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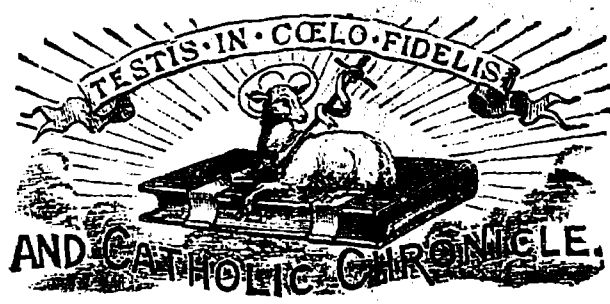
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C. M. B. A.

ANNUAL SOIREE AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Branch 26 holds a Festival—speeches, Mirth and Celebration.

Branch 26, C. M. B. A., held its annual soiree at the Queen's Hall on Friday evening last. This has always been one of the great events of the year in the record of the Society, and the social of Friday last in no degree fell behind those of former years. The gathering on the occasion was alike numerous and representative. Among the many leading citizens present were Mr. Justice Dolery; Messrs. J. A. Curran, M.P., Q.C., and Mrs. Curran; J. A. MacCabe, Grand President of the C. M. B. A. (in Canada); J. J. Coffey, C. P. Deputy; J. P. O'Reilly, Grand Deputy; J. P. O'Reilly, Grand Chancellor; J. A. MacCabe, Grand Secretary; J. A. MacCabe, 1st vice-president; J. A. MacCabe, 2nd vice-president; J. A. MacCabe, recording secretary; J. A. MacCabe, of Branch 85, and daughter; President McDermott, Branch 41; President O'Farrell, Branch 84; J. A. MacCabe, Branch 73; Aids, Cunningham and Nolan; Chancellor Meek, and others.

Dancing followed the informal reception which preceded the festivities of the evening, and after the company had indulged in the preliminary dances, Mr. Nugent, the popular president of the night, made a few happy remarks welcoming those present. He referred briefly to the general feeling of unity which prevailed among the members of the association, and pointed out, in most felicitous terms, that it was not alone local in its working but that its benefits extended far beyond the border of the Dominion. He added that the Mayor of the city was present, and in response to his appeal for an address.

Mr. MeShane, in his capacity of mayor, said that he was pleased to see that the association was doing as well as it was, and that more than that it was accomplishing so great a work. As Mayor of Montreal he was proud to see that they had among their chief executive officer of the association and he cordially welcomed him not alone in his official capacity as chief magistrate, but as a citizen, and as a fellow-worker, certainly a sympathizer with those who were present that evening as members of one of the noblest and best associations ever incorporated. He was truly aware of the great and good work it was doing. He called on Mr. MacCabe, of Ottawa, the head of the association, to say a few words.

Mr. J. A. MacCabe stated that it was a pleasure for him to be present at this evening's entertainment, and if the C. M. B. A. was proud of one part of its constitution more than another it was of the fraternal part which he saw so well exemplified to-night. He was proud to see the C. M. B. A. of Montreal advancing so rapidly, and he had no doubt that very shortly there would be many more members of it in Canada.

Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., was then called upon, and expressed his pleasure in attending this evening's entertainment as well as each previous anniversary. Were he to speak of the benefits of the C. M. B. A., it would take him too long; in fact, the subject might well continue until the next anniversary, and the benefits would even then not be fully shown. He thought that if the C. M. B. A. were to make any amendments to their constitution it should be in the way of allowing ladies to become members and attend the meetings. (Cheers.)

Mr. Justice Doherty was then received with loud cheers, and, in a few remarks which fairly brought down the house, said that in his new capacity he might probably be called on to give an opinion which might please no one interested in the matter brought before him, but in the present case he thought he might render a summary decision favorable to all present. He was sure that everyone had enjoyed the evening's entertainment; that it was an overwhelming success and that on this point there would be no dissenting voice. His Honor's remarks were received with loud applause.

Supper was then served and the health of Mr. MacCabe, Grand President, was proposed, and duly honored, by Mr. Mayor MeShane.

Mr. MacCabe said that it was due to the fact that he was under the jurisdiction of the Mayor of Montreal that he had to respond to the toast, as he believed the rule of the branch was that no speeches should be made at the supper table. The assembly shortly after broke up.

Ordinations.

His Grace the Archbishop has made the following ordinations—Tonsure—Messrs. T. O'Connor, Springfield; J. McCarthy, S. J.; T. Desautels, J. Desjardins and C. Chaput, Sub-deaconate—Messrs. L. J. B. Gagnon, Montreal; F. J. O'Neill, Hatfield; P. J. Quindan, London; R. F. Pierce, Ogdensburg; E. Lafond, Montreal. Deaconate—Messrs. J. Forham, J. E. Tourangeau and J. Brault.

Church Collection.

The following is published in the Semaine Religieuse—"We think it advisable to call to mind the decree of the seventh Council of Quebec respecting collections for pious works. As everybody knows, the decrees of a provincial council are binding in conscience upon all Catholics living in the said province. According to decree XIV of the seventh

Council, a written permission granted by the bishop or cure or priest whom it concerns, is absolutely necessary to organize concerts, excursions, bazars or banquets for the benefit of pious works. Gatherings of this kind are not to take place on Sundays and holidays, and the use of intoxicating liquors must be banished from them. The last paragraph of the same decree reads as follows:—"Unless under a special written permission obtained from the bishop in each diocese, it is forbidden to promise, through the newspapers, by means of circulars, or privately, masses on behalf of those who give alms to help in the building of churches, convents and other structures of the kind, or to pay the debts of those institutions or for any other pious work. This is an abuse which we strongly condemn."

Extremes Meet.

Sir Edwin Arnold says that life runs very harmoniously in Japan, for the people strive to avoid contention. "There are no quarrels, for when there is, somebody dies." The same rule obtains in Arkansas, but the trouble there seems to be that somebody else usually dies too, and the quarrel does not.—Boston Pilot.

Patrons of Industry.

The Patrons of Industry, which body recently effected an organization for the province of Manitoba, expects to have over five thousand members before the date of the next convention. It is somewhat similar to the old granger organizations, but is non-political. The Manitoba association will apply for provincial incorporation.

Sir John Pope Hennessy.

As showing the feeling of affection and gratitude entertained for the late Sir John Pope Hennessy among the native population over which he ruled, it may be of interest to state that at his funeral a colored sailor, a native of Mauritius, who happened to arrive in the city the previous day, attended, and paid two guineas for a wreath to lay on his grave.

Parnell's Memory.

New York, November 15.—Services to the memory of the late Charles Stewart Parnell were held to-night in the Academy of Music and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew was the eulogist. Although 8 o'clock was the hour fixed for the service to begin, a large number of people gathered at 7 o'clock and patiently stood until the doors of the Academy of Music were opened. There was hardly a prominent Irishman in the city who was not at the platform, and representatives from Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven and Bridgeport paid tribute by their presence. In the auditorium could be seen many whose names are notable in law, politics, literature, art and divinity. All the Irish and Gaelic societies were represented.

England's Next King.

It is practically settled that when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne he will be called Edward VII. Some objection to this was thought to exist in the minds of a few Scotch folk, whose relations to the English Edward kings were not pleasant; but careful inquiry has been made in Scotland, and it is found that the feeling is not at all general, and that there is a great desire that the historic name of Edward should once more find its way into the English line of kings. Many people thought that, from the fact that Prince Albert Victor was so named, the Queen was desirous of introducing the succession of Alberts. There is probably some truth in this supposition; but Her Majesty has been overruled, and Prince Albert Victor is now invariably called Edward in the Royal Family.—Catholic Mirror.

Flowers at Funerals.

There is a growing sentiment among Catholics that the lavish use of flowers at funerals should be discontinued. When the sad calamity—death—visits our friends we naturally desire to give some evidence of sympathy, but Catholic condolences are not expressed by flowers. Send a note, promising a communion, a novena, a penitential fast or a Holy Mass for the soul of the deceased, and you will do more for the dead and offer more genuine consolation to the surviving relatives than had you sent a dozen meaningless "gates ajar," "broken columns" or "crowned crosses." These quickly wither on the grave. They do the departed soul no good. They ask for bread and we hand them a stone. They plead for prayers and we lay bouquets beside the coffin. The practice is born of vanity, not of faith. Death does not call for a flower exhibit; it calls for Christian consolation and Christian prayers.—Hypensboron Courier.

Davitt and Healy.

A letter written by Michael Davitt has been made public in London, in which he objects in very strong terms to the abusive references made by certain of the anti-Parnellites in connection with Mrs. Parnell. The attacks that have been made upon her, Mr. Davitt says, have been couched in the most insulting language. Mr. Davitt shows that though he opposed Mr. Parnell as a leader there was as yet a tender spot in his heart for him as a friend. He shows also that he appreciates fully the extent of Mr. Parnell's devotion to the lady who subsequently homed his wife, for he writes that all these attacks made against Mrs. Parnell are against one for whom Mr. Parnell made the most appalling sacrifices. Mr. Davitt declares that attacks upon Mrs. Parnell will in no way serve the cause of

the Irish people, and he concludes by stating that in the United States there is the keenest feeling of indignant regret at the Billingsgate character that the controversy between the Parnellites and the McCarthyites has assumed.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.

Each life may have a potentiality of greatness. Find a disinterested friend and you have found a jewel.

To be misunderstood by those we love is bitterest of all.

The greatest study of all is that of the changes of the mind.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.

The bank of folly and pride is sure to break some day and leave you mourning and penitence.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of life.

There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter—hypocrisy, pharisaism and tyranny.—Father Robertson.

The wise prove and the foolish confess by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth living.—Paley.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor and the fourth wit.—Sir W. Temple.

"The public (i.e., secular) schools," says Bishop Hennessey, of Dulouque, "like the inn at Bethlehem, have no place for Christ and His Blessed Mother."

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.

Beauties of the Law.

A very sad case is that of Mr. J. B. Major, a former merchant of Valleyfield, who is now in prison. Some time ago his property was sold by authority of justice. He was present at the sale, and seeing that the bids were far below the value of the property, he ventured to bid himself in order to push the sale. Unfortunately, the property was adjudicated to him, and as he could not pay the amount, it was later on sold again at full value. The sale this time realized \$225 less than the first time, and Major was called upon to pay this difference. He could not pay the amount, however, and was arrested on Wednesday last on a *contrainte par corps*. Unless the money can be found the poor debtor will have to remain in goal for one year. The unfortunate man and his family are said to be almost in despair over the sad occurrence. Some friends are trying to realize the sum required.

The Last Survivor.

The Army and Navy Gazette says:—In Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hewett, who died at Southampton on Monday, the British army loses its last surviving officer who fought at Waterloo. Colonel Hewett was born July 2, 1795, and received his first commission in 1811. He was junior captain of the 3rd Battalion 14th Regiment at Waterloo, serving side by side with the late Lord Almaral, also a 14th man. After the war, Colonel Hewett, who was a son of General Sir George Hewett, a former commander-in-chief in India, served on as a captain until 1825. He then purchased his majority, joined the Rifle Brigade in 1826, and retired by sale of his commission in 1828. The last British survivor of Wellington's victory whose existence can be traced is now an old pensioner from the 27th Inniskillings—Samuel Gibson by name—an inmate of the Metropolitan asylum at Caterham. Gibson is in his 101st year. He enlisted about 1803 at Tandragee, county Armagh, as a boy in the 27th, his father being at that time a private in the Monaghan militia. Young Gibson accompanied the 27th to the Peninsula, and was afterwards present with it at Waterloo. He was discharged from the army in 1815 after twelve years' service, on a pension of one shilling a day, which he afterwards commuted for 47s. He has been an inmate of Caterham asylum for some years, and although unable to leave his bed, he still enjoys a pipe which he indulges in frequently. His story has lately been substantiated by the regimental authorities.

A Strange Story.

The dead body of a man with thirty-seven stab wounds in the breast, side, head and the body otherwise horribly mutilated, was found last week in the west part of the city of Greenesteele, about forty miles from Indianapolis. A party of tramps had been seen in the neighborhood the day before, and an empty car was discovered absolutely covered with blood. A despatch from Terre Haute announces the capture there of a tramp named William O'Brien, who confessed that he was with the man who did the murder, but denied taking any part in the deed. O'Brien says that the dead man's name was Mike Shea, of Toronto. He said that he and three others were with Shea at Greenesteele, and he also declared that Shea told him that certain leading Irishmen in this country would give a pile of money to see him (Shea) dead, as he knew too much about the Cronin murder, which started Chicago about two years ago. O'Brien claims that Shea, who was then in Toronto, was in communication with the Clan-na-Gael. He says the men who murdered Shea had fallen in with them two days before in a Greenesteele saloon, and he claimed to be perfectly ignorant of their names. They fought with Shea in the car, where all were going to sleep, and he then ran out and hid himself in the stable, being afraid they would kill him as well as Shea. Shea's body has been buried in the Greenesteele potter's field.

IRISH NOTES.

The police recently raided Canon Cahill's home in Tipperary, levying upon him for the amount due as surety for Wm. O'Brien at the time of O'Brien's flight to America.

Recently an extraordinary occurrence took place in Downpatrick. A middle aged woman named Alice Trainer, who earns her livelihood by carrying water, was observed at a well, in the vicinity of her house. She had entered the well, and was up to her waist in the water when she was discovered by some person passing and taken out. Her bed clothes were found at the well. The police were shortly on the scene, and took charge of her. Head Constable Pratt afterwards proceeded to her house, and found that everything in it had been broken into bits. The woman was taken to the union workhouse, where a sum of £155 odd was found on her.

According to official statistics just issued religious professions of the people of Longford county are enumerated as follows:—48,071 Catholics, 4,033 Protestant Episcopalians, 279 Presbyterians, 211 Methodists, 24 Brethren, 7 Christians, 4 Seekers, 2 Church of Christ, 2 Free Thinkers, 2 Lutherans, 1 Baptist, 1 Believer in Jesus, 1 Christian Israelite, 1 Congregationalist, 1 Non-Subscribing Presbyterian, 1 Plymouth Brother, 2 no denomination, 1 unknown, 2 information refused. There is no person in Longford county unable to speak the English language, but in 1881 there were two who could only speak Irish. Of those who speak the Irish language as well as English, there are now 30 in Ardagh, 59 in Grannal, 38 in Longford, 5 in Moydow, 11 in Rathelme and 3 in Shrule.

The Blue Book which has just been issued contains extracts of returns relating to pilots and pilotage from every port of the united kingdom for the past year. These returns include all by-laws and regulations issued by the pilot authorities, the names and agents of all pilots and apprentices, with the service for which each is licensed, the rates of pilotage in force, and the total amounts received for pilotage at each port. The particulars for 22 Irish ports are given. For the port of Limerick there are 23 pilots in the Limerick district and 35 in the Western district, together with 9 apprentices. They earn £2,436, of which £2,200 were distributed among 36 able-bodied pilots and 6 pensioners, £139 were contributed to the Pilots' Pension Fund, £87 to the pilot boats (£73 to maintenance at Grass Island (Kenne's Island) station, and £16 to summary charges. Galway has 21 pilots, who earned £388. New Ross has 5 pilots, who received the whole amount paid for pilotage, £191. Newry has 12 pilots, and their total earnings amounted to £240. Tralee has eleven pilots, who received the whole of the pilotage, the amount of which is not recorded.

The following is the text of Canon Doyle's letter which has occasioned so much comment:—
Ramsgrange, Arthurstown, 1
Co. Wexford, Oct. 21st, 1891.
To the Secretaries of the Wexford Convention:
GENTLEMEN.—I regret I will not be able to attend your convention to-morrow, but I hope, indeed I feel sure, it will be worthy of this really historic county. The first object of your solicitude will be of course the evicted tenants, those brave men who have been justly called "the wounded soldiers in the fight," by whose great sacrifices the Government and the landlords themselves have come to see that the Irish farmer is determined to remain no longer a serf, but to be as free as the sea breeze that blows over the green hills and fertile valleys of his native land. As to the other business of your convention, it will, I feel confident, be done with that practical common sense and determination that have ever characterized the men of Wexford. There is one shocking national scandal against which I beg leave to enter my most solemn and determined protest. I hope there will be no attempt to cushion it, as Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., cowardly suppressed my telegram against the Leinster Hall infamy. I have observed with unutterable pain and humiliation gentlemen who ought to know better eulogizing, apostrophizing and glorifying the miserable man who lately went to his dread account with every sign, so far as man can judge, of final impenitence. Here is a man who has been proved in public court in the metropolis of this empire to be one of the vilest criminals ever discharged from even a London divorce court. Not only was he proved guilty of a crime condemned by right reason and by the express revelation of God in the Old and New Testaments, but to have committed it under circumstances of meanness, deceit and falsehood, which render his turpitude unutterably loathsome. So far from being able to attempt any defence, he actually tramples under foot common decency, and goes to live ostentatiously with his degraded paramour. By one of those awful judgments that should make men think and tremble, he dies in her house, he dies in her bed, he dies in her embrace, and by some mysterious judicial blindness the wretched woman places a costly wreath on his coffin, proclaiming her own infamy and his guilt. And yet the staid corpse of this public scandalous, impenitent sinner receives the honor of a public funeral, is hawked through the metropolis of a Catholic and Christian country, and buried in a Catholic cemetery! And after such a record and such a death, educated Christian men and professing Catholics are not ashamed, before the face of Christendom, to call such a man "illustrious"! It is simply a shocking, unpardonable scandal, I stood by unfortunate Chas. Stewart Parnell, when those who are now trading on his

name and making his memory odious were regarding him either passively indifferent or actively opposed. William O'Brien was then on the Freeman staff and favored the return of his friend 'Peter the Packer.' The Redmonds, the Harringtons, the Leamys, the Connors, the Clancys, and the rest of the whipper snappers now making his grave hideous were nowhere. I was faithful to him then and came forward, in my own humble way, in his defence. Not unlikely W. O'Brien, in the performance of his duty, attacked me for doing so. I remained faithful to him until the stench of his crimes repelled me. I was sorry—inexpressibly sorry—for his terrible, stunning death. I wish to let him rest and to forget him. But as long as anyone attempts to scandalize our people, especially our youth, by lauding him and calling him 'illustrious,' I denounce such sickening cant and scandalous falsehood, and proclaim the truth, that Charles Stewart Parnell lived a wicked life, and died a hopeless death.

Wreaths, garlands of flowers, religious symbols, muffled drums and sacred music over the grave of such a man are a horrid mockery. Not merely as a priest, but as a Catholic, as a Christian and as a man, I loath and detest the depravity of Parnell and the criminal business of his followers as the greatest disgrace that ever befell this unhappy country. May God, in his mercy, avert the punishment that such scandals oftentimes bring in their train—Dear sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS CANON DOYLE, P.P.

A Strange Case.

A Dublin despatch states that Miss Rose Lawless, the sister of Lord Cloncurry, has been found drowned in the lake on her brother's estate at Lyons, County Kildare, about ten miles from Dublin. The cause of her death is at present not clear. The family of Lawless is of very humble origin, but one of its members, the second Lord Cloncurry, was a noted character in Irish history. He was a united Irishman and a friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the Emmets, and spent two years in prison. He was afterward a friend of Daniel O'Connell in the movements for catholic emancipation and repeal of the union. His wife eloped with an English officer and he fought a duel with her betrayer. Since his death the family has been torn in politics and among the most exacting of the Irish landlords. The present holder of the title had a quarrel with his tenants recently which made a great stir in Ireland, as he announced his determination of closing up the quarries in Ardclough, near his home, "never to allow a stone to be taken out of them so long as there was a land league in Ireland." The hill of Lyons, at the foot of which is the small artificial lake where the unfortunate lady's body was found, is one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland, and the old churchyard near by contains the bones of many famous men. Another sister, Miss Emily Lawless, is a writer of some distinction, and has recently contributed to the magazines a number of sketches of mediæval Irish history paraphrased from the Gaelic annals and the English chronicles of the "pale" or English district around Dublin.

The Church in Japan.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The Government of Japan has assured the Vatican that the fullest possible protection will be accorded to the new hierarchy in Japan.

A New Sea.

It is said that a new sea is to appear on the maps henceforth, or rather a new name for a part of the old sea. The Australian Association for the Advancement of Science, while considering the geographical formation of that portion of the ocean lying west of Australia and Tasmania, and bounded on the other sides by New Zealand and the western islands of the Polynesian group, proposed to name it the Tasman sea, and the English admiralty has accepted the suggestion and ordered that the name appear on the admiralty charts.

The Unlucky "Gyffe."

The barque which yesterday stranded off Kinsale, Ireland, is the Gyffe. She was commanded by Captain Wilson and sailed from Quebec October 1st for Liverpool. The life-saving crew at Kinsale, undeterred by their many failures to launch their life-boat and to get a line to the wreck by means of rockets, persisted in their efforts and finally succeeded in rescuing the captain and four of the crew. All of the other men on board, seven in number, were drowned. The sea is washing the cargo out of the vessel.

A Gladstone Victory.

LONDON, November 14.—The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for the South Molton division of Devonshire was held yesterday and resulted in a victory for the Liberal candidate, George Lambert. The candidate of the Liberal-Unionists and Conservatives who stood against Mr. Lambert was Charles W. Buller, a cousin of Sir Redvers Buller, and an Irish landlord. The vote stood: Lambert, 4,222; Buller, 3,010; W. H. Walker (Gladstonian), 3,352. The great Liberal gain of 2,901 votes and the return of a Gladstonian to fill the seat previously occupied by a Unionist has caused rejoicing among the supporters of the Liberal camp.

The Huntingdon Gleaner says.

"No body ever saw finer weather in November than has been experienced since the month came in. An immense amount of work has been done in bringing in new land and ditching and fully the usual breadth of ploughing.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Italy reports large rice and wine crops. Thomas H. Long was drowned at Owen Sound on Friday.

Horse distemper is prevalent in the neighborhood of Kingston. Two thousand persons in Montevideo are affected with influenza.

The Short-Walliock monument was unveiled at Quebec on Thursday.

The Kingston coal combine has been broken and the fuel is now \$5 25 a ton.

Mrs. Cartwright, formerly Miss Master of Ottawa, has been murdered in Chicago.

Colorado had a heavy fall of snow on Wednesday last, and so had North Dakota.

John Scott was burned to death in a railway collision near Middletown, N.Y., last week.

George Lawrence, a Pittsburg merchant shot himself in a New York hotel yesterday.

A great many lives were lost in Wednesday's gale in England, Ireland, France and Spain.

The widow of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith has been gazetted as Viscountess Hambledon.

A proposition to admit lawyers to membership in the Knights of Labor has been rejected.

The Bay of Quinte Railway propose extending their road from Harrowsmith to Sydenham.

The steamship Ontario, from Montreal for Bristol, lost 120 head of cattle during heavy weather.

France has ordered her naval commanders in Brazilian waters to observe strict neutrality.

The East Wellington local election last week resulted in the return of James Kirkwood.

The business failures during the past week numbered for the United States 263 and for Canada 37.

Mr. James Stewart died in North Easthope, aged 92. He was one of Perth County's oldest settlers.

A Hastings County outlaw, John Ellis, has been causing considerable excitement by his daring deeds.

A proposal in the French Chamber of Deputies to expel Jewish bankers was rejected by a vote of 431 to 52.

The protest against the election of Mr. Thomas Bain, M.P. for North Wentworth, was dismissed, no evidence being offered.

The important firm of S. Wigle & Sons, with several branches in Western Ontario, has assigned for the benefit of its creditors.

The recent municipal census of Toronto makes the population of the city 188,314, as against 181,220 by the Dominion census last spring.

In a letter to a United States Government official a member of the German Emperor's staff says war in Europe cannot be postponed beyond next spring.

The Detroit Board of Trade has adopted a resolution protesting against the Canadian Government's discriminations in canal tolls against vessels bound for United States ports.

The Italia, Rome, states that the United States Government has recognized the claim for indemnity in connection with the lynching of members of the Mafia at New Orleans.

Mr. W. H. Temple, of Warden, has harvested 225 bushels of ox heart carrots from 25 rods of land. On three-eighths of an acre he grew 600 bushels of roots, including carrots, beets and turnips.

Mr. Peter McFarlane, who has acted as secretary-treasurer of the Elgin Ploughing association for upwards of twenty years, has sent in his resignation, and Mr. D. H. Brown has been appointed in his place.

A boy named John Sinclair was found on Friday jammed between the elevator in the Yonge Street Market, Toronto, and the wall in the basement of the building. When taken out he was quite dead, his neck being broken.

At the Ottawa Police Court, Horace Tulbot and A. C. Larose were committed for trial on the charge of conspiring to defraud the Public Works Department by means which were disclosed before the Public Accounts Committee a few months ago.

Sherbrooke has had another sensation. On Monday night the body of David Meredith was found suspended by a strap to the casing of a door in his house, his neck thrown over the strap, his legs doubled up and his knees nearly touching the floor. The evidence went to show that deceased had taken his own life, but for what reason does not appear. He was about 81 years of age and a laborer.

The body of Alexander Smart, of Marsden, was found on the shore of Victoria bay, Lake Megantic, on Monday. He left home on Friday to go and get a barrel of lime. Not returning on Saturday search was made and his body was found. He was about 50 years of age and leaves a wife. The testimony of Dr. Millette would indicate that death resulted from cold and exposure, probably producing pneumonia.

A fatal accident happened in the Farham beet root sugar refinery. A boy named Arbec, whose family live at St. Brigid, was watching a boiler, constant attention to which was necessary to prevent the mixture, frothing, and boiling over. The lad appears to have laid himself down by the side of the boiler, and overcome by the heat and fatigue, fell asleep. The juice boiled up and poured upon him, scalding him in so serious a manner that he died next day.

JAMAICA EXHIBITION! The Gold Medal! We have the pleasure of being able to announce that Bell Pianos and Organs HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION GOLD MEDAL.

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GATHERING CRUMBS. He said to His disciples: "Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost." John, vi, 12. 'Twas a strange command from the Master,—"Go, gather the crumbs!" He said; When, weary and faint in the desert, The multitude had been fed.

There is many an act of virtue, Lost, alas! in the dust of the day, That might save a starving brother,— Give him heart on his desolate way.

He will read, with His tender kindness, In our small gifts, a love that is great, And will multiply, with His blessing, Our crumbs, at the Beautiful Gate.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

On Teasing. It seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others.

Exactly. And it is just because there is no meaning in it nor necessity for it, because it is only "teasing," that poor tormented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it.

A Neglected Duty. We talk much about the duties of parents to children. We want to reverse the question and say a word as to the duties of children to parents.

A Shark Story. I have knocked about a good deal at sea for a handman, but my first voyage is still fresh in my memory.

Aunt's Advice. "My brother had severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him.

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A HIDDEN GEM
ELOQUENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

An Address Delivered Before the St. Patrick's Society at Their Concert in the Windsor Hall.

We are enabled to offer our readers a full report of the charming paper read by Mr. J. K. Foran before the St. Patrick's Society, at the concert given in Windsor Hall. After some preliminary remarks, Mr. Foran said:

Once I read a poem, written by Martin McDermod, in which he pictures an old woman seated under a tree, and singing to a child the song of the "Colleen"; years roll over, and the old woman sleeps "neath the chapel yard grass, while the child—a young girl—asks his mother to let him go and kneel at the grave of the old grandmother, there to pluck a flower, breathe a prayer, or drop a tear. And the mother would unconsciously say: "O, my son, fond of the old woman, you must have an affection for me." Such is a picture of the children of the Irish race in Canada. The old mother, the grand old woman, who rocked its cradle and sang its lullaby, is Ireland; but the mother of our present and the native land of our descendants, the home of our future, is Canada. Out of 35 days of a year consecrated to the advancement, glory and prosperity of this new land, surely one day can be now and then taken, to lay aside the cares and troubles of life, to retrace the wilderness of the Atlantic, and to go kneel at the grave of the old woman Erin, there to pluck—were it

that his humor and fun bubbled up and overflowed to the end. Not to weary you with pure and simple biography I will do the silver chord of his life with the rosary of his smiles and tears and songs—songs that like Ireland herself are a mixture of light and shadow, joy and grief. From 1841 till 1845 he constantly wrote; but the failure of the '48 movement was a great blow to him. In 1851, being down-spirited, he emigrated to America. He was professor of Belles Lettres in Spring Hill College, Alabama. In 1856 he married a Miss Connolly, of New Orleans, and removed to that city; later on he went to Baton Rouge, and finally to Thibodaux, Louisiana. There, on the 31st July, 1862, a hemorrhage, a hemorrhage of the lungs carried him away. The Irish-American soldiers camped near his grave. In April, 1863, erected a suitable monument over his humble resting place, and it bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Richard Dutton Williams, the Irish patriot and poet, who died July 31st, 1862, aged 40 years." This stone was erected by his countrymen serving in Companies C. and K., 8th Regiment N. H. Volunteers, as a slight testimonial of their esteem, for his unsullied patriotism and his exalted devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. It was a kindly act. The incident touched the heart of a brother-poet, and the late Thomas D'Arcy McEneaney addressed an ode to the tomb-builders of the South, in which he said:

"God bless the brave! the brave alone
Were worthy to have done the deed,
A soldier's hand has raised the stone,
Another traced the lines men read;
Another set the guardian rail;
Above thy minstrel—Innsfall!"

Probably had Williams the choice he would have preferred that even one of his songs should be cherished in Irish hearts. That a marble stone should tell his name to a people who had no knowledge of his work. If he could have afforded to be careless about the preservation of his poems the Irish nation cannot, Sir C. G. Duffy once said: "The man dies but his work remains; it is the heritage of his countrymen. For the sake of their honor and repute in the world the Irish people should be careful custodians of whatever literary or artistic treasures have been left them, and I do not hesitate to say that amongst the possessions in which they can feel a legitimate pride, and which they never should allow to be hidden away, neglected or forgotten, are the poems of poor Richard Dutton Williams." His humorous poems must necessarily lose much of their strength and effect on account of the lapse of time, and our want of knowledge of the local allusions. He took great delight in making fun of his brother bards and tantalizing them with the most absurd parodies on their best poems. One of the contributors to the "Nation," a poor student, wrote the "Student's Lament," in which he pathetically described the hundred and one difficulties that surround the empty-pocketed aspirant to fame. Beautiful was the poem, and it seemed a desecration to laugh at it. Still "Shamrock" appeared in the next number with the "Misadventures of a Student," one of which ran as follows:

A moon ago, one morning, as I tried to kill the blues,
By the fragrance of manillas and eopements
In the news,
All suddenly the echo of a superior double knock,
So startled me that both of them fell from me
at a shock.
But my vinaigrette was weak me—it was near
me, thank my stars,
For my nerves are very weak from dissipation
on cigars.
I sank upon the cushions of a lounge, rich and thick,
(Like all my other furniture, I had it upon
ticks)
Till the valet brought me, grinningly, an oblong
billet doux,
With Queen Victoria's compliments, requesting
one of your two.
By Parnassus, 'tis the taxman, he had called
three times before:
"The phantom of the threshold," the lion's at
the door.
"Say, Tom, I'm sick, or not at home, and
won't be home at all!"
"So I found him, plaze your honor, but he
would not leave the hall."
Well, then, thought I, soft soldier must be given
as before,
So I took a gentle stimulant and listened to
the door.
In my richest robe-de-chambre, and my Turkish
slippers too,
And my very blindest slipper, I began, "Ah!
how do you do?"
But the taxman spake unto me: "Three times
I've called in vain;
By the Hokey, you shall rue it, if you make me
call again."
And then the door he most melodramatically
slammed—
A fine emphatic pantomime, expressing, "you
be damned."
A week of doubt most terrible, of exclamation
dure,
And again the phantom cometh—he cometh in
his lre,
And the taxman spake unto me—he spoke with
sneer and scoff:
"Fork out the blunt instantler, or I'll eat your
chattels off."
And therunto, besides, moreover, superadded
he an oath;
But the Muse, unused to swearing, to repeat it
here is loath.
But courage future phantoms, and friends of
lyric lore,
By Jingo—living Jingo—was the solemn oath
he swore.
In vain to soothe this worshipper of Jingo, I
began,
"Dear Sir, I'll tell my uncle, who's a very
public man,
And if you call to-morrow, I, mayhap, shall
tell you then,
What Sunday in the coming week you'd better
call again."
He went, while many an oath came upon the
zephyr's wings,
By Jingo and by Hokey—by Hokey and by
Jing,
And though he loves me not, he will surely
come again,
With certain raw crustacean, most likely, in
his train—
The phantom and his lobster host with catin-
ness shall view,
For my uncle, as mentioned, has supplied the
one pound two.

Would you ever dream that the author of such a composition as that was a man upon whom death had set his seal, who was fearfully in earnest and deeply religious? Yet Williams felt that Ireland had enough of tears, and that it was well to keep up the livelier spirit and discourage discouragement itself. I said he was sincerely religious. Listen to a portion of his "Sister of Charity." It differs greatly from that written by Gerald Griffin. Griffin's was bold, lofty, grand; Williams's poem is tender, mild and loving. He addressed these

lines to a humble nun whom he had seen tending the sick in one of the hospitals of Dublin, where he practiced medicine for a few short years:

THE SISTER.
Sister of Charity! gentle and dutiful,
Loving as Seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
Ever thy love, like an angel, reposes
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
'Till the arrows of death are half hidden in
roses,
And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the
bier.

When life, like a vapour, is slowly retreating,
As clouds in the dawn to heaven uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him ex-
ploring,
And the cross on thy bosom, his last looks
behold,
And oh! as the Spouse to thy words of love
listens,
What hundred-fold blessings descend on thee
then;
Thus the flower-absorbent dew in the bright iris
glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity! child of the Holiest!
Oh! for thy loving soul ardent and pure!
Mother of orphans, and friend of the lowliest!
Stay of the wretched, the giddy, the poor!
The embrace of the God-head so plainly enfolds
thee,
Sanctify's halo so shines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor drops in thy presence, abashed to the
ground!

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty
flushes,
When the incense ascends and the sanctuary
glows,
And the music, that seems Heaven's language
is pealing—
Adoration has bowed him in silence and
sighs;
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
The passionless rapture that comes from the
skies.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!
Choir-music thy voice is, thy step angel
grace,
And thy union with Deity shines in a splendor,
Subdued, but unearthly thy spiritual face,
When the frail chains are broken, a captive
that bound thee,
Afar from thy home in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb! and Earth's shadows
around thee,
Disperse in the blaze of Eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath o'er thy
roll,
Intervene, like a cloud, between us and His
glory,
And shield from His lightning the shuddering
saint,
And mild as the moon-beams in Autumn
descending,
The lightning extinguished by Mercy shall
fall.

While He hears, with the wail of the penitent
blending,
Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent de
Paul!

The Dublin Nation,
COMMENTING UPON THE POEMS,
said: "We have had many sinners of song in
our day, but Williams stands distinct and
separate from all. Mangan, with the mystic
ocular utterance of a seer; Davis, with his
gallant, bounding strains, the fit minstrel of
a national guard; Walsh, with the fairy music
of old traditions, and the inherent genius of
the ancient harpers; "Mary" of the tender me-
lodies sung in summer eves. But Williams'
music is during, vehement, fierce, thundering
with intense passion. With eagle wing he
soars among the stars; and when he stands
again upon the firm earth his hearty bursts of
mirth are prolific as the wild flowers on a
forest bank. His style accords with his theme;
sometimes grand, solemn and sonorous as
the verse of Homer; and, anon, brilliant, sportive
and humorous as the very genius of Mirth."
Such the idea of his companions in the re-
spected fields of Irish literature.

Still beneath the dancing rhymes of this poet
a deep current of nationalism sweeps. There
is a meaning for those who can read between
the lines, in each of his parodies. However,
Mangan was enraged with this "Shamrock"
for making fun of his weird poems; and Davis
came one day to Williams and complained of
that "wicked fellow who turned his war song
into a guttural's poem to his foul god." If
Williams enjoyed vexing the poets, he enjoyed
still more their coming to himself for con-
solation.

Moore wrote that beautiful Oriental poem,
"Lalla Rookh," but "Shamrock" ridiculed
it. Let me give you one verse as an example.
Moore writes:
There's a bower of sweet roses by Bendameer's
stream,
And the birds sing 'round it all the day
long;
In the days of my boyhood, 'twas like a grand
dream,
To sit 'midst the roses and hear the birds'
song.
"Shamrock" comes out with:
There's a temple of humberg by Lily's dark
stream,
Where the victims of gambling sit all the
night long;
In the days of my glory it was my grand
dream,
To hear the paid patriots pitching it strong!

When Mangan's "Cahal Mor of the Wine-
red Hand," a glorious tale of the warrior-days,
appeared, it was followed by "Shamrock's"
"Romolph Routh of the Wine-red Nose," a
rap at the commissary-general of the day. All
went well enough until Mangan published his
"Time of the Barmecides," a unique piece of
oriental composition of which the author was
justly proud. It began:
My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years,
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long lost youth's compeers!
For back to the Past, though the thought brings
woe,
My memory ever glides—
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
Imagine his large, blue, dreamy eyes how
they opened, and how his pale cheek glowed
as he scanned the next paper with "Shamrock's"
production:
My eyes are gaggled, my whiskers dyed,
I am stooped, notwithstanding stays,
I would I were stretched that stream beside,
Where I fished in my zig-zag days.
For back to that spot—(it cost nothing, you
know)
My memory ever flies,
Where I first saw glow, long, long ago,
In the light of the Bar-maid's eyes!
Time will not permit or I would give you
those poems in full and dozens of others that I

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must skip. But the climax of annoyance for
the poets and fun for Williams was reached
one day when Davis vowed that "Shamrock"
would not attempt any such liberties with him.
One morning appeared poor Davis' glorious
war song, "Oh! for a steed!"
Oh! for a steed! a rushing steed, on the plains
of Hindustan!
And a hundred thousand cavaliers to charge
like a single man;
Till our shirts were red,
And the enemy fled,
Like a cowardly caravan!

Oh! for a steed! a rushing steed, on the Curragh
of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are
ready to dare;
A hundred yards,
And Holland's guards,
Drawn up to engage us there!

Try and imagine the astonishment, the be-
wildered of Davis, when Williams (serious
as an owl) handed him a paper with "Sham-
rock's" parody.
Oh! for a feed! a molley feed! a corporation
feast
Of hot and cold, of roast, of boiled, of fishes,
birds and beast—
From cod and snipe
To leathery tripe,
Two inches thick at least.

Oh! for a feed! an awful feed! or else a mighty
lunch,
With a Niagara cataract of Irish whiskey
punch,
Port, crusty, red,
And home-made bread,
Ad libitum to crunch!

Oh! for a feed! a bribing feed! at an election
spread!
Where much is said that's never done, and
done that's never said—
And bipped swine,
To "nine times nine."
Invert their heels and head.

Oh! for a feed! precarious feed! at boating or
picnic,
Where nobody gets nothing, and everybody
sick;
All sudden squalls,
Seize hats and shawls,
Just borrowed or on tick.

And while "Shamrock" was still perpetrating
his endless parodies, one day a cloud arose
upon the horizon and shadowed it from pole to
pole: the sun of Ireland's literature came up
the eastern slope, and his rays were dimmed
with the mists that hung upon the land; a
vail arose, like a Bushy's eye, and came
mouning around the shore, sighing through
ruined towers, careering sully over rath and
hill. Williams paused to watch the grim
spectre, and his mirth was hushed for a
moment; he listened to the wailing of the winds
through the corridors of a newly erected nation-
ally, and he heard the words—strong, few and
terrible—"Thomas Davis is dead!" His, like
every heart in Ireland.

CEASED TO THUMB;
the exclaiming seemed too much to bear. "But
the calmness of grief coming soon, in its
depth and stillness profound," the poet stretched
forth his hand for his harp, and binding cyprus
leaves interwoven with laurels around his in-
strument, he touched its chords into vibration,
and thus he sang:
Hast thou fallen from our band,
Purest spirit of the land?
Hast thou perished while thy glory yet was
young?
While more than mortal fire
Sprang intensely from thy lyre,
And love and wisdom flowed from thy tongue?
Let him sleep in Irish ground,
At his feet the Irish bound,
The harp of battle broken at his side,
And let his willing hand embrace the half-
drawn brand;
Oh! had he but unshathed it ere he died!

lyrist in the land, (lean his lips as He did those
of Isaiah, all his bosom with inspirations like
unto those that thrilled in the breast of the
Royal prophet, give him the vigor of Davis, the
modesty of Moore, the genius of Mangan, the
fire of "Sporanza" and the soul of Williams,
that while he is praising the "Giver of all good
gifts," he may worthily chant the deathless
anthem of Ireland's rejuvenated nationality.
Ladies and gentlemen, a word about Canada
before I close. I feel I have fatigued you. I
will say but a word. Let us return from our
half hour at the grave of the old woman and
contemplate for a moment the mother of our
country. Here we are in a land vast in its pro-
portions, endless in its resources, boundless in
its liberties, majestic in the sweepings of its
rivers and gorgeous in the grandeur of its
mountain panoramas. The whistle of a steam
engine was heard the other night on the sea-
board at Halifax; it did not cease to cry out
till a few nights afterwards it scanned the eagles
from their nests in the Rockies. This country
is like a vast ocean into which a thousand
streams roll and blend their waters. One
stream from the forests of Germany and the
castled Rhine; another from the vineyards of
France, the home of chivalry and arts, the
mother-land of the brave and generous race
that gave us our pioneers and missionaries, the
leaders of advancing civilization and Chris-
tianity; another stream from the elm-groves
of old England, the mother-land of the great
world-encircling belt, of which Canada is the
bulwark; another from the "Land o' cakes and
brither Scots," from "Caledonia the stern and
wild," from the land of Burns and Scott, whence
came those good, generous, thrifty people, solid
and grand in character, as Ben Veirloch and
Ben Verole, bright and placid in disposition, as
Loch Leinon and Loch Katrine; another from
the "sea-grilled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled
Isle" of my ancestors. All of these should com-
mingle in the great ocean of Canadian nation-
ality. Burying in the Atlantic the differences
of the old world, we should aid each other in the
struggle for glory and advancement in the new.
No matter what altar, we kneel before, we all
adore the same God, and the same God com-
manded us all to love each other. By perfor-
mating that first act of Christian charity—as I see
it exemplified here to-night—we will be adding
in a strife wherein, to use Lord Dufferin's
words, "the spoils of victory will fall into the
lap of Canada, and the garland of triumph be
twined around her brow." Every good, gener-
ous or noble act we perform, like a ray of
light upon a convex mirror, will reflect upon
the land of our ancestors and to the honor of
our race; and by each performing faithfully
his duties in the sphere in which he lives, he
will be adding his stone to the great fabric of
this country's future; he will have a share in
the building of that—

"Northern arch, whose vast proportions
Span the skies from sea to sea,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
Home of unborn millions free."

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Three Per Cent. (3 p.c.) for the current
half year has been declared on the paid up
stock of this institution, and that the same
will be payable at the head office of the Bank
in this city on and after the first day of De-
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U. GARAND, Cashier.
Montreal, October 22nd, 1891.

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2 Drawings Every Month!
On first and third Wednesday.
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ticket you can draw more than one
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CONNOR.

To the memory of Patrick Connor. This simple stone was erected by his fellow workmen.

These words may be read any day upon a white stone slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but they might be read a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of a poor, humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and rough brogan, he was secretly an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day, and presented himself at the counter with—

"I've been told ye advertized for han's yer honor."

"Fully supplied," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book. "I'll work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I can do better, and I'll lam—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks, are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man; "but I'd be wishing to; an' that would make it asier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, sir, I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole had'n't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence.

"Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"Then it's God Himself 'll have to be bringin' him over to me in His two arms," said the man despairingly. "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, an' sorra a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, sir, an' it's but a bit left."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, moved by the odd speech, as he turned round his heel and turned back again.

"Just Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The man's wife, the other the child," said the man. "O sir, just try me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no man will give me a job? I want to be airmin' an' the whole big city seems agin it, an' me wid arms like this."

He bared his arms to the shoulders as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I will hire you for a week," he said; "and now as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With a blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went upstairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hands' integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but he did not drink nor waste his money. As his wages grew, he bought every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Bey costs money," he said one day. "and every cent I spend puts off the bringin' Nora an' Jamesy over; an' as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to me back than no wife an' boy anyhow; an' it's slow work, savin'."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drunk; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share their Sunday follies.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked company; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "maue enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on an extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his great hope, and of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose ways and vergency were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look at that boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!" all felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But Connor's resting-place was a lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

A first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit jokin', an' give it back."

But at last he realized the truth. "Is anny man that had that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless

way. "Boys, is anny man that had?"

And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor; it's stolen."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands, and cried as if his heart would break. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him agin."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say: "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited everyone wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay-day set Nora a week nearer, as he said, and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm goin' to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the very man, woman, and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meagrest among the workmen, who had never been known to give anything to anyone before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And there was little Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the man at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assumed his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a lady who had taken an interest in her, and taught her, as Connor told on his fingers, "the readin', and the writin', and be the same token she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked: "Do you wonder the time seems long atween me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of the day—Nora at night—until the news came that the Steaming Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that at home," he said, "but she'll know how to kape it tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs and cabs, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, eagerly but impatiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bid her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I'm lookin' for me wife, sir," said Connor. "An' I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bid her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked: "What is your name?"

"Pat Connor, sir."

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, an' the boy wid her is Jamesy, sir," answered Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily: "Sit down my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" asked Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she then?"

"The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't rade; they kep it from me," said he.

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I kem in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be lookin' for her, captain?"

"Many died; many children, went on the captain. "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I'm thinkin' of,' said she, 'he's longin' to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinkin' of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me. And my man, God help you, she never said anything more,—in an hour she was gone.'"

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends: "I've got me death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log. They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Father Dominic, who had been summoned, was holding his hand; old Mr. Bawne bent over him, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the priest.

"A dale," said Connor. "I'm aisy now; I'll be wid her soon. And look, ye boys, I've larnt one thing,—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her and Jamesy; don't you see it, an' her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms,—perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows,—and so died.

An English Woman's Awful Crimes.

A woman living at Lichfield, Crofton, England, was summoned to appear in court for ill treatment of her children, three girls. The woman became infuriated when the summons was served upon her and declared that no court in England could compel her to obey its summons. The woman entered her apartments, called her three children about her, and in spite of their struggles to escape, cut their throats. After making sure that her terrible work was complete and that the girls were dead the woman cut her own throat. She will probably die.

Good News for Farmers.

The London correspondent of the Trade Bulletin writes:—"At the exhibition, which is this year the most successful ever held, every available foot of space being occupied, and crowds thronging the building every day. I had an interview with Mr. Norman in regard to his advertised exhibit, and found him full of belief in the new departure. Messrs. Norman are sole representatives in Europe of Messrs. MacLagan, of Toronto, one of the principal barley shippers, and they have taken up the production of the cereal in earnest. Mr. Norman assured me that very great interest was felt in the grain trade generally in the question of Canadian barleys, and that it is the general opinion that a very large field for disposal of this description of barley exists in the home country. Their stall at the show has been simply inundated by provincial brewers, representing large and small firms alike, and much disappointment has been expressed that the barley they expected had not arrived in time. It is computed by Messrs. Norman that business to the amount of 100,000 quarters could easily have been secured during the exhibition had the samples been on show. The two-rowed variety is being eagerly anticipated, but in the absence of that a large trade is to be done in the six-rowed. Opinions seem to be equally divided between the merits of the Ontario and the Manitoba. The leading ale brewers in the United Kingdom profess preference for the Ontario. It is useful for stouts and porters, but the Manitoba, being fuller bodied, will for some have the greater attraction. This is an exceptionally advantageous year for the introduction of the new barley, as English is very poor and foreign barleys are not up to the requisite standard of excellence. Looked at all round, the prospect seems very rosy at present. Mr. Norman said he was speaking the mind of the trade generally, as well as the belief of his firm, when he said the future of Canadian barley in this country is assured, which confirms what I wrote not very long since."

Brazilian Troubles.

Rio dispatches say that much discontent exists among the people of San Paulo. The censorship exercised over all telegrams is stricter than ever. The Herald's Valparaiso, Chili, cable, says:—"News has been received here that the revolt against Da Fonseca in the state of Rio Grande do Sul has been so far completely successful. In a fight in which 5,000 men of all arms were engaged it is reported that the Government troops under General Gonzales were defeated, and the insurgent cavalry started on a move toward the north. It is also reported that Governor Castilho, of Rio Grande do Sul has decided to join the insurrectionary movement."

Rev. A. Urban, of the Catholic University of Washington, who was in the city for the past few days, returned home on Monday. The reverend gentleman came to Montreal with Rev. Father Lelandia, P.S.S., director of Montreal college, who had been visiting at Washington, and returned in poor health. We are glad to be able to say that, while still weak, the reverend visitor is much improved in health since his return home.

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Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." H. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

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AGENTS WANTED. Containing about 375 pages and over 50 illustrations, by R. M. McWade and Parnell's mother. The book will also contain portraits and sketches of the life of Gladstone and the foremost of Parnell's co-workers in the fight for Home Rule. Price, \$1.25. Liberal commission to agents. Outfit and private terms to agents. 24 N. MICHIGAN ST., Victoria street, Montreal, P. O. Box 712, N.B.—The book will be ready for delivery in a short time. 14-11

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PIANOS.

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DIVIDEND No. 54.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of three and one-half per cent. (3 1/2 p.c.) has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of this institution for the current half-year, payable at the office of the Bank, in Montreal, on and after the 2nd of December next.

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A. L. DEMARTEIGNY, General Manager, Montreal, 26th October, 1891.

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MONUMENTS, STATUARY, ALTARS

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, In the Superior Court.

Charles S. Burroughs and William Herbert Burroughs, Attorneys at Law, residing in partnership at the City and District of Montreal, under style of Burroughs and Burroughs, Plaintiffs;

"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows."

CHAPTER XVI, Continued.

To carry out this intent, Dr. Marsden had gone direct to his lawyer's office...

The sleepy town of Oldford woke to surprise and horror and chattering sympathy...

Mr. Bryce was anxious to contest this, with Miss Lola for a client; but, alas! no one could tell him where Miss Lola was to be found...

With regard to Andrew's whereabouts the same ignorance prevailed. Searching through the Doctor's papers...

Late in the afternoon he drove back to Montague Lodge, his heart heavy with grief, and with something of the hushed awe inspired by the presence of the dead still clinging to him...

That same morning three persons known to Aubrey possessed his family secret. Of those three, death had taken one. Victor Mercante was in Spain; Dr. Marsden had given his word that he would never divulge that terrible story...

"Lola is in London, mother—penniless, friendless, fatherless, and all through me! I am her worst enemy; I who love her so! For me she was tormented into fleeing from her home, and now, by my thoughtless haste and violence, she has been made an orphan..."

"She knows no one in London but my daughter and her own brother. I will telegraph to Ethel to ascertain whether Lola has taken shelter with her, and if not, her brother will be our only resource."

Within two hours, Lady Mordant's answer came; she had seen and heard nothing of Miss Marsden. Another visit to Oldford having shown Andrew's address to be still missing and no word received from Lola...

"Bruce's letter had been mislaid. Aubrey remembered the name of the street but not the number, and after much time spent in useless searching for the lost letter, he started for London, and arrived there at half-past eleven on a snowy night, cold, weary, and oppressed by a sense of failure and disappointment."

The delay had been inevitable; yet none the less did its results affect three lives which, had Aubrey arrived in London some six hours earlier, would have flowed in far different channels.

who wanted to waste their time by asking silly questions about former lodgers. At length a stout and aggressive Frenchwoman admitted the fact that "M. Leloir was once here..."

"I cannot remember it, monsieur. My house was not good enough for zis M. Leloir. Why, I've 'ad ze daughter of a bishop, and—"

"As my business is of the greatest importance, madame, I will give a sovereign to the servants if they can remember Mr. Laidlaw's address."

It was close on twelve o'clock as Aubrey sprang from his cab before the door of the vast, dreary-looking mansion indicated in the address. Another hansom stood at the entrance, and the servant who admitted him informed him that Mr. Bruce Laidlaw was indeed upstairs in his rooms...

Aubrey took out another card, and scribbled on the back that he had only come for Mr. Andrew Marsden's address. Could Mr. Laidlaw give it? It was a matter of the most vital importance.

This time the maid returned with the order to show Mr. de Vaux up at once, and proceeded to conduct Aubrey to Bruce's rooms on the first floor—large, dusty apartments, inconspicuously filled with cheap lodging-house furniture, and with costly and extravagant articles of Bruce's own purchasing.

"Excuse me if I go on with my packing," he said. "Trains can't wait. I'm not good at packing," he explained, turning a dressing-bag upside down as he spoke in search of something he wanted, and detaching the floor with silver-tipped bottles and razors. "I really couldn't spare the time to see you, but I thought if you are going to Andrew Marsden you might take him a message from me. I didn't even know you knew him."

"You look surprised," said Aubrey. "But, of course, you do not know what has been happening at Oldford since you left. You do not know that, as Miss Marsden has left her home, it is I who have the undoubted right to bring her back, since her presence there is required."

"No," returned Bruce quietly. "I certainly did not know that. I doubt if I clearly understand it now." "I can easily make it clear to you," Aubrey went on, puzzled and pained by something in the other man's manner. "I love Miss Marsden with all my heart, and she has promised to be my wife."

CHAPTER XVII. An entire alteration came over Bruce's manner at this announcement.

From surprised incredulity it changed to sudden hardness. He seemed to have forgotten his hurry for the train, for he left off packing, and placing a chair in such a position as to immediately face Aubrey, he leaned back in it, and said, in cold deliberate tones:—"All this is very interesting, and quite new to me. Please tell me the whole story."

"There is no story to tell," said Aubrey. He had lost his old jealousy of Bruce, but remembering how much attention the young author had at one time paid to Lola, he did not wish to appear to triumph over him. "I proposed to Miss Marsden very shortly after you left; I was accepted, and we are engaged now."

"I think it was within three, certainly within four days of your departure for London," answered Aubrey, greatly surprised by Bruce's questions, but impelled to answer them by the stern intonation of his manner. "She hesitated at first, certainly, but she was so gentle that I was very little discouraged, and I called on Dr. Marsden the same afternoon. By the first post the next morning I received a letter from him, encouraging me to hope; and meeting her soon after—indeed I waited for her—she made me unutterably happy by confirming it. And now, as I have answered your questions, and as I don't want to detain you, will you give me the address of Lola's brother?"

"but I must warn you he can tell you nothing. I have seen him myself quite lately, and he is in complete ignorance of Lola's present address."

Bruce used the girl's Christian name purposely, and noted the start Aubrey gave at the word. "But perhaps I can help you," Bruce went on; "and I will certainly do so if you will have the patience to answer a few more questions. They are of more importance than any train; which, moreover," he added, glancing at his watch, "I have already lost. Please tell me how it is, since you are engaged to Miss Marsden, you do not know her address in town, and come to me to find it?"

Aubrey flushed and hesitated. "I would much prefer not to discuss my private affairs with you, Mr. Laidlaw," he said rather haughtily. "And as I cannot see how you can assist me to find Miss Marsden, I shall be greatly obliged if you will give me her brother's address, and let me take my leave."

"As you please," rejoined Bruce, shrugging his shoulders and speaking in his loudest voice. "But I think you are making a mistake, as I am certainly the only man in London who can help you to find Lola."

"You?" exclaimed Aubrey, making an angry movement towards him. "I," returned Bruce, rising and facing him. "Something in the steadfast gaze of Bruce's eyes, which shone as with a cold light behind them, quelled Aubrey's momentary rage. Mastering himself by a great effort, he addressed the young author in tones of studied constraint. "I don't understand you," he said. "I will explain myself when you have answered my questions."

"Well, then," Aubrey went on, having convinced himself by another glance at his companion that Bruce's determination and obstinacy far surpassed his own, "the facts are these. My mother was away in France when Miss Marsden and I became engaged, and when she returned, being piqued and jealous because she made the excuse of objecting to the marriage on account of some silly story about Miss Marsden's birth. She quarrelled with the Doctor, and hurt his pride so that he objected, too. Between them they teased and tormented Miss Marsden until she put her engagement ring back into the Doctor's hands. I have it here."

Aubrey continued, taking the ring from his pocket as he spoke. "All this happened the day before yesterday. My mother soon recented, seeing clearly how wrong she had been; but by the time I went back to Oldford to make all things right, Lola, who had been forbidden to see me by her father, had run away in despair to London, and the Doctor had gone to Oxford. On his return he went straight to his lawyers, and there, Aubrey said, growing suddenly pale, and faltering at the remembrance, "a very slight shock, coming after the excitement of the day before, had a fatal effect upon him. Although his friends did not know it, he had suffered for years from heart disease. It happened in an instant. He suffered no pain, but he is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Bruce, in a shocked undertone. "Her father, and she does not know!" "Now you know how necessary it is for me to find her, and break the news to her gently," said Aubrey eagerly. "I have here a letter from my mother, in which she begs Lola to come and be her daughter, since she has lost a father. Of course she must be with her brother Andrew; he is the only person she knows in London. And after searching everywhere among the Doctor's papers for Andrew Marsden's address, I could not find it. Then my mother recalled the fact that you knew him, and I came up last night to find you. The woman at your old lodgings gave me your present address, and this packet of letters for you. And now, Mr. Laidlaw, I have told you all you ask, and if you can give me the slightest assistance in finding my dear girl I shall be deeply grateful to you, although some months ago I was foolish enough to hate you as a rival."

He spoke with his usual gentle courtesy. He looked flushed and eager as he fixed his eyes with keen anticipation upon Bruce's face. Mr. Laidlaw was moved by many conflicting feelings. Indignation against Lola predominated. Her heartlessness and duplicity appeared altogether inexcusable to him, and even the thought of her loss, and the bitter grief it would cause her, failed to soften the harshness of the judgment he mentally passed upon her. A deep pity for Aubrey shut out all pity for her; probably because it was he, Bruce Laidlaw, she had fooled and lied to, and because this other victim of her unwomanly coquetry had never done him the slightest harm in word or deed; so, when he next spoke to Aubrey, it was in a very gentle and kindly tone. "I am more sorry for you than I can say, De Vaux," he said. "Believe me, all that you tell me is utterly new to me, and I think you have been most shamefully treated."

Aubrey's sensitive face flushed deeply. "By whom?" he asked coldly. "By Miss Marsden." "You have no right to judge Miss Marsden's actions!" said Aubrey hotly. "All that she does is right to me. I am only wasting valuable time here. You said you could help me to find her. I don't want any pity, and I will not listen to a word against my future wife; but if you can assist me in finding her, I shall be more than grateful to you. If not, I must leave this house at once."

"Miss Marsden you will never find," said Bruce, "for she no longer exists." Aubrey grew deadly pale, and fell back a step. "For Heaven's sake don't tell me she is dead!" he said, almost in a whisper. "No; she is alive and well. I saw her only a short time ago."

"You saw her? Where is she? Take me to her at once!" "It would be useless. You have come too late. She was married this morning." "A cry broke from Aubrey. "It is a lie!" he gasped, glaring at Bruce, white with emotion. "It is true, Mr. De Vaux; and I am her husband."

Literary men are easily satisfied in the way of sleeping accommodation. They frequently lie on sheets of paper.

SHORT SERMONS.

How Drunkards are Made.

What a terrific amount of indifference there is among us with regard to drunkenness! A little intoxication is looked upon as a simple thing—a mere weakness; while habitual drunkenness is a terrible thing to be sure, but we all say, "We are certainly safe from that." That low, brutal, red-faced sot, that breaks his wife's heart, or destroys his home—"we never will degrade ourselves as low as that." There are plenty such within a stone's throw of this church. We know it well. How did they become such? No man ever becomes a drunkard intentionally. No man ever takes the glass in his hand and says to himself: "I have a good reputation now, I have good health, a loving wife, children who climb on my knee and but their loving arms around my neck, but this glass will be the first step to ruin and blast all this happiness. This glass I know will lead to another, and in the end my wife will become a broken-hearted woman, my children will walk the streets in rags and filth, my health and reputation will be gone; but no matter, here it goes." No man intends it.

Drunkenness and the whole host of evils that follow in its train come on a family gradually. Warn a man who is drinking a little; tell him what is before him. He will say: "Do you take me for a fool?" The worst drunkard lying in the slime of bestial degradation said that. No, it is not the fools that become drunkards. They know a little too much. A man says: "I know myself. I can take it or leave it." The poor drunkard of to-day who said that long ago, unfortunately in every case wound up by taking it. Many a time the man who said: "He could let it alone when he had a mind to, but alas! did not have the power." "Father," said a man the other day, "I'd give my right hand if I could quit it, but I can't." "I can give it up," is the cry of the young man as he enters the outer circle of the whirlpool, but "I won't." "I would," is the cry of the despairing wretch in the vortex, "but I can't." If by sitting in a draught five persons out of ten caught cold and it developed into pneumonia we would avoid a draught. So if by drinking habitually five out of every ten become drunkards why not avoid the drinking habit? The practice of total abstinence is the surest barrier against drunkenness. Touch not, taste not, is the safest rule.—(Parish, Calcutta.)

Victory at Vivian. "In our victory football work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it as a family friend, always true and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishop, Vivian, Ont., Price 5c.

Consoling—Miss Gray (the evening before her wedding). "Suppose the clergyman should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?" Her dear friend: "He won't want to."

Epitaph on a Dead Letter. It died at its post.

Consoling—Miss Gray (the evening before her wedding). "Suppose the clergyman should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?" Her dear friend: "He won't want to."

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MR. FOSTER'S VIEWS

On Reciprocity with the U. S. as Affected by the State Elections.

In a published "interview," the Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Finance, is reported as follows respecting the reciprocity outlook:—"It is a difficult matter to read national results from three or four important State elections. In Iowa, Ohio, New York and Massachusetts local or other issues rather than the tariff one seem to have had great prominence. In Ohio, with McKinley as Republican candidate, the tariff issue was not made all-powerful. The combat there appears to have been fought largely on the silver question, the Democrats having to stand as the sponsors for a free coinage policy, which I do not think is the policy of the Democratic party as a whole. From this it appears impossible to conclude what may be the result of the Presidential election a year hence, or upon the tariff question or as regards the standing of the two parties. There is no doubt that last year the McKinley bill stood at a great disadvantage, the election taking place almost immediately after its enactment, whilst its objectionable features were still fresh in the minds of the people, and could not be compensated by any experimental benefits. On the whole I should gather that the McKinley bill stands a fair chance to remain law for several years to come, and in that bill I have no doubt the agricultural classes will be fully maintained. This, I think, precludes any one from concluding that a change to the advantage of our agricultural products and their admission to the United States will be brought about by Congressional legislation. It does not, however, change the status of the reciprocity question. The United States Cabinet and Congress may retain their present tariff intact, and yet may be quite willing and able to make an agreement with Canada, whereby, for mutual advantage, the tariff on certain commodities may be reduced, or entirely abolished. All depends upon the willingness of the United States to enter into negotiations with that end in view and the probability of these resulting in an arrangement which could be accepted with honor and advantage."

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When he was a Girl.—"And who is that?" asked Aunt Clara, pointing to the picture of a chubby child in his shirt. "That," said Robby, who had been wearing trousers for some time, "is me when I was a girl."

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Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

1891—SEASON—1891. The following steamers will run as under and call at the usual intermediate ports:— To QUEBEC—Steamers QUEBEC and CANADA will leave Montreal daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 p.m. To TORONTO—Commencing Monday last, June, leave daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 a.m. From Quebec at 12:30 p.m., from Coteau Landing at 6:30 p.m. To the SAGUENAY—Now leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 a.m., and from Saguenay on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. To CORNWALL—Steamer BOHEMIAN every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 a.m. To THREE RIVERS—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. To CHAMBLEY—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. To BOUCHERVILLE, VARENES, VERCHERES and BOUT DE LISLE—Daily (Sundays excepted), per Steamer TERREBONNE at 3:30 p.m., Saturdays at 2:30 p.m. LONGUEUIL FERRY—From Longueuil 5 a.m. and every subsequent hour. From Montreal commencing at 6:30 a.m. Last trip 8:30 p.m. See time table.

To LAPELLE—From Montreal, from 25th May to 1st August, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. From Lapelle—5:30 a.m., 1:30 and 5:30 p.m. From Montreal 6:30 a.m., 12 noon, 4 and 6 p.m. On Tuesdays and Fridays from Lapelle, 5, 8, 10:30 a.m., 1:30 and 5:30 p.m. From Montreal, 6:30, 12 noon, 4 and 6:15 p.m. On Sundays and holidays, from Lapelle, 7, 9:15 a.m. and 6 p.m. From Montreal, 8 a.m., 2 and 6 p.m. ENCLOSURES—Commencing Saturday, May 2nd, by Steamer Terrebonne, every Saturday at 2:30 p.m. for Vercheres, and Sundays at 7 a.m. for Contrecoeur returning same evening at about 8 p.m. For all information apply at Company's Ticket Office, Richelieu Pier, Windsor Hotel, Balmora Hotel.

ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager. JULIEN CHABOT, General Manager.

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEETS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

Derricks - Winches

1 Ton—1 1/2 Ton—2 Ton—3 Ton—5 Ton. HAND AND STEAM POWER. MILLER BROS. & TONS 122 King Street, Montreal, Que.

THE GREAT Worm Remedy.

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

Castor Fluid.

Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY E. HAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at THE TRUE WITNESS Office.

HARDWARE

HOUSE FURNISHING and BUILDING Hardware, Paints, Varns, Cutlery, &c. Prices very low. L. J. A. SURVEYOR, 6 St. Lawrence St.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES

HEARN AND HARRISON 1640 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

(A hymn to the air of "On in the Sunny Night")... I shall never give over praying for him until, by my tears and prayers, I have conveyed him safe to the holy mountain of Our Lord...

PALESTINE AND ITS VARIOUS HOLY PLACES.

As it is the Pilgrimage of Sharon—Dangers from the Arabs—Buntings and Jafras as they strike the Pilgrim.

No Moslem turns his face to Mecca with greater devotion than does the Christian pilgrim his footsteps to Jerusalem. Leaving Jaffa at an early hour, Palestine with all its holy reminiscences is before you, tinged with the rays of eternal truth which brighten every unfolding prospect.

COUNTRY LIKE PALESTINE. The roads from Jaffa to the environs are lined with orange groves, and the fig, pomegranate, almond, lemon and citron grow in abundance.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, has discovered the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Coughs and Lung Affections...

A Sharp Retort. "It is a high-minded churchwoman, a mother in Israel and an honest soul of fine experience, who says of the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience 'taken by priests, that the first is a refusal in advance of fortune that God Himself may see fit to intrust a man with; the second is wronging and insulting to every mother, and the third 'puts one human spirit at the capricious mercy of another.'"

Dr. T. A. Slocum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. It is a sure cure for all summer Cough—Do It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

birth place of St. George, it abounds in sacred and historic incidents. It was here Peter performed the miracle of the restoration of Enns; here Richard of the Lion Heart pitched his tents; here Saladin destroyed the church dedicated to St. George, which Richard afterwards restored.

TOWER OF FORTY MARTYRS.

Ramleh is a small city, with the usual number of mosques, domes and minarets, groves of palm and a high crumbling tower of the crusaders, a sad monument of triumph and defeat, of chivalry and christian heroism.

But you must see Ramleh at twilight, and the old monastery as the creeping shadows of eve cast their weird spells over the vine clad court. You sit on the terrace drawing scented lullabies through your narghich, and watching the changing hues of Sharon.

Interesting, if True.

The Montreal Empire correspondence says:—Mr. H. Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal, has returned from a trip to the Western States, where he was the guest of Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States. Amongst other things the ex-President related to Mr. Beaugrand an anecdote that will be of interest to Canadians in general: "I was President of the United States," said Mr. Hayes, "and amongst my guests at the White House were Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada, General Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, the Senator of the same name and family, and Governor Thomas Young of Ohio. Canada's distinguished ruler was discussing the question of Irish emigration to the republic when Governor Young said: 'Yes, my lord, there are a great many Irishmen in the States, and this reminds me that I was born in Ireland and you there for the first time.' " "Indeed," replied Lord Dufferin, "you have a good memory, as I certainly forget the circumstance." "Let me tell you. I was born on your estates at Clondeboye, and my father was one of your farm hands. One night a fire reduced our miserable abode to ashes, and your father and mother, having come to render us assistance, brought us food and clothing. Your mother was even good enough to bring some playthings for the children, and I became the proud possessor of a whip and top. You, however, appeared on the scene, and, thinking I had stolen them, made an effort to take them from me. We were two Irish gamins of different social positions, it is true, but this did not prevent a lively game of shillelagh being played between us, and, as I was the stronger, I gave you a good beating. "All that is quite correct," said Lord Dufferin, laughing, "as I now remember the circumstance as if it had been yesterday."

AND HE DIED.

This story briefly told Of Men who lived as earth grew old And passed away. Some lived mid scenes of pomp and pride, They with the strugglers all have died, Where now are they?

Where now are they? Their dust, we know, lies in the tomb, This we know is the general doom— We seek the soul. Where is she now, man's breath of life, Has she stood bravely in the strife, And reached the goal?

Mrs. George Bendle. Mrs. Geo. Bendle, Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer Cough—Do It. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle."

to parents to preserve their children from the temptation of intoxicating drink. The first habits formed in childhood ordinarily rule the whole after-life, says the Cardinal; and it is chiefly and primarily on the parents that these early habits depend.

AN HISTORICAL WORK.

The Archdiocese of Toronto's Semi-Centennial—An Interesting Re-miniscence. Under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, a most important work has been undertaken by a committee of Catholic gentlemen, lay and clerical.

Under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, a most important work has been undertaken by a committee of Catholic gentlemen, lay and clerical. Next year that Archdiocese, which was erected in 1842, will have completed its first half century. As well to commemorate that event as to preserve in a lasting form the early history of the Catholics in this Province, His Grace deemed that a memorial volume would be the most useful and fitting work by which the semi-centenary of his Archdiocese should be distinguished.

GOVERNORS THE ARCHDIOCESE.

The Most Reverend John Walsh was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich in 1867, and will have completed his first quarter century of episcopal life next year. The volume will contain a sketch of his life and labors as missionary and Bishop, and will be interesting to Protestants and Catholics alike as illustrative of the genius and character of a typical prelate in the Catholic Church.

True Faith.

"I have great faith in Barkley Blood Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood, and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recommend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Catholic Truth Society.

Last week His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa presided over an influential meeting of Catholics, clerical and lay, held in the Catholic Lyceum, for the purpose of organizing an Ottawa branch of the Catholic Truth Society of England.

The following officers were elected: Patron, His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa; president, the Hon. J. D. S. Thompson; 1st vice-president, Rev. M. F. J. Whelan; 2nd vice-president, Mr. F. B. Hayes; secretary, Mr. W. L. Scott; treasurer, Dr. MacCabe; committee, Rev. Canon McCarthy, Rev. A. Pallier, Rev. Father Cole, Messrs. Joseph Pope, J. B. Lynch, E. L. Sanders, John Gorman, J. A. J. McKenna and Dr. Freeland; auditors, John O'Meara and J. A. McCann.

THE MIRACLE CITY. A NEW NAME SUGGESTED FOR HAMILTON. Another Remarkable Case Which Would Indicate that the Name Would be Quite Appropriate. The number of remarkable cures occurring in Hamilton is causing general comment throughout the country. To those who know the inside facts there is not the least cause for wonderment. The remarkable cure of Mr. John Marshall, who was known to almost every citizen in Hamilton, gave the Pink Pills an enormous sale in the city, one retail druggist alone selling 2,800 boxes in the past six months.

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The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxy naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for many years with the same affliction was Mr. Webster. For a long time he was in the flour and feed business in the Market Square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a recumbent position on a couch, covered with blankets winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in and out, and when overheated and perspiring sitting over an open cellar-way in order to cool off.

MAMMOTH DRAWING.

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 15, 1891. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$600,000. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 PRIZE OF \$300,000, 2 PRIZES OF \$200,000, 3 PRIZES OF \$100,000, 4 PRIZES OF \$50,000, 5 PRIZES OF \$25,000, 10 PRIZES OF \$10,000, 20 PRIZES OF \$5,000, 50 PRIZES OF \$2,000, 100 PRIZES OF \$1,000, 200 PRIZES OF \$500, 500 PRIZES OF \$200.

Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sixty Days. The Express Company on which we will pay all charges, and we pay Express Charges on TICKETS at a LIST OF PRIZES forwarded to correspondents. Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Give full address and uninked signature plain.

Pectoral Balsamic Elixir

Do you want to get rid of that troublesome Cold, or that dangerous Cough, or that distressing Bronchitis? The Pectoral Balsamic Elixir, the best known remedy for these affections, is a sure cure for all cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Affections. A YOUNG MAN, who had been suffering from these affections for several years, writes: "I was in the hospital for several months, and was almost dead. I was cured by the Pectoral Balsamic Elixir, and I am now well and strong."

THE DEAF-SOUND DISC. WHEN THE DEAFNESS IS CAUSED BY SCARLET FEVER, COLDS, MEASLES, CATARRH, &c., OF THE EAR, AND BY THE USE OF THE DEAF-SOUND DISC, WHICH IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE A PERMANENT CURE TO ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS, THE DEAF-SOUND DISC IS THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DEAFNESS. For full particulars, apply to J. W. WALKER, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STORAGE. J. WENTWORTH HILL, Warehouseman, Storage for all kinds of merchandise, in bond or free. Also Household Goods, Warehouses and Office Buildings, and Green Streets, No. 78, Telephone 81.

A Respectable Active Catholic

Wanted, to travel in own and neighboring parishes. Permanent position and good pay to industrious person. Good references required. BENZIGER BROS., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York. WM. H. HODSON, Architect and Valuator, 451 ST. ANTOINE STREET, Montreal.

PAST ALL PRECEDENT! OVER TWO MILLIONS DISTRIBUTED.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company. Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, in 1876, made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND WEEKLY DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

DR. J. M. FERRIS. Surgeon-Dentist, 85 Beury Street. Makes the preservation of the Natural Teeth a specialty. Also the painless extraction of teeth by the use of local and general anesthesia. Artificial Teeth inserted at reasonable rates. CONSULTATION FREE.

DR. FULTON. Cures, by letter or interview, Piles, Cancers, Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Nervousness, and Tumors in neck, breast or other parts without surgical operations. Hours, 1 to 10 p.m. Enquiry FREE. Residence, 244 St. Catherine street, vicinity of Windsor Hotel. Bell Telephone 3351.

ELECTRICITY IS THE Life Force

OF ALL ORGANIC FORMS. Properly applied will cure the most painful and obstinate diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, and skin. G. STAUNTON HOWARD, Electro-Therapist, 209 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL. CONSULTATION FREE.

BRUSHES.

Brooms, Whisks, Feather Dusters, Feather Blk Cleaners. H. E. ROYD & Co., Importers and Manufacturers, 181 Craig street (opposite The True Witness). Telephone 6199.

Painting.

J. GRACE, 51 University street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to. Keeps in stock ASPHALT & DEVOIS' ENAMEL PAINTS, as also an assortment of prepared Paints ready for use. Gold and plain Wall Papers, Window Glass, Glue, Paint Brushes, Paris Green, Kalsomine and Varnishes, which will be sold at the lowest market prices. 51 University Street.

Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh.

ESTABLISHED 1824. TOTAL ASSETS.....\$37,277,143 51. INVESTED FUNDS.....10,932,923 52. INVESTED IN CANADA 1,252,674 51. MONTEAL OFFICE: No. 117 St. Francois Xavier Street. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent. Special City Agents: FRANK BOND, W. WILLIAM STAFFORD.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life. These famous Pills purify the blood, and act powerfully on the system, and are a sure cure for all cases of Constipation, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the bowels. They are a sure cure for all cases of Constipation, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the bowels.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores, &c. This is an invaluable remedy. It is especially useful in the treatment of all cases of Constipation, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the bowels.

