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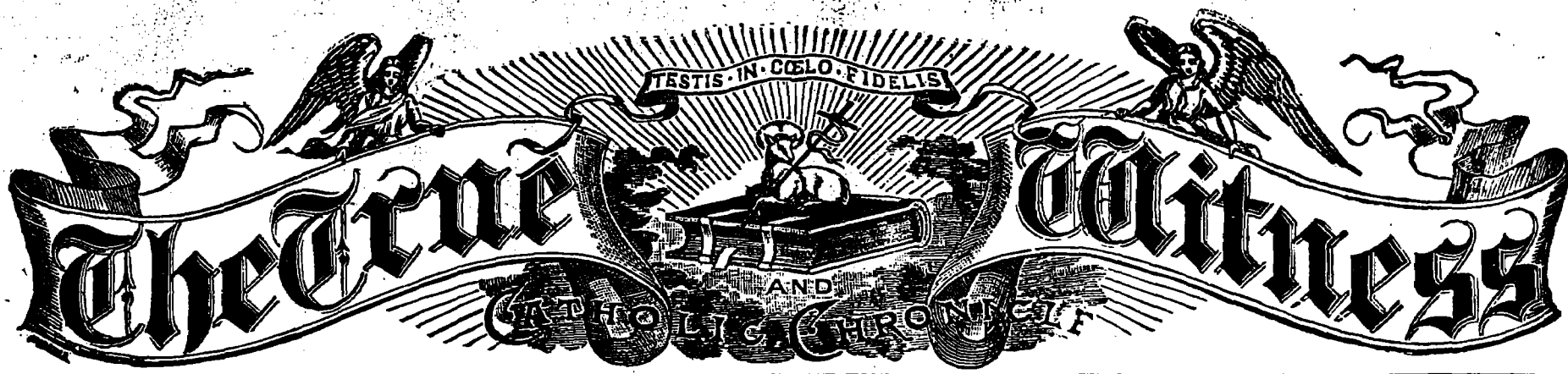
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If you have something that the people need, advertise with courage and faith, and the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 10.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

A Great Deliverance by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

AT THE LEINSTER HALL CONVENTION.

The Cause of Ireland no Longer Rests Upon the Comparatively Small Number of Irish People Within the Irish Shores, but on the Wider and Stronger Basis of a World-Wide Nation—The Irish Party Must be Treated as a Whole—There Should be no Recognition of the Sectional Element—The Constitutional Movement Will Yet be Crowned With Success.

DURING the course of the proceedings of the recent Dublin Convention, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., delivered the following powerful address on the situation in Ireland. We take the following report from the Dublin Freeman's Journal:—

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who was received with great enthusiasm, said—My Lord Bishop and gentlemen of the Convention, this day has shown itself an extremely responsive and faithful echo to the sentiments which brought it into existence. It was brought into existence for the purpose of putting down disunion and re-establishing unity in the Irish movement (applause). It arose originally from a letter of the Archbishop of Toronto, followed by a resolution, to which I shall have to refer by and by, passed unanimously by the Irish Party calling this Convention together. And every gentleman who has addressed this meeting has made himself also the faithful and responsive echo of the feeling which the Convention represents, that feeling being a desire for putting down disunion and for the re-establishment of unity (applause). Yesterday we had, I think, one of the most remarkable and striking manifestations that an Irish or any other political body ever saw. We had a number of delegates from almost every part of the world, every single one of them; if not Irish by birth, are Irish by extraction or Irish by sympathy, bringing before not only us but the larger world outside the great fact which we ought always to remember, and especially in moments of depression and discouragement, that the cause of Ireland no longer rests upon the comparatively small number of Irish people within the Irish shores, but rests on the wider and stronger basis of a world-wide nation (loud applause). But as that array of speakers from all parts of the world brought home to us our strength it also brought home to us the means by which that strength can be properly utilized and our weakness therefore removed, and the joint and unanimous appeal of all these gentlemen was that disunion should be put down and that unity should be restored (applause). And, therefore, my Lord Bishop, if I were to approach the consideration of any proposal made from any quarter whatever in any other spirit than a spirit of trying to help to put down disunion and the restoration of unity, I would put myself at once in direct conflict with the dominant and overwhelming and passionate opinion not only of this gathering, but of Irishmen wherever they are (hear, hear). And therefore, my Lord, I need scarcely assure this audience that I approach the consideration of Father Flynn's amendment in exactly the same spirit as he has spoken and as everybody else has spoken—namely, a spirit of trying to find some means of putting down disunion and restoring unity (applause), and I am bound to say this, that apart from the object with which this amendment was proposed, it recommends itself to my judgment and yours, I am sure, from the character of the men who proposed it. There is not even in this large gathering a more honest, a braver, or a more sincere patriot or Nationalist in Ireland than Father Flynn, who proposed this resolution, and I am perfectly sure that in the remotest recesses of his mind and of his conscience you could not find a trace of any desire whatever in proposing this resolution but the desire to put down disunion and restore unity (hear, hear), and therefore I approach this amendment as an honest amendment, in intention proposed by an honest mind for an honest end (hear, hear), and the one test which I shall apply to it, will this amendment carry out the purpose which it intends, or will it not? If it carry out the purpose, then in heaven's name let us all support it (hear, hear). If it be destined to fail, to defeat the purpose of unity, equally is it our duty unanimously, or, if not unanimously, by an overwhelming majority, to reject it (cheers). Well, now I shall test it.

argument. My Lord Bishop—I first must call attention to a single fact. I don't do it by way of complaint, but by way of elucidating the situation. In the first place, an opportunity was given to every man in Ireland—to every Nationalist in Ireland—to present to this Convention for consideration any proposal, or any amendment which he desired (cheers). The proposal of Father Flynn, and, of course, its object, was to give to this body, which has most important if not supreme functions to discharge and fulfil, adequate opportunity of reading in print, and calmly considering any proposal that was made. Well, the proposal of Father Flynn does not appear in the agenda paper. That to a certain extent takes the Convention at a disadvantage, but that is not the complete history of this amendment. I am glad that calm and better counsels have prevailed. Better counsels will always ultimately prevail in such cases. But I feel bound to give this Convention the original form in which this amendment was handed up to the chair. And here is what it was—

Father Flynn rising and coming towards the front of the platform, said—If I thought it well to change my amendment and to put it in the form in which I changed it before this assembly, I do it for a certain reason. I did it that it might comment itself to every individual in the assembly (hear, hear). I found on consideration that it might be contentious in the way in which it was worded, and I want to avoid contention if possible (hear, hear). I want to have no friction, and therefore upon advice I changed the resolution, because I was informed it would obtain a more general support if I did so. Therefore I say it is unfair—and I submit the matter to the chairman—I say it is unfair to annul a resolution that I never proposed (cheers).

The Chairman—As Father Flynn's resolution reached me in its amended form, and was seen here by a number of persons yesterday in its unamended form, including Mr. O'Connor, I don't think, on a strict point of order, I can rise against Mr. O'Connor reading the text (hear, hear). But for the harmony of the Convention, I suggest a middle course to Mr. O'Connor, and that is; without reading the resolution as amended in original form, to give the Convention his memory of what it was.

Mr. O'Connor, who on rising was received with renewed cheers, said—Of course, my Lord Bishop, I shall immediately comply with your suggestion, and I will give, without even looking at the original amendment, my recollection of what it was, and Father Flynn will have an opportunity of correcting me if I mistake its terms by my recollection of it.

Mr. O'Connor (resuming)—The original amendment was that a committee of arbitration should be appointed for this Convention, consisting of seven members of what were called the three contending sections of Irish Nationalists—and I think the foreign delegates were to be a representation of ten—and that this committee should submit to this Convention a plan of action upon which all the three contending sections could ultimately unite and work together. I am very glad, I am delighted, no words can express my joy, at the withdrawal of the original form of the amendment, because it is a withdrawal from a position which I would have felt it my duty to condemn and reprobate in the strongest manner (loud cheers). It is true that there are two contending sections of Irish Nationalists. There is the Parnellite Party and there is the Irish Parliamentary Party (loud cheers). When you deal with the Parnellites they are entitled to demand, and you are compelled to admit, that they are a separate and independent party. They are wrong for being so. Don't misunderstand my position. They are entitled to call themselves a separate and independent party, and we are bound to acknowledge them (hear, hear). They have very good reasons as they may think, very bad reasons as you and I may think, for they broke the Party pledge, and a certain number of constituencies elected them after breaking that pledge (hear, hear). Therefore they are entitled to be regarded as a separate and independent party. But we come to the Irish Parliamentary Party. What right has any man to describe it as consisting of two sections or two parties? (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Gentlemen, I am going down to the very root of this whole difficulty, and if this Convention is not going to end in emptiness, in laughter and in contempt, it will have to go down to the roots of this whole difficulty (renewed cheering). What right has any man to speak of two sections of the Irish Party? Let us see what is the constitution of that Party? Every single member of that Party, without exception, has signed the pledge to sit, act, and vote with the Irish Parliamentary Party, to be bound by the decisions of its majority, and either to loyally obey its decisions or to honestly withdraw from the party (loud and prolonged cheering). I put this point to the Convention. I say that every single member of the Irish Party signed that pledge. But I go further, and I say he was elected because he signed that pledge, and I say further, that if he had refused to sign that pledge he would have been ignominiously rejected (continued cheering). Therefore the pledge of party unity and party loyalty is the whole foundation or right by which any member of the party sits as an Irish representative (hear, hear). What follows from that? That to speak of two parties in our party is to tear down and destroy not merely—I will do nothing now to destroy the future—but I say that to admit or acknowledge or recognize, to treat with, as one of the high contracting parties, one section of our party, instead of with the party as a whole, is to tear down the foundations of national unity now and for ever (prolonged cheering, the whole assembly rising to their feet and waving their hats. The demonstration was repeated a second time). Does anybody in the possession of the ordinary amount of human sense not devoured by some demon of prejudice and folly, does anybody suppose that we who have to bear the burden and responsibility of this movement approach any proposition from the point of view of personal rancour or personal interest? We would be not merely inhuman monsters who were betraying their country, but such a phenomena of insane folly as any political movement ever produced (cheers). If this movement succeed, and by your help, and in spite of foes within and without, it is going to succeed (cheers), if it succeed I don't know what personal glory its success would bring to us. But if it fail you may be sure that upon our heads the guilt and the responsibility will be laid. Therefore, any proposition for conciliation, concession and union that has the appearance of safety and a stable future demands our cordial assent. Does that mean, however, that we are to lead you into a fool's paradise and ask you in the name of conciliation and concession to accept a proposition which would lead to the destruction, not merely now, but for all time, of the principle upon which unity must ever be founded? (Cheers.) I am very glad to see that Father Flynn has abandoned the proposition that there are two sections in the Irish Party (loud cheers).

A Voice—We won't have them.

Mr. O'Connor—I am very glad of the reason he gave for it. I am sure the premier desire of Father Flynn was to do an honest day's work for Ireland. I do not impute any other motive to Father Flynn, and I am sure he will give me full right to discuss freely, and even, if necessary, condemn some of the opinions he propounded, without meaning any disrespect, for he enjoys my personal respect. I am very glad at the second reason given by Father Flynn for abandoning his proposition. The second reason was that he had consulted his friends, and his friends advised the withdrawal of the proposition in the interests of the Convention. Aye, the reason was that he knew that this sovereign assembly, the power and magnificence of which he has publicly testified to, would, if the proposition of the two sections in the party was put before them, scout and trample upon such a proposition (prolonged cheering). Well, now, I come to the consideration of what are the methods and means of by which disunion is to be put down, and now I will answer my friend, who, in a somewhat premature—though naturally with the ardor of an ardent Irishman—in a somewhat premature spirit asked me for my alternative. Is this Convention sovereign or not? (Cries of "Yes," and cheers.) Is it a success or a failure? (Cries of "Success," and renewed cheers.) Is it a hole and corner squallid and petty gathering? (No.) Is it a miserable little affair or is it, as Father Flynn must acknowledge and gladly acknowledge, the largest, the most representative, and most noble gathering of Irishmen that ever assembled together? (Cheers.) I will throw some light upon the situation that I think will help to guide you in your decision. This Convention was initiated by a letter of the Archbishop of Toronto, and was called by a unanimous vote of the Irish party. Every member of the Irish party was one of those by whom this Convention was brought into being (cheers). Why is not every member of the Irish party here? (Loud cheers and some interruption.) Gentlemen, I don't intend to lower my speech to the point of personal controversy, and I hope you won't do it for me (applause). I am discussing no man, but principles (cheers). Why isn't every member of the Irish party here? (Renewed cheers.) If he had complaints to allege why is not he here to make them? (Hear, hear). If we be the dishonest and unscrupulous tricksters we have been declared to be a hundred times over, why are not these charges, taken from private and whispered conversations, from private letters, from newspapers that can be avowed or disavowed—why aren't they torn from the dark and narrow recesses and brought here into the light of day where we stand now before our

fellow-countrymen? (Loud cheers.) Furthermore, this Convention—I must recur to the point again and again, because it is the essence of the situation—this Convention was called by the unanimous vote of the Irish party. Did every member of the Irish party do his best to make it a success? (No.) Why, my Lord Bishop, is not it notorious that every means fair and foul have been exhausted for the purpose of making this Convention not the great success it has been, but an abject and miserable failure? I will not scandalize the enemy by telling all I know of the attempts that were made to destroy this Convention, especially in the full and satisfactory knowledge that these attempts have failed (cheers). They have been made and have failed. Well, what was the first line of attack? The first line of attack was to withdraw from the Convention, and not come before it with any charge. The second line of attack was to try and prevent the Convention from being a success or a numerous body. But now we come to the third line of attack, the most insidious of all. Father Flynn is no party to it. From the bottom of my heart and conscience I acquit him of any share or any responsibility, or even of any knowledge of the third line of attack (applause and cries of "Order").

Rev. E. Murnane, Bormonsey, London, rising in the body of the hall, called out—I rise to a point of order (loud cries of "Order").

Mr. O'Connor—My Lord Bishop will keep order. The third line of attack is this—the Convention is here assembled, its power and authority are acknowledged by everyone.

Rev. E. Murnane still continued to call out "Point of order," and was brought by one of the stewards up to the front of the platform, Mr. O'Connor sitting down in the meantime.

Chairman—May I ask your point of order?

Rev. Fr. Murnane—My Lord, I was unwilling to interrupt Mr. O'Connor, but I wish to ask your lordship whether you consider I have brought delegates here on the plea that every party was welcome to this meeting. (A Voice—"So they are.") And I ask, therefore, my Lord, whether you think that the speech that Mr. O'Connor is making is likely to bring about that unity that we have all come here for.

Chairman—It is not the province of the chairman of a Convention like this to say whether any speech delivered to the Convention is *offensive* for its purpose or not (loud cheers, the majority of the audience rising and cheering).

Mr. O'Connor—My reverend friend was quite within his right to try and interrupt me on a point of order, and he has been ruled out of order by the Lord Bishop who is in the chair; but our reverend friend was really making an argument, and what I suppose appeared to his better judgment a reply to my argument, in place of a point of order. And what was his argument? That I was controverting the principle that everybody was welcome to this Convention. Why I am reasserting that principle (applause), and my complaint is that though the doors had been opened as widely and generously as they can, men have not come here and accepted our invitation (loud and prolonged applause). Now, gentlemen, I go to the third line of attack on the Convention (cries of "Brass"). My reverend friend is quite at liberty to differ from me as to the effect of my words. It will be for you to decide. But I come to the third line of attack, and what does that mean? The Convention, in spite of every effort to make it a failure, has been a success. In spite of every effort to make it small it has been unprecedentedly large. In spite of every attempt to make it disunited it has been unprecedentedly harmonious (cheers). You are here, I believe, of one mind (cheers). I believe I may go further and say that that one mind is the determination that party unity must be preserved (cheers) by party loyalty and by majority rule, which is the only method by which any party or any society or any government can be kept together (cheers). I believe further that besides being of one mind you are of one purpose, and that besides being of one purpose you are also inspired by the resolve, the inflexible determination, to make that purpose effective for the future of Ireland (cheers). Well, what does that mean? It means that you are determined, as I understand your convictions and your temper, not merely to assert your faith in the principle of party unity and party loyalty, but also to proclaim to all the world your stern determination to put down every man and every set of men who would stand in the way (prolonged cheers, the audience rising and waving hats and handkerchiefs). You see, gentlemen, that that determination of yours, while it is full of hope for the Irish movement and for loyal men, is full of terror and danger for the disruptionists and wreckers (cheers); and therefore a removal of the greatest danger that ever threatened them would be the removal of your determination to put down all wreckers, and therefore the wreckers want to stand between you and your determination (cheers). Well, if a committee were appointed—a committee of arbitration—for the purpose of settling our differences on the platform, what would become of the Convention? (Cheers.) Assume the committee was in the next room. I want to know how long the committee is to sit—and when it is to report (cheers and laughter). When is the committee to be expected to report? It would be a pretty quick committee if it reported to-day within a

few hours. We are not going to sit beyond four, and I don't think it could report before that. Therefore it could not report to-day and would it report to-morrow? I do not think it could. Aye, but if it were a committee consisting of the right kind of men who were determined not to make this Convention effective, but to make it impotent, it would be quite ready to report on Friday, when the Convention would have disappeared as completely as the snow in summer (cheers). And so you see this great body which was brought here for a great work and is determined to do that work would be in such a case dispersed without doing anything (cheers), and I say therefore that the carrying or acceptance of such a proposal would mean the death of the Convention. And, speaking in no language of exaggeration—speaking in no heat—but speaking from the depths of my conviction and consideration of this question, I declare it my opinion that the death of this Convention would be the death of the Irish constitutional movement. And now, gentlemen, I think I have dealt with the tactics and purposes, not of Father Flynn, but of those who are the enemies of this Convention. Gentlemen, it may be a hard thing to say, but it must be said, the one way to restore unity is to put down disunion, and the one way to put down disunion is not to treat it as an independent and equal power gaining authority by its treason, but to do what Father Flynn asks you to do and what the Mayor of Waterford asks you to do—do your duty and show your determination that any man who violates his pledge or breaks up party unity, will no longer have to deal with the majority of his colleagues, but with a united and determined and a united Irish people (applause). And now, I may be asked if we have any plan for dealing with party disunion. My answer to that is this: Read your agenda paper, and the first resolution, as you will observe, begins by expressing the great concern of this Convention at the existence of disunion. It goes on to hold out, as we have many times before, the hand of friendship and fellowship to every Nationalist who is now arrayed against us; and then, as our invitation is not accepted, it goes on to say that we are glad to observe in the composition of this Convention, and in the spirit shown throughout the country, a marked evidence of a growing tendency to union, and "we invite the Irish Nationalist Party to take such further steps as may seem to them calculated to promote the cause of reunion." Or, in other words, you command your Irish Party, and you give them full powers to take any and every step that may bring about the re-union of the Nationalists of Ireland. What more do you want? Do you trust your Irish Party, trust them all in all, or not at all (applause); and if they are good enough to be entrusted with the liberties and the cause of Ireland, they are good enough to choose the time for the season, and the means by which the Parnellites can be approached (hear, hear, and applause). Look at the second resolution for a moment, though I am a little out of order in alluding to it, but the amendment to a certain extent deals with the second as well as with the first resolution. What does the second resolution say? There again you call upon the Irish Party to be united; you call upon them to observe their pledge, to preserve their unity, and you call upon them, voicing your opinion, to take such steps, if the pledge be broken, as to make the pledge respected by every member of the party (applause). Now, there is my alternative proposal. My proposal is to stand by the resolution on the agenda paper (hear, hear), which has not only expressed a wish for union, but it points out the body and means of restoring union. Now, my friends, one word finally. We are to-day at the parting of the ways in Irish politics. As this Convention decides the movement will live and grow, or fail and die. I make the distinction between our present movement and the Irish cause. Movements have failed before, but the cause of Ireland is green and immortal, and if our means and our methods fail we know very well what the spirit of our countrymen is. And what I put most solemnly and earnestly to Father Flynn and to every good and sincere man—can there be a more serious and a more terrible responsibility on any man or any set of men than to make our people think that the Constitutional movement has failed and driven them back into dangerous and terrible measures, and have former times repeated, and men again like those who walked out of English jails a few weeks ago—men decrepit and permanently old. Is that to go on? Is it to be repeated? Are you going to send other Allens, Larkins and O'Briens to the scaffold? Are you going to send other Davitts to Dartmoor (prolonged cheers), or have you made up your minds that this constitutional movement shall get a united support, and in that way, in spite of treason and of malice, shall make the world once more resound to the tread of the united Irish millions marching on to peace and victory? (Tremendous cheering, the whole audience rising to their feet.)

WORTH IT.

Caller—I wish to contest my uncle's will.

Lawyer—Is the estate worth it?

Caller—He left \$100,000.

Lawyer—Let me see. That's fifty thousand for me, and fifty thousand for the lawyer on the other side. Yes, it's worth it.—New York Weekly.

ST. MARY'S FAIR.

THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES A SPLENDID SUCCESS.

THE FORESTERS HOLD A DINNER AT WHICH MR. E. HULLY, DELEGATE TO THE DUBLIN CONVENTION, DELIVERS AN ADDRESS—THE GOLFING SOCIETY—THE LADIES' AUXILIARY OF THE A. O. H. GREEN TEA—AN OUTLINE OF THE ADMINISTRATION AND OTHER FEATURES.

Despite the absence of the Pastor, Rev. Father O'Donnell, St. Mary's Church Bazaar is proving a great financial success. Monday evening the Board of Foresters gave a dinner, which was largely patronized by members and friends of the order. During the evening, although the rules of the Bazaar forbade any soliciting of subscriptions, still the generosity of the visitors overcame the scruples of the fair collectors and a goodly sum was realized.

The most important event of the week will be the "Green Tea," under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. on Thursday evening, 24th, and to judge from the way the tickets are selling the affair is an assured success. On Friday evening an oyster supper will be given by the young ladies of the order to the young men, and as it is popular that tickets can only be obtained at a premium, success will surely crown the efforts of these zealous young ladies in their efforts in a good cause.

A good programme is given each night, and owing to the energy and foresight of the Rev. Father Shea a band will be in attendance at every performance. The fair is under the patronage of St. Mary's reputation for artistic taste in decoration and arrangement of sections.

The program table is presided over by Mrs. Street, who is also president of the Bazaar. Mrs. Street has labored most zealously in the endeavor to mark out all the preliminaries during the week, prior to its opening, and now she has the gratification of beholding the fruits of her labors in a scene of beauty which is visible in the hall, and which most awaken in the hearts of all visitors that response which will enable the good pastor to assist the needy during the year. Mrs. Street is assisted by a numerous staff. It is difficult to give a description of this department because of the crowd of customers surrounding it.

Mrs. Curran, one of St. Mary's most popular and accessible to the smoking parlor and a hostess to say "they smoke and never smoked before."

The post-office general, Miss Spencer, is doing a rushing business although the price for stamps and delivery would cover the city debt, if put to that purpose.

The Children of Mary's table presided over by Misses Smith and Altman, is one of the prettiest sections of the bazaar, and Mr. R says that the other tables will have to work hard to keep up financially with their pretty rival.

That there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught is verified in the fishpond, and as the happy little fishers turn away from this enchanted spot, their chubby hands full of "fish," their eyes dancing with pleasure, the sight would have charmed the heart of that gentle angler, Isaac Walton.

Two dainty gypsies open the future to many curious ones, and make the gypsy tent a centre of attraction.

That the Rosary table is in charge of Mrs. Thos. Phelan, President of the Rosary Sodality, a sure success. Many beautiful articles adorn this section.

The Good Counsel Sewing Circle table manna-rides under the title of the "Holy Name," and displays a lot of useful and fancy articles. Mrs. Thos. Jones has this department in hand.

The lottery table, in charge of Mesdames Singleto and Minto, does a rushing business. Mrs. Lawlor has charge of the C.M.B.A. section, and is ably assisted by Mrs. O'Brien.

The Hibernian table is in charge of Miss Sutherland, and certainly takes the palm for beauty and unique design. A magnificent portrait of the pastor adorns it, surmounted by a beautiful crest bearing the legend, "Our Delegate." Here the Maid of Erin sits by no means sorrowing, near her is the "Wolf dog lying down," and the harp without a crown; in the distance is seen the Round tower of Ireland and Celtic Cross. In the foreground, on a realistic scene, Father O'Donnell on the deck of the Britannic stands, evidently sure of a welcome from the Green Isle he is approaching.

The celebrated war canoe, "The Calendar," is paddled through a literary sea by its Captain, Rev. M. L. Shea, loaded with advertisements and good will. No rocks are seen near this vessel. In the centre of the tableau is a white dove, representing the Irish Convention, holding in its mouth the olive branch of peace. The front of the booth is reserved for the many beautiful articles that are for sale.

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

TRADE RETURNS FOR AUGUST.

OTTAWA, September 20.—The trade returns for August show the exports for the month to have been \$13,173,562, an increase over August last year of \$724,784; in the former and of \$55,570 in the latter, making a total betterment of trade for the month of \$780,354. The duty collected was \$1,828,305, an increase of \$14,516.

BRITISH DUNGEONS.

A SKETCH OF THE PENTONVILLE AND PORTLAND ESTABLISHMENTS

WHERE IRISH PRISONERS ARE CONFINED—THE DEADLY RULES OF DISCIPLINE WHICH MARKS THE SEVERE ADMINISTRATION OF THESE INSTITUTIONS.

After their conviction Dr. Gallagher, Whitehead and many other of the Irish prisoners were detained for a short time in Pentonville. Compared with this institution, harsh as are its regulations, Portland is a hell upon earth, says the New York Times. At Pentonville the prisoner exchanges his own clothes for those provided by the prison regulations. The newly made convict is then locked up in the cell which is destined to be his abode during the ensuing nine months. The furniture of this small apartment is scanty and of the simplest kind. A stretcher to sleep upon, a stool, a small table, a metal water jug, a slate, pencil and Bible—these are the fittings. At 6 o'clock in the morning the prisoner is awakened. Then follows the routine of cleaning out his cell, of oakum picking, by way of work; of bread and a weak, tasteless mess of gruel for breakfast, of a solitary promenade up and down a corridor for an hour by way of exercise, of bread, meat and the water it had been boiled in by way of dinner, of more oakum picking, more gruel and finally twelve hours sleep or meditation to wind up with. From morning till night not a soul does the prisoner see save the warden, who brings him his food and his oakum, and even with him he is forbidden to speak. This is not a very exhilarating mode of existence, but it is as the delights of a summer resort when compared with work in the quarries of Portland.

OFF TO PORTLAND.

Having completed their nine months' probation at this prison, the alleged dynamiters were one day informed that they were to be removed to Portland. The transfer is a simple, if degrading, operation. The prisoners heavily manacled and chained together in gangs of five and ten, are hustled into prison vans and conveyed to Waterloo Station. There they are placed in compartments distinguished by red labels, upon which appears the word "Reserved." There are nearly as many warders as prisoners, and they are all heavily armed. At every station at which the train stops a crowd gathers about the carriages and gazes openmouthed at the wretched convicts, in their villainous garb of drab and gray, plentifully bespattered with big black broad arrows. The average British convict is not of prepossessing appearance at the best of times, but when attired in the clothes provided by a paternal government, no more wretched spectacle than he can be imagined.

The distance from London to Portland is rather more than 100 miles, and it is therefore some five hours before the convict gets his first glimpse of the big rocks which will constitute his home for many years. At the Portland railway station he is met by a big vehicle not unlike a furniture van, painted black, minus windows, and on the sides of which is painted in gold letters a foot high "V. K."

AN ISLAND OF ROCK.

The first view of Portland is not prepossessing, and on closer examination it does not materially improve. The Isle of Portland is for the most part a rugged, barren bluff, whereon few would take up a residence from choice, though of late years many thousands have had to do so in consequence of unpleasant necessity. Portland, strictly speaking is a promontory and not an island, for it is connected with the mainland by that geological curiosity, the Chesil Beach, a bank of pebbles twelve miles in length, forty feet in height, and of an average breadth of 180 yards, dividing the English Channel from Portland harbor. Portland is about four miles in length, and its widest point one and three-quarter miles. The extreme south is called the Bill of Portland, a familiar and welcome point to mariners and passengers bound up the channel. The highest point of the island is 495 feet above the sea, and upon this huge cliff, popularly known as the Gibraltar of England, is built the Verne Citadel, the strongest fortress in England. Three sides of the island are absolutely inaccessible from the sea, the cliffs rising to an average height of 400 hundred feet, against which the waves ever dash. The island is almost devoid of vegetation, the only spot on which trees grow being the grounds of Pennsylvania Castle, built by Sir William Penn, descendant of the famous founder of the State of Pennsylvania, when Governor of the island in 1680. The walk from the convict prison to the Bill of Portland, taking in Bow and Arrow Castle and Pennsylvania, is the most romantic and varied in Portland, and embraces the boldest features of its cliff scenery.

IN THE PRISON.

The convict establishment is divided from the fortress by a deep fosse, and its most easterly wing is built on the edge of a cliff more than 400 feet high. The prison was erected in 1848, and affords accommodation for 1,700 convicts, who are principally employed in quarrying stone and at work upon the fortifications of the citadel.

The prison is composed of three long and lofty parallelograms (one of which is a double building) and a large block in the form of a wing lying somewhat in the rear of one of the main structures. All these are built of stone in the same way as the houses of the island, the single buildings containing four and the double buildings five stories of cells, the upper ones opening from light iron corridors, similar to those at Pentonville, the corridors and the whole of the main building being lighted from the roof. The spaces between the blocks of build-

ings, spanned above by an iron bridge extending from one block to another, serve as open areas in which the prisoners are paraded every day before going to the quarries.

The cells are about 4 feet wide, 7 feet long and 7 feet high, each furnished with a small window, and the walls formed of corrugated iron. They contain a slung hammock, with mattress, blanket, sheets and quilt, a stool and wash basin and a nest of deal shelves in which the prisoner keeps his plate, mug, his pannikin and such books as he is allowed to borrow from the prison library. He never has a knife or a fork, and he has nothing to eat requiring the use of these implements. He eats his meals with a wooden spoon. His diet is calculated to a nicety in the number of ounces of food per day that will keep him safely over the border line of starvation. He must get up at 6 o'clock, and his breakfast is brought to him at 7:30 o'clock. He eats every meal in his cell. In the first stage of his imprisonment he has only bread and water for breakfast, and for dinner a pint and a half of "strabout," a gruel-like mixture of oatmeal and Indian meal. In the fourth and last stage of his imprisonment he has a pint of porridge with his bread for breakfast, and a better dinner, but even the fourth stage bill of fare is never changed throughout the year. There is no holiday dinners nor an extra dish on Sunday, as in some of the American prisons.

RIGHT DISCIPLINE.

A very slight infraction of the regulations—to speak to a fellow convict, for instance—will cause the unfortunate prisoner to be locked up in a dark cell for a week and confined to a diet of bread and water. A repetition of the offense means being tried up to the triangle and the administration of a flogging at the hands of a sturdy warden. The air of Portland is keen, the prisoners' appetites are large, and the consequence is that the gentlemen under the supervision of Her Majesty's Government are far from satisfied with their dieting. Infractions of the rules are not frequent. "It ain't the quality I complain of," remarks the released convict, discussing the diet pathetically, "but what's the use of supposing a first-class burglar eats no more nor a sparrow? It's a mockery. It's a mere-keeping of us alive; that's what it is."

The entire system of discipline in English prisons is military in its rigidity and it is never relaxed. There are no demonstrations of discontent, of delight or of contempt on the part of the convicts, such as American prisoners indulge in. The English convict is not by nature more respectful or orderly than the American convict, but he knows that disobedience will be immediately punished. He knows that the statutes of Parliament have framed the conditions under which he is to serve out his sentence and that the power and the system of the prison are such that he must obey the rules or suffer the consequences.

As has already been stated, the principal employment of the convicts at Portland is to quarry stone, and there is no reason to suppose that Gallagher and Whitehead have not been similarly employed. There is no distinction of persons or prisoners at Portland. Their very individuality is lost and they are known only by numbers.

IN THE STONE QUARRIES.

Imagine a bright, scorching August sun beating down upon the stone quarries of Portland. Nothing is heard save the clink, clink of hundreds of hammers upon huge blocks of stone, in the hands of hundreds of men in their prime, their complexions all burnt to a brick dust color. The hum of honest toil is unheard. No human voice is heard. On all sides are blue-coated warders armed with long muskets, all of which are loaded with ball cartridge. The scariest tones of the soldiers who aid in the duty of guarding the convicts contribute a ray of brightness to the scene. Can anything be sadder than this awful spectacle of hundreds of men in their prime, with the pulse of life beating strong in their veins and no hope left for them in this world—a world in which they are destined never again to see all those near and dear to them? No prospect of change or amelioration in their lot. Nothing but the narrow cell by night—the eternal stone quarry by day. All are attired in gray drab and coat and fustian knickerbockers, plentifully bespattered with the broad arrow. Blue, red-hooped stockings, coarse shoes and caps of the variety known as Glengarry complete their attire.

Men whose terms have nearly expired from their having been shortened in consequence of good conduct are dressed in blue suits with "P. P." stamped upon them in red letters. Some few among the number work in the quarries in heavy chains and quaint dresses of gray and yellow and gray and black. The former are those who tried to break away, the latter are ruffians known to intend violence to the warders. Men of all ages, all characters, of diversity of crimes, all burnt to the same brick-dust hue, and bearing at first sight a strange resemblance to one another. Think what a destiny! To wrestle with the granite rock all your days, at night the narrow cell and your reflections! Truly, it is a strange sight. Every phase of crime is represented in that quarry—larceny, arson, forgery, felony, burglary, swindling, manslaughter, murder! Exponents of all of them are to be found among these hundreds of brick dust burnt men, clothed in drab and gray, with pick and hammer, wrenching the stone from its bed, taciturn by compulsion, speechless by command.

No sound but the incessant stroke of the tools as they meet the rock, the creaking of the barrows, the falling of the splinters or the occasional stern voice of a bronzed, bearded warden. Blue-coated, cutlass-bitted, these stand scattered through the throng, an apparent handful among those they control. It is not until one studies the scene that one becomes aware of the cordon of sentries with loaded rifles. Truly, a grim spectacle to gaze at, these silent laborers, outcasts of humanity! Escape is impossible at Portland and has never yet been known.

It is from such awful surroundings that Dr. Gallagher and Whitehead have just been released. Can it be wondered that Whitehead should be a lunatic at large and Gallagher a physical wreck? Whether convicted justly or unjustly,

the circumstances attending their release should draw public attention to the rigors of the English prison system and thus pave the way to real prison reform, and a beneficent work will have been accomplished.

THE TURKS' HOUR HAS COME.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH SPEAKS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION—TURKISH RULE IN EUROPE HAS BECOME IMPOSSIBLE.

From the Toronto Globe.

"The end of the Turkish Empire in Europe has come at last," said Prof. Goldwin Smith in the course of an interview with a Globe reporter. "Russia is the chief factor in the Eastern question, and the counsels of Russia are dark and continuous. In this way she has a great advantage over the other nations, for, while their foreign policies change with each succeeding Ministry, hers remains unchanged. The will of Peter the Great, which lays out a programme for gradual aggrandizement, is of course a forgery, got up, it is said, under the auspices of Napoleon, but no doubt Russia has her purpose, which remains steady, and is veiled behind the curtain of her dark counsel. Her great purpose probably is to get to the open sea.

"No, that does not necessarily mean obtaining possession of Constantinople. Besides the Bosphorus there are 170 other exits, the Persian Gulf, which is dangerously near the Indian Empire, and the Gulf of Iskanderun, in the north-east angle of the Mediterranean. I do not think they will succeed ultimately in keeping her from reaching the open sea. The Crimean war was a desperate attempt to arrest her progress, but it was futile. Lord Palmerston believed Turkey to be capable of regeneration, this belief being partly inspired by his fanatical hostility to Russia. He maintained that the Turk was a sick man, but that if he was put upon a regimen he would turn out as well as his neighbors. People of my way of thinking said the Turk was incapable of being regenerated, that he was incurably barbarous. We appear to have proved right. The last day of the Turkish Empire in Europe must have come. The Sultans are not capable of ruling. Living shut up in their harems, as they do, they know nothing of affairs.

"It was desired to prevent Russia from advancing into Europe, surely a military federation might have been formed of the small powers in that region. Her purpose probably is not so much territorial aggrandizement as to gain the open sea.

"Lord Salisbury is in an embarrassing situation. After arresting Russia within a short distance of Constantinople, he and Disraeli, who was also a bitter enemy of Russia, perhaps partly from Jewish feelings, went to Berlin and made a treaty, by which they acquired the Island of Cyprus as a fee for upholding the Turkish Empire. Cyprus has proved a white elephant; originally in a commercial angle of the Mediterranean, it is now in a dead angle. Its harbors were capable of holding the ancient galleys, but are not capable of holding first-class modern warships. In the event of an eastern war Great Britain could not spare the garrison necessary to protect it. Lord Salisbury took it on these conditions, and he could not take strong measures against the Turk without resigning Cyprus. He would have to go back on what he and Disraeli had done in Berlin. What will be done now I cannot tell, any more than you can. As I said before, Russia is the chief factor and her counsels are dark.

"There is another thing about which they have to be careful. A rising of Islam would be a very formidable thing. It was thought that the deposition of the Sultan was a blow against Islam, there would be terrible scenes in the eastern part of the Turkish Empire. It will be a memorable day when the Christian service is again said in Saint Sophia."

NO HOPE FOR SEPARATE SCHOOLS

(Toronto Globe, Liberal.)

Archbishop Langevin has returned from his visit to Rome, where he conferred with the Pope on the Manitoba school question. The Archbishop is reported to have said, in answer to a question, "My attitude is the same as before my departure." He was an ardent advocate of the remedial bill, and of the restoration of Separate Schools in Manitoba, and it is quite natural that he should desire an arrangement which would re-establish a system of Catholic schools under the control of the Catholic clergy. But, making all due allowance for his zeal on behalf of his church, he ought surely to be able to distinguish between what he desires and what is possible; and the events of the past few months must have convinced any man who is not living in a world of dreams that legislation such as he supported is out of the question. To get that legislation enacted in the final session of a dying Parliament was the last chance of Archbishop Langevin and his friends. On the 25th of April their hopes and the seventh Parliament of Canada died together.

WHIG AND TORY.

(Dublin Nation.)

Not many of those who use the English party names "Whig" and "Tory" are aware that one of those words is of Scotch and the other of Irish origin. They came into use in or about 1679. Macaulay gives the following account of them—

The appellation of Whig was fastened on the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland, and was transferred to those English politicians who showed a disposition to oppose the court, and to treat Protestant nonconformists with indulgence. The bogs of Ireland at the same time afforded a refuge to Popish outlaws. . . . These men were called Tories. The name of Tory was therefore given to Englishmen who refused to concur in excluding a Roman Catholic prince from the throne. It is a curious circumstance that the nickname originally given to poor robbed and plundered Irishmen who were driven to starve in bogs and woods, and were liable to be shot like

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hares or rabbits by the settlers on their lands, should now be borne by the more wealthy and aristocratic of the two English parties. But the "whirligig of time" brings about strange transpositions and transformations in every department of human affairs.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The Registrar General's annual report for 1895, on the statistics relating to marriages, deaths, and births, has just been issued, and, as usual, contains much interesting and suggestive information. The marriages registered in Ireland during last year numbered 23,120, the births 106,113 and the deaths 84,395. This marriage rate is considerably above the average rate for the preceding ten years, and is higher than the rate for any of the decade. The birth rate and death rate each show a slight increase as compared with the average rate for the decade, or with the rate for 1894. The estimated population of the country in the middle of last year was 4,574,764. The loss by emigration during 1895 amounted to 48,703, while the recorded natural increase of population was only 21,718. There would thus appear to have been a decrease of 26,985 in the population in the year, but against a portion of this decrease there is, as the Registrar-General points out, a set-off in immigration of which no official record has been obtained. A complete registry of the persons married would be valuable from many points of view, but unfortunately no record of the kind exists. The requirements of the law are complied with by the entry of "minor" or of "full age" in the age column, and the vast majority of couples content themselves with these vague descriptions. Sensitiveness on this point seems to be on the increase, and in 1895 the exact age was specified in less than one-fifth of the total number of marriages. In the year 1895, on the other hand, when 30,802 marriages were registered, the ages of both parties were given in 18,910 instances. The signatures of the contracting parties in the marriage registers or certificates offered a rough test of the progress of elementary education. In the year 1895, 19,191, or 83 per cent. of the husbands, and 19,487, or 84 per cent. of the wives, wrote their names, and the remainder signed by marks. These figures show a considerable improvement as compared with the corresponding results eleven years since, the percentage of persons married in 1885 who wrote their names being—men, 76.5, and women, 73.8.

Of the 106,113 children whose births were registered in Ireland during the year 1895, 103,242, or 97.3 per cent were legitimate; and 2,871, or 2.7 per cent were illegitimate: the average percentage of illegitimacy for the preceding 10 years also was 2.7. It is unnecessary to say that these results compare very favourably with the returns for most other countries. Comparing the provinces, we find that the percentage of children born in Ulster, who were illegitimate, was 3.9; in Leinster, 2.5; in Munster, 2.3; and in Connaught, 0.7. The death-rate for 1895, which was 18.4 per 1,000 of the estimated population, is 0.2 over the average rate for the preceding ten years, and also 0.2 over the rate for the year 1894. The lists setting forth the various causes of death reveal some interesting facts. While some diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, diarrhoea, and pulmonary consumption, claim more or less the same number of victims annually, the variations in other diseases is remarkable. There were three years out of the last decade in which there were no deaths registered from smallpox. The epidemic of 1894, however, ran up the number of fatal cases in that year to 72. Typhus fever is one of the diseases with which medical and sanitary science seems to be grappling most successfully. There were only 192 deaths from typhus, being 149 below the average for the ten years 1885-94, and 35 under the lowest yearly number in that period, which was 227 in 1893. Of the 192 deaths last year, 27 occurred in the province of Leinster; 67 in Munster; 55 in Ulster; and 43 in Connaught. The course of influenza within the last three decades was remarkable. For the ten years 1864-73 (during the greater portion of which period there was not any epidemic outbreak of the disease) the average annual number of deaths from influenza registered in Ireland was 166, or 0.3 per 10,000 of the population, the yearly number ranging from 311 in 1864 to 96 in 1868; for the following ten years (1874-83) the average number was 82, the highest being 124 in 1875, and the lowest 39 in 1882; and for the six years (1884-9) the average was 34 only, the numbers varying from 21 to 44. In 1890 the deaths from the disease amounted to 1,712, or 8.6 per 10,000 of the population;

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in the following year they fell to 891, or 1.4 in every 10,000 living; in the year 1892 they rose to 3,742, or 8.1 in every 10,000 of the population, and equal to 4.2 per cent of the deaths from all causes; in 1893 they fell to 1,310, or 2.8 in every 10,000 of the population; in 1894 they again rose, the number for the year being 2,032, or 4.4 in every 10,000 persons, and last year they fell to 1,896, or 4.1 per 10,000 of the estimated population. Cancer is one of the diseases which, unhappily, show a marked tendency to increase. The number of deaths due to it last year was 2,230, being 162 over the average for the decade, though it was 79 under the number for 1894. There were 152 cases of suicide in Ireland last year, as against an average of 121. The emigration statistics show that of the 48,703 emigrants who left this country in 1895 6.6 were under 15 years of age; 84.7 per cent were between 15 and 35 years old; 8.7 were 35 and upwards.

THE RANSOMING OF ROME.

(From the Catholic Times.)

The project of ransoming Rome or purchasing a sufficient territory in Italy for the Pope by the payment to the Italian Treasury of £200,000,000, subscribed by the Catholic world, first mooted in October last by a writer in the Daily Telegraph, has again been revived. Half quixotic, half chivalrous, partly visionary and partly practicable, as it may seem to many, it has attracted no little attention. There are, however, as strong points against it as there have been urged in its favor. In the first place the Piedmontese usurper has no moral right to the possession of Rome, and how can he lawfully sell what does not lawfully belong to him? Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have time and again solemnly and emphatically protested against the unjust seizure of the Patrimony of the Church, and have not touched a penny of the indemnity or pension voted to the Pope by the Italian Parliament under the so-called Law of Guarantees, as to do so would be a recognition of the present régime. To buy, from King Humbert or any section or territory in the former States of the Church, would be equally a recognition of the usurpation. It would be like a man who had been robbed buying back from the thief what had been stolen from him. The Italian Government are only tenants at will, and a tenant at will can give no lease. What guarantee of security of tenure could be given by a Government floated into precarious power by a wave of revolution, and which may be swept from power at any moment by a returning wave?

The new Italian dynasty and Government were never more insecure than they are at present. They are losing the props upon which they rested; broken reeds some of them were. They are breaking with the Masons, who are changing front, and, under the leadership of Grand Master Nathan, are going over from their former allies the Royalists to the Republicans, who are only biding their time and waiting for their turn. The Democratic policy of the reigning Pontiff has alarmed the lodges, and clouds and darkness veil the House of Savoy. A Democratic movement appealing to local patriotism, which has struck such deep roots into Italian history, may sooner than we think change the whole state of affairs and bring about a federation of republics instead of a united Monarchical Italy. Bankrupt in its finances at home and bankrupt in glory in Abyssinia, he is but a purblind politician who cannot already discern the handwriting on the wall. This plan might be an ingenious method of replenishing the exhausted coffers of the Italian Exchequer, and handing over more spoils to the despoiler. Everything comes to those who know how to wait, and the Papacy, as full of undiminished vigour as when Macaulay penned its eulge, will yet have its triumph without bribing the Italian Government to render unto God the things that are God's.

A BRILLIANT STUDENT.

Mr. Thomas J. Meagher, a young Catholic of Philadelphia, has proven himself an unusually brilliant student. Three years ago, when not yet eighteen years of age, he graduated with honour from La Salle College, which is taught by Christian Brothers. He entered the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated there recently with the highest possible honour (cum summa laude), being the only one of his class to attain that degree, and this notwithstanding the fact that he was not yet twenty-one years of age, and had for his competitors much older men and graduates of the university itself and of other leading educational institutions. Mr. Meagher was given the degree of Master of Arts by La Salle College at its last commencement.

THE WRITINGS OF THE HOLY FATHERS AND CLASSICS.

The Congress, at Rheims, recently, discussed at great length various questions connected with the education of youth, especially in seminaries. The Abbé Pierre complained of the unjustifiable manner in which the study of the Fathers of the Church was now neglected. "I," said he, "no longer read of our holy doctors, it is because we have been so saturated with the Latin of Cicero."

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He urged the necessity of following the counsel of Pius IX. by inculcating the study of the finest passages of the Fathers, and, in a more restricted sense, those pagan authors who might be considered inoffensive. To give extra force to his argument against the abuse of classical learning, the speaker cited the critic and dramatist, Jules Lemaitre, who has made no secret of the fact that the study of the Pagan classics had a disastrous effect upon his soul. The Abbé Garnier supported the Abbé Pierre. He held the expurgation of pagan authors for the use of youth to be of the highest necessity.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Some striking figures are to be found in the statistics of railway traffic in the United Kingdom just issued. Last year, it appears from this return, the passengers conveyed by train from place to place in the United Kingdom numbered no fewer than 929,770,000. This vast total, which by the way exceeds that for 1894 by more than 18 millions is exclusive of season ticket holders. Passenger traffic yielded in 1895, in gross receipts, £37,361,162.

BEAUTY THAT BROUGHT DISCOMFORT.

The head of Liberty which adorns the silver dollar issued from the United States mint is a portrait, and not an ideal profile; and there is an interesting story connected with it. In 1876 the American Treasury commissioned an artist, a Mr. Morgan, to prepare a design for the new dollar. At first, to obtain a correct type of American beauty, Mr. Morgan tried ideal heads. The results were not satisfactory, however, and he determined to find, if possible, an American girl of typical beauty to sit for her portrait. This was not an easy matter; and when at length he did find the girl—a school teacher at Philadelphia—he had the greatest difficulty in gaining her consent to accept his proposed tribute to her beauty. Ultimately, however, she did give the necessary permission. As soon as it became known that she was the model for the design, she was subjected to a series of persecutions. People followed her and stared at her; her school was filled with visitors; and artists from all parts of the States wrote imploring her to give them sittings.



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ROBERT EMMET.

Characteristic Sketch of the Life and Times of the Great Irish Patriot.

His Creed Was: Ireland First, Above and Beyond All Things—"Let Us First Fight for Our Country, Then Every Man May Have His Own Religion."

By HON. JOHN W. GOFF, Recorder of New York.

A TRUE estimate of the character of Robert Emmet and of his place in Irish history cannot be formed without taking into consideration the times in which he lived and the circumstances by which he was surrounded.

At the time of his birth—118 years ago—the unhappy island was torn with religious and political strife. The movement that gave birth to the society of United Irishmen, and which, for the first time, brought the Catholic, the Protestant and the Presbyterian into a trine of Irish patriotism, had just commenced.

At that meeting there was one man who held the destinies of Ireland in his hands, but who, at the supreme moment, failed to grasp the opportunity.

He was more eminent for his accomplishments than for his abilities, and the kindness of his nature is an apology for the weakness of his will. A great title and property, the friendship of Grattan and Flood, his disinterestedness and purity of public life, gave him the most commanding position in Irish affairs; and, at the critical moment, he held in his hands the power to make Ireland a nation, and to be to his country what Washington was to America.

For years the distracted country had been torn by dissensions. Then came the horrors of the rebellion of '96, in which 70,000 of the people were slain, and which gave to the world the spectacle of an unarmed, maddened people, rushing upon the serried ranks of England's veteran troops, and wrenching from their hands the weapons of war.

When Patrick Henry, from the pulpit in that old church in Virginia, thundered, "Give me liberty or give me death!" he sounded the clarion note of freedom which echoed throughout the colonies.

When George Washington, in his quiet home on the Potomac, said, "When my country calls upon me I am ready to shoulder my musket," he gave the watchword of duty and turned into a sword every plowshare in the land.

When Daniel Webster said, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" he expounded for his countrymen a new article of faith to strengthen them against the gathering storm.

When Abraham Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, said, "The nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom," he, in the hour of peril and danger, inspired a faith as sublime as his own, that "a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

When Charles Stewart Parnell, baited in the house of commons for an explanation, said, "An Irishman owes no duty to an English parliament," he hurled a defiance as true as it was brave and gave to agitation that national character which won for it the support of a united and determined people.

When Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, on the scaffold, cried "God save Ireland!" they gave an anthem to the Irish people.

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All his plans were laid with a scrupulous attention to detail, and certainly no insurrection was ever planned in Ireland with greater care or elaboration.

While he was in the Marshalsea lane depot, seeing his plans, one after another, fall, and all his carefully calculated arrangements fall to the ground, either by stupidity, accident or treachery, when a great load of sorrow and bitter disappointment was weighing upon his noble and devoted spirit, a sentinel rushed in and announced the approach of the soldiers. Emmet at once determined to take to the street and fight for his life.

He drew his sword, and sallied forth to sacrifice his life for his country's cause. His trial and condemnation quickly followed. How utterly lonely and desolate he was!

His good father and elder brother, Temple, dead; his next brother, Thomas Addis, in prison; his mother, dead, on the day before his execution; the woman he loved, because of her love, banished from her father's home. All of his personal friends were either in prison awaiting a fate, or had escaped to places of safety.

A pall of silence fell upon the city, and the only sounds that broke the awful stillness were the clang and click of sabre and bayonet.

On Sept. 20, 1803, the executioner severed his head from the body, crying, "Behold the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor!"

The blood trickled upon the pavement of Thomas Street, and the women of Dublin were permitted to dip their handkerchiefs in the crimson stream that flowed from one of the purest, the bravest and most devoted hearts that ever pulsed or beat for holy Ireland.

"Let no man," Schiller says, "measure, by a scale of perfection, the meagre products of reality."

Nothing succeeds like success, and the world worships it. In Westminster Abbey is an imposing monument to Major Andre, honored among England's greatest dead, who, on the heights of Tappan-on-the-Hudson, was hanged as a spy.

If George Washington, who signed the death warrant, had not been the victor, he would have been hanged on the highest gibbet in America, as a traitor.

Had Emmet succeeded, his name would have gone down to posterity, in a halo of glory. His military genius would have been extolled, as equal to that of Philip of Macedon, and his oratory and graces of mind and person would have been placed on a par with the princely Pericles. His grave would not be in an obscure churchyard, with naught but a silent black slab to mark his resting-place, but would be beneath a sculptured dome, piercing the azure blue, announcing to the world that there lay the remains of the immortal Emmet, the saviour of his country!

Emmet's ideal was an Irish nationhood, pure and simple; and he pursued it with a singleness of purpose that never wavered, even under the shadow of the scaffold.

His insurrection was the last wave of the united Irish movement, commenced at his birth and ending at his death, the last wave that broke upon the troubled shore, whose murmurs still ring in our ears, and the cadence of its mournful song increases in beauty as the years roll on.

Every nation has, at times, been thrilled by the utterances of some man, whose words have been the keynote for noble effort.

When Patrick Henry, from the pulpit in that old church in Virginia, thundered, "Give me liberty or give me death!" he sounded the clarion note of freedom which echoed throughout the colonies.

When George Washington, in his quiet home on the Potomac, said, "When my country calls upon me I am ready to shoulder my musket," he gave the watchword of duty and turned into a sword every plowshare in the land.

When Daniel Webster said, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" he expounded for his countrymen a new article of faith to strengthen them against the gathering storm.

When Abraham Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, said, "The nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom," he, in the hour of peril and danger, inspired a faith as sublime as his own, that "a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

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patient men, though oft baffled and delayed, eventually wins the goal of human freedom.

In this age, when the throb of the iron civilization is heard in every land, when the electric current, annihilating space, brings men of every race into close communion, when the voice from the printing press is heard throughout the world, when the sun of intelligence is breaking through the clouds of ignorance and prejudice which have oppressed the human mind, the battle of right against tyranny, whether fought in Ireland, of the north, or the Transvaal, of the south, in Armenia, of the east, or Cuba, of the west, evokes the sympathy of the great liberal heart of mankind.

The countrymen of Robert Emmet have carried his message beyond the sea, into every clime and land, where adventure and enterprise have led their daring spirits.

Where, by justice and fair dealing, England could have made them her friends and pioneers, by injustice and cruelty she has made them evangelists of hate.

Let not Mr. Balfour delude himself into believing what he recently proclaimed, at Glasgow, "that, at this time of national danger, when England might have to fight for her very existence, Irishmen, at home and in the colonies, would join an undivided host in defence of the empire."

Let him hear the truth: that, whosoever the flag of England is planted, whosoever her interests, political or commercial, are involved—whether to resist invasion in Boerland, or to repel aggression in Venezuela—there is an Irishman, an avenger, ready to strike a blow at the enemy of his race.

Emmet has not died in vain. In death he is more powerful than in life. The magic power of his name, the fire of his patriotism, the agis of his spirit, crowned with martyrdom in all its beauty, its purity, its splendor, its glory, from his unmarked grave, plead in trumpet tones for that tribute to his memory which only a freeman can give.

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little hill of water all about it, down which the needle would slide, thus producing a deceptive effect of repulsion. Real repulsion instead of attraction may be secured by rubbing one end of the needle on one end of the poker.—Philadelphia Times.

TO LADIES. A FREE INVITATION. Ladies of Montreal are ever ready to inspect at their leisure the latest class of Millinery and Dress Goods at the local stores, and at times give vent to feelings of dissatisfaction, owing to the fact that such exhibits are more often on the paper than otherwise.

Exception to the general rule is in order when referring to that real exhibition of Trimmed Hats, Dressed Goods, and costly novelties, at present being admired by hundreds of ladies of taste at 88 St. Denis street, the palatial home and academy under the direction of Madame Ethier, whose name vibrates the lips of Montreal's leading young ladies as the reputed leader and instructor in all matters appertaining to dressmaking, cutting, draping, trimming, etc., of ladies' outward splendor.

During the past year Madame made an extended tour through Europe and located for a considerable period in Paris, the home of Worth and fashion's birth place. While there arrangements were made in person with the leading houses of the world to supply her large show-rooms with the very best qualities of Dress Goods, Flowers, Ribbons, Ornaments, Silks, Corsets, etc., and to-day, and all this week, a dazzling and alluring sight beholds the visitor.

Owing to the satisfaction given, Madame Ethier has been compelled to engage a large staff of salesladies to dispense to the great demand of purchasers, for those beautiful goods, at a price away below any store in Montreal; apart from the price, the preferred quality and design is a considerable item.

Seeing is believing, and Madame Ethier states that her magnificent parlors will remain open daily until the 26th inst., from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m., to accommodate those who reside in distant parts of the city. To all a hearty invitation is extended. The address, 88 St. Denis street.

COURAGE A TRIAL OF NERVES. Courage is simply control of the nerves, and is largely due to the habit of confronting danger. Gen. Sherman thus defines it: "All men naturally shrink from pain and danger, and only incur their risk from some high motive or from habit, so that I would define true courage to be a perfect sensibility of the measure of danger and a mental willingness to incur it, rather than that insensibility to danger of which I have heard far more than I have seen. The most courageous men are generally unconscious of possessing the quality, therefore, when one professes it to openly by words or bearing there is reason to distrust it. I would further illustrate my meaning by describing a man of true courage to be one who possesses all his faculties and senses perfectly when serious danger is actually present."

Pride, habit, duty, these are the forces which enable men to control themselves. All can be fostered and implanted by training.

Sheridan reckoned that of able-bodied men about one-fourth have not the requisite capacity for courage, and are, therefore, useless for battle. Such weak hearts must be weeded out. "No matter how brave a veteran may be," says Private Wilkeson, of Grant's army, "he relies on the men on either side of him to stand there till they fall. . . . He must know that his comrades are as staunch fighters as he."

Even in the bravest and most fully tried men fear is subdued and not wholly eliminated. Skobloff said of himself, "I confess that I am at heart a coward." He despaired of Gen. Gourko because the latter would duck to avoid bullets.

Below will be found the only complete weekly up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, Head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

53449, A. Brown, Ottawa, pantaloons suspender; 53496, S. C. Nutter, Sherbrooke, sleigh truck; 53498, Ed. Bartlett, Belleville, butter moulding, printing or stamping machine; 53493, C. M. Abell, Morrisburg, farm gate; 53489, D. Shelly, Bridgeport, bicycle; 53491, E. Gilmore, Hamilton, grater; 53450, H. Beaumont, Montreal, beater for whipping cream; 53451, G. A. Watson, Toronto, heaters; 53488, W. Chatterton, Wellington, P.E.I., pea harvester.

A PRIFTY EXPERIMENT. Take a poker in the hand and point it to the north, dipping it to the horizon at an angle of about 30 degrees. Give the poker several sharp raps upon its higher end with a hammer. This will cause vibration in the molecules of iron and the poker will become faintly magnetic. The best test for a weak magnet is a needle floating on water. Perhaps you do not know that a needle may be made to float, but it is very simple. The needle must be dry and the water still. Then, if the needle be laid on the surface flat, it will float readily. Now take the poker and hold it close to the needle and you may draw it all over the saucer, but the poker must not touch the water. If it should, it would raise by adhesion a

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

Hood's Pills chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever; cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE LABOR CONGRESS. A MOTION EXPELLING SOCIALISTS ADOPTED. QUEBEC, September 19.—At this morning's session of the Congress of Trades and Labor a motion for the expulsion of Socialists from the Congress of the Trade and Labor Congress was presented by Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Montreal.

After discussion, the ayes and nays were called, with the following result: For, 36; against, 6. Following is the result of the ballot for officers: D. A. Carey, Toronto, president; Ralph Smith, Nanaimo, B.C., vice-president; George Dower, recording secretary, re-elected.

The Executive Committee Board, as elected, is thus constituted: (Quebec)—Jno. S. Scott and P. J. Jobin, Quebec, and T. Bernard, Montreal. (Ontario)—Fleet, Hamilton; Fitzpatrick, Toronto; Hudson, London. (Manitoba)—W. J. Hodgins, H. Cowan and John Appleton, Winnipeg. (British Columbia)—George Broday, Vancouver; W. McKay, Victoria; T. Boyce, Nanaimo. (David A. Carey, Master Workman of District Assembly, No. 125, K. of L., was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1857. He came over to this country in 1864, and since 1882 has taken a very active part in the labor movement. The next convention will be held in Hamilton, Ont.

VALUABLE PRIZES. "The Society of Arts, of Canada," 1955 Notre Dame street, has distributed, lately, prizes ranging from \$50 to \$250, between the following parties: Octave Bedard, 37 St. Lambert Hill; R. M. Gauthier, 1292 Notre Dame; W. Beupre, 187 Lagacheville; The Jore Berthiaume, 68 Sanguinet; J. P. Hebert, 1700 Notre-Dame; Eric Lanouette, 30 St. Roch; Louis P. LeBel, 66 Provincial office; John Foley, 431 Cadieux; Mrs. J. G. Dechene, Quebec; Dr. Thes. Duchene, Chicoutimi; Jos. Charron, St. Bonif.

LEARNING FROM THE CHINESE. (From Time and the Hour.) The instinct of the plain people has been right in not calling our Oriental visitor "Lee," for, acting out his name as popularly pronounced, this wily diplomat has, in England as well as here, required English to be translated to him, whereas if a word appears that for years past he has spoken it fluently. This Chinese device of a needless interpreter for giving answers without causing the delay to be noticed, the mandarin has the time taken in translation for reflection, and if further reflection is desired, ambiguity in interpretation may be pretended and a new form of the question required. And yet men tell us that nothing can now be learned from the Chinese!

science Science is "knowing how." The only secret about Scott's Emulsion is years of science. When made in large quantities and by improving methods, an emulsion must be more perfect than when made in the old-time way with mortar and pestle a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil never separates, keeps sweet for years, and why every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful. An even product throughout.

In other emulsions you are liable to get an uneven benefit—either an over or under-dose. Get Scott's Emulsion in a salmon-colored wrapper.

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A NIGHT CANDLE. In case of sickness, or when a dull light is desired, put finely powdered salt on a candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept all through the night by a small piece of candle.

Hot water as a drink an hour before breakfast, and as a face wash at bedtime, will do wonders for the complexion.

Troubles of a Clergyman. He and His Family Are Wonderfully Blessed by Using Paine's Celery Compound.

Clergymen of all the various Christian denominations have from time to time given the strongest testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. No other medicine of the present day has ever been so highly spoken of, and so generally recommended by the clergy of Canada, as Paine's Celery Compound.

The honest, prompt and effective results that are always obtained by the users of Paine's Celery Compound will forthwith dispel all the troubles of kidney, and happiness takes the place of sickness, weakness and disease. In all the church parishes of our country, clergymen are quietly spreading the joyful news that Paine's Celery Compound banishes ill health and makes people well.

Just here it is imperative that we sound a note of warning for the benefit of all who determine to use Paine's Celery Compound, and as there are miserable and deceptive celery preparations sold in some places, be sure you ask for "Paine's," the kind that cures; see that the name is on each bottle you buy.

The Rev. C. A. Schlipf, of Killaloe, Renfrew Co., Ont., writes as follows: "I have much pleasure in stating that I have used Paine's Celery Compound with grand results. Some time ago, loss of appetite and symptoms of kidney trouble and urinal disturbances made life miserable. Having heard much about the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, I procured a supply and used it with wonderful benefit."

"I am pleased to say that the Compound was productive of great results in my family as a home medicine; all are much pleased with it."

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TO THE TRADE! CHEAP CLEARING SALE OF CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMP Goods, Etc.

Damaged by Fire, Smoke and Water. The repairs to our stores being about over, we have removed all "Job" goods to the upper floors, and are now prepared to offer inducements to intending purchasers in the following lines:

White Granite, Printed and Rockingham Ware. Enameled and Gilt Semi-Porcelain Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Plated Ware, Cutlery and Fancy China.

Chandeliers, Gasaliers, Brackets, Banquet and Table Lamps, etc. The following will also be sacrificed, owing to their being incomplete:

20 Limoges China Dinner Sets, 50 Limoges China Tea Sets, 20 Limoges China Breakfast Sets.

And, to make room for New Goods: 250 Dozen FINE WINE GLASSES, 200 Dozen FINE CHAMPAGNE GLASSES, 200 Dozen FINE CUT TUMBLERS.

Also, 200 Barrels of Table Glassware Damaged by Smoke and Water.

JOHN L. CASSIDY & CO. 339 and 341 St. Paul Street.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896

OUR LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we highly appreciate the contributions of the gifted young ladies who have placed their thoughts, fancies and comments on current events at the disposal of our readers. For the latter we feel sure that we can speak with confidence from what persons well fitted to pronounce judgment on the subject have said concerning the writing of "K. Dolores," "Silas Wegg" and "E. C. S.," a notice of whose story, "The Darkest Hour," appears in this issue. The bright imaginings and happy reflections of "K. Dolores" and the versatility of "Silas Wegg," which have enlivened our columns during the past year, have imparted pleasure and instruction to old and young. To "Our Philosopher" and "Our Wayfarer" we are all indebted for new vistas of happy suggestions and impulses which, we hope, have not been unproductive of good. Is it not the writer's best reward to have the consciousness of touching sympathetic chords in the hearts of others and of having quickened to beneficent action sentiments and emotions that might otherwise have lain dormant and fruitless. Of this reward our fair contributors "K. Dolores," "Silas Wegg" and "E. C. S.," have ample store, and it gives us pleasure to express on our own behalf and that of our readers how highly we have prized and will always prize their contributions.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Mr. Weston Flint, statistician to the Bureau of Education of the United States, published some time ago statistics of Public Libraries in the United States and Canada containing 1,000 or more volumes. The Department of Education was established in 1867; in 1869 it was converted into a Bureau. From that time the importance of libraries as contributing to the work of education has been recognized, and in 1870 the task of collecting and collating statistics was begun. The first report was issued in 1876, five years having been spent in collecting data. It gave a list of 3,649 libraries of over 300 volumes and the total number of volumes as 12,276,964. In 1885 another list was published, amounting to 5,388 libraries of over 300 volumes, the number of volumes being 20,622,076—an increase of about 66 per cent. In the report for 1887, note was taken only of libraries of 1,000 volumes and over. The report of that date gave the number of such libraries as 1,777, containing 14,012,870 volumes. Of these more than 900, containing nearly 9,000,000 volumes, might be described as free. In 1893 another report was published on the same basis of restriction, the data having been collected in the year 1891. It represented the total number of libraries as 3,808, containing 31,167,354 bound volumes and pamphlets (the latter numbering 4,340,817). The average size of a library was 8,194 volumes, the average number of people to a library being 16,462. At the same time the Dominion of Canada contained 202 libraries, containing 1,922,866 bound volumes and 56,544 pamphlets. Of this number 152 are

credited to the Province of Ontario, 27 to Quebec, 6 each to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, 5 to Manitoba and the Northwest, 4 to British Columbia, and 2 to Prince Edward Island. It may be mentioned that a large proportion of the Ontario libraries are connected with Mechanics' Institutes in the country towns. It must also be remembered that the Parliamentary library, though situated in Ontario, really belongs to all the Provinces, in proportion to their representation. Formerly, the country towns and villages in this province used to have Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries, which were supplied on easy conditions by a law passed under the Union regime. It would, however, be probably hard to account for them now. The Province of Ontario claims 863,332 volumes, or almost sixty per cent of the whole, while Quebec has 490,374, or over thirty-three per cent. With the Parliamentary library proportionally divided, the difference would be considerably less.

For purposes of comparison, the statistician has divided the United States into five great divisions—the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, South Central, North Central and Western. The first of these divisions comprises New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The average number of books to every hundred of the population in the United States, as a whole, is given as 50; in the North Atlantic division it is 95; in the South Atlantic 48; in the South Central 42; in the North Central 36, and in the Western 55. The highest figure occurs in the South Atlantic—the District of Columbia, 924, but it is hardly fair to compare what is practically a city and the metropolis of the Republic with a State. The highest figure reached by a State is 257, the average of Massachusetts. Nearest to this average is Illinois, 218. Ohio coming next with 195, Rhode Island next with 161. The other averages that exceed 100 are Connecticut, 151; Michigan, 139; New Hampshire, 138; California, 111; and Missouri and Indiana 105 each. The average of Canada is under 50, and thus falls somewhat below the North Central division, but is more than double that of the South Central.

The Librarians of the United States have begun to recognize the fact that the mere taking of books from a public library is not always a test of intellectual, and still less of moral advancement. Among the statistics published from time to time by Librarians are averages of books read or consulted, and such records generally show an enormously disproportionate preference for fiction. As we ventured to make some remarks once before on the dangers of indiscriminate novel-reading, we need not recur to the subject at present. This, however, is a point on which we would lay special stress—that, as every school ought to have its library, so every teacher should direct his pupils in the choice of books. The education of a boy or girl really only begins in the school room. The hardest schooling comes afterwards. It is certainly a great thing to have acquired the rudiments of useful knowledge, and ability to read alone is a key to some of the greatest treasures of thought and imagination; to the records of the manifold past, to the *Gesta Dei* through His chosen instruments in all the ages; to the sacred volumes of Revelation and the minds of holy men on whom God has breathed His own spirit; to the lives of saints and heroes and patriots, and all whose deeds and words are exemplary and inspiring. By the same key it is allowed to seek the most refined relaxation for the mind overtaxed and to spend tranquil hours in innocent enjoyment, not without profit. But unhappily the same key may be used to enter doors which it is perilous to enter. Beyond the threshold may be infinite cause for regret and angry reflection on those who failed to give timely warning. It is for this reason that the public library to which old and young have unrestricted access is not an unqualified blessing. Even if it be formed with the most conscientious care and judgment and every possible safeguard against the admission of what is evil, the immature reader needs guidance and advice which, in all circumstances, may not be accessible. All the more reason why the teacher should use authority and influence to inform and direct his tender charges so that, when they come to fight life's battle alone and have to think and act for themselves, they may, by previous training, be capable of choosing what is true and pure and elevating and of rejecting what is vicious, frivolous or vulgar. Habits may be formed in reading as in thinking, speaking or acting, but the best time for forming them is that tender age when the mind can receive and retain impressions. The remembered counsel of a venerated teacher may prove of inestimable value to a young mind otherwise inexperienced and perplexed. "Would my teacher have approved of such a book? Or, is not this the sort of book against which he used to warn us?" By such criterion the young reader would be guided. But this criterion takes it for granted that the teacher had sound judgment and good taste as well as delicacy of moral sensibility. And in truth a teacher should be thus equipped.

EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition has been so familiar an institution with us that some of its friends (and we ought all to be its friends) complain that city folk hardly do it justice. The country people have not any rate lost their interest in it, but here too the very progress that has been made in carrying out the idea works to some extent against the city enterprise. For it is no longer the great centres, as in our youth, that have the advantage of first class exhibitions. The younger cities, the larger towns, and in some cases important villages, have now their exhibitions, which, if they lack some of the features—to some degree extraneous to agriculture and industry—that confer prestige on the great central undertaking, make up for the loss by an increase of purely local attractions. The number of exhibitions held annually in the Dominion at the present time is extraordinary. From ocean to ocean there is always something of the kind going on or projected or in preparation. The same thing is going on all the world over. The international exhibition has become of regular occurrence. Some of us can remember the excitement that prevailed when the first great World's Fair was announced to take place in London. The idea was obtained from across the channel, and it is worthy of note that the first exhibition of Canadian products was associated with the inception of the movement in France. In the year 1789, when new France was administered by an Intendant of great patriotism and public spirit, M. Hocquart, the practice of making experiments in cultivation—the same idea that lies at the basis of our central and other model farms—was introduced in this province. The Intendant himself set the example by trying his hand at raising tobacco. He had the different kinds of woads sampled so that the people of France might know what our lumber was like. He sent home on the King's ships hundreds of barrels of tar and turpentine. Besides his tobacco—some of the leaves of which were thirty inches long—he had specimens of several other Canadian plants sent home from time to time. M. LaCroix, a physician of scientific tastes, assisted the Intendant in the work, naming, as far as possible, the plants that he prepared for transmission to France. Minerals—copper from Lake Superior and lead from Bay St. Paul, and other metals—were collected for the same purpose. At last, specimens of all these productions of the country being ready, they were properly arranged and sent home to France, where samples of Canada's woods, plants, grains, fruits (such as could be preserved) and minerals were placed on exhibition. This was really the first exhibition held of Canadian products—a sort of rehearsal having taken place in Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, before the various commodities were put aboard His Majesty's vessels. Mr. Hocquart's enterprise was not followed up as it ought to have been, though there did arise considerable trade with the French West Indies and the Metropolis, wheat being among the exports for several years until single cropping exhausted the land. It was more than a hundred years before the exhibition proper came into vogue amongst us, and a great many political changes had come to pass in the meantime. But in France the idea did not die out. About 1757, when the King of France was on the eve of permanently losing his great fortress of Louisbourg—augury of more sweeping loss to follow—the first attempt was made to hold an exhibition of the arts. England waited till the capitulation of Montreal before following the example. In 1761 the British Society of Arts held at its rooms an exhibition of machinery. Then there was a lull. The old monarchy came to a tragic end and France was slowly recovering from revolution and anarchy when, in 1798, a number of savants projected an industrial exhibition. It was not without a measure of success. Sixteen Departments took part in it, and although there were only 110 exhibitors, they were nearly all inventors or improvers of industrial processes, and the exhibition gave them the publicity that they wanted. In 1801 a second exhibition took place at the Louvre, after which the number of exhibitors on the former occasion was just doubled. This success instigated the Government to hold exhibitions every year, and in 1802 the third took place. Owing to the uncertainty in public affairs the plan of an annual exhibition could not be carried out. The fourth exhibition took place, however, in 1806, and then there was a long break. In 1819 the fifth was held and from that date exhibitions were held in Paris every five years.

By this time other countries began to think that what France found advantageous might also profit them. In Italy, Russia, Switzerland, Spain, Sweden and Norway, the experiment was tried. In 1825 England held an exhibition of improved processes and products of manufacture. In 1829 Dublin held one for the illustration of rail-roads. Local exhibitions were subsequently held in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool and London. Hitherto, no

country had invited competition. Indeed, a hundred years ago, the notion that every country was the foe of every other prevailed, and was so openly professed that, when the series of French exhibitions was inaugurated in 1798, a prize was offered for the best scheme of inflicting a blow on British industry. By the middle of the present century a change of feeling had come about, and in 1849 M. Buffet, the French Minister of Commerce, proposed that foreign products should be admitted to compete at the next exhibition. The proposal was not accepted by the Chambers of Commerce, and then it was that England stepped in and enlarged upon the idea. On the 21st of March, 1850, the Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to inaugurate a new thing under the sun—a great International Exhibition. It took place in the Egyptian Hall and speeches were made by Prince Albert, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, Lord Derby, father of our late Governor General, and the French Ambassador. In 1851 it took place in Paxton's Crystal Palace and was industrially a splendid success, the exhibitors numbering 13,937, and more than 3,000 medals were awarded. As a forecast of universal peace, its purport was indeed over-estimated, but for the dissemination of new ideas and stimulation of invention and improvement in all the arts of life its results have been far reaching. The first French International Exhibition took place in 1855 under Imperial auspices and Canada was honorably represented. Meanwhile Dublin had followed London's example. In 1852 London made a second attempt to draw the nations from afar, and it proved successful. 4,500,000 persons had visited the Exhibition of 1851; in 1862 the number of visitors was 6,200,000. Since then the ends of the earth have met each other in friendly competition—the Chicago World's Fair crowning a series of such events which had no precedent in any former age.

Meanwhile, the idea has been applied to national general and local purposes with remarkable results. There is no domain of the arts and industries—including agricultural and every kind of invention and every branch of manufacture that has not had its exhibition. In Canada the first Provincial Exhibition was held in 1846, and during the twenty-one remaining years of the Union regime the experiment was often repeated. There had, indeed, been local exhibitions on a small scale given by the old Agricultural societies, and prizes were awarded for superiority in the products of the farm and the garden. But the Provincial Exhibition, as we know it to-day, was instituted fifty years ago. As already hinted, the accomplishment of Confederation greatly enlarged the scope of the country's agricultural and general industrial energies. A veritable revolution has taken place in the provision of facilities for agricultural education. Not only the Dominion Government, but the local administrations have been at enormous pains and expense to provide institutions where experiments may be made in all the industries of the farm—stock-breeding, dairying and the culture of the soil. There is not one of these subjects on which the most careful tests of methods have not been made and the results published in reports of recognized value. The Exhibition shows the improvements which these additions to the farmers' knowledge have effected, and many things besides, beyond the range of the farmers' industry. It is assuredly worth while to utilize such opportunities, and for those who go to learn there is not likely to be disappointment. The trouble is that the *embarras de richesses* makes it difficult for busy city people who are not personally interested to give the exhibits the attention they deserve. Country visitors who unite the useful with the pleasant and make the grounds their place of sojourn, profit most by the Exhibition as a means of education. The side-shows, of course, attract many, and some of them are purely for amusement. But others are instructive, and, taking them all round, our exhibitions ought to be encouraged by our citizens.

"THE DARKEST HOUR," a short story by "E. C. S." which we republish from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, is sure to give satisfaction to our readers. The plot is laid in Montreal and is carried out with a skillful realism which gives the impression of fact. Although the *motif* is not unfamiliar, the convict who has been condemned unjustly being a favorite hero with many novelists and having furnished a theme to some of the masters and mistresses of fiction, the unmerited sufferings of Anthony Greyson do not fail to win our sympathy. The portraiture of Mr. Leduc is very happy and at once gains our approval; Mr. Wayington had not such convincing proof of Anthony's innocence, but he lacked the perfect confidence of true affection. The clerks in Mr. Leduc's office act after their kind. Preston, the villain, who committed a second and worse crime in order to conceal the first, is a character essential to the *drame*. For the shock of the disclosure that the friend whom he had trusted had

done him the foulest and most cruel of wrongs, Greyson was not prepared, but Mr. Leduc's kindness and unshaken faith in himself had disposed him to leniency. Besides, Preston's confession, though tardy, makes some amends to Anthony for his long agony by confirming Mr. Leduc's good opinion and clearing his character before Mr. Wayington and the world at large. That the friend who was the victim of his cowardice and treachery should have been a messenger of salvation to the dying sinner is an illustration of the *Imitatio* that does credit to the author's heart as well as to her head. "E. C. S.," we need hardly say, is one of our most valued contributors.

SOME NOBLE IRISH NAMES.

Some months ago we had the pleasure of placing before our readers some facts in the career of the present Archbishop of Halifax, Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D. Not long since our readers had an opportunity of perusing an outline of the Hon. Judge Curran's lecture on the late Sir John Thompson before the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg. We mention the names of these illustrious Nova Scotians—one a cleric, the other a layman, one an Archbishop, the other a statesman of the highest rank, one happily living and the other, alas, called away in the vigor of his genius for ends to us mysterious though known to the All-wise—because they indicate that if Irishmen do not claim any superiority of mental or moral gifts over the other races of the Dominion, neither do they admit any inferiority. It would, indeed, be difficult to find in the ranks of the hierarchy or of political service two better illustrations of grand gifts well used, of professional distinction and patriotic devotion. In the last issue of Donahue's Magazine we find one of these great men made the subject of a deserved eulogy, but not so much as an Irishman as in his capacity as a Catholic and a churchman. It is worth while to follow the author in his retrospect, not only because his article is of special interest to every Canadian, and more especially to Canadian Catholics, but also because, in dealing with Catholic progress in the Maritime Provinces, the writer deals largely with Irish fidelity, ability and enterprise. Not, indeed, that we wish to make a distinction between one nationality and another where it is a question of furthering the highest and noblest of causes—the cause of God and His Church. For the faith that we profess and honor is universal, and we are all Catholics with relation to it whatever our origin. At the same time it is surely a satisfaction when we consider that the ministrations of religion in the archdiocese of Halifax were first dispensed under other auspices, to find that the first incumbents of the archiepiscopal see were the sons of Irish immigrants, and were true to their origin. Mr. James Angus McKinnon, who wrote this sketch of "Two Maritime Provinces and their Catholic Centres," after a hasty glance back at the first French pioneers of Acadia—whose experiment in colonization has inspired so much poetry and romance—mentions the circumstances under which the city of Halifax was founded in the years 1749, and then hastens on to the year 1817, when it was made a Vicariate Apostolic. In 1842 it entered on a fresh stage as an ecclesiastical centre, when Right Rev. William Walsh, D.D., was consecrated the first Bishop of Nova Scotia. Ten years later it was raised to an archbishopric. On Archbishop Walsh's death in 1858, he was succeeded by Most Rev. Thomas L. Connolly, O.S.F. This illustrious prelate became known to many of us in this part of Canada through the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He was a scholar and a man of wide views, intensely patriotic and from the first a strenuous advocate of Confederation. At a time when the union cause was not a popular one in Nova Scotia, Archbishop Connolly espoused it with a foresight and a fervor that were alike characteristic.

But His Grace was not the less true to Ireland, being an example of that two-fold devotion which Irishmen in Canada must display if they would do their duty to the new land while ever bearing the old in affectionate remembrance. It is as a Catholic priest and bishop, however, that Mr. McKinnon speaks of this great Irish prelate. He tells us that "during seventeen years of devoted service his marvellous power of organization and strong personality gave new impetus to the Catholic cause and added much to Catholic dominion. His death was a national sorrow, even those most bitterly opposed to him as a Catholic prelate paying generous tribute to his worth as a man." Indeed, "as a man" there was no clergyman in Canada, of whatever rank or name, who counted so many friends and admirers among his "separated brethren." Every one who came within the sphere of his influence soon recognized that respect and affection were his due, no less than the admiration due to great abilities and the reverence due to exalted churchly rank and high spiritual gifts. It may be worth mentioning here that in his excellent lecture Judge Curran re-

ferred to the important historic fact that Nova Scotia had taken the lead in doing away with the injustice from which Catholics long suffered years before "emancipation" was carried in England. The city of Halifax was but a small town when the first protest against invidious distinctions on the ground of creed was uttered by its Protestant citizens, and "freedom's battle thus begun" won the victory at last. Now, there is no doubt that in a community men act and react on each other and the very fact that such a protest was uttered reveals the general character of the Catholics of Halifax—the Catholics that were in the future to have for representatives the greatest churchmen and statesmen in the Dominion.

To return to Mr. McKinnon—the vacancy left by the death of Archbishop Connolly was filled by most Rev. Michael Hannan. After five years of faithful service Dr. Hannan went to his reward. His successor was the present Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of whose talents and virtues we have already spoken. The Church in Halifax suffered a long to be felt loss when Monsignor Carmody, pastor of St. Patrick's church, passed away. The Rev. James Daly, who has labored for forty years among a devoted people, and whose beautiful church, the Star of the Sea, Meutagan, is "the pride of St. Mary's Bay," is another of Nova Scotia's churchmen of whom Irishmen are proud. It is impossible to think of Sir John Thompson without thinking of his friend, Right Rev. John Cameron, D.D., Bishop of Antigonish, whose silver jubilee was celebrated in June, 1895, in Saint Ninian's Cathedral. On that occasion Archbishop O'Brien paid a tribute to his episcopal brother that did honor to both prelates. We cannot follow Mr. McKinnon as he passes in review the great work done in Nova Scotia in the cause of religion, the activities of the various orders, the Christian Brothers, the Exult Fathers, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Enough to say that educational as well as religious opportunities are both in reach of all, and that between kindergarten and college no barrier intervenes.

Of New Brunswick Mr. McKinnon's survey is equally encouraging—more so, perhaps, when the terrible trials undergone are called to mind. The last visitation—the great fire of 1877—some of us can easily recall. The cholera belongs to a more distant period. The Right Rev. Wm. Dollard, D.D., who died in 1851, and who was succeeded by Right Rev. (afterwards Archbishop) Thomas L. Connolly, was the first Bishop of St. John. The Right Rev. John Sweeney, D.D.; the Right Rev. James Rogers, Bishop of Chatham; Monsignor Thomas Conolly, Vicar-General; the Rev. A. Robitaille, the Rev. A. J. O'Neil and several others, are the representative names in the New Brunswick record. Need we say that Ireland claims a share in the loving remembrance of these bishops and clergy as well as those of Nova Scotia. Other names mentioned are the Rev. Fathers T. Casey, F. J. McMurray, W. C. Gaynor, John J. Walsh, J. J. O'Donovan, C. Collins and Gallagher, and the Redemptorist Fathers Weigel, Donahue, Krien, Connolly and Trimpe. By making this use of Mr. McKinnon's labors we neither mean to insinuate that all the best Irishmen are Catholics nor that all the best Catholics are Irishmen. But surely we may take solace from the fact that so many of our fellow-countrymen do credit both to the old faith and to the old land.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

In answer to "A Subscriber," we may say that Rev. Father Drummond, S. J. is a son of the late Judge Drummond, and so far as we know, the Ottawa gentleman of the same name is no relation, nor even a Catholic. Rev. Father Drummond is now in Winnipeg, where he was sent prior to the death of His Grace Archbishop Taché.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER POINT.

Rev. Father Point, S.J., whose seventieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood was celebrated on the 26th of May last, died at 4.30 Saturday morning, at St. Mary's College, at the advanced age of ninety-five years. He was born at Rocroi, in the Department of Ardennes, France, on April 7, 1802. He began his studies in his native town, and completed them at St. Acheul. He made his theological studies at Rheims, and was ordained a priest on the 20th of May, 1826, by Cardinal Latil. Father Point was a deacon of honor to Mgr. Elie Daviau du Bois de Sanzay, Archbishop of Bordeaux and Primate of Aquitaine, one of the co-adjuting prelates at the appointment and coronation of Charles X., the last Bourbon King of France, which took place on the 29th of May, 1825. He stayed in Rheims till 1839, acting as Vicar of the parish Cathedral and Dean of the parish of Vezy in the same diocese. He was an honorary Canon when he entered the Jesuit Order fifty-seven years ago. He came to Canada in 1842 and established a mission at Sandwich, Ont., and was Superior of the Upper Canada missions for seventeen years. He spent one year at the New York and one at the Saint Superior of the Quebec residence and held that position for 11 years. In 1873 he was transferred to St. Mary's College, this city, where he has lived ever since. His funeral took place on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, in the Church of the Gesù, and was largely attended.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

PROF. J. A. FOWLER, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR, OUTLINES THE WORK OF THE YEAR.

A NEW MASS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY TO COMMEMORATE THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE SACRED EDIFICE—PLENDED OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG MEN TO ACQUIRE A TECHNICAL AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC—WEEKLY CLASSES OF INSTRUCTION FREE—THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. G. A. CARPENTER TO THE LEADERSHIP—A GRAND CONCERT FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Of the many alterations and improvements made in the old parish church of St. Patrick, not the least important is the magnificent organ which Sunday after Sunday thrills the souls of a thousand worshippers, bringing them in supplication before the throne of the Queen of Heaven. The organist is in every way worthy of the organ, and the name of Mr. J. A. Fowler is fast becoming famous not only locally, as that of a professor of music, and organist of a large church, but also as that of a composer, whose arrangements of Masses and other sacred music are becoming daily more and more appreciated throughout Canada and the United States. Professor Fowler loves St. Patrick's, and it is only fair to state that there is not a young man of the parish who ever came into contact with him who does not respect Professor Fowler. He is popular, not only because his heart and soul are in his work, but because he goes out of his way to become well acquainted with the young men who have rallied round him to assist in making the services of the Church as impressive as possible. They know that he is more than the organist; he is the friend of them all. To him, many of them owe the fact that to-day they can appreciate really good music, and are themselves no mean musicians. Mr. G. A. Carpenter is also immensely popular with the young men, and apart from his leadership of the choir, he has many interests in common with the majority of them. There are still many of the younger male members of the congregation whose voices only require training, and as an opportunity of joining one of the best choirs in Canada is now offered, they should not hesitate to take advantage of it.

Last Thursday, after a month of well-deserved holidays, rehearsals were resumed. The choir will increase their repertoire of O'Leary pieces and Masses, and will also prepare to give a grand concert at Christmas. Professor Fowler is working at a new Mass, which will be rendered on next St. Patrick's day in honor of the golden jubilee of the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. The choir has a membership of over fifty active singers and has given proof of great improvement since Professor Fowler has opened the theory and night singing class, and all are desirous to make the musical portion of the services as worthy as they can. The choir has been without a leader for some time; the want of one was felt very much. Mr. G. A. Carpenter, a very active and devoted member, was unanimously elected to the position. His appointment is a popular one. Professor Fowler will open another course of theory and night singing on Monday, October 12th, for the benefit of the choir and any other young men wishing to follow it. The course will take two years. The classes take place every Monday night at 8 o'clock in the practice room. The lessons are given free of charge, the only condition is to become a member of St. Patrick's choir. Further information may be obtained on application to Professor J. A. Fowler, 4 Phillips Place.

CO-OPERATIVE FUNERAL SOCIETY.

The general meeting of the shareholders of the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society was held on Monday at the society's central office, 1725 St. Catherine street. After the reading of a most satisfactory report of the business of the past year, which was unanimously adopted, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the coming year:—The Hon. L. Tourville, Ald. Dupre, Mr. P. Lacroix, city building inspector; Mr. Joseph Gareau, Mr. H. St. Pierre, Dr. Luvolette, Mr. M. J. Harney. After a vote of thanks to the directors and the manager, Mr. Harney, to whom the society owes its success, the meeting adjourned.

GRAND CELEBRATION AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

On Sunday morning last a very imposing ceremony took place in St. Gabriel's Church, Point St. Charles. The occasion was the solemn blessing of the beautiful and artistically decorated flag presented to the No. 2 Division of the A.O.H. About 300 members of the Order marched in procession from their hall on Chaboillez Square and filed into the church about 10 a.m. The sacred edifice was filled to overflowing, all available space in the aisles and galleries having been taken up. Immediately the Clergy, headed by about 30 beautifully clad Altar boys, entered the Sanctuary. The March played on the grand organ on the entering of the Clergy was in truth most soul inspiring, and reflects great credit on the musical talent of St. Gabriel's genial organist, Miss Maggie O'Byrne, who composed this special march for the occasion. Shortly after Holy Mass began, chanted by the Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, assisted by the Revs. C. Filiatrault and J. Robillard as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The choir, as usual, showed themselves masters of their art, impressing upon the minds of their hearers the fact that under the guidance of their esteemed and energetic leader, Mr. John S. Shea, they need fear no city rivals.

The sermon, which was assuredly held at a masterpiece was preached by the Rev. Francis de Loyola College,

Gregory O'Byrne, S. J. He took for his text the first verse of the Epistle to the Ephesians. "I, therefore, a prisoner in the Lord, beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called." Suiting the words to the occasion he blended therewith a beautiful and lucid explanation of their motto inscribed on the flag, "Unity, Friendship, and True Christian Charity." From beginning to end the vast audience were held in rapt attention, spellbound, as it were, by the choice language of the widely known pulpit orator. After the sermon, the *soggarth arcon* of the parish, and in a special manner, of the Hibernians, solemnly blessed the flag. At 11.45, Mass being over, the members of the A.O.H., headed by their flag and followed by the congregation, departed from the church, wended their way through the principal streets of the parish, and then dispersed, dotting as a red-lettered day in the annals of St. Gabriel's, the 20th Sept. 1896.

WILLIAM REDMOND, M. P.

TO THE YOUNG IRISHMEN'S LITERARY AND BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

FULL TEXT OF THE LETTER WHICH PRESENTS SOME OF THE CAUSES OF DISUNION—A PLAIN OPINION OF ENGLISH LIBERALISM—PARNELLITES WOULD SOONER QUIT PUBLIC LIFE THAN FOLLOW MR. DILLON, M. P.

When Mr. William Redmond, M. P., visited this city many years ago, among the organizations which tendered a welcome to him was the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. When Mr. Edward Halley, one of the members of that Association, was selected as a delegate to represent Montreal at the Dublin Convention, the secretary, Mr. John O'Neil, was instructed to communicate the fact to Mr. Redmond, and at the same time inform that gentleman that any courtesy shown Mr. Halley would be appreciated by the Association.

The letter of the secretary of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. A. brought the following reply from Mr. Redmond:—

DUBLIN, Sept. 10, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and would be most happy to meet your delegate, Mr. Halley, and extend to him what courtesy I could, but as I have not been to the Convention I have not seen him. The Convention, I regret to say, was not "National" in any way, as it only represented one party in Ireland. As Mr. Healy and the 24 members who follow him did not attend the Convention, and as all the well-known Bishops also kept away, the Convention was not at all representative of even the anti-Parnellite section. As the Dillonites and Healyites do not agree, it is useless to expect that we Parnellites can even think of giving up our position. In any case, the policy of the men who deserted Mr. Parnell at the request of England has been so weak and futile that the members of the Parnellite party would never place themselves under the control of the men who so misled them at the Parnellite crisis. It is not a personal question in any way, nor is it a question as to the leadership of any particular man. It is a question of policy on which the Parnellites differ from their opponents.

Ever since Mr. Parnell's death the men who deserted him have been nothing but the slaves of the British Liberal Party, from whom they accepted funds and to one of whom they gave up a seat in Derry which should have been fought and won by an Irish Nationalist. For three years the anti-Parnellites spent their time in doing the work of the Liberals and in return they received nothing. Our unfortunate countrymen in British prisons were not even released till the Tories came into office. It is proved that many of these prisoners were going mad during the three years the Irish members kept the Liberals in power, and yet the Liberals kept the prisoners chained up. It is true the Liberals proposed Home Rule, but they neglected to do a great many acts of justice which they might have performed in spite of the House of Lords. When the Irish members ventured to vote in favor of Catholic schools they were insulted by the Liberals, many of whom declared that because we voted for our religion they would give up Home Rule. In a word, the anti-Parnellites have been the tools of the British Liberals, and till that comes to an end the Independent Nationalists will hold on to the Parnell flag of absolute independence of all British parties. Mr. Healy declared the other day, with truth, that Mr. Dillon's idea, since he became chairman, has been to make his followers the tail-end of the Liberals.

If the Independent Nationalists of Montreal (whose kindness to me when I appealed to them in support of Mr. Parnell's leadership I shall always gratefully remember) could be here themselves to go amongst the people they would understand how it is that the real backbone of Irish Nationalism on the old sod stood aloof from the Convention in Dublin, which was in reality, as far as Ireland is concerned, a meeting of Mr. Dillon's followers and nothing else. That Mr. Dillon should have taken the chair of the anti-Parnellite party, in spite of the solid vote of about 25 of the members, is certainly not calculated to promote unity.

As far as the Parnellites are concerned it is not a question of any man. Let a bold policy be acted upon and the Parnellites will back it up by might and main whoever proposes it. If there is a proper policy there will be practical unity amongst all Irish members. If the idea of unity is that the Parnellites, who have been persecuted for the last five years, are to place themselves under Mr. Dillon's orders or the orders of his followers, then all I can say is that as far as I know every Parnellite would sooner leave public life altogether.

Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien misled us about Parnell. First they told us to stand by him and then at the last election in Clare Mr. O'Brien, who boasts of his inoffensiveness, declared that I was

"worse than Judas" and "I became I refused to surrender my chief to a gang of snuffing British hypocrites. There is a lot of insincerity in all this talk of Unity. Let the men who are always calling Unity act on Parnell's old policy and there will be Unity in the British Parliament amongst Irishmen. But as long as the miserable policy of the last three or four years is gone on with, the Parnellites will stand to their guns. We never moved. We are in the same old position in which we stood when Parnell was at our head. It is for the men who ran like sheep at the crack of the British Ministers' whip to come back. They cannot come back to Parnell because he is in Glasgow, killed by a broken heart, but they can come back to the old flag.

Please give my best regards to the members of your noble Society, and say though I regret I cannot meet their delegate at Mr. Dillon's Convention, I shall be most happy to see him elsewhere if I can meet him or know where I may visit him.

Whatever differences may arise I feel always that the patriotism of the Irishmen of Montreal may always be relied on in the cause of Irish independence. Should you have an opportunity of doing so kindly convey my best wishes to Judge D. Healy, who so bravely took the chair at my meeting when the Parnell Party was not so triumphant as it now is.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM REDMOND.

JOHN O'NEIL, Esq., Sec. Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society, Montreal.

ST. MARY'S BAZAAR.

Last but by no means least we come to St. Mary's table. Mrs. Thos. Ryan presides, and that is sufficient guarantee of its beauty and merit. At this table Miss McHugh "collects" on a mysterious parcel sent from Ireland by Father O'Donnell. When it is opened the contents will be published in the True Witness.

Rev. Father Shea is nutting in his efforts to make the Fair a success. Zealous and energetic, proving himself a worthy representative of our pastor, displaying a praiseworthy anxiety to enlarge the fund for the decoration of "the place where the glory of our Lord dwelleth."

During the course of the evening it was learned that Mr. Edward Halley, one of the delegates to the Dublin Convention, had arrived home. He was invited to attend the dinner given under the auspices of the Forsters. Mr. Halley, in response to many calls, delivered a eloquent speech, in which he drew a vivid picture of the great meeting in Leinster Hall.

Miss S. Sutherland, the energetic and talented President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, A.O.H., is quite overjoyed at the kind and prompt manner in which Premier Laurier has acceded to her request in giving a handsome contribution to the section over which she presides.

Are you satisfied with your handwriting? Do you understand book-keeping, short hand, type writing, telegraphy, arithmetic and correspondence? If not, The Ladies' Business College, 247 St. James street, is the place for you.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

Nothing to check the swing of this Club as it is held every Thursday evening. Mr. Gordon, chairman, offered the following fine programme last week to a bumper house:—The absence of Miss Wheeler, who was indisposed, was regretted, but Miss Sharpe, being specially requested to preside at the piano, proved a very good substitute: Miss Davis, song; Miss B. Milroy, recitation; P. Clarkery and J. Morris, seamen songs; St. Ann's Young Men's Society's Minstrel Troupe, some 30 members, under the skillful direction of Mr. P. J. Shea, met with a good reception. The following members specially assisted: E. Quinn, song, "Far Across the Ocean"; T. C. Emblem, song, "Old Flag"; J. Quinn, song, "Swing the Golden Gate"; Wm. Casey, comic song; J. Whitey, M. Mullarky, H. Hilder, songs; Bandmaster Quivron, of Victoria Rifles Band, rendered several selections on the cornet, which were loudly applauded. Irish jig, by Miss Leycott and C. Front; Miss Maggie Leycott, recitation; May Ellen Kelly, song; Miss Jane Leycott, song; Miss Brennan and her sweet little girls proved a grand treat, and were greatly admired by all. Everybody left well pleased, and some of the seamen were heard to say that this was the best concert they had attended during the whole season.—F.C.L.

THE LATE MRS WALL.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of Mrs. William Wall, the young wife of the manager of the Ville Marie Bank Branch, which occurred quite unexpectedly on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Wall, who was the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Herbert, was very popular in Point St. Charles as well as in the circles of St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's parishes, where she always zealously labored in all charitable and social undertakings. Deceased leaves three little girls, and they increase the universal feeling of sympathy. The funeral, which took place on Saturday at St. Ann's Church, was largely attended.

The Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society

Do all classes of Funerals outside of its subscribers at reasonable prices and conditions. Central Office, 1725 St. Catherine street. B-11 Telephone, 6235. OPEN ALL NIGHT.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 54, Wednesday, September 16, the following resolutions were passed and recorded in the Minutes:— Moved by Treasurer Thomas McDonnell and seconded by Chancellor Cornelius O'Brien: That the members of

this Branch tender their sympathy and condolence to our respected president, Bro. Thos. A. Cahill, because of the death of his beloved mother.

And further it is ordered that this motion be recorded on the Minutes of the Branch, and copies thereof be supplied to the Catholic press for publication.

FRANCIS D. DALY, Secty.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S DREAM.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel. Two young Wisconsin lawyers met in Milwaukee a few days ago. They were the first members of the University law school class of '96. One has been dabbling in politics, been a delegate to a number of conventions, and is head and front of his party in the city in which he lives. The other has given his entire time to his profession, and is laying by a good deal of money. While the two were on the streets talking politics, a friend of each came along and entered into the discussion. Finally the friend said to the money-making man:

"You see, 'Bill' is getting to the front—the first thing you know he will be in the lower house of Congress, while you remain a plodding barrister."

"Yes, that is true," replied Nathan. "Bill will go to Washington; he is elected three or four times, laid aside, and come back looking for a practice and a chance to earn some money to pay his debts; while I, my dear sir, will have made my little 'pile,' and can buy—let me see—a seat in the United States Senate."

We are always pleased to chronicle the success of a Canadian enterprise and we see by the notice of the Co-operative Funeral Expense Society's annual meeting, which took place last Monday evening, that the undertaking has been a success even beyond the expectations of the shareholders. The society now enters the second year with public confidence established, which is the greatest proof that it has carried out its obligations in the most satisfactory manner. A society that comes to the aid of the afflicted of all classes, established on the most solid basis, with men at the head well known for their integrity and sound financial standing, and their large business experience, certainly merits public confidence, and not only because it is established on a solid basis, nor that it offers solid guarantees to the assured, but it comes to your aid during affliction and when you most need assistance and sympathy. From the manager to the least of the employees you are treated with remarkable politeness and all the engagements are carried out in the most satisfactory manner, so that the Co-operative Funeral Expense Society merits a general and general encouragement, for it is a society that is destined to do a great deal of good in our city. The act of its permitting subscribers to renew their Certificates, even though they may be ill, exacting no second inspection, adds benevolence to its other good qualities.

A SMALL PHONETIC DIFFERENCE.

From the Washington Star. "Is there such a great difference between the customs of the East and those of the West?" asked the young woman who had just been introduced to Derringer Dan. "Yes, miss, they're considerable." "What is the chief difference?" "Well, miss, the leading difference is in the social gatherings. We don't hold assemblages out there unless we mean business. With you 'tain't often anything more'n a luncheon, while with us 'tain't often anything less than a lynch-in'."

The Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society.

WANTED, to inform subscribers that no inspection is necessary to renew Certificates. All is required, sick or in health, is to call or send to the Central Office, 1725 St. Catherine street, and exchange the Certificate.

CENTRAL OFFICE, 1725 St. Catherine Street. BELL TELEPHONE, 6235.

Hair.. Mattresses, \$7 and \$10.80.

ARE PURE... MADE UNDER OUR SUPERVISION, WE CAN GUARANTEE THEM.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 1557.

Dame Julie Lalonde, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, taken an action, for separation as to property, against her husband, Hermenegilde Laniel dit Desrosiers, trader, of the same place. Montreal, 9th September, 1896. GEOFFRION & MONET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Philip Sheridan, B.C.L.

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER & SOLICITOR, MONTREAL, P.Q.

OFFICE: New York Life Building, Room 706. Bell Telephone 1233

Montreal School of Elocution.

JOHN P. STEPHEN, Principal, assisted by the best teachers. Thorough training for all needs. Rapid Progress. Certificates granted. When desired, arrangements are made for pupils to appear in public while studying. Graduates assisted in securing positions. Call, write or telephone (3418.) CLAUDE BARRY, Secretary, Y.M.C.A. Building, Dominion Square, Montreal. 25 Special inducements to pupils from a distance.

Saratoga Chips

FRIED POTATOES. Mr. F. A. Saratoga Chips in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. packages. Just fresh.

THE CRACK CHOP. Finest English Breakfast Tea, without exception the very best imported into Canada. We offer the Crack Chop in 1 lb. packages \$1.25 per pound. 8 1/2 lb. per pound..... in 1/2 lb. caddies 1.10 per pound..... in 1 lb. caddies 1.19 per pound..... in 2 lb. caddies. And \$1.00 per pound in half chest (original packages), and about 60 lbs. net each.

THE FINEST JAPAN TEA. Imported into Canada. 60¢ per pound in 1 lb. packages, 70¢ per pound in caddies of all sizes. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

DAIRY BUTTER. The finest in the land. From the Crack Dairies of the Eastern Townships. Hillhurst Jersey Butter in prints and 5 lb. cans. Isalch Orange Guernsey Butter in prints, 5 and 10 lb. cans, 25, 30 and 75 lb. tubs. The Shipton Creamery Butter in 1/2 lb. pkgs. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

THE CHAUVELET VILVA SEC. Sparkling Wine, vintage of 1894, in quart \$2.00, pint \$2.25 per case.

LABRUCHE FINE SAUTERNE WINE. The very best value in a light white wine for use with oysters and all sorts of fish. Labruche Sauternes in cases of 1 dozen quarts, Labruche Sauternes in cases of 2 dozen quarts.

CHABLIS, The Great Oyster Wine. The Chauvelet Chablis (White Burgundy), in cases of 1 dozen quarts, \$1.00 per case. The Chauvelet Chablis, in cases of 2 dozen quarts, \$1.10 per case. The Chauvelet Chablis, vintage of 1894, in quarts, \$1.10 per case. The Chauvelet Chablis, vintage of 1894, in quarts, \$1.20 per case. FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents.

OYSTER BAY ASPARAGUS and OYSTER BAY ASPARAGUS TIPS.

Packing of 1896. Oyster Bay Asparagus, in large square cans, 3 lb. net each, 36 per case, \$4.00 per case. Oyster Bay Tips, in large square cans, 3 lb. net each, 36 per case, \$3.75 per case.

EARLY JUNE PEAS. In 2 lb. cans. Packing of 1896. 20 lb. cans, the best Early June Peas, packed in cases. Every can guaranteed, only 50¢ per can, \$1.00 per case.

BOUCHE FINE & CO., Fine Champagne Wines.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., IMPORTERS.

207, 209 and 211 St. James St.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Boston, September 1, 1896. Mr. C. W. Lindsay, 236 1/2 St. Catherine street, Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir,—Referring to our correspondence as to the representation of our Pianos, we beg to say that as you are the regular and only authorized representative for the CHICKERING PIANOS in Montreal and Province of Quebec, it will be not only greatly to the advantage of, but really necessary for, intending purchasers in this territory to secure instruments of our present manufacture of you or through your firm.

Yours very truly, CHICKERING & SONS.

Little Helps to Good Appetite.

happens you would prefer china. It costs more. \$6 to \$15—some sets worth more, but the quality always justifies the price. A visit to our stores would be profitable to you.

A. T. WILEY & CO., 1803 Notre Dame St., 2341 St. Catherine St.

Montreal's Greatest and only Department Store Selling for Cash:

Special Cut Price Lines in Carpets.

FOR THIS WEEK COMMENCING TO-DAY WE WILL OFFER

Balmoral 10 Wire Tapestry Carpet worth 95¢, for 75¢ yard. Special line of Brussels Carpet, good colorings and handsome designs, worth \$1.00, cut to 85¢ yard. Extra good quality Brussels Carpet, borders to match, the \$1.25 quality; now 98¢ yard. Extra Special line of Axminster Carpets, Borders and Stairs to match, our regular \$1.10. Yours now at 75¢ yard. SPECIAL FOR TO-DAY ONLY. 200 Axminster Door Mats, fringed all round. Your choice at 23¢. 5 bales of Coco Fibre Door Mats, will be offered to-day at 37¢. 240 prs. of Fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, in white and ecru taped, 8 1/2 yards long, regular \$3 and worth it. To-day \$2.25 pair. This will be of interest to the house-keeping portion of the community. To-day we offer three cases of Extra Fine Heavy White Cotton, 36 inch wide, regular 124¢ goods, at 10¢ yard. 150 dozen of 20x40 Linen Huck Towels, cheap at 124¢. Will be offered at 9¢. 10 dozen of Bureau Covers, open work and fringed, now selling at 13¢. Extra large 11x4 White Crochet Quilts—large enough for the largest bed. Should sell at \$1.25. We sell them at 98¢.

HAMILTON'S ST. CATHERINE AND PEELE STREETS.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

By E. C. S.

[FROM THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.]

THE great iron-bound prison gates clanged together behind Anthony Greyson, and he stood in the clear October sunshine a free man once more. Free to go whithersoever he would—"the world was all before him, where to choose"—and free to rid himself, if he could, of the odium that attaches to one who has spent six months in gaol for theft.

As quickly as he could do so, he got away from the neighborhood of the prison and walked into the heart of the city, trying vainly to rid himself of the impression that he still wore the parti-colored convict dress and that everybody was eyeing it curiously. When a man has been living in a sort of waking nightmare for six months it is not easy for him to return to realities all at once. Beyond the fact that he was a straight, well-set young fellow with a rather good looking face, there was no reason that any one should take particular notice of him; yet it seemed to his sensitive imagination that the public was leagued in a conspiracy to stare him out of countenance, and at last he bought a daily paper in self-defence and went into a restaurant to read it while he discussed the chop that his new found freedom had given him an appetite for.

Passing by the news, he turned to the advertising columns and began to look over the "wants."

He had to find work, that was imperative, for he had only five dollars in his pocket, the result, by the way, of a collection amongst the prison officials, who had thus testified their admiration of a prisoner who had never given them a moment's trouble. The question was, how was he to get the work? Times were hard and character he had none, except the one he had earned in gaol, which was not likely to avail him much. "I don't care," he said to himself doggedly, as the difficulties of his position grew more and more clear to him. "I am not a thief, I didn't steal that pocket-book, and I am not going to let six months undeserved imprisonment take the grit out of me. Let me see; here is an 'ad.' for a bookkeeper, I'll try that, and another for a checker in a railway concern; I'll try both."

Having paid for his meal he went out into the streets again and made his way in the direction of the establishment where a bookkeeper was desired. In spite of his assertion that he didn't care, he did care very much, indeed, and his spirits sank lower and lower as he neared his destination. It was a large dry goods store, and when he stated his errand he was ushered into an office at the back of the store, where a stout, elderly gentleman was laboriously adding up a formidable looking ledger.

"Humph! want a job at bookkeeping, eh?" said the stout gentleman, climbing puntingly down from his high stool and surveying Anthony from head to foot. "What is your name, young man; and where did you work last? Let me see your references."

Anthony turned scarlet, and his heart, low enough before, sank lower and lower. "I—I have no references, sir," he said slowly, a sickening sense of helplessness taking possession of him. "I worked last for C. H. Wayington & Sons, but I left their employ under—under extraordinary circumstances—and—and," he hesitated, stammered, and then broke out desperately: "The fact is, sir, I was accused of stealing a pocketbook that belonged to Mr. Wayington and—"

"I don't think you need say any more, man," said the stout gentleman, severely. "I remember the case very well. Mr. Wayington is a friend of mine, and I heard from his own lips the story of your base ingratitude to him. I wonder that you have the audacity to apply for any respectable position. You may go, sir."

His last words fell upon the empty air, for Anthony was already half-way through the store, his face white as ashes and his hands clenched hard. He had thought he was prepared for humiliation, but the reality was not what he had pictured it.

Sick at heart, indignant and trembling with anger he reached the street and walked deliberately to the railway office, where a checker was wanted.

"You advertised for a checker," he said to the straw-hatted, shirt-sleeved individual, who eyed him from the midst of a pile of freight.

"I did," answered the other, removing a pencil from between his teeth. "Had any experience?"

"Some—in a wholesale house."

"What's your name and references?"

"My name's Anthony Greyson, and I have no references. I've just come out of gaol, after serving six months for a crime I didn't commit. Will you give me the job?"

The man looked at him aghast for a moment, then raised his arm and pointed to the door. "Git," he said, laconically.

Anthony turned on his heel and left the office, the hot flush of excitement that had borne him through, slowly dying away. He had acted without discretion, and he knew it. In the shirt-sleeved one's place he would probably have done as that individual had.

He wandered on aimlessly for some time, wondering bitterly if in all Montreal he was not going to find any soul charitable enough to give him a chance to earn his bread honestly.

"I won't go to any one under false pretences," he said to himself resolutely. "Whatever comes of it, I'll tell the truth. There shall be no after-claps if I manage to get a situation."

He was passing the big church of Notre Dame while he was thinking, and

just then the mid day angelus rang out. He mounted the steps, went in and passed down the side aisle toward the chapel of the Sacred Heart, as he had been wont to do in bygone days. The great picture behind the altar, with its life-like figures of the Redeemer and the humble Visandine whom He chose as the apostle of His divine Heart, had always possessed an attraction for him, and half unconsciously he found himself kneeling before it now. Everywhere he had been that day he had felt himself a stranger and an outcast; here he was not so. He was at home once more. The odour of incense, the soft light that fell through the painted windows, the crimson lamp that swung gently before the altar, and, above all, the tender face of the kneeling nun and the transfigured countenance of the Saviour, wrapt him round with an influence that drew him out of himself and his misery. Elsewhere he was an alien, a criminal, a prison-stained ingrate, unfit to associate with his fellows; but here he was the well beloved son, the dearly prized soul for whom that tender Heart was opening itself that he might take comfort and find therein renewed courage. A mist covered his eyes, and he hid his face in his folded arms. When he looked up again his cheeks were wet.

For many years he had been an Associate of the League, but it is doubtful if he ever knew the meaning of that wonderful devotion until that October morning.

Poor fellow, he needed all the faith and courage that came to him in that hour. His first experiences in seeking employment were only a sample of what was to come. Day after day he tramped the streets of Montreal, answering advertisements, asking for work; always with the same result. No one wanted a discharged convict. Some were civil, some were gruff, some laughed in his face; none would have anything to do with him.

Meanwhile his five dollars melted rapidly away, though he lived on one meal a day and slept in lumber yards and sheds and empty railway cars.

His clothes began to look shabby and his boots were almost worn out from constant walking. He grew gaunt and hollow-eyed from hunger—poor fellow, he had the voracious appetite of youth and nothing to satisfy it with—the commonest and humblest work was refused to him—but why go on with the heart-breaking recital?

The time came when he was without a cent and had been for two days without anything to eat save a piece of stale bread that he had begged from the niggard charity of a thrifty housekeeper. What it cost him to ask for that morsel only himself knew.

The month was drawing to a close and already the air savored more of November than October, when he made his way down one night to the wharf; weak, shivering and famished with hunger.

The navigation season would soon be over and the great coal company was getting in its stock as fast as possible. The coal shuttles were busy day and night unloading the steamers that replaced each other as fast as they could be emptied, and every available man was working as many hours out of the twenty-four as he had strength to do.

"For God's sake give me a couple of hours' work," begged Anthony of the foreman. "I am starving, man."

"Very sorry, but I can't employ non-union men," answered the foreman, wiping his grimy face on his sleeve. "The whole bilin' of 'em would go out on strike if I was to take you on. Here's a quarter out of my own pocket though; go and get something to eat, it's the best I can do for you."

He hustled away in answer to a call of: "Here you, Tim Flanagan, where are you?" and Anthony turned away and went nearer to the edge of the wharf where a pile of lumber made a shadowy corner. Here he sat down and looked dully out over the surface of the river, scarce conscious that he held the price of a meal in his hand. He had reached the deepest depth and there was nothing left for him but starvation or the gaol again. Nothing? He looked at the water dancing along, a silver pathway of ripples under the golden moon. Why starve when here was a way out of the difficulty? All he had to do was to slip down softly behind the pile of lumber and let himself gently into the water. A little splash—the men were too busy to notice it—a few choking breaths and all would be over—the hunger, the shame, the misery and degradation. A few days later a swollen, disfigured body would be washed up somewhere, there would be a hasty inquest, a hastier burial and then, and then—stay, was there not something more?

The lights in the French villages across the river swam and danced before his eyes; the red and green signals on a passing steamboat stared at him like fiery eyes, and the rattle of a coal train behind him filled his ears with thunder. Would the day of judgment be a scene of confusion like this? His hand went swiftly to his brow in the Sign of Him at whose name every knee shall bow, and staggering to his feet he turned away from the treacherous moonlit water and went feebly toward the town again, an unspoken, agonized prayer to the Heart of Jesus welling up from his soul.

As he toiled slowly up the road that led cityward he met a procession of people hurrying down to the ferry, and the sidewalk being narrow, stepped off into the roadway to make room for them. The street just at that part ran under a railway bridge and was in deep shadow, so that when his foot touched something soft he could not see what it was and was about to pass on, but a faint instinct of curiosity made him pause and pick up the article he had stepped on. The moment his fingers touched it he knew it was a pocketbook, and hurrying into

the light he examined it at the nearest lamppost. It was full of papers and keys, and in one pocket there was a roll of banknotes—a noble find for a starving man!

He turned the contents over and over eagerly, and at last came upon a visiting card bearing the legend: "Auguste N. Leduc," low down in one corner was written in pencil "No. — Sherbrooke Street."

He hesitated for the fraction of a moment, then closed the pocketbook, snapped the elastic band around it and hailed the first electric car that passed.

Twenty minutes later he was being shown into the library of a handsome residence on Sherbrooke Street. "You wished to see me?" asked the grave, thoughtful-faced man who turned from his desk to speak to him.

"Is this yours?" asked Anthony, producing the pocketbook abruptly.

Mr. Leduc's face lit up. "Indeed it is," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "I dropped it somewhere down by the wharf this evening and was just preparing an advertisement for the morning paper." He took the pocketbook from Anthony, and began to turn over the contents and select a note from the bundle. "You work on the wharf, I suppose?" he queried, with a comprehensive glance at the young man's shabby apparel.

"I don't work anywhere just at present," was the reply. "I cannot get any work to do." As he spoke a faintness came over Anthony, and he involuntarily placed his hand on the back of a chair to steady himself.

"You are weak—ill!" exclaimed the other, rising in alarm and forcing him to sit down. "You are not well, eh?"

Anthony looked up with a smile that was meant to be cheerful, but was only piteous. "I have not eaten anything for two days," he said wearily; "I am afraid I am starving."

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mr. Leduc, hastening to his desk and touching an electric bell. In a moment a servant appeared at the door. "A glass of port wine, Céline, and quickly," ordered her master.

The maid tripped away and returned within a few moments with the wine. Mr. Leduc met her at the door and took it from her. "Prepare some supper in the dining-room at once," he said briefly, "something substantial, Céline." Then he brought the wine to Anthony and made him drink it.

"You are better now?" he said, as the color came back slowly to the young man's face.

"You are very kind," murmured Anthony gratefully. "Eh bien! and why not, my friend?" demanded Mr. Leduc, smilingly. "I think the obligations are on my side; there were six hundred dollars in that pocketbook. Now we shall have some supper and you will stay here to-night, my housekeeper will find you a bed. To-morrow we shall see what can be done in the way of providing you with a situation."

"You had better hear my story first, Mr. Leduc," said Anthony quietly. "It may cause you to change your mind." Then he told it, slowly and deliberately. Mr. Leduc listened patiently, shading his face with his hand. When Anthony had finished, he looked up and said thoughtfully: "You have been most unfortunate, but I do not believe you were guilty. A man who is honest when he is starving is not likely to have been dishonest when he was prosperous. I know Mr. Wayington very well; he is a good hearted man, but very obstinate; and of course appearances were against you. I do not pretend to say how his missing pocketbook came into your trunk, but I am quite sure you did not put it there. God is good; perhaps the guilty person will yet confess. In the meantime, what can you do? Can you write shorthand? Yes? Very good! I am in need of a stenographer, you are in need of a situation; what could be more convenient?"

Anthony tried to stammer some words of thanks, but Mr. Leduc silenced him and led the way to the dining room, where such a supper was spread as the outcast had not seen for many days.

Dame Lecours, the merchant's housekeeper, looked somewhat taken aback when told to prepare a chamber for this very dilapidated looking guest of her master's, but she felt reassured when he addressed her in the very best French, and thanked her courteously as she was leaving him.

The next morning a difficulty arose. Anthony's clothes were scarcely in keeping with his improved fortunes. However his benefactor had not forgotten the fact, and before the young man had time to realize his embarrassing position, Mr. Leduc's valet appeared with an armful of clothes belonging to his master.

"Monsieur Leduc's compliments, and he hopes the garments will serve until monsieur has time to call upon his tailor."

Anthony was somewhat lighter than this new found friend, but the clothes fitted very well, nevertheless, and Mr. Leduc scarcely recognized him when he came downstairs, so much improved was he in appearance.

"One thing I must prepare you for," said the French gentleman kindly, as they walked down town together. "It will not be long before some one recognizes you, and you may be made to feel uncomfortable, but you must be brave and live down your trouble. Remember I hold you innocent; and remember also that *le bon Dieu* can dissipate the clouds when it shall seem good to Him to do so. Are you—pardon me—a Catholic?"

"I have that happiness," answered Anthony, simply.

"That is good—you have, consequently, many motives for faith and patience. Here now is the office; follow me."

For about a week all went well. Anthony's frank good nature soon put him on terms of good fellowship with his brother clerks, and he seemed on the high road to happiness once more, when all at once the clouds lowered over him again. One morning he went into the office, and not a voice returned his cheerful salutation. Everybody seemed too busy to notice him. "It has come," thought Anthony, hanging up his hat and walking into Mr. Leduc's private office, where a desk had been placed for him.

Mr. Leduc himself arrived about an hour afterward, and he was scarcely seated when the head clerk from the

LUBBY'S

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

FOR THE HAIR.

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outside office brought in a paper and laid it before him. He glanced at it, and then looked up with a frown on his usually calm face.

"Send them all in here," he said, sternly.

A moment later half a dozen of his employes stood before him, most of them looking decidedly uncomfortable.

"I understand from this petition," he said in French, tapping the paper, "that you object to the presence of an employé of mine. Now, I want you all to understand that I am perfectly well aware of Mr. Greyson's history; that I knew what it was about when I employed him, and that I intend to keep him in his present position until he leaves it of his own accord. If any or all of you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you are at liberty to send in your resignations. You may go."

The little knot of clerks made their exit with an alacrity that would have amused Anthony had he not been overwhelmed at the moment with shame and mortification. Mr. Leduc looked at his crimson face and smiled. "Come, come, this will not do, *mon ami*," he said reprovingly, but there was genuine sympathy in his eyes, nevertheless. "It is only what I warned you of. You must have courage, courage. Oh, yes they will perhaps send you to—how do you say it? to Coventry, eh? But never mind, the lane that turns not is long, is it not? Now we will not speak of it again. Here is a batch of letters, let us get them out at once."

After that Anthony found his path a little thorny. None of the protestors sent in their resignation, but they all combined to cut him dead and he could not help feeling it acutely. "I don't think I'd be so hard on any of them if our positions were reversed," he thought more than once; and indeed it is probable he would not, for his was one of the rare natures that would rather raise a fallen brother than trample on him because he was down.

Once or twice in the days that followed he was tempted to give up his position and leave the city; but the knowledge that his story would certainly pursue him sooner or later deterred him. The stigma that clung to him was only to be removed by years of honest industry—unless indeed, which seemed unlikely, the one responsible for the original wrong should confess it and so clear his character.

Almost imperceptibly his nature broadened and deepened under the adverse circumstances that surrounded him.

From an easy-going, pleasure-loving youth he developed into a thoughtful, serious-minded man, to whom the world was worth exactly its real value and nothing more; he had seen beneath its surface, and the lesson just learned had, without embittering him, cured him of many illusions.

He had always been a practical Catholic—indeed uncommonly so for a young fellow who had been his own master from the age of eighteen—but his piety had been of a dutiful sort. It was the right and proper thing for a Catholic to go to church on Sundays, to observe days of abstinence, and to receive the sacraments several times during the year, and he had been careful to observe all these points—would have felt uncomfortable had he not done so—but his religion had entered into, and become the best and dearest part of his life as it was now doing. He had not dreamed that it could fill to overflowing the vacancy made in his existence by the withdrawal of a pharisaical world; but it was doing so daily and he rejoiced at the discovery.

Truly his tribulations had not been in vain. Happiness and prosperity, fair

fame and the respect of his fellows might all be his in the future, but he would never again be in danger of placing a fictitious value upon them.

Then one day his faith and patience were rewarded. Mr. Leduc came to him with a newspaper and pointed out a paragraph which ran thus: "If Anthony Greyson, late of Wayington & Sons, will call at the General Hospital he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Take your hat and go at once, my boy," said the merchant kindly; and Anthony hurried off, the prey of contending hopes and fears.

[Concluded on seventh page.]

Women who are weak and nervous, who have no appetite and cannot sleep, find strength and vigor in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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THE DARKEST HOUR

By E. C. S.

When he reached the hospital he was shown up into a ward that a glance revealed to him was occupied chiefly by consumptives.

"The person who advertised for you in there," she said, and returned to her duty, leaving Anthony to announce himself to the invisible patient.

He walked softly around the end of the screen and found himself face to face with a man who had been a fellow-clerk in Wayington's; but so worn and emaciated was he that Anthony was a full minute before he recognized him.

"You have come at last, I am glad," said the sick man with difficulty. "I was afraid you had gone away."

Anthony took one of the shadowy white hands in his own and pressed it sympathetically. "I had no idea you were here, Preston, or I should have come to see you sooner," he said kindly.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" The shock of seeing an old acquaintance in such a condition had made him forget momentarily the peculiar circumstance that had caused the meeting.

"You can't do anything for me except grant me your forgiveness," answered the other feebly. "It was I who took Wayington's pocketbook—I who put it in your trunk when I found detection inevitable, and I who let you go to gaol when a word would have saved you."

"It was to tell you this that I advertised for you. I suppose I ought not to expect you to forgive me, it was a terrible wrong; but if you knew what I have suffered since, I don't think you would find it in your heart to let me go into eternity unforgiven."

"The beads of moisture stood around his brow and lips and he closed his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps he dreaded reproach or invective.

Anthony sat as if turned to stone. In all his speculations as to the identity of the one who had planned his ruin, he had never once thought of Gilbert Preston. It was not in human nature not to recall the misery, mental and physical, that this man's cowardly act had been the cause of inflicting upon him, and it all recurred to him with the vividness of a flash of lightning. But the memory and the feelings it evoked lasted only long enough to remind him that he would one day need a generous pardon himself, and there was no trace of anger in his face or voice as he leaned over and wiped the perspiration from the face of the dying man, saying gently at the same time: "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. Are you strong enough to tell me how it happened?"

Preston opened his eyes and looked up, an expression of relief struggling with shame in his poor thin face. "You are very generous, Greyson," he said weakly. "Thank God, I had the courage to speak; it has taken a load off my mind. Yes, I will tell you how it happened. I had got into trouble—gambling debts; and the fellow I owed them to threatened to write and tell Mr. Wayington if I did not pay up by a certain date. You know the sort of a man the boss was; he'd have turned me out there and then if he'd known the rig I was running and that would have meant ruin to me. I was desperate—didn't know which way to turn—and that very day Mr. Wayington left a wallet on his desk with five hundred dollars in it, that he was about to take to the bank. So many of us were passing in and out that I fancied the suspicion was not likely to fall upon me more than another, and I put the wallet in my pocket and went out to lunch as usual, taking the opportunity to run round to my boarding house and hide the money before going back. When I returned to the office the place was in an uproar. The money had been missed and old Wayington was raving about like a madman. Everyone had to submit to being searched, as you no doubt remember; but as half of the staff had been out for lunch of course the search was useless. You have reason to remember how that afternoon passed and the misery everyone was in. Well, as soon as five struck I hurried off home and secured the wallet and was just about to set off with it to pay my persecutor when I heard strange voices downstairs, and looking over the balustrade I saw a detective coming up; a man I knew very well by sight, as it happened.

"I flashed upon me at once that Wayington had set him to hunt down the thief before the money should have been got rid of and I felt myself in a trap. He would certainly not let me go until he had searched my room and myself thoroughly. My heart died within me and I looked about for a means of escape. Your room, you remember, was next to mine, and had two doors; one leading into the hallway and the other into my room. I knew you never locked either, and so I slipped back into my own room, passed into yours, and threw the wallet into your trunk, which was standing open. Then I went back again and met the detective as he entered my room.

"Of course a search followed." He went into every nook and cranny, and searched from head to foot—I am sure he suspected me for I must have looked guilty—of course he found nothing to reward him. Then he went into your room and I went with him. He hunted nearly everywhere before he went to the trunk, and I was hoping he would not touch it; for it did not look a likely hiding place with the lid flung back the way it was. He did go to it however and—and—you know the rest.

"There was no one to prove that you had not visited your room since morning—the street door was open all day and you might have gone in and out a dozen times without being noticed—so your only defence broke down and you

were punished for my crime while I stood by and held my peace. When I think of it I wonder how you can forgive me."

He paused exhausted, and Anthony gave him a spoonful of wine. Don't say any more about it," said the latter, sadly "you didn't do it through spite or malice, but just to save yourself. Let it go now, it is all over and I am none the worse, thank God."

"You shall be none the worse, for I have put a written confession in the hands of the doctor who attends me, with instructions to publish it as soon as I am dead," said the sick man, feverishly. "I meant to die without trying to see you, but I could not. I dared not face the next world until I knew you had forgiven me. Surely God will not refuse what His creature grants. Do you think He will?"

"God never refuses to hear the penitent sinner," said Anthony, reverently. "Have you—have you seen a clergyman?"

He felt diffident about asking the question, for Preston was not of the household of faith.

"The sick man shook his head wearily. "What good can they do me?" he asked. "Read a chapter of Scripture and extemporize a prayer; I can do that myself. If I had time enough left me, I'd study up your religion. It must be immensely comforting to you Catholics to believe that the Lord allows His ministers to assure you of forgiveness, so that you won't go out of life in a state of uncertainty. But I'm too late for that now, and must take my chance."

"Not at all, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Anthony, eagerly. "Since you don't care to have one of your own ministers, will you have one of mine?"

"If you think he can help me, bring him by all means," said Preston.

"Who knows, perhaps he may be able to give me back the peace of mind I lost twelve months ago, when I wronged you so terribly. Do you know, Greyson," he added, with the ghost of a smile. "I think you are responsible for the disease that is taking me off, because I went to the dogs altogether after that time. My sin didn't avail me much, after all, for old Wayington gave me the bounce before you'd been in gaol a month. Heigho! What a hand I've made of myself. But go now, like a good chap, and bring one of your priests to me; he may be able to patch my poor soul up a bit before it sets out on its long voyage."

The anxiety in his sunken eyes gave a denial to the seeming flippancy of his words, and Anthony went away with a warm thrill of exultation in his heart. Surely to help this poor storm-beaten derelict into port was a revenge worth having!

Half an hour afterward he returned in company with a gray-haired priest, whom thirty years of missionary labor had familiarized with all the weaknesses and frailties of poor human nature. A man who had been all things to all men that he might gain them to Christ.

Leaving the Father with the dying man, Anthony sought out the hospital authorities and arranged with them to remove him into a private ward, where he and the priest could have access to him at all hours. This done he went away, treading upon air, to recount to his kind patron all that had befallen him.

Mr. Leduc congratulated him warmly, and then marched out to the other office and informed the clerks that Mr. Greyson's character had been cleared of all stain, and that they should know of the name of the real criminal before long.

It was, however, nearly a fortnight later before Gilbert Preston passed away, comforted and sustained by the Sacraments of the Church, into which he had been brought almost by a miracle. Friends, old and new, flocked around Anthony Greyson when his innocence was established, and Mr. Wayington would turn him back at almost double his former salary, but Anthony was faithful to the interests of Mr. Leduc, to whom he felt he was under obligations that he could never repay.

Years have passed since then and the one-time convict is now a prosperous merchant, distinguished amongst his fellow merchants for honesty and integrity, but especially known by those who know him best as an ardent and zealous promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in whose honor his life and fortune are spent.

FASHION JOURNALS CALL ATTENTION TO BROWN SHADES.

You Get the Best Colors From Diamond Dyes.

The fashion journals are agreed that the best shades of Browns will be in favor as Fall colors this year.

Thousands of women are not in a position financially to purchase new dresses from season to season, and so have to content themselves with very cheap materials that rarely come in the new shades, or wear their old costumes.

For the benefit of women generally, it may be stated that last season's dresses can, with little work or trouble, be transformed into stylish costumes for Autumn wear.

The first great essential is to get the right color. This part of the work can be done with the never-failing and reliable Diamond Dyes, which produce the richest and newest Browns, such as Seal Brown, Milan Brown, Red Brown, Olive Brown and Amber Brown.

No trouble to have a dress equal to new, if you use the Diamond Dyes. Do not experiment with the common imitation dyes that some dealers sell. The Diamond Dyes give the best colors, and they cost no more than the poor and deceptive dyes sold for the sake of large profits. Ask for the "Diamond"; refuse all others.

MEDICINAL FOODS.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves, and nervous dyspepsia. Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia. Watercress is a remedy for soury. Onions are almost the best nerve-nerve. No medicine is so use-

Best for Wash Day USE SURPRISE SOAP Its remarkable lasting and cleansing properties make SURPRISE most economical and Best for Every Day

ful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel, and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion. Spinach is useful to those with gravel. Aparagus is used to induce perspiration. Carrots are useful for asthma. Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy. Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution, and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly, and affords the best nourishment. Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in compact, quickly available form. Beaten up raw, with sugar, they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is to relieve hoarseness. Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

A FATHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS RESTORED WHEN HOPE WAS ALMOST GONE.

HIS DAUGHTER BEGAN TO DROOP AND FADE— WAS ATTACKED WITH HEMORRHAGE AND LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF—SHE IS AGAIN ENJOYING ROBUST HEALTH.

From the Grand Trunk Courier.

A recent addition to the Grand Trunk staff in this city is Mr. Thos. Clift, who is living at 75 Chatham street. Mr. Clift, who was formerly a policeman in the great city of London, is a fine looking specimen of an Englishman of the type so often seen in the Grand Trunk employ and who makes so desirable a class of citizens. Since his advent here he has been a warm advocate of that well known medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and through his endorsement dozens of boxes have been sold to his friends and acquaintances.

A Courier representative, anxious, although not surprised, to know the reason for Mr. Clift's warm eulogy of the pills, called on that gentleman recently. Mr. Clift willingly consented to an interview, and in the following story told his reason for being so sincere an advocate of a world renowned medicine. "Some five years ago," said Mr. Clift, "my daughter Lilly began to droop and fade, and became disinclined either for work or pleasure. A doctor in London was called in and he prescribed exercise and a general 'raising up,' as the best medicine to effect a cure. My daughter did her best to follow his instructions, but the forced exertion exhausted her completely, and she gradually grew worse. One night I and my wife were terribly alarmed by a cry from Lilly, and hastening to her room found her gulping up large quantities of blood. I rushed for a doctor and he did his best to stop her hemorrhage, but admitted to me that her case was very critical. She dropped away to a veritable shadow, and for weeks when I went to bid her good-bye in the morning as I went to my work I feared I might not see her alive again. This went on for a long time until one day a friend recommended my daughter to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented to do so and in a comparatively brief period a decided benefit was perceptible. She persisted with the use of the pills and gradually rose from a bed of suffering and sickness until she once again attained robust young womanhood. For the last three years she has been in excellent health. It was Pink Pills that virtually brought her from the mouth of the grave and preserved for me my only daughter. Now do you wonder why I sound their praises and recommend them at every opportunity?"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

WHAT A MAN CANNOT DO.

A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat, that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher; and she can do it all at once, and not half

try. Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning, and made it pull street cars and light the great cities of the world. But he can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's work basket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up; he cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it, either; he cannot be polite to somebody he hates; he would never think of kissing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival; he can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the baseboards; he can't put the tily on the sofa-pillow right side out; he cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

FOR POISONING.

RULES WHICH SHOULD BE KNOWN FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL KINDS OF POISONING.

There are certain rules which apply more or less to all kinds of poisoning which should be known to everyone, so that in case of accidents the proper treatment may be begun before the medical man arrives.

First and foremost, in a case of poisoning no matter what the nature of the poison may be, the object is to get rid of the poison, and to attain that it is necessary to cause the patient to vomit—in some cases the use of a stomach pump being necessary. The latter no one but a skilled medical man should use, as serious accidents have arisen through the unskillful use of this instrument.

No matter what is going to be done for the poisoned patient, it is essential that what is done must be done at once, as the chief thing is to save time. Mustard and water to cause vomiting, and to get rid of the poison, given immediately the poison has been taken, is worth the very best remedy that can be given half an hour later.

A great number of poisons, after being taken, cause vomiting themselves; but, even in these cases an emetic should be given instantly to further the vomiting, and so perhaps get rid of the poison altogether.

When an emetic of mustard and water is required and this is both the simplest and nearest at hand, the quantity should be as follows: Mustard, one and a half tablespoonfuls mixed with one and a half pints of lukewarm water. Draughts to be taken continually until the contents of the stomach have been evacuated.

ARE YOU TIRED?

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

BEWARE OF LATE HOURS.

Do not we all know the folly of keeping late hours, and has it not been said over and over again that an hour's sleep obtained before the bewitching hour of 12 is worth three or four hours' sleep obtained afterwards? But do we, any of us, go to bed any earlier in consequence?

Truly it has been said that this is the beauty sleep, for if we do not go to rest in the early hours we cannot possibly obtain the sleep that our tired bodies and weary, worn-out minds require, and are, consequently, cross, fretful, pale and languid the next day.

If these late hours are continually kept, the necessary strain which we are putting ourselves to, both mentally and bodily, will very soon show its effect, and our health will soon become seriously impaired.

Many people, it is true, cannot get that early rest which is so beneficial to health, on account of their having to work late at night; in such cases, it is well for these people to lie in bed later in the morning, or, if this is not practicable, it is a good plan to get an hour or two's rest in the afternoon, and, by so doing, be fresh and ready for work again in the evening.

"Why, Charley," said his friend, in astonishment, "what has happened? Oh, I see, you have been using hair dye." "No such thing, my friend," replied Charley; "I have an honest head of black hair all my own, and I got it by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer." This wonderful remedy is sold by all chemists at 50c per large bottle.

The Finest Creamy Butter

IN 1-LB. BLOCKS AND SMALL TUBS. NEW LAID EGGS. Stewart's English Breakfast Tea at 35c. OUR SPECIAL BLEND OF COFFEE IS THE FINEST.

D. STEWART & CO.,

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CARE OF TOOTHBRUSHES.

The care of toothbrushes is not sufficiently observed. In city houses they stand in their cups or hang on their racks above the set toilet bowls day and night, absorbing any disease germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least about twice a week—in some anti-septic solution, strong salt and water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being two good and readily provided cleansers. Tooth-washes and pastes should also be kept carefully covered.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS AND COLDS

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The D.P. EMULSION

In CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SUFFERING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of the "D. & L." Emulsion, I have got rid of hacking cough which troubled me for over a year, and I have gained considerably in weight. I liked this Emulsion so well that when the summer came I had it with me. J. W. WINGHAM, G.E., Montreal.

50c and \$1 per Bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

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IT FITS ANY STOVE. GEO. W. REED, AGENT. 783 & 785 CRAIG STREET.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
 Recovered Hearing.
 Zurich, Kas., Sept. 15, '94.
 I gave Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic to a boy 9 years old who had lost his hearing in consequence of Scarlet Fever. After using 8 bottles he was able again to hear and to talk, although the doctors said he would never hear again, but he is all right now.
 Several other persons, that suffered from female weakness and other diseases resulting from this cause took Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic through my advice and were cured.
 On my trips as missionary in eastern Kansas the people will ask for advice and I recommend the Tonic as it has the desired effect.
 Em. J. B. Vornholt.
 Heart Disease and Sleeplessness.
 Corsicana, Tex., Oct. 4, '94.
 My wife suffered from heart disease and sleeplessness. When Rev. Ven. Father of this place recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, I bought the Tonic as it has the desired effect.
 R. Le Beau.
FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
 This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Page 157, and learn under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
 40 S. Franklin Street.
 Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
 For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame Street, and by E. E. McGALE, 2113 Notre Dame Street.

Montreal Annex.

The sale of building lots in this, Montreal's most beautiful suburb, goes merrily on, and from this out it will be first come first served. The saving of money in any shape or form is a wise habit. Putting money in the bank is one good way, but investing your earnings in a lot at Montreal Annex is

BETTER THAN ANY SAVINGS BANK.

TERMS OF SALE.		First Payment.	Monthly Payment.	
Clark Street Lot.....	\$315	\$15 00	\$5 10	5 Per Cent. off. For Cash.
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That this is the cheapest, best and most desirable place for a home or for purpose of speculation. Company's Agents at the property every day to give information.

Take St. Lawrence, Amherst or Back River Electric Cars to property.

CLARENCE J. McCUAIG, Manager,

Room 3, 162 St. James Street,

OFFICE ALSO OPEN EVERY FRIDAY EVENING.

A Pair of Boots.

A pair of boots once changed the destiny of nations!

One morning in the winter of 1790—a young man sat in the reading room of one of the largest public libraries in Paris, looking over a pile of newspapers.

The youth was a slight, boyish figure, but his pale face, with its magnetic gray eyes, aquiline nose, perfectly chiseled mouth and strongly marked individuality would have distinguished its owner in any crowd.

After the fashion of the period, the young man wore long hair, falling down on his shoulders. His costume was a faded uniform, fairly presentable, but the general effect was spoiled by a huge pair of army boots which came up considerably about his knees.

At the moment when this visitor to the library was introduced to the reader his eyes were upon a newspaper before him, but his thoughts were fixed upon his boots. They were the shabbiest boots in the world, full of holes and the feet of the wearer were literally on the ground.

Among the visitors at that early hour were several young officers, who merely nodded to the shabby newspaper reader, and then crossed over to the other side of the room. Nobody cared to talk to him, and he greeted those who spoke to him with a haughty reserve which repelled them.

"Bonaparte has been ruder and crosser than ever," said one officer to another, "since he got into trouble."

"It is a pity," was the answer. "I went to school with him at Brienne and fought by his side at Toulon. He is a born soldier and deserves a better fate." Then the conversation took a wider range, and the revolutionary government was freely criticized for dispensing with the service of such men as Bonaparte. Two or three of the officers had just been suspended and they would readily have cultivated friendly relations with the solitary reader of the files, if his stern look had not kept them away.

Finally one of the group rose to go. "That man," he said, pointing to Bonaparte, "makes me feel uncomfortable. Poor devil, he is at the end of his row. He is trying to get an appointment to India, but if he gets it he has no way to go there. They tell me that he lives on one plate of soup a day. He cannot afford an outfit, nor pay travelling expenses. Look at his boots!"

There was a subdued laugh at this, and the talk soon drifted to more agreeable subjects.

A messenger entered the room and delivered a large envelope to the gloomy reader at the desk.

Bonaparte tore open the missive and read it at a glance.

It was the long-looked for appointment. The man in the faded uniform thrust the document into his pocket, and leaving the desk walked to a secluded corridor, where he paced the floor for some time, apparently in profound thought.

"The appointment comes too late," he said half aloud. "If it had come one short week ago, when LaRose was alive, he would have let me have the money I need, but who will help me now that I am under the ban, and with no friends in high places? Let me see. The uniform can be made to do, and I have offer of free passage, but these boots!"

He glanced down at the disreputable articles in question, which covered nearly half of his slender person, and made the most conspicuous part of his costume.

"They are even worse than they look," he muttered. "The soles are worn out, and my bare feet touch the icy pavement in spots. By the time I reach India there will be nothing left but the legs and uppers. A new pair would cost a thousand francs, and I have less than five francs. Where can I borrow some money or buy a pair of boots on credit? That is the question."

He struck his forehead with his hand excitedly.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "Old Paoli is a Corsican. My family befriended him, and my father saved his life from a mob. He is a money-lender, rich and

with no one to support. If he has a spark of gratitude he will lend me the money."

Shortly after the dinner hour that day a young man wearing a faded uniform and a dilapidated pair of boots emerged from the den of Paoli, the money-lender, is one of the vilest quartets of Paris.

His face was dark with anger and as he walked rapidly away he soliloquized wrathfully:

"The ungrateful brute!" he muttered. Not a franc would he lend me and so my position in India is lost. A man cannot go halfway round the globe barefooted to take command of a regiment. Very well, Monsieur Paoli, we shall see. Life has many surprises, and your turn will come."

The people along the street were beginning to stare at this strange youth, when he suddenly relapsed into silence and assumed a more composed demeanor.

Taking the Indian appointment from his pocket he tore it into a dozen bits and then threw them one by one into the mud as he walked along.

When he reached the cheap restaurant where he usually dined he entered and called for a plate of soup.

That was his breakfast, dinner and supper for the day, and for weeks he had not been able to afford anything better.

Ten days later young Bonaparte was made commander of all the troops stationed in Paris.

The tide in his affairs had turned and fame, power and fortune were within his grasp. With a relentless hand he suppressed the revolt in the city, and in the general slaughter old Paoli was killed by a random shot.

His failure to get a pair of shoes when he needed them made this wonderful man stay in Paris until he attracted the attention of Barras.

After that the young soldier of fortune found everything easy. He had hardly thrown away his old pair of boots before he was carving his way to the throne.

This incident has been mentioned by many historians, but they have dismissed it with only a passing notice. And yet, it suggests volumes of comment. It shows how the little things and small affairs of life may unexpectedly change or shape the fate of nations.

With a new pair of boots on the day when he received his Indian appointment Bonaparte would never have made himself a master of Europe—he would never have worn a crown. And he would have escaped Waterloo and St. Helena.

WALLACE P. REED.

The Provision Market.

The local provision market was without any feature of importance. The cool weather of late has curtailed the demand for smoked meats some and trade on the whole is quiet.

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

In Chicago pork was firm and unchanged, closing \$5.95 September and October, \$6.05 December, \$7.01 January. Lard was stronger, and advanced 2 1/2c to 5c, closing \$3.55 September, \$3.55 October, \$3.70 December, \$3.95 January. Short ribs closed 3.17 1/2 September and October, \$3.50 January.

The Liverpool provision market for lard and tallow was stronger and prices advanced 3d; pork closed 45s; lard, 18s 3d; bacon, 21s to 25c 6d, and tallow, 18s. Cash quotations on provisions closed at Chicago to-day:—Mess pork, \$5.95 to \$6.00; lard, \$3.50 to \$5.77 1/2; ribs, \$3.20

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"BUFFALO" Hot Water Heater

MANUFACTURED BY H. R. IVES & CO.

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

It consumes the least coal. It gives the greatest amount of heat. It is the easiest managed. It is in use at Nideau Hall, Ottawa, and in Churches, Convents, Public Buildings, Banks, Warehouses, Greenhouses, and Private Dwellings throughout the Dominion. We guarantee satisfaction.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION. QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL. Established 1859.

Retail Market Prices.

Notwithstanding the wet cold weather the attendance of farmers and gardeners at Bonsecours Market yesterday morning was just as large as ever. The gathering of buyers, however, was not as large as usual, and in consequence the demand for all lines was limited, and trade was slow, but prices as a rule showed no material change. In grain sales were slow, and farmers complained very much. Oats by the wagon load sold at 50c per bag, and in small lots at 60c. Buckwheat was firmer at 75c to 80c per bag. In vegetables, tomatoes were a glut on the market, and sales were made in some cases at 10c per basket, and on Saturday last as low as 25c was accepted for eight boxes, which was a little over 3c per box. Cauliflowers were also a drug and sales were slow at 40c to 75c per dozen for choice. The feature of

the fruit market was the excessive supply of apples offered, for which the demand was slow, even at prices ranging from 80c to \$1 per barrel. The supply of poultry and game was ample to fill all requirements, and prices showed no change.

The Cattle Markets.

LONDON, September 21.—There was a firmer feeling in the market for cattle, and prices for choice Canadian steers advanced 10c per lb. The demand was slightly better and best States cattle sold at 11 1/2c, Canadians 10 1/2c, and sheep at 10c. There were no Canadian cattle or sheep at Deptford to day.

A private cable received from Liverpool quoted choice Canadian steers at 9c to 10c and sheep at 9c.

Messrs. John Olde & Son, live stock agents, London, Eng., write Wm Cunningham, live stock agent of the Board of Trade, as follows:—The demand for cattle was slightly better, as the supplies in our dead meat markets have been lighter; there were 1,540 head of cattle for sale, of which 1,200 were from the States and 250 from South America, the latter an exceptionally good lot, realizing 5 1/2d, and States 5 1/2d. The supplies of sheep consisted of only 1,350 from South America; the demand was fair, but the consignment was in a very poor and wasted condition and could only realize 5d.

MONTREAL, September 21.—There was no important change in the situation of the live stock trade to day. Cable advices if anything were inclined to be firmer in tone, but values showed very little improvement as compared with this day week. The shipments of live stock for the past week show a decrease of 903 head of cattle, 2,446 sheep and 192 horses as compared with the previous week. In regard to the shipping of Canadian cattle by way of Boston it is stated that there was considerable delay of the shipment made last week at the border line owing to the fact that the requisite accommodation for the inspection of these animals was not provided as promised by the railroad interested, and in consequence the American Government did not give the permit to move the above shipment until very near the last hour, which has stopped any further shipments from being made for the present or until such time when the proper inspection yards are provided. The Canadian shippers that have engaged the freight from Boston left for Chicago this week in order to purchase cattle to fill the space.

At the East End Abattoir Market the offerings of live stock were 650 cattle, 300 sheep, 800 lambs and 100 calves. There was no improvement in the market, and the general impression is that there won't be any as long as supplies continue week after week so much in excess of the requirements of the local trade. There was some very good stock offered, but the prices asked for it seemed to be away above butchers' ideas, and holders found it difficult to make sales. The attendance of buyers was small, and trade on the whole was slow, as there was sufficient cattle on the market to supply the wants for the whole week, and it is to be hoped that the receipts later on will be such as to enable a clearance. In an export way shippers did not seem to want any, as some choice bunches were offered at low figures and refused. A few good to choice steers and heifers were sold at 3c to 3 1/2c, but the principal demand was for stock ranging from 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per pound, of which several loads were picked up. The receipts of sheep were smaller than usual, but notwithstanding this fact prices were easier, which is due principally to the continued discouraging advices received from abroad of late, and shippers to-day would not pay more than 2 1/2c to 3c per lb., and the bulk of the buying was done at the inside figure. There was a good demand for lambs, and the market was cleaned up at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3 each. Calves, also, met with a good sale at \$2.50 to \$7 each, as to size and quality.

The run of cattle at the Point St. Charles Cattle Yards was fair, but the demand from local dealers was limited, in fact, no sales were made and holders were obliged to forward them to the above market. The receipts of live hogs were 400 head, for which the demand was good, and prices ruled steady at 3 1/2c to 4c per lb.

"Oh, yes," she gurgled, "since our quarrel day before yesterday my husband is quite another man."

The Chicago woman had made a new record in the matter of speedy divorce and marriage.—New York Press.

THE NATIONAL DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY.

88 ST. DENI STREET, MONTREAL.

COURSES OF

CUTTING -AND- SEWING,

Under the direction of MRS. E. L. ETHIER,

Lately a Pupil of the Superior and Professional Schools of ABELE GOUBAUD, of the City of Paris. The Leading House of the whole World for Fashions and Dress Cutting.

OUR COURSES COMPRISE

Pattern Drawing, Cutting, Joining, Rectifying, Moulding, Transforming, Trimming Skirts and Cloaks.

These courses, as may be surmised, are not only for Seamstresses, but for ladies and young girls, to whom we most specially recommend them.

In order to proceed safely and give the kind of teaching suitable to each one, our courses are divided into two series, as follows:

1st Course for ladies and girls. 2nd For Seamstresses.

Let us add that when the course is finished we do all in our power to place our pupils in a special establishment where they can command a good salary.

The names are registered at Mrs. E. L. Ethier's model-pattern parlors. Concessions are made for persons of the same family; the conditions are discussed and settled when the name is registered and according to cases.

The S. CARSLY Co., LIMITED

1765 to 1783, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Mail Orders promptly and carefully attended to

FRESH ARRIVALS

PARISIAN & GERMAN

Jackets Capes.

We will show the contents of four cases of the latest novelties in Ladies' and Misses' Parisian and German Jackets and Capes.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

Jacket Novelties.

Ladies' Stylish Beaver Cloth Jackets in brown only; made in latest styles, \$4.39 each.

Ladies' Heavy Black Cheviot Serge Jackets, new shaped collars, box front, trimmed braid and large buttons, \$5.25 each.

Ladies' Colored Beaver Cloth Jackets, in stylish lengths, new shaped sleeves, velvet collar and turn-back cuffs, with large buttons, \$7.85 each.

Ladies' Colored Beaver Cloth Jackets, new sleeves, velvet collars, double-stitched seams, fancy box fronts, \$9.00 each.

Hundreds of Choice Novelties in Ladies' New Jackets received direct from the fashion centres up to \$25.00.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

Ladies' Fall Capes.

Further Novelties in Ladies' Stylish Fall Capes just put into stock.

Ladies' Stylish Length Black Cheviot Serge Capes, very full and nicely made, 6 rows of stitching, \$3.45 each.

Ladies' Colored Cloth Capes in good lengths, lined silk, \$5.45 each.

Ladies' Light Fawn Beaver Cloth Capes, trimmed velvet, nicely stitched and made, \$6.00 each.

Latest Novelties in Ladies' Stylish Capes up to \$25.00 each.

Just received, a large stock of Ladies' New Sealette Capes, \$16.50 to \$50.00 each.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

New Millinery.

Every steamer is now bringing us large deliveries of Model Millinery direct from Paris, Berlin and London; these are the very latest creations of the leading milliners of these places.

Models Copied.

Any Model Hat or Bonnet we can carefully reproduce equal in style and appearance to the original at less than half the price of the imported article.

New Felt Hats.

In all the very latest shapes and newest colors.

New Linen Goods.

All our Linens are made from selected flax by the best-known manufacturers in Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. We take especial pride in keeping the finest lines of Damask and Napkins that can be produced in the most complete assortments.

- New Damask Table Napery.
- New Hemstitched Table Cloths.
- New Hemstitched Five O'clock Tea Cloths.
- New Hemstitched Carvers Cloths.
- New Hemstitched Tray Cloths.
- New Hemstitched Sideboard Covers.
- New Fringed Table Cloths.
- New Fringed Table Napkins.
- New Fringed Five O'clock Tea Cloths.
- New Fringed Carvers Cloths.
- New Fringed Tray Cloths.
- New Fringed Sideboard Covers.
- Fine Double Damask Table Napery.
- Fine Satin Damask Table Napery.

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