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BISHOP SHEEHAN'S ADDRESS TO YOUNG IRISHMEN.

His Lordship Bishop Sheehan of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, delivered the following address under the auspices of the Young Men's Society of Cork recently. His Lordship after a few preliminary remarks said:--

Our ancestors may have been Milesians or Firbolgas, or Danes, or Saxons, or Normans. But we have, most of us at all events, Irish blood in our veins. (Hear, hear.) We were born in this land, and in it we are likely to die and be buried. Its history is the history of our own families and our own names. If we were interested in them we should be interested in it; if we are proud of them, we should not for it hang our heads in shame. No one will, no one can, say the history of Ireland has up to the present received from Irishmen the attention it deserves. (Hear, hear.) There may have been in the past many causes for such a strange state of things. We have no concern here with present day politics; but it is not trenching upon them to say that not the least unfortunate result of the divisions of Irishmen for centuries is that Irish history has been too often written not for the purpose of truly telling what was done in this corner of the world so much as for the purpose of glorifying one set of men or one set of beliefs and of condemning another. Our fate has not, in this respect, been exceptional; most other people have shared it, though few perhaps to an equal extent. But for most other nations and their history a brighter future has dawned. The old pagan dictum that it is the bounden duty of the historian not to conceal the true and not to dare say the false is elsewhere being recognized and honestly observed, and we Catholics may take a legitimate pride in remembering that its apostle has been our own great Pontiff--whom may God long preserve! --Leo XIII. An honest and worthy history of Ireland will be written when the young men of Ireland demand it, not till then. Meantime it should be the effort of every Irishman who is a student at all, and who is not ashamed of his name, to acquire some knowledge of the history of his own country. There are materials, plenty of them, within our reach, if we only put our hand to draw them to us. There are materials in printed books, there are materials in manuscripts, which lie around us in vastly greater numbers than most of us, in neglect of them, care to know. There are materials in the folklores so rapidly dying out, and which, I make bold to say, no single body of men in all the land is more capable of preserving than the men who compose Catholic young men's societies, for they come from every quarter within the four shores of Ireland. They bring with them memories of what they heard from their elders, who still preserve to some extent the traditions of former days. Every nation in Europe at the present day is bestirring itself in preserving its traditions. Irishmen had them once in abundance, each locality its own stock. But I repeat they are fast dying out; one generation more, or two, and they will be gone for ever unless we do something to preserve them.

The members of the Young Men's Society have been devoting themselves largely, and, as we are all glad to know, with considerable success, to the cultivation of music. May I say a word or two on behalf of one branch of this most engaging and elevating of arts. If I do so, I suppose I must take the risk--I must be prepared to incur the reproach of all the fashionable; but there is at least one consolation left to me, that I cannot have much left to lose. It is not, unless my memory deceives me, the first time I have ventured to plead with the society for the music of our native land. There was a time when Irishmen loved Irish music, loved to play the Irish airs, and to sing the old Irish songs, and to hear them played and sung in public, as well as private. Is that time gone? It would appear so, at least if we are to judge from the programmes of concerts advertised in the newspapers and the titles of the sheets and books that fill the windows of our music shops. Mr. De Costa and Dr. De Costa, Sir Arthur Chappin, Wagner--fashions marked them out as the only persons who are worthy of the hearing, unless we are prepared to forfeit all claims to

the appreciation of sweet sounds. As for Irish melodies, they were, perhaps, deserving of toleration in ancient times; but every man and every woman, too, nowadays, who possesses any real knowledge of music, as distinguished from any unscientific acquaintance with it, has, it would appear, long ago decreed their place to live pretty much with the weapons of the stone age and the wattle structures that sheltered our fathers before the Anglo-Norman civilisation rescued our country from barbarism. I am not a musician; and, perhaps, if I knew my place, I should humbly bow before the authority of those who are, to be silent; but this much I think I am entitled to say, and I think, moreover, everyone who knows the genuine taste of Irishmen will agree with me--there is no music on the earth that appeals with the same power to the hearts of our people as our own; there is no other that expresses, as it does, their joys and their sorrows, their aspirations and their hates, their passionate devotion to their own kith and kin, and to the land of their heart's love, whether it be to wait for its defeat and its fallen chiefs or to exult with the few who in its troubled history have borne its banner on a conquering field and won for its cause the blessing of happy homes and free altars. What is more I believe that this power of Irish music is not confined to any rank or class, and I for one cherish the hope that in the happy days yet, please God, to come, when we can forget past alienations and present differences, and stand together under one flag, which should rally us all, the flag of our common country, we will then cherish, as not the least of the treasures that have been preserved to us through long years of indifference, and must, I say, of obloquy, the national music of Ireland.

But I am not forgetting all this time that we are living in an age which prides itself upon being, if anything, utilitarian. It must be said, however, that the day is past when it could be expected, or indeed, all things considered, desired, that mental improvement for its own sake should form the aim to which the studies of our young men as a whole had best be directed. There will always be a minority, we may hope, whose tastes and opportunities will lead them in such a direction; but it is not, and I repeat should not be, so with the great majority. Mere accomplishments are among the luxuries of life. The people of a poor country such as ours must first provide themselves with necessities in the shape of a sound education suited to their requirements. That these requirements have greatly increased in recent years for our business men it is scarcely necessary to point out, any more than it is necessary to point out that the education provided in National Schools is altogether insufficient to supply them. Other countries have, I believe, their commercial public schools, to which boys who are destined for commercial life are, after they have received a certain modicum of knowledge in the ordinary primary school, transferred, and where they pursue under teachers who prepare themselves especially for the work by a course of purely commercial studies. Again, England and America have an admirable system of evening schools, where young men are enabled, under the most favorable circumstances, to complete a defective literary education, or devote themselves to those special branches which affect the daily work of their lives, and proficiency in which brings them, with increased skill and usefulness, better positions and higher pay. It has long been a cause of complaint--and I think we are all agreed of just complaint--that the National system is altogether unsuited to the needs of our population in town and country. We are not, however, without some reason for hope that this very unsatisfactory condition of things will soon be ended. The work of inquiring how far and in what direction it should be altered has been taken in hand by men who have brought to the task, with trained intelligence and an acquaintance with the systems that are proved by experience to be useful elsewhere, that knowledge of the special needs and capacities of the Irish people the possession of which is so absolutely necessary.

The Protestant Church has not the machinery for dealing with the ills of the world in these times. Not one clergyman in one thousand dares preach a sermon on the Seventh Commandment. The confessional and the refusal of the Sacrament in the Roman Church are the efficient means for controlling vice which we have not."

"Instead of putting our shoulder to the wheel and fighting against the awful spread of social vice and drunkenness, and Sabbath-breaking, we are squabbling among ourselves and spending our energies in denominational differences. There are seventeen sects of Methodists and thirteen of Baptists, and almost as many distinct varieties in each other religious genus. How is any union of sentiment or work to be got out of that state of affairs. It is shockingly immoral, I say, to be squabbling while fifty million persons in this land are not even nominal Christians."

BRIEF NOTES OF NEWS.

The London correspondent of the New York "Sun," says:-- The Court of Appeal to-day decided the first important case under Mr. Chamberlain's new Workmen's Compensation Act. It related to the explosion on the Manitoba and Albert Docks in this city on last July 6. The owners appealed against the judgment of the County Court giving to the widows of two unloaders £300 each and each of the five injured men £1 a week for life. Counsel for the company argued that a ship unloading in dock was not "a factory" within the meaning of the act, but this contention was rejected.

The Manitoba was purchased from the Atlantic Transport Company by the United States Government and was unloading with ammunition at Albert Docks, London, on July 6, when a box of so-called safety cartridges exploded, killing five workmen and injuring fifteen.

The German courts apparently take a different view of protection for workmen. A farmer named Staff, after three trials in East Prussia, has just secured an acquittal, which recognizes that employers are entitled to beat their servants in Germany. Staff chastised with a riding whip, for disobedience, a youth of 16 years, employed on his farm. The court decided the whipping was permitted according to local customs and was not excessive.

A despatch from Omaha, Neb., goes to show how the system of overcrowding cars which is a great abuse in Montreal, is dealt with in that big city. It says:-- An anti-car crowding association is the latest thing in Omaha. It is proving very popular. The first demonstration of the association was made last evening as the six o'clock crowds took possession of the street cars. The first intimation the conductor of the car received was a stern command from a dozen members of the society: "Let another man or woman get on this car and over you go. Ring the bell and go ahead, if you don't want trouble." The conductor took one look at the scowling faces of the men and hastily gave the signal to move on, leaving many angry people at the crossings. The society belongs to Walnut Hill, a fashionable suburb of the city. During the exposition big cars ran out there, but when the exposition closed there were taken off and the old small ones were again put in service. This resulted in the evening overcrowding the cars extremely. At a mass meeting an anti-crowding car association was formed by a large number of residents who pledged themselves to resist by force any effort to crowd more than a comfortable number into the cars. If the company does not heed their wishes the association will appeal to the courts to prevent more people being taken on a car than can find seats.

THE PARTY AND THE PEOPLE.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund has already mounted close up to a thousand pounds. Amongst the subscribers are many men who hold, and deservedly hold, a foremost place in the confidence and affection of Irish Nationalists. It is hard to supplement the irresistible arguments offered in their letters in favor of the Fund. Questions of enormous importance for Ireland, amongst which the Irish claim to a Catholic University, the financial relations movement, and the effective prevention of famine may be enumerated, must inevitably come before Parliament during the ensuing session. They cannot be dealt with satisfactorily unless there is a full attendance of the Nationalist members. There is no concealment of the fact, and there never has been, that a large number of the Nationalist members are poor men. They cannot bear from their private resources the very heavy expense of constant attendance in London. All this was known to the constituencies and to the country when they were elected. In the old days a different practice prevailed. Rich men went into Parliament at their own cost; they sometimes paid pretty heavily to get in. But they went in for their own sake, not for the country's. They shamelessly intrigued for place, or rank, or power, wholly regardless of the wishes or interests of their electors. The Parliamentary representatives are no longer the masters of the people, but the servants. It is their duty to make the National voice heard in the House of Commons. Their votes, no matter what the subject voted on, are governed by the best interests of Ireland. They are delarred by a pledge which there has been no attempt on any side to violate, to repudiate the emoluments and distinctions with which in old days Governments tempted the allegiance of Irish representatives. The task they have undertaken is for the most part a hard, dull, dry task, but eminently serviceable. The pressure of a solid disciplined body of Parliamentary representatives, all animated with the same purpose and voting the same vote, is a pressure that no government however strong can long uniformly withstand. But the people have their duty to the representatives who were elected on the understanding that they would be supported, and on that condition accepted the onerous duties of the position. If the people want the work done they must pay for the doing of it. The Irish members give their life's work to the cause; they neglect their own business; they sacrifice their incomes and their time to that service. But it is to ask of them the impossible to demand that they shall live in London without funds. Every man, therefore, who has an interest in any of the great Irish questions just mentioned, or in others which may seem to him greater, has a duty to subscribe for the support of Irish members, by whom alone those Irish questions may be forced along the steep and thorny path of remedial legislation.

Belfast, as usual, has done well for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Belfast is always at the front or very near it on these occasions. The Fund was inaugurated in Belfast on Monday night by a great meeting, which began with a total substantial sum of £118 7s 6d, which is certainly a very auspicious beginning. There is reason to hope that the progress of the Fund in Belfast will be not less satisfactory than the beginning. The Nationalists of Belfast know their duty and do it. In the opening contribution in Belfast laymen and clerics joined heartily as in the old days. As many as fourteen of the priests were amongst subscribers to the Fund. They recognize that the Irish Nationalist Party, the strongest and the best disciplined, was not merely willing but anxious for unity, and that by the whole-hearted support of that Party unity, on which all people's hearts are set, could be best attained. They recognize too that meanwhile important Irish work was to be done in Parliament and Irishmen were needed there able and willing to do it. The plain facts and the necessary inferences appeal with special force to a clear-headed commercial community. There has been, and naturally properly suggestion that the Government are preparing a bill to lop a portion of the Irish representation. But, a refusal by the country to support the members whom it selected, would be an even wilder and more dangerous disfranchisement measure than any likely to be attempted by the Government. If it would pay the Unionist Government to keep the Irish members out of the House, it would pay the Irish Nationalists of all sorts and colors to send them there and keep them there. Belfast has set, and will set, a good example, which the rest of Ireland will not be slow to follow.--Dublin Freeman.

Barry O'Brien's "Life of Parnell," is evidently going to cause trouble, as the reports from London say that a lawsuit has already been begun by T. P. O'Connor, against Smith & Elder, the publishers, to stop publication, although the book has only been circulated during the latter part of last week. The ground of the application for the injunction is statements regarding Mr. O'Connor's action in connection with the election of O'Shea for Galway. The publishers have offered to indemnify anybody for damages incurred through selling the book. Consequently some booksellers and libraries are supplying it and others are refusing.

Oxford University has decreed that when men present themselves to receive degrees they shall not wear colored shoes.



A robust manly son and a cooing baby-girl nesting in her bosom--with more can any womanly woman ask? It is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to every woman. Thousands fall of this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health during the period of prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. If she suffers from local weakness, nervousness or loss of vigor and vitality, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only unfailing cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and cheerful. It robs maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful specialist, who has had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many thousands of women. Medicines dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon. "I am the mother of a nice baby four and a half months old," writes Mrs. J. B. Clough (Box 203, of Lishon, Grafton Co., N.H.). "I cannot give too much praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

A PROTESTANT MINISTER'S INDICTMENT OF PROTESTANTS.

The Rev. Dr. De Costa, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist (Protestant Episcopal), has been preaching some sermons of late calculated, one would think, to draw an answer from his coreligionists. The Literary Digest of October 22nd, (New York), says that the Protestant press seem to have taken thus far no notice of his remarks. The New York "Herald" published an interview with Dr. De Costa, from which the Literary Digest quotes the following:-- "The immorality of the present day is something awful, and what are we

doing to check it? The Roman Catholics are doing much more. The more intensely Protestant a people the less religion is brought to bear with united efficiency against vice. There is no class of women in the world, I believe, so pure as the Catholic Irish in Ireland, as the Blue Books of Parliament, quoted by Mr. Stead, prove; and in highly Protestant strict Scotland, the monthly reports of vice, published in the papers almost without a sense of shame, are something awful. What I said in my sermon, and what I repeat, is that Protestantism is fighting a losing battle,

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THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

In the current number of the Nineteenth Century Lady Gregory has an article entitled, "Ireland Real and Ideal." She shows that she is thoroughly acquainted with the existing conditions of her native land, particularly in the field of agriculture; and she writes in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. Having explained how the average Irish farmer appears in English eyes as a sort of "Sancho," in "Don Quixote," and proved the great progress which "real" and not the "ideal," Irish farmer has been making of late years, Lady Gregory deals as follows with the Irish Language:--

The Gaelic League, which has come into being during the lull in politics, is a popular movement for the revival of the Irish Language. A society for its preservation had been in existence for some time, and had done good literary work. But as a spoken language Irish was dying away. England had tried to stamp it out in the penal days, and in our own days, after the Famine, the people themselves grew so eager to learn the language that would fit them for bread-winning across the sea that they were ready to risk the loss of their own. Old people tell how they were forced to speak English in their school days. "I used to have a cord tied around my neck, an Aran man says: when I was going home from school and if I spoke a word of Irish there was to be put a mark on it, and I'd get a beating from the master next day. But often my father would not like to put it on to get me the beating, and anyway boys like to do what they're told not to do, and we talked Irish all the more." But what parents and hedge schoolmasters had failed in doing the "National" school system stepped in and did. There is no danger now of any child growing up ignorant of English, the people are too well aware of its value in the battle of life. But the child in learning it has too often lost his own language, and with it the keen edge of his intelligence. In Irish-speaking districts he begins his school days thinking in Irish. He is set to learn a comparatively strange language by symbols that to him have no meaning, and that are explained in that unfamiliar language. The author of "The Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster" tells us of his early trials in having to learn Latin. "The round shot of this Latin grammar," he says, "had been, I believe, tied to our legs to prevent our intellectual straying. The hour at length arrived in which it was considered wise to attach another round shot to our other leg. This was done in the shape of a Greek grammar written entirely in Latin. This extra weight answered the purpose effectually: we were all brought to an immediate standstill." And in the same way the Irish-speaking child set to learn English through Irish on his arrival at school, has round shot attached to him at once, with the inevitable result of dulling his power of learning anything at all. I have been on an island where with the exception of a few coast-guard, the only inhabitant who did know Irish was the National schoolmaster. He complained of the slowness of the children in learning, and said it was the result of intermarriage. On a neighboring island I found the master teaching in Irish out of humanity and common sense and with no encouragement from the National Board, and I did not hear any complaints of the children's want of intelligence from him. Under the system I have described, the native language began to die away rapidly. Dignity and power of expression were to a great extent lost with the tongue that, like all other tongues, expressed the spirit of the race. It went out of fashion. Priests ceased to preach in it and peasants to pray in it. It was not understood that the really uncultured Irishman is the man who has lost the Gaelic tradition and culture and has not yet gained the culture and tradition of England. Sometimes even emigrants affected to look down on the language of their childhood. A man who returned some time ago from Australia tells me how he once greeted two Clare men in Irish, and they professed not to understand him; but a servant girl who was standing by, turned on them and gave them a raling. She said: "You don't know your own language, and you don't know English, and then they went away ashamed." But the people soon began to regret that they were losing, though they did not know the true extent of their loss, in the loss of the widened horizon and intellectual training of a bilingual people.

But again the hour had come and the man came to blow the smouldering turf to a flame. Even in England the name of Dr. Douglas Hyde is known through his beautiful translations of "The Love Songs of Connacht," and on the Continent, it is well-known as that of a scholar, a poet, a man of letters. He had devoted himself to finding and preserving what fragments of folklore, poetry and tradition might have remained among the people from the time of their literary greatness; for it must be remembered that we had a lyric poetry before Chaucer, and a literature that is now the mine at which the scholars in France and Ger-

many are eagerly working. Though he found much that had remained, he was shocked at the swiftness with which the language and its traditions were passing away. He saw that if it was to be saved it must be saved by the people themselves. The Gaelic League, founded in 1893, of which he is president, rests upon this basis. It aims, not at getting rid of English, but at "keeping Irish spoken where it is spoken still."

Forty-three branches have now been founded. A bilingual weekly paper, "Faoinn an Lae," (The Dawn of Day), is published, and has a large circulation. Sets of "Simple Lessons in Irish" are selling by the thousand. A yearly festival, the "Oireachtas," has been founded and is held in Dublin. This year Highland delegates attended it, and the first telegram in Gaelic crossed the Atlantic, bringing a greeting from America. For Ireland in America has come into the movement. New York has joined, Boston has joined, San Francisco, has joined, Washington has endowed a Celtic chair in its Catholic University with £10,000. No rich endowments have been made in Ireland, yet, the movement has rested upon those whose peace are precious. I notice in the report of the Galway Branch that it began with meetings of workmen only. Then the National Teachers were asked to join, and then the priests came in. The Bishop of Galway, the Bishop of Raphoe, Cardinal Logue, support the League strongly, and plead, "to have the tongue in which Columba and Adamnan spoke and preached and taught in our schools side by side with the language of Shakespeare and Newman." When a movement begins among the people and is then taken up by the priests, we may be sure the elements of success have been recognized in it. Little incidents mark the turn of the tide. An old Limerick farmer tells me that in his youth "all the farmers of Munster, the aristocracy of Ireland, were able to read and write Irish." Then came the generation that began to forget it, and now, he says, "my son is vexed that it was not taught to him, and is learning it himself in Limerick." Sometime ago in a village on the Galway coast, an old woman used to appear regularly every week at the dispensary, with a description of some new illness she was developing. It was found that this was her realistic way of interpreting for her neighbors, who "had no English," and so could not themselves explain their symptoms. The other day I noticed in a newspaper report that there had been a new doctor appointed to this dispensary district, and that the members of the Gaelic League had brought the weight of opinion to bear on the choice, and that an Irish-speaking doctor had been appointed.

The Christian Brothers now teach Irish in their schools, but the National Board is not yet awake to the strength of feeling in the matter, although, owing to the impulse given by the League, teachers of Irish have been appointed in two of the training colleges for teachers. And inspectors have been given leave if they wish to conduct examinations in Irish; but as all but two or three of these inspectors are ignorant of the language, this act of grace is not likely to be worn out by usage. Irish is now taught in about seventy National schools, as against seven in 1884; but as the Galway head inspector reports, "its teaching as an extra is so hampered by regulations that but little can be done while these regulations remain in force." And it may only be taught at all in the higher forms, so that children must be from three to five years at school with "the round shot" tied to the leg before they are allowed to learn at all. The Chief Commissioner of National Education has many anxious eyes upon him, and there is even a question of which policy would serve best, "to have a torchlight procession in his honor, or to break his windows. But I am not in favor of window breaking, for the Chief Commissioner is not only a Galway man, but is himself a scholar and a master of so many languages that he will not grudge his young fellow-countrymen the advantage of two.

I have heard that some years ago, owing to the spread of German, the Czech language had so nearly died out in Bohemia, that one of a small company of learned men gathered together to discuss the possibility of its revival glanced up and said: "If that ceiling were to fall, the Bohemian language would be at an end." But not only that language but its literature have now come to vigorous life again. Our Gaelic movement, which is being sympathetically watched by the countries bordering encroaching Germany, has not been born such a weakling, for Gaelic is still spoken as a living language by over half a million of our race. Nationalist M. P.'s in neglecting it, lost a great opportunity. Had they been able to carry on those stormy Home Rule debates in their native tongue in Westminster, they would soon not only have been allowed but implored to carry their oratory to College Green. It is still remembered in this country how Daniel O'Connell, himself, no advocate of Irish, battled the Government reporters at an open-air meeting by delivering his speech in that tongue. Even a few years ago a local board of guardians

proposed and passed a resolution in Irish in favor of some Land League measure, which would never have been sanctioned by their chairman, a worthy Unionist peer, if he had any idea what it was all about. And in an Irish-speaking parish on the sea-coast, the priest, obliged to read the Pope's rescript against boycotting, read it in English, that it might not be understood by these of his congregation most in need of it. But the Irish tongue never reached Parliament. Mr. O'Brien would have none of it in those days, or spare it a corner in "United Ireland." But he afterwards learned it when in goal, and is now making up for his early errors by support of the League and the gift of a silver cup for competition. Mr. Healy is also said to have learned it in goal from another member of the Land League, teaching him French in return. "But," says his fellow-prisoner, "if he knows as little Irish now as I do French, there isn't much between us."

MRS. L. EMOND.

Sick Fourteen Years—More Than Half the Time in Bed— Now She is Well Again, and Tells How Other Women May Regain Their Health.

The following story is truly pathetic. Fourteen years ago (in 1884) a woman was sick with womb trouble. The trouble went on from bad to worse. Such diseases never did and never will cure themselves. As the days pass the pains and weakness increase. Finally comes the collapse. The patient goes to bed. Here she still grows worse. Finally she drags herself from bed and totters around on her feet in an effort to forget her agonies. She reads in a newspaper about a marvelous medicine. She writes for advice to famous specialists. Then she recovers her health completely. Just think of those needless years of torture! She could have been cured in 1884 just as well as in 1898. But read her own words. Mrs. L. Emond, 2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: "I had womb trouble for fourteen years. My left side ached terribly, and so did my heart. More than half of the time I had to stay in bed, but especially for the last two years. My sickness was much worse toward the end, and I could not sleep and could not rest in bed. I spent my nights in walking the floor, trying to forget that I was suffering so much. I wrote your specialist, received a long letter in reply, followed his advice, and today I sincerely thank him. To him I owe my cure, for his good advice and special treatment he sent me, together with Dr. Codrere's Red Pills, completely cured me. I am also glad to give my testimony, in order to help other sick women." (Signed) Mrs. L. Emond, 2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Illinois.



This is not a single instance where Dr. Codrere's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women have brought about a cure for womb trouble. It is only one of thousands. Don't you see in the papers, day after day, the pictures of different women, together with their own stories of recovery? Dr. Codrere's Red Pills cure every kind of female trouble. They are unequalled for the girl as she goes through the period called puberty. They are a positive regulator of the system of all women, whether young or old, or whites. They strengthen the delicate supports of the womb and overcome proflapsus and bearing-down pains. They banish

headache, nervousness, sleeplessness by giving vigor and tone to the feminine system. They regulate the digestion and enrich the blood, thus curing pimples, blotches and ugly complexion. The pills are much easier to take than liquid medicines, and they cost only half as much. They can be carried about, and swallowed without attracting attention. The best way for sick women and girls to do is to write to our famous specialists for advice. This is given absolutely free. No local physician has had so much experience as our specialists. Personal consultation and treatment can be had at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal. Dr. Codrere's Red Pills are widely imitated. Beware of all red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or at 25 cents a box. They are worthless imitations. Get the genuine at all honest druggists. They have them—always fifty Red Pills in a box for 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50. Or you can send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order to us. We mail them all over the world. No duty to pay. Dr. Codrere's Red Pills, at 50 cents a box, last longer than liquid medicines costing \$1. They are easier to take, more convenient to carry, and they cure. Under no circumstances take anything which is said to be "just the same" or "just as good" as Dr. Codrere's Red Pills. It is not so. It is false. There is nothing like them made. No one else knows the formula. Address all letters to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

proposed and passed a resolution in Irish in favor of some Land League measure, which would never have been sanctioned by their chairman, a worthy Unionist peer, if he had any idea what it was all about. And in an Irish-speaking parish on the sea-coast, the priest, obliged to read the Pope's rescript against boycotting, read it in English, that it might not be understood by these of his congregation most in need of it. But the Irish tongue never reached Parliament. Mr. O'Brien would have none of it in those days, or spare it a corner in "United Ireland." But he afterwards learned it when in goal, and is now making up for his early errors by support of the League and the gift of a silver cup for competition. Mr. Healy is also said to have learned it in goal from another member of the Land League, teaching him French in return. "But," says his fellow-prisoner, "if he knows as little Irish now as I do French, there isn't much between us."

His Lordship Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, speaking at a recent meeting held at the Letterkenny Literary Institute for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Gaelic League at that town recently, referred to the movement. During the course of an address he said:-- He would regard it as his duty to help and spread and preserve the dear old Irish tongue, the tongue of the heroes of this land-- Finn and Cuichulinn and Cormac M'Art, of Brian and Nial, and their own Hugh Roe O'Donnell. It should not die; it ought not to die; and, God willing, would not die. In Iniskeel, his native parish, more of the people could repeat the old tongue, and this was true, not only of the Catholic people, but of their Protestant neighbors. When a boy at school in Letterkenny one of his pleasantest recollections was how those kindly Protestant neighbors welcomed him when he returned home on vacation in the dear old Irish tongue. If zeal and earnestness were guarantees of success then the Gaelic movement could not fail. From what he understood of the aims of those guiding the movement they were chiefly directing their efforts towards securing the permanence of the language in those parts of the country where it was spoken in the homes of the people, but in aiming at this they might achieve far more. There was a legend with which some of the audience might be familiar concerning a man who coming to the shores of an island bargained with the inhabitants that he might have as his

property so much of the land as his handkerchief could cover. This was granted, and what was the surprise of the islanders to see that the handkerchief was one which had magic qualities, and spread itself out till it covered all the island. Thus would the Irish language, nurtured and strengthened in the Gaelic-speaking districts, spread throughout the country, and realize the dream of those who longed to see Irish the tongue of all our people, and spoken in Ireland from the centre to the sea. He was not recommending that English should not be cultivated. It had been the vehicle for the thoughts of master minds, embracing some of the masterpieces of the world's literature, and yet he agreed with those who claimed that the Irish language was necessary to draw out the peculiar genius of the Irish race. Nor were the prospects of the Gaelic movement by any means gloomy. Strongly at its back was an array of the clergy of Ireland, not of one denomination alone. They had too the national teachers of Ireland who have in their hands the educational training of the rising generation, and as the four masters rescued from ruin the history of the nation, the national teachers of Ireland might be destined to be the survivors of the language of the Gael. They had the press of the country, even the daily press strong on their side. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that the branch they were establishing that evening would become one of the most flourishing in the country, and would grow like a fair green tree capable of bearing beautiful flowers and the richest of fruits.

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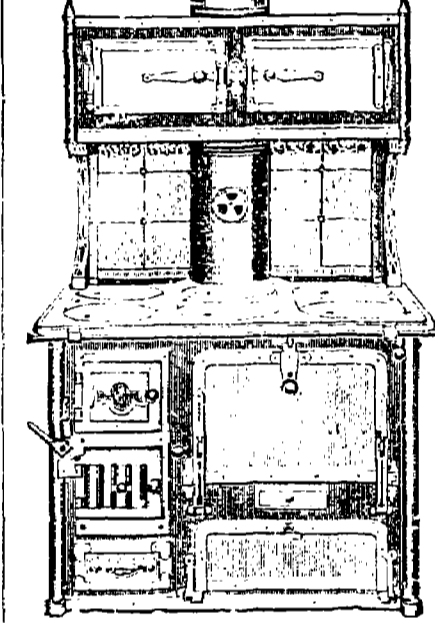
La Banque Jacques Cartier, DIVIDEND No. 66.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Three Per Cent. (3 p. c.) for the current half-year has been declared upon the capital stock of this Institution, and that the same will be paid at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Thursday, the First Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, TANCREDE BIENVENU, General Manager, Montreal, 18th October, 1898.

BANQUE VILLE MARIE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A dividend of three per cent. (3 per cent.) for the current half year, equal to six per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared; and that the same will be payable at the head office, or at its branches, on or after Thursday, the 1st day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, W. WEIR, President and General Manager, Montreal, Oct. 29th, 1898.

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CANADA: PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1570. SUPERIOR COURT.

DAME MARGARET JANE TAYLOR, of the City of Montreal, wife of DANIEL JAMES CLARKE, heretofore of the same place, traveler, now of parts unknown, Plaintiff;

vs. The said DANIEL JAMES CLARKE, Defendant. An action for reparation from bed and board has been this day instituted in the above cause. Montreal, 4th November, 1898.

JOHN B. ABBOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff. The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month. L. D. GAREAU, Deputy Prothonotary, Montreal, 5th November, 1898.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court. No. 1571. DAME ADELE BROSSARD, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of EDMOND LEBEVRE, agent, of the same place, duly authorized a ceter in justice, has taken an act in separation as to property from her said husband.

Montreal, November 3rd, 1898. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, 16-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted 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.

DUTY OF CITIZENS IN REGARD TO MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

In the issue of a couple of weeks ago a specimen from one of our correspondents was given, relative to the feeling now existing as to the management of public affairs by our present city fathers. Since that time, to judge by what reaches the office day by day, in the shape of uncomplimentary comment, public sentiment is very much aroused against the council of the city, and the attempt being made to tax religious institutions seems to have caused the wrath of correspondents to overflow.

It is all very well to denounce, but is it not better to look the question fairly in the face, and find out the cause, if possible, of the present condition of affairs, and then to seek if there be no remedy to that condition which, indeed, is little short of desperate? Loan upon loan has been effected of late years, appropriation after appropriation has been exceeded, illegal expenditures have been made upon all sides, the cry of no money for this, that or the other necessity has been heard until it has become unbearable. The resources of the city appear to be exhausted, and fresh borrowing powers, we are told, are absolutely necessary to enable these in control of our civic affairs to carry on the city government.

The question presents itself: who is responsible for this deplorable state of affairs, and are our city fathers wholly to blame? To any impartial observer it will be plain that the members of the city council are not the only sinners in the matter under review. The system of our civic government is at the root of the trouble, and until some means shall have been adopted to put things on a different basis, no real or permanent change for the better can be hoped for. It is unnecessary to go back to the days when all power was in the hands of a few, who legislated for their own interests, and could, therefore, give their time and labor apparently without remuneration. But it is well to observe that with the extension of the franchise and the larger representation secured by those who were originally considered the less favored classes, the idea has prevailed that men could be found, who being without large means and obliged to work for a living, to speak plainly, would be willing and ready and anxious, for the pure honor of the thing, to devote the time and labor necessary for support of themselves and their families, free, gratis and for nothing, to a thankless public.

Strange as it may appear this notion has existed for years and years, and still exists to the present day here and now. In every other walk of life, except in the administration of our public affairs, under the municipal system, the laborer is considered to be worthy of his hire. The storekeeper is not expected to give away his goods; the artisan must be paid for his time and material; people expect to pay the lawyer, the doctor, the architect or the accountant for his services. If a bank requires a manager or a cashier, should a corporation of any kind need a man of affairs, those institutions seek for the best talent, they look out

for the best trained ability, and invariably find it they pay the highest price for what suits them best. The government of a city, and more especially a city of between three and four hundred thousand souls, is surely a matter of some moment, requires talent of no mean order, and an aptitude for affairs that would command a large salary in any other department. Yet, with a blindness that is simply incomprehensible, up to this moment, the people have been expecting to see such trained ability sacrificing itself on the altar of the city, not merely for nothing in the way of remuneration, but with the additional burden of having to pay roundly in election expenses for the honor of thus conferring their services upon the public.

It will be said that there are many men in our midst who have the time and the means to devote to public affairs, and that they should do it. Such men, in small number, there undoubtedly are, but we must take men and things as we find them, and unfortunately it is well known that such men not only decline to serve the public but take very little interest in the manner that public affairs are managed by anybody else. Such men turn disdainfully from the office of alderman and spurn to be connected with municipal matters in any way. To such an extent does this wretched spirit prevail, that it is with the greatest difficulty that wealthy citizens can be induced to even cast their votes on election day. It is patent, then, that the remedy must be sought for in some other quarter than from the wealthy. What, then, should be done? Time and again it has been suggested to put the civic affairs into the hands of paid commissioners. Such a remedy would be efficacious at all events for a time but it is too drastic to meet with popular favor. A civic cabinet is now under consideration to be composed of men selected from the board of aldermen. In so far as it has been possible to follow the discussion, the remedy suggested can hardly meet the exigencies of the city at present. Under our present system the board of aldermen is altogether too large, it has assumed the proportions of a good sized parliament.

The first thing to be done is to reduce the number of representatives by one-half, and then to the office of alderman should be attached a salary that will enable the occupant to live and support his family whilst devoting his time to the public affairs, and place him beyond the necessity of temptation of hoodling, or either directly or indirectly using his position for illegitimate gain. To ensure honesty in the administration of the city's affairs first class men are a "sine qua non," and to secure such the co-operation of the pulpit, with the laymen of good will is an imperative necessity. Here we are threatened with the taxation of institutions of charity that have been relieving the city, for years and years, of burdens that it should have shouldered, and all because our means have been squandered by a lot of incompetent representatives, to speak mildly.

Good men are needed, men of brains and training, and these can be had if the pulpits of our city, will ring out the call to them, to devote their energies to the public good, to arouse themselves from the lethargy into which they have fallen. Honest and capable men, knowing that they need not beggar themselves, since their services will be paid for, will come forward as popular representatives.

Our city is not poverty-stricken, on the contrary, it is the wealthiest city in the Dominion, one of the most prosperous and progressive on this continent. With competent men to guide our affairs, the present taxation is more than sufficient to meet all demands. Give us a board of aldermen of the right stamp, half or one-third as numerous as the present body, but with salaries commensurate with the duties they will be required to perform, and the city's bonds will go up by leaps and bounds, the cross condition the city is now in will be a thing of the past, and we shall have heard the last sound, of the inhuman cry, for taxing the institutions, that have grown up upon public charity, for the protection of God's helpless creatures.

THE RETREAT AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Before our next issue reaches our city subscribers, especially those of them who are young women, it may be as well to call attention again to the fact that their spiritual retreat will open on Sunday, December 4, and continue during the ensuing week, and

for the best trained ability, and invariably find it they pay the highest price for what suits them best. The government of a city, and more especially a city of between three and four hundred thousand souls, is surely a matter of some moment, requires talent of no mean order, and an aptitude for affairs that would command a large salary in any other department. Yet, with a blindness that is simply incomprehensible, up to this moment, the people have been expecting to see such trained ability sacrificing itself on the altar of the city, not merely for nothing in the way of remuneration, but with the additional burden of having to pay roundly in election expenses for the honor of thus conferring their services upon the public.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of this week the Sisters of Mercy celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the foundation of their community in this city; and the occasion was also availed of to inaugurate and bless their new Foundling Asylum. The Order was founded in 1843, by that great prelate to whom Montreal is indebted for so many noble institutions of beneficence, Bishop Bourget; but the institution which the Order was established to administer was founded by Madame Jetté, a widow, on St. George street, many years before. Her maiden name was Marie Rosalie, and she was the daughter of a poor farmer at Lavaltrie. Her heart was moved to compassion by reflecting on the condition of girls and women who had strayed from the path of virtue; and she resolved to devote her life to the work of rescuing and reforming them. Having received the approbation and encouragement of Bishop Bourget, she set herself to work energetically, with the result that she was soon obliged to move into a large house, at the corner of St. Catherine and St. Andre streets. Seven other pious women joined her in her good work, and Mgr. Bourget received their vows in 1848, Madame Jetté taking the name of Sister Marie de la Nativite. She modestly declined the position of Superioress, and Sister Ste. Jeanne de Chantal was elected to the office.

The numbers of penitents who entered the Institute des Sœurs de la Misericorde rapidly increased. In 1849, there were 87 penitents in it. Three years later these hapless mothers numbered 97. In 1853, the foundation of the present spacious institute was laid. It fronts on Dorchester street, and extends to St. Hubert street, St. Andre, and Laguchetiere streets. The Order has branches in Ottawa, in New York and in Manitoba. Up till 1880, the newly born infants were, after having been baptized, sent to the crèche in the Convent of Grey Nuns, they became so numerous, however, that it was decided by the Sisters of Mercy to build a crèche of their own. This large wing of their vast building has been completed; and it was formally opened and blessed by Archbishop Bruchesi and Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa on Monday.

On Sunday the golden Jubilee of the foundation of the community was commemorated by a solemn High Mass, at which Archbishop Duhamel pontificated, by a sermon by Archbishop Bruchesi in French, and a sermon by the Rev. J. E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's, in English. It was at the evening service that Father Donnelly delivered his able and interesting sermon during the course of which he referred to the magnificent work of the Order during the half century of its existence in Montreal.

Amongst the large congregation which filled every available space in the beautiful chapel, were Sir Wilfrid and Lady Hingston, Mr. Justice Curran and Mrs. Curran, Mr. Michael Burke and Mrs. Burke and a number of other prominent Irish Catholics.

During Archbishop Bruchesi's eloquent sermon His Grace sited some interesting statistics showing the good and charitable work which is being performed by the Institute in Montreal. He said:--

"Let me give you a few figures regarding what has been done in this institution in the last six years. 1682 young girls or women have been received and kept and cared for gratuitously. 285 paid for a small portion of what their board and lodging cost. Only 228 paid for their board and lodging in full. 2,044 infants were taken in and most of them kept for nothing. 18,056 medical prescriptions were made up gratuitously. The community has spent \$388,371 upon its work--an amount of money which has been expended

in this city, what amount received from the Provincial Government, \$4,809.25. From the City, nothing. I hope that the sinister rumors as to placing a heavy burden of taxation upon this and other institutions which perform similar work, which have of late alarmed the communities in charge of them, are not well founded. These devoted self-sacrificing religious are not strangers to you. They are your daughters, your sisters, or your friends. Will this taxation scheme be adopted? No. The French and Catholic blood that runs in our veins tells us it will not. If, however, we are mistaken, and a burden and an affliction are placed upon religious and charitable institutions established by so much labor and anxiety, and self-sacrificing devotion, the good works will still be carried on."

THE SHIP FEVER MONUMENT.

We find the following somewhat sympathetic editorial observations in the "Daily Witness":--

Another landmark seems to be doomed. The iron horse is to prance over the graves of those who perished of ship fever in 1848. The romantic monument erected there by the men who built Victoria Bridge, a memorial which has drawn the attention of many a traveller, is to be removed to some more appropriate place--some place more appropriate forsooth than upon the resting-place of those whose fate it commemorates. Where else would that great boulder be anything but a monument to the fact that these immigrants were now trampled on. We suppose it is not intended to dig up the dead. There have been many men who have places on the page of Canadian history whose grave-stones lie kicking about or have long since been built into walls or broken into road metal. What marvel, then, if the resting-place of a few thousand strangers is not sacred in our eyes?"

For many years the "True Witness" has been urging that some steps should be taken to secure the plot of ground where these victims of the terrible "ship fever" of 1847 lie buried and the Rev. Fathers of the Redemptorists in charge of St. Ann's Church have, since their advent to that parish, helped to attract attention to this particular spot by holding a special Requiem service for the repose of the souls of the thousands of Irish Catholics whose bones are there interred. It will be remembered that last year the fiftieth anniversary of their death was commemorated, and that the "True Witness" published an extensive report of the ceremonies and of the speeches delivered by the priests of the English-speaking parishes and the leading Irish Catholic public men on the occasion. At that time, judging by the immense gathering that assembled around the monument erected by strangers to the memory of the victims of misrule and famine and fever whose resting-place it marks, we felt confident that, before another year elapsed, another and more fitting monument would be built on a spot hallowed by the remains of Irish Catholics some of whom, perhaps, are near and dear to many an Irishman and Irishwoman in Montreal.

Through causes to which we have no desire to make any reference here, nothing has been done in the matter; and the consequence is that, as was pointed out by a correspondent whose letter we published last week, we are confronted with the probability--we may almost say the certainty--that over this sacred piece of ground there will be placed iron rails and railway equipment by the Grand Trunk Railway authorities. We have been informed that the members of St. Patrick's League are considering what steps, if any, can be taken to prevent the removal of this sacred old landmark, in the preservation of which every Irishman and Irishwoman, and also every Catholic, in Montreal, ought to feel personally concerned--a removal which would be both a desecration and a calamity.

In this issue we reproduce an extract from the deed of sale which gave the title of the property to the Protestant Bishop of Montreal for the sum of five dollars. As our correspondent hinted it is rather strange that the Protestant Bishop of Montreal did not confer with the pastors of the English-speaking Catholic parishes of the city, when he had received the letter from the Grand Trunk Railway management asking for the right to extend their tracks over a grave-yard in which are buried the bodies of six thousand people, of whom 95 per cent. were Catholics.

ST. MARY'S BAZAAR

To Open December 5th.

The English-speaking Catholics of the East-End of this city are just now engaged in the praiseworthy task of assisting the esteemed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, and his energetic and able assistant, Rev. M. L. Shea, to secure funds in order to carry on the work of decorating the Church to a successful conclusion.

The parishioners of St. Mary's are very anxious to beautify their sacred edifice and the appeals they have addressed to all classes of citizens of Montreal have met with a very generous response in the way of donations, as may be seen by a glance at the list given below. Rev. Father Shea has been the principal worker in bringing in the array of articles which will decorate the various tables and the booths at the bazaar, which will open on December 5, in the basement of the Church. In this work, Father Shea is enthusiastically supported by the ladies of the various committees.

During the course of the bazaar there will be a series of entertainments and on the opening night the C. O. F. will hold a banquet at which all the leading public men will assist. Father O'Donnell and his popular assistant should be encouraged in their laudable undertaking, not alone by the English-speaking Catholics of the eastern section of the city, but also by the contributions of the other four English-speaking parishes of Montreal. The following is a list of donations received up to the present:--

- 1. Piano, Willis & Co., Notre Dame Street.
2. Parlor set, Wilder & Co.
3. Bedroom set, Mr. L. Lapointe.
4. Handsome couch, Mrs. J. Horahan.
5. Beautiful carpet, Mr. T. Ligget.
6. Wall paper for two rooms, Mr. A. Showers.
7. Ton of coal, Mrs. P. McCrory.
8. Barrel of flour, Mr. M. Hickey.
9. Horse, Mr. Jos. Lefebvre.
10. Harness, Thos. Phelan.
11. Sleigh, Mr. J. J. Ryan.
12. Cow, Mr. J. Condon.
13. Calf, Mr. P. Scullion.
14. Bale of hay, Miss Kavanagh.
15. Sewing machine, Singer Sewing Machine Co., through Mr. C. Forest.
16. Knives, Mr. L. J. A. Surveyer.
17. Spoons, Mr. B. J. Coughlin.
18. Set of dishes, Mr. Lavilette of Cassidy & Co.
19. Dinner set, Mrs. Schultze.
20. Case of Sauterne, Mr. Farrell.
21. Gold headed cane, Mr. A. Bannerman.
22. Silk vest, Mr. Martin Phelan.
23. Hall stand, Mr. T. Ryan.
24. Picture with easel, Sadlier & Co.
25. Picture and dressed dolls, Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Moore.
26. Picture of Father Shea, Ariess & Co.
27. Valuable book, Mrs. Fitzgerald.
28. Fur mat, Desjardins & Co.
29. Hand painted picture and frame, Miss Coleman.
30. Silk hat, Lorge & Co.
31. Costly pictures, Mrs. Dowling.
32. Donations, Mr. & Mrs. D. McDonald.
33. Small but pretty stove, Mr. McVey.
34. Silver Decanter, Mr. Mongeau.
35. Silver fruit dish, Mr. Feeley.
36. Fruit in season, Messrs. O. & E. Hart.
37. Donation, Mr. J. Morley.
38. Set of glass ware, Mrs. Darragh.
39. Pair of slippers, Mr. Reay.
40. Pair of slippers, Mr. Gauthier.
41. Handsome cake, Mr. McGarry.
42. A suitable gift, Rev. Fr. McGarry.
43. Tidies for parlor set, Miss Crowe.
44. Box of Toys, Master John Toohy.
45. Donation, Miss Reilly.
46. Box of rubbers, C. R. Co.
47. Elegant Japanese tea box, Mr. E. O'Brien.
48. Parlor carpet, Mr. T. Ligget.
49. Box of Strachan's Gilt Edge Soap, Wm. Strachan.
50. Statue of St. Anthony, C. B. Lancelot.
51. Pair of ladies' shoes, Mr. Wayland.
52. Suit of clothes, G. H. Pearson & Co.
53. Music stand, Miss Linahan.
54. Handsome table, Mr. Geo. Labbé.
55. Precious gift, Messrs. Frothingham & Workman.
56. Set of irons, W. Ryan.
57. Glass ware, Mr. Leduc.
58. Beautiful '88 cushion, Mrs. J. O'Gorman.
59. Picture and clock, Mrs. W. Phelan.
60. Fine cushion, Miss Suprenant.
61. Rubber boots with uppers, Mr. James McKeown.
62. Small house in glass case, Miss Tucker.
63. Elegant parlor lamp, Miss Hunt.
64. Cigars, 1 box, Mr. Vidricaire.
65. Cigars, 1 box, Mr. Forest.
66. A fine clock, Miss Whitaker.
67. A beautiful album, Hodgson, Sumner & Co.
68. Carpet sweeper, Mr. E. Cavanagh.
69. Valuable Book, Mr. T. Gaynor.
70. Beautiful picture, Mrs. T. Ryan.
71. Parlor mat, Mr. H. Hickey.
72. Box of fine soap, Mrs. Finnerty.
73. Generous donation, Mr. T. F. Moore.
74. Donation, Mrs. Monk.
75. Picture and fruit dish, Mrs. Harvey.
76. Liberal donation, Mr. E. R. Gunning.
77. A splendid picture, Miss Mullaly.

- 78. Lace trimming, Miss McEntee.
80. Silver Card tray, Miss Chamberlain.
81. Pair of vases, Miss Hamilton.
82. Gold watch, Rev. Fr. O'Donnell.
83. A generous gift, Mr. W. O'Brien.
84. Ladies' rubbers, Mr. Gravel.
85. A pioneer box, Mr. Wm. Brennan.

The ladies of the different booths are requested to give in their lists of articles as soon as possible.

CONVERSAZIONE AT LOYOLA COLLEGE.

It was decided at a meeting called on Saturday 18th inst, presided over by Lady Hingston, with Miss F. MacDonnell as secretary, that a Conversazione will be held at the Loyola College, on Thursday evening, Dec. 1st, 8 to 10 o'clock, in aid of the new chapel. This entertainment has been organized by friends of Loyola and it is gratifying to note that it is a purely voluntary offering on their part and a token, which must be extremely pleasing to the Rev. Rector and his assistants, of the general appreciation of the new institute.

The ticket, 50 cts., will enable all to contribute to the completion and adornment of the chapel, a work always dear to Catholic hearts, and will entitle the holder to be present at a delightful, social reunion, with music furnished by leading musicians and by the boys of the College. Flowers, candy and refreshments, including pastries, tea, coffee, ice cream and cake, will be sold for the benefit of the work. It will be, of course, quite optional with those who attend, to partake or not to partake of these good things. So that the ticket will be the only absolutely necessary expense in attending the entertainment.

The following ladies are amongst those who have actively engaged in its organization, most of whom were present at the meeting; many more equally prominent and equally devoted have expressed a wish to assist in this work of zeal:--

- Lady Hingston, Mrs. Edward Murphy, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. F. D. Monk, Mrs. Godfrey Weir, Madame A. R. Angers, Mrs. Michael Burke, Mrs. F. B. McNamee, Mrs. Casack, Mrs. Thomas McCarthy, Mrs. Wurtelle, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. Tansey, Mrs. T. P. Owens, Mrs. J. G. McCarthy, Mrs. de B. Macdonald, Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. W. McNally, Madame Hector Provost, Madame Chevalier, Madame Simard, Mrs. Allan MacDonnell, Mrs. J. J. Milloy, Mrs. McGovern, Mrs. Skelly, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. M. H. Hicks, Mrs. Starnes, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Meagher, Mrs. Coyle, Madame Louis Masson, Madame R. Masson, Madame C. Le Blanc, Madame Broseau, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Edouard Amos, Mrs. E. C. Monk, Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. C. Casey, Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Gibson, and the Misses Drummond, Guerin, Trilhey, de B. Macdonald, Gethin, Murphy, Victoria Macdonald, Sheridan, Brown, Sadlier, Flynn, Bartley, Lamontagne, Irvine, Drum, Sharpe, Monk, Harkins, Cummings, Feron, Kavanagh, Estelle O'Brien, A. O'Brien, Doyle, Valois, Forget, Roy, Dunsereau, G. Roy, Leblanc, McCallum.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Bernard McCann.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the demise of Mrs. Bernard McCann, which sad event occurred at her residence, 125 Mansfield street, on the night of the 17th inst, after a prolonged illness.

There is a feeling of deepest sympathy for the bereaved family in the dire affliction with which Divine Providence, in His infinite wisdom, has deigned to visit them, and their loss is shared by the numerous friends of the deceased who recognized in her a valuable member of society, an exemplary and zealous Catholic, and one who in all relations of life was a model mother and devoted wife.

The funeral which was held on Monday morning, was largely attended by a large concourse of citizens of all classes, thus testifying to the high esteem in which she was held. A solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted at St. Patrick's Church, where deceased worshipped so long and devoutly, after which the remains were transferred to Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment.

The "True Witness" tenders to Mr. McCann and family its respectful and sincere condolence in the loss they have sustained.

The large circle of friends of Sir Frank Smith will sympathize with him in the death of his eldest son, Mr. H. Harvey Smith, which sad event occurred at Colorado, a few days ago. Deceased had only reached his thirty-fifth year and had many friends in the Queen City.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. B. SOCIETY.

The annual religious temperance celebration of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will be held in St. Patrick's Church, Sunday evening, Nov. 27th. A special sermon will be preached on the occasion and the St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's T. A. B. Societies will also be present.

Heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children; to reward those about them for their inevitable cares.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

In the current number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review there is an interesting historical paper entitled "The Irish Patriot Priests of 1898," by G. P. Smyth, which forms a fitting tribute to the literature evoked by the centenary of Ireland's brave struggle for freedom.

The author points out that the first Catholic priest to champion the cause of the persecuted people of that time was the Rev. James Quigley. He was the son of an Armagh farmer, and was for some time a student in what is now the Irish College, Paris. He was a spectator of the opening scenes of the French Revolution, narrowly escaped being hanged as a supposed Royalist priest, and returned at 85 years of age, to Ireland. When 7,000 Catholics, peasants of Armagh country, were, in 1797, expelled from their homes by truculent Orangemen, he took a very prominent part in rendering them assistance. He was probably the first priest who took the oath of the United Irishmen. Some months after this trouble in Ulster he returned to Paris, where he became intimate with Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, Arthur O'Connor, and the brave young Roche. After a journey to London he was arrested through the agency of an informer, who secured his conviction by placing an incriminating document in his pocket. He was hanged, and in accordance with the sentence his head was then cut off.

The immortal Father John Murphy, the hero of Oulart Hill, comes next, and as his exploits have already been recounted in the "True Witness," it is unnecessary to repeat them. What is new to many is the account of the torture to which this heroic martyr was subjected by the British soldiery when he had been captured. He was stripped and tied up, and he was given five hundred lashes with the cat-o-nine-tails. As this horrible laceration failed to kill him, his head was cut off, and his body was burned in a pitch barrel. The head was placed on a fourteen-foot pole at the chapel gate.

Father Michael Murphy, who was killed by a cannon ball while leading a charge of pikemen with a green flag in his hand, was the next patriot priest to die in the cause of Faith and Fatherland. Father Philip Roche,

Father Moses Kearns, and Father Glinch complete the list of "fighting saggartas" who shed their blood for their religion and their country.

But a number of other priests, non-combatants, and even non-sympathizers with the Rebellion, such as Father John Redmond, were either hanged or sent to the penal settlement of Botany Bay. To these patriot Irish priests who were thus exiled as felons, belongs the glory of having founded the Catholic Church in Australasia.

Let those Catholics who are now industriously striving to promulgate the idea of a public system of dealing with our unfortunate poor by assisting Protestant theorists and dreamers to impose a tax upon our religious institutions read and ponder over the eloquent words of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, spoken at the celebration of the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Sisters of Mercy, of Montreal, which we take from the preface of an interesting little souvenir volume issued in connection with the notable event. His Grace in speaking of the magnificent labors carried on within the walls of the convent said:--

"This work of goodness and mercy of Jesus is being carried on throughout the ages and has been accomplished here for fifty years past. If you knew, my dear brethren, all the good that is done in this house; if you only knew all the sorrows, all the misfortunes, all the anguish which have found a refuge and relief beneath this blessed roof during the past fifty years; if you only knew with what self-sacrifice, what discretion, what scrupulous reserve chastity is exercised here! If you only knew how many families owe to this house the preservation of their honor in the eyes of the world! No, no, the miracles of grace worked within these walls are unknown. Not only do unfortunate young girls find here a refuge from shame and despair but they also recover the friendship of God and learn to practice the most beautiful of virtues. Elsewhere the good accomplished is seen; here, it is hidden and must remain hidden! Behold the peculiar merit of the Sisters of this Community! Behold the special characteristic of their institute.

NOTES OF LOCAL INTEREST.

A delightfully interesting entertainment was that given by Miss Mabelle Biggart, in the Kern Hall, Friday evening, and those present spent a very enjoyable evening. Miss Biggart is a writer and dramatist, and her entertainment consists of selections from one of her own books, "Solomon Garland." Solomon Garland was a native of Devonshire, who had settled in Newfoundland, and around his life Miss Biggart has weaved a pretty romance with a tragic ending. Canadians have not paid much attention to Newfoundland or its people, and Miss Biggart's charming description of the people and their quaint ways was a real treat.

In addition to Miss Biggart's reading, there was a brief preliminary concert of which the following was the programme:--

- Organ Solo, Concert Fantaisie, in F Minor (Aug. Freyer), Mr. E. A. Hilton.
- Harp Solo, Impromptu Fantaisie, (Chopin), Mr. Fred. E. Morris.
- Soprano Solo, Do Saran Rose, (Arditti), Miss Mabel Barker.
- Baritone Solo, The Creole Lover's Song, (Dudley Burk), Mr. Arthur Jones.
- Organ Solo, selected, Mr. E. A. Hilton.

The writer was fortunate enough to be seated behind four ladies (?) who kept up an animated conversation from the beginning to the end of the entertainment, and the pleasure of the evening was considerably marred on this account. The thought has often occurred: what do these people go to entertainments for? Surely, if they cannot go to such places without interfering with the enjoyment of others, they ought to remain away.

Monday, the 21st inst, being the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, and also the patronal Feast of the Grand Seminary, it was celebrated with much éclat by the professors and students.

Pontifical High Mass was sung by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who also delivered an eloquent sermon. After Mass there took place a renewal of clerical vows by all present. All then retired and partook of a sumptuous banquet, which had been prepared by the hospitality of the Rev. Sulpician Fathers.

Together with Archbishop Bruchesi there were also present their Graces

THE NEGRO PROBLEM ACROSS THE BORDER.

The negro problem to which Rev. Father Doyle of the Paulist Fathers, New York, referred at a dedication of a church for the colored congregation of St. Benedict the Moor, in that city, has been in a measure introduced in our city courts in connection with one of our public places of amusement. The recent riots in Southern cities in the neighboring republic would indicate a very critical condition of affairs.

The governor of Alabama furnished the following statement of his views upon the question to a New York paper last week:--

"Every attempt to subject the people of any state or locality in the South to the domination of the negro will end in revolution, either peaceful or bloody. It is best for both races that the white people should control. Any interference by the federal government in the internal affairs of the state can only excite resentment and increase discord. The people of North Carolina and South Carolina are as capable of attending to their own affairs as the people of any other state.

Father Doyle's address dealt with the negro problem of the past and future with regard to its relation to the Roman Catholic Church. He said in part:--

"The negro problem is bristling with difficulties, which are destined to increase as growing wealth and increasing knowledge make the colored people realize their power. The Catholic Church has peculiar claims on the negro race. Not the least of these is the fact that it was through the beneficent influence of her teaching and by her compelling power in shaping legislation and in modifying the vital relationships between man and man that the total abolition of slavery was brought about.

"Civil freedom is not enough unless it is accompanied by spiritual freedom. A man who believes a lie is a slave to error. A man who commits a crime is a slave to his passions. After civil emancipation there must follow a spiritual regeneration if the negro race is to prosper.

"It cannot be denied that the negro problem is one of the most difficult problems this country has to face. The ebullient millions of strong muscles and warm hearts are striving under the influence of educational advantages and the acquirement of wealth. Who will train them into obedience to law? Who will teach them to subdue rising passion? Who will sweeten the hard lot of poverty? Who will train the children of the coming generation according to religious ideals? Who will give them spiritual freedom, without which civil freedom is very often but a fatal gift?

"The strong organization of the Catholic Church, its power to compel obedience, its ability to bring the life of Christ into close touch with the lives of the people, is just the agency a robust race demands to keep it within bounds. While at the same time its splendid ceremonial, as well as its warm devotional life, is calculated to completely satisfy the religious instincts of the colored people.

"A young race for the first time tasting liberty needs the restraining and uplifting influence of a strong religious life. The colored people will get all this in the Catholic Church."

NOTES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John, Nov. 14.

A few more notes on things in general from Newfoundland may be of interest to some of your readers. As to the weather:--we have had a very fine summer and fall. This is a most important matter not only for our farmers but still more for our fishermen. The curing of the fish is of the highest industrial importance--as ordinarily the price will be according to the cure--and this to be successful, needs weather well tempered, viz:--a fair degree of heat modified by dry breezes. Such is the average state of atmosphere here during the summer. The climate for that season is also perfect--from a health standpoint.

The crops this season have been generally--very good--our people year by year are going more into farming. All around our outpost settlements land is being cleared and tilled, and the produce of root crops: potatoe, turnip, cabbage and garden vegetables generally is immensely on the increase. People too are going in more for sheep and cattle raising--and none too soon. The country is possibly one of the finest stock raising places in the world. In the future, we may hope to see Newfoundland utilizing the great resources all around them instead of depending entirely on the fishery. However, up to the present, the fishing is the mainstay of the colony, and the question of the hour is what is going to be the price of fish? The fishermen are now engaged in boating their summer's catch from the different settlements along the coast and landing it at the merchants' wharves in St. John's.

RARE FURS.

The approaching cold weather reminds one of the necessity of preparing for the winter.

Our Fur Cloaks, Collarettes, Muffs, are strictly up to date in material, style, fit and workmanship.

We have on exhibition in our window a very fine Russian Sable Pelrine, costing \$700, and a muff of the same material, valued at \$350. This will give you an idea of the large assortment of furs we carry in stock.

Our Stock has been selected to meet the requirements of all classes, and to all who would secure the best for their money, we would request them to call and inspect our stock, which is not excelled in this city.

E. A. STE. MARIE,
1489 St. Catherine Street,
2nd East of Amherst.

To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered himself.

PIANOS

These are instruments recognized everywhere as the best in their class. To purchase one is to have assured satisfaction.

Prices are not more than any other dealers ask for less desirable pianos.

Terms as low as \$8.00 monthly if you wish. Old pianos exchanged at liberal allowance. Call or write to us for catalogues, etc.

Lindsay-Nordheimer Co.,
2366 St. Catherine St.

Steinway
Nordheimer
Heintzman
Williams

"SPATEN-BEER,"
GABRIEL SEDLMAYR'S
SPATEN BRAU, VERSANDT BIER.
Bottled at the Brewery in Munich.

All Germans know of Sedlmayr's "Spaten-Beer." We have received a small shipment of this FINE MUNICH BEER direct from the Brewery, and the Brewery's own bottling, which we offer in cases of 30 quart bottles, or 120 pint bottles. We are informed by competent judges that this is without exception the very finest Beer brewed in Germany.

SEDLMAYR'S SPATEN BEER (Dark), \$2.50 per dozen quarts, \$14.00 per case of 50 quart bottles.

SEDLMAYR'S SPATEN BEER (Dark), \$2.00 per dozen pints, \$15.00 per case of 100 pint bottles.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents.

KAISER (PALE) PILSENER GERMAN LAGER,
Brewed and bottled by the German Empire Brewery, Bremen, Germany.

We offer The KAISER (PALE) PILSENER BEER, in quarts, \$1.00 per dozen, \$7.50 per case of four dozen quarts.

The KAISER (PALE) PILSENER BEER, in pints, \$1.15 per dozen, \$8.75 per case of eight dozen pints.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents.

LIMERICK HAMS
-AND-
LIMERICK BACON
MATTERSON'S "SHAMROCK" BRAND
of genuine Irish Hams and Irish Bacon.
Supplies now in store.

Middles of the Very Finest Limerick Bacon.
Middles of the Very Finest Wiltshire Bacon.
Prime Limerick Smoked Hams.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

OUR BOTTLING OF FINE CLARET WINES

Shipped by Messrs. BARTON & GUESTIER, of Bordeaux, and bottled in our vaults.

VINTAGE OF 1890.

All in quarts only.

Chateau Lafite, 1890	Per dozen
Chateau Latouche, 1890	\$18.00
Poulet Cabot, 1890	10.00
	9.75

FRASER, VIGER & CO.,
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 and 211 St James Street.

Snow for Sale

De Winter she's come and make some snow, and all de hommers feel col'.
De winter sometimes for mak' dem warm from head unto de sole;
But peuples say, she's hard time, and dey want some'n dat's cheap
An' go' also, for den dey want sometimes for to eat.

I meet on friend de older day, he's say, "Ma frien', I'm broke,
De Winter she's come and ma little buy she's have no overcoat.
I say, "Mon ami, you need for fear, ma boy she's all on de rag,
But I'll get every'n'ing so cheap at Allan on de rue de Craig."

John Allen she's sell everything for mak' de gent look nice,
If you go dere for buy som't'ing you're sure for go dere twice,
An' when from him you buy de suit, de necktie or de hat,
Your friends dey meet an' say to you, "How nice you look on dat."

You say, "I bought him on John Allen's de best place on Montreal,
If you want to buy som't'ing like dat, you gin' on him de call;
An' if you want some boots or shoes, or de stockings for de feet,
Jus' call on'nd John Allan on Craig or St. Catherine Street.

Sure, de snow she'll be here now, an' for dat you want de good clothes, de good underwear an' de gloves, an' dere is no better place dan JOHN ALLAN'S, for he am sell cheaper dan any one am know, an' more dan dat, he gives de best goods am sure you can fine in Montreal. Just try him de once, an' for sure you not be sorry. O, my, de fine overcoats am never see like dat before in any store, am sure go dere all de time am want someting.

ALLAN'S Men's, Youth's and Boys' Outfitter,
2299 St Catherine Street,
661 Craig Street, One Door East of Bleury.

See, and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

stock. Water street presents quite an animated scene, and as the summer's catch has reached a good average, and the price, too, good--about \$1.00 per quintal (112 lbs.) business men say that the local trade is quite brisk, and the general outlook cheering.

A notice by the papers that the tourist traffic into Newfoundland owing to the facilities afforded by the C.R.S. country train and S. S. Bruce, has been immense, and gives certain promise of attaining larger dimensions next summer. Writers in the American press paid very high tribute to the scenic grandeur and varied landscape of the country. They say the continual change of scene-- river, lake, mountain and plain make the trip most interesting.

The lumber traffic is also growing immensely, owing to the facilities afforded for transporting the material. There are several large mills in different sections of the country, along the railway track. Pulp factories are also coming into prominence, and give considerable employment.

Mineral developments are amongst the brightest of our country's prospects. A lead and silver mine at a place called "Silver Cliff," Little Lacenticia has lately shown up splendid signs, and according to reports it is likely to be in full blast next spring.

The ecclesiastical side of Newfoundland life is of interest to the Catholic public abroad. Our Church here has done marvels, in the matter of its institutions. The Cathedral of St. John's is a unique building in design and grandeur. Bishop Howley has been engaged for the past two years in having the outer surface of it refaced. He has at present workmen engaged on improvements on the palace. Our ecclesiastical institutions in St. John's and elsewhere form a splendid group of buildings--a credit and ornament to the country.

AVALONICUS.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

He will tell you that Scott's Emulsion cures poverty of the blood and debility of the nerves. He will say that it is the best remedy in the world for delicate children.

London's County Council has decided to assume control of the water supply of the metropolitan district and will try to get a bill through Parliament to enable it to purchase by "agreement or by compulsion" the property of the eight companies that now provide the water.

A man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.-- C. Lamb.

A child's soul begins to grow almost as soon as it is born. Within three months--mothers know--you can almost see it growing. At least, in most children.

Be constant in prayer, and give alms; and what good ye have sent before your souls, ye shall find it with God; surely God seeth that which ye do.

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them.

No matter how delicate the child, it is readily taken.

IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

Dr. Kellogg contributes an article to the current number of the "Good Health" Magazine, entitled, "Are we to be a Toothless Race?"

He opens it with a reference to the difficulties which beset the profession of dentistry a quarter of a century ago. He says that that period dentists were not nearly so numerous as they are to-day. They used to travel from town to town, carrying their outfits with them, in a manner similar to that of Methodist itinerant clergymen in the early history of that denomination. They would do such jobs of dentistry as they could find in one town, and then go to another, with difficulty earning a livelihood. But at the present time this profession is a very lucrative one; dentists are growing rich. So many people are putting their gold into their teeth that, as some one has suggested, the gold-mines of the future are likely to be found in the cemeteries of the present day.

Discussing the question of premature decay of the teeth, Dr. Kellogg's opinions are indeed alarming to the ordinary citizen.

This decay of teeth, he says is not a local accident or a matter of mere local interest; it is an indication of constitutional decay,—of the decay of the human race. A horse-dealer would not buy a horse that had decayed teeth; he would know that that horse was losing its vitality and growing weak; yet people offered themselves to the world as being strong and vigorous when they have scarcely a sound tooth in their heads. We find young people from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age getting married,—and without a sound tooth. Such people are not fit to be fathers and mothers. Their constitutions have already begun to decay, and their decayed teeth are an evidence of that constitutional deterioration.

Teeth decay just as apples, potatoes, and other fruits and vegetables decay; just as dead animals decay,—through the action of germs. Germs, when allowed to take up their abode in the mouth and to develop in large numbers, form colonies upon the teeth. They accumulate in the mouth, and grow there in the form of patches. In the morning the teeth will feel rough, and will be covered with a yellowish or whitish slime. This roughness is due to germs. They come from the food, the air, and the water, and feed upon the remnants of food which they find in the mouth and between the teeth.

Dr. Kellogg is of opinion that a vegetarian diet is conducive to the preservation of the teeth, and that the use of flesh food is one of the chief causes of dental decay.

The remark is very often heard in circles of married people of some of their acquaintance:—

"She is such a nice girl! I wonder why she doesn't marry?" and we agree with the speaker that the girl in question is amiable, clever, domestic and attractive, yet she is single and likely to remain so. Girls who have apparently, fewer attractions, or fewer good qualities to recommend them, make excellent matches, but this girl is passed by, and her friends wonder within themselves and then quietly assign her to "the shelf."

A writer in an exchange in accounting for some of the causes says:— "Well, some girls are too ambitious; they want a rich or a famous husband and will not marry for love in a cottage. Again, some girls are shy and constrained, so afraid of seeming to run after men that they go to the opposite extreme and almost repel them. They show to the worst advantage in company, and though nice, intelligent girls they are ignored and passed by. Others are overlooked because they will not give a man even ordinary encouragement; indeed, if they find themselves caring for one man more than another among their acquaintances, a mistaken pride prevents them from showing it, not because they are stupid, but because of an unfortunate temper which they cannot overcome. Then there are those girls who are so clever, such universal favorites, so much in demand for every occasion, that at length they awaken to the fact that enjoying society as a whole they have overlooked the individual; their youth and heyday has passed by and they have a string of admirers but not a lover among them.

A Fashion Magazine says:— Of the 14 reputed centenarians who died during the past year, no fewer than eleven were women. Out of the 188 persons who were declared as over ninety years of age at death, 108 were women. The superior longevity of the female sex is a well-established fact. To some extent it depends, of course, on their own sheltered method of living, but by no means exclusively, as the women of the laboring classes show a great vitality as well as those who have an easy time of it in the world. The vital power of girls is displayed in babyhood, for though about 104 boys are born to every 100 girls, the females have more than overtaken the deficiency before the end of the first year.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

At the National Pure Food and Drug Congress, held at Washington some months ago several of the papers read, dealing with the subject of adulteration of food and drugs were of a character to make the ordinary housewife tremble with fear at the condition of affairs.

The Hon. M. Brocius, of Pennsylvania, said:—

Our annual food bill cannot be less than five billion dollars, and most of this food we produce ourselves. According to the best attainable estimate, two per cent. of this or one hundred million dollars is worthless stuff unsuitable for human food, of which ten per cent. or ten million dollars' worth is poisonous and destructive of life and health. Dr. Lattimore, analyst of New York State Board of Health said that of 378 articles of diet in common use in every household, 255 or more than two-thirds were adulterated. These figures are only approximate, but they are sufficiently accurate to convey to the mind some idea of the enormous waste, the deceit the fraud the plunder, and I have said, the murder that are masquerading in this country in the disguise and in the name of commerce in food products, to say nothing of the appalling consequence to the morals of our people.

What I have said of food products is equally applicable to the drugs and medicines whose curative products are our last dependence when disease lays us on beds of suffering. In how many draughts and lotions administered by loving hands to bring back to health the smitten of one of the family, death itself lurked, no man knoweth. But we know enough to be on our guard and to make us sometimes reluctant to administer the prescriptions of the best physicians, and almost enough to justify us in believing the statement I read the other day of an occurrence which may serve to illustrate the subject. I disclaim any purpose to reflect upon the doctors for they are both noble and necessary. A doctor ordered some medicine for a sick lady and the father not liking the appearance of it forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called and inquired if the powder had cured the boy the father replied: "No, we did not give it to him." "Good heaven," said the doctor, "is the child living?" "Yes, he is, but the cat ain't; we gave it to her." The doctor retired.

This may be only an anecdote but it points the moral of our situation. No class have more at stake in the crusade against the adulterations of food and drugs than the physicians, for in the degree in which we become sensible of the deleterious character of drug adulteration he discredited, and unless we can cure this malady which has infected our laboratories as well as our mills, manufactories, and the whole commerce of our country, the profession of medicine will fall into as bad repute as when, in the time recorded in the book of Chronicles, King Asa sickened and died. In his sickness, says the book, he sought not the Lord but the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers.

Now let me weary you with a few details for the sake of a more distinct view of the nature and extent of the adulterations of which the people complain. In doing so, I borrow from a body of facts with which all who have studied the subject are familiar. I will only give you a few instances as illustrations of many which could easily be produced. Many a housewife if she were a chemist and had the requisite facilities could demonstrate how much of falsehood and deceit are represented in her pantry; wheat flour containing peas, ground rice and soapstone; olive oil made largely of cotton seed. Sago is potato starch. Vermicelli is poor flour whitened with pipe clay. Powdered sugar is glucose, flour, clay and sand. Butter, supposed to be made from the pure nectar of the cow is largely the fat of the cow. The pure refined family lard is quite likely to be tallow and cotton seed oil. Black pepper may be mustard husks, sand, bran and red clay. Allepice contains cracker dust and corn meal. The mustard is flour and cayenne pepper. The latter may be rice flour and red lead. Cream of tartar is strongly tinged with phosphoric acid, and so on. These are but simple instances but they afford indication of adulterations, frauds and impositions, which ought to bring the blush of shame to every honest American face.

If the housekeeper has not already repaired her blankets for the cold weather, she should begin to do so. Thin places in blankets should be darned with yarn very much as stockings are darned. The tops of the blankets which have been bound with ribbon should have the ribbon ripped off after they are washed, and it should be replaced with a buttonhole finish in red or dark blue worsted, to match the stripe in the blanketing. This is a neat though less showy finish than ribbon, and wears well. It saves trouble to cut pairs of blankets apart. They are then more easily handled when they are in use, for when they are folded away than double blankets are.

WHIMS OF FASHION.

This is the season when women, young and old, are turning their attention to furs. The show windows of our principal dealers are well filled with every style of garment. Many of the displays surpass in their variety all effort of former years.

Velvet toques trimmed with fur and fur toques trimmed with velvet are equally popular for afternoon wear. Sable, chinchilla and baby lamb are the furs most employed in millinery.

There seems to be no doubt that fringes of various kinds are coming in favor again, for they are on hand in great variety and our gowns are trimmed with them. Something quite new is a fringe trimming gored by narrow strips of black cloth in graduated lengths, falling from a deep heading of bands of cloth edged with narrow braid and joined with silk-covered rings which also tip each end of the fringe. Narrow fringes which look like silk floss are made of a vegetable fibre and come in all colors.

Very large muffs are to be used this winter. A muff should be chosen to suit the individual rather than common taste, for nothing looks more ludicrous and out of keeping than to see a woman no bigger than a minute apparently weighted down by a huge muff, unless it is the sight of a large, tall creature with her hands thrust into one about big enough for a baby. By the way, muffs of sable are by long odds the most fashionable this year, and will probably continue quite novel, since a really fine one costs hundreds of dollars.

According to an authority last season's fur capes are made very smart by sloping off the front edges to give the round shape so much sought after, and sewing a fringe of chignon or real lace on the inside edge. Ermine capes are especially pretty finished in this way, and cream lace with sable is always effective.

One of the special novelties in silks is a taffeta in various pretty bright colors, embroidered in white silk, with golf sticks and balls, horseshoes or footballs. It is a foregone conclusion that these are especially designed for shirt waists to be worn in the young girls' kingdom at the various sports.

Black satin cords—not covered—as a trimming to be used like braid are very effective in patterns or sewn on in straight rows quite close together. White satin cords are especially pretty sewn on white tulle and net for yokes, collars and vests.

Jet is very much the fashion for trimming evening gowns generally. Black net well covered with jet paillettes in pretty designs is quite as popular for entire costumes as it was last season, but it is made more elegant than ever by the lavish use of cream or white lace, Venetian point being especially desirable.

Round rosettes of black velvet baby ribbon are used as a trimming on lace evening gowns.

Cherry red taffeta is the latest thing for petticoats.

"Craquille" lace, so much used last summer, is spotted with small tufts of chenille and brought out as one of the season's novelties.

White cloth, fine and silky in finish, is one of the fashionable materials for the bridesmaid's gown.

Fancy muffs of velvet to match the hat are displayed very temptingly among the extravagant novelties. They are flat in effect and made with a double ruffle at each end, but large in size. A stylish sable muff in a similar style has a wide circular fringe at each end, is lined with white satin, and is finished on the edges with tiny short tails set two or three inches apart all around.

Illustrated postal cards on which pictures of fortified places are represented have been prohibited in Germany on the ground that they betray military secrets. Thousands of cards with pictures of Posen, Coblenz, Mainz, Spandau, Magdeburg and other towns have been confiscated, and a fine of three marks will be imposed on any one caught selling these cards.

The present estimated population of New York, five boroughs, is 8,500,000. On July 1st, according to the estimate of the Board of Health, it was 8,438,892, and the increase since that time has brought it close probably to 8,500,000.

During the last quarter officially reported there were 15,000 deaths and 13,000 births in the Greater New York. The present death rate of the city is 17.7 per thousand inhabitants; the present birth rate is 21.7, showing a steady ratio of increase. The Board of Health figures show, too, a steady increase in the proportion of births

among foreign born inhabitants; a proportion which, if it reflects the facts, indicates that among the foreign born residents the population is increasing very much more rapidly than among the native-born population.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER

TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

His Fingers, Hands and Wrists Were a Mass of Cracks and Sores, by Reason of Which He Was Unable to Work.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:—

I have read from week to week in your paper, testimonials from those who have been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I have experienced much benefit from the use of that medicine, I believe it my duty to let others know they can be relieved from a very painful malady. I am now 75 years of age, and am at the present time, and in fact ever since I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, have been enjoying excellent health. Before that time I had been ailing for some months, finally I was attacked with salt rheum, which came out mostly on my hands. It was not long after its first appearance before I was unable to do any work at all with my hands. I resorted to all the domestic cures I could hear of, but the disease kept on its course, getting worse and worse; until the palms of my hands and my fingers were a mass of cracks, open sores and hideous scabs. I then got medicine from the doctor, which I used for several weeks, with no benefit whatever,—my hands still becoming more and more crippled with the disease. My general health too, at this time was poor and I got discouraged altogether, believing there was no help for the terrible complaint that was gradually spreading over my hands and up my wrists towards my arms. It happened one day in conversation with an acquaintance that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were mentioned in connection with some other case in the neighborhood, and it was suggested I try them for salt rheum. I had not much faith in the trial, but concluded to get a box and see what good they might do. To my great delight, after using the box I found an improvement in the condition of my hands, and I got six boxes more, I did not use all these, for before they were gone the disease had vanished and my hands were as sound as ever. The new skin came on as smooth and fresh as if nothing had been the matter. I took no other medicine while using the pills and the whole praise of the cure is due to them. My general health was also greatly benefited by their use and I attended to my work with more energy and in better spirits than I had done for a number of years. I have been in excellent health ever since for a man of my years, and no sign of salt rheum has since appeared. The box or two of Pink Pills which I left unused were taken by my wife and did her much good. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am pleased to give my testimony to their merit, hoping that others may thereby be induced to use them in cases like my own.

HENRY CHESLEY.

The Editor of the Enterprise can add that Mr. Chesley is a representative farmer living about three miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and the utmost reliance can be placed on his statement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trademark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

People talk of open jealousies; but the secret heart-burnings that arise from misunderstood, half-understood, or wholly false positions between men and women are much worse. It is the

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(Taken from Life.)

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LOOKING FORWARD to CHRISTMAS.

Thousands of Little Child-Hearts will beat heartily when they learn that THE BIG STORE TOY-BAZAAR AND DOLL KINGDOM are ready for their reception—and that of their parents.

Already Christmas liveliness pervades the store, and sounds of merriment are heard that have a delightful fascination for old and young. Step with us into Toy Realm and we'll unfold its mysteries. DOLLS—First nations of them: English, French, German, African and Mongolian—Dolls of all sorts and sexes, from one cent to twenty dollars. Armies of soldiers, Fleet of Ships, Herds of Animals, Horses innumerable. Games more than you can count. And Books: but that's another story. Toyland is a delightful place to visit, but no man can describe it—none but a youngster could really do justice to it. Let yours try. Besides

Toys there are other things just as important that claim attention. There's IVORY FIGURES, BRIC-A-BRAC, PRETTY PICTURES, NOVEL STATIONERY, ODD FURNITURE, SEVRES VASES, ONYX TABLES, FANCY MIRRORS, SETS OF BOOKS, FANCY GOODS, NEW JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE, FANCY PERFUMERY, ELEGANT CHINA. CHRISTMAS BOUNTIFULNESS—everwhere, but nowhere more lavishly displayed than here. Everything is done thoroughly at CARSLY. This is the largest, the most varied, the most complete, the fairest priced, and the freshest collection of CHRISTMAS GOODS IN CANADA.

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QUALITY CONSIDERED, CARSLY'S LINENS are lower in price by 10 to 15 per cent. than any ordinary store.

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unuttered sorrows, the unadmitted and impossible-to-be-avenged wrongs, which cause the sharpest pangs of existence.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found list of new patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments, the patents being secured through Messrs. Marlon & Marlon, Solicitors of Patents, New York Life Building, Montreal, and reported by them for the benefit of our readers. Canada.—Nos. 61,697, A. E. A. Smith and Carlos Worth, Stanstead, P. Q., check rein; 61,715, Stanislas Rosenber, Paris France, ceramic decoration. United States.—Nos. 618,499, W. J. Curry, Nausimo, B. C., collapsible bed.

CAPITAL PRIZE.

At the Distribution of the 18th inst. of The Society of Arts, of Canada, 1600 Notre Dame street, the first capital prize was drawn by Mr. Octave Charland, 984 De Montigny street, painter, C. P. R. shops.

Don't neglect to put a certain amount of thought and care into the smallest details in your toilet.

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Kindling, \$2.00; Oak, Maple, \$2.50; Tamarac, \$3.00; Pine, \$3.50; Birch, \$4.00; Spruce, \$4.50; Fir, \$5.00; Cedar, \$5.50; Lumber, \$6.00; Shingles, \$7.00; Siding, \$8.00; Cement, \$9.00; Brick, \$10.00; Tiles, \$11.00; Slate, \$12.00; Marble, \$13.00; Granite, \$14.00; Stone, \$15.00; Glass, \$16.00; Paint, \$17.00; Oil, \$18.00; Paper, \$19.00; Cloth, \$20.00; Furniture, \$21.00; Carpets, \$22.00; Drapery, \$23.00; Stoves, \$24.00; Ranges, \$25.00; Washers, \$26.00; Sewing Machines, \$27.00; Typewriters, \$28.00; Cameras, \$29.00; Gramophones, \$30.00; Bicycles, \$31.00; Automobiles, \$32.00; Boats, \$33.00; Yachts, \$34.00; Horses, \$35.00; Cattle, \$36.00; Poultry, \$37.00; Fish, \$38.00; Game, \$39.00; Tools, \$40.00; Hardware, \$41.00; Groceries, \$42.00; Dry Goods, \$43.00; Linens, \$44.00; Silks, \$45.00; Wools, \$46.00; Cottons, \$47.00; Flannels, \$48.00; Ribbons, \$49.00; Buttons, \$50.00; Lace, \$51.00; Hosiery, \$52.00; Socks, \$53.00; Undershirts, \$54.00; Collars, \$55.00; Ties, \$56.00; Hats, \$57.00; Coats, \$58.00; Suits, \$59.00; Dresses, \$60.00; Skirts, \$61.00; Blouses, \$62.00; Corsets, \$63.00; Garters, \$64.00; Stockings, \$65.00; Shoes, \$66.00; Boots, \$67.00; Trunks, \$68.00; Suitcases, \$69.00; Umbrellas, \$70.00; Canes, \$71.00; Spectacles, \$72.00; Watches, \$73.00; Jewelry, \$74.00; Rings, \$75.00; Earrings, \$76.00; Necklaces, \$77.00; Bracelets, \$78.00; Bangles, \$79.00; Pins, \$80.00; Buttons, \$81.00; Zippers, \$82.00; Hooks, \$83.00; Eyes, \$84.00; Springs, \$85.00; Screws, \$86.00; Nails, \$87.00; Wires, \$88.00; Cables, \$89.00; Pipes, \$90.00; Fittings, \$91.00; Valves, \$92.00; Gaskets, \$93.00; Seals, \$94.00; Washers, \$95.00; Spacers, \$96.00; Locks, \$97.00; Keys, \$98.00; Handles, \$99.00; Knobs, \$100.00.

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE MONTH OF THE POOR SOULS

Pray for them little children,
When you hear the wild winds sigh;
Some under seas are sleeping,
Some in lone graveyards lie.
To-day with light feet bounding
Where once, perhaps, they trod,
Whisper your Requiescat
Close to the ear of God.

Murmur it over and over—
"O may they rest in peace!"
Be sure that the Lord will listen
And grant them swift release.
Whether in tombs long mouldered,
Or under the fresh-turned sod;
For the prayers of the little children
Are keys to the heart of God.
—Sylvia, in Ave Maria.

I trust that our young readers appreciate the "talks" we've been having for the past several weeks, and which we hope to continue should they meet with approval.

As you have probably noticed, we are endeavoring, firstly to form the character of our young folks by encouraging the practice of, and respect for virtue; secondly, to make all detest and abhor vice; and thirdly, to establish a taste for good literature by introducing selections which will be both instructive and interesting to boys and girls and to many others of more mature years.

Accordingly, if our readers give the matter in these columns more than a passing thought, we hope that much benefit will be derived by all.

A philosopher has said that the true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, and be true and genuine in action, rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that the idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things says a writer in an exchange, when he has made these ideas part of him—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know.

It is not by any means a strange occurrence to see boys and girls, big and small coming in late for Mass, or any Church service on a Sunday or holiday. Ignoring the holy water fount at the entrance of the church, they stalk hurriedly and noisily up the aisle, and give a little bobbing courtesy instead of the proper genuflection before entering their pew.

Kneeling on only one knee, or emulating the position of the bear, they make the sign of the cross as if fanning off flies, and after a short prayer which constitutes the sum total of their devotions, they sit down and for the remainder of their stay in the church they are whispering, laughing

and causing distractions to those around them, or continually turning around like a weather-cock, they deliberately stare up at the choir or at those entering the church.

Again, they go to sleep or read their prayer-book during the sermon, and when the collection box approaches for their contribution, they pretend to be in an ecstatic condition of devotion. Then before the priest has finished the last gospel, they make a rush for the door—being the last to enter the church, they endeavor to be the first to leave it.

This not only occurs among small boys and girls who can be excused for want of sense, but more generally among young men and women whose conduct is unpardonable.

The following rhyme about going to church hits the nail on the head and the subject needs no further comment.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go there their dress to show,
Some go to see a belle or beau,
Some go to learn the preacher's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for conversation,
Some go there to dose and nod,
Few, very few to worship God.

I fear the young folks will think that I am one of these old fogeys who are constantly bewailing the degeneracy of the times in which we live. However, they should remember that if the advice does not apply to them personally, there are many others to whom it does; and we must all acknowledge that a great laxity exists among many young people. It is not a question whether it exists in a larger or smaller degree than formerly, so long as it exists at all. We therefore should not object to being constantly on our guard, and all should accept the advice in a right spirit.

Everybody has heard that pathetic song "Home, Sweet Home," but very few know its origin.

This famous song was sung at the burial of an Indian, who while temporarily insane from grief at the loss of his wife and child committed suicide upon their grave. The poet John Howard Payne, suspected of inciting the Indians to riot over the State boundary disputes, had been arrested. From his place of imprisonment in the council house he witnessed the burial of the poor Indian and it was then that he began to sing softly to himself the first lines of his now famous lyric. According to the account given in a Southern journal, General Bishop, who had kept a close scrutiny on his actions, heard the song and called Payne to him.

"Young man," said the stern old Indian fighter, "where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote that song myself," replied Payne.

"And where did you get the tune?"

"I composed that also."

"Would you let me have a copy of it?"

"Certainly I will."

"Well, a man who can sing and write like this is no incendiary. Appearances may be against you, but I am going to set you free. I shall write out your discharge immediately and a pass to carry you anywhere you choose through the nation."

The song that is still a passport into every human heart had purchased the poet's freedom.—Thomas Whelan.

said his wife. "No!" said I likewise. "He is only joking." He was dragged off the box amid laughter, and as the marks appeared Herr Zarnekow cried—

"Why, great Heavens! Darius, this is your giraffe box!"

"Cursed box!" shouted he. "Let me out! I want to go home." But the ladies stood between him and the door; they did not know what was in the box.

"The Herr Rathsherr Darius threw himself on a sofa in the corner in silent rage and muttered—

"Well, well, take your surprise, then! I have had enough of the kind! And as for you," turning savagely on me, "you may go home alone to-morrow; not another step will I ride with you!"

"So the box was opened and out came—a new carriage box! Bless me, what a face Herr Zarnekow had and how all the family looked.

"Herr Darius was now in a spiteful mood and laughed loudly—

"Do you see, Zarnekow, you block-head; you made me the sport of all Parschen sending the box after me; now you have your giraffe. You see, Zarnekow, it never rains but it pours. You see, Zarnekow, now let us put all three in a row and look at your presents. It is a pity you haven't another, and you could each have had a private box."

"But he turned pale with terror, for the door opened again. Herr Zarnekow's coachman Frederic entered with something on his shoulder.

"Herr Rathsherr," he said, "I have a pleasant surprise for you this Christmas Eve—our old box has been found. And he set the fourth box down on the floor.

"And now, my son," added Uncle Matthias, "you have a specimen of

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We used to have our factory over our showrooms, but since the fire we have taken the large building on the corner of Dorchester and Bleury streets. This gives us increased space in our showrooms, which we badly needed, for our fast growing Furniture business. We have fitted up our factory with all the latest improvements for the making of first-class Sanitary Bedding and Upholstering, and it is now unequalled by any factory in the Dominion for turning out the highest quality of work at reasonable prices, and which will be found to be much below those charged elsewhere for the same quality of material and workmanship. Try some of the work from our new factory; you'll be pleased with it.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON.
CRAIG STREET, Near Bleury.

pleasant surprises; now make the application, and tell me what you are going to surprise your mother with!"

I opened my package and displayed a pair of spectacles.

"Oh," said he, "spectacles! what made you think of those?"

"Well," said I, "we were sitting around the table the other evening and mother was trying to thread her needle, and it wouldn't go, and she got vexed over it, and said, 'I certainly shall have to buy a pair of spectacles,' and so I thought of it."

"Well, wait a moment," said my uncle, and he called my sister.

"Lizette, what are you going to give your mother?"

"You mustn't tell, uncle— a pair of spectacles."

"And you, August?"

August was a ruddy boy, who stammered dreadfully. He could sing, however, so when he could not speak he was always allowed to sing. August put on a broad smile and began to stammer.

"Sing, child," said my uncle. And August began to sing in a fine clear voice to the tune of "The Maiden's Wreath:"

"I'll give my mother some spectacles
With a blue ribbon tied—"
"That will do, my son," and turned to me. "What do you say now?"

"I had nothing to say."
"Don't you see," he went on, "your mother would have been more vexed than pleased over three pairs of spectacles? Come here." He added, stepping to the window "What is that lying on the and?"

"Snow," said I. "It is winter."

"Right," said he, "and if the Lord should surprise you in winter with soft warm weather, and in the summer with snow, you children would get the snuffles, and we old folks should catch our deaths of cold. This is the way the Lord does things, and he knows best. Even joy, when it is unexpected, has a taste of pain. Every experienced farmer will tell you that the richest and most prosperous year is that that runs its regular course, and I can tell you that the happiest human life is the one which, so far as possible, remains free from surprises."

With that he turned away, and his cheerful old face had grown sad.— By Franz Reuter, in "Short Stories."

SOON LEFT HER.

"I was taken with a swelling in my feet and limbs. I was not able to walk for four months. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. Before I had taken it all the swelling left me. I took three bottles of Hood's and have not been troubled with swelling since." Rebecca Severs, Chatham, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25c.

At a prize contest for national music and dances, held in the Norwegian town of Skien, the first prize for dancing was taken by an old gentleman of 80, who went through the Halling dance.

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Glasgow University has given the late Principal Caird's successor, Principal Story, a stormy greeting. His inaugural address was interrupted by singing, whistling and stamping on the part of the undergraduates till the principal lost his temper, and declaring that he would not allow the university to be insulted in his person, withdrew. Dr. Story was unpopular as a professor and his appointment was looked upon as a job, he being one of the Queen's chaplains.

Of 568 freshmen who matriculated at Oxford University this fall, 250 or less than half came from the great English public schools. Eton leads the other schools with 48 students, then come St. Paul's 20, Charterhouse and Winchester 19 each, Marlborough and Harrow 16 each.

A GREAT record of cures, unqualifiedly attested by medical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses merit unknown to any other MEDICINE.

WATER WORKS AND SEWERS.

Messrs. McConnell & Marion, Civil Engineers, Montreal, have been selected as experts to inspect the water works and sewerage systems of St. Lambert, Que., before their acceptance by the municipality.

We have among mankind in general the three orders of being: the lowest, sordid and selfish, which neither sees nor feels; the second, noble and sympathetic, but which neither sees nor feels without concluding or acting; and the third and highest, which loses sight in resolution and feeling in work.

Let us do our duty and pray that we may do our duty here, now, to-day; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of elsewhere, but in the realities of now.

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An unusual offering of Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves for Fall wear, priced in the regular way from 25c to 40c pair. All sizes, from 5 1/2 to 8. We are clearing them at 20c per pair, all round.

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Is putting on holiday airs just now, every day we are placing in stock something new. At present we are showing many articles suitable for 'Xmas gifts.

Cushion Covers, printed in rich colorings, floral and oriental designs, \$1.15 and \$1.50 each. Fancy Silk Cushion Covers, in self and combination colors, 25c yard. Fancy Needle Cases, a variety to suit every fancy, 20c up to \$2.00. A suitable and useful novelty for ladies is our special Hair Pin Box, contains hair pins, assorted kinds, safety pins, black and white ordinary pins, hat pins, etc., were 70c each, to be cleared at 30c each, in fancy box.

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Reprinted from the U.S. Health Reports, VOL. XXIV, No. 21, Dec., 1895.

During long, tedious marches, our soldiers and officers found instant relief from fatigue and hardships when using the marvelous tonic, Vin Mariani; it prevented fevers and sickness in the marshy and unhealthy territory.
H. LIBERMANN, M. D.,
Surgeon-in-Chief French Army.

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WHAT CAME OF A SURPRISE.

Continued From Page Seven.

"Well, two boxes! there is no help for it."

"Two boxes!" cried his wife, clasping her hands in dismay. "Good gracious, Zarnekow, we thought—"

"Yes," said he, "and I thought too—"

"And then they began to defend themselves, and defence became re-creation. The Herr Rathsherr Darius was laughing in his sleeve, and said to me—

"Thank God, my confounded box is on its travels—the devil knows where. If that should come, too, the business would be complete!"

"Yule-rap!" cried a voice in the hall.

"So," said I to myself, "misfortune take your course!" for I heard Jochen's voice in the hall. The door opened and my black box came in with the inscription, "To the Herr Rathsherr and the Frau Rathsherr Zarnekow," for I had got it ready for myself.

"Scarcely had Herr Darius seen the black box when he sprang up and ran toward it. He looked as if he were ready to do a battle.

"Why, this is—this is—" and he looked at me suspiciously.

"Addressed to me and my wife," said Herr Zarnekow, and began to cut off the black cover. But the moment the box with its marks came to light Herr Darius pushed Herr Zarnekow aside, and seating himself on the box cover, and spreading his coat-tails over it, shouted, "It is a mistake! this is a saddle for Schregel at Moderitz."

"No!" said Herr Zarnekow. "No!"