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HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Little Poem. Yes, this is what my neighbor said to me...

But this is what my neighbor said to me: "I grieved my youth away for that or this, I had upon my hand the ring you see..."

How to Use Stale Bread. It is a mark of a very careless house-keeper to allow a crumb of bread to go to waste in the household...

Safe-Guarding the Sick-Room. To care for the invalid, even in dangerous illness, is ordinarily the duty and cherished privilege of the members of the family and the near kindred.

HOW TO MAKE SILVER. When putting away silver that is not to be used for a considerable time, place it in an airtight case, with a good-sized piece of camphor.

HOW TO TAKE DOWN THE STOVE. In taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping, and not a mark will be left.

A TONIC FOR THE HAIR. A good tonic for the hair is of salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to a half-pint of water, applied to the hair twice or three times a week.

TO MAKE A MUSTARD PASTER. For young children: Mix one teaspoonful of mustard and three of wheat flour with water to the consistency of a stiff batter, and apply between soft muslin cloths.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS. When doing housework, if your hands become chapped or red, mix corn meal and vinegar into a stiff paste and apply to the hands two or three times a day.

HOW TO RELIEVE NIGHT-SWEATS. Night-sweats may be arrested by sponging the body at night with very hot water. It is a great help also toward toning up the skin to rub the body briskly in the morning with a bathing towel wrung out of salt water.

HOW TO ALAY HEMORRAGES. Hemorrhages from the nose may be stopped by snuffing salt and water, or vinegar and water, up the nose, by raising the arms above the head, by applying ice to the back of the neck, and by putting absorbent cotton or lint in the nostrils.

ARE YOU DEAF? Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing.

A Work of Art. The life-size statue of St. Michael, the Archangel, was placed in position last Saturday on the altar dedicated to him on the epistle side of the main altar of the Cathedral, and has been much admired as a magnificent work of art.

About a Trousseau. A young woman of serious mind, who is in a dilemma as to how she can be married nicely on a very small amount of money, may take comfort in the following suggestions.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla can produce from actual cures such wonderful statements of relief to human suffering as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

This will all cost, provided, always, that the ambitious young bride-elect is handy with the needle:

Table listing items and prices: 9 yards of wide China silk at 49 cents a yard, 24 yards of white tulle at 76 cents a yard, White kid gloves, 1.50, Orange spray veil, .50.

Proceeding now to the other articles usually considered necessary for a modest little trousseau, it will be shown how, with good management, the whole work can be accomplished for an outlay of \$50.

For a church dress, which can also be used as a travelling gown, six yards will be required of the double-width cashmere of any desired shade, at 50 cents a yard, which will amount to...

Adding the whole together, the amount already expended on the trousseau is only \$38.27, leaving out of the fifty dollars, nearly twelve dollars, which will be found amply sufficient for all necessary linings and trimmings.

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

LEGEND OF BLESSED BERNARD.

And of the Two Little Boys Who Served His Mass.

Bernard, a pious Dominican friar, dwelt in his convent of Santarem, in Portugal, and his duty was to attend to the Sacristy. Now, it happened that he had charge of two little boys from the neighborhood, whom he taught to serve the priests of the order at Holy Mass.

As they were too young to be received into the convent, they went home to their parents at night, but during the day they rarely quitted the monastery. Bernard had the tenderest affection for the children, and, as a reward for their good conduct, he taught them not only the catechism, but also the first rudiments of grammar; moreover, he brought them up very piously, instilling into their tender minds a great love for the Blessed Sacrament and for the Mother of God.

Each morning the boys used to bring with them a little refreshment, consisting of bread and fruit, which, Holy Mass being ended, they took in a little side chapel. In this chapel there was an image of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant in her arms. Now, the little boys never omitted to greet the Infant Jesus with a salutation, and, at last, one day, the Divine Child, whose delight it is to dwell amongst the lilies, condescended to come down from His Mother's arms, and to ask them to give Him some of their food.

With joy they invited the fair Child to join their meal, who henceforth was their companion. After some time the children resolved to make known the thing to Brother Bernard. "Father," said they, "the Holy Child who rests in the arms of the Mother of God eats daily with us, but never does He bring anything to give us: what shall we do?" Bernard, who listened with astonishment to this recital of the children, gave them the following instruction: "Children," said he, "when the Holy Child again comes and asks for anything, say you fearlessly, 'Lord, Thou dost daily partake of our food; but we receive nothing at Thy hand; invite us, we pray Thee, and our Father Bernard to dine with Thee in Thy Father's House.'"

The children failed not to do as their father had said. The following morning, when the Child Jesus took His pleasure between them in order to share their meal, they offered Him their petition, begging Him earnestly to invite them and their dear teacher to a feast in His Father's House. The fair Child heard them with joy, saying: "You could not give Me a greater pleasure than to make such a request. Yes, I do indeed invite you as you desire. Tell your master to prepare himself for the Feast of the Ascension; on that day, as you wish it, I will entertain you all three." Gratefully delighted, the three children hurried away and informed the good brother of the invitation they had received. The man of God, convinced of the reality of this revelation, prepared himself with the greatest piety for the Feast of which Jesus said to His disciples: "I dispose of you, as My Father hath disposed of Me; My kingdom shall be with you until I come in My kingdom." (Luke, xii., 29.)

On the Feast of the Ascension he prayed with more than usual fervor, and then his face shined like that of an angel, with the boys at his side, he went up to the altar to say Mass; when the Holy Mysteries were ended, Bernard prostrated himself on the steps of the altar, signing the two boys to do in like manner. As they tarried long in deep prayer, a sweet sleep overcame them, and so they went to the east of Eternal Life. This happened in the year 1255.

When the brethren, according to custom, went into choir, they found the three bodies prostrated upon the steps of the altar, the priest in his vestments, the boys in their white surplices, and their faces shining with heavenly beauty. At first it was thought that they were indeed dead. Upon this, the confessor of Bernard was commanded to give, as far as he could, some account of so extraordinary a passing away; and in presence of the whole community, he related what had happened to the children, and what the Lord had promised them. This recital filled them all with great joy and thanksgiving, and the bodies of Bernard and the two boys were laid in one and the same grave.

The account of this event, with all the circumstances attending it, was engraven upon the stone which was placed over the grave. The following prayer, with its indulgence, is also a memorial of the same:—

Lord, who through the precious death of Blessed Bernard and his companions has manifested to us the value of a perfect faith with innocence of life, grant us, by their intercession, the grace always to preserve the integrity of the faith and purity of heart. Amen.

(An indulgence of 100 days to all who shall recite this prayer, and 365 if a Father, an Ave, and a Gloria be added.)—The Homeless Child.

A Child's Repentance. Mother had been ill for some time and was now able to remain in the sitting room. One day she asked me to read a little for her, but I answered: "Mamma, I do not like to read." Tears came to her eyes and she told me that I would some day feel sorry for what I had just said. But I was young and I had not thought my words would hurt my poor mother's feelings so much. The door bell rang; I was startled. Mamma told me to go and see who was there. I was surprised to meet one of my schoolmates who had just returned from Europe. She asked me to accompany her in visiting some of our friends. With mamma's permission, I consented, and soon had left the house. I did not return till late that evening, but during my absence, something took place that I will never forget. Mother had fallen very sick. I ran to her room and found her weak and sad. In a low voice she said to me: "My dear child, I will soon leave you with papa, and I hope you will always be good to him and take good care of him in his old age." These words fell deep into my heart. After an hour spent at her side, I went to bed, but kept thinking of the many naughty words I had said to that dear mother, who would

soon leave me alone on earth. I began to weep bitterly, and said to myself: "In future, I will treat her ever so kindly." But that only remained only a resolution. In the morning I hastened to her room. Alas! I saw her eyes forever closed in death.

A pathetic little story, Rosa, with a moral that shows us how important it is to avoid hasty and unkind words. Let us all, dear merry ones, profit by Rosa's sad experience and try to make those around us happy.

The Largest Alligator. Probably the largest alligator ever seen in Louisiana was killed in a small lake on the plantation of H. J. Felts in Concordia parish. According to the statement of Mr. Felts, now of Baton Rouge, this specimen measured 22 feet in length. The great reptile had long been famous for miles around, having destroyed numbers of hogs and hounds owned in the neighborhood of his retreat. He had become so wary, from the number of ineffectual shots fired at him, as to be almost unapproachable. Finally he fell a victim to a long shot fired from a Mississippi rifle in the hands of Mr. Felts, who had persevered in hunting him having been the greatest loser by his depredations. The huge carcass of this reptile was towed to the bank by a boat, where the measurement was made with the result noted above.

From Rebuke to Praise. A good story is told of Sir John Goss, late organist of St. Paul's cathedral in London. He was conducting a rehearsal of one of his compositions, when suddenly he heard one of the tenors singing a B flat when the rest of the choir were singing in B natural. Instantly checking the choir, he exclaimed: "How dare you sing that note flat? If you can actually sing a semitone below the choir and not perceive it you are the worst man I have ever had in my choir!"

The tenor listened to the rebuke, and quietly remarked that in his copy the note was printed B flat. "Impossible!" returned Sir John Goss. "But it is," said the tenor. "Bring the copy here," said the conductor.

On looking at the score he found that the tenor was right, and that a misprint had occurred. More excited still, Sir John thus addressed the trembling tenor: "If you, sir, can sing B flat against all the choir singing B natural, simply because you have a B flat marked in your book, you are the most correct and the most wonderful singer I ever conducted!"

An Anecdote of John Savage. John Augustus Savage, the celebrated Irish war correspondent, is a dapper little fellow, physically full of life and activity, and a veritable Frenchman in gestures and in manner. He has, however, no notion of the man and wit of the average old-fashioned Irishman. He is, in fact, perhaps, the sole survivor of those insouciant, devil-may-care types of the Irish gentleman portrayed by Lever. His society is never dull and is always exhilarating. No one could remain in the Irish within three days' range of him. His remarks, and his quick retorts. The old boys used to tell an amusingly comical, garbled story of the time when the Duke of Devonshire, which, by the bye, he never lost in his foreign travels. One of his favorite stories has the late John Savage, the Irish-American poet, as its hero. Savage was once followed in Westchester County, in the State of New York, where he was stopping for his vacation, by an old farmer. "Excuse me, sir," said the agriculturist, "but I've been watching an opportunity of speaking to you for days. I hear tell you're a beautiful writer?" The poet was flattered that his reputation had extended so far, and said so. "Well," continued the farmer basely, "I was thinking of asking you a favor, if I might be so bold." "Go on, my friend," exclaimed Savage. "If it is anything in my way, I shall be most happy to grant it." "This is how it is, you see," remarked the farmer: "Our schoolmaster is getting old and awkward-like, and as you're such a beautiful writer, might you mightn't mind setting a few headlines in my boy's copy books?"

After the Grip. And after typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired, and to expel all poison from the blood. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, routing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

THE St. James Hat Store. SILK AND FELT HATS. Spring Stock Now Complete. Prices Low. INSPECTION INVITED. ROBERTSON & CO. 220 St. James Street.

PIUS IX.

How the Great Pontiff came to Adopt the Title.

Probably but few of our readers know the origin of Pius IX's name. When a young priest, the future Pope was once seized with a very severe epileptic attack, and a second quickly followed. He could not celebrate Mass without the assistance of a priest, and the constant remarks of compassionate people: "There goes that poor epileptic priest, Mastai," were a source of humiliation and pain to him, although borne with patience and resignation. A considerable time passed after the third attack, and as he suffered no return of the malady, Don Mastai went to Pope Pius VII. and implored to be relieved of the assistant priest during Mass, whose presence betokened expectation of misfortune. Pius VII. listened to his future successor with marked kindness, and after looking at him with great earnestness for some moments, said: "Your request is granted, my son; you may celebrate Holy Mass in future without the assistant priest by your side; you will not suffer from similar attacks any more." The words were prophetic. It was in gratitude to Pope Pius VII. and in remembrance of this circumstance that, when elected Pontiff, His Holiness desired to be named Pius IX.

OUR SCHOOLMATES. It doesn't seem twenty years ago. It's more than that, I know. Since we went to the district school in days of long ago.

Your hair is not as dark as then. Like mine 'tis turning gray. And from the top that robber, Time, has stolen some away.

The schoolmates of that olden day have drifted out of sight. And some have laid their burdens down and have the world's good night.

Above the old schoolmaster's grave the clover nods its head. Beside a marble stone that tells the virtues of the dead.

The schoolhouse, Tom, is not the same. The style has changed since then. The boys who carved upon the desks their names have grown to men; the girls we knew are mothers now, with children of their own.

Transplanted flowers, they've changed their names and found another home. The trees that clustered round the yard have now to giant grown.

The wooden buildings given way to ones of brick and stone. The village green, where oft we played from early dawn to dark, is now a place of shady nooks—they call it now the park.

Do you scarce a single spot you'd know about the dear old place? You'd hardly find it all the place 'ere one fair neighbor faces.

You ask for John. What do they say? Oh, And he's the old man who's passed up in a wreck. He was the engine.

Where's Aunt Mary? She keeps a dry goods store down on the street below. And William's travelling for a house, and he's out on Buffalo.

And Edward, the priest, who points the way to a better life, I used to drive the cows with him when summer days were here.

Where's Alice? You'd find her at the bank. He handles all the money. He's got a bank and a house, and he's a good man.

And John, who's a lawyer now, and a handsome fellow, his hair is all white, and he's got a fine house.

Why, Cora married long ago, and in a Boston town. The husband of your day and mine at last has come to the door.

And Bill is married and a doctor. She's living now in Boston. The latest flower of all the flock is left to bloom alone.

Where's Mother? Mother went to sleep with the other folks. Above her grave the grasses grow and robins nod their heads.

And Mother's married. Round her knees the children cluster now. And the old silver clock that once above her brow.

No wonder I feel old tonight. The boys and girls I knew, with hair of gold and red and brown and eyes of black and blue, are older than I am, and matrons now with silver in their hair.

God's blessings on the boys and girls I knew in days of old. God's blessing on the lands that strayed from out the village fold. And when at last the Master calls the flock again to meet, may not a single face be missed from heaven's golden street.

HER ANGEL. Margery cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful parlor. There were so many people in there, and they all belonged to the church.

But Margery waited without, she did not belong anywhere. Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who took the children there.

And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound; she shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around.

With Margery's face like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall. Ah, Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.

"Shut the little children?" sang a heavenly voice somewhere, or the sound of a voice that was winging away in the upper air.

"Let the children come to Me!" sang the Angel in her place, and Margery leaning stood with upturned eyes and face.

"Let them come! let them come to me!" And with eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led. She did not say to herself: "I'm coming!"

Up the stairs to the singer she ran, she touched the hem of her dress. But the choir were bending their heads, the reverent through and, alas, bewildered Margery! The Voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.

Piano AND ORGAN

Purchasers are invited to the Warerooms of WILLIS & CO. 1824 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill St.) MONTREAL.

To examine their Great Stock of Pianos and Organs, KNABE, BELL, WILLIAMS PIANOS -AND- BELL ORGANS.

Old Pianos and Organs taken as part Payment and full value allowed.

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They look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown. And one by one they pass with a careless smile or a frown; but the sweetest face bent near, and "Come," said Margery, "wait for me!"

"For I thought 'twas an Angel sang: 'Let the children come to Me!'"

With a tender sigh the singer took the child upon her knee; "I sing the words for the dear Lord Christ, my dear Margery."

And for the dear Lord, I take thee home with me!" "It was an Angel sang!" sobb Little Margery. —Wide Awake.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headaches. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

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GOLD MIMUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind him lay the ghost of shores, Behind him lay the sunless sea...

CENSUS RETURNS.

How Limerick and Tipperary Stand. According to the last census (1891) taken by the Government agents in Ireland, the urban population of the county of Limerick...

even while they know that greater renown and more substantial earthly rewards would be theirs, did they but use their gifts in prostrating subjects in other than a Catholic light.

AN APPEAL FROM IRELAND

AN INTERESTING ESSAY.

The Religious Element in American Poetry.

As Prometheus borrowed fire from heaven to infuse life and beauty into his statue, so the true poet must receive from on high the fire of inspiration, if he would have his work go down the ages surrounded by the halo of immortality.

Among the accepted prose writers who are endowed with the gift of poetry, we find Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in whose poems are many illustrations of a strong appreciation of virtue and a deep respect for religion.

And in "Lost at Sea," in speaking of the children's glee at Christmas-tide, he writes: "I think the face of our dear Lord looks down on them and seems not sad."

Wittier, whose war-poems kindled courage and love of country in many a heart, has given us tender and beautiful lines that show how close to his soul hovered the spirit of Christianity, as for instance, in the words:

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake our thirst; our souls with rain; The blow most dreaded, falls to break From out our limbs a chain; And words of mine to man but make The love of God more plain.

In the conclusion of "Thanatopsis" we find, despite the pantheistic spirit throughout the poem, a beautiful exhortation to a noble life. Had Bryant possessed no belief in a future state, it is a question if he could have written the lines:

On Behalf of the Belleek Church, County Fermanagh. The people of Belleek for centuries have had no place of worship. Many efforts were made for many years past to procure a site for a new church, but without success, until a few years ago.

Some years ago, with the approval and sanction of the Bishop of the diocese—the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly—Miss was given for the first time in Belleek in an old shop. No other place could be had.

JOHN CANON McKENNA, P.P., Belleek and Belleek.

The Spring. Of all seasons in the year, the one for making radiant changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent rigid with waste, and the blood, loaded with morbid matter, is forced to circulate in poorly ventilated shops and houses, and other causes.

BOOK REVIEW.

"One God, One Christ, One Church." This work we received from Mr. Louis A. Towner, now agent of Manteno, Ill., a copy of the Rev. Father L. P. Papin's splendid work entitled "One God, One Christ, One Church."

The National Songs of Ireland.

The John Church Publishing Company of Cincinnati will shortly issue a volume entitled "The National Songs of Ireland." This collection is edited by the well known Irish author and singer, Mr. M. J. Murphy, and contains the best and most famous of all the Irish, military and patriotic songs.

"The Canadian Bee Journal." We have received from the publishers the first number of volume 8, of "The Canadian Bee Journal," edited by D. A. Jones, issued semi-monthly at Boston, Ont.

REV. D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

"THE UBQUITOUS IRISHMAN."

An Extract from His Famous Address before the Irish in Glasgow.

As your chairman has given me credit for having some knowledge of astronomy, I must take the liberty of informing the people of Scotland that the length of the day and night in Ireland is twenty-four hours, and that it was twelve o'clock noon in the British colonies in the east at about four o'clock this morning in Ireland.

Owing to the mysterious destinies of Ireland and of our scattered race there is not a spot from the Yellow Sea to the Pillars of Hercules, and from Garryowen to Melbourne, in which some Irishman does not on this day fix the green shamrock in his cap, and with overflowing soul and transports of native joy, sing the inspiring airs of his country.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine of the age.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine of the age.

"The Babe."—Here is a gem from a provincial "ragony column." It reads: "If John Smith, who twenty years ago deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Dangerous Chest Complaints.—The entreatment of these diseases is scarcely necessary, as many unfortunately know them to their cost. Coughs, common colds, influenza, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, and even consumption in its early stages, are best treated by rubbing Holloway's Ointment upon the back between the shoulders.

Ambiguous.—Mr. Hayseed (buying a cigar)—I hope this ain't one of those weeds that burn out in no time at all. I want a good, long smoke. Tobaccoist (impressively).—Mine friend, dot cigar will last you till you are sick of it.

A Natural Inference.—Ethel—Did I understand you to say that you were in an auction room? Mr. Slowgo—Why how; how could you have formed that idea? Ethel—Because you say you are going so many times before you go.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

It hung and it swung on a stem in the garden. And gleamed like a bit of the golden sunlight. The lady deigned it and eagerly toddled: To pick the fair flower so yellow and bright, she stretched out her hand—but her blue eyes grew dewy.

MONTREAL

City and District Savings Bank.

The annual general meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its office, St. James Street, on Tuesday, the 3rd May next, at one o'clock p.m. for the reception of the annual report and statements and the election of Directors.

By order of the board, H. Y. BARBEAU, Manager.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

Grand Trunk Railway

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Return tickets at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE will be issued between the Company's stations on APRIL 14, 15 and 16, 1892.

ADDITIONAL SUBURBAN TRAIN SERVICE.

Commencing March 31st, passenger trains for Dorval, Valois, Point Claire, Beaconsfield, St. Annes and Vaudreuil will leave Montreal at 6:15 p.m.

Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY FOR Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup, &c.

The successful experience of many years with numerous patients, writes Dr. NEY'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC to the public conscience. Numerous testimonials highly extol the merits of this remarkable preparation, but lack of space compels us to publish only a few lines of two of these testimonials.

"Rosalie has adopted an idea that makes all the girls awfully jealous." "What is that?" "Why she has taken all her engagement rings of last summer, and had them made into a chain for her pug."

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CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India mission the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all the various ailments arising from a weak and exhausted system.

White Port! Pure Juice from White Grapes of Oporto, Spain. The best WINE known for Invalids.

DeCARY FRERES, Family Grocers and Wine Merchants, 520 St. Lawrence Street, Corner of Prince Arthur Street.

Burdock Blood Bitters. 2 to 4 BOTTLES unlocks all secretions of the Bowels, Stomach, Liver and Gall Bladder. Cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Dropsy, and all diseases that cause Bad Blood.

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DR. FULTON Cures patients of all Diseases by letter or interview. Enquiry FREE. Piles, Tumors, Cancer, Scrofula, etc., cured without Surgical operations.

Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Bell Telephone 3851. Residence, 244 St. Catherine Street.

HAZELTON FRISCHER DOMINION BERLIN PIANOS

Largest stock. No Canvassers. One price only and the lowest. Easy Terms. Old instruments taken in exchange. Pianos to rent. Repairing. Second-hand Pianos at all prices.

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MAN WANTED

To take charge of Local Agency. Good opening for right man, on salary or commission. Whole or part time. We are the only grocers of both Canadian and American stock. Nurseries at Ridgewood, Ont. and Rochester, N.Y. Visitors welcome at grounds (Sundays excepted). Be quick and write for full information. We want you now.

BROWN BROS. CO., TORONTO, ONT. (This House is a reliable Inc Co., Paid Capital \$100,000.)

THE GREAT Worm Remedy.

DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS. For Sale by all Druggists.....25c. a box.

W. H. D. YOUNG, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, 1694 Notre Dame Street.

Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsena's Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REDUCED RATES FOR EASTER - HOLIDAYS

ON APRIL 14, 15 & 16, '92. FIRST-CLASS RETURN TICKETS

Will be issued between all Stations. Port Arthur, Ont., Seattle, B.C., and east including intercolonial Railway, and Michigan Central Railway, points in Canada. Also to Detroit, Mich., at stations.

SINGLE FARE Good for Return Passage until April 19, 1892.

TEACHERS & PUPILS

Of schools and colleges will be ticketed at low rates April 14 to 16th on presentation of standard certificates signed by Principal. Good for return passage until May 9th, 1892.

For further information apply to any Ticket Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

MONTREAL TICKET OFFICES: 266 St. JAMES STREET (corner McGill) at stations.





HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Deck your house from inward out,
Let there be an inmost shrine,
Where to praise with gifts devout
Love both human and divine;

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The grand monuments of the Popes
glowed in the unusual light, and lost
in their brilliant transformation that awe-
inspiring feeling which ever hovers
around a tomb. Far up from the door,
nearly four hundred feet distant, the
majestic high altar stood in simple and
imposing grandeur. The church is built
in the shape of a Latin cross, and the
altar stands in the centre of the inter-
secting arms. Beneath it is the crypt
containing the bones of Sts. Peter and
Paul, reached from the floor of the
church by a double flight of marble steps;

CHAPTER XI.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

Peacefully ran the St. Lawrence this
warm June morning; gayly sang the
birds in the groves along its banks;
bright shone the sun on trembling leaves
and grass-covered knolls, and the dark-
green blades of the rick-growing wheat
crop. The chill gust of winter had
in its loosened weeks ago; the icy letters
against which the noble river had chafed
in vain, had melted with the advance of
spring; once more the smiling waters of
the St. Lawrence bore proudly on their
tide the growing commerce of this young
Dominion. Down the mighty river it
floated this clear June day, down to the
distant Atlantic, thence to be wafted to
various climes. Far off, the shrill
screed of snorting engines started the
echoes in many a mountain dell; re-
peated from hill and rock, and giant
oak, it struck against the cliffs of the St.
Lawrence, and joined the chorus of de-
voted whistles given forth by the puffing
steamers. Together they careened wildly
down the banks of the river, leaping
from rock to promontory, clearing the
cornices and ravines, and gleefully exult-
ing in the signs of prosperity shown by
our fair Dominion.

Pope. This is done from a balcony over
the main door of the vestibule; beneath,
the gathered faithful fill up the vast
square. When George Marchbank got
out of the church, his artistic soul could
take in and enjoy the imposing spectacle
presented to view. The majestic facade
of the church, its giant pillars and noble
entablatures; its crest of marble statues,
and the graceful dome springing heaven-
ward behind them, formed a magnificent
background. The semicircular colon-
nades, which start from each corner of
the facade and run half-way round the
square, are a fitting approach to the noble
temple. Each colonnade has four rows
of huge pillars, each row numbering
about a hundred; these support an en-
tablature crowned with marble statues.
An immense Egyptian obelisk, over ninety
feet high, stands in the centre of the
square on a pedestal of marble. At cor-
responding distances on each side of this
obelisk, magnificent fountains send up
with almost a roar a jet of water to the
height of seventy feet. Gradually divided
and weakened by the resistance of the
air, the jet bends gracefully back to
earth in a crystal shower, in which rain-
bows sport at every glance of a spectator.
Half-way up the lofty flight of steps,
marble statues of Sts. Peter and Paul, one
on each side, guard the entrance to the
sacred precincts.

Packed in this square, close by the
lowering obelisk and under the mist
from the fountains, on the steps and far
away to the farthest ends of the square,
aloft on the roof of the colonnades, and
on distant house-tops, more than 100,000
persons were waiting. Military, horse,
foot, and artillery, were drawn out in
order; strange costumes met the eye at
every glance; strange tongues fell on
the ear from every side. It was a minia-
ture of the Day of Judgment, for every
nation, and tribe, and state of life were
represented. But amidst the hum of
voices and the uneasy swaying of this
multitude, every eye was continually
turning to one spot—to the balcony over
the main door of the vestibule. And
why? Was some gorgeous pageant to
be there presented to view? or was a
glimpse of a spirit world to be vouchsafed
to mortals? Protestant as well as
Catholic, Jew, Infidel and Turk anxiously
gazed towards the same point. And still
only a weak old man was expected to
appear. Again might George Marchbank
ask himself the question, "What is the
secret of Rome's influence?" and the
answer would be the same—because the
Pope is Vicar of Christ, visible head
of His Church, fountain and centre of
unity. It was not merely an old man
veiling on eighty that they were await-
ing; it was a Priest and King the suc-
cessor of St. Peter, and the inheritor of
his power and dignity. Could aught else
explain this scene?

Soon the approach of the Pope was
perceived; instinctively every head
was uncovered, every sound fell on
the gentle pulsings of the tongue as
one broke the absolute silence. Before
not on his "St. In Godefridi" the Pope
reached the balcony. In a clear, ringing
voice he read his prayers, and then
stood up. He was arrayed in his pontifical
and wore the tiara. Stretching out
his hands in the form of a cross, he began
two solemn words of the benediction. A
thrust passed through every frame, and
every knee instinctively bent. Nothing
but Moses on the mountain, praying for
his battling people, could be compared to
the sublime sight of Pius IX. Blessing
the world, George Marchbank felt that
and began to faintly understand the
"secret of Rome's influence." As the
Pope brought his outstretched hands to-
gether, and then made the sign of the
cross over the kneeling multitude, the
spell of silence was broken, and pent-up
feelings found a voice. Cannons boomed
from San Angelo; drums beat in the
square; bells pealed from every turret.
But higher than cannons, drums, or bells,
and sweeter to the ear, arose the wild
huzzas of the gathered thousands. The
Isaiaites did not greet their great leader,
Moses, after the battle gained through
his prayers, with half the warmth of
loving affection with which Catholics of
every clime hailed Pius IX., as he re-
tired, with shouts of "Long live Pius IX.,
Pope and King."

At ten o'clock the Pope began Mass;
silence reigned through the vast church.
At the consecration a burst of silvery
music, far up in the dome, seemed like
the grand chorus of ministering
angels singing the praises of their
Lord. The effect of this outburst of
silver trumpets and sweet voices on
those below is simply overpowering. All
grosser thoughts of earth are put to
flight; the rage of the world-be murderer
is appeased; envy vanishes like the odious
phantom of a dream on awaking; the
thoughtless scoldler feels a thrill of
awe; and even the doomed reprobate
thinks of God for a moment. On the
generous soul of George Marchbank the
effect was deep and strong. In one swift
panoramic glance he viewed his past life,
and saw how much it was out of keep-
ing with God's commands; he swept the
horizon of the future, and felt how his
world riches, fame, and glory avail him,
if at death his soul would not be met by
rejoicing angels coming to bid him wel-
come to the Feast of the Lamb. In the
subdued glory of light, away up by the
atrial window, he saw the figure of Eleon-
or transformed and purely glowing, beck-
oning him out from the darkness in
which he seemed to be immured. A
great, still soul-ery of anguish went up
from his heart; the light was all about
him, but not in him; he saw it shining
out from the face of a rude peasant by
his side, and sparkling in the eye of a
knocking beggar close at hand, but he
was immersed in gloom. "Show me the
way in which I should walk—show me
the way in which I should live," was all
the prayer his lips could form, and from
his inmost soul he repeated it again and
yet again.

Slowly the lingering echoes of the sil-
very music receded; fainter and fainter
they went as the waves of sound ebbed
gently upward, until they seemed to die
in a gentle murmur, up by the image of
the Eternal Father in the crown of the
dome. The mass was finished, and the
crowd began to pour out of the church.
The solemn benediction of the city and
the world was yet to be given by the

ling light of intelligence. Yes; the face
of a noble person is the embodiment of
all natural beauty.

As Eleonor sat partly shaded by a
leafy beech-tree, her expressive features
underwent a variety of change. She
was reading a letter from Morgan, in
which he gave an animated description
of the Easter festivities in Rome. He
spoke of George Marchbank, and ex-
pressed his delight at meeting him so
far away from home. Of his chosen
companion, Lorenzo, he had spoken in
other letters and now enlarged again on
his many noble qualities. In fact,
through the letters of Morgan to Eleonor,
and his conversations with Lorenzo, the
two latter were almost intimately ac-
quainted. Now any one knows that
under such circumstances it was quite
natural for each of these to take an
interest in the other, and to form an
idea of each other. Eleonor half wished
that Lorenzo might bear a resemblance
to the bright-faced, dreamy-eyed boy
whose picture hung between her own
and Morgan's, in Mrs. Barton's quiet
home. She fancied what Denis Barton
would have been, had he lived, and she
wished and thought that Lorenzo was
like him. On the other hand, as Lorenzo
examined the likeness of the golden-
haired child given him by his father, he
amused his lively imagination by dis-
covering traces of resemblance between
it and what he imagined, from Morgan's
conversations, Eleonor must be. Often,
too, he thought of his mother, vainly
endeavouring to recall her features; his
heart went out in a gust of tenderness
towards her as he pictured himself sit-
ting on her knee, and amusing, while he
worried her, with his childish prattle.

After Eleonor had read and re-read
Morgan's letter she came thoughtfully
down the hillside and walked towards
the cottage of Mrs. Barton. On entering
she noticed an excited look on the usu-
ally sad and pensive countenance of her
elderly friend.

"I have just received a long letter from
Morgan, and he sends, as usual, many
kind remembrances to you. If you are
at leisure I will read to you. But has
anything happened, Mrs. Barton? You
do not look quite yourself."

"Nothing to be alarmed about, my
dear child," answered the good woman
in her usual tone of quiet affection. "I
was thinking about you, and many
things just now. I am growing old, and
my heart is sometimes anxious— anxious
to see you here as mistress of this old
home. But I trust in God, and reconcil-
ing myself to His will, feeling sure that
it will one day come to pass."

"Ah, dear mother!" said the affec-
tionate girl, using that term of endearment
as she always did when Mrs. Barton
spoke of her last boy. "My dear mother,
you can not try to think less of this
subject; it ever is to hap on it will, not
be brought about more quickly by this
anxious thought of yours, and you will
be happy yourself."

"Not at all, my child; you are your
mother's mist-aken. Remember that by
God's grace I have long years ago bowed
to His will and will I shall never have
said from the first. My grief is not bitter,
the city was mercifully softened. I
have a son as you well know, a firm belief
in my boy's still alive. This being the
case, next to the pleasure of actually see-
ing him here, with you as his wife, is that
of picturing it in my mind. Believe me,
the artist enjoys a real and constant joy
in contemplating the ideal of his future
work; it is not equal in intensity to the
third he experiences when viewing his
finished piece; yet it is real, and nerves
him on to his task when difficulties beset
his path. The well-regulated mind, even
it shut out from all human society, can
still enjoy itself with bright imaginings
of what yet may be."

"It seems to me, Mrs. Barton, that you
have studied the human mind deeply;
what you say startles me at first, but I
always find that your explanation makes
everything clear. Yes; I see now that a
mind duly subject to God may think
with pleasure on what would be a matter
of pain to the irreligious. But, at least,
your thinking of it will not bring it about
any sooner."

"I would not have you be too sure of
that, either, dear Eleonor. In the first
place, by frequently thinking on it, I fre-
quently pray God to hasten it, if he be
will, the desired consummation. Again—
possibly I shall startle you," she said
with a sweetly sad smile, "but I am not
superstitious; neither would I wish to
hold any theory that might be wrong—
may not one mind act in some mysteri-
ous way on another during life? If the
greater forces of matter can act on one
another, may not the subtle spirit forces
do as much, though in a modified man-
ner? To me it seems that they can; if
then my darling boy be alive, the longing
thoughts, the intense yearnings of a
mother's soul may awaken a responsive
chord in his, and arouse him to think of
and inquire about the mother whom,
perhaps, he might otherwise cease to re-
member."

"I am not," said Eleonor with a smile,
"stupidly clear on the point either to
agree or to contradict your opinion.
Your strong mind and long habits of re-
flection cause you to see things more
clearly, perhaps."

A mother's heart, Eleonor, catches,
perhaps, at vain theories; still this does
not appear wild or improbable. Our soul
is an image, a faint one indeed, of the
body; He can act on our mind; per-
ceive the faint image may be able to
exercise a faint action on its fellows.
But let me hear Morgan's letter."

Eleonor read aloud the epistle. Mrs.
Barton was delighted at the account of
the Easter celebration; she too, like
Eleonor, was interested in Morgan's
companion Lorenzo.

unconscious glimpses of his inner virtue
which he affords by casual remarks are
potent incentives to higher and holier
purposes. But your thoughts do not ap-
pear to be at home, Eleonor."

"In truth, Mrs. Barton, they were far
enough away; they were with Morgan
and his friends in Rome. He has now
Mr. Marchbank as well as Lorenzo, about
whom he is so enthusiastic. He thinks
Mr. Marchbank will yet be a great
outlet; I sincerely hope he may."

"I feared I thought that George March-
bank would have left his home; I almost
feared that he might step in between my
est boy and what I know would be the
object of his affections. You know he
loved you, Eleonor."

(To be continued.)

[This story can be had in book form from J.
Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowlton's book
store, Halifax, N.S.]

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness
and noises in the head of 11 years standing by
a new method, will be pleased to send full par-
ticulars free. Address HERBERT CRESTON, 3
Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London,
S. E., England. 30-G

THE IRISH IN BRITISH ART.

Celtic Talent Has Developed in Spite of
Persecution.

Though one result of Queen Anne's
fearful anti-Catholic penal code was to
make an Irishman who could read and
write—outside the small class of the
gentry—a sort of curiosity, yet, even
then in that miserable eighteenth cen-
tury, the Irish shone in those spheres of
art from which they were not shut out
by legal enactments. Peg Woffington,
Malone, O'Keefe, Sheridan, and others
gave brilliancy to the English stage,
which without them would have been
heavy and stupid, in spite of Garrick's
airs. Garrick, by the way, as his name
shows, was a Celt.

Give the English the Kennells, and cut
away from them the Irish, and where
would they be? Where would their art
be? Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin
West, Chantrey, not to mention the later
Landscape, are the laughing stock of con-
temporal artists. London, with its native
art, is almost as bad as New York and
Washington, with their statues made by
contract. But no one disputes the
genius of Sir Barry, the architect; of
Maclise, the painter; of Hogan, the
sculptor.

Take the Irish away from so-called
British art and that art would be ready
wreck and rubbish. Amongst "British"
musicians of this century are reckoned,
to mention but few original composers,
Baker, the author of the "Bohemian
Gaz" etc., a Corkonian of the ancient
school; of O'Boyle, Wallace, the author
of "Marianne," a Wicklow man of
old Irish lineage; and Sullivan—"Pina-
pop" Sullivan—belonging to the Cork
clan of O'Sullivan.

On the British stage there have been
prominent in this century the great tri-
anglers, Miss O'Neil, the Keats, Brook-
lyn, Lyone, Power, Barry Sullivan, Murray,
and Poole, all Irish by birth and parent-
age.

For the last two centuries the English
seem to have been unable to write a
play that would last. Of the eighteenth
century playwrights, Goldsmith and
Sheridan are all that survive in this
century, an epoch of more serious and
dignified work for the Irish than plain
writing. Sheridan's nephew (Sheridan
Knowles), Sheil, and Gerald Griffin seem
to be almost the only "British" authors
who have written plays that can interest
people, without the aid of stage car-
peters and machinists. All contem-
porary "British" plays that have any-
thing interesting about them are stolen,
body, boots, breeches, the French or
German, and even of these plagiarists
and a hater, the cleverest and most suc-
cessful is the Corkonian, known all the
world over by the French name, Dion
Boucicault.—Danaher's Magazine.

Her Ladyship.

Persons of high rank in England are
patrons of a great comedy. Bridgford,
Iver, Bucks, Eng. "Lady Edwards has
suffered from rheumatism for several years, especially
in the knees, she was persuaded to buy St.
Jacob's Oil, and after a fortnight's use of it, all
the rheumatic pains have left her. The relief
is such that Lady Edwards will never be with-
out a bottle."

Mudge—What a paradox woman is!
Wickwire—You—don't—say? Mudge—
Consider her for instance. The
larger it is the less it appears.

COLD WEATHER TRIALS.

DEAR SIRS,—This fall and winter I suffered
from neuralgia in my eye and had the best
medical advice without avail. I at last
thought of trying Dr. B. B. and after using one
bottle have not felt the return of neuralgia
since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.
J. T. Frost, Headship, Minn.

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

Advertisement for Robson's Hair Restorer, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for hair restoration.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its effectiveness for rheumatism and neuralgia.

Advertisement for The Spence "Daisy" Hot Water Boiler, featuring an illustration of the boiler and text describing its features and availability.

Advertisement for Warden King & Son, featuring text describing their piano and organ business and contact information.

Advertisement for P. N. Y. Co. Roofing, featuring text describing their roofing services and contact information.

Advertisement for The Montreal Brewing Co's Ales and Porters, featuring text describing their products and contact information.

Advertisement for Royal Steam Dye Works, featuring text describing their dyeing and laundry services.

Advertisement for Meneely & Company, featuring text describing their clothing and tailoring services.

Advertisement for Wm. H. Hodson, Architect and Valuator, featuring text describing his professional services.

Advertisement for Carroll Bros., Practical Sanitarians, featuring text describing their plumbing and heating services.

Advertisement for Montreal Paper Mills Co., featuring text describing their paper manufacturing business and contact information.

THE SHOVEL BRIGADE.

It snowed, it snowed, and it snowed— Were ever such snowdrifts made! And now 'tis jolly along the road To watch the Shovel Brigade.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Presqu' Isle bay is clear of ice. The straits of Mackinaw are clear of ice. The trouble in Buenos Ayres is subsiding. Mississippi is suffering from continuous rains.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, &c. Flour.—The market is very dull with prices declining on the weak side in sympathy with English advices which report a drop of 8d per quarter in wheat during the past few days and a decline of 18d per sack in flour.

The Montreal Lottery Company

OF MONTREAL, Canada.

The Montreal Lottery Company pays Three Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty-four Prizes, being from Three Hundred to Six Hundred more Prizes than any other Company in Canada.

No Dollar Tickets! No Fifty Cent Tickets! All Twenty-Five Cents.

DON'T FORGET You Can Draw \$3,000

For Twenty-Five Cents.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

PLAN OF

Montreal Lottery Company

OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

100,000 TICKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and number of tickets. Includes 1 Prize of \$3,000.00, 1 Prize of 1,500.00, 1 Prize of 700.00, 1 Prize of 350.00, 2 Prizes of 100.00, 5 Prizes of 50.00, 25 Prizes of 12.00, 100 Prizes of 6.00, 200 Prizes of 3.00, 500 Prizes of 2.50.

Approximations and Terminals.

Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and number of tickets. Includes 150 Prizes of \$6.00, 150 Prizes of 3.00, 150 Prizes of 2.50, 150 Prizes of 1.25, 999 Prizes of 1.25, 999 Prizes of 1.25, 3434 Prizes of \$13,160.00.

Address all Communications to W. G. HARPER, 78 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA.

All the Nutritious Constituents of Prime Beef are preserved in JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Medical Hints. Cure for Dyspepsia. As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from overeating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour. THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should be sure that they get it, all others are imitations.

Painting. J. GRACE, 51 University Street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to.

Castor Fluid. Registered. A delightful refreshing preparation for the hair. It keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth of a perfect hair dressing.

R. J. LATIMER, 66 College St., Montreal. Special discounts and freights allowed to all customers within fifty miles.

PERSONAL-LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to.

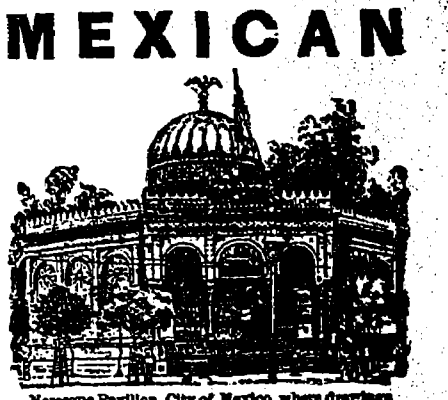
Curtain Stretchers. LACK Curtain Stretchers: 12 ft. \$2.50; 14 ft. \$3.00; 16 ft. \$3.50; 18 ft. \$4.00.

I CURE FITS! When you are afflicted with fits, do not make any more to do with them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.

BRUSHES. Brooms, Whisks, Feather Dusters, Feather Stick Cleaners, Etc. BOWD & CO., Importers and Manufacturers.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. DRAWINGS IN APRIL, 1892:—April 20. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE. ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND. Under the care of the Irish Christian Brothers.



LOTTERY OF THE Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY) ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING WILL BE HELD IN THE Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1892

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$60,000.00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a ticket, and receive the following official permit.

Canada, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 384. Dame Anna Maria Fraser, wife of Frederick Frothingham Albert Workman, Agent of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action against her said husband for separation as to property.

D. NIGHTINGALE, Dealer in General Sporting and Athletic Goods. Snow-Shoes, Boxing-Gloves, Fencing Foils, Masks, Single Sticks, Hockey Sticks, etc.

Pool and Billiard Tables. Improved Billiard Cushions, patented Nov. 21, Ivory and Composition Balls, etc.

1742 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Bell Phone 3334.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

Leave your orders for Job Printing at The True Witness Office.

Amour & Co., of Chicago, have begun suits for \$1,150,000 against various railroad companies for overcharges on dressed wood.

A serious quarrel is threatened between Spain and the United States over the appointment of a consul to the Caroline Islands.

Great excitement was caused in Madrid last week by the discovery of a plot to blow up the Spanish Chamber of Deputies.

John Bryans was fined \$100 and sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Owen Sound last week for running an illicit still.

Russia is said to be helping to carry out a plot in Bulgaria having for its object the overthrow of the Stambouloff Government.

Brownsville, a small town in Texas, was wiped out by a cyclone on Sunday night. Two persons were killed and several injured.

The French Government has received official despatches from Porto Novo stating the Dahomians continue their aggressive warfare.

The British and French Governments have agreed to prolong the modus vivendi in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries over the present season.

Since April 1st the Southern Express Company has discharged about 90 express messengers for being members of the Messengers' Brotherhood.

The window glass manufacturers of the West met in Chicago on Tuesday and decided to close the factories on May 31 for three months or more.

The exports from Peterboro' for the three months ending March 31 amounted to \$149,971, as against \$75,510 for the corresponding period of last year.

Mill Feed.—Bran is still at \$15.00 to \$15.50 per ton for Manitoba and Ontario. Shorts \$16.00 to \$16.50 and Middlings \$17.50 to \$18.00. Meal is quoted at \$20.00 to \$23.00 per ton as to grade.

Wheat.—No. 2 hard Manitoba has been offered at 95c and No. 3 hard at 87c. The asking prices for No. 1 regular are 77c to 78c, No. 2 regular 69c to 70c, No. 3 regular 57c to 58c.

Barley.—Feed barley at 42c, we quote 42c to 43c. Malt barley all the way from 50c to 51c as to grade.

Outs.—There have been transactions in our lot for No. 2, 3c; No. 3 and 3c; No. 4 and 3c; for no grades. Further sales are reported on the track West at 2c to 2c per 34 lbs.

Malt.—A few sales at 70c to 70c per bushel. Buckwheat.—We quote 50c to 50c May and 51c to 51c spot.

Seeds.—We quote red clover, \$7.50 to \$7.75, and also white the same price. Timothy is quoted at \$2 for Canadian, and \$1.85 for American.

PROVISIONS. Pork, Lard, &c.—There has been an improved demand for pork, sales of 3 car loads being reported by one firm at about last week's prices, which however have not been repeated here and there for good sized quantities.

Canada short cut mess pork per bbl. \$16.25 to \$16.50. Canada clear pork, per bbl. 15.75 to 16.00. Boreas short cut mess, per bbl. 15.75 to 15.75.

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter.—New creamery has been placed at 22c for Eastern Townships at 20c to 22c for good to fine. Old butter is going off fairly well.

CHEESE.—It is reported that a Montreal house has offered to buy May 1st.

FRUITS, &c. Apples.—A full jobbing trade is reported at \$2.00 to \$2.10 for good to fancy well kept stock, but poor waxy fruit can be bought at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 as to condition.

Evaporated Apples.—Sales have taken place at 7c per lb. for good fruit, about 100 boxes having changed hands at that figure. About 150 boxes of damaged stock sold at 5c to 6c.

Berried Apples.—The market is quiet at 4 1/2 to 5c per lb.

Oranges.—A little easier feeling is noticed with sales of Floridas at \$3.75 to \$4.25 per box as to quality. Valencias about steady at \$3.00 to \$3.50. Jamaica oranges are steady at \$7.50 per box.

Lemons.—Business of a limited character reported at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per box as to quality and size of lot.

Strawberries.—Prices have dropped like the week, sales being made at 5c per quart.

Cocoanut Nuts.—Sales were made of 50 bags for shipment at \$4.75 to \$5.00 per 100.

Asparagus.—New Southern asparagus is arriving and selling at 75c per bunch.

Potatoes.—Since our last report ear lots of Early Rose have been placed at 35c per bag of 100 lbs., one extra choice ear lot being 37c.

Onions.—A few single barrels have been sold at \$1.30 to \$2.25 for red and yellow Canadian.

FISH AND OILS. Oils.—Sales of Newfoundland cod oil at 40c, and we quote 40c to 42c, which is an advance upon our last quotations.

Smoked Fish.—We quote 4c for Yarmouth blenders, per 100 box, \$1.10 to \$1.25; St. John's blenders, per 100 box, \$1.10; boneless cod, large boxes, 6c to 7c; do small boxes, 7c to 8c.

Fresh Fish.—Cod and haddock have sales at 3 1/2 to 4c per lb. Fresh British Columbia salmon is now coming in and selling at 10c to 12c per lb.

Pickled Herring.—Green cod has been purchased at 4c per lb. for No. 1. Dry cod sold at \$4.50 to \$4.75; Labrador herring are still selling at \$7.50 to \$8.00 per ton.

SATISFACTION is guaranteed to every consumer of HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.

WANTED, Milliners. J. A. DAVIE, 789 Notre Dame Street.

WANTED, by a young lady, board for summer months in the country. Terms-house preferred. References given. Address, Miss Mottley, No. 14 West Elm Street, Brockton, Mass., U.S.

NOTICE. An application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for a bill containing, so far as may be necessary, certain clauses contained in a deed of agreement (note d'accord) passed on the Twelfth of March last (1891) before Mre. Louise N. Dumouchelle, J. La Commune, and the School Commissioners for the municipality of Ste. Catherine, in the County of Hochelaga, in the Province of Quebec.

Wm. E. Carpenter, in the employ of Dix and Phyle, note brokers, Wall Street, N.Y., Oscar Creamer, bookkeeper



