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Notes and Comments

The question of Sunday schools is attracting considerable attention in the Catholic press of the neighboring republic. It is true that in most, in fact all of our schools, the religious instruction goes hand-in-hand with the B's, but for the boys and girls who have through a force of circumstances to go to work at a comparatively early age, there should be some provision made for the education of the young minds in the benefits of our faith. The only available avenue for this is by means of the Sunday school and the necessity for a more extended field for their usefulness in this connection is becoming more marked every day.

If there is anything that can make a Catholic proud it is the fidelity of the priest. He is both father, friend and confessor, and to him the tired soul turns when all consolation is denied elsewhere. Here is a case which we reproduce from the Vatican. It tells its own story and in telling it emphasizes the old story that the Catholic priest is the priest of God: "In the autumn of 1894, a priest, named Father Lutz, who labored in Baltimore, was found in possession of a large sum of money which was recognized as having belonged to a banker who had just died. He refused to give any account of how it came in his possession. Thereupon he was brought to trial on the charge of having stolen the money, but even then his only answer to the accusation was that he was no thief. Any further information he declined to give. The Court found him guilty of robbery and he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Recently a paper belonging to the deceased banker was discovered, in which he stated that he had given the sum in question to the priest to be conveyed to a man whom he had formerly wronged. The money had been handed to the priest in the confessional and he sacrificed his honor and his freedom rather than betray the trust confided to him. He was now set free with an expression of deep regret from the Court for the mistake it committed. Strange to say a number of the papers which concerned the charge have neglected to acquaint their readers with the sequel.

A new route to the Klondike has been opened. It is by way of Cape Horn, and possesses the great advantage: it takes longer to get there.

A Vienna correspondent tells of a sanguinary Hungarian nobleman and magistrate, Baron Jacindy, who, thirsting for the blood of his enemies, numbering forty all told, has challenged the lot, chiefly consisting of officers in the army, to dual combat. To each is reserved the right of selecting his own weapons. Thirty-eight of the encounters have to end in retirement, seeing that in duel No. 2 the bloodthirsty Baron was severely wounded in the arm. He looks forward to breaking the family record, a noble cousin of his having fallen dead in his nineteenth affair of honor.

A New York man tried an original burglar trap the other morning. He put a chair over the robber's head and then placed him so the floor by sitting on the chair until the police came. The inventor of the trap weighed a trifle over 220 pounds, and the trap worked beautifully, but it is hardly likely to come into general use.

If the Shamrock A.A.A. people want to enter the Rugby field they will have to hurry up. The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union will be held on December 4, and all applications for membership must be in by then. The Shamrocks ought to go in for Rugby, there are so many "kickers" in the organization that they would surely be successful.

Here comes another man with a new religion. Rev. Henry Frank is the man and the name of his sect is the Metropolitan Independent Church. This new organization for the teaching of religious and ethical principles has been formed to embrace, as the founder says:

All who, having drifted from the tradition and inspiration of the past, now yearn, with Goethe, for "more light."

All who seek a religion for conscience sake and who love Truth for her own sake.

All who have said farewell to Fear and can trust their future in the ministrations of Love.

All who, having rejected every creed, will bow only to the authority of genuine science, whether of the mundane or super-mundane sphere.

All who are interested in the solution of those mysteries involved in the world-religions, which are so replete with wisdom for the human race, and, once extracted from their impediments of error, will again illumine the path of progress and individual evolution.

All who love their fellow-man and would desire to co-operate with kindred spirits in seeking to promulgate such knowledge as shall tend to mitigate the wrongs of earth and alleviate human suffering.

All who would study a religion as wide as the heart of man, composite as the race, and luminous with the inspiration of the world's spiritual geniuses.

All who would seek a knowledge of psychic force, whose discovery shall be effected alone by the scientific method, and who would learn of the practical application of such forces to the functions and duties of life.

Frank naively announces that his church has no creed and teaches no dogmas, in fact is a very convenient arrangement for those people who would like a made-to-order religion. And if he has said that there's nothing new under the sun.

war and now Provincial of the Order for the United States. There are but twelve members. One of them is Father William A. Olmstead, who served with distinction throughout the war and was appointed General. He was a Protestant and was recently converted to the Catholic faith. Father Corby will also be long remembered for his gift of abolition under fire on the field of Gettysburg. He is another of the renowned Hancock's division. He and Father Couey, chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Medina, are the only two left of the eight chaplains who went forth at the beginning of the war from Notre Dame. He was with the men whom Gen. Olmstead said could fight the world, the same men who first called the general the 'kid' and afterwards followed him through the most perilous places and did the most glorious deeds of the war. [There is a branch of the Order at St. Laurent, and Father Carrier, one of the professors of the Faculty of the College there, was formerly a chaplain in the U.S. service during the war.]

A policeman and an "armless" beggar were the principal actors in a funny little comedy that was enacted on one of the city's principal streets the other day.

A man—most disreputable looking too, for his face was covered with a stubby beard, his eyes were dull and listless, his clothes hung in rags, and he was, to all outward appearances, armless—stood on the street. A tin can, suspended from his neck by a string, pleaded mutely for aid, ever and anon one of the empty sleeves flapping up, adding much to the piteous, miserable aspect of the beggar. "Too bad," muttered a little woman, and she dropped a coin in the tin. Then another and another contributor to the tin followed. And there was rejoicing in the beggar's heart, maybe. But it ended soon. A policeman turned the corner. He stood for a moment and looked at the beggar. The suspicious looking bulks attracted his attention. The way "caught on" to the policeman's scrutiny and then the transformation came. One arm suddenly slid into view from under the coat, and in a trice the money, lately deposited in the tin, was transferred to safe quarters; then another arm followed suit, and in a moment his beggary was making tracks for the nearest corner. The officer was after him, but the beggar humbug whisked out of sight before the man of law was fairly in the race.

An English paper has started an agitation for women jurors and the writer explains why. "Here," he says, "is a most extraordinary decision—such as no woman would give—delivered by a London County Court Judge between mistress and maid. A cook went out for the evening without her mistress's permission. Her mistress dismissed her on the spot. The girl sued for \$375 in lieu of the notice, and has actually obtained judgment for the amount and costs.

Down in Louisiana they have a peculiar custom, that of "shooting out the straw" each season. When fall arrives a national salute is fired by the regiment stationed at New Orleans and that is the signal for the departure of the useful straw. This edict is religiously observed, and any person seen with a straw hat after the firing of the salute becomes a mark for ridicule and a target for the street urchins. This year, owing to the yellow fever epidemic, the salute was not fired.

THE CELTIC MIND.

Miss SOPHIE BRYANT has a very fascinating article in the October Contemporary Review, on "The Celtic Mind." It is a peculiar title, so peculiar, in fact, that the writer feels compelled to apologize for criticizing more particularly the Celtic mind rather than any other national or racial mind. She says: "In this title there is a tacit assumption to which the cautious speaker may well take exception. It implies that something going to the root of the matter may be said about average Celtic nature that is not true of human nature generally—not true, in particular, of some other human nature with which we compare it." A thoughtful friend states the objection thus: "You speak of the Celt, by which you mean, practically, the Irish," he says, "as if the Irishman had characteristics exceptional in human nature. Now, in fact, he is very like the other Europeans; it is the Englishman who is so odd."

A THEORY ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE TEUTON.

That strange variety of the human species. All knowledge is relative and we must speak of human nature as we know it, more especially as we know it in these western isles of Britain and Ireland. We know the Teuton by his divergence from the Celt, and the Celt by his divergence from the Teuton. When both are present, we pick each out from the other, much as one picks out the red men from the dark men in a crowd. It is not without interest to inquire into the psychological ground of the characteristics by which such selection

Much in Little

As especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

At Notre Dame, Ind., a post of the Grand Army of the Republic was formed recently, and it is possible that the distinction of being composed of members of the Celtic race will be one of its characteristics.

is made. In a Saxon assembly we easily recognize the presence of a stray Celt, apart from accent or physique, and even after a long course of naturalization in England; I, for one, have recognized him at first sight times out of mind—by his gestures in every minute detail, the curve of his wrinkles, the movements of his eye, by his turn of phrase, by the tone of his feeling, by the form of his thought. Yes, whether he or the Saxon be the odder of the two, it is certain that each is an odd one to the other.

"I admit, therefore, that the psychology of the Teuton would be just as good a topic as the psychology of the Celt. But I submit that on the whole, and especially at the present juncture, the latter is more interesting. This is the age of the Celtic renaissance, and the Celtic renaissance is

LED BY THE IRISH CELT, whose gift it is to speak eloquently in the English tongue, and the English people is rubbing its eyes and rousing its ear to listen. So even for the duller words of the mere student there may be a little attention."

"It will be well to keep close to the facts with which we are most familiar—the facts, first of all, that make the extraordinary contrast between the English villager and the quiet peasant of the Irish hills. Of the Irish Celt, as most familiar, I would mainly speak, though not of him alone. I have met the replica of an Irish writer in one of the Italian valleys of Monte Rosa. I have seen a Highlander and an Irishman look like brothers on a platform, and I have discovered Irish affinities in Welshmen at first sight. Within limits the Celtic type stands out plainly in all its varieties. We are concerned not with the varieties, but with the type. We must remember, too, that though the Irish Celt stands fairly for the type, it is not every Irishman who is an Irish Celt. Nor need this multiplicity of Irish types confuse us because, after all, though I do not propose to argue it here, it is the Irish Celt that has given a

"CHARACTER" TO THE IRISH PEOPLE. "What then, in the first place, are the characteristics, as observed, of an Irish Celt? And in the second place, how can these be understood as springing from some psychological difference of human kind?"

In the first place, it strikes all observers that Irish personality is essentially positive. Hence its force and fascination; hence also its liability to exaggeration. Hence, too, its contradiction; hence, most important of all, the moral dialectic by which it sustains itself. Thus no genuine Irishman of the West ever takes inactively to pursuing virtue in the Aristotelian manner by steering in the mean path between two extremes. On the contrary, his manner of correction when he finds himself on one extreme horn—say, in a case of resentment—is to stretch himself over to the other horn—in the above case, a low feeling with the person who has offended him. And this healthy Irishman does for the most part instinctively. His capacity for swift transition from one mood to the opposite is the natural counter part of his positiveness: it has developed as the necessary alternative to abstract self control. Thus the moral dialectic of the Celt is conspicuous in being both positive and easily moved. It can hardly be said that he has any one characteristic without the suggestion of the opposite, as also a characteristic, springing to mind. The Irishman is self-assertive, true, but he is also instinct with consideration for the self-interest of others. As one springs from a vivid sense of the respect due to himself, the other springs from an equally vivid sense of respect due to others. If he allowed himself to boast unduly, his good manners will presently prescribe a pause to let you have your turn. He may talk much, but he seldom loses, as so many lose, his power of listening. He is

SELF-CONSCIOUS AND EASILY OFFENDED; but he is also other-conscious, and applies his high standard of respect due to others. His quarrelsomeness and his exquisite manners are of twin growth. He is uncompromising in his adherence to his opinion, while it is his opinion but he has a rare accessibility to the ideas of a rare. He is sensitive and easily wounded; he is elastic and easily recovers his balance. He resents with a quick instinct to take offence, but he is quick to see the olive branch, and even without it is apt to console himself with the philosophy of humor.

Contrasts and transitions come to his nature with ease. Thus, his way of going right is by the maintenance of pairs of opposite qualities in him. His way of going wrong is, of course, the universal way, by concentration on one of the two, only the positiveness of his nature makes him go even more wrong than others in the absence of the compensating quality. This is because he has less natural instinct for pure negative self control than other people. A noxious Irishman is like a biped who limits himself to the use of one leg. His correction lies in the development and use of the neglected leg. Irish human nature is too positive to yield easily to this treatment, merely to check its exaggerations is to sit on the safety valve.

IRISH HUMAN NATURE. From another point of view this positiveness shows itself in that chief inborn vice of Irish human nature, its in destructible irrepressibility. You may check its expression in fifty ways, but after the immediate occasion of repression is past, it springs to view again, as vigorous in all its multifarious humoring as ever. In political contests this gives the Irishman a certain advantage, not unfruitful in affecting the decisions of Government.

The writer cites the adaptability of the Irish race and instances the use they are now making of British politics and their success in turning them to their own advantage. To make the Celtic the most successful of human races, education is required, and no race requires it more. Positiveness, irrepressibility and adaptability, and an assertive personality, gives that extraordinary appearance of originality which even the most ordinary Irishman displays. They are

ORIGINAL, EVEN WHEN COMING TO THE fore by mere expressiveness of personality. The writer credits the superiority of the French to the German to the Celtic

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of Celtic blood; particularly is this noticeable in the poetry, literature and art of the nation. All literature is expression—the expression of story, of fancy, of thought—and it is the most essential requisite of good literature that the thing to be said should be said so that in the mind of the reader it is the thing it was meant to be. There, in life, as I would suggest, the first explanation of the Celtic popular literary expression and literature is their gift of speech and literature is wider than its inductive aptness for collective expression in order. It includes a command of words an ear controlling all speech with its demand for rhythm, an eye stamping all through with the forms of the pictorial imagination. With these forms the arrows of thought are pointed and made to pierce the mind. The Irish orator, the Irish writer, the fluent, musical, graphic; he engages the eye, delights the ear, and strikes the imagination at least as much as he takes possession of the intelligence. Also, and for the same reason, he moves to feeling, and thus further wins the mind to his theme."

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all good druggists. 10 cts. a bottle.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted this week by the United States Government to Canadian inventors through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and experts, head office 185 St. James street, Temple Building, Montreal: 592816—John M. Kechmie et al., Winnipeg, Canada, street sweeper. 593985—Edgar D. Kiener et al., Brantford, Canada, ball-bearing vehicle axle. 592810—Richard R. Mitchell, Montreal, Canada, flushing valve. 593023—William G. Kelly, Niagara Falls Center, Canada, snap hook. 593170—Monroe White, Vancouver, Canada, wind wheel. 592896—Monroe White et al., Vancouver, Canada, nut lock.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA, 1646 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$2,000. Tickets 10 cents. 10-6

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Society Meetings. Ancient Order of Hibernians. 151-153 St. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW DUNN. Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH. Financial Secretary, J. J. McLaughlin. Communications should be addressed, Delegate to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaughton.

C. M. B. A. of Canada. G.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. (ORGANIZED, 15th November, 1893) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at 8 p.m.

C. M. B. A. of Quebec. G.M.B.A. of Quebec, Branch 1. Meets in Seminary Hall, 177 Notre Dame street, on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, F. C. LAFLEUR. Secretary, M. Shaw street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to Advertisements: J. Lapin, J. Meek, W. J. Thibault.

Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Patrick's Hall No. 35 C.O.F. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 177 Notre Dame street, on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, F. C. LAFLEUR. Secretary, M. Shaw street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to Advertisements: J. Lapin, J. Meek, W. J. Thibault.

Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B SOCIETY. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 177 Notre Dame street, on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, F. C. LAFLEUR. Secretary, M. Shaw street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to Advertisements: J. Lapin, J. Meek, W. J. Thibault.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consult their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

WEDNESDAY.....NOVEMBER 10 1897

THE HIGHER CALL.

It is with much surprise that we learn that the number of Irish Catholics in Montreal and the surrounding district who join the sacred ranks of the priesthood has of late years been smaller in proportion to the aggregate of our population than was the case formerly.

In Ireland there has never been any lack of vocations. There it is the noble aim of almost every Catholic family, rich and poor alike, to have at least one of its members enter upon a religious career; and no sacrifice is counted too great to secure this very laudable end.

Nor is it to the parents alone that the chief credit for this amplitude of vocations is due. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the youths who, turning away from the lucrative careers offered to them by the world, embrace with heroic determination and perseverance a state which entails ceaseless self-sacrifice and endless toil in the service of others, their sole motive being to obtain the salvation of souls and to promote the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

Again we ask: Who are to blame for the paucity of priestly vocations amongst us—the parents, who, through carelessness or indifference, fail to perceive and encourage the vocation when it manifests itself in their sons, or the youths themselves, who, from sordid and earthly considerations, neglect to answer the call of God to become one of His ambassadors?

PRINCIPAL ROBINS' TORONTO SPEECH.

Principal Robins, of McGill Normal School, has been making, in Toronto, a good, all round Protestant speech about educational matters in the Province of Quebec. The Protestant schools in this Province, he assured his hearers, are in a high state of efficiency, and "illiteracy is practically unknown among supporters of these schools." Then he added: "There were in the Province 100,000 people who could read but not write, and 300,000 who could neither read nor write."

Where did Principal Robins get his figures? Certainly not in any official report issued by the Government of this Province. The statement is an inaccurate and misleading one.

over a large portion of the Province disputes hushed, doctrines are taught, not argued. "He cannot surely have wished to imply that if doctrines were argued, and not taught, there would be no illiteracy in the Province, or that there would be no illiteracy in the Province if the dispute raged over a large portion of the Province instead of tranquillity, as now. Yet if he did not mean this his words are devoid of sense.

In another part of his speech he made a complaint founded on similarly vague grounds. Great difficulty, he said, was experienced in maintaining the Protestant schools "in the centre of a mass of French speaking people; and he predicted that, as the Protestant schools are, to use his own word, "doomed," the "English-speaking Protestant element will disappear."

It is rather churlish for Quebec Protestants, to whom we give, in educational and other matters, equal rights with ourselves, to make such speeches about us in Ontario, where the misleading and inaccurate statements they contain are likely to be believed.

O'HOOLIHAN'S SILVER WEDDING.

"O'Hoolihan's Silver Wedding," a farce comedy in three acts, received quite a warm reception at the Queen's Theatre on Monday night last. Whilst warm, it was not complimentary, nor was it meant to be so.

As far as the posters and window hangers are concerned there was good ground for indignation, which, however, might have found a better way of expressing itself. It is the duty of the Chief of Police to see that nothing offensive to any class of the community is placarded, and the Irish representatives in the City Council, although few, have sufficient influence to see that he, in his capacity as a civic servant, does his duty.

When interviewed by a representative of the TRUE WITNESS, Mr Geo. W. Moore, director and part proprietor of the play, stated that the "monkey" feature of the advance advertisements were never reproduced on the stage, and was merely the creation of a New York poster artist, who thought it a good drawing picture; something which would catch the eye and tickle the risibilities of the public.

As far as the play itself is concerned, Montrealers who do not travel will never know, from personal observation, what it is like. "O'Hoolihan's Silver Wedding" as now produced at the Queen's Theatre this week, has no objectionable features, or none worth mentioning. A fairly good variety show has been substituted for the original, the latter, if not as bad as painted, being evidently open to criticism, since it has been called in for one week, at least.

On the whole, the little hostile demonstration of Monday night may have done good, even if the very best of taste was not displayed in the selection of bouquets.

Both Mr. Sparrow, the lessee, and Mr. Varney, the manager of the theatre, expressed their regret to a TRUE WITNESS representative that a play put on the boards should displease any class of the people, all of whose tastes they cater to, and they certainly will take care that neither poster nor performance will again give rise to ill feeling.

MR. D. TANSEY RETIRES.

D. Tansey, sr., after a careful consideration, has deemed it fit to decline the aldermanic nomination for St. Gabriel Ward, in the coming Municipal elections. In choosing Mr. Tansey as their choice of candidates, the Irish Catholic citizens of the Ward displayed the sound judgment which has always distinguished them. Mr. Tansey's record in the City Council, extending over fourteen years, proved that he was a desirable representative. His vote and influence was ever for honest government, and he was ever careful to see that the rights of his constituents, whether in St. Ann's or St. Gabriel's Ward, were fully conserved.

Tansey was a charter member of St. Gabriel's Ward for his connection to the city; he was one of its first representatives.

It speaks well for the Alderman that those whom he so faithfully served in the past are so anxious to again ask him to be their banner-bearer.

Mr. Tansey's reason for retiring from the field is that of ill health. His medical adviser has stated that under present conditions it would not be advisable for Mr. Tansey to enter upon an election campaign with all its attendant excitement, under the present condition of his constitution.

A RENEWAL OF THE MISSION

To be Held at St. Patrick's Church. The Married Women to Open the Exercises on the First Sunday of Advent.

A renewal of the Mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers in St. Patrick's Church, last Lent, will be begun on the first Sunday in Advent, for married women, for single women, and for married and single men respectively.

The arrangements made set apart a week to each of these three sections of the parishioners.

In thus renewing the mission which, last Lent, was so happily productive of much spiritual fruit, the wise counsel of St. Alphonsus Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Order, will be carried out. For that great saint, who knew well the faculties of human nature, rightly urged the advisableness of renewing a mission some months after its close, so as to strengthen the faithful who had attended it in the good resolutions they had taken, to help them to keep their feet in the path of righteousness on which they had been set, and thus, through perseverance, to reap more solid and enduring results from the spiritual exercises of the retreat.

It is to be hoped that the mission will be as largely attended as that of which it will be the renewal.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE general convention of Irish National organisations of Montreal, called by the A. O. H. in connection with the '98 Centenary celebration, will be held next Sunday evening, at the Hibernian Hall, Notre Dame street.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold a monster Church parade to St. Ann's church, on Sunday, Nov. 21. A special sermon will be preached on the occasion, and a full choir, with orchestra, will render the musical features.

If we mistake not, about a year ago there was a universal howl throughout the United States over the brutality of football. Judging from last Saturday's two matches in the Quebec League, Canada has now her innings.

THE Catholic Truth Society is becoming very popular in Ireland. Branches are being established all through the south and west of Ireland, and the members are not slow to aid the good work. A branch has been established in Nenagh lately by the Vincentian Fathers at the close of their Mission, and bids fair to oust the penny novelette from many a kitchen shelf—aye! and parlor shelf, too!

THE new Canadian Lyceum and Athletic Club, St. Catharines, Ont., was opened on last Saturday week by His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Harris, LL.D., and Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. His Grace and Father Ryan were the guests of the Dean while in St. Catharines. The new building has for its object the encouragement of literature and athletics among Catholic young men of the West. It is perfect in every detail—fine reading and assembly rooms, a large and well stocked library, a model gymnasium and other adjuncts too numerous to mention. Although primarily a Catholic enterprise, it is not intended that young men of other religions should be excluded, and it is therefore open to all.

SELF-ABNEGATION is one of the distinguished characteristics of our Priesthood. Be it on the holy throne of the Pontiff, or in the humble home of the village curé, the same self-sacrificing spirit is manifest. They know not pride, and simply follow the call of the Master. A striking instance of this desire to do good by stealth may be cited in the recent action of Cardinal Vaughan. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration by the late Cardinal Manning fell on last Thursday one week ago, but at the special request of His Eminence, the interesting date was allowed to pass without any public recognition. There was a very general desire to give a becoming celebration of the event among the members of his flock, but personally the Cardinal was a relative

lance to put himself in evidence. It is enough for him to do his duty. That accomplished, he is satisfied. And yet he is not ashamed of his position, of which, indeed, he has just reason to be proud; and should well feel elate at the service rendered to the Holy Church so far.

PREMIER LAURIER and Sir Louis Davies are to visit Washington to take part in the pending seal negotiations. In reference to the Premier, the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune has the following to say:—

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier is regarded as the head of that element in Canada favorable to the most cordial relations with the United States. The Liberal party, of which he is the leader, came into power on the issue of closer commercial relations with the United States. The Conservatives resisted this, as tending toward the annexation of Canada to the mother country. Sir Wilfrid, while not an annexationist, has favored the most liberal trade arrangements with the United States. Heretofore his efforts and those of his party associates toward securing a reciprocity treaty with the United States have been unavailing, but within the last few days the State Department had intimated that it would view negotiations for reciprocity with favor.

The coming of Sir Wilfrid at this time is therefore of more than usual interest, not only in its bearing on the Behring Sea negotiations, but also in connection with reciprocity."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, November 8, 1897.—There are critics and critics, but the most reliable in the long run, are the straightforward, uneffected, calmly judging class who do not pretend to the honors of acknowledged cleverness. They are those who "hit the nail on the head" with a simple sentence, and show you why you like or dislike, are helped or hindered by the book which rather puzzles you in spite of all the praise heaped upon it or all the sharp sarcasm of the familiar authorities. "I do not care for poetry which has no point," said such a critic not long since. "If it tells us nothing, I care nothing for its sound." The difference between the poetry that tells something and is only sound is well exemplified in the magazines of the current month, and very glad am I that—so far as I have seen, and I have read carefully nearly all the creditable monthly magazines—we Catholics hold our own with the best. In the non-Catholic publications there is a great deal of aimless wandering to and fro, of affected imitations of anyone and everyone who has ever had the fortune—not always good—to make an impression and call attention to a rhyme or to rhythm over their signature. Even very good names, however, are this month set to very silly and tasteless efforts. There is no point to the thoughts; they are vague, awkwardly expressed, and too evidently not worth the labor of clearing up their meaning. Obscurity is not a merit. The masterpieces of the master poets are of radiant clearness, and the true poet is he who puts into words all that man understands the noblest thoughts and highest aims of all men. The poet is the interpreter, the connecting link between heaven and earth, between the All Satisfying and the unsatisfied aspiring soul. What a shameful thing, then, that any to whom the smallest portion of the poet's gift has been entrusted should waste it on an ignoble subject, or dare to put it forth in stilted and misty utterances! Like Raphael's Madonna, who appeals to all hearts and intellects, the only worthy poet is one that has something for all readers. To get the idea that one is a poet, and, therefore, always able to utter poetic truths, is a sad thing for many. The haste and gibbiness of the age cannot be transferred to thoughts that are worth consideration, nor to the telling expression of them. Sound may be made amenable to laws and rules, but—there it ends. Not a hope, not a longing, not a memory, will linger where those sounds have passed. But the simple lines of our dear Miss Eliza Allen Starr on the first page of the Ave Maria for November 6th—"The Place of Graves"—are the outline and the delicate shadings of a day's fight that thrills the heart. Their meaning is clear, their lesson is powerful, their peaceful as their beauty, all pervading. The translation of "Christe Sanctus Decus Angelorum," by Frederick George Lee, D.D., in the same number of the Ave Maria, is another poem of the month that lingers. Not even the titles—and, certainly, not one thought of any poem in the non-Catholic magazines, remain with me. It is surely a sad and yellow collection of leaves the poets have showered upon us through their medium. "Magazine poetry" is too often of the same order. Where is our Maurice F. Egan? To be sure, he is one of the few who has never wasted his great gift, but has always waited reverently for something worthy of utterance. May the sober tasks of life be gemmed with many more radiant thoughts that we may treasure!

Miss Maude Gonno, of whom the press has but one opinion, is the only public character who is lovely always in conduct or any style of representation. Find her as you may, in the delicate and artistic photo-gravure or the blurred and heavily shadowed "cut," her lovely mouth and speaking eyes are ever the same. Whatever the good fortune that thus sets her apart from the other unfortunate women who are caricatured daily and hourly for the amusement of the public and the gratification of the silly and vulgar curiosity, she is certainly fortunate and Ireland has indeed a moving and eloquent pleader of her cause. The face is not only fair, but serene and must make

friends for the possession both of the heart and the eye. Every woman heathen before the public, photographed for the use of the public. Not for another generation will there arise a second woman who shall bear the ordeal and come forth unscathed. Every grace, every mark of refinement, every attraction of expression or outline, vanish in the process, and by the time the "cut" has passed in friendly loans from one to another of the press confraternity, there is indeed a caricature that is hideous. Men stand the test better. The rugged strength that belongs to most men's faces tells long after the finer touches are blurred, and the calm self-control into which they are forced, to say nothing of their indifference in reality to the opinion of the world in which they have made sensation enough to awaken curiosity to see them or their shadow, render them better material for the camera. Nature comes out strong in a photograph, and actresses, to whom self-consciousness has become nature, are the only women who evince none of it in "the fierce light that beats upon the throne" of the artist's studio. And, after all, no one really cares for the portrait of a person they do not know. It is curiosity—curiosity alone that prompts the original glance at the best or the poorest of such shadows, and in nine cases out of ten the first remark upon them is one of disappointment, ridicule or disgust. Miss Gonno is to be congratulated that she faces a different fate.

SARA TRAINER SMYTH.

ST. MARY'S BAZAAR.

St. Mary's Bazaar has closed, and it is pleasant to know that it has proved to be the most successful in the history of this great Irish Catholic parish. It is also a matter of congratulation for the Rev. Parish Priest, Father O'Donnell, and his assistant, Rev. Father Shea, that from the commencement to the end there was not a single event to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Of course the great salient event around which the whole history of the two weeks centred was the grand banquet which marked the opening of the bazaar. Rev. Father Shea was ably seconded by a strong force of ladies of the parish to make it a success, and the result of their labors was crowned with thorough success.

AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONIAL TO REV. FATHER SHEA.

As the great promoter of the banquet, Rev. Father Shea occupied the chair, and the esteem he is held in by his parishioners was shown by the fact that they took the opportunity of the banquet to present him with a handsome portrait of himself, an address and a bouquet of roses.

When Father Shea arose to reply he spoke with emotion. He expressed his deep sense of the honor accorded him. He also complimented the committee of ladies on their efforts to make the banquet a success, more especially Mrs. Thomas Ryan, who had sold one hundred dollars worth of tickets.

The address and complimentary verses were read by the Misses Cox.

THE WORK OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

The work of the Young Ladies' Sodality worked in thorough sympathy with the older ladies of the parish. They provided some charming attractions and the Hibernian drill was a more than prominent feature. A number of friends from other parishes supplemented their efforts and the children of the convent and boys' schools did full credit to the great parish to which they are attached.

Space will scarcely permit of an extended reference to all the numerous delightful features of this delightful bazaar. The choir rendered valuable aid and their efforts were ably seconded by the Catholic Young Men's Society. This organization is a credit to the parish and never once through the two weeks of the bazaar did its efforts once relax. The "Green Tea" under the auspices of the noble Hibernian Order, was an evening to be remembered for many years. It was a grand gathering of the members of the A. O. H. from all parts of the city and the host was led by Rev. Father O'Meara, the popular parish priest of St. Gabriel.

Among the priests who were present at the "Green Tea" were Rev. Father Condon and Rev. Father McGarry of St. Laurent College; Forget and Felleter, O.M.I.; O'Bryan, S.J., President of Loyola College; Kavanagh, S.J., and Rev. Father O'Donnell, the beloved pastor of St. Mary's Parish.

On October the 29th, the young ladies of the parish gave their annual oyster supper, and their male friends did full justice to the succulent bivalves presented before them.

Professor Wilson, director of the choir, with the members, contributed not a little to the success of the evening.

A GENERAL SUMMARY.

The Klondyke Hen was a great success and must surely now be in a position to rival the goose that laid the golden egg. There was the Refreshment Table, ably presided over by Mrs. Street; the Rotary Table and the Children of Mary's Table under the administration of Mrs. F. C. Lawlor and Miss B. Smith, respectively; the Foresters' Table and the Hibernian Table, the latter being under the direction of that patriotic young woman, Miss S. Petherland; but one of the most artistic and successful of all was the C. M. B. A. table, presided over so pleasantly by Mrs. C. O'Brien and a corps of pretty ladies. In the report of the bazaar in the St. Mary's Calendar this beautiful display of Catholic benevolence was inadvertently omitted. There was the Lottery, conducted by Mrs. Singleton, Her Majesty's Mail, by Postmistress Geehan, and the Holy Name table by Mrs. Smith. The great majority of the articles on this table were contributed by the ladies of the Sewing Circle. Miss Cassidy's fish pond was a great success, and the gypsy tent, conducted by Miss Brennan, gave its patrons much fun for reflection. Rev. Father O'Donnell, that self-sacrificing parish priest, Rev. Father Shea, and the different societies of Our Lady of Good Counsel have proved their worth in the success of St. Mary's bazaar.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

Ottawa is to enjoy a grand Fair, and the Ottawa Civic Committee has determined to raise \$70,000 to be handed over to the Canada Central Fair Association, which will be the guiding spirit in the enterprise. The members of the Civic Committee are Ald. Stewart, Cook, Enright, St. Jean, Durocher, Fraser and McGuire.

At a general meeting of the members of the Ottawa Chess and Checker club, held last evening, it was decided to amalgamate with the Capital association, and in future they will be known as the Capital Chess and Checker club. They will move to their new quarters about November 15th.

Mayor Bingham, of Ottawa, has shown an example which might be well followed by the Mayor of Montreal. He has notified the Chief of Police to keep out all objectionable shows, and in a later interview he remarked:—

"I am determined that the minds of our young men and boys shall not be polluted by any objectionable shows." Before the arrival of the Merry Widows here Manager Haysstead states that he was not aware of the fact that the show was off color in any particular. They had been booked for the week, and without incurring extra expense and much trouble the management of the hall could not cancel the engagement.

The Basilica is being improved. In the present building there are only two exits from the galleries and these have been found to be insufficient. By the addition commenced today, there will be three doors, one leading to the basement and the two others to the galleries. It is being built on the St. Patrick street side of the church. Later a similar one will be erected on the Church street side of the building. The addition will be only about twelve feet high and will have the appearance of a covered passage way. The church authorities thought that under the present circumstances if a fire started while the congregation were assembled that the loss of life would be terrible. Contractor Fautoux has charge of the improvements.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood have now completed the purchase of the entire block bounded by Cobourg, Charlotte, Daly and Besserer streets. Saturday the purchase of the remaining four lots was consummated. Eight of the twelve lots were owned by the Walters estate and were purchased for a sum in the neighborhood of \$5,000. The other lots on which several dwellings and buildings were erected cost about four thousand dollars, making the aggregate price about nine thousand dollars. The erection of the new monastery will be delayed until the spring. As the sisters belong to a cloistered order and do not mingle with the world, a high fence will be erected enclosing the entire block so that they will be able to enjoy the fresh air without leaving their own ground. A large amount of money will be invested in the building and it will be one of the finest in Ottawa.

JOINED THE BENEFACTORS. The recent marriage of Mr. D. P. Flannery, of the Royal Electric Co., and one of our bright young men, was taken advantage of by his associates in the accounting department, as an occasion on which they might, besides wishing him happiness and success, tender him a substantial mark of their esteem. Accordingly, on Monday last they presented him with a purse. Although surprised, Mr. Flannery was fully equal to the occasion, and in a neat little speech thanked them for the sentiment which prompted as well as the gift itself. We have pleasure in wishing Mr. Flannery and his bride, Miss Margaret Kane, daughter of the late Cornelius Kane, a God-speed in their new sphere of life.

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF EMPLOYERS.

Judge Archibald rendered judgment on Saturday in the case of Parent ex. vs. Solomon. This was an action for \$3,000 for an accident which occurred to plaintiff's minor daughter while she was employed at a sewing machine in defendant's factory. The action was due to the young girl's hair when replacing the band of her machine under the table. The Court held that it is the duty of the proprietor of a factory where steam power is used, and more particularly where girls and young people are employed, to make such regulations as would be effective for the protection of the working people from risk or accident, and to see that such regulations are not only understood by the employees, but are obeyed. In the present instance no proper regulations were made, and no instructions were given to plaintiff's daughter, and, moreover, any regulations that were made were permitted to be systematically disobeyed. Under those circumstances judgment must go in favor of plaintiff for \$400, amount of damage proved.

Special Notice. The readers of the TRUE WITNESS are respectfully invited to call and inspect my choice assortment of Furs, for Ladies and Gentlemen, which consists of Ruffs, Muffs, Caps of all kinds, Collars, Boscs, Gaunlets, Caps, etc. Our facilities, and our 35 years of experience in the Fur business, is a guarantee to all who are desirous of having their Fur garments made to order or repaired, unexcelled, at prices not equalled in the city. A visit to our establishment will convince you our goods and prices are right. ARMAND DOIN, 1584 Notre Dame Street, Opposite Court House.

Our Paraglider

Every man in our good and great city... ought to be aware of the power of the Press—that mighty engine of modern times...

I remember having read a story concerning a soldier who had been wounded in battle. A surgeon had found him out and immediately proceeded to look for the wound...

The Press is a great weapon. Yes brother Irishmen of Montreal, it is a magnificent weapon. But let us consider a moment. Do we recognize its possibilities?

From boots to newspapers, I confess, a big jump, but I am afraid that the spirit which actuates us in the purchase of the one moves us to neglect the other.

I have heard some of our people say that a paper without politics in its make-up is a thing to be avoided. Well, I may be wrong, but to my mind the newspaper that undertakes to reflect Irish and English Catholic opinion in this country...

A Boston five-year old was once asked the question, "What is mud?" and the prodigy answered thus wise: "A conglomeration of minute particles of earth reduced to a state of partial fluidity by admixture with a substance commonly called water."

took and a church spire or two. While a tear was finding its way down my cheek I happened to turn and discovered that I was not alone.

The everlasting topic of the weather was soon disposed of, and my new friend, suddenly pointing towards the city, asked, "What is that over there?"

"I'm afraid you will never see the once beautiful building," I answered mournfully. "Why not?" he asked.

"Mud," said I. "Mud!" he exclaimed. "Yes," I returned, "buried in mud." He gave me a sharp, New York look, and being apparently satisfied that I wasn't altogether a fool, he merely coughed.

JUBILEE SMOKE CONSUMER.

An Eminently Advantageous Invention.

Although on the market since a few months only, this new and improved contrivance has already convinced even the most sceptical of the possibility to realize what was so far considered an utopia.

The cost of the apparatus is nothing when one comes to realize that, in a few months, the saving in fuel as secured by the use of the Jubilee Consumer more than covers the purchase price, and that it may be made to last more than 40 years.

DOES IT PAY TO TIPPLE.

You know it don't. Then, why do you do it? I know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. Mr. A. HURTON DIXON's medicine, which is taken privately, is pleasant to the taste, and will cure you of all desire for liquor in two or three days...

BRIGHT RETORTS.

The late Dr. John Ritchie, of Edinburgh, a keen total abstinence advocate, was forced by a heavy shower to take shelter in a roadside public-house, where he met a number of carsters similarly sheltering.

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter. At the dinner-table one day was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best to find the way of entertainment.

GREATER NEW YORK

New the New Municipality Will Be Governed.

A Council and Board of Governors to Comprise the Administration.

It is reasonable to expect that in the near future there will be a project inaugurated having for its aim a Greater Montreal, which would be somewhat similar to the recently accomplished extension of the municipal boundaries of New York city.

Greater New York, the largest of American municipalities, will, after January 1, 1898, be governed in a manner that has never before been tried in this country.

To obviate this difficulty the city will be divided into five boroughs. The Borough of Manhattan will embrace that part of the old city known as Manhattan Island together with Governor's Island and the islands in the East River.

These five boroughs, known collectively as the city of New York, will have their own legislature, executive and judiciary. The legislature will consist of two houses known as the Council and the Board of Aldermen, and together will be styled "The Municipal Assembly of the City of New York."

The essential rights of a citizen may be summarized in the full liberty of suffrage, his eligibility without any impediments, and a system of individual guarantees that shall protect him against all usurpation which may affect his person, his goods, or his civil capacity.

The most important function which these Presidents will be called upon to exercise will be to convene and preside over the local boards of the borough. There will be a local board of improvements in each of the twenty-two Senatorial districts or parts thereof comprised in the territory consolidated into New York.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillings and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

opening the peace, comfort, order and good government of the district fall within the jurisdiction of the local board.

In this way, while the interests of the whole city are attended to by the Municipal Assembly the well being of every neighborhood will be looked after by its own local board.

The practical workings of this second greatest municipality in the world will be watched with the greatest interest by the whole country.

CUBA ANSWERS SPAIN.

Freedom Or Fight—There Can Be No Compromise.

Manifesto of the New York Cuban Colony to the Cuban Republic.

The Cuban colony in New York is evidently determined to see if it cannot force a fight between the United States and Spain. It will accept no compromise and wants fight to the death.

Nearly three years have elapsed since the iniquities and corruption of the Spanish administrative policy impelled the people of Cuba to launch themselves into a desperate war, that has been the wonder of the world.

With frenzied fury, amid the acclamations of the entire nation, the Spanish soldiers have endeavored to make of Cuba a desert strewn with corpses. They have laid waste to our fields and have killed our animals, as if they purposed to stamp out all life on our soil.

The essential rights of a citizen may be summarized in the full liberty of suffrage, his eligibility without any impediments, and a system of individual guarantees that shall protect him against all usurpation which may affect his person, his goods, or his civil capacity.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

As has already been observed, Spain purposes only to deceive the world and to seduce the Cubans, who, guided by the noble desire of peace, may not see that this transaction is only a fruitful source of new troubles in the near future.

La Banque Jacques Cartier.

DIVIDEND No. 64.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Two and One-Half per Cent. on the current half-year has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bankers' House, in this city, on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of December next.

CARPETS

When selecting you can see the largest stock, most careful selection and best values in Carpets, Rugs, Curtains and Draperies AT THE HAMMOTH CARPET HOUSE OF THOMAS LIGGET, Montreal and Ottawa.

Piano Bargains.

D. W. KARN & CO., 2344 St. Catherine Street.

Having been lately appointed agents for the CHICKERING, we took over what stock the late representative had on hand. It must be sold at once to make room for goods ordered for the new warehouses, which we expect to move into on the 15th of the month.

KARN PIANO CO, 2344 St. Catherine Street.

FRASER'S

For Fine Groceries, Teas and Coffees

Provisions of all kinds. High-Class Wines and Liquors.

Now landing by every incoming steamer the very finest assortment of Fall, Christmas and Winter Stores ever imported into Canada.

1000 Cases Canned Fruits and Vegetables, This Season's Pack.

Boulter's Celebrated Lion Brand, Receiving into store this week, via Canadian Pacific Railway and steamer Alexandria.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

207, 209 and 211 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Latest Retail Market Prices.

Table with columns for VEGETABLES, POULTRY, DAIRY PRODUCTS, FISH, and FRUIT. Lists various items like Cabbages, Marrows, Celery, etc. with prices per dozen or per lb.

THE PROVISION MARKET.

This market is without any new phase, prices being fairly well sustained all round, with a fair business doing. We quote as follows—Canadian pork, \$15 to \$16 per barrel, pure Canadian lard, in bulk, at 75c to 80c per lb., compound refined, at 55c to 58c per lb., hams, 12c to 14c; bacon, 12c to 18c per lb.

# FINAL REPENTANCE.

"HASTEN, father, hasten! a moment more, it will be death, and death without confession!"

Thus spoke to the doorkeeper of the abbey of St. Christopher an aged man, poorly clad, who had evidently made a long journey, braving the darkness of the night and the storm raging outside.

The doorkeeper bowed and quickly withdrew. After a delay of a few minutes the old man perceived a small light which shined at the end of the cloister, whose arches surrounded a court covered with a luxuriant sward. The rain could be heard falling on the grass. The light approached rapidly, and the old man saw a monk wearing the habit of St. Benedict, who was bareheaded and in deep meditation. Approaching the old man, he said in a low voice, "Lead the way, I follow you."

"But, good father, are you going out bareheaded? Listen how the rain is falling! The wind moans as on All Souls' Day."

The monk answered with a negative nod, and opening his frock he showed the covering of red velvet which he bore respectfully on his breast, containing the Holy Oils and the consecrated Host.

At that sight the aged Flemish peasant uncovered himself in his turn, and fell on his knees in the presence of his God.

"Let us hurry," said the monk. The old man, whose name was Guido, took his lantern, and walking first lighted the way. It was a frightful night. The monastery stood at a short distance from the North Sea on the coast of Flanders. A violent wind raised enormous waves which broke on the shore with plaintive moans; and although the road they followed was higher than the level of the sea, the billows often rolled to their feet as sea monsters whose opened mouths belched forth sheets of white foam. A dense fog covered the horizon, the rain fell thick and heavy, and the wind added its shrill whistling to this monotonous noise. The robe of the monk and the goat skin which covered the shoulders of poor Guido were dripping with rain; but both walked with unabated energy. The priest was praying in a low voice, and begging the Master, whom the storms obey, and whom he carried on in his breast, to take him in time to the bedside of the dying man. At last Guido exclaimed: "Here is Furra! I see the lights in the houses. Let us take this path; five minutes more and we shall reach Gilbert's house. May our gracious Lady grant that we may be in time!"

They quickened their steps, and after passing through several streets of the silent town, they were before a miserable hut which stood in a retired quarter. A feeble light shone in the narrow window. Guido knocked, and an old woman opened the door and exclaimed: "Oh! reverend father, it is God Who brings you here. Gilbert is waiting for you, to die."

The monk, returning thanks to God, crossed the threshold, and found himself in a hut where everything bore the impress of utter poverty and long neglect. The few pieces of furniture were coarse; but above the chimney was hung a hat, a sword and a dirk, all kept in good order. The owner of these arms was lying in a corner of the room on some boards covered with straw. He was still young; and he had evidently been once powerful and robust; but in spite of his youth and strength, the hand of death had touched him. He was sitting up in bed; his eyes cast gloomy glances about the room, and his hands moved about convulsively on the old cloak which covered his couch. The priest drew close, but the dying man uttered a shriek, and casting a haggard look at the monk, cried in a frightened voice: "Here she is again! Oh, save me!" And he hid his face in his hands as if to shut out the sight of a terrifying object. Father Eusebius, for such was the name of the monk, nodded to Guido and the old woman, and both withdrew. Then drawing closer to the bed, the monk took Gilbert's hand in his and said: "What frightens you, my brother? It is a friend whom God sends to you, rather it is God Himself who comes to you to help you in your last combat. Take courage; and with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, open your conscience to me."

Gilbert withdrew his hand; he regained consciousness, and looking at the monk with obscure determination, he said: "Priest, I have nothing to tell you."

"But, my brother, my dear brother, your moments are counted. Before appearing before the Supreme Judge, unburden your conscience from your sins, and receive in your soul the blood of Jesus Christ! In the name of the living God do not repulse me!"

Gilbert retorted with obduracy: "I shall not speak; I have sworn it; my lips are sealed. Evil spirit, you already know all, I have nothing to tell. You know the crime I committed at your instigation. I will not speak; I am a vassal; I know my duty to my Lord. I have nothing to say."

"But, my friend," exclaimed Father Eusebius, "your noble master himself, if he were here, would tell you to speak."

"My master," said Gilbert, with a satanic laugh, "the noble Berthold! Yes, he knows well that his acquire will remain faithful to him and die without uttering a word."

"But, who are you?" he roared, in terror, looking at the monk leaning over him. "Do you tormenting spirit? Oh, do not approach me! I do not show you my robe soiled in the pond of the weeping willows. But, who is talking about the pond? A woman of noble birth threw her robe into the pond, and it was there that she was drowned. I saw it with my own eyes. And immediately

hands forward as if in flight, he resumed in a low voice: "Do not come near me. Go to your husband. Was it I who commanded your murder? Was it I who paid the assassin? Was it I who hated you? Go to the noble Berthold, go, Goddive. . . . I only did what he commanded."

Father Eusebius tried to bring the wretched man to consciousness, and showing him the crucifix, he said: "In the name of Jesus Christ, dead on the cross for you, confess your crimes, repent and receive His gracious pardon. God, my brother, grants you this precious opportunity."

"I will not speak; I will not betray my master. Go way, Goddive, you frighten me. Why do you look at me with so much compassion! There is nothing common between us, you in heaven, and I . . ."

"Whatever you tell me," continued the father, "will be between us and God. You know, my brother, that in confession the lips of the priest are forever sealed. You have only a few minutes to live. Do not reject the opportunity offered you by a merciful God."

The dying man was a prey to a fearful struggle. At last grace conquered, and he humbly confessed the crime which so heavily weighed upon his conscience. A few minutes more and all was over. Father Eusebius fell on his knees, and with his face to the floor he prayed till morning.

Among all the great lords of Flanders none had been more favored by fortune than the noble Count Berthold. His ancestry was old and distinguished, his wealth considerable, and his reputation spotless, for he possessed the two great virtues of the age, bravery and liberality. He had had for a wife the beautiful and pure Goddive, daughter of Eustace, count of Boulogne. But she had died in the very bloom of her youth in a mysterious manner. Her death during the long winter evenings had been more than once the subject of hushed conversation between the vassals and servants. A second marriage had made him the father of a daughter named Otilie. The child, charming and beautiful, had been, however, from her birth a source of unhappiness to her parents; for she was blind. Since the death of Goddive and the birth of Otilie, Count Berthold had led a morose and saddened life. In banquets his cup was never emptied. Among the hilarity, laughing and singing of his companions, he remained silent, sad and absent minded. In war he was by turns carried off by insane ardor or frightened by a secret terror. He tenderly loved his daughter, and yet at times, he shunned her presence, as if the sight of this innocent child called forth the vision of sad memories. He no longer knew what happiness was; he found rest neither at the foot of the altars which he alternately sought and avoided, nor at night on his pillow, the witness of his disquieting dreams and his sleepless hours, nor in the council room, nor in the midst of combats; so that the most wretched of his vassals in seeing him so pale, morose and silent as a ghost among the living, could say: "Blessed be the God of Job and Lazarus! I am happier than that man."

Well, during a beautiful autumn afternoon, Otilie, then twelve years old, was in one of the halls of Ghistelle castle where she lived with her parents. She was surrounded by several young girls of her own age who visited her to gladden for a few moments her sad existence. Otilie was seated in a large arm chair, near a high window which let in the pale and softened rays of the sun. She was sad and unoccupied; whilst around her, her companions busily shortened the hours at various kinds of work. Some spun wool and flax; another embroidered a robe, destined to adorn the statue of Our Lady at Christmas; two others were perusing a precious manuscript, decorated with beautiful capital letters in brilliant colors, like a flower bed in the spring. All were happy and gay. Otilie alone felt the weight and weariness of time.

One of these young girls perceived Otilie's dejection (she was the poorest and most humble among them), and drawing near Otilie, she said in a soft voice: "Your ladyship is sad and weary. What could I do to dispel your gloom?"

"Alas! my dear friend, I do not know."

"Do you want me to tell you the story of the holy monk Winok, who became a hermit on the seashore?"

"No, I know it already."

"Perhaps you would like to listen to the story of Sir Lyderic, who founded the lordship of Lille?"

"Oh, no. Nothing pleases me. Ah, Ludwine, if God would only give me sight, I would never again be sad."

"Well, then," said Ludwine, as with a sudden inspiration, "we must ask this favor of Mary, the mother of God, our dear Lady. Her image is yonder in the hollow of an oak, where I go often to pray. Come with me there!"

"Certainly," said Otilie, with sudden enthusiasm. "I have no one from whom to ask permission, for my mother is in Bruges and my father is hunting. Come, Ludwine!"

The two young girls put on their cloaks, and crossed the courts, the fortifications and drawbridge. The country was at peace, all the vassals were faithful; so they were permitted to go. They went through the fields now stripped of their rich harvests; they crossed several meadows, over which floated vapors drawn up by the sun; and they at last reached the forest of Ghistelle. Oaks, many centuries old, which had perhaps seen Roman armies marching at their feet, reared their venerable heads, as monarchs of the forest, over frail and sad-looking pines, the furs, the heath and the bilberry which abound so much in that part of Flanders. Silence reigned everywhere. The first frost of autumn had set in, and the songs of birds; but they busily flew among the scattered leaves in search of berries. The young girls walked in the shade of the trees, but Ludwine looked in vain for the image of the Virgin which was the statue before

which the lovers pray. Otilie had already asked several times: "Shall we soon be at the little chapel?"

"Mist! Ludwine was at last compelled to say, "I fear I have missed the way. We must retruce our steps. Our good Lady is yonder on the right."

"But, Ludwine, I am very tired, I will rest here a while."

"Then, miss, I will lead you under that large willow, where branches bathe in the water of the spring; a beautiful fountain which reflects the clouds in the sky. You will sit on the grass, while I look for nuts for you; come."

Otilie followed her friend. Ludwine had Otilie sit on the grass, thick and soft as velvet, and drew her cloak around her; then quick, strong, light-hearted she ran to gather the nuts from the bushes. Then she left Otilie alone.

Otilie was tired and thirsty; the rays of the setting sun played on her cheeks. Leaning against the willow she listened to the babbling of the spring. All at once, she bethought herself of plunging her hands in that pure water, and bathing her face and lips with it. She approached dexterously and prudently, with that interior sense which heaven has given to the blind. She knelt near the little stream whose pleasing murmur charmed her ears. She put out her hand, which met first the thick and running roots of the germander, and then the cooling water.

Otilie bathed her forehead and cheeks. But scarcely had the limpid drops of water touched her eyelids than she uttered a cry which penetrated the depths of the forest. Ludwine ran to her at once. She found her companion kneeling on the side of the spring, her hands joined, her eyes lifted to heaven, and in an attitude of ecstasy and contemplation.

"What is the matter with you, miss?" said Ludwine, frightened.

"Ludwine, I see; I am no longer blind. There is light around me; I see you. Here you are; there is the spring. Behold, the trees, and the heavens. O beautiful heavens! Oh, my God, can it be true!"

Ludwine, dumb with surprise, came near, took Otilie's hands, and looked at her with wondering eyes. Her eyes were wide open. There was light in them; they smiled, although filled with tears; they mirrored back her soul's deep gratitude.

"Oh! miss!" exclaimed Ludwine, in a low voice, laboring under deep excitement; "let us return thanks to God!"

They fell on their knees and raised their hands to heaven. But they could not pray, for their happiness was too great.

Otilie then kissed the earth and said: "O my God, I will serve you all the days of my life."

Then rising up, "Come," she said, "let us go to my father. He will tell me how to thank God. Come, let us go."

She cast a last look at the water of that holy and mysterious spring, and then took her way home. Her fatigue was forgotten, her steps were light and quick, and she continually repeated to Ludwine: "Oh, how happy my father and mother will be!"

And the thought of her parents' happiness quickened her steps.

At last the manor of Ghistelle was in full view; its grey towers almost hid their heads in the clouds of heaven. One of the halls was plaring with lights, and its high windows shone brilliantly in the dark shadows of the approaching night.

"Where is my father," exclaimed Otilie; "take me to him at once!"

The happy hunters were noisily celebrating St. Hubert's feast around a table which bent under the weight of cups, goblets and silver dishes from which exhaled a pleasing smell of venison. At the head of the table was seated the master of the manor, Berthold de Ghistelle. He alone did not share in the general gaiety. Leaning back against his lordly chair, his eyes were cast down, he was toying with the pommel of his dagger, and gave only a careless attention to the talks of war and chase exchanged among his guests. He was startled, however, at a word which reached his ears; an old knight was relating a feat of the chase: "And my spear nailed the beast to the ground near the fountain of the weeping willows."

At this word, Berthold turned pale as if he had received a mortal blow.

From the other end of the table a hunter said to him: "Is it true, Sir Berthold, that Gilbert, yourquire, is dead? By our Lady, he was a fine soldier."

Berthold did not have time to answer, for at that moment the door was thrown open. All the servants drew back as at the sight of some wondrous apparition. It was Otilie beautiful as a seraph under the influence of a holy emotion, crossing the hall with a firm and rapid step. She fell at her father's feet, who had risen from the table on seeing her.

"Let me return thanks to God, oh father," she cried, "for He has mercifully given me sight. Look at me and praise the Lord!"

At these words, all the guests rose up

amid great confusion. Berthold, transported by joy, seized his daughter, pressed her to his breast; then held her back the better to see her, fastened his eyes on her, and covered her with kisses and tears.

Hanging on her father's neck, she looked at him with tenderness, and repeatedly said: "Oh father, I did not know that it was such a misfortune to be blind! Speak to me! Are you happy? Oh, why is not my mother here!"

"Oh!" he answered in a choked voice, "it is the first emotion of real happiness I have felt. . . . But tell me of this great manifestation of God's goodness."

"I had gone in the forest to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and being tired, I sat down near a spring. I took up some water in my hand and bathed my eyes. Instantly they were opened. I returned thanks to God, and I ran to you."

"Yes, Sir Berthold, it was at the spring of the Weeping Willows," rejoined Ludwine, who had followed her companion into the hall.

At these words Berthold fell on his knees, as if stricken by lightning. He inclined his proud forehead to the earth, and exclaimed in loud tones: "Oh God alive, it is thus that you revenge your self!"

"Oh father! what is the matter with you?" cried Otilie throwing her arms around him.

"Do not come near me, dear child! your father's crime would pollute your innocence!"

Otilie, astonished, stepped back in silence. All stood wondering.

Berthold remained prostrate on the ground; at last he raised his head, and said: "Let the doors be thrown open, and let all come in, vassals and servants; send for the chaplain of the castle. And you, barons, knights, my guests and companions, remain here. What I have to say must be said in public."

The doors were opened, and the hall was filled with vassals all anxious to see the blind Otilie, whom the hand of God had just cured; the chaplain had also come. When Berthold saw him, he extended his hand to him. A deep silence fell on the assembly. Berthold was pale and humbled; he had by an involuntary motion thrown aside his dirk and sword. Unarmed, on his knees, bareheaded, he raised his voice and said: "Listen to me all of you, you priests, you my companions in war and pleasure, you my hired men and vassals and you also, Otilie! Heaven by visible signs orders me to speak, and I obey. You all know that I had for my first wife Goddive, daughter of Eustace de Boulogne. She was beautiful and innocent, yet I loved her not. Her purity was a reproach to my vices, her holiness was a condemnation of crimes; and although she had given me no cause of complaint, yet I had conceived for her a mortal hatred. I had near me the accomplice of the errors of my youth, a man who had all my confidence. One day a fatal word escaped my lips. Gilbert understood it; and the next day Goddive, attacked in one of her solitary walks, the only pleasure I had left her, was seized and thrown into the pond of the weeping willows. She died praying for me; she had even in death the sweet smile she ever had in life. But God has avenged her. Goddive, dead and pale, has always been at my side in feasts and banquets, in battles and tournaments; she has followed me near the child of my predilection. No more hope, no more peace, no more sleep. And even God avenges her prodigies of mercy, since the water of the spring in which Goddive perished has just given sight to my child. And, I, wretched sinner, I confess before God and man the holiness of Goddive and my foul crime."

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Otilie, "I will pray to Goddive, and she will forgive you."

Berthold de Ghistelle said the priest, "God will also forgive; he accepts the repentant sinner, and he rejects not a contrite and humbled heart. Rise up and praise God."

If you feel weak, dull and discouraged you will find a bottle of Hogg's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good.

### A VACANT TOMB.

THE LAW PREVENTED MARTIN HOGAN FROM HAVING HIS LIFE'S WISH GRATIFIED IN DEATH.

"Here lies the body of Martin Hogan," reads an inscription on a curious old tomb in the Catholic cemetery in State street, Auburn, N.Y. Through a hole near the bars of the shaft one may view the interior, which contains a heavy worn eaten casket—empty, except for a grave digger's spade. The body of Martin Hogan is not visible, nor any part of its remains. Instead, they occupy a very humble grave in another part of the old cemetery.

Martin Hogan was the first instructor of the Catholic children of Auburn, long before the parochial schools were introduced. He was prominent in his church and in his profession, and as he grew old the desire for a magnificent and a splendid tomb became his great passion.

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how easy it is to wash clothes—all kinds of things on wash day with **SURPRISE SOAP**, until they try. It's the easiest quick-best best Soap to use. See for yourself.

The last years of his life were spent in preparations for this end. He visited the marble dealers in the large cities, but could find nothing to suit his purpose, so he had constructed a shaft of masonry, covered with sheet iron and finished in white. Heavy marble slabs were set in each side and one of them opened into a compartment large enough to receive the massive oak box which Hogan had placed in readiness for his casket. His name was inscribed on every side of the tomb, and that opening into his compartment bore the legend quoted at the beginning. Martin took great pride in his arrangements, planting rose trees and flowering bushes all about the monument. He spent hours at the place and his mind was satisfied with the contemplation of his last resting place.

When the old schoolmaster died the parish made a vigorous protest against placing his body in the tomb because it was above ground, and to the great disapproval of his family his remains were buried under six feet of earth in another part of the graveyard, and the old tomb, with its mouldering coffin and patetically ironical inscription, remains as Hogan left it fifty years ago, serving only as a tool house for the workmen.

The man who stands idly by and sees the life fading out of his wife's face, sees her health going, sees her becoming old and faded and writhed when she should still be in the perfect enjoyment of vigorous useful health, is either less than a man or else does not know of the one remedy which will bring her back to health and strength. Perhaps her husband cannot persuade her to go to her doctor, because she naturally dreads the inevitable "examinations" and "local treatments." He can persuade her, if she needs persuasion, to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This truly wonderful medicine has cured hundreds of women after the best physicians have failed. It has been in constant use and tested every day for thirty years. It isn't an experiment, there are no chances about it. It is a certain cure for all derangement, weakness, irregularities and displacements of internal organs peculiar to women.

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### COST OF THE AMERICAN WEATHER BUREAU.

Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, in his report to Secretary Wilson urges that \$1,044,000 be appropriated for carrying on the work of the bureau for the year 1898-99. He complains that the work of the bureau is greatly hampered by the lack of appropriation. In 1883-84 the weather service cost \$993,520, while for the current year the appropriation was \$883,772. In 1883 no weather maps were issued, except at the central office in Washington. During the last fiscal year 4,315,000 were issued outside the capital, being an increase of 686,000 in the last three years. During the last fiscal year daily forecasts and warnings were sent to 51,604 places by mail, telegraph, telephone and other means. The increase in the number of places receiving forecasts in the two years has been nearly 30,000.

In 1883 no information was collected regarding the influence of the weather on crops. Under the present system climatic and crop conditions are reported from 8,000 places by 3,000 voluntary observers. In 1883-84 the stations on sea coasts, great lakes, and other places where storm signals were displayed were comparatively few and far between. Now there are 253 stations where these signals are displayed and data collected.

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### RECIPES.

**BOILED SWEET APPLES**—Wash one dozen sweet apples; put in a porcelain saucepan, with one cup of sugar and hot water enough to half cover. Cook until the apples may be pierced with a fork, which will be about half an hour. Take out the apples, pour the syrup over them. Eat cold. Enough for two meals.

**CORN BATTER CAKES**—One and one half cups white cornmeal, sifted with a teaspoonful of salt. Add one cup of boiled rice and a teaspoonful of lard. Mix all together and scald with two cups boiling water, stirring constantly. Thin with one and one half cups soup milk, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk; last stir one beaten egg and bake on hot greased griddle.

**POTTED HAM**—The scraps from a boiled ham may be utilized for a small jar of potted meat. Chop all the scraps very

**GOOD TIMES COMING.**  
Under the use of Scott's Emulsion all the organs and tissues take new life. The mind acts with more vigor, the heart beats stronger and the blood is greatly enriched.

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OUR WASH LETTER

The Agricultural and Industrial Bill and the Chamber of Commerce.

DUBLIN, Oct. 30.—The Council of the Chamber of Commerce met on Monday last to discuss a memorandum adopted by a special committee as to the great importance of the re-introduction in the coming Session of Parliament, in amended form, of the Agriculture and Industries (Ireland) Bill of last Session.

The memorandum went on to state that all important and representative bodies of Ireland should be moved to join in a deputation to the Government at an early date, and should press for a re-introduction of the abandoned bill, in an amended form, in the coming session of Parliament.

After a thorough consideration of the memorandum, the Chamber unanimously adopted the following resolution: It will be seen, by reference to their minutes, that the adoption of this proposal would be strictly in accordance with the action which the Chamber has taken ever since the present Government indicated its willingness to promote by legislation the agricultural and industrial interests of the country.

Recently a deputation on behalf of most of his parishioners and several well-wishers waited on the Rev. John Fay, P.P., Summerhill, to present him with a purse of sovereigns, and asked him to accept with it their sincere congratulations on his restoration to health after the serious attack of illness from which he has just now recovered.

The golden jubilee of Sister Teresa O'Callaghan in the community of the Sisters of Charity was celebrated recently. It is exactly fifty years ago since Sister Teresa visited Paris. While there she happened to attend the celebration of the feast in honor of St. Vincent, and hearing a gifted orator of the day, Monsignor Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, institute a comparison between a lady of the world and the Sister of Charity, she came to the conclusion that her happiness here and hereafter would be best forwarded by entering the Order of St. Vincent's Sisters of Charity.

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DRUNKENNESS. The Dr. C. C. Cure... for all ailments...

of 40 sovereigns.—"Dear Rev. Mother.—We, the members of the medical staff of the Cork North Infirmary, desire to offer you our sincere congratulations and good wishes on this the auspicious occasion of the celebration of your 50th year in religion. We who have been so long and intimately associated with you have the best opportunity of observing the character of your work, and we wish to put on record our highest appreciation of the invaluable services which you have rendered this institution. We are aware that one of the objects nearest to your heart is the efficient training of nurses attached to this hospital, and to encourage you in a work so excellent we beg to present this small offering, which we hope to see augmented by your many friends and admirers. We also present it as a slight mark of our affection and esteem.—N. J. Hobart, S. O'Sullivan, D. J. Donovan, C. Yelverton Pearson, J. Colter, Edward Magnier, Richard Dalton, Daniel J. O'Mahony, N. Henry H. Bart, Hubert O'Keefe, Richard P. Byrne."

The Rev. Father Dempsey, P.P., the respected parish priest of Arlee, may well be congratulated, says a local journal, on the fine new bell for Killeen church, which was cast to the order of the reverend gentleman at Mr. Matthew Byrne's Fountain Head Bell Foundry, James' street, Dublin. It weighs 16 cwt. measures 3 feet 9 1/2 inches across the mouth, and bears the following inscription:—"Cast for R.C. Church, Killeen, Queen's County, 97." Its tones are reported to be at once rich and solemn and peculiarly musical, and as the casting is perfect it may be looked on as a magnificent specimen of Irish manufacture.

Much regret has been felt in the Bantdy district over the death of Mother Assistant M. Stanislaus Reid, of the Bantdy Convent of Mercy. The deceased, by her kindly and charitable acts, had become peculiarly endeared to the poorer classes in the community, while her saintly devotion, genial manner and amiability, won for her the esteem of all alike.

The annual report on the migratory agricultural laborers of Ireland, which was issued some days since, shows that the number of Irishmen who this year visited England for the harvesting operations is practically the same as that for 1896. More than sixteen thousand laborers left Ireland this year for England. Last year's figures were the highest since 1882, and only exceeded by seventy-five this year's total.

Mr. Charles P. Shannon, B.A., University College, Blackrock, son of Mr. Patrick Shannon, Inspector of Schools, Kilkeny, has obtained the only vacancy for the position of Inspector of Schools (Catholic) at the recent examination for that appointment. Blackrock University College has almost a monopoly of the successes among Catholics in Ireland for the position of Inspector of Schools and the Civil Service of India, the examinations for which are in great part identical.

It may be interesting to learn that the following regiments serving in Ireland have been ordered to send drafts to the front of battle in India:—The 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, at Carragh Camp, will send a draft of 110 of all ranks to the 1st Battalion in the Bombay command; 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment, at Tipperary, 120 of all ranks for the 1st Battalion in the Madras command; 1st Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, at Dublin, 120 for the 2nd Battalion in the Punjab; 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, at Newry, 100 of all ranks for the 1st Battalion at Lucknow; 2nd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, at Dublin, 100 men for the 1st Battalion now on active service on the northwest frontier; and 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, at Mullingar, 100 men for the 2nd Battalion in the Bombay command. These drafts will be sent to Queenstown, where they will embark for conveyance to Bombay.

On Saturday evening head constable Farrell, while trying to restrain a private of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was acting violently in a public house, received a stab in the chest near the heart, two and a half inches deep. He lies in a critical condition.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN EXHIBITOR.—Mr. Joseph Gaffney, ex-high sheriff of Cork, died very suddenly, last week, in the city of London, England.

from Glasgow.—He died just as the vessel had passed the Kildare light-house in the Shannon, and then only about four hours sail from Limerick. Mr. Gaffney was prominent in local politics; filled the office of high sheriff of the city during the year '96; was a member of the Harbor Board and Markets Trustees, and one of the governing committees of the Municipal Schools of Science and Art.

A very sad accident occurred on Saturday last near Limerick. While riding in a car which he himself was driving, Dr. Riordan, V.S., collected with another, and the horse taking fright, Dr. Riordan was thrown from the vehicle, receiving such serious injuries that he died almost immediately. Dr. Riordan was accompanied by Mr. James H. Moran, solicitor, who was also thrown, but happily not much injured. The death of Dr. Riordan under such melancholy circumstances has caused deep regret in Limerick, where he occupied a prominent position.

United Ireland has the following to say in reference to the '98 Centenary and its organizers:—From every part of the country, and still more vehemently from beyond the seas, the complaint comes that in excluding the elected representatives of the people from the Committee and the Executive, the gentlemen who have charged themselves with the duty of organizing the celebration have committed a fatal error, and one which if persevered in must inevitably lead to disaster.

At the Ennis Quarter Sessions on Tuesday, before his Honor County Court Judge Kelly and a special jury, an interesting action was heard, in which Patrick Markham, Annfield, Kilsbenny, sued Rev. Martin McGurran for £50 loss and damage sustained by reason of an assault upon plaintiff by defendant, on Sunday, 6th June last. The plaintiff (Markham) went into possession of an everted farm some time in the latter portion of last year, since when he has been subjected to a vigorous system of boycotting. On several occasions during last summer Markham attended at Kilsbenny chapel for the purpose of hearing Mass. On two of these occasions the congregations left the church and refused to remain while Markham was there. On the 6th June, the Sunday upon which the alleged assault took place, Markham and his sons came to the church accompanied by a force of police. The chapel gates were closed, and it was alleged that when Markham's sons attempted to scale the wall the defendant, Rev. Father McGurran, caught hold of him and threw him to the ground. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, which was received with applause.

The death is announced of Mr. James J. Murphy, the head of the big brewing company of Cork. The deceased, who had reached a ripe age, was universally respected for his great commercial integrity and enterprise and genial personal characteristics. He was associated with the reconstruction of the Munster and Limerick Bank, and as a member of the board of directors had been one of the moving spirits in its prosperity. His loss will be greatly felt in Cork.

Hon. Judge Little died at his residence, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, on the 21st. The deceased gentleman, who was an able lawyer, long held an important position as Judge of the Newfoundland High Court. In 1854 Judge Little occupied the honorable office of Prime Minister of the colony in which so much of his life was spent. The Ministry of which he was the head was the first formed after the admission of Newfoundland to the position of a self-governing colony. In 1865, Judge Little retired from the Bench, shortly afterwards returning to Ireland. In politics the judge was a consistent advocate of the rights of Ireland to self-government, and was amongst the first founders of the Home Rule League. On the death of Isaac Butt, Judge Little was elected president of the League, and held this position until that association was merged in the National League. The judge was a fluent and impressive speaker, and was often solicited to seek a seat in Parliament for an Irish constituency. His death will be regretted by all who knew the true nature of the honorable and patriotic Irishman who has now passed away.

DANVILLE, Que., Oct. 23, 1897.—I was troubled with sleeplessness and headaches at night; I could not sleep naturally. I was troubled with horrible nightmares and dreams. My sleeping hours were to me times of terror. I was advised to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. The use of this medicine soon produced the very best results. My health is improved in every respect. I am stronger and sleep better.—ALEX. MUNRO.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic and liver medicine.

We guarantee to every victim of the liquor or drug habit, no matter how bad the case, that when Mr. A. Hinton Dixon's new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor or drugs is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks. The medicine is taken privately and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. We invite strict investigation. Address The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal.

The Contrary Sex.—Parson Johnson—So did little child am a gal. Do de udder one belong to the contrary sex? Mrs. Jackson—Yais, pahson; dat's a gal, too.

THE WHOLE system feels the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla—Stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, nerves are strengthened and SUSTAINED.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Nov. 10, 1897.

The Store that is increasing faster than any other Store in Montreal To-day.

SHOPPING BY MAIL.

Out of town customers can shop very easily by mail if they only care to use the advantage of our mail order system. They get the benefit of the best buying experience, and the best money's worth. No matter where you live you should know this store. Most people are learning every day how simple and economical shopping by mail is. If you can't come in person, write for anything you want, or send a letter for samples and information. It's the business of our mail order department to attend to such.

- NEW BLACK GOODS. New French Costings, special for ladies' costumes in extra fine finish, 70c. New Black French Poplin, one of the very latest costume materials, nothing like them for wear, \$1.25. New Black Middvans in elegant bright mohair seroll designs on dull black foundation, \$1.45. New Black Modena Dress Robes, 7 yards each, with border to match, extra special, \$7.30.
- COLORED DRESS GOODS. New Charmont Cloth in all the fashionable colors for the present season. Special at 57c. New Pomona Cloth in very stylish raised patterns on changeable foundation, 75c. New Silk and Wool Regence Cloth in bright colors with black boucle pattern, \$1.40. New Fancy Silk and Wool Material in beautiful colors and novel designs, \$2.60.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

Linens have always been a stronghold with The Big Store, it's more strong in them to-day than ever before. The immense stock represents the best productions of all the famous linen producing countries of the world. It is a good time now to buy Household Linens when prices have been pared down to the quick, and when every household is refitting and replenishing her linen chest. There will be some linen attractions on Wednesday that cannot be repeated again this season.

LINEN DAMASK.

- A manufacturer had an overstock of damasks offered them to The Big Store, had our offer in cash, he forgot his loss. Here they are: 30 pieces Fine White Table Damask, 50 inches wide, good patterns, 38c. 8 pieces Good Quality White Table Damask, fine bright yarn, 62 inches wide, 47c. 6 pieces Fine Quality White Damask, 68 inches wide, extra good value, 70c. 7 pieces Unbleached Hand Loom Damask, 53 inches wide, 38c. 3 pieces Very Heavy Unbleached Linen Damask, 64 inches wide, 55c. Turkey R-D Damask, 58 inches wide, Wednesday's price, 36c yard.

Write for WINTER CATALOGUE. Just Published.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

The S. CARSLY CO. Limited. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 192 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

Chemistry and Science are daily astonishing the world with new wonders, and it is no longer safe to say that anything cannot be achieved. The researches and experiments of the distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher. That consumption is a curable disease, Dr. Slocum has proved beyond a doubt, and there are now on file in his Canadian, American and European laboratories thousands of letters of gratitude from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world. To make the wonderful merits of his discoveries known, we will send, FREE, three bottles (all different) of his remedies to any reader of this paper, having consumption, lung or throat trouble, general decline, loss of flesh, who will send their name, address and post office address. That the reader of this paper may be convinced of the genuineness of our claims, we publish the following Canadian testimonial taken from hundreds in our possession:—MISSIONARY, B.C., June, 1897. "I am a man of fifty-two years of age—always healthy until last fall—took terrible pain in lung, followed by severe cough. I was in the lumber camp and could not leave my men, therefore kept at my work until I could not keep around any longer, when I was brought home and the best doctor summoned. After treatment here that he was called in to see and that he could do no more for me. I kept getting worse all the time, and resolved to try another doctor from New Westminster. He said my lungs and heart were affected and that death might occur at any time. He prescribed for me but I kept getting worse, and I got so weak that I could scarcely lift a cup of tea, and was by this time confined to the house for three months. I then heard of your medicine and sent for samples, and at once commenced to use them as directed. The first dose did me good, and before I had completed the use of them I was out of bed. After doing a further supply a short time I was able to look after twenty-five men and walk three miles morning and evening. Your medicine has certainly saved my life, and although fifty-two years old I am stronger than ever, and now weigh 240 lbs, which is my old weight. You can use my letter in the interest of suffering humanity." JOHN BUTNER WILSON.

Business Cards. CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Telephone 1834.

CALLAHAN & CO., Book and Job Printers, 741 CRAIG STREET, West Victoria Sq., MONTREAL.

C. O'BRIEN House, Sign and Decorative Painter. Plain and decorative paper hanger. White washing and tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bleury. Office, 541.

DANIEL FURLONG Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton & Pork. Special Rates for charitable institutions. 34 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET, MONTREAL.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A fidgety old gentleman at a railway station was terribly afraid that he would lose the run of his trunk, and constantly worried the busy porter about it somewhat as follows:—"Porter, be sure that my trunk is safe." A moment later, "Porter, don't forget my trunk." Shortly again, "Porter, now you are quite sure that my trunk is safe." The porter answers, "It's a pity you wasn't an elephant instead of an ass, and then you would always have your trunk under your nose."

The genial gentleman in the street car who insists that the pretty woman should take his seat—he's going "only two or three blocks"—slammed the door after a jarring breakfast, and left his wife in tears. As soon as he is at his office he will row the younger clerks.—Boston Journal.

There's one thing I will say for your friend, said Miss Cayenne. He is very truthful. How do you know that? enquired Willie Washington. Because there is no excuse for his being otherwise. He never says anything interesting.—Washington Star.

Paving blocks made of meadow grass are now manufactured. Their inventor was a clergyman, and the meadow grass, impregnated with oil, tar and resin, is pressed into blocks and finally bound with iron straps. The advantage claimed for these blocks are that they are noiseless and elastic, resist and wear well and are impervious to heat and cold.

Dr. William L. Russell, of Barre, Con., who celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday last week, is the oldest living graduate of Harvard.

Miss Tiptop—Did you enjoy yourself at the opera last evening? Miss Westend—Oh, awfully. Mr. Blatherskite is the most delightful conversationalist I ever attended a musical performance with.—New York Weekly.

Hall—What are you doing now? Gail—Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to ascertain why people don't want to buy a new patent clothes wringer.—Chicago News.

A minister was rather slow in paying his debts. On a Saturday evening he despatched his man across the river for a pair of shoes, which he had sent to get mended by David, his shoemaker. There happened to be a freshet in the river, and Donald could not get back till midday on Sunday. When he appeared the minister was conducting service in the church. He happened to be preaching about David, and, just as Donald made his appearance at the door, the minister said, "but what did David say?" "David said," exclaimed Donald, "that he will send you the shoes when you send him the money!"

Crimsonbeak—See that fellow with the black eye? He's a diamond expert. Yeast—A jeweller, is he? "No; baseball umpire."—Yonkers Statesman.

A German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over 80 never went to bed until well into the small hours, and did not get up again until late in the day.

"Why do you keep those IO Us of Bowker's? You must have had them for years. What of that? They are as good as ever they were."—Boston Transcript.

Cholly: Miss S—is the sharpest girl I know. Chummy: Yes; she cuts me every time I meet her.

At a fancy ball two young ladies not in costume presented themselves at the entrance door. "Your characters?" asked the waiter who was announcing the guests, in a whisper. "We do not appear in costume tonight," was the reply. "Two young ladies without any characters," howled the waiter at the top of his voice.

A clergyman called one day to one of his parishioners and asked her why did she not go to church on Sunday. She replied: "Your reverence, I am not able to go, but I read a chapter out of my Bible every day." "Show me your Bible," said he. She did so, and when opening it the first thing he met was her glasses. The old woman exclaimed with great joy, "Oh, Lord be praised. There's my specks lost eighteen months ago." The clergyman closed the Bible and retired.

A CLEVER RUSE.—Yes; I always let people know that my wife is a Republican and I'm a Democrat. It saves me lots of explanations. In what way? Why, when people hear us raising merry turmoil they think, of course, it is only a party dispute.

SOME DOUBT ABOUT IT.—He—I suppose if your father found me here he would kick me out of the door. She—Oh, I don't know; papa's punning is wretched.

MUTUAL INDIGNATION.—He (indignantly)—Your father said that I was as homely as your puppy! She (also indignantly)—Why, how can father say that! My puppy is anything but homely!

To Cure Catarrh. Do not depend upon snuffs, inhalants or other local applications. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and can be successfully treated only by means of a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood and removes the serofulous taint which causes catarrh. The great number of testimonials from those who have been cured of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla prove the medicinal power of this medicine to conquer all ailments. If you suffer from Catarrh, send for Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be cured.

THOMAS O'CONNELL.

Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils, 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa. PRACTICAL PLUMBER, GAS, STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTER. Rutland Lining fits any Stove Cheap.

M. HICKS & CO. AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill Street.) MONTREAL.

LORGE & CO., HATTER - AND - FURRIER. 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.



THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN. AN IRISH BALLAD. FROM THE COUNTY CARLOW, 'TIS THE LONGEST PLACE TO ME. HERE EVERY WEEK IS LIKE A MONTH, AND EVERY MONTH LIKE THREE. THE MIST IS COMIN' WET AND COLD, BUT NOW I WON'T COMPLAIN, I'M GOIN' HOME, AND LITTLE ROCK THE FALLIN' O' THE RAIN.

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A HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR. Millions of Pounds Every Year Get Tangled Up in Commerce. Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than human hair as an article of commerce.

RECENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY. THE CASE OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS WHO SUFFERED SEVERELY—GIVEN UP BY TWO DOCTORS—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS HAVE RESTORED HER HEALTH.

Population of Large Cities. Here is a scale of the increase of population of the large cities of the world between 1800 and 1890, compiled from a recent publication.

The Buried Cities of Ceylon. It may be still counted among things not generally known that in the luxuriant forests of Ceylon the ruins of cities are concealed not inferior in boldness of conception and richness of design to any in the world.

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THE PRODUCE MARKETS. There was no change in the egg market. The demand is only fair for small lots, and business is quiet and unchanged.

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JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT. GREAT FLANNEL SALE. Continued.

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DEPARTMENT STORES.

Traders of Chicago Organize a Protective Association. The City Council Pass By-Laws and the Big Stores Ignore Them.

For many years there has been a feeling against the big departmental stores in Chicago, and war has been declared against them by the smaller traders of the city.

With this end in view they formed the Cook County Business Men's Protective Association, and Branches were organized in the three large divisions of the city.

Are They "Highlanders" At All.

The Gordon Highlanders are composed of the 75th and 92nd regiments of the British Line, supplemented by some Scotch militia battalions, according to the new territorial disposition introduced by Lord Wolseley.

You may get over that slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the membranes lining your throat. You are liable to take another cold and the second one will hang on longer than the first.

MARRIED.

SHIELDS-DALY. In this city, on Nov. 3, at the church of the Infant Jesus, by the Rev. Father Lepoirier, James Shields to Maria Daly, both of Rawdon.

DIED.

PHILAN. On Nov. 2nd, at 72 Park Avenue, St. Henri, Mary Kathleen, only and beloved daughter of Daniel and Nora Phelan. Funeral on Wednesday last.

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HOME, SWEET HOME.

Makes the home more comfortable as well as brighter, with a wise investment at our CARPET DEPARTMENT.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Where you will find the choice productions of the Carpet industry, all the most exclusive and latest designs, in the richest and most charming colorings.

CORNUHOY.

For Cushions and Furniture Covering, in plain colors, in Blue, Green, Brown, Crimson, etc., at 60c a yard.

MATTING.

The snow may come any day now—better get your matting on your order to-day. We have the right kind of Matting and expert layers to put it down. Ring us up or call. We will attend to it.

OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS.

The world's best Oilcloths and Linoleums, in all the prettiest designs. All well seasoned and reliable makes only kept in stock.

CARPET SWEEPERS.

Sole Montreal Agents for Bissell's latest and best Carpet Sweeper, the Price.

Grilles, Curtain Poles, Sash Rods, Etc. Mail Orders promptly attended to.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

London, November 8.—There was a much better feeling in the market for Canadian sheep and prices for both cattle and sheep advanced 1c, owing to smaller supplies and an improved demand.

EAST END MARKET.

The receipts of live stock at the East End Abattoir market this morning were 750 cattle, 350 sheep, 400 lambs, 20 calves and 20 hogs.

POINT ST. CHARLES CATTLE YARDS.

The run of live stock at the Point St. Charles cattle yards was 200 cattle, 500 sheep and lambs, and about 100 hogs.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

DAME LEA LAMARRE, Plaintiff; vs. WILFRID LAMARRE, Defendant. Notice is hereby given that an action in reparation as to property has been taken against Wilfrid Lamarre, Trader, of the City of St. Henri, Montreal, 9th November, 1907.

STEINWAY IDEAL PIANO OF THE WORLD.

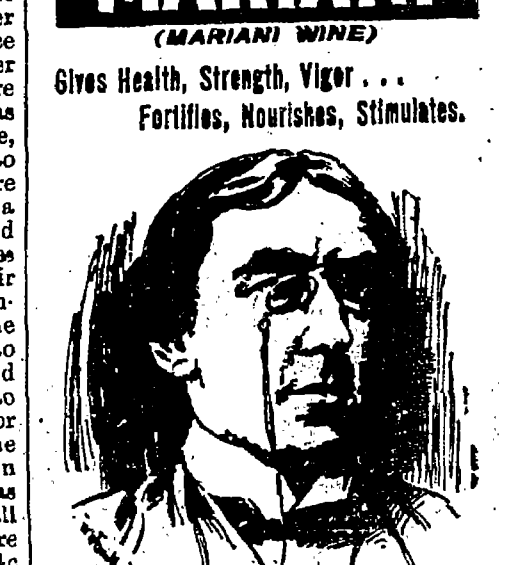
It seems a remarkable fact that one Piano among the many constructed in the various cities of Europe and America should so have localized fame to itself as to be acknowledged superior to all others, whether in the art centres of Europe or at home on the American Continent.

LINDSAY-NORDBRIMER Co.,

Warehouses: 2366 St. Catherine Street.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE)

Gives Health, Strength, Vigor... Fortifies, Nourishes, Stimulates.



"I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Vin Mariani which I have found excellent and am well convinced of its quality." HENRY IRVING.