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SOME STRANGE NOTES.

De Nemur have purchased...

Most remarkable of all these institutions, however, is the Monastery of the Holy Land...

The monastery has no counterpart in America. It is a wonderful structure of hundreds of rooms above and below the ground surface...

With the establishment of these institutions others in the near future are sure to come. Arrangements are now being made for the transfer to this place of institutions connected with one or other of these orders...

In concluding this correspondent remarks that Protestants are taking measures to increase the number of their educational institutions. He says:— A Protestant College is already under way in the northwest part of the district...

An ingenious plan for the economic regeneration of Ireland is proposed by Mr. F. E. Baines in the "Spectator." It is to make Galway a transatlantic port and to connect it with Kingston by a deep water canal across the island...

Bright red spectacles accompanied by internal doses of calomel form a new German specific against seasickness. It is deduced from Epstein's investigation on the influence of color on the blood vessels in the brain...

Swiss steamboat companies, to avoid disputes as to the age of children, have established measurement rules. Under two feet in length ride free, children under four feet four and dogs half fare...

A stone's throw from the mansion of the Marists the Congregation of the Holy Cross has instituted the Holy Cross College, for post-graduate students only...

Miss Elmire Marie Charpentier, of New Orleans, the last fifteen years of whose life have furnished a scientific problem is dead...

Then she had an attack of fever and fell into a trance, which has lasted for sixteen years, with intermissions of two hours daily, when she was fed. During these intermissions she was in the full possession of her faculties and appreciated her condition...

Miss Charpentier was a daughter of Abolir S. Charpentier, of Lobit & Charpentier, one of the wealthiest commission houses in New Orleans during the ante-bellum days...

A good story of the "things one would rather have expressed differently" in type is being whispered about Gloucester. Some crank has been writing to the local papers complaining that during the festival he is not admitted to the Cathedral free...

In one of the neighboring villages there is a cemetery, over the gate of which there is the following curious announcement:— "Entry only the dead who live in this village shall be interred in this necropolis."

"I must request the congregation to contribute generously this morning," said Rev. Mr. Slippy, sadly. "My salary is eight months in arrears, and my creditors are pressing. I, of course, work largely for love, and love equally, by course, is tender, but it isn't fair."

By order of the Berlin Barbers, Hair-dressers and Wigmakers' Union, apprentices are forbidden to wear their hair cut short, because the practice is unprofessional. The union decided that "the apprentices' hair should be tastefully and carefully dressed in order to act as an inspiration for the business and for customers."

Your Best Interests Will be served by making sure of health. It will be a loss of time and money to be stricken with serious illness. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and purify your blood...

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Price 25 cents.

FAREWELL: The Irish Citizens of Montreal, TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES The Governor General

Countess of Aberdeen, WINDSOR HALL, Wednesday, Nov 9th, 1898

At Half Past Seven P.M. Precisely. To prevent overcrowding the small charge of 25c admission will be made.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY. CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, Kingston, Ontario.

For terms, etc., apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

INTERNATIONAL Business College PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

One of the best organized Commercial Institutions in America. The course comprises: Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Correspondence, Commercial Law, Short-hand in both languages, Typewriting, English, French preparation for Civil Service Exams. A thorough drill is given in Banking and a Latin Business Practice. Experienced teachers. Every department. Separate rooms for ladies. Classes will be arranged August 22nd. Call, write, or telephone, Main 1009, for prospectus.

LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED Without publicity or loss of time from business. By a purely scientific, harmless home treatment. Immediate results. Normal appetite. Calm sleep. and clear brain. No objections or bad after effects. Independent of any religious faith. Address: THE DIXON CURE CO., 740 Park Ave., Montreal.

MRS. JOSEPHINE WHITE.

How She Cured Herself of Female Weakness—Her Complexion Makes Her Look Ten Years Younger Than She Really Is.

The things that make women look old are weakness and sickness. Ill health robs the face of its beauty and the figure of its charms. When a woman or girl is dragged down by leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, headache, backache and poor digestion, her ailments show in her face. She "ages" fast. She looks far older than she really is. Nothing makes a woman look young except vigor, strength and health in the distinctly feminine organs. Here lies her youth. Women seem to overlook this fact. They resort to all sorts of powders, paints and cosmetics, but the ravages of disease cannot be covered up. You have got to go down to the roots of the trouble and restore health there.



Mrs. Josephine White, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan., writes as follows: "I had terrible backache and female weakness, and was so dizzy at times that I had to sit down to prevent myself from falling on the floor. I saw Dr. Coderre's Red Pills advertised, and wrote your physician for advice. Then I used Dr. Coderre's Red Pills faithfully and followed your specialist's advice. I since gained ten pounds, and am perfectly healthy, and my present complexion makes me look ten years younger than I am. My appetite is very good. I sleep well at night, and am ever so thankful to your specialist for giving me such valuable advice. I am pleased to testify in order that all sick women may follow my example and cure themselves." (Signed.) Mrs. JOSEPHINE WHITE, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan. You see from Mrs. White's letter

how she cured herself of female weakness, dizziness and backache. You see how she wrote our physician for advice, which was given absolutely free. We never make a charge for consultation, and invite all women to write us when they are sick. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, if taken according to directions and according to the advice of our celebrated specialist in female diseases, will cure any woman or girl. They will make her complexion fair to look upon, and they will restore her vitality, and make her

to be ten years younger than her actual age. This is the plain truth. Mrs. White's letter is convincing proof. We have hundreds of testimonials that say the same thing. Better write us today about your case. It won't cost anything for the best advice. Those who wish personal treatment can visit Montreal, and call at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street. While you are about it, you might as well send for a free copy of our famous doctor book, entitled "Pale and Weak Women." It is the most valuable publication of the kind ever issued.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are such a wonderful remedy that dishonest dealers have imitated them. They sometimes offer worthless red pills by the dozen or by the hundred for 25-cent boxes. Don't take them. Insist upon Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, which are always sold in boxes containing fifty Red Pills for 50 cents. These pills at 50 cents last longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines costing \$1. Besides the low price, they are a certain cure.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all reliable druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. If you cannot get them in your neighborhood, send the price to us in stamps, by registered letter, money order or express order. We mail them all over the world. There is no duty to pay. We pay all costs of delivery. Address all letters, whether for the Red Pills or for professional advice, to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

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OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Ladies' Collarettes, Capes, Jackets. Men's Fur Caps, in all patterns, \$4 to \$10. Fur Collars and Capes a Specialty.

TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT UNTIL END OF NOVEMBER!

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Because we do good work. We sometimes make mistakes, but when we do we make things right. We'd like you for a customer.

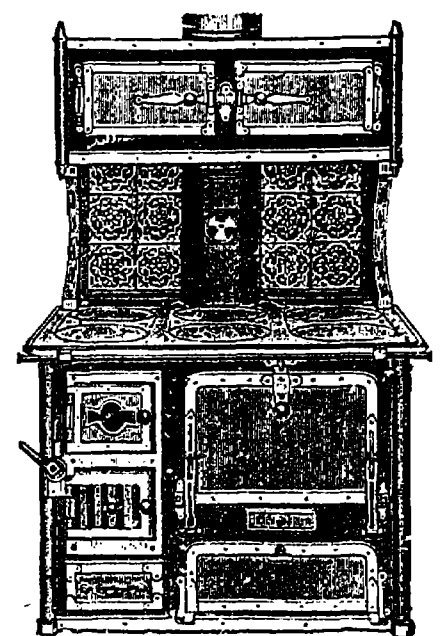
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IS THE BEST, BECAUSE

It is in asbestos lined. It is Practical in Design. It is Easy to Manage and Keep Clean. It is Fitted with the Perfect (Patent) Elevating Grate. It is Durable. It is a Perfect Range.

HOTEL AND FAMILY SIZES. JOHN BURNS & CO., Manufacturers, 775 Craig St., and 2590 St. Catherine St. AGENCIES: QUEBEC, U. F. BROUIN, St. Roch and St. Joseph Streets.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION Kindling, \$2.50; Cut Maple, \$2.50; Tamarac Blocks, \$1.75; Mill Blocks, stove lengths, \$1.50. J. C. McLELLAN, Richmond Square, Phone 3528.

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Daily. Ex. Sun. TORONTO..... 9:10 a.m. 10:25 p.m. Arr. MONTREAL..... 6:30 p.m. 7:15 a.m. Arr. HAMILTON..... 6:55 p.m. 8:45 a.m. Arr. NIAGARA FALLS..... 8:40 p.m. 10:55 a.m. Arr. BUFFALO..... 10:40 p.m. 12:00 a.m. Arr. LONDON..... 3:10 a.m. 11:30 p.m. Arr. DETROIT..... 6:45 a.m. 2:00 p.m. Arr. CHICAGO..... 2:00 p.m. 9:10 p.m. *On Sundays leaves Montreal 8:00 p.m.

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE. BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA. Three Fast Express Trains.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY at popular hours. Leave Montreal, 7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., and 4:55 p.m. Returning, leave Ottawa, 8:00 a.m., 8:30 p.m., and 6:45 p.m. On Sundays, leave Montreal, 4:55 p.m. and Ottawa 8:00 a.m.

For tickets, reservation of space in Sleepers and all information, apply to Company's agents. City Ticket Office, 137 St. James Street, and Bonaventure Station.

BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. (3 per cent.) for the current half year, equal to 85 per cent. per annum, on the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared and that the same will be payable at the head office, or at its branches, on or after Thursday, the 1st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st November, both days inclusive. By order of the board, W. WEIR, President and General Manager, Montreal, Oct. 20th, 1898.

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, Pork, 54 Prince Arthur Street. Special Rates for Obnoxious Institutions. Telephone, East 474. 11-9-98

Our subscribers are particularly requested to note the advertisements in the True Witness, and when making purchases mention the paper.

James Street, Montreal, Canada.
P. O. BOX 1188.
The subscription price of the True Witness is \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 5 cents. The paper is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sent to subscribers by mail, and is guaranteed to be delivered to their doors. The paper is published by the True Witness Publishing Co., Limited, 1188, P. O. Box 1188, Montreal, Canada.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.
If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province could see their best interests, they would not make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.
† PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....NOVEMBER 5 1892.

THE POSITION OF ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS IN MONTREAL.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a letter from "A Constant Reader," on a subject the importance of which has induced us to make allusion to it several times in these columns. The letter is an able and interesting one, and contains much that is suggestive and to the point.

We desire to outline clearly the attitude which the "True Witness" has taken up in regard to this subject of the uplifting of our people at large in this city, the promotion of their welfare in every walk of life, and the placing of our young men and young women in a social and intellectual condition which will put them beyond the reach of, and make them altogether independent of, that quiet but persistent discrimination which they have so long experienced at the hands of many of the Protestants of Montreal.

On the one hand, we are outnumbered by French Canadian Catholics, and on the other, we are outwitted through the powerful financial resources that English-speaking Protestants have at their command and the strong position they occupy in commercial circles generally, holding as they do every point of vantage. We are convinced, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, that if English speaking Catholics would rise to an adequate conception of the immense advantages which our Church system of constitutional government places within their reach; they could have no more difficulty than any other section of the community in securing for themselves and for their descendants all the rights to which they are entitled in every sphere of life.

In order that our people may attain to this position—an ideal position which is quite capable of being speedily realized—it is primarily essential that all question as to individuals shall be laid aside once and forever, that ambitions and affiliations of all kinds shall be left out of consideration altogether, and that the sole end and aim to be pursued by all with energy, with whole-heartedness, and with self-sacrifice, shall always be the welfare of the English-speaking Catholic community of this city as a whole. This ideal once accepted, the course to be adopted with a view of bringing about its realization becomes clear—the securing of representatives in every office, from the humblest to the highest, in our religious, benevolent, national, temperance, and quasi-insurance societies, and in enterprises of an educational, financial or commercial character generally, the best men available in our portion of the community. A Catholic-contemporary sagaciously remarks:—

"A Catholic newspaper can only be negatively in politics. It is the watchman on the tower announcing the approach of the enemy, but taking no active part in repelling him. In all things the paper's policy should be a defence of the Catholic body."
The "True Witness" unreservedly endorses this sentiment, and extends in the following extract "Such has been the aim of the paper since its commencement, and it will continue to be so as long as it lives."

Our correspondent, "A Constant Reader," refers to several aspects of the question. He attributes the present state of affairs to want of thought. This is but one of the number of causes. How many noble endeavors to advance the cause of creed and country have been frustrated through divisions in our ranks? How many have been like patriotic hearts whose warm aspirations of the future greatness of our people in Canada, have been chilled by the coldness and indifference of those whose interests they yearned to serve? In the answers to these questions may be found much of the combination of causes which have contributed to our present condition.

We have amongst our Irish Catholic population an abundance of men capable of filling with credit and ability any public position that can be mentioned. Let us look, for instance, at our three representatives on the bench. We are opposed to sectionalism in every form, but especially when it outrages itself under the guise of religion. But it is assuredly permissible for us to ask if those three Irish Catholic gentlemen are not, in every conceivable respect, the equal of any of their judicial colleagues. They are men who devoted the early years of their careers to the advancement of the cause of their religion and their nationality, always, however, evincing their readiness to champion that freedom we all, as citizens of Canada, enjoy under its beneficent constitution. The same may be said of our representatives in other spheres who are the successors of those whose names are inseparably linked with the history of Canada, and particularly of the English-speaking Catholics in Montreal during the past two generations.

The object of the "True Witness" is to see our people not only regain the ground they have lost in the past, but to take that place in every sphere of public and private activity for which their numbers and their intellectual capacities eminently fit them—a place second to no tier section of the mixed community in which we live.

A WARNING AGAINST AN OUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX.

The Provincial Board of Health, ever on the alert for any danger which threatens to menace the health of the Province, issued on last Saturday the following circular:

Through the interstate notification and other sources, the Provincial Board of Health has ascertained that from the 1st of January last to the 21st inst., 2,445 cases of smallpox, distributed in 104 municipalities, have come under the supervision of the health authorities in the various states of the American Union. Recently, the same disease has appeared at Cadmen and at Cobourg, in the Province of Ontario, and also at Buffalo, Rochester, Elmira, Dunkirk, McLean, and De Ruyter, in the State of New York. Necessarily, the sanitary authorities of New York and Ontario have taken all measures to prevent the spread of the disease. However, as the origin of the infection could not possibly be traced in many instances, it is to be feared that the Province of Quebec is actually threatened by the same source of infection still remaining unknown.

In such circumstances, the Provincial Board of Health wishes to warn the public against the possibility of an outbreak of smallpox in this province, and earnestly recommends vaccination and re-vaccination as the means of protecting oneself and the community as well. There can be no serious argument to-day against this almost sure preventive. In fact, it should suffice to convince anyone to refer to the most reliable statistics prepared in the different countries of Europe. In Germany for instance, from 1870 to 1875, the annual number of deaths from smallpox had been over one hundred thousand when, since 1875, that is since compulsory vaccination has been in force, the number of deaths from this disease is reduced to an average of one hundred and thirty a year. In the French army smallpox used to cause over 1,000 deaths during a year, but after the compulsory vaccination, not

of the Dominion and also the terms for the greater number of railroads which enter the congested districts, is the most liable to this dread disease. Besides, having experienced the ravages which it made on our population in 1885, we should be doubly on our guard and take the best preventive measures against contagion so as not to be taken unawares should the disease spread.

Our local Board of Health has also an important duty to perform in this matter, by improving the sanitary conditions of the city, which at present are far from being perfect. Let them also see to it.

IRISH CANADIANS AND THEIR EXCELLENCE'S DEPARTMENT.

On Sunday last, in the churches of the five English-speaking parishes of Montreal, announcements were made made to the effect that a public meeting would be held in Windsor Hall, on Wednesday next, November 9, for the purpose of enabling the Irish citizens of Montreal to give expression to their appreciation of the kindly interest so long manifested by the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, in all matters appertaining to the welfare of the Irish race, both in Canada and in Ireland.

Lord Aberdeen was in reality the first Home Rule Lord-Lieutenant who ever occupied the Vice-regal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Brief as was the stay of their Excellencies in Ireland, they endeared themselves to the grateful hearts of the Irish people; and their departure from the Irish capital was marked by as touching signs of popular sorrow as was the departure of Earl Fitzwilliam, towards the close of the last century.

But Lady Aberdeen's interest in the Irish people did not cease with her residence in that country. She deeply sympathized with the large number of peasants in the hardship and misery which they were enduring as a result of centuries of misgovernment; and she energetically put that sympathy into practical form by founding the Irish Industrial Association, of which she is still president. The immense benefit which resulted to the people from the operations of that Association was proved by the reception accorded to the Countess, when she visited Ireland a few years ago, to see for herself what progress had been made. Her tour was a series of orations; and she was presented with scores of addresses and with the freedom of all the large cities which she visited.

By no other section of the Canadian nation will their Excellencies' departure be more sincerely regretted than by the Irish section.

A MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

It announced from Halifax that a monument is to be erected over the grave of Sir John Thompson. The work is in the hands of our distinguished artist Mr. Hebert, and will no doubt be worthy of the deceased, and in the sculptor's best style. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a statue of Canada's greatest statesman will be found in the grounds of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. With characteristic sympathy Lord Aberdeen in his recent splendid address at the capital, made a touching reference to Sir John Thompson's splendid career and services. The Parliament of Canada is slow to do justice to our great men. Time and again the press of this country has called for a monument to D'Arcy McGee, but nothing has been done in the matter yet. Monuments to those who have served the Dominion well, are the best lessons in history that can be given to the rising generation of Canadians.

THE CIGARETTE PLAGUE.

The people of Canada were called upon a few weeks ago to pronounce their verdict on the question of total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of our great territory. The result of the vote has not yet been officially announced, and both parties are claiming a victory. Naturally there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject and it will tax the ingenuity of our legislators to devise some scheme that will be satisfactory to the majority of the people. There are some questions of prohibition which ought not to be very difficult to settle. The first of these is, which is desirable, that the attention of our legislators should be directed to the prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of the cigarette. To any one who has given the slightest attention to the subject, the pressing necessity of such legislation must

be obvious. The cigarette is a deadly plague, that must be stamped out by a strong unrelenting hand. There is no necessity for a plebiscite on this question. If a show of hands could be obtained there is not a doubt that from one end of the Dominion to the other there would be unparalleled unanimity asking for a law that will save our youth from premature debility and decay. Other questions may be more or less embarrassing to a government, but the wiping out of the cigarette offers no difficulty. Let us then have legislation upon this subject at the next session of our parliament and whatever may be the shortcomings of our public men in other respects they shall be entitled to say that they have done at least one good service to their country.

MONTH OF HOLY SOULS.

This month of November is called the Month of Holy Souls, since the Church sets it apart so that special exhortations may be made to her faithful children to remember the souls detained in Purgatory. On all Souls Day, the souls, of whom special mention is made in the Mass and in the Office of the day, implore in a particular manner our intercession in their behalf, in order that the day of their entry into the eternal happiness of Heaven may be hastened. The solemn tolling of the church bells every evening during the month reminds Catholics of their beloved dead—fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, and acquaintances. Nor are those who have no living relatives to pray for them forgotten. For these, as for all the souls in Purgatory, the Church offers up prayers every day in the year, and she also admonishes all Catholics to pray for them daily.

The best way in which Catholics can show their affection for the dead is to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up for the eternal repose of their souls.

Our separated brethren—with the exception of the Ritualistic portion of the Established Church—do not, it is to be regretted, believe in the most reasonable doctrine of Purgatory. If the able and lucid arguments adduced from scriptural and other sources in proof of the existence of Purgatory, which were contained in the sermon preached on Sunday last in St. Patrick's Church, of this city, by the Rev. Father Martin O'Donoghue, one of the foremost controversialist preachers in the archdiocese, were placed before them, they would be forthwith convinced of their error in this regard.

THE CZAR'S PEACE PROPOSALS.

On Monday the daily press published a cablegram from St. Petersburg stating that all the Powers had accepted the Czar's invitation to his proposed Peace Conference, and would send representatives to it. According to a London despatch to the New York Sun the book which it is admitted converted the Russian autocrat to the cause of peace, has been published in St. Petersburg. It throws, he says, a flood of light upon the motives and ulterior objects of the famous proclamation, and its perusal by the European chancellors will certainly have an important effect upon the policy of other nations in respect of the Russian proposals. The work is an exhaustive treatise entitled, "The Coming War, in its Technical, Economic and Political Aspects." The author, Mr. Bliokh, is a retired Warsaw financier. His book is a veritable encyclopedia of war, and contains a great mass of facts, figures and analyses, which are preliminary to the unfolding of the writer's scheme for insuring universal peace. He argues that the European armies have already outgrown practicable limits. The problem of the commissariat alone is now impossible. No solution of it exists. No railway can offer transportation in any country capable of supplying the necessary amount of food and ammunition to a modern moving army. It would be impossible for one man, even were he a Motke, to silently direct the movements of the present army of Russia, Germany or France.

Perhaps, if Mr. Bliokh had stopped here, the Czar's great peace proposal would not be the subject of serious suspicion. But he goes on to point out, indignantly, that if his scheme is adopted Russia will inevitably dominate the world. His plan, he says, only requires time and nature, operating in the growth or decay of populations, to finally solve all questions. European Russia, still within a hundred years, will have a population of 500,000,000. Germany

will have 200,000,000. France will have 100,000,000. Great Britain will have 50,000,000. Italy will have 40,000,000. The United States will have 100,000,000. Canada will have 10,000,000. The total population of the world will be 1,000,000,000. The Czar's proposal is to have a peace conference to discuss the possibility of a world government.

There is no necessity for a plebiscite on this question. If a show of hands could be obtained there is not a doubt that from one end of the Dominion to the other there would be unparalleled unanimity asking for a law that will save our youth from premature debility and decay. Other questions may be more or less embarrassing to a government, but the wiping out of the cigarette offers no difficulty. Let us then have legislation upon this subject at the next session of our parliament and whatever may be the shortcomings of our public men in other respects they shall be entitled to say that they have done at least one good service to their country.

HERE A TAX, THERE A TAX, EVERYWHERE A TAX.

Here a tax, there a tax, everywhere a tax. That song would be applicable to the city of Montreal. A few specimens of the taxes sought to be imposed upon us by the Charter drafters will suffice to give a general idea of them. In addition to the tax on religious property the revisers suggest the following:—
The council may also impose by by-law a tax to be called the "business tax," on all trades, manufactures, financial or commercial institutions, occupations, arts, professions, or means of profit or livelihood, which now are or may be hereafter carried on, exercised or operated by any person or persons in the city; provided that such business tax does not exceed seven and one-half per cent. of the annual value of the premises in which such trades, manufactures, financial or commercial institutions, occupations, arts, professions or means of profit or livelihood are respectively carried on, and all persons, companies and corporations engaged in or carrying on such trades, manufactures, financial or commercial institutions, occupations, arts, professions or means of profit or livelihood, shall be responsible directly for the payment of such tax.

6. The council may also, in addition to the above, by a vote of two-thirds of its members, impose the following special taxes which may be enforced in the form of licenses or otherwise:—
A special tax not exceeding fifty dollars, on auctioneers, employment offices, peddlers, bakers, milkmen, laundries, hawkers, hucksters, carters, or hackmen, and junk and second-hand dealers and all itinerant traders doing business in the city;

On the owners of horses and vehicles, for each and every horse and vehicle, except such owners as are licensed or taxed under the preceding paragraph;

On billiard tables, pigeon-hole tables, bowling alleys and other similar games;

On livery stable keepers and on private hospitals;

On ferrymen or steamboats plying for hire for the convenience of travellers and freight to and from the city;

On brokers, financial agents, money lenders, commission merchants, coal agents and pawnbrokers;

On soap and candle factories, and factories of a like nature, on lime kilns, on bone-bolling or bone-burning establishments, or any oil or oil-cake factory, india rubber or oil-cloth factory, dyeing establishments, slaughter-house, tannery, brewery, distillery, gas-works, blue, glue or varnish factory, petroleum or coal oil refinery or warehouse, roofing composition factory, fireworks factory, friction matches factory, chemical works, alcohol-rectifying establishments, electric, telegraph, telephone or electric light workshops or power houses, and all foundries and other factories and work shops of any kind whatsoever.

A special tax not exceeding fifty dollars per annum, on every person keeping a butcher shop within the limits of the city outside of any of the city markets.

A special tax not exceeding 3 per cent. of the annual value, over and above one hundred dollars, of any house, tenement or dwelling, on the occupant or tenant thereof, unless actually occupied by the proprietor.

A special tax not exceeding one cent. on the salary, wages, revenue or income, over and above three hundred dollars per annum, of every person working or residing or doing business within the city and not paying to the latter any tax as proprietor or tenant, or any business tax.

A special tax not exceeding fifty hundred dollars on every person opening temporarily a shop to sell therein any bankrupt stock or effects.

It will be noticed that there is no tax proposed to be levied on the poles of the telegraph, telephone, electric light, and street railway companies, although these companies make millions every year out of the city; and that, on the other hand, the baker, the butcher, and the milkman is to be taxed, thereby raising the price of the people's food; for it is the consumer who always pays such taxes through increased prices.
The lawyers who drew up the draft of these laws, and the clauses dealing with the taxation of the non-resident and selection of a permanent residence, was wisely open to doubt, whether the present mayor and aldermen could possibly afford to pay for several years to

to tax the people. The drafters of the Charter have been very wise in not imposing a tax on the poles of the telegraph, telephone, electric light, and street railway companies, although these companies make millions every year out of the city; and that, on the other hand, the baker, the butcher, and the milkman is to be taxed, thereby raising the price of the people's food; for it is the consumer who always pays such taxes through increased prices.

Seldom if ever, in the history of Montreal, was there such a gathering at the Cote de Nigres Cemetery, as that which assembled on the Feast of All Saints. The people flocked from all the different parishes of the city, and the car service wholly inadequate to meet the emergency.

Thousands were carried to the foot of the mountain, where the incline railway brought them to the summit, and many others preferred to take the Park and Island route; while countless numbers walked to the cemetery.

The scene was a most inspiring one at the moment when Archbishop Bruchesi mounted the temporary platform which had been erected for the occasion near the chapel. The discourse of His Grace was a most pathetic and impressive one. His Grace said in part:—

I have "convened you to the city of the dead, and you have come hither in thousands, guided by your spirit of faith and charity. It was thus that the early Christians of the first centuries were wont to congregate in the catacombs surrounding their pontiffs, to recall the memories of their departed brethren and to reiterate in the midst of their mourning and sorrows their immortal hopes. But they had to hide beneath the earth this pious duty while we can pray and sing in the open day. This liberty is already several centuries old, and it was secured by our forefathers and our martyrs by their sacrifices, their virtues, and even their blood.

This land on which we stand is blessed. It has been blessed by the church and set apart from all profane territory; it has taken it under its protection and has vaulted the cross on it to reveal its sacred character. Consequently all pleasures, boisterous gatherings, and all that calls our disensions and struggles can find no place here. Here we come to weep and to pray. It is a holy and dear spot. Is there another to which we go with more emotion. It is a part of ourselves. The three hundred thousand dead that lie beneath this soil are our fellow citizens, our relatives, our brethren, and our friends. Is there one among you all who has not shed tears upon some of these graves? Has not a portion of your hearts been placed in one or more of these graves? The poor departed remain united to us always by the strongest ties and I was anxious to bless them all to-day. To-day it may be truly said is their day and their feast."

After a pathetic allusion to their sorrows created by the loss of a mother, father, son, daughter, brother or sister, or a little child, His Grace spoke of the prayers that should be offered up for the dead, according to the teachings of the Church, and the dictates of the heart, the speaker proceeded: "What does there remain here to the favored and the rich of the world? Look round you once more; a grave, four boards, and a shroud; this is all! Yes, it is all. This is the fate reserved to all the human race, though we may erect over their ashes grand mausoleums, or a small wooden cross, it matters little; all are equal, all in the same silence, all submitted to the same laws of decay and ruin, all sleep in the same sleep until the time when the angel trumpet will call all to the throne of the Sovereign Judge. You will all come here, my brethren, one after another, at a time which God alone knows. Next year the feast of the dead will be the feast of many among you." His Grace concluded a masterly address by appealing to his hearers to lead Christian lives, and to be at all times prepared for death.

Rev. Father McCallen, of St. Patrick's followed with an able address in English. A choir of six hundred voices with orchestral accompaniment then chanted the Libera. The Archbishop closed this most inspiring ceremony by imparting to those present his solemn benediction after which he retired to pray by the side of his father's grave.
Another contribution from a gifted author whose poems have occasionally graced our columns, has been published in the "True Witness" this week. "On Death" is a gem of poetry, and it shows how on a timely subject, and it shows that the author is capable of writing poetical compositions of high order.

...time to time, to make a... One amongst many... count for a great deal, and... may be able to pilot the... member along. It is different... with a struggling minority. The latter, with but few representatives... its best men in every position. A minority, well represented, by a few able and honest men, can frequently hold its own against great odds. On the other hand, weak representation except in the paltry matter of next to worthless patronage, is almost as bad as no representation at all. Of course it is difficult to induce men of the right stamp to assume the duties of public office; but it is to be hoped a new era is dawning upon us. We have the material in abundance, for every public position to which we are entitled, all that is necessary is to take the time by the forelock, and there will be no difficulty, in procuring the assent of those whose service it is desirable to secure. One of the causes of our lack of success in this respect, in the past is that everything has been left to the last moment, and then the professional wire-puller has had everything according to his own sweet will. Nothing so elevates a people as worthy representation. To be able to look up to, and speak with an honest pride, of the men of our race and creed, who worthily hold public positions, is gratifying, and at the same time inspires a healthy ambition in the rising generation. Far be it from me to insinuate that we have not good, true and fit men in many of our representative positions; but as the saying goes, it would be audacious to particularize. The lesson it is desired to inculcate is, that if we are to hold our own, we have in every position, where the selection rests with our people, whether it be in the mayor's chair or simply in the presidency of any of our societies, men who can fight our battles not only fearlessly and honestly but with all the advantages that training gives.

Yours respectfully,
CONSTANT READER.
Montreal, 31 October, 1898.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

M. Dupuy, a former prime minister, has been entrusted with the formation of a government to succeed that of Mr. Brisson, whose defeat we chronicled last week. It seems quite probable that he will succeed and that things will go on very much more smoothly. The public informs us that the new government will not interfere with the policy of its predecessors in the all-absorbing question of a revision of the trial of Dreyfus. After weeks and months of unparalleled excitement things seem to have quieted down. The press informs us that the matter will be left to the hands of Cassation which virtually takes the place in France of our judicial committee of the Privy Council in England. In the trial of Zola, it will be remembered that a mob was in constant attendance and that the grave proceedings of the court were interrupted by cries for and against the accused. A few days ago the Dreyfus matter came up for argument before the appellate court, there was no excitement of any kind, and it seemed as if the order having gone forth for a reinvestigation that such a solution will be arrived at as will satisfy the friends of justice the world over. The people of France are overwhelmingly in favor of law and order, but in Paris there is a host of mischief makers, who ruin governments, destroy the reputation of the country about, and keep people in constant turmoil at home. Men like Rochefort of La Lanterne and kindred spirit live by demagoguery and are to use a well worn expression "Never at peace except when they are at war." This element is particularly dangerous at the present moment. A few days ago things had assumed so threatening an attitude between France and England over the Fashoda affair that the British government sent a secret message to the press of London requesting that no news be printed regarding the movements of troops or of the fleet, that might convey information to a possible enemy. Under ordinary circumstances there would not be the slightest danger of any war between England and France over the Egyptian question, but with the state of ferment into which the Parisians have been lashed by the demagogues referred to it is impossible to predict what a few days may bring forth. Marchand, the adventurous French explorer who reached Fashoda before Lord Kitchener arrived there with his victorious army, after defeating the Mahdi has it appears, been ordered by the French government to retire from his position. Yet this has been done in such a way as not to remove all apprehension of future trouble. Russia, however, is on the move, and despite the open and avowed neutrality declared by the czar, it may bring us a surprise. The alliance has been broken, and the operations of the Russian army in the Caucasus will be a matter of some interest.

ALLEGED DEGENERACY.

Since Max Nordau published his book on "Degeneration" a few years ago—a work containing as much fancy as fact—it has become a hobby with several medical and other writers to doze off upon the same subject. A Dr. F. Russ, of Buffalo, is the latest to give his views upon it. He divides degeneracy into "presential, post natal and post-developmental epochs." He entertains the idea that but a small percentage of humanity is without some symptom of degeneracy, but that one symptom does not make a degenerate. Some proportion or average must be taken, he avers, to decide who is and who is not a degenerate. Among the degenerate classes he names idiots, cretins, lunatics, mutes, epileptics, chronic criminals and moral perverts.

Some of the secular newspapers are seriously advocating that steps should be taken by legislators to prevent marriage in cases where there is "degeneracy" on the part of one or both of the parties seeking union. The Kingston Evening Times says:—

It is simply irrational to allow the relations to be formed out of which the degenerate members of society go on multiplying, when our hospitals for the insane are full to overflowing, our charity organizations are unable to meet the demands which are made on them for the relief of the destitute, our penitentiaries, prisons, and gaols are crowded with criminals of all ages. We ought to act promptly and decisively to prevent the supply, and thus prevent much misery to individuals, and the continuance of one of the greatest burdens of modern society."

All this talk about "degeneracy" is humbug. As a matter of fact, the human race is no more degenerate now than ever it was.

JUDGES' SALARIES.

Last week, our readers had the advantage of perusing the great effort of Mr. Bourke Cockran of New York, on "Bessism" in which he dealt in so masterly a manner, with the all important functions of the judiciary. The very existence of free institutions, as well as the safeguarding of any personal rights and privileges, he should depend upon an independent, enlightened and fearless magistracy. To permanent enjoy so inestimable a blessing it will be evident to all, that it is of the first importance that those who are called upon to administer justice, should be held in the highest respect by the services rendered to the state, and sufficient to ensure the personal independence of the occupants of the judicial

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"If a man believes that a certain measure is not good, let him vote against it, irrespective of party lines; let him take off his coat and work against it until he is blue in the face; but when he finds that the majority differs with him and the measure is adopted, then let him put on his coat and join the majority and help them to be successful."

"The man that quietly acts for his country's good is a patriot, although he may not be so blatant as some that are now before the public, and his country will appreciate him very much about twenty years from now, when it is paying more pensions than there were soldiers in the war."

Success in one's undertakings is a fruitful theme for writers in cheap magazines and society journals. One of the latter in a recent issue thus pictures the characteristics of the successful and unsuccessful men. It says:—

The successful man and the failure both start from scratch; certainly both have the same chances of winning the race; the onlookers hesitate to back either one of the competitors, for both at the outset are likely winners; yet, notwithstanding all these equal chances of victory that both men have in the beginning, the race has hardly begun when the better man of the two "drags away" and in the end wins.

Is this chance? Can anybody with the most elastic imagination believe that fate, or chance, or fortune, or luck has favored the winner? Hardly; yet the failure will rub his eyes and wonder why he lost. So do we, and his friends will pat him on the back sympathetically and wonder, too. They may ascribe his failure to ill-luck. The truth is, he wasn't up to form. Nobody can command success, as Addison tells us, but we can try to deserve it. The world is full of disappointed men who have in the past striven to win success, who have worked hard, who have denied themselves of all pleasures and recreations, who have buckled to and labored incessantly all their lives to woo and win Fortune, but the fickle goddess has been turned her back upon her suitors. Why? See the failures.

Those who have won have first of all worked her properly. Her most successful suitors have been equally as energetic, as persevering, as sincere, but they have fallen short in their leap, they have miscalculated their distance, and which only, you can secure her blessing.

What is this perfect way? The being able to judge properly between the relative importance of this thing and that. Discrimination is a great power and the essence of all judgment. The biography of the successful man is not to be written wherein it will not be stated that "great discerning judgment" was the lever of his success. If we fail to discern we err in judgment. If we in error give a high place to that which deserves a lower place, our judgment is in fault; we fail to grasp the meaning of relative importance and the result is a failure.

Because a man splatters and splatters, fumes and foams when going about his work, fusses and frets, worries and wears himself all day long, it does not signify that that man is bound to become a millionaire. He may have an immense supply of energy on hand, and may command at all times volumes of good forcible human steam-power, yet that is not everything. Unless we have the gift of being able to gauge things and fix their relative importance in connection with other matters, his fuming and fretting, spluttering and spluttering will be of no avail.

It is the pitiful tale of many a good man who spent years of his life in trying to succeed, that he cannot get beyond the first rung of the ladder. He tumbles and groans over his failure, and pitches his tale into such a melancholy key that his domestic circles and his friends of the inner ring think him the most abused man in creation. Sara Barnhardt boasts that "she burns her boats behind her," meaning that she forgets the past. It shows her judgment.

A NEW FEATURE.

To Teachers, Parents and Pupils.

We are about to open a new department in the columns of our paper. This department will be known as the educational page, and will be devoted to educational work in general. It will be divided into three departments, viz: Compositions for seniors and juniors, questions on different subjects, and special hints on education. This will we hope prove a source of great benefit to our boys and girls of the Catholic Schools throughout Canada. The department will be in charge of an experienced and qualified teacher, who has been very successful in the work of imparting both religious and secular education.

We would particularly call the attention of teachers and parents to this matter in order to stimulate the children to take a great interest in this work as incalculable good must accrue from it. In our next issue we will give the subjects of the compositions both from the seniors and the juniors, and in order to allow the children more time to devote to this work, we'll name the subjects a week ahead of time. The following are the rules to be observed by those wishing to enter the competitions:—

1. That the age of the seniors be from 13 to 15.
2. That the age of the juniors be from 10 to 12.
3. That the composition be neatly and carefully written.
4. That the pupils write on one side of the paper only, and leave a margin line of ½ an inch in each page.
5. That the pupil write his or her name in full, as well as the name of the school and class, as
John Jones, age 14, form 5,
St. Patrick's School,
Montreal, Can.
Ezzie O'Connor, age 12, form 3,
St. Helen's School,
Toronto, Ont.
6. That the word "senior" be marked at the top of the composition when sent by senior pupils, and "junior" when sent by juniors.
7. That the composition be sent in not later than Monday of each week.
8. That two valuable prizes will be awarded to the seniors, and two to the juniors at the end of every two months.
9. That all pupils obtaining 75 per cent. of the marks are to have their names published under a special title.
10. That at the end of June, 1899, three valuable prizes in money will be given to the three pupils who obtained the highest number of marks in each department during the whole year.
11. That the seniors write forty lines of ordinary foolscap, and the juniors 20 lines. This rule holds good for all competitions.
12. That in cases where rules 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 14 are violated, no marks can be allowed for the work.
13. That the decision of the manager of this department is final.
14. All communications should be addressed to the Educational Department, "True Witness" office, P. O. Box 1183, Montreal.

CHATS TO YOUNG MEN

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OUR DEAD.

"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix, 21.

The bells are ringing the morning air,
With music sweet and low,
Each tone drifts into the minor chime,
As the wind sways to and fro.

Solemnly, sadly, they rise and fall,
On the chill November air,
Telling the hearts, that mourn their dead,
To remember them now in prayer.

Merely, dear Lord, on our precious dead,
Who have passed beyond the stars,
Have pity on all the suffering souls,
Whom wide their prison bars.

Bid them rejoice in Thy Father's house,
Whence every tear away,
Let the light of Thy glory round them fall,
Jesus, we humbly pray.

—AGNES BUZZ.

Good health is worth more than anything else in your and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

P. WRIGHT,
1327 and 1329 Notre Dame Street, East.

RETIRING! RETIRING!

From business, having disposed of all our Summer Stock, we have now brought forward and marked down to

ONE-HALF THE ORIGINAL COST

—THE WHOLE OF OUR—

Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods.

Every yard of CANADIAN TWEED in stock marked down.
Every yard of SCOTCH TWEED in stock marked down.
Every yard of IRISH TWEED in stock marked down.
Every yard of SUITING in stock marked down.
Every yard of FALL and WINTER COATING marked down.

Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths.

Canadian Floor Oil Cloth, 15c to 19c per yard. English Floor Oil Cloth, 30c to 50c per yard—All widths reduced. Brussels and Tapestry Carpet Squares of every description all marked down.

Every pair BLANKETS in stock marked down.
Every QUILT and COMFORTER in stock marked down

Every Description of Goods in Stock Marked Down

... DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY ...
... TO SECURE YOUR ...

Fall and Winter Dry Goods at Half Price.

Call and Examine Our Stock Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

P. WRIGHT,
1327-29 Notre Dame Street, East.

TABLE FIGS.
TABLE RAISINS,
VALENCIA RAISINS,
SULTANA RAISINS and
SHELLED ALMONDS.

ALL NEW CROP.

We have now in store, ex-Atlas Line S.S. Numidian, the very choicest fruit in the shape of Fine Table Raisins, Cooking Raisins and Extra Quality Jordan and Valencia Shelled Almonds that we believe have ever been imported into Canada.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

BETTER AND BETTER

... IS OUR AIM ...

Year in and year out we are using every effort to lay our hands on THE FINEST GOODS THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD AFFORD in all our lines for the benefit of consumers throughout Canada.

We find nothing is too good for our customers, and if there is one article better than another we are bound to have it.

We boast of having the most select Trade in all Canada.

Direct from the growers and makers, Messrs. BERTRAND FRERES, (Gisors, France).

100 Cases of the Very Finest FRENCH OLIVE OIL

Comprising:—
Bertrand's HUILE d'OLIVE, Extra Superfine, in quart bottles.
Bertrand's HUILE d'OLIVE, Extra Superfine, in pint bottles.
Bertrand's HUILE d'OLIVE, Extra Superfine, in gallon cans.

Also, 100 Cases POLAND WATER

In half-gallon glass bottles—each 2 dozen half-gallon bottles. Price 50 cents per bottle, \$5.00 per dozen bottles, \$9.00 per case of 2 dozen half-gallon bottles.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., Importers,
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 & 211 ST. JAMES STREET.

88c. For a Ladies' Genuine Dongola Kid Buttoned Boot

With patent tip, and well made on a stylish last. All sizes from 3 to 7. They are in perfect condition, and well worth \$1.25. We secured 180 pairs from a manufacturer who was in need of ready cash, and have decided to give the public the benefit of this extraordinary bargain. At this low price they will sell quickly, so secure a pair or pairs at once. Such a chance is seldom met with.

Ronayne Bros., 2027 Notre Dame St.
Telephone Main 473. CHABOUILLEY SQUARE.

THE IVORY CROSS.

By JAMES WORKMAN, in the Strand Magazine.

One evening in July, 1793, Marie Lavoisier stood on the summit of a hill on the coast of Normandy, shading her eyes from the level rays of the sun just dipping below the horizon, and watching the white sails of a large, square-rigged vessel creeping along the Channel before a faint easterly breeze. She was trying vainly to discover the colours of a flag hoisted at the mainmast. It drooped so listlessly in the dying breeze that it was impossible to tell whether it was the Tricolour or the Union Jack. The sun disappeared, and presently the ship, moving ghost-like through the twilight, was lost in the gathering darkness.

The girl turned reluctantly away, and descended a path that led inland. She glanced nervously about her, and at times stopped and listened intently. Not a sound broke the silence but the cry of a night bird, or the flight of some little wild creature terrified at her approach; but her fears turned the slim trunks of trees into moving figures, or the rustling of leaves into the sound of stealthy footsteps. She imagined herself surrounded by spies, and hurrying breathlessly on broke at last into a run, and fled panic-stricken to a solitary cottage standing half-way between the village and the blackened ruins of the chateau of M. le Vicomte de Trouville, which had been plundered and burnt by the neighbouring peasantry in the early days of the Revolution. Darting through the door, she stood for several minutes panting and straining her ears for the sound of pursuing footsteps. Convinced at length that the sights and sounds which had terrified her were purely imaginary, she lit a candle and searched the house to make sure that the old woman with whom she lived had gone, as she had promised, to spend the night with a relative in the village.

Having satisfied herself that she was alone and unpursued, she grew calmer, and began to arrange the rude furniture of the bare and poverty-stricken room to the best advantage. In her eyes it had never looked so mean and squalid. She glanced wistfully at her wooden shoes and coarse peasant's dress. What a contrast they seemed to the dainty clothes she had worn when she waited on the Vicomte's mother in the beautiful old chateau before that terrible night, when she was awakened by the yell of the frantic peasants, the crash of broken windows, and the thundering of sledge-hammers upon the door! Even yet she shuddered at the thought of the fierce, gaunt faces that watched the flames go roaring up against the black sky.

As she moved about the room she was recalling every incident of the grim scene. Her father was the Vicomte's steward, and, though, unlike most of his kind, he had endeared himself to the peasantry by numberless acts of charity, they would have stabbed or hung him without scruple had they discovered him while their frenzy was at its height. She saw again his tall, stooping figure, standing half-dressed in the doorway, his face livid with fear, the candle quivering in his shaking hand, as he bade her get up and follow him instantly. Leaping out of bed she had wrapped a cloak about her, and rushed after him. That frantic flight along the gloomy passages by the dim, flickering light of the candle, while the crash of splintering wood and the yells and shrieks of the frenzied peasants rang in her ears, haunted her like an evil dream.

Fortunately the attention of the mob concentrated on the front entrance, and she and her father managed to escape unperceived by a side door. Lighted torches had already been hurled through the shattered windows, and the flames trickled down the old steward's wrinkled cheeks as he saw the flames leaping and writhing about the beautiful old home of the family he had served so long and faithfully.

They were not pursued, and a compassionate neighbour sheltered them until the fury of the villagers, excited by a revolutionary fanatic from Paris, had exhausted itself in the destruction of the chateau. In a mood of half-contemptuous pity for the feeble old man, they had subsequently allowed him to live undisturbed in the cottage, which had been previously occupied by a gamekeeper. He would no doubt have been treated very differently had they known that he carried out of the burning chateau the silver casket containing the family jewels, which had been left in his charge during the Vicomte's absence.

To restore these jewels to his beloved young master became the one absorbing passion of the old man's life; and the fear that they might be discovered before he had an opportunity of doing so tortured him day and night. He was perpetually devising some new and more ingenious place of concealment for them, and striving by all the means in his power to discover the whereabouts of the Vicomte, who, according to a vague rumour, had succeeded in escaping from France.

At last the news arrived that the Vicomte was safe in London; but it came too late. Worn out by grief and anxiety, the old steward had been growing feebler every day, and he died without being able to accomplish the task on which he had set his heart. With his latest breath he had implored Marie to devote herself as he had done to what, in the eyes of the faithful old servant, was a sacred duty; and Marie had eagerly vowed to spare no effort, and shrink from no danger, in order to place the jewels in the Vicomte's own hands.

Indeed, the task to which she devoted herself was a labour of love, and she went about it with so much courage and energy, that at length she succeeded in forwarding a letter to the Vicomte. It was carried across the Channel by her cousin, Pierre Laporte,

the owner of a swift lugger and a notorious smuggler, who had grown famous for his skill in avoiding cruisers and revenue cutters. When Pierre returned from a more than usually successful run, he brought back a reply to Marie's letter. It informed her that the Vicomte had secured a promise of assistance from the captain of an English frigate, and intended to come himself to the cottage in order to obtain the jewels. The vessel she had seen from the hill might prove to be the frigate, and in half an hour or so—she flushed and trembled at the thought—she might hear his step upon the garden path.

Marie, as her gentle, refined face and slim, graceful figure suggested, was by no means on a level with her neighbours as regards training and education. The Vicomte's mother, having taken a fancy to her when a child, had sent her to a convent school to be educated, and had treated her more as a friend, or even as a daughter, than a servant. This perhaps mistaken kindness made her present lot all the more difficult to endure. Her step was growing less elastic, her little, white hands rough with toil; the habits and accomplishments she had acquired were gradually fading away; and slowly, insensibly, she was sinking to the level of the coarse, ignorant peasants by whom she was surrounded.

But the misery of extreme poverty, or the dread of the guillotine, the inevitable doom of those who befriended the nobles, had never caused her to waver in her determination to fulfil the duty she had undertaken. Her heart leapt with delight to think that in a few minutes she might taste the joy of placing in the Vicomte's own hands the jewels that would make him—now a penniless exile, earning his daily bread by teaching French in London—once more a comparatively wealthy man.

That her efforts to restore them had not been solely the outcome of gratitude for the kindness she had received from his mother, or a desire to fulfill her father's last wishes, was her own secret. Neither he nor anyone else should ever know that she treasured in her heart every pleasant word he had spoken to her, every careless, good-natured smile he had given her. She assured herself again and again that she would be more than content with this opportunity of proving her loyalty and devotion, of convincing him that, whoever had proved false and treacherous, she and her father had been true to him.

As the minutes dragged slowly by, until the brief night was almost gone, she grew listless and dispirited. She told herself that it was useless to expect the Vicomte any longer, and that she might as well go to sleep and prepare herself for the next day's laborious and monotonous toil. Suddenly, however, she rose to her feet with a white face and wildly beating heart. Surely she had heard a stealthy footstep on the garden path? Yes, there it was again. A few moments' silence ensued, and then she heard the low murmur of voices, followed by a knock at the door.

Quivering with agitation, she stepped across the room, withdrew the bolt, and threw open the door. Two men muffled in cloaks, with their hats, in which were large tricolour cockades, drawn over their eyes, stepped abruptly in and closed the door behind them. Something in their appearance alarmed her, and she shrank back, white and trembling.

"Are you the citizeness Marie Lavoisier?" demanded one of them, sternly.

"Yes," she faltered, timidly.

"Then I arrest you as a suspect, in the name of the Republic."

"Monsieur," she stammered, "I—"

"Hold," he interposed. "Listen to me. If you wish to save your neck from the guillotine, you will answer my questions without reserve."

He gazed at her with a pale, terror-stricken face, but made no reply.

"It will be at your peril if you refuse to answer," he cautioned, harshly. "Is it true that to-night you are prepared to receive into your house an aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic—Louis, formerly known as the Vicomte de Trouville? Speak! Is it not so?"

Again she made no answer. Her tongue seemed paralyzed. The room appeared to be swirling round her. She saw the men through a strange, luminous mist.

"I see you cannot deny it," he continued. "Well, you shall find that your silence will not serve your purpose, and that I know everything. You receive this man, this aristocrat, this traitor to the Republic, for what purpose? It is in order that you may deliver into his hands the family jewels, purchased in the past at the cost of the tears and toil of the wretched peasants who tilled the soil, and suffered hunger and misery that he and his ancestors might build chateaux, and hunt leopards, and ride in carriages, and go clad in silks, and laces, and jewels. These gems belong by right to the people, and should be paid into the Public Treasury for the benefit of those who are fighting against the enemies of France. You have undertaken to restore them to this aristocrat who lies under sentence of death. What can you plead in defence of such conduct?"

The girl's self-control—she was hardly eighteen—gave way. This hideous, nightmare-like reversal of all her hopes overwhelmed her. She saw herself already seated on the death-tumbrel rolling through the streets towards the guillotine. Covering her face with her hands she sank shuddering into a chair.

"Come," said he, more gently, "you are young—you have been misled. There is yet time to repent, to show your loyalty to the Republic. A considerable discretionary power has been placed in our hands. Deliver up these jewels to us, and assist us to arrest this Louis de Trouville, and we

will grant you a full and ample reward. Come, time presses—what say you?"

The girl rose slowly to her feet and faced him. She was very pale, and her lips quivered as she spoke, but, in spite of her simple peasant's dress, there was a dignity in her attitude, in her gestures, in the tones of her voice, that might have become a queen.

"Monsieur," she said, quietly, "that the people have suffered much wrong God knows to be true. I, one of the people, know it; but not, God also knows, at the hands of the family of M. le Vicomte de Trouville. For generations past they have dealt kindly and justly with their peasantry, and those who proved false in their hour of need, who plundered and burnt their chateau, were guilty of black ingratitude. I and my parents received countless favours from them; I have eaten of their bread and lived upon their bounty. If it must be so, monsieur, I will go with you to Paris, I will go to the guillotine; but, as to M. le Vicomte, I will not betray him, nor deliver up the jewels to anyone but himself."

"She expected an outburst of wrath, and was surprised to see a look of something like relief on the man's face. He was about to speak, when his companion stepped forward.

"Enough, Raoul," he said. "It is clear that the girl may be trusted. Let us have done with this mummery."

As he spoke he removed his hat, and at the sight of his face, and the sound of his voice an exclamation of joy and astonishment burst from Marie's lips. It was the Vicomte himself. He was greatly changed. The few terrible years that had passed since they last met had considerably aged him. His face was thin and pale, and the same had gone from the "brow's eyes" that had once twinkled with kindly merriment.

"Your pardon, Marie," he said. "I might have known that the daughter of Jacques Lavoisier would never betray a de Trouville; but the times are evil, and men have learnt to suspect even their own fathers, sisters, and brothers. Come, my child, do not be hurt at our stratagem. I had no fear myself. It was this good fellow who contrived it. His anxiety for my safety makes him over cautious. You have stood the test nobly."

Marie had indeed been cut to the quick by his distrust of her. The scene was so different from that which she had pictured in her day-dreams; but she made a brave attempt to conceal her disappointment.

"Yes, monsieur," she said, timidly. "That you should act with caution after all that has taken place is most natural. It could not be otherwise. If you will please to be seated, monsieur, I will get you the jewels."

The Vicomte sat down, but Raoul, who had been watching Marie suspiciously throughout the interview, moved to the door. He had been the Vicomte's valet in more prosperous days and had obstinately refused to desert him.

"I will conceal myself in the wood and keep watch, monsieur," said he. "I liked not that rustling we heard among the bushes. It may have been, as you said, some stray animal, but I could have sworn I heard a footstep."

"As you please, Raoul," rejoined the Vicomte, indifferently. "I heard nothing. Nevertheless, act as you think best."

Meanwhile, Marie stepped to the hiding-place in which her father had deposited the casket containing the jewels. Ever haunted by the fear that he was suspected of having them in his possession, and that spies were on the watch to discover where they were hidden, he was perpetually moving them from one place of concealment to another. Eventually, with infinite pains and no little ingenuity, he had constructed a secret chamber in which he could safely hide them, and could himself take refuge if the villagers, as at times seemed likely, should decide to arrest him and send him to Paris as a suspect. The chamber was made by doubling the partition between two rooms, the entrance to it being at the back of a cupboard fastened against the wall.

Marie opened the door of this cupboard, which contained a few articles of dress, hanging from hooks at the sides. Removing these she pressed a spring, and the back of the cupboard slid on one side, and revealed an aperture in the wall. Stepping through this into the narrow chamber beyond, she brought out the silver casket and placed it on the table.

"The jewels are inside," she said, simply. "They have remained untouched since my father's death. Will monsieur be good enough to examine them? The list is within. There is not, I believe, one missing."

"No, no, Marie," said the Vicomte, deeply touched by the girl's manner. "It is unnecessary. Your word is more than sufficient."

"If monsieur would be so good,"

she remained seated, her hands clasped in prayer.

To please her he complied, opening the casket, and spreading the glittering gems on the table. Even in the dim light of the candle they gleamed, and quivered with a lustre, luminous radiance. He glanced at the shimmering jewels sparkling in rings and brooches, bracelets and necklaces, rare and priceless works of art for which too many of the women he had known would have sacrificed their nearest and dearest, and then at the slim, pale-faced girl, in the poor peasant's dress, and was inexpressibly touched by her fidelity and devotion. It was true, then, as he had often thought in the past, that broad, white brow, the sweet, firm lips, the calm, clear, deep grey eyes, were indications of a noble spirit, of a character incapable of the craft, and greed, and treachery, and the animal-like selfishness which, amid the brutalities of the evil days, through which he had lately passed, had seemed inseparable from human nature. He noticed her worn face, her roughened hands, suggestive of the sacrifices she had made so uncomplainingly, and an involuntary sigh escaped his lips.

What unkind Fate had placed that deep, impassable gulf of rank between them? Had she been of noble birth, how different it would have been. As it was, the Vicomte de Trouville could not mate with a child of a peasant. It was impossible. With an effort he thrust the idea from his mind.

"Come, Marie," he said, kindly. "The jewels are before you. Choose which you will. They shall be yours, and will, indeed, be but a poor recompense for your fidelity."

"I wish for nothing, and shall want for nothing, monsieur," she replied, in a quivering voice. "Do not ask me to accept a reward, I beg you."

"No, no!" he said, eagerly, "not as a reward, as a souvenir—as something which will remind you of the service you have rendered to one who will never cease to be grateful to you. Come, you will pain me by a refusal."

She listlessly selected a small ivory cross attached to a fragile gold chain, the least valuable article in the glittering heap. He watched her regretfully, with a vague suspicion that she was disappointed and pained by what had passed between them, and yet not knowing what to say or do to comfort her. He replaced the jewels mechanically in the casket.

"It is time to go," he said. "The east was brightening as we came in. Farewell, Marie. When these troubles have passed we shall meet again, and it may be in my power to be of service to you. Then I may be able to show my gratitude by deeds and not by mere empty words. Au revoir, Marie."

Farewell, monsieur.

The door closed behind him. It was all over. She had nothing now to look forward to, of hope or plan for. The dull dreary days, stretched before her in blank monotony. Ah, the closing of the door had awakened her from a dream. The ache at her heart told her what mad folly she had been capable of, what impossible fancies and rosy visions she had half unconsciously indulged in. In a paroxysm of shame and self-contempt she hid her face in her hands, and her slender figure shook with suppressed sobs. The sudden opening of the door startled her, and she sprang to her feet, her cheeks still wet with tears. The Vicomte stood in the doorway, looking at her remorsefully.

"Monsieur," she stammered.

"I could not leave you like this, Marie," he said, coming in and closing the door behind him. "Surely you will let me provide you with the means to live as befits your training and education. Presently you will sink to the level of a peasant, Marie, with coarse hands and twisted body, and grow old, and sad, and wrinkled, while you should still be young and happy."

"It is better so, monsieur," she said, drearily.

"It must not be so," he answered, almost angrily. "I will not permit it. If you will not accept the jewels, I shall find means to assist you in a way you cannot reject. I have still friends who—"

"Oh, monsieur," she said, pitifully. "I beseech you to leave me. Say no more, I beg you. See, the candle is growing dim, the dawn is breaking. If one of the villagers chance to see you the alarm will be given, and you will be arrested. Go, I implore you. It is the one favour I ask of you."

His face flushed with a sudden resolve. What, after all, were the claims of rank and title when weighed in the balances with a character capable of such unselfish loyalty and affection?

"No," he exclaimed, passionately. "I will not go. Listen to me. When you were but a child in the old days at the chateau, even then, though I struggled against it, I—"

He stopped abruptly and clutched instinctively at the hilt of his sword. The report of a pistol rang out in the still air, and was followed by shouts and the hurried tramping of feet. Marie rushed past him and looked out. In the growing light she could see a little cloud of blue smoke drifting among the trees on the hillside, and three or four men running at full speed along the path that led to the shore. It was clear that they had discovered Raoul, and were evidently in hot pursuit of him. She was drawing back when, happening to glance towards the village, she caught sight of a crowd of dark figures advancing stealthily and swiftly in the direction of the cottage. She closed the door and turned with a white face to the Vicomte.

"You are betrayed, monsieur," she cried, in agony. "They are coming to arrest you."

His eyes grew hard, and he looked at her with a bitter smile. She could not mistake the meaning of that look.

"You think that it is I who have betrayed you?" she exclaimed, in piteous, heart-broken accents. "Oh, monsieur, may the good God forgive you."

"The facts speak for themselves," he rejoined, coldly. "No one but yourself knew of my presence here. Your trap was well laid, Marie, and the jewels were a clever bait. I hope your ingenuity will secure you a generous reward. Open the door and call in your friends. I never feared death less."

She looked at him with an air of be-

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wilderness, as though scarcely able to comprehend the meaning of his words. When a flush of indignation crimsoned her pale cheeks,

"Monsieur," she said, "you wrong me cruelly, as you will know before long. See, the hiding-place is known to no one but myself. Enter it, and you will be safe."

He still hesitated, and she clasped her hands entreatingly.

"Enter, I beseech you, monsieur," she cried. "Listen. They are surrounding the house. There is no other way of escape. Oh, quick, quick, or they will be here!"

With a shrug of his shoulders he turned on his heel, and stepped into the recess. Swift as thought, Marie thrust the sliding panel into its place and closed the cupboard. She had hardly done so when the door was dashed violently open, and a crowd of gaunt, ragged peasants, hustling and jostling each other in their frantic haste, rushed headlong in. They were armed with roughly-made pikes and pitchforks, and were shrouded at the sight of their unadorned weapons, lean, swarthy faces, fierce eyes, and threatening gestures. But the necessity of appearing ignorant of their errand led her to make a desperate effort to preserve her self-control. In a faint, unsteady voice she began to inquire what they wanted.

But their leader, a brawny, black-haired smith, in a leathery apron, with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, stopped her rudely.

"No lies," he said, roughly. "They will not serve you turn this time. You have long been suspected and watched, and to-night Jean Brisasse saw two men enter the house. They came from the English frigate now lying off the coast. One he recognised by his voice: It was the Vicomte de Trouville. The other is now being pursued. What has become of the Vicomte?"

Marie tried vainly to meet his eyes, to stammer out some evasive reply. But the ferocious expression on the

man's coarse features struck her speechless, and she shrank back trembling with terror.

"You refuse to answer?" he cried. "Well, we shall talk with you presently. Search the house, citizens, and be quick about it. If our comrades don't put a pitchfork or a bullet through the fellow who went skipping through the wood like a rabbit, he may bring the English upon us at any minute."

His followers, who had been impatiently awaiting the signal, rushed eagerly forward. The cottage resounded with their shouts and oaths, the clattering of their wooden shoes, the clashing of their pikes, and the crash of broken crockery, which in their wantonness they flung upon the floor and trampled into fragments. They threw open the door of the cupboard, and in an agony of fear Marie buried her face in her hands, stifling with difficulty the screams of terror that rose to her lips. But, finding it empty, they turned away without suspecting the existence of the recess behind it. The search was soon over, and with malignant looks, and muttered threats and curses, they crowded about the white-faced girl. The brawny smith pushed his way to the front.

"Now then, little viper," he exclaimed, in his great, hoarse voice, "do you understand that you are a traitor to the Republic, that you are guilty of harbouring aristocrats, who are in league with the perfidious English, the enemies of France? Well, the punishment is death, Marie, death—do you understand? The guillotine would slice through that pretty white neck of yours like a knife through a carrot. Come, come, don't be obstinate, child. Out with all you know, or your head will be rolling in the sawdust before you are a week older."

But terror seemed to have deprived Marie of the power of speech. She gazed shudderingly at the ring of cruel, scowling faces that surrounded her, and her lips moved, but the words they formed were inaudible. Hitherto the smith had shielded her from actual violence, and evidently wished to save her life if she would consent to betray the Vicomte. But her continued silence enraged him, and he glared at her with a savage glitter in his black eyes. Suddenly he leaped forward, and snatched the ivory cross from her neck with a force that snapped the slender chain to which it was attached.

CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.

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