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The Montreal Witness

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FATHER TOUPIN DEAD.

A Noble and Sainly Career Spent in Saving Souls

Sixty Years a Member of the Priesthood, and the Last Survivor of the Pioneers in Religious Work in the Circles of English-Speaking Catholics - Eloquent Tributes to His Memory - A Large Gathering of all Races and Creeds Assist at the Obsequies.

THE DEATH of the saintly and aged priest, Rev. Father Toupin, of St. Patrick's, has removed from the scene of religious work in English-speaking Catholic circles the last surviving representative of that noble and historic band of workers...

From Friday afternoon until Sunday evening at 6.30 the body was lying in state in the large robing room of the Sacristy. Thousands of people, young and old, from all quarters of the city, visited the temporary mortuary chamber to obtain a last glimpse of the good priest who had spent such a long life in their midst.

The Nuns of the Congregation in charge of St. Patrick's Academy and the Grey Nuns associated with the charitable institutions were continually in attendance in the room. On Sunday evening punctually at the hour appointed (6.30) the remains were removed from St. Patrick's to the Notre Dame Cathedral.

On Monday morning, long before the hour appointed for the final ceremony, the immense space in the Cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity. The main floor of pews, which are capable alone of seating several thousands, were all occupied, while in the double row of galleries extending from the altars to the entrance, also equal to seating many thousands, were ranged the scholars from the various educational establishments under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame and the Christian Brothers, as well as a number of parishioners who could not obtain entrance on the principal floor.

splendid training and art in the rendition of their parts which was most impressive. The whole ceremonial was most imposing and well calculated to indelibly impress upon the minds of those present the majestic grandeur, withal the touching simplicity, of the services of the Church. There was no display of mourning in the sacred edifice as in the case of laymen.



REV. FATHER JOSEPH TOUPIN. BORN, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1814.—DIED, 10TH OCTOBER, 1896.

Rev. A. Marie, who came in from New York to pay a tribute of respect to the dead, Rev. M. Magan, of Baltimore; Rev. Abbe Hogan, of Boston, members of the Order of St. Sulpice; Rev. H. Laurier, Rev. Chas. Lecocq, Superior of the Grand Seminary; Rev. Jules Delavigne, Superior of the Seminary of Philosophy; Rev. Canon Racicot, vicar of Laval; Rev. Abbe Bourrassa, secretary of Laval; Rev. Canon Vaillant, Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Abbe Charrier of St. James; Rev. J. A. Leclerc, P.P. of St. Joseph; Rev. Father Ed. Strubbe, of St. Ann's; Rev. H. Brissette, P.P., of Hochelaga; Rev. F. L. J. Adam, of the Sacred Heart; Rev. M. Auclair, of St. Louis Baptiste; Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; Rev. Wm. O'Meara, of St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Casey; Rev. Abbe Bouin, of St. Charles; Rev. Charles Larocque, St. Louis de France; Rev. J. N. Marchal, Notre Dame de Grace; Rev. R. Decarie, of St. Henri; Rev. M. Ecrement, Ste. Cunegrade; Rev. James Lonergan, St. Bridget; Rev. G. M. Lepelletier, Maisonneuve; Rev. Father LeFebvre, of the Order of the Oblats; Rev. Father Turgeon and other Jesuits, and a number of Franciscans.

officiating. The church was crowded to the doors, every available portion of it, including the galleries, was thronged with the parishioners. As in the Notre Dame Cathedral, the ceremonies were beautiful, yet simple. With the exception of the confessional box of the dead priest, which was completely hidden from view by the heavy drapings, there was no display of mourning whatever. Prof. J. A. Fowler, the organist of the church, assisted by the leader of the choir, Mr. G. A. Carpenter, and a chorus of 100 voices, rendered the chant of the *Liberia* in a most effective and inspiring manner. In the main aisle of the sacred edifice, and in the vicinity of the principal entrance, were ranged hundreds of parishioners awaiting the return of the remains, and there were very few dry eyes among the number.

After the ceremony at St. Patrick's, all that was mortal of the noble priest was carried out towards the hearse, which was escorted to the small chapel at the Grand Seminary where all the members of the Sulpician Order are interred. One notable feature of the proceedings at St. Patrick's was the informal use of Ann's, and was later on attached to St. Patrick's Church, a position which he held till his death.

On the occasion of the Jubilee of the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, our present Judge Curran edited a valuable little Souvenir number containing, amongst other things, the following brief sketch of the life and labors of Father Toupin:— Rev. Father Joseph Toupin belonged to one of the oldest and most respected French-Canadian families in the Province, and was born in Montreal on the 23rd of November, 1814. He was baptized by the Rev. Abbe Bédard in the old Notre Dame Church, and pursued his classical studies at the old Montreal College then on College street. Among his professors were Abbe Séry, Father Larkin, and Abbe Rogue. The Superiors of the Seminary, who directed him for over forty years, were the Rev. Abbe Quiblier, Billaudelle, Granet, Bayle, and the present Superior, Abbe Colin.

Brotherly love caused Father Toupin temporarily to abandon his work among the Irish people when he went to perform the ministerial duties for his infirm brother, then parish priest at Rivière des Prairies. Immediately after his brother's death, Father Toupin returned to this city with renewed zeal and ardor. It would be difficult to find a more worthy clergyman than the subject of this brief sketch. Humble and unassuming, Father Toupin has passed his whole life in earnest ministerial work, a slave to duty, and absolutely devoted to those entrusted to his care. Although actively engaged in parochial work, there is hardly a Catholic institution in the whole city which has not been the object of his solicitude, and which he has not helped in some manner. He has been spiritual adviser to several religious communities, who all profess the greatest respect and devotion to him. In his own order, Father Toupin is considered as a model of regularity, and the members of his congregation never found his zeal at fault, being always ready for sick calls either by day or by night. All these qualities are enhanced by the genial character of this honorable priest, who is always seen with a kind smile on his face, however arduous his duties and fatigue may be. It is no wonder that the Irish Catholics of Montreal have a kind of affection for this devoted priest, who has devoted his life to their welfare.

FATHER TOUPIN'S TOUCHING REMARKS. The Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's, at Grand Mass on Sunday, after making the usual announcements, made the following touching reference to the death of the venerable Father Toupin:— It was almost superfluous for me to speak to you about dear, saintly Father Toupin. His long priestly career of almost sixty years, most of which was spent in your midst and in your service, is his best and truest panegyric. As the fruits show the tree so do his works of zeal and charity show the true priest of God. You have all been witnesses of these works, many of you for a much longer time than any of his brother priests, for Father Toupin was a priest during long years before the oldest amongst us was born. To say that he was kind and charitable and self-sacrificing that he ever thought of others before himself, would be saying only what his whole life proclaimed and what everybody knows. His long experience had taught him much about the many phases of human nature and the ways of the world, of which he could relate many an interesting anecdote, but there was one thing he never learned, and which he seemed incapable of acquiring, and that was saying no to the unfortunate or of turning a deaf ear to the tale of misery. God has called him to his well-earned reward. The needed rest he so often refused himself has come at last, but priests and people, we will all miss him sadly. The familiar figure and kindly face, that we had come to look upon as part and parcel of St. Patrick's, will be seen no more, and hearts will long feel a want that words cannot express. Father Toupin was the last link, among the clergy, that bound us to the early days of the Irish colony in Montreal, the days of Fathers Richards and Morgan, and Connolly, and McCalla, and O'Brien, those days of struggle and sacrifice, when friends were few and trials many. Then, as during the rest of his life, Father Toupin was the tried and devoted friend of the poor and plunger-stricken Irish. Like many of his brother-priests, he ministered to them during the terrible days of the ship-fever, in '47 and '48, and on this occasion, as he often told us, he went very close to death, having received the last rites, and been considered as a hopeless case. It was the only time in his life, until shortly before his death that he was seriously ill. Since Father Dowd's death, especially, it was a great consolation to have Father Toupin in our midst; they had worked so long together, had been such life-long friends, that we had almost come to look upon them as twin-brothers, and the presence of the one compensated in a measure for the absence of the other. Now, however, we realize the full extent of our loss; we feel that Father Dowd and Father Toupin can henceforth be only a memory, but a memory which will ever be full of sweetness and courage and edification to all who know them. I need hardly ask you to pray for Father Toupin; you are all, I am sure, more than willing to do so, for you feel that you owe him a heavy debt of gratitude. Some, however, might neglect this duty, thinking Father Toupin was too holy to need prayers. That may be, and we hope it is; but we know, too, that even the smallest debt can delay a soul's entrance into heaven, where, as we know, nothing defiled may enter. We will then pray for the dear departed, even he needs it not our prayers will not be lost. We will pray for him especially to-morrow during the Solemn Requiem to be chanted over his remains whilst the beautiful and touching prayers of the Church rise to heaven in his behalf. "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him." Amen.

FATHER McALLEN'S ELOQUENT EULOGY. At the evening service on Sunday at St. Patrick's there was a very large attendance of the parishioners. Father McCallen said that he believed he re-

sponded to the wishes of the people by replacing the usual evening instruction by a discourse on the power and blessing of good example, especially as illustrated by the life and death of his venerable confrere, Rev. Joseph Toupin, taking for his text, "Be ye imitators of me as I am of Christ" (St. Paul, I Cor. iv, 16). He said that the venerable priest, though dead, still spoke by the example of every Christian virtue of his holy life. He had sat down at the Divine Master's feet, and early understood that the disciple, in order to carry on the mission entrusted to him, had to copy His Teacher. The Blessed Lord first began to do, then to teach. Words might deeply move the soul; but good deeds, holy example, still more powerfully attracted it to the practice of virtue. Like St. Paul, the venerable priest who now lay silent in death imitated the Divine Master. He first began to do, and then to teach, and this was the keynote of all his success in his long and fruitful ministry as a priest. He had been a model to his priests, a people, and could truly say to them: "Be imitators of me as I have been of Christ." Of his public ministry there was no need to speak. The people of St. Patrick's had been witnesses of his zeal, fidelity, kindness, generosity. Few families but had at one time or another experienced the blessings of his presence and fruitful ministrations. His holiness of life had prompted the people to have recourse to his prayers and to his blessing, as if the consecrated hands of so holy a priest could not but bring a heavenly benediction on all who appealed to him in their sorrow or sickness or trouble. "It is no exaggeration to say," continued Father McCallen, "that probably no other priest whom we know, during so long a life, has been more free from criticism, so unassuming, so devoted, so gentle and so faithful did he prove himself to his people. But we who have had the privilege of that inner home life with Father Toupin are better able, even than the people, to give testimony to the brightness, the purity, the holiness of his daily life. His life was one of the greatest regularity. Rising daily at 4 a.m., he worked continuously till 10 p.m., when, with the same regularity, he always retired to rest. A call to the bedside of the dying at 1, 2, or 3 a.m., was for him no reason to rise later than his accustomed hour, 4 a.m. His absolute unselfishness was simply perfection, and manifested itself on all occasions. Gentle, kind, devoted, retaining to his last day in life, even amid his sufferings, that childlike gaiety which was so charming and attractive, Father Toupin's beautiful private life will always be for his confreres one of their secret memories and a powerful incentive to imitation. Father McCallen concluded his touching discourse by exhorting the people to carry out in their homes and in their relations with one another the beautiful example bequeathed to them as a precious inheritance by the holy priest whom God had just removed from their midst. They owed him a debt of gratitude which they could never fully repay; but by devout and continued prayer for the repose of his soul, they could pay in part this debt, and by an imitation of his holy life they could make sure of their reunion with him in heaven.

FATHER McALLEN'S TRIBUTE. The children of St. Patrick's catechism classes were greatly edified by what Rev. M. Callaghan told them on last Sunday about Father Toupin, with whom he had lived under the same roof and was associated in the ministry for the space of twenty years. He sketched his career and enlarged upon the most striking features of his character. Both young and old knew him. If anybody could have always lived he would not have died. Though he was 82 years old still he was quick of apprehension, with a sweet ringing voice and a marvelous elasticity of spirit. He retained till the end all the brightness of youth. His length of days should be attributed rather to the regularity of his physical habits than to the constitution with which he was blessed. He never varied in the details of his daily life. God wished him to be a priest and he duly prepared himself for the day of his ordination. Every star has been assigned a place in the firmament. There is no boy or girl without a vocation. All children should try to fit themselves for whatever they are intended by the Divine Providence. Very few consecrate themselves to God without being properly called. Leo III. is the number of those who rashly enter into the state of matrimony. Who can reckon all those who should not be fathers or mothers? Father Toupin was the last person raised to the priesthood by the first Bishop of this city, Leo the XIII, and himself were ordained on the same day of the same year. He proved a most exemplary priest. He never wearied in the fulfilment of his manifold duties. He was in his happiest mood when he was expending himself for the welfare of the souls committed to his charge. He grieved at the apathy and proselytism of Chiniquy. He longed to see him back in the fold from which he is straying and eagerly watched for the opportunity to assist him in retracing his steps. He was noted for his charity. He lent pecuniary aid to all who were in distress. His left hand was ignorant of what the right did. It seemed as if he had made a vow never to refuse any service he might be asked or any favor it was in his power to bestow. Like Jesus of Nazareth, he "went about doing good." His piety was most fascinating. He had a special

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

THE IRISH SOLDIERS ABROAD.

BY WALTER W. WALSH, OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most noted achievements of any body of Irish soldiers, whether serving at home or abroad, were those of the Irish brigade which served under Louis XIV. One of the numerous instances in which their valor won the day for the French in the latter's struggles with the Confederates at Augsburg was at the battle of Marsaglia in 1693. The commander of the French in that memorable battle was Marshal de Cambray. Besides the regular French troops he had under his command several Irish corps headed by Thomas Maxwell, John Manchop, Francis O'Carroll and other celebrated Irish leaders. Marshal Cambray was victorious, but to the Irish his victory was in great measure due. French writers of that period refer to the Irish regiments as having "fought with an extreme valor" and as having in the space of half a league or a mile and a half "dispatched more than a thousand of the enemy with sword thrusts and clubbed muskets. Lieutenant General Count Arthur Dillon writing of this famous battle relates how "the Irish distinguished themselves by a remarkable bravery. Finding themselves very much incommoded by a redoubt, situated on the right of the enemy, they advanced towards it holding their arms with butt ends upwards. It being supposed that they were coming forward to desert, they were allowed to approach. They then jumped into the redoubt, of which they made themselves masters and turned its cannon against the enemies." Marshal Cambray, who had granted permission for this manoeuvre, availed himself of the enemy's surprise, and put them to rout. This famous general gave a most flattering account of the conduct of the Irish in this battle, and the share which they had in winning the victory.

One of the most famous exploits performed by a body of men of any nationality was that of

THE RESCUE OF CREMONA

in 1702. General Villeroi had succeeded Marshal Cambray in the command of the French army in 1701, and, having rashly attacked Prince Eugene, Duke of Savoy, was defeated and had to retire for winter quarters into Cremona. After this move on the part of the French, Eugene immediately set about drawing up plans of attack. Having entered into an intrigue with a certain Casoli of Cremona to betray the city, the latter, by means of an aqueduct, allowed some of Eugene's grenadiers to penetrate into the town disguised. Eugene's design was to surprise the town at night. Accordingly, on January 31, he moved forward, and on the following day the allies closed in on the town. By different means entries were effected, and soon the whole regiment of Eugene's army were inside the walls. Troops of cavalry headed by Count Mercei dashed through the streets, and thus, before the French were aware of the attack, the town was almost lost. The French general, Marshal Villeroi, riding out unattended to enquire into the tumult, was made captive by a band of Eugene's cavalry headed by an Irishman named O'Donnell. There is an interesting story connected with this episode. Villeroi seeing himself in the hands of an Irish exile, hoped to escape by bribery. He made all kinds of promises, a thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse were quickly offered to this "noble soldier of fortune." But all were as quickly refused, and Villeroi was taken out of the town a prisoner of war. The French army upon hearing of the capture of their general became demoralized. But little reason had they to despair, for there remained one stronghold called the Po gate, which was still held by a band of thirty-five Irishmen. The gallant fellows, upon being commanded by Count Mercei to surrender, answered with a volley. And

THIS SMALL BAND OF HEROES,

by staving off defeat until two Irish regiments encamped near by were awakened, turned the tide of victory. Headed by Dillon and Burke, they turned out in their shirts to defend themselves against the attack of Imperialists. An eminent writer describing the battle speaks thus: "It was now 10 o'clock in the day, and Mahoney had received orders to fight his way from the Po to the Mantua gate. He pushed on, driving the enemy's infantry before him, but suffering much from their fire, when suddenly Baron Freiberg, at the head of a regiment of imperial Cuirassiers, burst into Dillon's regiment. For a while their case seemed desperate; but almost naked as they were, they grappled with their foes. The linen shirt and steel cuirass—the naked footman and the harnessed cavalier met, and the conflict was desperate and doubtful. Just at this moment Mahoney grasped the bridle of Freiberg's horse and bid him ask for quarter. 'No quarter to-day,' said Freiberg, dashing his spurs into his horse. He was instantly shot. The Irish then redoubled their efforts. Few of the Cuirassiers lived to fly. But all who survived did fly; and there stood some glorious fellows in the wintry streets, bloody, triumphant, half naked." But they had rescued Cremona, and all Europe rang with applause for this daring and brilliant exploit. King Louis sent his public thanks, and heaped innumerable favors upon the Irish soldiers in his service. The Irish triumph was the occasion of an excellent poem from the gifted pen of Thomas Davis, the last verse of which is:

"News, news, in Vienna! King Leopold's sad, News, news, in St. James! King William is mad, News, news, in Versailles—let the Irish Brigade Be loyally honored, and royally paid. News, news, in old Ireland—high rises her pride, And high sounds her wail for her children who died, And deep in her prayer—God send I may see MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me." One of the last, but by no means remarkable achievements of Irish valor in the ranks of the French army was at the

FAMOUS BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

France may well thank Ireland for that victory. The French had well-nigh exhausted their strength in vain efforts to check the steady and destructive advance of the English veterans upon the village of Fontenoy. Duc Richelieu hurled mass upon mass of infantry upon the steadily advancing English column under the Duke of Cumberland, but all to no effect. So hopeless seemed the effort to check their progress that Louis had decided to leave the field. But then it was that General Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish brigade. This was the signal for Dame Fortune to turn the scales. The great bravery of the Irish corps sealed the fate of England's army and won the day for France. The Irish Brigade on this memorable occasion consisted of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, Buckley, O'Brien and Fitz James' horse. After the French had failed to check the onward march of the British column, the Irish were ordered to charge them; and charge they did with right good will, bearing down everything before them in their mad rush to avenge their country's wrongs. An historian describing the struggle relates: "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of 'Cuius regio eius et imperium' or 'phile na laeuvoh' (Remember Limerick and British faith) was echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory most decisively crowned the arms of France. The English broke before the Irish bayonets and tumbled down the side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless and falling by hundreds. The Irish pursued them until the victory was bloody and complete." It is said by writers of that time that King Louis rode down to the Irish bivouac and personally thanked the Irish for their bravery. And it is related that George III, on hearing of the defeat of the English, exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." "Tis true the victory was a bloody one and cost many true Irish lives, but it was a glorious victory and has taught the world the true calibre of the Irish soldiers. Well might the poet exclaim: "On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun, With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won

These are only a few of the brilliant achievements of Irishmen abroad; and were we to attempt to render due homage to each and every "soldier of fortune" who won distinction in foreign lands, our task would be rather a lengthy one. BUT SOME OF THE NAMES which adorn the pages of history claim our special attention, and it would be unpardonable to pass them unnoticed. First among those whose memory has been revered, and the subject of whose deeds has been the inspiration of gifted poets, is the great Sarsfield. His very name has become a household word in every Irish family. The remembrance of his exploits and heroic death causes a thrill of exultation to vibrate in the bosom of every true Celt. Yes! Irishmen can point to him with pride and exclaim: "There was a warrior! There was a soldier whose eminent qualities fitted him for the manifold duties of military life. After the fatal termination of the English revolution, Sarsfield at the head of numbers of Irishmen entered the service of France, and there for three years this noble exile fought the battles of Louis, winning the unbounded admiration of the French people. Following in the footsteps of Sarsfield comes the great Lally. Who has not heard of this Irish martyr in the service of France? His wonderful military career has been the theme of numbers of Irish bards. It is said that at the early age of eight years his father brought him to the military camp at Girona, that "he might at least smell powder" in order to gain his first step in the service. For amusement during college vacation his indulgent parent caused him to mount the trenches at Barcelona in 1714. As was to be expected this sort of early training developed in the young Lally an extreme taste for the military profession. And it is not to be wondered at, when in later years we find him winning such distinction as to be styled "the very soul of an army" by Frederick the Great. Of the renown of the Longe and Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, history has recorded much. Their wonderful achievements both in the world of diplomacy and on the field of battle are familiar to all.

COMING DOWN TO OUR OWN DAY

is it not astonishing to find so many eminent Irishmen standing high in command in the great armies of the world? Marshal MacMahon, who died so recently in France, is an illustrious example of what the descendant of an Irish exile can achieve. In what struggle have Irishmen figured more prominently than in the great American war? There fought side by side Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy, Sheridan, Sherman and other distinguished Irish generals. And last, but not least, the foremost commander in the British army, the noted General Wolseley, is an Irishman.

THE NATION AND YOU+G IRELAND PARTY.

JAMES M'NAMEE, IN DONAHOE'S.

It was then that a party, hitherto comparatively obscure, flashed forth as the guiding light of the Irish people. The sudden setting of O'Connell's sun, in the political firmament, brought clearly before the view a constellation, hitherto darkened with the excess of his light. A new act opened in the drama of Irish history. The men who afterwards became known as the young Irishmen, had hitherto been simply Repeaters, followers of O'Connell and ardent admirers of the grand old tribune. They were not, nor did they desire to be, a separate and distinct party in Irish politics. Drawn together by affinity of youthful tastes

POWERFUL SPEECHES.

Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

STOOD HIM OFF.

Dudely—I'm afraid, Cholley, me boy, that Miss Mitique does not look with favor upon me suit. Cholley—What makes you think so, dear boy? Dudely—Every time I get to the point of asking her to be my wife she begins to knit—Omaha World-Herald.

and sentiments, their special, self-imposed task was to purify the Irish political atmosphere, from the meanness and corruption with which it had long been tainted.

"Educate, that you may be free" was their motto. They would have their people educated in the national history, taste and feelings. They taught that the people should be less reliant on leaders, and more reliant on themselves; that those who aspired to be their political chiefs should seek to direct them by appealing to their reason, not hurry them on by arousing their prejudices. Week after week these doctrines were taught in brilliant prose and sparkling verse, in the columns of a journal started in 1842 for the special purpose of voicing the sentiments of the Young Ireland Party. This journal, which exercised a greater influence over Irish thought and feeling than any newspaper before or since, was the world-famed Nation, founded by Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis and John Blake Dillon.

Many of the Nation's tenets were utterly abhorrent to the "Old Ireland" or O'Connellite party. Their dread of what they styled the "revolutionary" teaching of the Nation, combined with ill-concealed jealousy of its influence with the people, was fast urging on that fatal schism, which was to end into two hostile factions the national forces. There were especially two articles in the Young Ireland creed, which more than all the others brought about the quarrel with O'Connell. Their triumphant assertion is among the best services rendered by these men to their country. These important doctrines were, the union of Catholics and Protestants in the struggle for Irish rights and liberties, and the absolute repudiation, in any shape or form, of the disgraceful system of "place-hunting."

The Nation writers were among the first to lay down that fundamental doctrine in Irish politics, that place hunting utterly destroys the effectiveness of an Irish party. That this important principle is to-day recognized, by everyone calling himself an Irish Nationalist, save a few superannuated Whigs and Tories, we owe to the zeal and foresight of the young Ireland leaders.

These principles, set forth and defended in prose and verse, week after week, in the Nation, went straight to the hearts of the people. Into every nook and corner of the land, from the glens of Antrim to the hills of Kerry, the Nation found its way. Its teaching was everywhere embraced by all that was best and noblest especially among the youth of Ireland. Its spirit penetrated the Universities, all the great schools, Maynooth itself, and made its influence felt strongly among the sturdy young peasants who listened to it read in the chapel-yard on Sunday, or in the village fife during the long winter evenings. "A new soul had come into Ireland."

Among the leading spirits of the movement was numbered incomparably the most brilliant array of orators, poets, journalists and general litterateurs that ever appeared in Ireland. There was Thomas Davis, the gentle enthusiast, the bard of the party, and the very soul and personification of its principles whose blameless life and opening talents, were cut short by malignant death, at the very time when his country needed him most. There was Duffy, true as steel, ever hopeful and courageous, the originator of the movement, and destined to be its historian. There was the blithe and gifted Dillon, Meagher the silver-tongued orator, D'Arcy McGee, second to none of his colleagues as a poet and writer.

Besides the actual participants in the movement, there were many other celebrated writers who heartily sympathized with it, and were frequent contributors to the Nation. It is sufficient to mention Father C. P. Meehan, Denis Florence McCarthy, James Clarence Mangan, John O'Hagan and Samuel Ferguson, who were but the more brilliant stars amid a host of minor lights. Besides all these, there were in the party two others, distinct as the poles in race, religion, politics and personal disposition, but both destined to play the chief parts in the denouement of the tragedy, the one in hurrying it on to the party, the other in conducting it to its final disastrous issue. These two were John Mitchel and William Smith O'Brien.

EVERYTHING BACKWARD.

The Chinese do everything the wrong way, according to our views. Their compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear skirts and the women wear trousers; the men wear their hair long, while the women coil theirs into a knot.

The dressmakers are men, and women carry the burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward and any notes are inserted at the top.

White is used for mourning and bridesmaids always wear black, and instead of being young maidens are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hand instead of the hand of the person introduced.

Vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off side.

They commence their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.

POWERFUL SPEECHES.

Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

STOOD HIM OFF.

Dudely—I'm afraid, Cholley, me boy, that Miss Mitique does not look with favor upon me suit. Cholley—What makes you think so, dear boy? Dudely—Every time I get to the point of asking her to be my wife she begins to knit—Omaha World-Herald.

That Tired Feeling

Makes you seem "all broken up," without life, ambition, energy or appetite. It is often the forerunner of serious illness, or the accompaniment of nervous troubles. It is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is therefore apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. conts.

THE AMERICAN PARSON

FIGURES VERY PROMINENTLY IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

SOME PECULIARLY STRANGE IDEAS UTILIZED IN EXPRESSING OPINIONS ON THE PRESENT SITUATION—A STRIKING DEFINITION OF SILVER MONEY.

For many years we have listened to deliverances emanating from political organizations and Protestant Ministerial Associations regarding the baneful effects of Catholic clerical interference in public affairs in this country. It will therefore be interesting to our readers to peruse the following series of opinions which appear in the American press, said to have been expressed by Protestant clergymen:—

The Rev. C. H. Woolston, of the East Baptist church, Hanover, street, Philadelphia, has exacted from his trustees a promise that in case Bryan is elected President his salary should be paid in gold, saying: "I cannot receive the devil's money for the Lord's work."

The Rev. William Justin Harsha, of the Second Colliery Reformed church in Harlem, preaching to his people on "The Present Business Situation and the Christian Attitude Therein," declared: "I have faith in the soundness at heart of the American people. If for a short moment they are dazzled by the false prospect of securing something for nothing, there will come at length zinging into their hearts the plain old command, 'Thou shalt not steal.' So that for one I look forward with calm hope to the great contest which is before us."

The Rev. Cortland Myers, of the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, made his pulpit ring with denunciations of the free coinage of silver after this fashion: "The Chicago platform stands for dishonesty when it advocates a plan by which any man can pay his honest debts for 53 cents instead of 100 cents to the dollar, and the crime is more monumental when it is proposed to have this great nation, after all its splendid history, stand before earth and heaven as the repudiator of its obligations, which were bathed in its own life's blood. This is to 1 proposition means, and is acknowledged to mean, the diabolical privilege of defrauding our neighbors. It does not make any difference how long this state of affairs continues, it would rest beneath the curse of heaven, and every honest man should bury it beneath the ballot."

The Rev. John L. Scudder, of the Jersey City Tabernacle, showed his knowledge of finance in many words of which these are a few:

"The history of this silver movement is the record of a bold conspiracy of wealthy mine owners to bluff Congress, begot the people and bolster up the depreciating product of their mines. The so-called crime of '73 is one of their political catch words. If free coinage should ever be adopted, this country would force a dishonest dollar on the people and force them to be dishonest. May God deliver us from such direful calamity and wholesale disgrace."

The Rev. T. P. Frost, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, in Baltimore, preached a stump speech last Sunday night on "Some Danger Points in the Presidential Campaign," in which he denounced "partizan vituperation," "appeals to class prejudices," "the spirit of discontent" and "the prevalence of political quackery."

The Rev. Jesse Taylor, of Lewes, Del., presided over a single tax convention held in Wilmington, and said: "We can never become corrupt, for, when single tax succeeds, politics will be equity and equity will be politics. They put you in jail, but what is that when you think of the thousands who have died fighting for freedom?"

The Rev. "Quinine" Lorimer, of Fremont Temple, Boston "huzzahed" for McKinley in his pulpit last Sunday. His subject was a "Vision of a Better Time." Referring to the gold standard, he said all the countries in the world are anxious to get on a gold basis just as soon as possible. "Even the Heathen Chinese," said he, "now in the chains of silver, is anxious to get there. Now, why should we change? Now, I'm not going to ask you to vote for either McKinley or Bryan. I don't do that. I know you want to know how I shall vote, however. Well, I'm going to vote for McKinley. I am for McKinley and gold."

The Northwest Indiana Methodist Conference, in session at Terre Haute on September 14, adopted a resolution in

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USE ONLY ... Finlayson's Linen Thread ... IT IS THE BEST.

which the assertions were made that "the political unrest in the country is a threat of a storm; that the demagogues are frantically endeavoring to array labor against capital; that mob law is incited, and that it is proposed to overthrow organic law. This condition, it is declared, demands the prayerful attention of the people." Mr. Colvin, who offered the resolution, defended it on the ground that it is in line with the advice given by Bishop Bowman.

At the National Colored Baptist Convention held in St. Louis on September 21, a report from the Committee on the State of the Country was unanimously adopted. It openly endorsed McKinley for President.

On a recent Sunday in Chicago, these political subjects were discussed in Protestant pulpits: "Free Silver and Hard Times," Rev. J. Q. Henry, La Salle avenue Baptist church. "Opening of the Campaign," Rev. Johnston Myers, Immanuel Baptist church. "A Forgotten Phase of the Money Question," Rev. T. B. Gregory, Church of the Redeemer. "An Infallible Bank," Rev. W. B. Leach, St. Paul's Methodist church. "Live Issues," Rev. F. B. Vrooman, Kenwood Presbyterian church.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, is making his pulpit reverberate with politics. "Traffic not only," he shrieks, "but all the relations of our great commercial life are conducted on the credit system; that is to say, they are conducted on a system of mutual confidence, and to-day that mutual confidence does not exist. That is the secret of our disquiet and the material of our anxieties. And attempts are being made, deliberate and not-blooded, to crush out all lingering remains of that mutual confidence, and such procedure I dare to brand in this pulpit of God as thoroughly false to the spirit of the Gospel and accurately treasonable to our collective interest and national destiny."

These are only a few of the army of Protestant clergymen who are showing by their official actions whether or not they accept the popular understanding of the so-called American principle of the separation of Church and State.

The Rev. Francis B. Short, of a Methodist Episcopal Church, in Wilmington, Del., preached a stump speech against Bryan on Sept. 28, in which he said: "If some clergymen in New York and Washington have lifted their voices against the chow-chow platform adopted at Chicago, it is because they believed it to be detrimental to our country's interest. Therefore they have spoken, and their words seem to have struck the bull's eye."

The Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis, of the Baptist Church, preached in Plainfield, N.J., a Sunday or two ago on "The Supreme Issues in the Presidential Campaign," and said:

"The supreme moral issue of the campaign comes in the fact that one candidate for the Presidency, evade it as he may seek to, is pledged by platform and perso al avowal to one of the worst forms of anarchy, and that at the dictation of the Governor of a State who has shown his support of anarchy in many ways. This anarchy is slightly veiled under the proposition that the United States may not interfere in the affairs of any State until asked to do so by the Executive of that State. It is the moral and political treason of the doctrine of States' rights, which has been once settled by this nation on the field of battle. It is an echo of the Debs rebellion, an odor from the fires of the Chicago strike. A President of the United States who should carry out that doctrine would deserve the title of Destroyer, Russian Nihilist and French Communist."

Catarrah is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

CRIMINAL SOCIOLOGY.

The New Warden of Central Prison Expresses His Views on the Subject.

A representative of a Toronto paper interviewed Dr. Gilmour, the new Warden of the Central Prison, on his return from the American Prison Congress, which met this year at Milwaukee.

The doctor was very emphatic in dealing with the theory of criminal punishment. He proceeded to say: "One of the most important features to be studied in the development of prisons is the pathological condition of the prison population. The outside world has but a very superficial knowledge of the people who fill the prisons. There is a mental defect, in very many cases hereditary, with a large percentage of confirmed criminals. The administration of criminal justice can, therefore, never be what it should be until our criminal lawyers and judges give more attention to the psychological condition of the people whom they try. No one is able to judge a crime until he has duly weighed the temptation. What might be a heinous offence in the case of you and I, should, in the case of many a criminal, be dealt with more or less charitably."

CRIMINAL SOCIOLOGY.

"It is this phase of criminal sociology that is drawing a great deal more attention than in former years. To habitual criminals short terms are most injurious, and any magistrate who keeps dealing out his 30, 60 and 90 days to men continuously coming before him is encouraging, rather than discouraging, that class of criminal. The habitual offender pursues his calling the same as a poker player does his cards. The latter sits

down and takes his chances of winning or losing; the former, accustomed to short terms, takes his chance on two or three months, and, if convicted, applies the same philosophy as the gambler who loses and hopes for better luck next time."

THE CENTRAL PRISON. "How does the Central Prison here compare with American institutions of a like nature?" he was asked.

The Warden answered: "In point of industrial output, this prison turns out more than any other institution of any size on the continent, while in discipline and general management it takes second place to none. I have had several American visitors call upon me, even as lately as to-day, and they pass but one verdict—unqualified admiration. I visited the Milwaukee House of Correction, and it isn't to be compared alongside our prisons."

BINDER TWINE MAKING. "You are, perhaps, aware that many of the small towns in the province where twine factories are located are agitating against the prison manufacture of binder twine, Dr. Gilmour. What could you say in regard to the matter?" queried the interviewer.

"Well, in the first place, such industries are carried on in the interests of the farmers. Both political parties are united on this subject, more so owing to this fact, perhaps, than on any other. The Provincial Government established the idea here, and the late Conservative Administration at Ottawa liked it so well that they copied it at the Kingston Penitentiary. If you close up these prison factories, it will simply assist private individuals to form a combine and raise the price, just as they have done in the past and would be glad to do again."



PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, it Cures Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, it Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity—Solely because of its safety and its efficacy. We have seen its use in the most severe cases of all kinds of pain, and know it to be a good article in every emergency. It has been used by the most valuable family medicine in the world—J. G. Gendreau, M.D. It has real merit, as a means of relieving pain, as medicine has acquired a reputation equal to any other. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Buy only the genuine. Price 25c. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50c.

FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE!

GOLD and PORCELAIN Crowns fitted on old roots. Aluminum and Rubber Plates made by the latest process. Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anaesthesia.

Dr. J. G. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist, 20 St. Lawrence Street, Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Telephone, BELL, 2818. 7-9

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Your impression in the morning, Teeth in the afternoon. Erythema full gum sets, Rose Pearl (flesh colored). Weighted lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces; gold crown plates, and bridge work, painless extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filed; teeth repaired in 50 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-pectoral cured Mrs. G. Gaudin of chronic cough in her chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

Mr. J. H. Hurry, Chemist, 258 Xonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. It is sold with me in boxes of 25c and 50c, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine. Large bottles, 25c. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Patent Sanitarians.

Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers. 795 CHATEAU STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Charges moderate. Telephone 1834

FATAL FIRE

Three Firemen Lose Their Lives and Many Others Injured.

The Board of Trade Requests that a Searching Investigation be Made Regarding the Management of the Brigade.

Thousands of People Watch the Scene—The Sympathetic References of the Superiress of the Grey Nuns for the Victims and Their Families—The Funeral Held Yesterday From the Notre Dame Church—Other Features of the Sad Fatality.

One of the most serious fires which occurred in this city during the past decade was that which started in the premises occupied by Gilmour & Co., on St. Peter Street, in the centre of the commercial district, on Friday afternoon. The city has prided itself on the entire absence of any loss of life at fires for some time past. It now mourns the loss of three of its bravest fire fighters, who lost their lives.

The fire, from a commercial point of view, amounted comparatively speaking to but little. It is estimated that the financial loss will amount to about \$135,000, but great as this may seem, it was of absolutely no interest in comparison with the loss of the lives of King, Laporte and Carpenter. Not since the great St. Urban Street fire, when five firemen were killed, has Montreal been visited by such a disastrous calamity.

People were drawn by thousands to the scene, not to witness a fire, but because it was the fiery tomb of brave men. The news travelled rapidly all over the city.

The scene was exciting and thrilling in the extreme. The collapse of the top floor, which was heard crashing its way through the lower stories of the building, caused a terrible commotion among the thousands of spectators who were witnessing the scene from every point in the neighborhood. As it became evident to all who could see that efforts were being made to reach men within the building, the excitement increased.

There was a hush as Laporte's lifeless form was borne out to an ambulance and was hurried away to the General Hospital. Hats by the hundred were raised reverently as the ambulance went by, and a thrill of pity for the man who had died at his post went through the crowd.

It was late in the evening before the bodies of King and Carpenter were recovered, but late as was the hour thousands remained and paid their silent tribute to the dead.

Two of the most touching scenes witnessed in connection with the occurrence, says the Herald, were the presence of King's father, a veteran fireman, of 45 years' standing, and of Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, "the father of the brigade." The father arose from a sick bed, in order to be present when he was telephoned that there had been an accident, and that some of those whom he called "his boys" were dead. Several times he had to be led away heart broken, sobbing as though he were a child, and there were not a few wet eyes in the crowd as they witnessed his grief and that of old Mr. King.

It was almost a miracle that any of the sixteen firemen who were on the roof and in the premises escaped death.

THE DEAD.—Foreman Laporte, No. 16; S. Carpenter, No. 2; Harry King, No. 1— all of whom are Catholics, the latter being a member of St. Patrick's congregation.

THE INJURED.—Capt. Mann, No. 5, arm hurt and back strained; Capt. Vian, No. 11, leg cut; David Bennett, No. 3, severe internal injuries; Capt. Frevost, No. 4, suffering from suffocation; Burrelle, No. 11, head cut; Mulcahey, No. 3, cuts on head; John Bennett, No. 3, arm cut; Arthur Mann, No. 5, cut about the face; P. Charest, No. 11, severe internal injuries and left leg hurt; Geo. Reynolds, No. 2, suffocation.

The building belongs to the Grey Nuns. Mother Deschamps, superiress of the order, was deeply moved at the sad loss of life and spoke with tears in her eyes. "This terrible accident," she said, "has cast a gloom over our whole community, and our hearts bleed for the poor women and children who are left alone in the world. But it does seem as if the firemen were too brave at times. Why should they have run such risks for the sake of saving property which was nothing compared with one life? We feel more deeply than others because it was our building, and any compensation or sacrifice we can make would be made gladly. But alas! nothing can bring back the dead to their families." The building was erected in 1872.

The scene of the fatality was visited by thousands of people on Sunday, and some, with commendable foresight, placed a large box on a pole near the scene for the purpose of receiving contributions for the bereaved families. All the injured officers and men have returned to duty, with the exception of Capt. Mann, of No. 5, and Fireman David Bennett, of No. 15. The former is at home, suffering from injuries to the shoulder and spine and a punctured arm. The warehouse was filled with edged

tools, which during the collapse inflicted wounds on many of the victims and the survivors of the catastrophe.

Bennett is doing as well as can be expected at the General Hospital.

Flags are flying at half mast over all the Fire Stations and the City Hall. The front of the Central Fire Station is heavily draped with black and gold cloth. Mr. J. C. Wray has arranged these trappings. Crape is fixed on all the doors of No. 2 Station, where Carpenter was located. The officers and men of No. 2 Station have sent floral tributes to be placed on the three coffins.

The floral offerings from the conferees of poor Harry King of No. 1 Station is a very pretty emblem in the shape of a cross composed of red and white roses, chrysanthemums and maidens hair fern, with the words "Our Comrade" in purple lettering. The cross is an exceedingly appropriate memento, and reflects great credit on the handiwork of Mr. Campbell, the St. Catherine street florist.

On Saturday afternoon Coroner McMahon opened the inquest, on the death of the three firemen. The following jurors were sworn in: Messrs. Medard Mercier, Jean Chagnon, Louis Auctil Jos. H. Galarneau, Severe Thibault, Eugene Delaunoy, Maxime David, Louis Viens, Joseph Rodrigue, Charles Jodoin, Romuald Gagnon and Armand Giroux.

Coroner McMahon decided that the jurors, in charge of his officer, Mr. Chas. Lacroix, should view the bodies of the victims, and the inquest should be postponed until Wednesday at 2 p.m.

The first visit was to Harry King's residence, No. 5 Jurors street; then the jurors, accompanied by Ald. Stevenson and Chief Benoit, made an inspection of the stores of Messrs. Gilmour & Co., Kearney Bros., Johnston Fluid Beef Company, and Goldstein's Cigar Factory. After a very close examination they went to Fireman Carpenter's residence, 20 Maisonneuve street, and concluded their sad journey by viewing foreman Laporte's body, at his late residence, 219 Rachel street.

The Fire Commissioners also commenced an enquiry into the causes of the fire.

Sympathetic mention was made at a meeting of the Board of Trade Council of the sad loss of life at the St. Peter Street fire, and there being a feeling that this was possibly owing to preventable causes, the following resolution was adopted:—

"That the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade deeply deploras the terrible accident which occurred at the St. Peter street fire, whereby three members of the Fire Brigade lost their lives, and several other firemen were grievously injured.

That, with a view to the prevention of like disasters in the future, the Council hereby urges upon His Worship the Mayor the holding of a searching investigation into the management of the Fire Brigade at the said fire, and the condition of the building in which it occurred."

The funeral, which took place yesterday, was the largest held in this city for many years. Ten thousand people at least lined up on the streets.

FAREWELL TO SATOLLI

BY THE CATHOLIC CLUB OF NEW YORK.

HIS EMINENCE, IN REPLY TO AN ADDRESS, PAID A COMPLIMENT TO ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN AND THE CLUB.

Cardinal Satolli was the guest of honor at the Catholic Club last week and the handsome club house was elaborately decorated. The Cardinal and his party were met by Justice Charles F. Daly, Stephen Farrelly, W. T. Ryan, John D. Callanan, John J. Pulley, John Monks, Jr., Nicholas Barrett, and John D. Crimmins.

The Reception Committee led the guests into the ballroom. Cardinal Satolli was escorted by Justice Daly, President of the club, to a seat on a dais at the south end of the room. Archbishop Corrigan occupied a seat on the right of the Cardinal. The other ecclesiastical dignitaries, who occupy 1 seats on the dais were Archbishop Williams of Boston, Auxiliary Bishop Farley of New York, Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, and Bishop McFaul of Trenton. The Cardinal wore a flowing red robe and a skull cap, and the Archbishop and Bishops also wore the full ecclesiastical robes of their office.

Fifteen hundred invitations were sent out by the Reception Committee, and fully half that number of guests were present last evening. The arrival of the Cardinal and his party was the signal for an outburst of applause, and it was several minutes before President Daly could begin the reading of the address of the club to the Cardinal. The address was as follows:

"Your Eminence: The members of the Catholic Club, feeling in a special manner the general regret of the community at the approaching departure of your Eminence from America, after laying down the office of Delegate Apostolic to the United States, beg leave to wish you a safe and prosperous journey home, long life and happiness, and the realization of all your desires for the advancement of religion and the good of the people. It is not out of place to advert to the gracious manner in which your Eminence accepted honorary membership in our club, received our congratulations upon your elevation to the cardinalate, which happy event occurred during your stay in this country, and accorded us the favor of a last meeting to say farewell; and it is, above all, not improper at this time for us to testify to the general admiration, felt for the perfect comprehension of the government and institutions of the United States displayed by your Eminence, and for your appreciation of the character of the American people, their citizenship, patriotism and love of justice and truth, and we feel sure that your written and spoken words expres-

sive of your feeling toward this country will be treasured in lasting and loving remembrance."

The Cardinal beamed with smiles as President Daly concluded the address, and he bowed his acknowledgments to the members who had formed in a semi-circle around him. Then the Rev. Geo. A. Dougherty, of Washington, who is acting as the Cardinal's private secretary on his homeward trip, read the Cardinal's reply in English, as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CATHOLIC CLUB:— Within the past few days it has been my great pleasure to have received from every side expressions of the strongest affection and devotion. I assure you, gentlemen, that the lofty sentiments and the sincere utterances to which you have given expression this evening will forever remain jealously guarded within my heart. The Catholic Club of New York, ever since my arrival in America, has taken occasion in a most special manner to demonstrate to me its strong and generous attachment to the Church, its filial devotion to our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and to manifest an unceasing kindness toward my humble person, having given a proof by making me an honorary member, an action which has delighted me, and by which I feel myself to have been greatly honored.

"Organizations such as this are most important for the prosperity and highest

tion of Archbishop Corrigan to a Cardinalate to the same source—a Western newspaper writer—and said that it, too, was groundless. Bishop Farley said that nobody could tell now what the College of Cardinals would do at the November consistory.

TO PROLONG LIFE.

INSURANCE COMPANIES CONSIDERING A PROJECT WITH THAT END IN VIEW.

THE FIRST STEPS TO BE TAKEN TO INCLUDE THE ERECTION OF A SANITARIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The large and enormously wealthy insurance companies are considering a scheme to prolong human life. It is not a newborn spirit of philanthropy that has actuated them, but a strictly business like, though in every way laudable, desire to save themselves from financial loss by availing themselves of the best medical skill and appliances.

Steps are now being taken by these companies, says an American exchange, which will result in the building of

KILLED AT ST. PETER STREET FIRE.



CAPTAIN LAPORTE.



G. CARPENTIER.



HARRY KING.

progress of the Church in these United States. What is more, I shall venture to say that the greatness and splendor of the Catholic Church in New York under the wise and firm administration of his Grace your beloved Archbishop [applause] is due in no small measure to the active co-operation of the members of this Catholic Club. Were I to endeavor to carry away with me in a material way my affection for America, the high esteem and kindly feelings I entertain for American institutions, the admiration I feel for the Catholic Church of this country, so great, so glorious, so progressive, I am sure I would have to press into service another steamer larger even than the Kaiser Wilhelm, which is to bear me away.

"Finally, accept the expression of the profound admiration with which your devotion to our holy Church has filled me, and may still greater prosperity and progress be the lot of the Church in America, of the Church in this great archdiocese of New York, and of the Catholic Club. [Applause.] These, gentlemen, are the feelings which animate me, and to which I have given expression before pronouncing that word which is always the hardest among friends—farewell."

There was more applause at the conclusion of the Cardinal's reply, and then the club members and guests formed in line to pay their respects to the Cardinal and his party. As each passed before the Cardinal and the Archbishop he was greeted with a warm handshake, and each kissed the rings of the two church dignitaries. It was nearly midnight before the reception was over and the Cardinal returned to the archiepiscopal residence.

The Cardinal met the bishops of the province of New York at dinner at the archiepiscopal residence. The bishops meet at intervals throughout the year, and this meeting was called because it was considered an opportune time to transact routine business and would enable those attending it to meet the Cardinal. Those at the conference were Bishop Farley of New York, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, Bishop Wigger of Newark, Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, Bishop McFaul of Trenton, Bishop Burke of Albany, Bishop Ludden of Syracuse, and Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn.

After the conference Bishop Farley said that all they had done was to attend to the revision of the catechism adopted by the Plenary Council of Baltimore. He said this was a purely canonical matter and consisted merely of revising the language of the catechism. He said that they had not even discussed the question of dividing the province of New York, which rumor said they had intended to do. This was a matter which had never been considered by the Bishop as far as he knew, Bishop Farley said. He attributed the rumor to the eleva-

tion of Archbishop Corrigan to a Cardinalate to the same source—a Western newspaper writer—and said that it, too, was groundless. Bishop Farley said that nobody could tell now what the College of Cardinals would do at the November consistory.

examining physician to detect the earliest stages of the disease where the symptoms are carefully hidden, as is apt to be the case.

After a policy has been issued it is next to impossible to prove that the person was suffering from the disease at the time the examinations were made. Although there are undoubtedly cases where sick persons secure policies who troubles obtain their policies without being aware of their illness. Such troubles are contracted gradually and the victim seldom knows that ails him until an advanced stage has been reached. In such cases he may deceive the medical examiner unintentionally.

Mr. Stacy Wilson of the Empire Insurance Company, who is a well known authority on the subject of life insurance generally, told the writer that he was of the opinion that companies would be greatly benefited in knowing exactly when they were insuring sick persons. For under such conditions a person is not left alone to die, the company in a short time being compelled to pay a policy which should never have been issued, but every possible effort is made to prolong life and so postpone to the last moment the payment of the claim.

Exactly where the new sanitarium will be located has not been decided, but it will be in a place where all conditions of the air are favorable to the battle with the disease. It is believed that by the time the sanitarium is built there will not be an insurance company in this country that will not be associated in the enterprise.

WHAT AN ORATION COST.

A Railroad King's Experience in the Opera Business.

Mr. Chamcey M. Depew, one of the railroad Kings of the United States related his experience in the Opera business to a reporter of the New York Herald a few days ago. Mr. Depew recognized as one of the orators of the land of the Stars and Stripes, and his oration on the occasion of the inauguration of the Peckskill Opera House cost him a handsome figure. The following will illustrate that feature of the transaction.

"My connection with the place," said he, "began with its inception in 1888 when several public spirited residents of Peckskill decided that it ought to have an opera house, and I was asked to subscribe. I took \$1,500 worth of stock. Subsequently, when the building was partly up, the bank there lent \$18,000, which carried it along further, but did not complete it. Then I was appealed to again, and given a second mortgage for \$20,000. The building when it was finally completed cost \$60,000 instead of 30,000, as was at first intended. I finished it at an expense of a few more thousands and we had the opening.

I induced Mr. Palmer to present "Jim the Penman" for the first night, and I made an oration. The whole show—myself and Palmer's company—took in \$1,100, which was pretty good.

"Now, I haven't made any plans for the place yet, but I have about \$15,000 in it, on which I have never seen interest, and something will be done. Because of my loan of \$20,000 the opera house was named after me which of course is something, but not substantial.

Fire Gives Protection from Lightning.

Science and superstition occasionally meet on common ground, making it rash to condemn old customs as senseless. For instance, there are many primitive villages abroad where smoke fires are kindled hastily upon the approach of a thunderstorm, doubtless a survival of the antiquarian would say, of some heathen rite of propitiation. On the other hand, Prof. Schuster has recently pointed out that flame will discharge an electrified body, and that every fire or chimney emitting smoke serves as a lightning conductor for carrying off the pressure of electricity from a charged cloud. Some figures prepared in Schleswig-Holstein for the purpose of testing this theory show that while 63 churches in 1,000, and 8.5 windmills are struck by lightning, only one factory chimney in 3,000 suffers in the same way, despite their greater height and more exposed condition.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

POPULAR THURSDAY MUSICAL UNIONS.

At last Thursday's Concert of this favorite Club, a reserve guard was ordered up, composed of Miss Brennan and her sweet little girls, (of Branch Catholic Protection and Rescue Home for children, of Liverpool, England), and bravely did they hold the fort for one hour and a half, appearing singly and in groups in rapid succession, in their songs, duets, song in character, dance, etc., amidst volley after volley of roaring applause, until the close of their engagement. At different times several seamen made a dash to dislodge the brave little guard, but failed. A number of clergymen were present, and it was a pleasant surprise to the seamen, when Rev. Father Devine, chaplain to the Club, rose from his seat and introduced Rev. Father Barry, editor of the Liverpool Catholic Times, who delivered a short but very interesting address; and Rev. Father Jeanraud, also of Liverpool, England. P. J. Gordon presided and opened with a splendid programme that gave the greatest pleasure to a very large and appreciative audience. Miss Wheeler, as usual, gave the opening

One of the early results which is expected from the establishment of the insurance sanitarium, is that the time will soon come when consumptives, no less than persons in good health, will be insured by the companies. This is no mere theory, but according to Mr. Halsey, Vice President of the Manhattan Life Company, is a policy that will be forced upon the American companies. Already those of Germany having the sanitarium system in operation are planning to have their representative branches in this country take such risks, and the American companies will have to defend themselves by doing the same. By refusing they would lose not only the consumptive patients, but hundreds of others every year, who would be influenced by the greater benefits of the German companies. Indeed, under such a system thousands of persons will be insured for the simple purpose of securing the advantages of the medical treatment.

Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

piano music. Miss Sarah Dolph, song, "The Greeting"; "Welcome Song"; Miss Janie Lyceet, song, "The Life Boat"; Miss M. Lyceet and C. Corcoran, duet, "The Gypsies' Repose"; Master M. Cleary, song, "Hello! Riley"; Misses Dolph, Gill and Stancetree, recitation, "Little Jack"; A Vision, "Angel Gifts"; Miss Sarah Dolph, recitation, "Jam Pops"; Misses Dolph, Lynch, Gill and McDermitt, "Squirrel Party"; Misses M. Cleary, M. Lyceet, M. Conneley, C. Corcoran, "The Dear Home Song"; Miss Janie Lyceet, song, "My Black Pickin'"; Misses C. Prout and Janie Lyceet were admired for their "Irish Jig"; Misses Cleary, Lyceet, Corcoran and Conneley, song, "Kitty Wells"; "McNamara's Band"; Miss Lyceet conductor, caused great laughter; "Good Night Song"; Mrs. Gallery presided at the piano. The chairman here, on behalf of the Club, thanked Miss Brennan and her clever little girls. Mrs. Tygh was also present and favored with a song; Mr. J. Grant, "Grand March" on the piano; Messrs. Read and Milloy, duet; Mr. J. Hilde, comic song; James Griffin, A. Godfrey, John Moore, James Wright, seamen, songs.—F.C.L.

DEFINITIONS.

Question—What is a politician?
Answer—A politician is a man who understands politics.
Q.—What is politics?
A.—Politics is the art of getting a \$700 man a \$3,000 job.
Q.—Is that all there is to politics?
A.—No.
Q.—What else?
A.—The man has to study out a way to get re-elected to his \$3,000 job without spending \$2,500 with the boys.—Chicago Journal.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, OF CANADA,

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Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$2000. Tickets 10 cents.

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Are invariably less than wholesale.

OUR STOCK

Embraces all the latest Novelties in Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Usters and Fur-lined Wraps; also in Children's Jackets and Usters.

The following figures will indicate our range of prices:
Ladies' All-Wool Cheviot Jackets, tailor-made, from \$1.75.
Ladies' All-Wool Cheviot Capes, made full with Capuchin, \$3.85.
Children's Heavy Fancy Cloth Coats, only \$2.75.
Children's Usters, every quality, from \$2.75.

GLOVES.

Our stock of Gloves is replete with all the best makes and newest brands for Fall and Winter wear. A few of the favorites in Kid Gloves are "The Derby" (price \$1.50); "The Marquis" (price \$1.75); "The Zuzurin" (price \$1.25).

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Right in season, 3000 of them. In all colors, Blue, Green, Maroon, Yellow, &c. While they last, at Half Price, according to size, as follows:—No. 1, 10c; No. 2, 15c; No. 3, 20c; No. 4, 25c; No. 5, 30c; No. 6, 40c; No. 7, 50c; No. 8, 75c; No. 9, \$1.00.

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A SPLENDID OFFER.

A free course of Musical Theory and Sight Singing is now open to all Young Men who wish to join

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

Further particulars on application to

PROF. J. A. FOWLER, Organist,

4 PHILIP'S PLACE

A SESSION OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH (Crown Side), holding criminal jurisdiction in and for the DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, will be held in the COURT HOUSE, in the CITY OF MONTREAL, on

Monday, the second day of November, next, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give PUBLIC NOTICE to all who intend to proceed against any prisoners now in the Common Gaol of the said District, and all others, that they must be present then and there; I also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for the said District, that they must be present, then and there, with their Records, Rolls, Indictments and other Documents, in order to do those things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

J. R. THIBAudeau, Sheriff.

Sherriff's Office, Montreal, 14th October, 1896.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1896

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

In these days boys and girls have so much to learn at school that the considerate friend of education will hesitate to suggest any addition to the burden of the already heavy satchel. Not to mention the art of speaking and writing one's own language with propriety, which is essential in all schools and which, in or out of school, is no slight achievement, there are other tongues that have claims on the learner, and such branches of elementary science as may be deemed necessary for the ordinary uses of life. The third of the three R's stands for the minimum of scientific culture. The second of them stands for the elements of art. But it is to the first and only true R that we must resort, in final appeal, for all that can be gathered, assimilated and utilized in the mighty world of books. To be taught to read means more than a mere mastery of the alphabet and a comprehension, which in time becomes intuitive, of its myriad combinations. The value of direction as to reading is a theme on which we touched some time ago. We would now call attention to a single department of such direction—the study of history. Generally, we fear, too little stress is laid on the importance of history as a branch of knowledge and on the study of it as a discipline for the mind. Nor, as a rule, are the text-books that are put into the hands of pupils worthy of the purpose they are meant to serve. Of course, in this, as in every other branch of education, a great deal is left to the intelligence, tact and sympathy of the teacher. But the busy teacher cannot do everything, and yet some text-books of history leave him or her everything to do and sometimes not a little to undo. A question of interest is the age or stage of development at which the study of history should be begun. It is essential that the pupil should learn something about his or her own country. Here it will be obvious that history should not be divorced from geography, and the geography of such a country as Canada is no trifle even in the outline of its main features. But as the geography of any particular region implies some previous knowledge of the "great globe itself," so the annals of any country, and especially of a new world country, cannot be learned without some basis of general knowledge as to the history of mankind at large, and at least a compend or abstract of the history of Europe, and especially of Western Europe. The history of France, again, as well as that of Great Britain, begins as a branch of Roman history, and, as the Roman Empire, in the zenith of its power, comprised not only a great part of Europe, but large tracts of Asia and Africa, we are thus drawn, in medias res, into the very thick of the great conflict between civilization and barbarism. The story of Rome includes that of Greece, which, with its colonies and conquests, still further broadens the range of our survey. For the Greek language, after Alexander's expedition, was spoken from the Atlantic to the Indus. By Rome's conquest of Carthage our ideas of the world as known to the ancients are still further extended, for the Carthaginians and the Phoenicians, from whom they were descended, were the pioneers of navigation and commerce long before Rome was founded. The expedition of Hanno, the Carthaginian, marks perhaps the earliest attempt to dare the perils of the Atlantic, and it is noteworthy

that to Hanno we owe the first mention of the gorilla as found on the west coast of Africa in the 5th century B.C. To Phœnician vessels was assigned the circumnavigation of the Dark Continent by the orders of an Egyptian monarch, six centuries B.C., an enterprise that Humboldt deemed not improbable. About the same period the Phœnicians, venturing westward across the whole extent of the Mediterranean, founded the city of Marseilles, which in turn organized some centuries later the first expedition to the continent and islands of the North Atlantic. Thus we find a link between a far-off past and this land of ours on the St. Lawrence, for Pytheas, though he spoke Greek, was a native of a city that has long been French, and among the lands that he discovered were those islands to which many of us look back as to our ancestral homes. Nor must we forget that among the provinces of Rome in her day of heathen power was Palestine, the Holy Motherland of universal Christendom. It will thus be seen that it is not without reason that the history of Rome occupies so important a place in all schemes of education, comprising, as it does, so large a share of the history of mankind. A thorough study of Rome's history implies some knowledge of all the countries that at any time were included under its sway—Greece, Egypt, Carthage, the dominions of the ancient Celts and Teutons, Asia Minor, Palestine, the lands at any time conquered, traded with or visited by these, and the countless nations and tribes with which the historians of Greece and Rome and the sacred writers have made us more or less acquainted. We may even by implication include the New World in that survey, for, according to the geographer Strabo, a contemporary of the Massilian explorer already mentioned, had at least indicated the path of westward discovery when he said that, but for the immensity of the Atlantic, it would be possible to sail from Spain to India. Under the Christian dispensation we may still make Rome our central point of observation, as we mark the origin, conversion and development of new communities, till we come to the modern age of discovery and finally concentrate our attention on the settlement and growth of our own complex nationality.

But whatever system we adopt, some general knowledge of world-history is indispensable to an intelligent study of that of our own country. The history of France and of Great Britain and Ireland, with a glance at their colonies and conquests, and sufficient attention to their modes of Government to enable the pupil to understand the theory and working of our own constitution, should form the subject of a series of clear and concise lessons. Of course, such an outline ought to be divested of any cumbersome learning and be as simple as possible. The works of the late Dr. Todd, of the late Messrs. Droure and Lareau, of Dr. Bourinot, of Mr. Recorder DeMontigny, and other writers, might be used by the teacher, in combination with our leading historians, to supplement the ordinary text-books. Not to overload the pupil's memory, while at the same time conveying a clear conception of the constitution under which we live, would demand some skill on the part of the teacher. As to its development, in one sense, the British North America Act, being a creation of the Imperial power, cannot be said to have developed from any previous instrument, but the system of which it is an embodiment has had a growth which can be traced. The circumstances out of which the federal project arose can also be explained. The historical sequence of the regimes by which this province has been administered is indicated by a few dates—1841, 1791, 1774, 1763, 1760, 1703, 1663, 1627, being the principal. The change from French to British rule is indicated by the capitulation of Montreal in 1760. The dates previous to that year stand for the organization of the Hundred Associates, and the creation of the Sovereign and Superior Councils. They may be added to as the subject requires. If we take in the rest of Canada, 1670, 1697, 1713, 1749, 1784, and several others may be added to indicate the creation of the Hudsons Bay Company, the Treaties of Ryswick and Utrecht, etc. The Treaty of Paris, the Quebec Constitutional and Union Acts are already indicated by their dates. But the great date of all is July 1, 1867, when the British North America Act came into force and Canada (Lower and Upper) and the Maritime Provinces of No. Scotia and New Brunswick became the Dominion of Canada, with power to add to their number.

The religious feature of the education of our children in this country is the last consideration with many of our public men. Here is an illustration, taken from an Ottawa paper:—

"It is said that half an hour each day is to be set apart for this purpose, so that the schools will close at 3.30 p.m. instead of 4 o'clock. All children who desire to remain can leave after 3.30."

What a farce for men of intelligence to even think of, much less put in force.

SOME WELCOME CHANGES.

A recent expression of opinion in an Irish paper indicates, though indirectly, one of the causes of disension between the two parties of Home Rulers. The writer in question urges that, although just at present there is no apparent ground for the hope that Home Rule will be at an early date an accomplished fact, nevertheless there is no reason why the people of Ireland should not in the meantime profit by any disposition on the part of the government to show the country fair play, short of that desired result. If, for instance, as its present majority seems to promise, the Salisbury government makes good its full parliamentary term, the Liberals will for so many years be debarred from keeping their pledges as to the renewal of the attempt to carry Home Rule. Is it irrational or unpatriotic during that lustrum or more to accept from the party in power such boons in the way of land reform, educational rights, railway construction, promotion of the fisheries, provision for technical training, ample privileges of local autonomy and other needed improvements, rather than to indulge in Ismaelite hostility to every offer at conciliation? In ordinary life, the proverbial truth that half a loaf is better than no bread is a rule of conduct believed to be based on common sense. Other political parties have, when in opposition, to make certain compromises with their official adversaries. If they declined to do so, their constituencies which look to government for attention, whatever political denomination is at the head of affairs, would withdraw their confidence and choose from their opponents representatives of their interests.

There are certain claims, general and local, in the satisfaction of which more interests than those of any single party are concerned. A policy that affects trade and commerce, agriculture and the urban industries, cannot be regarded from a purely party standpoint. The policy of one party may deal with those interests in such a way that some of them are more benefited than others, and this, not of deliberate purpose, but through the operation of a principle. If that policy can, by the exercise of timely influence and good understanding, be so modified as to make the benefits more evenly distributed or to save some threatened branches of industry wholly or partly from its injurious effects, it would surely be folly, and worse than folly, for the opposition, solely out of party spirit, to refuse such partial benefits and thus to doom their constituents to loss and embarrassment which they had in their power to secure them from. This, according to the writer in question, is the position of the Home Rulers with regard to such services as the Salisbury Government may be disposed to render to their urban or rural constituents in Ireland. Would they be acting wisely or fairly, simply because they disagree with the Tories on one subject—however important—to hold stiffly aloof from them on every other subject as well, instead of helping by their knowledge and advice whenever they find them well intentioned toward their countrymen in matters as to which they sorely need a powerful helping hand?

Now, to us in Canada there can be no question as to the sensible answer to make to such a question. Opposition may be a bounden duty when great principles are at stake. But when a party in power is of its own good will and regard for the public weal prepared to meet half way the wishes of its opponents' constituents, and to offer, in their behalf, all the advantages that their principles permit them to offer in a certain direction, it is the duty of the Opposition in turn to concur in such a policy, which is half its own, and not to indulge in mere factions or partizan antagonism, to the detriment of the public.

We need hardly say that it was a Parnellite paper in which the plea was made, and to the anti-Parnellite press it may be nothing but an ambushade, just as the Parnellites denounce the alleged subservience of the majority to the English Liberals. For our part, the right policy for every paper that wishes Ireland well—especially since the Convention—is to express its opinions, whether original or adopted, as if no division existed, and to accept suggestions that were good, rejecting those that are bad, without regard to their source and without reserve as to their honest and obvious meaning.

We are, therefore, inclined to look upon the proposal, above quoted, which was made without a word that savored of insincerity or of unkind feeling to any section of Irish opinion, as wise and patriotic and as justified by the experience of recent years. Those who have grown up under the auspices of the Home Rule movement—which, with all its drawbacks, has been one of the most successful movements of our time—may resent as slow and defective whatever falls short of full-fledged triumph. But those who have been longer in the world, and can recall a time when to dream of upsetting the union of 1801 smacked more of insanity than wisdom,

cannot help feeling that the change in public opinion in the three kingdoms is little less than a revolution.

Setting party names aside, it is not Liberal Britain only that Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule stands for, but a great deal that is best in Conservative Britain also. Not only so, but the ten years during which one of the great historic parties has advocated Home Rule—a majority of the Commons having declared for it—must have modified opinion materially even in Conservative strongholds. The result we see in the desire to know more of Ireland, its history, its people, their condition, their aspirations, their urgent needs. But that is not all. We find evidence of it in signs of improvement all over the country. The saying that no news is good news is peculiarly true of Ireland. The years when Ireland gave most satisfaction to the news-hunter were the years of coercion, of evictions, of bitter and murderous conflict. The building of short railway lines; the founding of new industries; the erection of hotels for tourists and health-seekers and lovers of scenery, where accommodation for man and beast there was none before; the opening of technical schools; the advancement of general education at a rate hitherto unprecedented—these and other indications of prosperity are among the evidences of a great change as well of fact as of sentiment.

That such a change has taken place ought to be an inducement to unit of effort, not to division, on the part of the Irish people's representatives in Parliament. It is a gerdon of grander triumphs sure to come, and the sooner the contending sections are reconciled, and the more vigorously they co-operate for the one cause that is dear to them both, the nearer will be the day of ultimate victory.

CUBA'S DISTRESS.

The state of affairs in the island of Cuba is so anomalous and deplorable that our first thought, on contemplating its condition, is that of regret and commiseration for its hapless inhabitants. If ever there was a portion of the globe especially intended by Providence for the abode of a happy and prosperous population, it ought, one might suppose, to be just such an island. It was the admiring gratification of the early discoverers that gave Cuba the proud title of Queen of the Antilles. Like other earthly paradises, Cuba doubtless has its share of drawbacks, and perhaps, on the whole, if we had our choice, we should prefer a home in Canada under the best conditions for the promotion of happiness to a home in Cuba under like conditions. Nevertheless, we can understand why those who have been born and brought up in Cuba are so passionately devoted to their native land.

It is more than four centuries since Christopher Columbus first discovered the island during his earliest voyage, so that Cuba is associated with one of the greatest events of which history has kept the record. On the 28th of October, 1492, the discovery was made, and Columbus called the island Juana, in honor of Prince John, son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After King Ferdinand's death it received the name of Fernandina. Subsequently it was named Santiago, or Saint James, from the patron saint of Spain, and, later still, it was with affectionate devotion called Ave Maria, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The name by which we have always known it in our day was the original name that it bore when Columbus first espied it—that name having been conferred by the aborigines. Twice in succeeding years the discoverer visited the island—in 1494, and again in 1502. In 1511 his son, Diego, fitted out an expedition for the sake of colonizing Cuba, and founded a settlement at Baracoa. Three years later he laid the foundation of Santiago, and also of Trinidad or Trinity. In July, 1515, the name of Havana, or rather San Cristoval de la Havana, was given to a locality afterwards called Batabano, while four years afterward the present city of Havana was founded. In less than twenty years the thriving town was burned to ashes by a French privateer, and by way of precaution against the repetition of such an outrage, the castle or fortress of La Fuerza was erected by Fernando de Soto, known in Canadian history as the rival of La Salle for the discovery of the Mississippi.

The history of Cuba during the last three centuries and a half has been marked by successive disturbances. With the introduction of tobacco and sugar culture is connected the first use of negro slaves for field labor. The first slaves were landed about twenty years before the close of the 16th century. A little later two other forts were erected for the defence of Havana. Down to the middle of the last century the planters and their households were in frequent if not constant dread of invasion by French, Dutch or English foes. Pirates also were for many generations the terror of the Gulf of Mexico and the adjoining waters of the Atlantic. It was not, however, until 1665 that it was thought necessary to surround Havana with walls,

A hundred years later the city was taken by Lord Albemarle, and a naval and military force under his command, after a first obstinate defence. The Moro Castle first surrendered, a fortnight afterwards the city capitulated. The spoil divided among the captors amounted to nearly three quarters of a million of pounds—a fact that shows the wealth of the inhabitants at that time. The treaty of Paris of 1763 restored Cuba to Spain, and, notwithstanding the damage and loss sustained by the siege, the island was never more prosperous than during the remainder of the century. During the Napoleonic wars the Cubans remained loyal to the royal family of Spain, and during the long and troubled period of revolt and ultimately of war for liberation, on the mainland of Mexico, Central and South America, Cuba was faithful to the Motherland.

The circumstances out of which the actual situation has arisen were due partly to slavery and the unrest caused by the movement for emancipation, partly to sympathy with the aims of those who on the continent threw off the yoke of Spain, partly to the machinations of foreigners and partly to the honest efforts of a number of Cubans to obtain certain needed reforms. In 1820 and in 1844 there were conspiracies and insurrection among the blacks which were not repressed without bloodshed. In 1848 we first hear of the designs of American filibusters, and in 1850 a party of them made good their landing at Batavia, though the insurgent leader, Narciso Lopez, thus aided, was able to hold out for a time against the Spanish garrison on the island, he and his guerillas were ultimately cut to pieces and the authorities had everything their own way. A party of the more intelligent and patriotic Cubans then inaugurated a movement for the peaceful acquisition of the rights and reforms which had in vain been sought by violence. But the designs of the United States on the island, favored, as they were, by a considerable number of Cubans who preferred American to Spanish rule, always interfered with such domestic agitations. In 1848 President Polk openly offered to purchase the island for a million dollars. Ten years later the proposal was repeated, the sum offered being many times increased. Twenty years after the first offer was made by the American Government the outbreak of the revolution in Spain, and the banishment of Queen Isabella, led to a like movement in the island, which lasted long after tranquillity had been restored in Spain. It was not, indeed, until General Campos undertook the task of putting down the revolt, and accompanied judgment with mercy and the promise of redress, that the insurgents finally laid down their arms. Altogether the revolt extended over the ten years, 1868-1878, and it took even Campos, then in the height of his fame, and with carte blanche to carry out his plans and make his own terms, no less than two years to bring the insurrection to an end. For some years afterwards—so long, indeed, as the Government kept faith with the colonists and the agitators in the United States let them a one—the Cubans were fairly contented. What was known as the Autonomist party began about a dozen years ago to organize an agitation for self-government on the basis of the system that we enjoy in Canada. This plea was ably urged in a review published in Havana, but two influences impeded this moderate movement. One was that of the uncompromising Tories of the peninsula; the other was the filibustering movement in the United States, which gave the opponents of autonomy a plausible justification. Between the two the voice of moderate reform was stifled, and at last open rebellion was the result. The conflict has now reached a point when common humanity demands a cessation of hostilities that are ruining the island. The only hope for peace, with honor to both combatants, lies in granting Campos entire freedom of action. If he cannot succeed in restoring tranquillity, while retaining Cuba for Spain, no other general is likely to do so. As for the rumors of all kinds that have been current lately, we know not what grain of truth any of them may have. Meanwhile we can only await the issue.

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT IS TAKEN FROM A REPORT OF A MEETING OF THE YOUNG CAPITALS, WHICH APPEARED IN THE FREE PRESS.

"So far as President Davidson is concerned the Young Capitals are ready to meet the Nationals at any time or place for the championship. Had any other place than Montreal been selected it is certain he would have been only too willing to give them another match. The fact that Montreal was chosen was too plain to him and everyone connected with the club that the Nationals wanted too much."

There is not a city, town or village on this continent where lacrosse clubs receive more fair play than in Montreal. The Senior Capitals are well aware of this fact, as they have the experience both in the field and in the league circles.

The following appeared in the last issue of the Metropolitan, signed "Fugue":—

I beg to call your attention to the fact that Mr. Couture, who has practically left Montreal, still holds the position as one of the honorary examiners for the Montreal scholarship of the Royal College of Music, which, in justice to the profession, he should have resigned when leaving the city. Another position he holds in the city should be enquired into, and that is the High School musical department. It is high time that this appointment was held by a Protestant. This is plain speaking, but it is nevertheless the case. There are many qualified men who could fill the position and speak plain English to the pupils, and that is more than the present teacher can do. Let this matter be taken up and debated, as there are many who feel very strongly upon the point.

There are a great number of people of the calibre of "Fugue" in this city, who do not possess the ability to succeed on their merits, and as a last resort endeavor to appeal to religious prejudice. Mr. Couture, unlike the man who now attacks him under the guise of a *nom de plume*, always possessed the courage of his convictions. If he had anything to say in any matter of personal or public nature, he always said it courageously either in person or wrote it over his own signature. That it would be superfluous to revert in these columns to Mr. Couture's talents as a musician, and the many sacrifices he has made in the endeavor to create a love for the noble art, goes without saying.

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Gladstone, replying to a recent letter from Dr. Kane, grand master of the Belfast Orangemen, says: "As life ebbs away I hope I become inclined to a milder and more hopeful view of us and differences that prevail among us and concurrence in yet greater and far greater matters. This has the further advantage of inspiring a lively hope that at home, too, we may discover a method of agreement. Let us now join in saying 'God save America,' yet not at the proper time forget 'God save Ireland.'"

A little more general indulgence in such sentiment, on the part of some of the legislators, would make Ireland and the rest of the world more happy and prosperous.

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the Irishmen of our day are too noble, and too brave, and too generous, and too worthy of the right to legislate for themselves, to advocate a principle that would inflict misery and pain upon people who are not responsible for the misery of Ireland."

These are sentiments which every true Irishman will experience a feeling of pride in reading. They will also serve another purpose, and that is to teach the Irish people, if it is possible, to esteem the man all the more who has expressed them and who has suffered so nobly for the cause.

At midnight on Saturdays, when the inmates of the saloons, which make an effort to observe the law, are turned loose, what sad spectacles are presented to the gaze. Young men, many of whom have scarcely crossed the threshold of their majority, are seen staggering on in a senseless fashion, after spending the night in drink. There are any number of low places in this city where the blinds are drawn, and young men are permitted to quaff off the deadly poison until the early hours of Sunday morning. Saturday night in this city will soon compare favorably with that of any other city on this continent for its disgusting scenes of drunkenness and its fearful examples of the terrible lives which the rising generation are leading. What are the police doing? They must be aware of the existing state of affairs.

The following statement is taken from a report of a meeting of the Young Capitals, which appeared in the Free Press. "So far as President Davidson is concerned the Young Capitals are ready to meet the Nationals at any time or place for the championship. Had any other place than Montreal been selected it is certain he would have been only too willing to give them another match. The fact that Montreal was chosen was too plain to him and everyone connected with the club that the Nationals wanted too much."

There is not a city, town or village on this continent where lacrosse clubs receive more fair play than in Montreal. The Senior Capitals are well aware of this fact, as they have the experience both in the field and in the league circles.

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FATHER TOUPIN DEAD.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

devotion for St. Joseph, on whose feast he felt privileged to be allowed to say Mass. He was strongly attached to the land of his ancestors. He was a most loyal patriot and nothing did he cherish so tenderly as the maple leaf of Canada. He was enamored of his race and of "Vive la Canadienne." He identified himself with the Irish and all that might interest them. He understood, loved and admired the transcendent qualities of the Irish people. On St. Patrick's day he prided in wearing the Shamrock, and in walking in the procession. It may be he is not yet free from all stain of sin or released from all debt due to the Divine Justice. Perhaps he may need help. Rev. Father Martin concluded by reciting the beads with his hundreds of children for the repose of his soul.

SYMPATHY OF OTHER PARISHES.

In the parishes of St. Ann's, St. Anthony's, St. Gabriel's and St. Mary's sympathetic references were also made to the death of Father Toupin, which served to further illustrate the fact that the goodness and gentleness of the life of the venerated priest was not confined to the limits of the parish in which he labored.

RECEPTION FOR MR. HALLEY

At the Windsor Hall on Monday Next. The many friends of Mr. Edward Halley, for many years associated with the administrations of the S.A.A.A. and Young Irishmen's L. & B. A., will have an opportunity of bearing testimony of their appreciation of his many services for the cause in this city.

The members of the last named organization have decided to tender Mr. Halley a complimentary demonstration at the Windsor Hall, on Monday evening. On that occasion Mr. Halley will, no doubt, in presenting his beautiful stereoscopic views of Ireland, give many interesting reminiscences of his recent visit as a delegate to the great Leinster Hall Convention. Mr. Halley is worthy of a splendid reception.

REV. FATHER O'DONNELL, P.P.

Delegate to the Irish National Convention St. Mary's Parish is all astir to tender a grand welcome and an address to their Pastor, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, on his return from Ireland, on Tuesday evening, 27th inst., on which occasion a Concert will also be held in St. Mary's Hall corner of Craig and Panet Streets, in honor of the event.

HENRY ABBEY PASSES AWAY.

The Wonderful Influence of the Memory of His Dead Child.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey, one of the shining stars in managerial circles of Grand Opera in New York, died on Saturday last. The closing hours of his life were marked by striking incidents, which are of peculiar interest to our readers. It developed last evening, says the New York Herald of the 19th inst., that Mr. Henry E. Abbey embraced the Roman Catholic faith two hours before his death, and was baptized by the Rev. Father McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers' Church in Fifty-ninth street.

He and his first wife were Protestants, and it appears that the influence which led him to turn to the older faith when the end was near was the memory of his son, Henry, who became a Catholic when he was still little more than a child. The boy was an invalid from birth, but his intelligence and thoughtfulness were great. Mr. Abbey's life was wrapped up in his son, and when the little fellow died three years ago—he was only fourteen—the father was inconsolable. The child expressed a desire to become a Catholic when he was twelve years old and approached Father McMillan on the subject. The priest, although he did not mistrust the precocious boy's capacity to decide for himself, felt delicate about acting without the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Abbey. When they were consulted they said they had spent much time with their son in serious discussion of the subject and felt that it would be wise to allow him to follow the dictates of his conscience.

So young Henry Abbey became a Catholic, and was an extremely devout one up to the hour of his death. At the time of the boy's baptism Mr. Abbey was deep in his worldly affairs, and he, like those who knew him, believed he had many years to live.

IN HIS CHILD'S FAITH.

He mourned long for his son, but no one guessed how closely the child's words lay to his heart. Mr. Abbey was not a man who gave up hope easily. Therefore, when he became seriously ill on Friday he believed he would recover, as he did when he was stricken in May last. But hemorrhages followed one another and his strength waned so rapidly that he was soon convinced that death was only a question of hours. He was conscious, early yesterday morning, and to his daughter and Mrs. Kingsley, who were with him, he spoke several times of his dead son. They saw what was working in his mind when late in the night he asked that the priest who had instructed and baptized his boy be sent for at once. When a messenger had been despatched to the Paulist Fathers' Church he told them that he would die a Catholic, as his child died. The priest answered the summons at once, and remained at the dying man's bedside until the end. Mr. Abbey, who had eagerly awaited his arrival, was greatly comforted when he came. He received the last sacraments of the Church about two hours before his death.

A correspondent of The Springfield Republican says:—"In reading what various persons write about their im-

pressions of Candidate Bryan, who have heard him speak, I am reminded of a story of my boyhood. A noted speaker was stumpng the country in the interest of some political measure, and in one of his audiences sat a man as deaf as a post. When the speaker was about to close, the deaf man asked his seat mate who the speaker was. The man replied three times to tell him, all to no purpose, when the deaf man at the top of his voice replied: 'I can't understand a darned word you or he say, but Great Jericho! don't he do it up smashin'!' The meeting closed abruptly with cheers for the deaf man."

CURED AT LOURDES.

M. Aumaitre, a doctor at Nantes, has written an account of the wonderful cure which has been wrought at Lourdes in the case of his third daughter, Yvonne, who was born club-footed at Gourmalon, near Pornic, in July, 1894. When the child was fifteen months old Dr. Boiffin, of Nantes, performed an operation in the hope of straightening the feet, but without success. The knees also were deformed, and in spite of the bindings which were attached to support them, the legs began to perish. Then massage treatment was tried, but to little or no purpose. Last month, having called in the assistance of science without effect, he took his little girl to Lourdes, and there, accompanied by some other members of his family, prayed for his daughter's cure. The child could only walk with support on either side, and even then her legs, bandaged as they were, bent under her. Dr. Boissarie, of Lourdes, saw her in this state, which the first two baths did nothing to relieve. On the morning of June 26 Yvonne was placed in the bath for the third time. When she was lifted out, she walked without any help, pretty much as an infant does who has just learned to go alone. The following morning Dr. Boissarie took off the child's irons after her fourth bath, and she walked without support in a manner that was a wonder to all who knew her or who had seen her a few days before. Dr. Aumaitre sums up the case by pointing out that it is one in which a child, deformed in both feet and with a very appreciable perishing of the muscles of both legs, after undergoing two operations without any effectual result, suddenly walks firmly, and with her feet almost perfectly straight. The most favorable hopes that the doctors had been able to hold out were that after without assistance yet here at Lourdes, after the third bath, she had found the firm use of her limbs instantaneously. The child's age, too, precluded any of the usual explanations that are put forward to account for such cures—faith, imagination or hypnotism. The father, therefore, concludes that he can only bow down before the facts of the case, and thank Our-Lady of Lourdes for the exercise of her power in his little daughter's regard.

ST ANN'S BAZAAR.

The St. Ann's Bazaar, which has now been open for some days, is, in point of attractions and attendance, a very great success. The Ladies of St. Ann's Parish have an excellent method of conducting their entertainments every evening. The Bazaar is well worthy of a visit. It is for sweet charity's sake. The Journal in connection with the Bazaar is a credit to its talented editor, Miss O'Brien.

The Dead Firemen.

There is much practical sympathy being manifested by the citizens generally for the families of the victims of the St. Peter street fire. Several public subscriptions have been organized and they are meeting with very great success. It was estimated that fully twenty thousand people lined the streets through which the funeral procession passed. The horses used in the funeral car bearing the remains of the three firemen, were kindly placed at the disposal of the Brigade by the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society.

Montreal Free Library.

The lady directors of the Montreal Free Library will give their annual afternoon tea on Saturday next, in Hall & Scott's rooms, St. Catherine Street. The profits are to be invested in books. The circulating library has already 6,000 carefully selected works on its shelves, and the annual circulation during the past two years has been thirty thousand volumes.

St. Gabriel Choir.

The St. Gabriel's choir held its regular dinner last week, and there was a large attendance of members. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the presentation of a beautiful gold headed cane to Mr. John S. Shea, the talented and popular leader of the choir.

A Good Contract.

Mr. T. O'Connell, plumber and steam fitter, of McCord street, has secured the contract for the plumbing and heating of the Carmelite Monastery.

BRIEF MENTION.

At Auburn, Me., during the present term of the Supreme Court, there were thirty-seven divorces granted. Cardinal Satolli sailed for home on Saturday last. There was a large gathering of the clergy present at the pier to bid him farewell. Rev. Peter Ambrose McKenna, who died in Marlboro last week, had the reputation of being one of the best pulpit orators in New England. Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, founder of the Divinity College of the Catholic University, is to be married, at Dresden to the Marquis de Meriville. Edmund Allen Meredith, formerly Deputy Minister of the Interior of Canada, and James Noxon, one of the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario, both of the City of

Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, have been appointed Commissioners to investigate, inquire into, and report upon the affairs of the Kingston Penitentiary. A crucifix, supposed to be the property of the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette, was purchased by Abbe Falfrey, curé of St. Rouvain de Colbese, for the purpose of presenting it to the Czar before his departure from France.

LITERATURE.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review has issued a very interesting number, which is entirely devoted to the proceedings of the two American Catholic Summer Schools, held during last summer. The reports are quite ample enough to afford an excellent idea of the scope and character of the work carried on by these splendid institutions, as well as to illustrate the trend of thought of a large number of leading Catholic scholars who contributed to their success.

THE CHILD.

A most interesting paper for boys and girls, with the very appropriate name of The Child, is occasionally received among our exchanges. The current number is rich in illustrations, and also contains numerous short stories and well timed articles which are written in a style that should prove attractive. The Child should be found on the table of every household where there are any little ones.

GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS.

We have received from the well known publishers, Benziger Brothers, of New York and Chicago, a handsome edition of Goffine's Devout Instructions on the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holydays. The work is a valuable one, as in addition to the numerous beautiful devotions which it contains, there is a comprehensive outline of the Lives of the Saints and many excellent explanations of ceremonials in connection with the Church. It also contains a preface by Cardinal Gibbons, who speaks of it as being a work of singular excellence. The selling price is \$1.00.

We have received from Messrs. Benziger Brothers, publishers of New York, a copy of Mr. Billy Buttons, a novel, by Walter Lecky. It consists of short stories which are as healthy as the scenes in which they are laid, an Adirondack mountain village. It contains many descriptions which are startlingly original, but very much to the point. In describing a sermon verbiage is not thought of. Mr. Billy Buttons merely says "that sermon was simply onions to the eyes." The Americanized type of Canadian also comes in for some truthful word painting. In fact, every story in the book is a fresh example of the author's versatility, from the life of the County Doctor to the touching pathos that tells how the old Count died murmuring out his soul to Heaven through the keys of an old organ in an old country church. Mr. Billy Buttons is the class of book which should be read. The price is \$1.25.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS M'GINN.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Thomas McGinn took place yesterday morning from the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Michael Feron, on St. Antoine street. Mrs. McGinn was one of the oldest members of St. Patrick's congregation, and was highly respected in the community. She had completed her eighty-sixth year at the time of her death. The deceased had spent the greater portion of her life in this city. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, and her remains were interred in the family lot of Mr. Feron at the Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

NOTICE.

We again call attention to the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society system, which is certainly well worth considering. The Society have opened an office at 2159 Notre Dame street, which will be in charge of A. Riendeau, who was about 15 years with M. Feron. Mr. Riendeau is well known as an experienced undertaker and embalmer, which is an assurance that all orders entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention.

Their outfit is so large and complete that they are prepared, on the shortest notice, to undertake all classes of Funerals, outside of their subscribers, at moderate prices.

At their branch office they have a mortuary room decorated, which the public are cordially invited to visit; the object is to give the public an idea of what is furnished to all subscribers.

DIED.

M'GINN—At No. 80 St. Antoine street, the residence of her son-in-law, M. Feron, on the 18th inst., Eliza McDonald, widow of the late Thomas McGinn, aged 86 years, native of Killeshandra, County Cavan, Ireland. Funeral took place this morning at 8.30, to St. Patrick's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

We often wonder why there is so much disunion and division among the people in this country. Much of it is due to a desire which exists in certain quarters to renew battles and struggles which have been fought out. The following item which appeared in a local paper beautifully illustrates the matter:

"On motion of Lieut.-Col. McArthur, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Cushing, it was resolved: 'That the veterans of 1866 and 1870 now assembled do hereby form themselves into an Association for the purpose of commemorating the events which called them together for active service, under such name as may hereafter be adopted.' There is far too much of this kind of commemoration.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of the St. Mary's C.Y.M. Society, held in their hall, 1113 Notre Dame street, on the 13th inst., the following resolutions were adopted: 'Whereas—It has pleased the Almighty God in His Infinite Wisdom to remove by the hand of death the beloved mother of our esteemed brother members, William Hinton, Arthur Hinton, Augustus Hinton and Joseph Hinton, be it Resolved,—That we, the members of St. Mary's C.Y.M. Society, do hereby tender them our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their time of sad affliction, and pray that God will strengthen and comfort them in this great loss.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed on our minutes, a copy forwarded to the bereaved mothers, and a copy handed to THE TRUE WITNESS and St. Mary's Calendar for publication. E. W. KEARNS, } Committee. JOHN J. O'NEILL, }

At a regular meeting of St. Anthony's Branch No. 50, C.M.B.A., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: 'That, having learned with deep regret of the loss our esteemed President, Mr. M. J. Polan, and our worthy Brother Mr. J. Polan, have sustained by the death of their brother, Mr. Ed. Polan, and also his son, J. Polan, be it Resolved,—That we take this opportunity of extending to our worthy President Mr. M. J. Polan, and Bro. J. Polan, and their families, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained; but we pray that God in His Infinite goodness will give them strength and consolation in this their hour of trial.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our worthy President, Mr. M. J. Polan, and Bro. J. Polan, respectively, and to THE TRUE WITNESS for publication.

NOT MUCH CONSOLATION.

"Bloomfield called me an ass," complained Oakland to Bellefield. "Well," replied Bellefield, reflectively, "I always have a great respect for Bloomfield's opinion."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

FURS!



Gold or Silver

It matters not which platform wins, there will be lots of Furs used during the coming winter.

We will sell for either Gold or Silver so long as it accompanies the Order.

HARD FACTS Are Crushing Things

You have to "lay down" to them at times. It is a fact that we are the largest manufacturers of luxurious Furs in Canada. Another fact is that we are the only house in Montreal importing our Furs direct from the great markets of the trade in Europe. It is also a fact that in this way we can save our customers a large amount of money, as no middle profits have to be paid. Also a fact that we re-make old Furs, just as good as new. Repairs of Furs being our specialty.

THE MOST CRUSHING FACT

Is that we are the house where the most handsome Furs can be bought at prices which defy all competition. It is a fact you should have your Furs repaired in a reliable house where cut, fit and work are guaranteed.

DON'T FORGET THIS FACT. All respectfully invited to call at the

ARTISTIC FUR STORE

THE EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CO.,

1537 St. Catherine St.

Look out for our next advertisement

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

Of One of Montreal's Former Ladies. Although rather late receiving news which it would have given us much pleasure to chronicle some months ago, we are happy to announce the final reception into the Institute of the Sisters of St. Mary, at Lockport N. Y. of Miss Kate M. Kelley, daughter of the late Edward Kelley, of Mullins street. A few years ago the many friends of Miss Kelley, to whom she had endeared herself by her many estimable qualities, bade her an almost unwilling adieu.

While congratulating Miss Kelley on the object of her choice, or rather on the grace the Almighty has conferred upon her in calling her to the religious life, it was not without a shadow of regret that we heard she had chosen to enter a community so far distant. On the feast of St. Bernard, Miss Kelley (known in religion as Sister M. Liguori of St. Edward) completed the oblation made of herself to God, and amid the impressive ceremonies of a religious profession, pronounced her vows, in the beautiful chapel of St. Joseph's Academy, Lockport, surrounded by her devoted sisterhood, who welcomed their new sister to their midst with that fulness of heartfelt affection which religious entertain for one another.

We learn with the greatest pleasure that the Reverend Mother of the Order is soon to visit Montreal and that Sister Liguori is to accompany her. We will be most happy to welcome both to our city, and while wishing them a pleasant

The Bouche Filis & Co., Champagnes.

Table with 2 columns: Champagne type and price per basket. Includes Bouche Sec, Bouche Brut, and Bouche Demi.

THE LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNES.

Table with 2 columns: Louis Roederer Champagne type and price per case. Includes Grand Vin Sec, Extra Dry, and Extra Dry.

OUR IMPORTATIONS OF NEW GOODS ARE ARRIVING EVERY DAY.

Table with 2 columns: Importation type and price. Includes Deerfoot Little Sausages, Harper's Fresh Sausages, and Armour's Sliced Breakfast Bacon.

FRESH STOCKS NOW IN STORE

Table with 2 columns: Fresh stock type and price. Includes Shrewsbury Asparagus Points, Oneida White Asparagus, and Shrewsbury's Choice.

100 CASES DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKIES NOW IN STORE.

Table with 2 columns: Dewar's Scotch Whisky type and price per case. Includes Dewar's Extra Special Whisky and Dewar's Special Liqueur Whisky.

FRASER'S PORTS.

Table with 3 columns: Fraser's Port type, price per bottle, and price per dozen. Includes The Royal Wine, The Old Reserve, and The Extra Particular Old.

We claim to have the finest stock and the highest grades of good old Port Wine that come to Canada.

FRASER'S SHERRIES.

Table with 3 columns: Fraser's Sherry type, price per bottle, and price per dozen. Includes The Roman, The Duke of Mantua, and The Old English Glenloman.

COUNTRY ORDERS Promptly Attended to.

When it comes to a question of what one should eat and drink, The Best is always the Cheapest. We claim to keep:

- The Best Stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries in Canada.
The Best Stock of Teas and Coffees in Canada.
The Best Stock of Provisions in Canada.
The Best Stock of Wines and Liqueurs in Canada.
The Best Stock of Ales and Stouts in Canada, Imported and Domestic.
The Best Stock of German and American Lager Beers in Canada.
The Best Havana Cigars that come to Canada.

White Clover Honey in the Comb.

In Boxes of One Dozen Sections each, and in Boxes of Eighteen Sections each.

White Clover Honey, Strained.

In One Pound Glass Jars; also in Four Pound Glass Jars, 50c per jar.

Lazenby's Soup Squares.

Each Square makes one and a half pints of strong, nutritious Soup—Julienne, Mulligatawny, Household, Vermicelli, Tapioca, Haricot, Gravy and Green Pea—12c each square, 25c per dozen—assorted if desired.

Boisselier's Cocomagene, a Pure Compressed Cocoa Extract

For sale in tins containing 15 tablets each, at 2 1/2c per tin. Each tablet will make one cup of delicious Cocoa, making 15 cups of Cocoa for 25c.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE 207, 209 and 211 ST. JAMES STREET.

A STORY OF GOD'S MERCY.

[From the Catholic Weekly.]

"I am very sorry about this, mother, but really I do not see how I can do otherwise."

"You do not?"

"No."

Robert Gray was sitting with his mother in her own little parlor. He was nervously tugging away at his moustache, with his eyes fixed on his faultless patent-leather boots. Evidently he was very ill at ease—annoyed, perhaps,—and were he not in his mother's presence he might, indeed, have lost control of himself. But he could not forget himself so far. He was too well-bred for that.

With him, like many another young man of twenty-five, plunged to his eyes into the stream of what he so fondly calls "life," religion and its practices had melted away into something very vague and undefined. What with operas and Germans, races and tennis, there was very little time or thought left for Masses, Benedictions, and similar "firesome and antiquated" forms of worship. A string of pearls for some fair feminine throat was vastly preferable to Mary's Rosary, and a volume of "Keats" far more interesting than the "Imitation."

It was now nearing the close of the time set apart by the Church for the reception of the Easter Communion, and Mrs. Gray was urging upon her son the necessity of paying this mere pittance of devotion to his God. But the young man stoutly refused. With a provoking indifference he informed his mother that he really could not persuade himself that any disastrous consequence would follow from his failure to make his Easter Communion; that, of all things, he abhorred hypocrisy, and that if, in his present disposition, he should comply with her request merely for the sake of so doing, he could not possibly exonerate himself from the charge of being a hypocrite of the deepest dye.

Mrs. Gray sat motionless. Presently she raised her hands, and pressing them to her closed eyes, probably to check the starting tears, she said, quietly, but with an aggrieved tone:

"Robert, you must know that this pains me exceedingly."

"Yes, mother," he replied, "but, as I said before, I do not see how I can help it."

"What has come over you?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"I never thought I should live to see my son grow up a godless, irreligious man."

"I beg your pardon, mother; but, truly, I am neither godless nor irreligious. I firmly believe in the existence of God; and as for religion, if you could see into my heart you should find a godly store of it there still."

"Then why do you refuse to manifest it in your actions?"

"I am not aware that I fail in this respect. I believe I behave like a Christian; and if I refuse to burn candles and swing incense, it is merely because I do not see the necessity for these adjuncts. I can and do adore God without them."

"Robert," exclaimed Mrs. Gray, vehemently, "I must ask you to spare me the annoyance and the pain of utterances like these."

An awkward silence ensued, during which this poor, deluded young man walked to the window, and drawing aside the curtain, stood vacantly staring out into the street.

If he could but realize the absurdity of his position, perhaps he would abandon it at once. Wonderful, indeed, that a mere stripling of five and twenty must come to ponder the uselessness of "adjuncts," with the aid of which millions and millions of enlightened Catholics so barely contrive to save their souls. But "so runs the world away." Little by little we stray from the beaten path, and when we find that it will be unprofitable and painful to retrace our steps, we fall to philosophizing; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye we have persuaded ourselves that the direction we are after all not a "digression," but rather "a progression." Yes, we have advanced. We are numbered with the disciples of modern thought. Wings are clapped on our shoulders and we begin to soar. High above the superstitious rabble we take our flight straight into the fierce sun of "Reason;" but, ah, too late we discover that our wings are waxen ones that melt and run in the heat of this orb, and like another Icarus we fall through space and sink into the bottomless sea of despair.

Mrs. Gray arose from her chair, and approaching her son laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Robert,"

"Yes, mother."

"I am going to exact a promise from you. Look at me, I beg of you."

Robert wheeled about and looked his mother straight in the face. Oh, what a world of pleading was in those eyes, and what anguish written on that mother's face.

Mrs. Gray held in her hand a little silver medal of the Blessed Virgin. "I am going to ask you to take this medal from me, to carry it about you through life, and every day say just one 'Hail Mary.' I feel that if you will do even this little Our Blessed Mother will obtain for you the grace some time to see the folly of your ways, and to make amends. Will you do this for me?"

The muscles of Robert's face began to twitch. He bit his lips nervously, and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets started aimlessly across the room. He stopped, and found himself confronted with a copy of the "Madonna della Sedia," hanging on the wall before him. As far back as he could remember he had admired, nay, loved this picture. There was something so tenderly in the eyes with which the Madonna was gazing the Infant Saviour in her arms,—something so tender in the look of her eyes, that more than once, even when a

boisterous, noisy boy, he forgot his games and toys to gaze in admiration at the beautiful group before him. Ah, how on those occasions his mother would steal up behind him, and gather him to her breast, and caress him just as the Virgin did to the Infant in the picture! And there she stood now, holding out her hands to him, with a simple request—oh, so easy of fulfillment! And he had deliberately turned from her. But what a change in that face! There are lines there that were not then, and there are tears in those eyes that were not then.

"Will you do this for me," again asked Mrs. Gray, in tones irresistibly suppliant.

How could he refuse! Swiftly he crossed the room to where she stood, and throwing his arms about her he kissed her full on the lips.

"Yes, mother, I will."

He took the medal from her hand, and slipped it into his pocket. Her head fell upon his breast, and for awhile she wept silently; then he gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and brushing a tear from his eyes, he left the room and hurried out of the house.

II.

Four years had elapsed since the events narrated above had transpired. Some business matters had made it necessary for Robert to take up his permanent residence in one of the larger eastern cities. He was most anxious, of course, that his mother should come with him to his new home; but just as imperative as was his necessity for living in the East, so was hers of remaining in the West, and consequently they had been separated now upwards of four years. A great change had taken place in him. He was no longer the gay and festive beau, fond of fashion and society. A few seasons had served to show him the emptiness of all this, and to rub off most effectually the thin veneer which lies over it all, and which looks so bright and smooth to the uninitiated. He had settled into a staid, sensible man of affairs with a determined purpose of amassing a fortune for himself, and with all the pluck, judgment, energy, and perseverance necessary for the attainment of that end. But there was one aspect in which, unfortunately, he had not changed—his religious views were the same. It had come to be regarded as a matter of delicacy between him and his mother, and in all the letters that passed between them it was not even hinted at, nor in the visits they exchanged was the subject ever broached. When her guest at the old homestead, he went with her everywhere, and was ever by her side—save when she bent her steps to the house of God; then their paths separated, and she walked alone.

One bright October morning, returning from Mass, she seemed more cheerful than usual. She was just crossing the strip of lawn which surrounded her very pretty home, when the postman handed her several letters. Hurriedly she looked them over. Suddenly her face lighted up—ah! there was the well-known handwriting—this was one from Robert. She entered the house, and laying aside her bonnet and cloak, passed into the parlor. She broke the seal of Robert's letter, and scanned the lines with all a mother's eagerness. An ashen pallor overspread her face. The letter slipped from her fingers. She fell upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as though her heart would break. Her last hope was gone. This was the letter:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER—I hope you will forgive me for this. I thought it best to do as I did. We were married yesterday—Helen and I. Why did I not tell you before? I wished to spare your feelings. I knew you could never sanction the engagement, for Helen, you know, is not a Catholic. When will you come out to see us, or shall I bring her to you? Affectionately, "ROBERT."

O God of mercy, that breakest not the bruised reed, heal Thou this wounded heart.

Several weeks passed by, weeks of dull, miserable, creeping days. Not a line had passed between Robert and his mother. From day to day she deferred her decision as to what course to pursue. Her prayers were redoubled, and with a fervor and earnestness unexampled, she begged for strength and the light to see her course. But it seemed not to come. She could not shape her straggling thoughts into any clear, definite purpose, and while waiting and hoping for some decisive circumstance, she beguiled the weary hours, bathing with tears and pressing to her lips the miniature of a flaxen-haired, bright-eyed boy clad in surplice and cassock.

A telegram comes for Mrs. Gray: "Come at once. Robert is very ill."

Within an hour after the receipt of the telegram she was seated in the Pullman waiting for the puffing, snorting engine to start on its mad chase eastward over the rails. Would it never start? She could see no evidence of the dispatch with which business is usually transacted about railway stations. Every body and everything seemed slow, inert and phlegmatic. Twenty-four hours between her and Robert! Oh, how much and what events of consequence might transpire in those twenty-four hours! Will she be too late? Ah! thank God! there goes the bell, and at length they are under way. She put her hand into her pocket, and drew out her beads—a beautiful pair of pearl and silver—a gift from Robert. She pressed them to her lips. How well she remembered the time when, kneeling by her side, a rosy-cheeked, innocent boy, she taught him how to weave his chaplet. How she dwelt with him on the various mysteries, and tried to store his childish fancy with the scenes and images they recalled! How long was it now since a rosary had slipped through his fingers! She put back the beads. It was useless for her to try to pray. Before her mind's eye flitted only pictures of Robert—of Robert

well—of Robert ill—of Robert dead.

God! would he never reach his side!

In the section before her sat two men one old and venerable, the other full of all the buoyancy of youth.

"How long have you been away?" inquired the elder.

"Just two years."

"Glad to get back, I suppose?"

"Ah, yes, indeed."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she will be overjoyed. You know I am all in all to her, for she has no one else."

She closed her eyes and fell into a reverie. For hours she had been sitting thus when she felt herself aroused by the touch of two chubby hands. She was startled for a moment, and opening her eyes, beheld looking up into her face a bright, handsome little boy, chuckling heartily and holding up to her an orange of a size that his little hands could hardly grasp.

"Mamma says you will have this orange."

"Yes dear; I could not refuse you." And she picked up the little lad and held him in her arms, and pressed her cheek against his soft and velvet ones. How often she had held her boy just this way! Ah, these were happy, happy hours.

"But tell me, my little man, what is your name?"

"Robert."

The hot tears welled up in her eyes, and trickled down on the child's cheek. He was disconcerted, and having traced himself from her ardent embrace, ran off, half frightened, to his mother beyond.

A few hours more, and with the usual banging and clanging, the train pulled into the station. Mrs. Gray lost no time in leaving her coach and treading her way through the motley throng which always pours out of a passenger station. She called a carriage, and having given the man the address, was being rapidly driven thither. On they rattled over the granite streets of the business district, and the clatter and jolting seemed to distract the intensity with which her mind was dwelling on the approaching meeting. But soon the softer pavement of residence streets was under their wheels. Nearer and nearer came the moment that was to end all suspense. A turn in the street—a sudden stop, and here was the residence of Robert Gray. Quickly was the carriage door opened, and quickly did Mrs. Gray ascend the stoop, and there, great God! hanging from the door knob were the ominous streamers of crepe. Robert Gray was dead.

The door opened softly, and just as she was about to sink beneath this terrible blow she was caught in the arms of Father Clarke, a venerable and saintly priest. He led her into the dark parlor, and bade her compose herself, for he had a story of God's mercy to tell her.

It was pneumonia that ended Robert's life just an hour before. Conscious to the last, he was fortified by all the Sacraments which the Church confers upon her dying children. He was patient and resigned to everything save to his mother's absence; for her he called with his last breath.

After a little while Father Clarke conducted Mrs. Gray to the death-chamber of him who was "all in all" to her.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, with her face buried in her hands was the young widow. She arose as Mrs. Gray entered, and there, in the pale presence of Death, for the first time, mother and daughter met and mingled their tears, without disturbing the solemn stillness of the scene.

The priest drew back the sheet which covered the remains of poor Robert. Calmly and peacefully he lay there with the image of his crucified Saviour clasped in his lifeless hands, and about his right arm, midway between the shoulder and elbow, there was welded a band of silver, and from this band there hung the little medal of the Blessed Virgin, which he had promised his mother to carry through life.

Make No Mistake.

Your Case Demands The Use of Paine's Celery Compound.

Imitations and Substitutes Are Dangers to Yourself and Others.

See that you make no mistake when you are making efforts to regain lost health. At this particular time safety, care and vigilance will ensure a large measure of your success. Your case demands the use of the best medicine that science has produced. The acknowledged triumph of medical research is Paine's Celery Compound, the only sure and permanent cure for all nervous diseases, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, run down system, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles, and blood diseases.

An error made at this time by the use of common medicines, imitations and vile substitutes may lead to complicated troubles and serious results.

Thousands in this land of ours have thrown off the shackles of disease and suffering by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. It waits to do the same good for you. There is no experimental work with Paine's Celery Compound; do not fear defeat or disappointment; the great medicine cures and builds up every man and woman even after the doctors have given them up.

See that you get the genuine Paine's Celery Compound from your dealer; look for the name "Paines" and the stalk of celery.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," said a poet, and few there are who will feel disposed to disagree with him, and still fewer to doubt that of all the beauties that adorn humanity there is nothing like a fine head of hair. The safest method of obtaining this is by the use of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer.

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

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Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

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OUTDOOR GAMES.

Growing in Popular Favor in England—An English Correspondent's Views Upon the Matter.

An English correspondent of an American journal refers to the growing tendency now manifested among all classes in England in outdoor games, in the following terms:—

All men who passed through the Strand on Tuesday had an opportunity of noticing a fact highly characteristic of the hour. The street was full of newspaper placards announcing that "the Australians were picking up." A great government had just suffered a considerable disaster; ominous telegrams were arriving every hour from South Africa; and there was, of course, the usual crop of murders, suicides, and "social events," but the news which, in the judgment of the proprietors of the evening newspapers, would interest the public was a struggle on the cricket field. There is no reason to suppose that these gentlemen do not know their own business, nor are they in the least peculiar in their notions as to the information which it pays newspapers to circulate. The conductors of the Times are grave enough men, but now frequently devote the longest single paragraph in their jealously compressed news of the day to a statement of cricket events, and they give up, like every other daily paper, entire columns to reports of racing, cricket, football, golf, and sometimes other sports, such as bicycling and billiards. Every assemblage for the purpose of witnessing games is attended by increasing crowds, sometimes so vast that, as at Lord's this week they frustrated their own object, and not only interfere with the players, but spoil their own enjoyment of the playing. And, as we noticed some weeks ago, games are becoming the leading topic in universities and public schools.

There is, however, no need to give evidence of the thesis. The increase of the desire, not so much for games as for seeing games, reading about games, and talking over games, is admitted on all hands, and is condemned by a good many moralists as a sign that the nation is deteriorating, and giving up both work and thought for frivolous forms of recreation. The moralists are right in part, but, as often happens when social questions are discussed, they perhaps read into a social change more evil than there is in it. It is quite true that the nation is a little more frivolous than it was, that it is under the influence of a mood which it has betrayed several times before, a mood in which it is impatient of, hard thinking wants every thing short, even its stories; likes no plays that are not exciting; gossips with gusto principally about the great, whose movements fill columns even in grave papers, and in fact is keenly desirous of any distraction which does not burden its mental powers. All that is regrettable, if only because there is in it such a dissipation of energy, of which there is never too much for the increasingly heavy demands that fall upon every class and every country in the world. We should not admit, however, having some notion of what society was like in the eighteenth century, that the English public is more vicious than it has ever been; it certainly drinks a great deal more than it ever did, and though its desire for amusement has increased, the kind of amusement is infinitely less barbaric. There are causes at work in favor of amusements, and especially of non-sedentary amusements, which in themselves are by no means to be regretted.

One is undoubtedly increased prosperity among the masses of the people. We all talk about "depression," and none but the bad question the existence of terrible suffering from poverty among us, but the majority are so much better off that they are inclined, with the sanguine temperament which is a part of the national character, to be a little wasteful of money. More is spent upon diet, much more upon clothes—God only knows how the children of working households are turned out so trim—and more, therefore, upon amusements. Just look in an evening at the crowd of bicyclists who pass, watch their dresses and their faces, and explain, if you can, on any theory except that of the working man's prosperity, how they get their machines. They do not, of course, pay the quoted prices, the rich, in fact, in bicycling as well as in surgery, being taxed a good deal for the benefit of the poor, but they cannot pay in silver for any kind of bicycle, and if they want one they always contrive to get it. Whoever is ruined, the steady worker is, not after, all, in this country, although there are loafers at every street corner, and though the masses of what must be described as the precipitate of humanity is enormous, still the steady workers are in an overwhelming majority.

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Are the Cheapest and the Best. Manufacturers, also Importers, of Billiard Material: Second-hand Tables, good as new. Prices from \$100 to \$200 each. ST. DENIS ST. 6th MONTREAL.

Relief for Lung Troubles

The D.P. EMULSION

IN CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SCIPPING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifold.

By the use of the "D.P." Emulsion, I have got rid of my lung trouble, which had troubled me for over a year, and has almost completely disappeared. I liked the Emulsion so well that I had when the time came decided to take it.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.R., Montreal
50c. and \$1 per Bottle

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GREAT SALES prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because it accomplishes GREAT CURES.

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FACTS! - FACTS! - THE - "BUFFALO" HOT WATER HEATER

MANUFACTURED BY H. R. IVES & CO.

Was Awarded MEDAL and DIPLOMA of Highest Merit at the World's Exposition, Chicago.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL:

HOSPITAL AUBURN, Montreal April 30, 1896. Messrs H. R. IVES & CO., Montreal: Dear Sirs.—With reference to the "Buffalo" Hot Water Heaters of your manufacture now in the Hospital Auburn, I give you pleasure to state that after a most thorough test of the greater part of two winters I have found them most satisfactory in every respect. Although last winter was an extremely severe one there was no complaint about them at any time from any cause whatever, and the quantity of coal used was very moderate, so that I can further recommend them as being economical as well as powerful heaters.

Yours truly (Signed) M. AUCLAIR, Curator.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL. Established 1850.

Legal Notices.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Marie Louise Lucie Olive Pellerin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Napoleon Lesage, civil employee of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. the said Napoleon Lesage, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been this day instituted against the said Defendant.

Montreal, 23rd September, 1896. AUGÉ, GLOBESKY & LAMARÉ, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 278, SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Albina alias Malvina Demers, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Ferdinand Bouchard dit Lavallee, Joiner, of the same place.

Montreal, 23rd August, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 157, SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Julie Lalonde, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, taken an action, in separation as to property, against her husband, Hermenegilde Daniel dit Desrosiers, trader, of the same place.

Montreal, 9th September, 1896. GÉOFFRON & MONET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 181, SUPERIOR COURT.

Agnes Spalding, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, has, this day, taken an action, in separation as to property, against her husband, Charles Lavallee, trader, of the same place.

Montreal, September 24th, 1896. ANGÈS, DELORMIER & GODIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 181, SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Marie Louise Arnaud, Plaintiff, vs. Oscar Tondor, Defendant.

Dame Marie Louise Arnaud, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Oscar Tondor, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband.

Montreal, 3rd October, 1896. BRAUDIN, CARDINAL, DUBRANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Advocates for Plaintiff.

For Indigestion Horsford's Acid Phosphate Helps digest the food.

A VICTIM OF SCIATICA.

UNABLE TO WORK, THOUGH STRONG AND WILLING.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A WELL KNOWN GUELPH CITIZEN—COULD NOT MOVE ABOUT WITHOUT THE AID OF A STICK—AGAIN AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS EVER.

From the Guelph Mercury.

There is perhaps no business or occupation that any man could follow that is more trying to the health—particularly in the winter—than that of moulding. A workman leaves the shop with his clothing wringing wet from perspiration, and a cold wind chills him to the marrow, making him a ready mark for lamboago, sciatica and kindred troubles. A moulder requires to be a man of more than ordinary strength, and to continue at his work must always be in good health, for the moulding shop is no place for a weakling. Sciatica is by no means an uncommon affliction for men of this craft, and once the dread disease has lanced a victim he seldom shakes himself free from it again. In fact, some people declare that it is incurable, but that it is not we are able to testify by a personal interview with one once afflicted with the trouble, but who is now in perfect health, thanks to his timely use of the famous remedy.

These are few workmen better known in Guelph than Chas. W. Waldren, perhaps better known as "Charley Waldren," for he has lived in Guelph almost continuously since he was three years of age, and he has now passed the 38th anniversary. Mr. Waldren is a moulder, and has worked at that business for 22 years; and besides, being noted as a steady workman, he is a man whose readiness is unquestioned. It is a well known fact here that Mr. Waldren had to quit work in January 1896, on account of a severe attack of sciatica, and for eleven weeks was unable to do a tap. Knowing that he was again at work a Mercury reporter called at his residence one evening to learn the exact facts of the case. Mr. Waldren, when spoken to on the subject, replied quite freely, and had no hesitation in crediting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with his remarkable recovery. "I am not one of those people who are seeking newspaper notoriety," said Mr. Waldren, "neither have I been snatched from death's door, but from the day I quit work, until March 30th, when I started again, I was confined to the house with sciatica. It located in my hip and would shoot down my leg to my foot and was very painful. I could not move about the house without the aid of a cane, and then only with great pain. I was totally useless as far as doing my work was concerned, was never free from pain and it made me feel very much depressed, for beyond that I felt strong and anxious to be about. I am a member of three benefit societies, from which I drew pay, viz: The Three Links, the Iron Moulders' Association, and the Raymond Benefit Society. People came to see me, and of course everybody recommended a sure cure. I didn't try half of them. It was not possible, but I tried a great many—particularly remedies that I had been in the habit of using for lamboago—but I found no relief. I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using two boxes I noticed an improvement, and I kept on using them. When I had used six boxes I was at work again. I kept on until I had finished the 8th box, and I never felt better in my life."

"Have you noticed any recurrence of trouble since?" queried the reporter. "I have not," he replied, "suffered a single twinge since." Mr. Waldren has worked in all the moulding shops in the city, and was never in his life laid off sick as long as he was from the attack of sciatica. He hardly knew what it was to be sick, and is of that tough wiry nature that he can stand much greater physical strain than most people would imagine. Almost any person in the city can verify his story. Mr. Waldren said, as the reporter got up to leave, "I only hope some poor fellow who has suffered as I did may notice my case and get relief as I did."

BUSINESS DEPRESSED

In St. Paul, Minn.—Slaughter Prices Only Offered for Farm Products.

Rev. John Pringle, who has been for three years in St. Paul, is visiting Toronto. He is pastor of a Presbyterian church and a native of Prince Edward Island.

In the course of an interview with a reporter he said: "There are a great many Canadians in Minnesota, about 5000 in St. Paul and 10,000 in Minneapolis, seemingly satisfied with their condition and highly esteemed by the American people. There are greater opportunities for money-making, but work such as mine is not so satisfactory, for the people lack moral stability, owing in part to the large foreign element there.

Business conditions are exceedingly depressed at present, real estate being practically unobtainable, men selling lots worth \$1500 for \$250 to assist them in paying their taxes. Potatoes and oats are selling for 10 cents a bushel. Last year hundreds and thousands of bushels of potatoes were left in the ground and a large proportion of those that were dug sold to starch factories for from 6 to 8 cents per bushel. No doubt the same state of affairs will exist this fall. The crop in the northern part of the state is almost a total failure this year, being the hardest for 20 years. The farmers are said to be in very embarrassed circumstances at present.

"Southern Minnesota is the most beautiful agricultural country I have

ever seen, and never more prosperous. It is believed to be the richest in resources in the Union, with its fine stretches of prairie land and great forests. The iron mines in the north-eastern part of the state are among the richest in the world."

Fall Dead in the Grave.

Isaac Van Dale was employed for fourteen years at Cedar Lawn Cemetery, in Paterson N.J., digging graves, building vaults and brick casings and arranging mounds.

"This," he remarked to one of his fellow-workmen Monday afternoon "is the 102nd casing I have built in this cemetery."

He was putting on the last row of brick, and as he finished speaking he suddenly threw up his hands, tottered and fell to the bottom of the grave he was arranging.

His companions believed he had merely slipped, but when they looked down they saw that he was motionless. The old grave-digger was dead, but his fellow-workmen could not believe it. They took him out with difficulty and placed him on a mound. A physician was called, and he told them the old man was beyond help.

Should Conceal Vanity.

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education. To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Van men delight in telling what honors have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honors were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honors below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man ought to conceal his vanity.—Dean Swift.

Don't Whip Your Brain.

All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, and not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God especially endowed you to know. It requires fire to fuse the material for thinking, no less than to melt the iron in the furnace. But remember this—however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow and however sharp, intellectually, to recognize a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character, your moral nature; and of the rightful supremacy of this element a comprehensive expression is found in the right simple word love. Of this all prophets, poets and philosophers are agreed.—Professor Blackie.

CHANGES IN MEXICAN PATENT LAW.

The following report is prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marston & Luberge, Engineers and Experts, No. 185 St. James Street, Montreal, from their Mexican correspondent:—

The Government of Mexico has recently made some important amendments in the patent law of the country, which affect Article 33 of Chapter 5 of the law of June, 1890, on patents of inventions, and also the transient article of law. Article 33, as amended, reads as follows: "The owner of a patent of invention or a patent of improvement is compelled to prove, before the Department of Fomento, at the end of every five years, the existence of his patent, and in order to keep it in his possession for the following five years, that the payment of an additional tax has been entered into the federal treasury, as follows:—At the end of the first five years, \$50; at the end of ten years, \$75; and at the end of fifteen years, \$100. All these payments must be made in Mexican dollars."

The transient article, as amended, reads:—"The persons concerned, who, on the date of the publication of this law, have incurred the forfeiture established by section 3 of the 37th Article of law of June 7th 1890, may avail themselves of the dispositions of the present law, to be exempted from the forfeiture penalty, provided they make the due payment of the taxes within three months after its publication, it being understood that this concession will take place only in case that a third person will not suffer in his right after the forfeiture may have been established."

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

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CAN YOU COUNT A BILLION?

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take one person to count 1,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of the English Mathematician:

What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour; 280,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so and was counting still. Had such a thing been possible he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion!

To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 542 days, 5 hours and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours and 45 minutes in which to complete the task—St. Louis Republic.

TRADE IN ONTARIO.

The business outlook, says Bradstreet's in its weekly issue, as an improved appearance, and were it not for the U.S. Presidential election and the proposed change in the Canadian tariff the mercantile community might settle down to a good season's business. Nearly all farm staples show an advancing tendency. This is true of peas, oats, wheat, barley, corn, rye, hog products, cheese, wool and hides, clover seed has also an improved tone. This tends to inspire no hope among merchants, but we find that buying of merchandise has not materially increased. Buyers are inclined to go slow, in view of the fact that if the Presidential election goes the wrong way all kinds of goods may be augmented and values here disturbed. Forward orders for spring and summer goods are light in view of proposed tariff changes, our manufacturers find it difficult to keep machinery going. Some apprehension is caused by the activity in the floating of gold mining companies in Ontario. Toronto brokers have agents in all principal outside points to sell stocks. If the enterprises should turn out unfavorable the drain on the resources of the province will be serious. Financial interests here would like to see Government regulations of some kind applied to mining promoters. Money continues unchanged at 5 to 5 1/2 per cent. for call loans on stocks and 6 to 7 per cent. on commercial paper.

THE REVOLT IN THE SERAGLIO.

Pallid, yet firm with the light of the New Era shining in her eyes, the fourteenth wife of the Pacha of Boontarara stood before her lord. "I will be your slave no longer," she said. "I shall demand a separation!" The Pacha smiled. "Yusef," said he to the functionary with the snickersnee, "will you kindly separate the lady? Just above the shoulders." And thus was the new woman movement quenched in its incipency.—Indianapolis Journal.

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When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is poor, thin and impure you must either suffer from some distressing disease or you will easily fall a victim to sudden changes, exposure, or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be well.

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DILLON and REDMOND

Occupy the Same Platform in the Cause of Amnesty.

FIRST SIGN OF A COMING CHANGE

Mr. Dillon's Able Deliverance in Defence of the Irish Prisoners—A Sympathetic Picture of Their Condition Presented by Mr. Redmond—The Significant Remarks of the Latter Regarding the Tynan Case

The first sign of an approach towards that measure of unity which Irishmen in this country have been earnestly looking forward to for several years was made manifest at a recent meeting held at Tipperary, to promote the cause of amnesty.

There was a large attendance and Mr. M. Dalton, president of the Amnesty Association, occupied the chair.

Mr. John Daly delivered the first address, and was followed by Messrs. John Dillon and John Redmond, M.P.'s.

Mr. John Dillon, who was received with great enthusiasm, in the course of an able and vigorous address, said: "What happened the other day? The British Government remonstrated with the Sultan of Turkey for his abominable treatment of the Armenian people, and the Sultan of Turkey's answer was, 'Look at Ireland. What right have I to remonstrate with me for my treatment of my people, while you treat the Irish people in the way you do?' And good cause he had to make the answer: and I say that, before she claims the right to lecture, the British must turn and make her own conduct clean, else she has no right to hold up to other nations what it is their duty to do. We are told that the British Government are filled with horror of people who have recourse to dynamite. In the first place, none of us admit that any one of these political prisoners has had a fair trial. We have heard from the lips of Mr. Daly himself that he has been the victim of one of the most infamous conspiracies that was ever directed against a man.

We do not admit that any of these people were guilty; but look at what happened in Constantinople the other day. There you had a body of men—and it is very hard to blame them—who went actually armed with dynamite bombs into the Ottoman Bank at the bank and carried away in his own private yacht all those men who were actually taken with dynamite bombs in their hands—carried them away to France, where they were set at liberty, and nothing at all was done with them. That is the way they treat men who are engaged in these operations abroad; but you had only got to get up a plot and falsely accuse an Irishman of re-entrance to such measures, and he is subjected to treatment the like of which it would be impossible to parallel in any civilized nation in the world.

I think the time has come when England will be compelled by very shame to release the remainder of these men. Some have been released; but why have they been released? They have been released in my judgment largely, if not mainly, because of late England was obliged to beg from the President of the Transvaal Republic, for the release of fellow-citizens of the Transvaal and as a consequence they were obliged to turn round in very shame and release some of these prisoners. I believe that from shame they will be obliged to release the remainder before long, and I rejoice more than I can say that around this platform to-day, without shadow or shade of difference is assembled the manhood of this county and of the surrounding counties, and I trust that the example set, for which I think we all owe them thanks, by the committee which organized this meeting to-day will be imitated elsewhere, and from end to end of Ireland, without reference to past differences, there will go up a universal and national and united cry, demanding from the English Government the immediate release of the men who are still suffering in jail for the love of Ireland, and on whose behalf John Daly has addressed you."

John Redmond received an ovation when he arose to address the assemblage. "I may be permitted, without presumption, perhaps, to say for myself how gratified I feel at learning that circumstances have so altered in Ireland that it has been possible for Mr. Dillon to stand by my side to-day on the Amnesty platform in the County Tipperary."

In alluding to the political prisoners awaiting release he said: "Of the five men in prison, one of them undoubtedly has his mind unshackled, and is in as bad a condition mentally as some of those who have been released. The name of the man is Flanagan. Two other men, Burton and Wilson, have been referred to. Wilson is a man of whom no words of praise could be too high. I have learned in my many visits for five years to Portland to love, to honor and respect

him. I have seen day by day how his brave spirit has kept him alive. He is a man of spare and frail frame and not a strong constitution. I have seen yearly the fading away of his physical strength, and even now, by the admission of the doctors, he is seriously ill; yet his spirit is as indomitable and his courage is as high as ever. These two men, as Mr. Daly has told you, have been forbidden to do hard work or lift weights, or undergo any kind of fatigue, and I take it for granted that this is a preparatory step to their release. I have had experience of three successive Home Secretaries, and while I think it would be absurd for us to talk about gratitude in the case of the release of men who have been broken down in this way, at the same time I feel proud to say publicly here to-day that in my intercourse with Sir Matthew, White Ridley I learned to regard him as a fair-minded and humane man.

Mr. Redmond then took up the Tynan incident, of which he said: "We are not here in support of dynamite. The people who are working for amnesty are no supporters of dynamite. We have no concern with Tynan or those other men, and, certainly, if we have no concern with them, how in heaven would it be a fair or honorable thing to allow those unfortunate prisoners—men who unfortunately have been for thirteen years under lock and key in Portland—to suffer because men like Tynan—men of his type—embark on a foolish and criminal enterprise such as that alleged against them. Now, for all these reasons I believe that very shortly indeed we will be able to bring about the release of the remainder of these prisoners. Whatever happens, our duty at any rate is plain, and this meeting shows that you perfectly well understand your duty. Our duty is to press on this amnesty movement with vigor, as I said, with moderation and good sense, with good judgment, but still with vigor, to press on, no matter what Government is in power, to press it on until we have every political prisoner released."

Fashion's Ways.

There is almost no limit to the use of the jacket idea in autumn gown designing. The jacket is seldom a real one, dissociated from its gown, but merely a pair of wings stitched into the side seams and rounded or pointed to jacket shape in front. As pretty a model as any is a gem in the cigar-brown tint which has been vogue by the latest royal touseau in Great Britain. The skirt is simply cut and the vest is muslin, confined by a wide black satin belt and collar. The bolero is silk covered with coffee colored lace and, instead of being rounded off at the corners, it is brought down to two points in front.

Another pointed bolero is shown in a gown of the very latest Paris cut. It also is a rich crimson china crepe, gathered over a black silk at front and sides. The skirt is cut with an apron, trimmed with black insertion confined by ruchings of black mousseline de soie, running from the waist down to a panel gone on the left and continued around the apron as a border. The bolero is gathered black mousseline under a bolero of the crepe, cut to a point and trimmed like the skirt. The bolero is a wide satin ribbon, and the cuffs, are cylinders of the Chantilly with museline edges.

Perhaps the prettiest fabrics of the autumn are those reddish brown mixtures which present a warm appearance tempered with threads of black, and trimmed and faced with black. If the complexion will stand it, that is the chic combination of the moment.

The new sleeve is in a bad way. In its present form it consists of a tight, wrinkled pipe up nearly to the shoulder where a ridiculous little puff conceals or accentuates it. As it is, it is uglier than the leg-of-mutton sleeves of two years ago, and infinitely inferior to the plain, old fashioned sleeves that swept round the shoulder clinging close all the way.

Much use is made of fluted crepe. You see it upon the epaulets of gowns, trimmed with edges of lace. The backs of boleros are made of lines of it, in which case it is generally confined by a broad satin belt.

Hats are higher crowned than ever. Some of the new crowns are also smaller in circumference, suggesting the contour of a dice-box.

There are cunning little toques which have for all decoration pert ribbon bows, silk and satin of gay tint, tortured up into twin cathedral spires where the bias-cut ends of the ribbon come to lofty points. The wearer of one of these charming head coverings I noted on 23d street to-day was further clad in a magnificent blouse waist in silver gray silk, whereon was placed showy ornamentation of black velvet ribbon. This was criss-crossed at waist and belt like lattice work, and was otherwise sewn up the bust and along the shoulders in panels enclosing exquisite embroidery. The toque was as fragile as the waist, but that is nothing.

There has been little "cloak weather" thus far, but sometime there shall be, and meantime it is well to remember that the very elegant and dressy effects of last year will be again seen. Smart little caps worked all over with white embroidery in patterns and hung with the furry tails of animals are one variety. Another has gorgon like heads of impossible beas s as bosses upon the bust, and huge festoons of jet suspended from them. There are British capes of box cloth, double-breasted, with large buttons, revers and high collars, and heavily stitched seams. There are cloaks and jackets which make a pretty use of leather garniture.

Some of the more fanciful models have a wide frontal flap, opening away over the left shoulder, with huge arabesques of braid worked thereon and big rosettes of fluted chiffon or what-not.



Like a Ship in rough sea. 12. I suffered from heart disease for 8 years, so that I often felt as if the top of my head came off and my left leg seemed to go into the ground, so that I acted like a drunken man or a ship on a rough sea. Before this I would lose my breath, feel cold up my back and see sparks before my eyes and then faint away. I also slept very little and was afraid always that something unusual would happen. But thank God after taking only 3 bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic, I am well again, after being so near to the grave and although people thought I would get a relapse, it is 6 months now I have not noticed any symptoms of it. Wm. Hickey.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Koenig's Nerve Tonic is sold by the Rev. Father Koenig, 1001 St. Louis St., New York, N.Y. and is now under his direction by the

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prised to see how much you will look like the dummy models of the newest styles that you see in the downtown store windows.

CHOOSING HATS AND BONNETS.

No fallacy is so complete and, it may be said, so universal, as that which persuades a woman to buy a certain style of hat or bonnet because some woman she has seen looks well in that particular style. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says a lady writer in the N. Y. Times, is not more true than that what suits one woman's face in the matter of bonnet or hat is most unbecomingly antagonistic to another. It is difficult to lay down rules to govern choice beyond the one of finding a model hat for the face and then adhering to it through changing fashions, with, however, a conformity to the prevailing style that is always easy to secure. A woman with a regular face may permit herself more license, but she looks her best when it is framed by a drooping brim. The irregular face with retreating nose can becomingly wear the reverse. Sharp profiles and long necks should not have these points accentuated by angular bonnets, and the woman with high cheek bones must not emphasize the defect by massing the trimming of her bonnet in a point on top. Modern milliners now study the face and endeavor to suit it in the headgear, bringing out virtues and neutralizing defects. It is quite possible by giving the matter a little experimental consideration that the buyers of bonnets as well as the makers should be similarly judicious.

IT DOES MATTER.

"It does not matter what a man believes so long as he does what is right."

How often one hears this absurd proposition from men who ought to know better. We say the proposition is absurd; for those who affirm it expect you to believe it. There is, then, at least one thing, even in their estimation, that ought to be believed, namely; that it matters not what one believes. Thus in the very act of denying the necessity of belief, the necessity of belief is affirmed. Thus the proposition carries with it the evidence of its own fallacy. It is as absurd as if one should say: Speech is impossible to man, forgetting that the very saying of it proves the fallacy of what he says.

But, aside from its absurdity, the "belief" that "it does not matter what we believe providing we do what is right" is false for other reasons. Man, because he is a rational and moral agent, must know what is right before he can do it. In this he differs from the brute that follows blindly its instincts, and consequently is incapable of moral acts of right or wrong. When a man is about to do something the question presents itself to him: Is that thing right or wrong, or is it right or wrong for me to do that thing? To determine this he must believe in some principle or rule of right with which he compares the act to be done, and thus compared and measured he sees its fitness and unfitness. Without belief in some principle of this kind he is utterly incapable of determining for himself what is right or wrong, and consequently equally incapable, as a moral agent, of doing the one or the other.

A man may be mistaken as to the principle or rule which should determine for him the rightness or wrongness of his acts; he may in his ignorance adopt a false rule; but, true or false, he must have some rule which he believes for the time being to be the right one. It is just in this acting to an ideal that man is distinguished from the brute, which acts solely in response to the spur of instinct.

Inasmuch as some principal rule is absolutely necessary to a free moral agent to determine right or wrong, it is the duty of that moral agent to strive to acquire the true principle or rule. To say that it matters not which rule he follows is to say that there is no difference between the true and the false, between the right and the wrong. But those who claim that it makes no difference what we believe admit that there is a difference between right and wrong, for they speak of a man doing "what is right." Hence, according to their own reasoning, there is an obligation to seek and know the true principle of morals and believe in it in order to distinguish right from wrong. They are bound to take this position or admit that, like belief, right and wrong are matters of indifference to them. When men arrive at this stage of indifference they are dangerous. Being unbiased between right and wrong, and recognizing no principle at this age of indifference, they are as apt to steal a purse or cut a throat as to pay a debt or give in charity. When a man comes to believe that it makes no difference what he believes, he will soon pass to the logical sequence that it makes no differ-

ence what he does—providing he can escape the penitentiary or the whipping post. The fear of these are not, according to the Christian idea, the norm of rectitude. —N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

MARKET REPORT.

RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

The special feature of the market to-day was the enormous quantities of dead chickens and turkeys offered, amounting probably to ten or twelve tons in weight, turkeys selling at 8c to 10c per lb; geese, 7c to 8c; ducks, 9c to 11c do; chickens, 8c to 10c do; turkeys, 6c to 8c do. The supply of all kinds of grain was liberal and prices continue about as formerly; potatoes are a little higher priced; other roots and vegetables are abundant at former rates; butter has a slight tendency upwards, and fresh-laid eggs are very scarce and dear; the fruit market is still overstocked with grapes and apples. Oats are 50c to 55c the bag; buckwheat, 80c do; peas, 75c the bushel; beans, \$1.10 to \$1.40 do; potatoes 35c to 45c the bag; turnips, beets and carrots, 35c to 40c do; onions, 45c to 55c; cabbages, 12c to 25c the dozen heads; celery, 12c to 20c do; cauliflower, 60c to \$1.75 do; Brussels sprouts, 50c do. T. b. butter, 15c to 18c per lb; print butter, 20c to 30c do; eggs, in baskets, 18c to 25c the dozen; fresh laid eggs, 30c to 35c do, apples, 75c to \$1.50 the barrel; grapes, 1 1/2c to 3c per lb.

THE PROVISION MARKET.

In this market business continues principally of a jobbing character, the demand being simply for small lots to fill actual wants, and prices show no change.

Canadian short cut, clear \$10.00 to \$10.25; Canadian short cut, mess, \$10.25 to \$10.50; Hams, city, cured, per lb., 9c to 10c; Lard, Canadian, in pails, per lb., 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c; Bacon, per lb., 7 1/2c to 8c; Lard, com. refined, per lb., 5c to 5 1/2c.

Cash quotations on provisions closed at Chicago: Mess pork, \$7.05 to \$7.15; lard, \$4.32 1/2 to \$4.45; short ribs, sides, \$3.67 1/2 to \$3.87 1/2; dry salted shoulders, \$4 to \$4.25; short clear sides \$4.25 to \$4.37 1/2.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

The cheese situation is unchanged, and there is no reason to expect no radical alteration in the immediate future. With the exception of the factorymen west of Toronto, two leading combinations in Eastern Ontario, and Quebec and the Townships, the cheese make to date, and for the balance of the season, is out of factorymen's control. It has cost its purchasers all the way from 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c at the factory, and unless they get a profit on this basis its owners are not apt to be in a hurry to sell. At present cable limits are not high enough to permit of trading in finest Ontario fall cheese. The Britishers want to get cheese all the way from 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c here, and find it difficult to do so. New business, therefore, is chiefly confined to Quebec makes, which allow of a turnover on spot at 10c or thereabouts, and such goods are sold up close to date. These conditions conduce to restrict trading, and unless the Britishers advance their bids, the volume of new business in finest fall makes between now and the close of navigation will be small. We quote values at 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c on Quebec and 10c on Ontario makes.

There is little change in the butter market, which rules steady. Factorymen, according to reports from leading sections, are closely sold up, having realized all the way from 18 1/2c to 19c at the factory. Exporters, though they are not prominently active, quietly gather in any fall creamery they can get from 19c to 19 1/2c, and they have pretty good competitors in the local jobbers, who are said to be willing to store more September creamery for their winter's wants at ruling prices.

There was no change in the egg market. The demand was fair, and prices ruled firm at 17c to 18c for new laid; 13 1/2c to 14c for choice candled, and 8c to 10c for culls per dozen.

The bean market was dull at 70c to 75c in car lots, and at 50c to 60c in a jobbing way.

A fair trade was done in potatoes at 75c to \$1 per barrel, 40c to 45c per bag in a jobbing way, and at 35c per bag in car lots on track.

The Brass Monkey.

A certain minister, when preaching on cleanliness, mentioned how he had seen a brass monkey in his town set up

in a store with a cigar in its mouth. The cigar was lighted, and by machinery the monkey could draw the smoke from the cigar and puff it out again. The works stopped on one occasion, and the monkey was taken apart to discover the cause, when the works were found to be clogged and in a filthy condition. The moral was drawn by the preacher thus: "If tobacco smoke will stop the works of a brass monkey, what will it do for you?"

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

The Marquis of Ripon, in the course of an able speech recently delivered at Middleboro', took occasion to make the declaration that he was as staunch and earnest a supporter of Home Rule as ever.

The death of Mr. Joseph Devlin, the well known contributor to Irish newspapers, who went to China some time ago as the representative of an American Press Syndicate, is announced.

WOULD STAY ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Young Wife—I always thought you the bravest man in the world while we were courting. You wouldn't go to Canada in case of another war, would you, dear?
— "Not if the war was with Canada."—Detroit Free Press.

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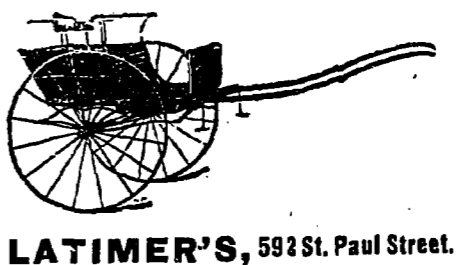


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Just received five cases of Ladies' London and Paris pattern Jackets—amongst which are several choice braided garments, also London tailor made Jackets, with new Lily Collar. This entire shipment will be on exhibition in our Mantle Department.

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Facts are stubborn things to tackle, one fact which cannot be assailed is, that our value in Ladies' Capes and Winter Jackets is the best. Our prices the lowest, our assortment large, and our styles the very newest.

READ A FEW EXAMPLES.

A fashionable Golf Cape in Black or Colored Cheviot, Reversible Plaid lining, step collar, cut full sweep, pearl buttons, front strap, best finish, only \$2.98.

An Elegant Circular Cape of Fancy Cloth, cut full sweep, trimmed large and small pearl buttons, ripple collar, half strapped outside seams, \$7.50, and hundreds more up to \$50.00.

Jackets and Capes.

Winter Jackets, Beaver Cloth, in black and navy, large sleeves, step collar, horn buttons, new plaid backs, \$3.19.

Ladies' Cheviot Cloth Jackets in the very latest style, box fronts, buttons to the neck, also step collar, large horn buttons, \$3.98.

Ladies' Heavy Black Cheviot Serge Jackets, new shape collar, box fronts, trimmed braid, and large buttons, \$5.25.

Ladies' Colored Beaver Cloth Jackets, stylish lengths, new shape sleeves, velvet collar, turn back cuffs, large buttons, \$7.85.

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Colored Dress Goods

We excel in this department for having what is right in style, what is right in color, what is right in make, and just what is right in price.

1500 yards of Fine Dress Material Combination, colored ground, Tufted Boucle Patterns, in black mohair, drapes equal to silk and wool goods, 40c yard.

1250 yards of elegant Dress Goods, bought by our Paris representative at much below value. These goods are rich in combination of colors and beautiful in effect, are good value at \$1.50 yard. We will give our customers the benefit of this lucky purchase and clear them out at 75c yard.

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Illuminated French Zeteline, a new material in heavy rep, interwoven with silver, gold and other metals producing brilliant effects, \$1.10.

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Only 70 Costume Lengths of the latest creations, in rich material for costumes; no two are alike. It is impossible to give a word picture of these handsome goods. We extend an invitation to all ladies to ask for these costume lengths, and having seen them will pronounce them "incomparable."

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