and Japanese, but among which the aboriginal Hawaiians will soon be no longer found.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION. It has caused no little surprise here that there should be some doubt existing outside of the State with regard to the exact date when the present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery company expires. This is plainly expressed in the charter of the company which, being a public document, is on file and readily accessible. Even the present charter does not terminate until 1895. Moreover, an amendment has been ordered by the Legislature of the State to be submitted to the people, by which the charter of the company will be extended up to the year 1919. Charters are necessarily granted for a limited time, and their renewal is a more matter of form. This has been fully provided for, as anyone familiar with the facts of the case must know. Great satisfaction is expressed at the management of General Beauregard and Early, who, as superintendents of the drawings, have maintained the high standard to which the Louisiana State Lottery Co. has always lived up.—New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat, August 5.

CATHOLIC COLLINGS.

Gems of Thought From Holy Men Past and Present.

Chastity alone represents in our life a state at all comparable with that of immortal glory.—St. Bernard.

We cannot be too humble, and we cannot be too hopeful; and when humility and hope are joined together, hope sustains humility, and humility chastens hope.

Every substance casts its shadow, and every truth leaves its definite impression upon the reason of man; and the annihilation of that definite impression is dogma.

Individuals and nations may fall from unity as from sanctity; but unity as a divine institution stands secure. Unity is changeless, whosever falls; unity does not admit of degrees.

Give no place to thoughts of what of here may think of you, for though they may seem but a slight matter at first, yet by degrees they will pour to give you much distress.—St. Teresa.

We may lay it down as a rule that the severity of our judgments of others, even when judgments are legitimate and unavoidable, is an infallible index of the lawlessness of our spiritual state. The more severe we are, the lower we are.

Mary was the patroness of Columbus, the patroness of Cartier at the North, of De Gota at the South, and of the early navigators who sailed the Chesapeake Bay of St. Mary, Mother of God; of the pious men who founded Montreal and named it Ville-Marie; of the heroic Jesuit Father Jogues, who named the Saint-Sainte Marie in the far North-west.

The true student of the burning questions of the day will look to the Catholic Church for restraint, despotism without unchaining anarchy. She protects moral liberty, the mother of all other liberty, by maintaining the exclusive sovereignty of God over thought, and preventing intelligence from falling under the control of man. That is true liberty.

It is impossible for us to make the duties of our lot minister to our sanctification without a habit of devout fellowship with God. This is the spring of all our life, and the strength of it. It is prayer, meditation, and converse with God that refreshes, restores, and renews the temper of our minds at all times, under all trials, and after all conflicts and conflicts with the world.

Mary stands at the right hand of her Son; who sits at the right hand of His Father, and the right hand of His Son is almighty. And the prayers of His Blessed Mother never fail. They never fail, because she never makes amends; they never fail, because she knows the Will of her Divine Son. The immaculate heart of Mary intimately knows the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Three things to live—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to like—generosity, good humour and mildness. Three things to avoid—idleness, idleness, idleness and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good looks, good friends and good humour. Three things to contend for—honour, country and friends. Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

How often dost thou hear these reports. Such a man is slain, another is drowned, a third has his neck broken by a fall from some high place; this man died eating, and that man playing. One perished by fire, another by the sword, another of the plague, another was slain by thieves. Thus death is at the end of all, and man's life suddenly passeth away like a shadow. Be thou, therefore, in readiness, and so lead thy life that death may never take thee unprepared.—Thomas à Kempis.

This present hour is all we have. Tomorrow must be to-day before we can use it; and day after day we squander in the hope of a to-morrow; to to-morrow shall be stolen away, too, as to-day and yesterday. It is now we must be patient, now we must be holy. This hour has its duty, which cannot be done the next. To-morrow may bring its own opportunities, but will not restore to-day's. The convictions of this hour, if unheeded, will never come back. God may send them, but these will be gone forever.

It is not surprising that the attacks of enemies of God and religion should be combined against the priests. Since the days of Voltaire and the philosophers the attacks of infidels have been to undermine the authority and influence of the clergy by representing them as hypocrites, teachers of doctrine they did not themselves believe, and inculcators of a system of morals which in their hearts they rejected. The writer of blasphemy epigrams has told the world that no priest could look another in the face without laughing. That there have been unworthy priests it would be foolish to deny. As well try to cast doubt on the treason of Judas or the triple denial of Peter. It is more necessary that scandals come, and nowhere more necessary than in the Church. The world must be taught both by precept and the evidence of their senses that they must not put their faith and hope in man. A blind and reckless reliance on the forms of religion leads to superstition and fanaticism. All the scandals in the Apostolic college have led to our great advantage; and out of the weaknesses of holy men and the sins of the Lord's anointed earnest souls are taught confidence in God and hatred and distrust of themselves. Praised be God for all his merciful warnings.—Rev. D. S. Phelps.

Origin of Vespers. The word "Vespers" is from the Latin Vesper, which signifies the evening star. The Church commands Catholics to Mass, but attendance at Vespers is voluntary. It is by its nature an expression of gratitude to God.

It is a recognition of the command of God to Moses to "praise him in the evening," and to Solomon to "offer sacrifices in the evening." In the evening the Lord called His disciples together. In the evening He was taken from the cross and buried. These are the reasons for, and the origin of, the service of Vespers. There are five divisions of Psalms sung, commemorative of the five wounds of our Saviour; also in realization of the five senses of man which should all unite in praising God. St. Augustine, as Bishop of Hippo, while explaining to his people what was the nature and character of this service, said: "He who reads the Psalms and finds not Jesus Christ, reads not rightly."

At the beginning of the service the Priest comes to the front of the altar and recites the words of Jesus wherein He taught His disciples wherein He taught His disciples how to pray, and follows with the prayer the Hail Mary. He then utters the prayer "Oh Lord,

come to my assistance," and the choir for the people responds "Oh Lord, make haste to help us." The first Psalm reads how "The Lord said unto my Lord sit thou upon My right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Christ refers to this when surrounded by the Pharisees as told in the 22d of St. Matthew, wherein he silenced His enemies and proved His own divinity. This Psalm closes with the prayer to the Blessed Trinity, "Glory to be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost." The second Psalm of the service tells why God should be glorified. The third calls upon "All ye children" to unite in praising him. While the service of the Church is in Latin each worshiper has or should have, his prayer-book before him where he may follow the service word for word in his own native language. The fourth Psalm speaks of the Psalm of personal thanksgiving.

NOTES FROM ROME.

The Holy Father has accepted all audiences except those of importance, such as those for the taking of members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, the Cardinals-Prefects, the various congregations and similar persons.

On Sunday his Holiness received in a particular audience Count Joseph Mielzynski, a member of the House of Peers of Prussia. On Thursday the Holy Father was pleased to receive in a special audience de comp, his Excellency General Veliz, Minister Plenipotentiary of Colombia accredited to the Holy See. On Friday morning the Holy Father received in a particular audience the Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia accredited to the Holy See who is about to leave the Eternal City for a temporary holiday. After being received by the Holy Father his Excellency took leave of Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State to his Holiness. Monsignor Fracasso Della Volpe, Master of the Chambers to his Holiness, has left Rome for a well-earned vacation; he expects to be back in time for the Feast of the Assumption, August 15.

We are happy to be able to announce to your readers that the health of the Holy Father continues to be excellent, and he enjoys, the most excellent spirits. His new apocryphal portion of the day in the apostolic audience at night or when it is necessary to give a special audience to some individual of importance whom the strict rules of court etiquette forbid to be called, his Holiness has been much amused at the absurd and ridiculous constructions, conclusions and rumors which his supposed drive outside the walls of the Vatican has given rise to, of which we gave a sufficiently detailed account last week.

The Very Rev. Father John Baptist, of Caraculovskan, a Capuchin missionary of Darbeker in Mesopotamia, has sent a most interesting gift to the Borgin Museum of the Propaganda, by means of the Very Rev. Father Anthony da Broscio, Secretary General of the Capuchin Mission. This wonderful gift consists in a sample of honey-glories with which the ground appeared covered one fine day after a heavy hail storm, which fell in great abundance during a terrific hurricane that uprooted the trees and created a panic among the inhabitants in that district last May, such was the havoc it wrought.

After the hailstones had melted, the Khurda of the district discovered the ground next morning covered with these extraordinary globules, and having experimented and found them edible, they dubbed them "celestial wheat." Had they been Jews or Christians, no doubt in their native simplicity they would have thought that another lot of manna had come upon the earth. The above-mentioned missionary has made a kind of flour from these fungi or lichens, and even bread, of which he has also forwarded a sample. Some of the older inhabitants of the same region remember to have witnessed a similar phenomenon some fifty years ago. The most remarkable thing is that nothing apparently belonging even to the same genus or species is to be found anywhere in these regions. As yet there is much diversity of opinion as to what can have given rise to them. They are being placed under a scientific examination by the Propaganda to define what kind of substance they can possibly consist of.

Funeral of John Boyle O'Reilly. The funeral of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose sudden death last Sunday was a shock to his rare circle of friends and acquaintances, occurred last Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock from St. Mary's Church, Boston, where the body had been lying in state all night under a profusion of beautiful flowers. The streets surrounding the church were filled with an immense throng of people, none of whom were admitted, however, until the beginning of the services, after the immediate relatives of the deceased and those who were known to be personal friends or representatives of the various organizations with which Mr. O'Reilly had been connected had taken their places. The requiem was sung by Father McMahon, at celebrant; the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly of Detroit acting as deacon; the Rev. Richard Nagle, chancellor of the archdiocese, as sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father W. J. Millarik as master of ceremonies. They were assisted by a large number of Catholic clergymen. The Mass was Schmidt's, and was rendered by the regular choir of the church. Rev. Father Flynn, president of Boston College, presided. The following were the pall-bearers: Captain Henry C. Hathaway, who was first mate of the Gazelle, the vessel in which Mr. O'Reilly escaped from Australia; Patrick Donahoe, whom Mr. O'Reilly succeeded as editor of the Pilot; General Francis A. Walker, Colonel Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe, John H. Holmes of the Herald; the Hon. Patrick Maguire, President Thomas B. Fitz of the Catholic Union; General M. T. Donahoe, president of the Charitable Irish Society; Thomas Brennan, ex-secretary of the Irish National Land League; George F. Rabbitt, representing the Boston Athletic Association; Dr. James A. McDonald and James Jeffrey Roche, president of the Fagyns Club. The burial was in Calvary Cemetery.—Boston Post.

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It is announced that Mr. Parnell will visit the city of Cork about the middle of September.

The directors of the Munster and Leitrim Bank in their half-yearly report recommend a dividend of 8 per cent.

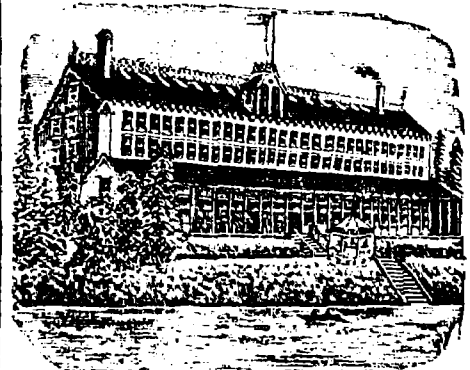
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The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to 16th August, both days inclusive, By order of the Board of Directors.

J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier. Montreal, 29th July, 1890. 14

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