

PIC-NIC AT ST. RAPHAELS.—On the 6th inst., the Catholics of this parish held a Pic-Nic which was honored by the presence of His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston. The object was to raise funds for the purchase of an organ for the parish church, and a sum of more than \$1,300 was realized. An address of which we give a copy below was presented to His Lordship, who responded thereunto in eloquent and affectionate terms:—

To the Right Revd. Edward John Moran, D.D., Bishop of Kingston:

My Lord,—Allow us, the Catholics of the parish of St. Raphaels, upon this our first opportunity, to offer to your Lordship our congratulations on your safe return to your diocese, and to tender to you a most cordial welcome home, after so long a sojourn in the Eternal City.

Since your departure your Lordship has performed a duty the most sacred and responsible as a member of that glorious assembly convened by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the immortal Pius the Ninth.

We rejoice that we were represented in the Council of the Vatican, in the person of our beloved Bishop; and as obedient children of the Church, mindful of the words of Him who promised to be with Her all days even to the consummation of the world. We beg to assure your Lordship of our cheerful acceptance of all the definitions and teachings of the Council.

During your long absence, my Lord, we failed not to ask Heaven to protect one so dear to us and to grant him a safe return; and now that you are once more in our midst we are happy and earnestly pray you may long be spared to your devoted children—their Bishop and Father.

Signed on behalf of the Parishioners,
C. Leclair, Angus McDonald,
Donald McRae, Patrick O'Shea,
James McDonald, Alex. R. McDonald,
Duncan McPherson, A. E. McLaw,
John McDowell, Alex. Corbett,
Christopher McRae, Donald McDonald,
Lachlan McLachlan, Allan B. McDowell.

From time to time we receive orders for the TRUE WITNESS, unaccompanied by the subscription, (which is \$2 per annum in advance.) We wish, therefore, to inform all those who may order the paper that, unless the orders are accompanied by the subscription price, we will not pay any attention whatever to them.

We beg to inform our Subscribers in Prince Edward Island that Edward O'Reilly, Esq., of Charlottetown, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS at that place. We request all those on the Island, who are indebted to this office, to have the kindness to settle their accounts with Mr. O'Reilly as soon as possible.

As the most interesting topic of the day is the war and its incidents, we think that our readers generally will appreciate our motives in devoting much of our columns to this subject. The annexed are clippings from the War Correspondent of the London Times, describing the battles in the vicinity of Metz:

Up to this time the soldiers' opinion of the day was that it was throughout a fearful fire on the part of the French, and that their shooting was beyond all praise. They say that '66 was child's play, as regards fire, compared to what they have had to withstand in the present war; and, moreover, that they have never seen the French make so good a stand as to-day. But in the meantime the want of infantry caused a somewhat serious sacrifice of cavalry, who had repeatedly to charge both infantry and artillery to hold them in check. The men do not ride particularly well to look at, but the manner in which they ride into the jaws of death is really quite a la Bahklava. One regiment, the 7th Cuirassiers, was ordered to charge a battery of artillery, and actually got into it, one of the first in, I am proud to say, being a young Englishman who has taken service in the Prussian army and has just got his lieutenantcy. It went in some 300 strong, and what its loss was I tremble to say. When I next saw it it seemed to me scarcely a hundred, all told. At 2:30 the reserve artillery was brought up, and the cannonade became heavier than ever. The sun, too, at this moment, seemed to have come nearer to us as if to see this fearful butchery of mankind, and the heat became tremendous. Then, wherever you went, came the pleading cry of "Water, water! for pity's sake give me water!" The *Krankenträger*—or bearers of the sick—had now more than they could do, admirably as the whole machinery of the corps worked. A certain number of vans are told off to each brigade, with an adequate number of men with stretchers. These, the moment the fire slackens for the least in any part of the field, through the advance of the troops or other causes, proceed on their errand of mercy, and bear the men to the waggon, which is ever in a position as much as possible out of fire. The positions of both the combative forces were perfectly stationary for an hour, a sort of duel being carried on between them, which, though at some distance, was quite near enough to have fearful results. I saw a whole string of prisoners brought in of almost every description of regiment. There was the burly giant of Cuirassiers, beside the little French liner, the green jacketed Hussar, and the artilleryman, all chattering away and seeming to me to be unconsciously glad to be out of the affair at any price.

Seeing some of the infantry engaged on the extreme right, I went there, and met one regiment just coming out of the action to recruit, being at that moment commanded by a youth of 19, having lost 13 of its officers since the morning. The number of it was the 52d, and to the usual inquiring glance that all officers who had not seen me before throw over my most unregimental attire, I replied by offering him a drink of some of the dirtiest water I ever saw, which I had procured from a pond, and which to both of us was better than the best food champagne. There was no inquiring

then; I was instantly the best fellow he ever saw, and he told me all about what fun it was to be in command, that he thought he was sure to get something now, and that he meant to have another go in directly, &c. He was the most thoroughly English-German boy I ever saw. We stood under a tree together, and I gave him some cigars, and left him. Two hours afterwards I saw his dead body laid out with others in a row, the cigars still stuck between the buttons of his coat. This one little anecdote, when I say it is but a fair sample of other regiments, will show how fearful the loss has been on the Prussian side.

The absolute returns of dead and wounded are not yet made, nor have I been able to find out the number of prisoners, which is very considerable. It may, however, arrive before I close this letter. Now that the glorious excitement has passed the fearful reaction that must ever happen comes, and every moment news arrives of the death of some relation or friend of those around me. The first question that is ever asked when any regiment is met is "Who's dead?" The possibility of there not being at least half a dozen never enters their heads. The Queen Augusta Regiment of the Guard, which it may be recollected, passed through Kaiserslautern, and sang the "Vaterland Chorus" so beautifully, have lost exactly half their number, and more than that proportion of officers. The Rifles of the Guard have only one officer left, the rest being either killed or wounded. In many regiments it is nearly as bad. In previous wars the average of officers killed outright was about four or five at the outside. Now it is more than doubled. And yet it is from no fault of dress, for the Prussian infantry officer is certainly not distinguishable at 50 yards distance. No; it is simply that the forces employed are larger, and that the chaspeot is a weapon that carries to a most extraordinary distance. The French fire the instant they can see their enemy, and continue to fire advancing, and though their shooting when taken individually is bad, en masse its effect is certainly tremendous. The Prussian artillery, which I recollect I criticized somewhat closely as regards their appearance in one of my former letters, works well when in action. I should not, however, call them quick; but most assuredly when in position their firing is admirable. I was with a battery on the 18th which was shelling some skirmishers out of a little wood, and I saw them put five shells in succession into a space that at most was not 30 yards square, and the flying dots that we could see in the distance soon told how destructive they had proved.

The word "shooting" leads me back to the dreadful subject of the dead, of whom I have seen so much lately. I am not going into the terrible details of their wounds or attitudes, but merely to the subject of uniform. I have had every opportunity, from the numerous knapsacks lying about, both Prussian and French, to go thoroughly into the question of equipment. The French soldier, though a smaller man than the Prussian, carries altogether about 8lb. to 10lb. more on his back. This is accounted for by his fourth portion of the "tent d'abri," and a somewhat weightier equipment in his cooking utensils. But, take him from top to toe, he is, without any exception, the most practically dressed and thoroughly equipped model that can be produced. His head-dress is light and pretty; his long grey coat, relieved by the different facings, is warm, and at the same time, from its looseness, cool; his trousers are large and loose; and finally we come to the much-vexed question of the infantry boot, which in all humility I declare has only been successfully arrived at by the French. In the first place, it is a simple shoe—imagine an Oxford shoe without laces, and you have the exact type; over it he has a gaiter of brown leather, lacing up to about 4 inches above the ankle, thus rendering a strong support and holding the shoe firmly in its place. The shoes, from the small amount of stuff about them, can be made of the stoutest leather, and yet are half the weight of any infantry soldier's that I have ever yet seen. Moreover, from the fact of their being so open, they are dried in half the time that it would take to dry even a pair of shooting boots. The gaiters are made of supple brown leather, and take up no compass in the knapsack; the shoes lie on each side of it, outside. Another advantage is that on coming off a march the soldier takes off his gaiters, and is instantly in most comfortable slippers, while in wet weather the trouser can be tucked up clear of all mud, still leaving him a well-protected leg. I have heard it said, "Oh, but the mud gets into the gaiter." What if it does? It is washed out at the end of the march, and fit for use in 20 minutes afterwards. When I compare the shoeing of the French soldier and think of the thousands that England has spent on the very indifferent article she now gives her men, it really makes one doubt whether the clothing department at home have ever dreamt of looking at anything but their own scarlet patterns. Prussia knows full well how far her rival excels in military equipment, but cannot afford to alter her dress, except by degrees.—She was, I believe, on the point of forming some new alterations when this unexpected war broke out. But we at home, who happily are at present free from war—though Heaven knows how long we may continue so!—might it not be wise to have some trials made of the French pattern while we have time, by which means, when marching to the front became necessary, hundreds of men more would be brought into action who from the present state of their clumsy foot-gear would be sitting helpless objects on every ambulance?

The war falls hardly on the poor people.—"We have not made the war," they cry, "but we are the sufferers." The following is a slight sketch by the Times' correspondent:—What a sad-looking place is Vanclousers this August afternoon! A stony paved tortuous street, without a *trottoir*, called La Grande Rue, with a pretentious little Hotel de Ville, the walls covered with notices relating to certain internal affairs of the "Empire Français" elections for the Department of the Meuse, municipal councils, conscriptions,

Garde Mobile, &c., in which little building there is a perplexed Maire distributing billets, and wondering when the East will cease to pour Prussians in to Vanclousers, shops with shutters up, some closed altogether, and the doors marked with chalk, indicating how many men are lodged inside: the dingy venetians above closed also, and a few squalid old women and men in blouses, in pettified attitudes, staring at Bavarians, Wurtembergers, and big Prussians, who are looking for quarters, and are knocking at doors, peering in at windows, and trying to enter into conversation with the natives, in a stolid, good-natured, pertinacious fashion. There is a small mythological youth in bronze, mounted on a swan of the same, from the mouth of which issues a stream of water into a stone cistern, which is an object of attraction to ever-recurring groups of dusty, thirsty horses. This and an obdurate café, doors bolted and windows closed, with a gilt frontispiece, and a few hotel signs hanging from the walls, are the only ornaments of the place, excepting a tiny square littered with straw; for I cannot speak of a decent church with handsome windows as an ornament.—Vanclousers is starved out. Everything, we are told, has been *avale*—gobbled up. My billet is "Chez Francois, epier, 3c, 16, Grande Rue"—a bright-eyed intelligent young Frenchman, with an amiable blonde wife, both in a state of mortal fear. Her father has been carried off already to drive a cart ever so far for a Prussian major, and she fancies that she will not see him again, and that her husband may be carried off next. Poor people! "Ce n'est pas nous, Monsieur, qui ont fait la guerre! N'est-ce pas? Et c'est nous qui souffrons! Mon Dieu! Comme nous souffrons!" The good woman brings up a potage, the beef which made it, a salad and a cup of coffee, and a bottle of country wine, which adds a terror to thirst. The service is of the rudest crockery and iron spoons and utensils, but there are clean napkins on the deal table innocent of a cloth, and there is a ready civility and kindness which are a sauce to the beef and almost remove the onions out of the salad.

(From Times' Paris Correspondent.)

I notice, or fancy I notice, that even during my short absence there has been a great change in the physiognomy of Paris. The people not only seem sadder and more careworn, as if the long suspense and continuance of bad news had told both physically and mentally upon them, but they appear to me still more markedly to have a sterner, graver, and, if I may venture so to describe it, more business-like look, as if at last impressed with the terrible fact that their capital, of which they are justly so proud—the city which they consider the first in the world—is really and actually in danger of having to stand a siege; that their finest buildings may be torn to pieces by shot and shell; that, still worse, fate, they may have to endure the degradation of having foreign troops quartered upon them, and of watching the hated Prussian soldier—hated and hated—profane with the conqueror's insolent stride and stare their favourite haunts. They feel that all this and more may happen if they do not force fortune to return to them, but that they may avert it if they quit themselves like men, and forgetting all causes of dissension, stand together in the breach shoulder to shoulder, resolved rather to die than to yield. Only about ten days ago I took a walk along the fortifications to see what changes were being made, and was amazed and half pained at the marvellous *insouciance* and reckless demeanour of the people who crowded the walls. They all looked as if they had turned out for a general holiday, and could not well have appeared happier and more lively if Paris had been preparing for a huge festival—say, another Great Exhibition—instead of for a siege. I have not yet ventured again since my return upon the fortifications, as the visit is one not to be undertaken without due circumspection; but within the city, about the streets and boulevards, I see now very little of the thoughtlessness and levity I remarked there. There are, too, other signs indicating the consciousness of a more critical and serious state of affairs—civilians shouldering rifles, *franc-tireurs* beating up recruits and subsidies, huge waggons laden with the household goods of the fugitives from the country and the suburbs, seeking refuge in Paris, cabs carrying away to the railway stations other fainter-hearted fugitives who do not consider even Paris safe, and—far most painful sign of all—ladies and children with dresses of deepest black and saddened faces, telling too plainly that they are among the many whom this terrible war has robbed of husband, father, brother, or son.

CITY MORTALITY.—The number of interments in the Protestant Cemetery during the week ending Saturday the 10th instant was 18, of which 11 were children under 12 years of age. In the different wards the numbers were as follows:—St. Lawrence, 4; St. Ann's, 4; St. Antoine, 3; Centre, 1; General Hospital, 3; Outside limits, 4. Diseases:—Congestion of the brain, 2; Consumption, 2; Diarrhoea, 3; Infantile Cholera, 1; Hooping cough, 1; Indigestion, 1; Water on the brain, 1; affection of the brain, 1; Typhoid fever, 1; died at sea, 1; Apoplexy, 1; Drowned, 1; still born, 1.

TORONTO, Sept. 12.—Archbishop Lynch was yesterday inducted into his Archiepiscopal See. At ten o'clock a gorgeous procession was formed, consisting of the band of the Christian Brothers, children of the Catholic schools, clergy &c. A triumphal arch of evergreens was erected at St. Michael's Cathedral, where the ceremony took place. The Papal decrees constituting the See and appointing the Archbishop were read, and Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. Five thousand were present, and as many could not gain admittance to the Cathedral, Mass was also celebrated outside. At 5 p.m. Pontifical Vespers were celebrated by Bishop O'Shea, and a number of addresses from the clergy and the laity were presented to the Archbishop, who addressed the congregation on the subject of the Eucumenical Council, largely mentioning the doctrine of infallibility, and stating that he should take another opportunity to explain it.

There was more young Briton rowdiness on Saturday evening. A crowd paraded the streets playing party tunes, and commenced throwing stones at a house in centre street. Four were arrested after a fight with the police. Two others were captured trying to break into a house of ill-fame. They made a desperate resistance, knocking down and kicking the constable. Another was arrested yesterday for abusive language, and when being removed several attempts were made to rescue him.

The Royal Canadian Bank is about to issue five dollar bills, from a new plate engraved by the Ottawa Bank Note Co.

The St. Thomas *Despatch* says that owing to the proposed new railway about being built, and which must run through that town, there is not a vacant house to be found.

Prescott anticipates having about 1,500 volunteers encamped there during the latter portion of this month. The spirited people of the town contemplate having a grand rifle match in connection with the event.

Mr. Daniel Macfie returned to London from Great Britain a few nights ago. He brought out with him a few Scotch sparrows, and set them at liberty on his grounds at Westminster. The hardy little immigrants yesterday flitted about, chirping cheerily, seeming to be determined to "make themselves at home." Birds of this useful species thrive well in Quebec. They are nimble in the extirpation of beetles and caterpillars.

The *Barrie Examiner* says the late crops in that section will be secured in safety. White oats, barley,

peas and root crops are most abundant. We regret to say that wheat, both fall and spring, falls far short of an average. The fall wheat was seriously injured by winter-killing, and spring was affected with a species of blight, which has rendered it generally a light and inferior sample.

A woman by the name of Burgess arrived in Collingwood from Parry Sound District, by the steamer Waubesa last week. She had four children in her charge, and was without either food or shelter. She states that her husband was killed by a falling tree, and their circumstances were such that he had to be buried without even a coffin. The people in the neighborhood were as poor as herself, and could render no assistance.

Counterfeit 25 cent pieces are in circulation at Hamilton. The *Times* says: One was discovered by a gentleman in this city recently, which was shown us. The imitation of the genuine piece is excellent, and difficult to be detected. In fact its appearance is far superior to the coin at present in use, and it is only by the dulness of its "ring" and the slightest perceptible greasiness, when passed between the finger and thumb, that the fraudulent issue can be distinguished.

Some difference of opinion exists at Brantford on the advisability of building a branch line from that place to Harrisburg, connecting with the main line of the Great Western, and connecting also with the Galt and Guelph branch. The *Courier* takes strong ground saying:—The advocacy of this line can never be undertaken and maintained by a true friend of Brantford. It is a scheme that is diametrically opposed to our welfare, more especially if it is continued on to tap the intended loop line at or near Simcoe.

The Great Western Railway Company have commenced taking up the third rail on their route, and have completed the work as far as Chatham. The remainder will be completed as soon as possible. The road has been narrow-gauge cars for some time past, and are rapidly exchanging their broad-gauge for narrow gauge locomotives, and thus the third rail has become useless expense. The rolling stock of the road was never in better condition than now, and when the change of gauge is complete the working expenses of the road will be greatly lessened.

A great breadth of barley has been raised this season in the county of Ontario, and the dealers expect large quantities will be brought to market. The *Whitby Gazette* says a great deal of barley has been carried over from last season, and advises all who are thus situated not to mix last year's crops with those of the present, as by doing so it will render the whole comparatively valueless. New barley masts more quickly than old, so that masts will not buy grain of different crops mixed together, as they cannot use them. Most of the barley crop is for brewing purposes, and farmers will do well to recollect this caution, as otherwise they will find a difficulty in selling.

An affair occurred near Wine Harbour, Guysboro' county, on Thursday night, 25th ult., which, for the good name of the mining districts, as well as for the public safety, should be thoroughly investigated by the authorities and the people of the locality. On that night, Mr. Isaac Willet, manager of the Eldorado Gold Mining Company of Wine Harbour, was driving to that place from Sherbrooke. Between 11 and 12 o'clock he was passing a place, some three or four miles from his destination, where the road is a succession of sharp curves. While turning one of these he saw a man rise from behind a large rock and fire a pistol shot at him, which struck the dashboard. The horse took fright and ran away at a rapid rate, and then four other shots were fired in quick succession, all of them fortunately missing their mark. The affair has created a sensation in the mining districts, and the desire to bring the would-be assassin to justice is universal.

A Red River correspondent of the *Montreal Witness* says there is a good opening there for tradesmen, especially tailors shoemakers, tanners, blacksmiths and wagon-makers. There is a growing desire for English shoes among the people. Common stoga boots sell now at 16s., and the fashionable tailor just arrived from the States charges £3 for making a suit. Of course the high prices obtained for the above mentioned labour is because there are so few to do the work. A few good tanners are very much needed in the country, also a carding-mill and small woolen factory. A portable steam saw-mill would pay well, as there is only one mill now in the Settlement, which cannot supply anything like the amount of lumber needed. Match, soap, pair, and broom factories would also pay well, and a person who understands saw-making, could build up a large business, there being splendid soft spruces in various parts of the country, and the salt made by the half-breeds sells at 10s. per bushel. In these and many other things the capitalists of Canada would find profitable investments for their money.

It should be borne in mind that the prices mentioned in the above are reckoned in sterling money.

Died,

In this city, on the 9th inst., after an illness of ten days, Jean Baptiste Bruno Loignon, eldest son of Bruno Loignon, aged 19 years. R.I.P.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Wm. Mooney, Engineer. Mr. Mooney had been Foreman in the employ of W. P. Bartley & Co., for the last 17 years.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. John, F. H. Marchand, \$8; St. Jerome, P. O'Shea, 1; St. Jean Chrysostom, P. Morris, 1; Hamilton, D. Smith, 2; Weston, F. G. Kent, 2; Henryville, E. Roblin, 2; St. John, J. Brennan, 2; Williamstown, Rev. J. J. MacCarthy, 5; Edwardsburgh, P. Ouley, 5; Jarvis, J. McAvoy, 2; Point Alexander, J. McCarthy, 2; Fort Erie, Rev. J. A. Voisard, 4; Leeds, C. Regan, 2; New Glasgow, B. Goodman, 1; St. Sophia, C. McKenna, 2; Brockville, J. H. Kelly, 2; Belleville, T. O'Brien, 2; Chatham, W. J. Macdonald, 1.

Per Rev. Mr. Kelly, Frampton—T. Duff, 1; M. Donoghue, 1.50; M. Miller, 1.50; J. Duff, 75c. Per T. Fitzgerald, Frampton—Self, 2.25; M. Fitzgerald, 1.50.

Per J. M. Sutton, Richibucto, N.B.—Self, 2; H. O'Leary, 2; Mrs. C. McDermott, 2; D. O'Leary, 2.

Per M. Teedy, Richmond Hill—Self, 2; J. Clancy, Oak Ridge, 2.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

SEPT. 12.	
Flour #1 of 196 lb.—Pollards.....	\$3.25 @ \$0.00
Middlings.....	3.75 @ 4.00
Fine.....	4.25 @ 4.30
Superior, No. 2.....	4.35 @ 0.00
Superfine.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Fancy.....	5.60 @ 5.75
Extra.....	5.80 @ 6.00
Superior Extra.....	6.25 @ 6.50
Bag Flour #100 lb.....	2.65 @ 2.70
Oatmeal #1 of 200 lb.....	4.50 @ 5.00
Wheat #1 bush, of 60 lbs. U.C. Spring.....	1.00 @ 0.00
Asbes #100 lb, First P.Os.....	5.80 @ 5.85
Seconds.....	0.00 @ 5.25
Thirds.....	0.00 @ 4.35
First Pearls.....	7.40 @ 0.00
Pork #1 of 200 lb.—Mess.....	25.50 @ 29.00
Thin Mess.....	26.00 @ 0.00
Prime.....	22.00 @ 0.00
Butter #1 lb.....	0.21 @ 0.24
Cheese #1 lb.....	0.11 @ 0.12

Lard #1 lb.....	0.13 @ 0.14
Barley #48 lb.....	0.70 @ 0.00
Pease #66 lb.....	0.82 @ 0.86

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

SEPT. 12, 1870.

	RETAIL		WHOLESALE	
	s	d	s	d
Flour #100 lbs.....	15	9	15	6
Oatmeal, ".....	13	0	12	6
Indian Meal, (Ohio).....	11	6	11	0

GRAIN.

Wheat #56 lbs.....	0	0	0	0
Barley ".....	4	0	0	0
Pease ".....	4	0	0	0
Oats ".....	3	0	0	0
Buckwheat, ".....	0	0	0	0
Indian Corn, " (Ohio).....	0	0	0	0
Rye, ".....	0	0	0	0
Flax Seed, ".....	0	0	0	0
Timothy, ".....	0	0	0	0

FOWLS AND GAME.

Turkeys, per couple.....	7	0	0	0
Do. (young), ".....	4	0	0	0
Geese, ".....	4	0	0	0
Ducks, ".....	3	0	0	0
Do. (wild), ".....	0	0	0	0
Fowls, ".....	3	0	0	0
Chickens, ".....	2	0	0	0
Pigeons (tam-), ".....	1	0	0	0
Pigeons (wild) per doz., ".....	0	0	0	0
Hares, ".....	0	0	0	0
Woodcock, ".....	0	0	0	0
Snipe, ".....	0	0	0	0
Plover, ".....	0	0	0	0

MEATS.

Beef, per lb.....	0	4	0	9
Pork, ".....	0	7	0	8
Mutton, ".....	0	4	0	5
Lamb, per lb.....	0	4	0	5
Ven, per lb.....	0	5	0	6
Beef, per 100 lbs.....	\$0.00	0	0	0
Pork, fresh ".....	\$0.00	0	0	0

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, fresh, per lb.....	1	6	1	8
Do. salt, ".....	1	0	1	2
Cheese, ".....	0	0	0	0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes, per bag (new).....	4	3	4	6
Turnips, ".....	0	0	0	0
Onions, per minute.....	0	0	0	0
Maple Sugar, per lb.....	0	6	0	0
Honey, per lb.....	0	6	0	0
Lard, per lb.....	0	11	0	0
Eggs (fresh), per doz.....	0	9	0	0
Eggs per doz, by brl.....	0	8	0	8
Halibut per lb.....	0	6	0	0
Haddock, ".....	0	3	0	0
Apples, per barrel.....	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$3.00	\$3.50
Hay.....	\$7.00	\$8.50	\$0.00	\$0.00
Straw.....	\$4.50	\$5.50	\$0.00	\$0.00

LOTTERY AND BAZAAR.

ORGANIZED BY THE LADIES OF CHARITY of St. Antoine and St. Joseph Wards, for the relief of the Foundlings of the Asylum.

All the numbers will gain a prize; price thirty-five cents. To take place at the *Salon D'Asyle*, or St. Joseph's Asylum, Bonaventure Street, on Monday next, the 12th inst., and to be continued during the following days.

Doors open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

LONGUEUIL CONVENT.

THE re-opening of this Institution for the reception of pupils will take place on the 5th of September.

WANTED.

A Boy about 16 years of age to learn the Grocery business.

Apply to

M. FERON,

23 St. Antoine Street.

CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN.

THIS Establishment, so favorably known to the public, will be re-opened on Thursday, the 1st of September.

All the branches of a thorough English and French education, with Vocal and Instrumental music, drawing, painting, and all kinds of fancy work, are taught in the institution. The Convent is large and airy; the board excellent, and the charges probably the most moderate of any similar house in the Dominion.

For particulars, apply to the Lady Superior, Williamstown, Aug. 15th, 1870.

SUPERIOR COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

MASSON COLLEGE, (TERREBONNE.) (PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.)

RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

J