

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24.

CALENDAR.

THURSDAY, 25—Holy Name of Mary. Bp. Rosati, St. Louis, died 1863. FRIDAY, 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs. SATURDAY, 27—St. Cosmas and Daulian, Martyrs. SUNDAY, 28—Seventh after Pentecost. Seven Dolours of the B. V. M. Less. Judith XIII, 22-25; Gosp. John XIX, 25-27; Last Gosp. Matt. XXII, 33-46. MONDAY, 29—St. Michael, Archangel. Less. Apoc. I, 1-5; Gosp. Matt. XVII, 1-10. Bp. Martin, Naticholches, died 1773. TUESDAY, 30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. Cons. Bp. Hennessy, Dubuque, 1868. WEDNESDAY, 1—St. Remigius, Bishop and Confessor. Cons. Bp. Peshan, Nashville, 1855. See of Quebec founded, 1674.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

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Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS—a paper which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion—are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

Federation of the Empire.

The Pall Mall Gazette writers are engaged in preparing the public mind of England for a confederation of the Empire. One of the cleverest of them says that the Empire is growing enormously in wealth and population, the various portions are brought closer to the centre, and the House of Commons has become the ultimate court of political appeal in all matters of importance. "It is, moreover," says this writer, "the only point to which we can look for organization and control in the future. I contend that, as at present constituted, the House of Commons is incapable of discharging its grave duties properly—has shown itself so incapable. I am anxious, therefore, to see a change made which, while ridding the House of the mere local and home business as far as possible, shall at the same time bring in men who will definitely represent the great outside interests which are becoming more important to the country each year. Those interests ought never to be played fast and loose with to serve party objects." Our Honorable Mr. Blake must be delighted with the Pall Mall Gazette, and so, in a measure, must be the Irish Home Rulers, though it is doubtful if that influential organ entertains the same ideas of a Confederation as they do. Most people will naturally think that Canada has at present an overpowering number of Governments and Legislatures without being saddled with another three thousand miles away. Suppose a Central Federal Parliament did exist in which Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other colonies were represented, how many members would we be entitled to, and what influence would we have on the destinies of a mighty Empire, and what influence do we wish to have? None. We have just as much as we can do to manage our own affairs. True, the prophetic vision of Mr. Blake may see in the future a Canada with a mighty population, which would give her more votes than England in the Federal Parliament, and he may also perceive one of his descendants a leader of a great Federal Government, with Toronto as a centre instead of London. But we can afford to wait for these vast changes and govern ourselves at present in our own interest. Let us not attempt to soar until our wings are stronger. It is better to be able to maintain a prosperous, contented population than to enjoy a certain amount of prestige, or rule a small portion of the destinies of a mighty Empire.

The Contest for the Presidency.

A year ago, very few people outside of sanguine Republicans but were almost certain the Democrats would elect the next President for the United States, while to-day the feeling has changed, and to all appearances the chances of the Republicans are good, except they, like their opponents, make some stupid blunder, which no one can at present foresee or guard against. California was doubtful, and the Republicans have carried it. Maine had revolted to the Greenbackers, but has returned to its allegiance, and all along the line the Republicans are as united as a party in the United States can possibly be. The murder of Dickson in Yazoo, a purely political and particularly sagacious one, and the murder of Chisholm and his daughter in Mississippi, also political and brutal, have caused somewhat of a

reaction in the North. These murders, unprovoked and all as they were, have been taken advantage of in the Maine election by smart politicians, and the Republican newspapers are not slow to point out that the old feeling still exists in the South. We all know what a number of adherents a martyr will procure to the cause he died for, and Dixon and Chisholm were very opportunely assassinated by the Democrats for throwing the State of Maine into the arms of the Republicans. A solid South is also liable to procure a solid North, and even old war Democrats whose Union sentiments were stronger than the ties that bound them to their party, are looking askance at the state of affairs south of Mason and Dixie's line, and wavering in loyalty. Another cause for rejoicing to the Republicans is the split between the Tammany and anti-Tammany factions of New York State, which is fast broadening into a chasm too wide to admit of being bridged over by the most cunning of Democratic engineers. True, those two parties always display a certain amount of hostility towards each other before an election, and call opposite leaders the ugliest of names a political dictionary can furnish, but when the time for action arrives, march shoulder to shoulder and vote the straight ticket. But in the most instances the bitterness manifested by the Kellyites and the regular Democrats is too intense to admit of more than the slightest chance at reconciliation. Still it is possible, and if a compromise shall be effected, even at the last moment, the Democrats are almost sure to carry the State. Their chances in Massachusetts are good. There Butler is the candidate for Governor of the combined Democrat-Greenback ticket, and as the latter element was heretofore chiefly Republican Butler is likely enough to win. His defeat last year, considering the large number of votes polled, was not a heavy one, and since then he has received large accessions of strength. The calumnies so industriously circulated about Butler and the spoons are dying away—they were stupid calumnies at best—while the great ability and the real services he rendered the Union in the supreme hour of its peril are remembered. He will, besides, purify the State of Massachusetts, which after having been so long in the hands of the radicals, is sadly in need of it, and this belief alone will gain the support of thousands of honest men. Butler never did things by halves, and Massachusetts will experience the sensation of something like a revolution if the quondam Military Governor of New Orleans once gets hold of it. In the United States as well as other countries, political prophesying is very often falsified, but in so far as present indications justify future predictions the contest will, for the next Presidency, be a close one, with the chances so far in favor of the Republicans.

The Marquis of Hartington's Programme.

It is to be presumed that in his speech at Newcastle yesterday the Marquis of Hartington sounded the key note of the Liberal policy, and that whether he or Mr. Gladstone be the leader of the Whig-Radical party the programme he has announced will be accepted by them. "Equalization of the franchise, redistribution of seats in Parliament, local government and land reforms, said the Marquis, must be soon undertaken." This is surely a real Liberal programme, and is at once broad and democratic. The Liberal party has now a platform and an unmistakable one. The redistribution of seats will do away with the unjust system which permitted a county magnate to hold pocket boroughs for his sons and nephews, and prevented such a city as Manchester, with a population of 400,000, having more representatives in Parliament than a few thousand voters in more favored localities. The equalization of the franchise will also help to obtain fair Parliamentary representation and bring a more intelligent class of voters into the pale of the Constitution. The views of the Marquis of Hartington on the land question are not very well known; perhaps he does not exactly know them himself, but by measure that will not take in the abolition of the laws of entail and primogeniture will not be acceptable to the country, which is just now ripe for great changes in the land. The Marquis of Hartington is himself the son of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the greatest land-owners in the United Kingdom, and is besides his heir, so that the land reform he promises may not mean as much as if coming from Bright or Gladstone; but as it is those statesmen who will lead the party, no matter who is Premier, the land reform will be of a more sweeping nature than the noble Marquis perhaps intends. But the greatest of all the changes in the programme is that under the head of local government. This surely means Home Rule for Ireland, if it means anything. The most desperate Jingo in England must admit that if no such body as the obstructives existed, and if there was even no "factious opposition," the Imperial Parliament cannot govern the whole Empire satisfactorily. The session is generally dedicated to a few great questions, and debates on the foreign policy of the Empire, the consequence being that very important measures have to be rushed through at the end in an undigested state, while hundreds of others are laid over till next session. In this way business runs behind, and the State machinery becomes clogged. Those contemplated measures of the opposition will, of course, be bitterly opposed by the Conservatives. They will denounce their opponents as traitors, revolutionists, radicals, republicans, Fenians and Communists. We can, even in fancy, read to-day's editorials in the Standard and Daily Telegraph calling for the heads of the Liberal leaders, and see the stare of amaze-

ment, and hear the gasp of the Tory squire, as with gouty legs under the table he sits with eyes transfixed on the Times. Nevertheless, Fate has written the changes in her book, and come they will, despite all the Jingos in the three kingdoms. They were bound to come any way, but Beaconsfield's spirited foreign policy, a succession of bad harvests, and the unfortunate fertility of the prairies of Illinois, have pushed them forward ten years at least. Lord Beaconsfield may now learn that sensible reform at home is much better than scientific frontiers abroad, and also that the lands of England, Ireland and Scotland are of more general interest to the people of those islands than the finest plains of Bulgaria, or the deepest passes in Afghanistan. That the Liberals will carry the country with them in the approaching general elections, and be in a position to carry out their ideas, there can be no reasonable doubt. What can Beaconsfield and Salisbury say to the people that will convince them that a Tory Government is better than a Liberal? During their seven years of power they have allowed Turkey to be almost dismembered; despite their bragadocio they have lost thousands of lives and millions of money by their unjust aggression in South Africa; they have, through the same unjust spirit of arrogance, engaged in another war with Afghanistan and probably with Russia; they have disgusted Ireland, humbugged England and alienated France. The Liberals may not restore England to her former prosperity, but another seven years of Tory rule would certainly ruin her.

Tenant Farmers in Great Britain and Ireland.

The most ardent lover of imperialism cannot conceal from himself the fact that at the present moment the British Empire is in a bad way, and this irrespective of troubles without. England has had greater difficulties to contend against than an Afghan and a Zulu war, with a struggle with Russia near at hand. Wars and conflicts such as these have been the making of the British Empire. Her golden stores, the offspring of her vast commerce, the prowess of her armies and the overpowering valor of her navies have carried her successfully through many a dubious conflict, but then she was all right internally. Her colossal commerce and manufactures fed her population and made them content. No nation disputed her supremacy except for a few years, when she emerged strong and victorious. Now, however, things are different. For the first time since the Norman conquest her population—the population of England, Ireland and Scotland—cry out for bread, with one united voice. America, France and Germany compete with her in the markets of the world, and contract her revenues, and Providence has afflicted her with a succession of miserable harvests. Her farmers cannot pay their rents. It is no longer the poor tenants of Ireland who feel themselves oppressed, the patient Scotchman and the grumbling but conservative Englishman also declaim against landlordism, which in fact is a protest against the British constitution itself. All at once the agriculturists, the mechanics and the laborers of Great Britain and Ireland awake to the knowledge that they are beggars, and they look in amazement at all the points of the compass for relief. The great, the grievous cry that emanates from their breasts is, "we cannot pay our rent." The lords are startled and reduce the rents, but it is of no avail, the tenants cannot pay even the half, for the plains of Illinois and the Dominion of Canada are pressing upon them; the men who pay no rent say to them in effect, "you must starve or become as we, you must emigrate." And they are about to emigrate in vast numbers. At least some people think so, but other keen observers of current events believe that a great revolution is about to take place, for that there are not ships enough to take all the discontented over the Atlantic fast enough to prevent a collision and a distribution of the land by means of force after the example of France. That as regards England, even a sweeping agrarian measure would not bring about prosperity. There is not land enough in South Britain to support its population, and the commerce that assisted them heretofore is gone forever. If prestige and a glorious past history could keep a nation great and prosperous Italy would never have been spoiled and vanquished. Now then it is that the tenant farmers of England can feel for their brethren in Ireland, brothers, if not in race and religion, at least in misfortune. Fifty years ago the Irish tenant farmers were the laughing stock of the Empire, made so by West British novelists, such as Lover, Lever and Carleton, poor literary devils who had to amuse London with something fresh and could find no better subject than the Irish peasantry. They it was who informed the cads and cheesemongers of London that the low Irish had only one room to sleep in and that sometimes the pig was taken in as a boarder. It was awfully funny, as the fine ballads made in London and sung there about Irish mud cabins and Irish pigs can testify. But the times have changed, and the laughter at the expense of the Irish has ceased. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and though it is not saying much the Irish tenants are to-day better off than those of Great Britain. All the comic songs about pigs and cabins can be sung with more force in Scotland and England than in Ireland. Here is what a late edition of the Scotch Reformer says when dwelling on the dreadful misery of the agricultural population of Scotland:—"Outside of Stormont there are about twenty thousand souls, any of whom can be turned adrift at the sovereign will of the

landlord, or factor, and this being the case, the cropper (or tenant) learns not a spark of independence, but, on the contrary, abject servility, and lives in perpetual fear that his neighbor may become an "informer." The result is a condition of abject misery throughout Scotland scarcely to be conceived. The people live in huts not fit for pigs. If things do not mend (say the papers) a day will come when the States and Canada will have to send colonists hither." The state of affairs in the agricultural districts of England is no better. The London Times, the organ of the British plutocracy, has at length come to recognize the dreadful truth, and to confess, perforce, that the time has come when even the patient Hodge can submit no longer. Hodge now (says that organ of public opinion) spends his spare hours at the "pub," neither getting nor doing any good, learning, perhaps, nothing better than to sing a "variant" of the old song—

"Let back and sides go bare, go bare, And head and feet grow cold, But let us have good beer enough, Whether it be new or old."

and getting the worst name for laziness and brutality in Europe to boot. This, coming from the Times, is pretty rough in good sooth. In this crisis the Irish tenant farmers rise to the level of their proper superiority, and point to their Scotch and English brethren the road they will have to travel. The derision and sarcasm heaped upon those men fifty years ago have given place to respect. The Irish are now the leaders, and from long practice in agrarian agitation are entitled to it. Time brings about its revenges, of a surety, and the men who have been hunted down like wolves, for daring to live on the soil that gave sustenance to their ancestors for a hundred generations, have at length come to be recognized as heroes, and are in a fair way towards effecting a mighty revolution, in which they will be supported by the tenant farmers of England and Scotland, and in which Lords and Dukes will be swallowed as completely as they were in France ninety years ago. Truly the fertile, grain producing plains of Illinois have a good deal to answer for.

The Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of visiting the beautiful and fast growing town of Pembroke, and was altogether astonished, in fact almost lost, to see the visible change. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that it was the Pembroke of a few years ago. Innumerable stately and grand buildings, almost of every size, have been erected, growing up, as it were, like so many mushrooms during one night's growth, or, as the Yankee has it, it takes a mighty short time to run up a few houses! The steam cars leave the capital twice every day for here, and all the way long the scenery is simply beautiful and picturesque, and the managers are just first class for their kindness and polite attention to the traveller. What a wholesome luxury, when Pembroke could not be reached so easily a few years ago, the only way was by boating and rough staging, so that your life and limbs were in imminent danger at every zigzag and upsetting of the old rickety stages, obliged often times to hang on to the side staves and leather straps, often bringing the most prominent part of your features against the forehead of your patient and well tried neighbour, but not so gentle when the old cloth canvas would slap him on the face soaking with rain and covered with mud. However, all hands seemed to enjoy it, as I presume they could not help themselves. Thus it can be easily seen that we are in a golden age of progress and civilization. During the few days that I remained at Pembroke I had the honored privilege of visiting the beautiful Convent of Mary Immaculate, a branch of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa. This grand and noble Institution of learning has many qualified advantages. It is located on one of the most salubrious sites in or around the town overlooking the country for miles around. The Grand River is right opposite to it, which makes the scenery second to none in all Upper Canada. The railroad depot and steamboat landing are only a few minutes walk or drive from it. The splendid and beautiful steamboat, the John Egan, commanded by the genial and universal favorite Captain Duggan, passed every morning about 7 a.m. for the Des Jolichon stopping at the principal places of business and attraction. The trip up the Grand River is really beautiful and attractive, and affords an excellent opportunity for an excursion or picnic. On the return trip the boat arrives between five and six o'clock, and can be seen from the convent at a long distance. The convent is very large, four stories high and the proportions both outside and inside are grand and are well adapted for the designs the good sisters have intended. It is built of beautiful red and white brick, the dormitories and rooms are immensely roomy and well ventilated, the walls are very high, the ceilings lofty, the air cannot be surpassed by cleanliness and purity, which is everything for the comfort and health of the young ladies. The institution is open to young ladies without any distinction with regard to creed or nationality. The French, the Irish, the Scotch and the English young ladies can be found within the same class room, sitting side by side at their desks all in union and harmony, receiving the like careful instructions and training to fit them afterwards for good and faithful subjects of society. These grand institutions of education and refinement, conducted by the Grey Nuns or Sisters of Charity, are to be found rising up almost in every city, town or village throughout the vast diocese of Ottawa, and are proving to be a special boon and favored blessing wherever they are to be found. We find several of these excellent institutions of learning here in Ottawa, approved and conducted on fundamental principles which cannot be surpassed, we find the same institutions of education in Hull, Aylmer, Buckingham, Montebello, Granville, Pembroke, and several branches in the United States. We find these good and devoted Sisters far, far away up at the Mattawa, imparting the knowledge of truth and education to the little wandering Indians in their lowly wigwams or huts; still further on we find these good missionary Sisters of Charity sowing the healthy seeds of education one hundred miles above the Mattawa at the Timiscamungue. This grand institution of learning is deserving of every encouragement from the country at large, especially since the fees are so extremely low that it is placed almost within the means of all well-to-do parents to afford their children an excellent opportunity of preparing themselves for after life, meet the

world in all its various bearings with becoming modesty and gracefulness, to be a pleasure and a comfort to their parents and to those who may come in contact with them. The board and tuition for the scholastic term of ten months, including both the French and English languages, is the very low sum of eighty dollars (\$80), music, painting and drawing form extra charges. Special attention during the year is paid towards the close observance and strict care of domestic economy, a branch which is so absolutely necessary and almost indispensable for every young lady no matter what position of life she may be called on to fill. It is an all important one and one which never should be lost sight of or neglected. It is therefore from those good Sisters that a solid and virtuous education can be obtained and that fond parents or guardians may confidently hope and expect to see realized in their daughters solid fruits of piety and learning. These good Sisters whose name and fame are so widespread in doing so much good and who spend the greater part of their valuable time in looking after the careful training and intellectual development of the young ladies and children entrusted to their watchful care, should receive special encouragement.

It is really beautiful and refreshing to take a run up to the lofty tower of a spring or summer morning to inhale the fresh, invigorating, balmy sweet air coming from the surrounding country, beautifully dotted over with majestic rivers and lovely lakes. For miles and miles, far away can be seen and heard the locomotive approaching the town speeding its way through diversified hills, and undulating valleys, at times lost sight of altogether, then appearing again much nearer, which makes the scene really delightful. Again a thousand notes of joy on every breeze is borne, the echoes of the busy farmer can be heard far and wide, the rolling brooks babbling down the mountain sides, the sweetest song of the morning lark with the dew on its little wings soaring higher and higher until its sweet and charming notes die away in the heavens above, the light-hearted whistling ploogman, the hum of the busy bees in the beautiful garden below flying from one flower to another sipping the crystal honey to fill their cups for man's use and benefit. It is a pleasure and a healthy comfort to inhale the morning breeze, on a lovely morning or evening, to look around and see the surroundings with all their charming beauties; it is music to hear the carol of the lark, the roaring of the distant waterfalls, the bleating of the frisky lambs playing in the verdant fields under the morning and noontday sun, the swift revolving paddles of the steamboats ploughing through the deep waters with majesty and force, all these pleasing attractions combine to make the scene enticing and charming as each of these can be heard and appreciated with pleasing effect from the lofty tower of the beautiful convent of Mary Immaculate. The lofty summit on which the convent is situated is far superior to any other I have seen in my many travels, the position is grand and cannot be surpassed, the distant sceneries and landscapes under the blue vaults of heaven are really sublime and cannot be described, and should only have to be seen to have the least perceptive idea of their magnificence and beauty. The air is bracing, pure and cool, and affords every pleasing facility and means for always enjoying the happy blessings endowed by an all-wise Creator. The convent is situated from the turmoils, thronging crowds, and from the clouds of suffocating dust and burning heat, and is only a few minutes walk to the Roman Catholic Church. Every personal convenience and comfort are to be found in the institution, the entire building in every department is comfortably heated with hot water on the most modern and approved systems. No small degree of qualified skill, sound judgment, and long years of tried and faithful perseverance on the part of the Sister Superior and her little band of Sisters, have been left undone to make the institution one of the first class in the Dominion, to be able to impart a thorough knowledge of the different languages, arts and science, to prepare young ladies to take an honourable position in after life, creditable to their parents or guardians, to themselves and society, and to the good Sisters who always have with all their heart and soul, the kindest interest, happy and prosperous welfare of their dear pupils, no matter in what sphere of life they may cast their lot. It is, therefore, to carry out faithfully and conscientiously these designs of imparting a solid and virtuous education, is the principle end and object of the Convent of Mary Immaculate. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 13th inst., headed "An Extraordinary Case," in which you hold up Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, late of Montreal, but now of Dorchester, New Brunswick, as a martyr to the malevolence of C. W. Weldon, Esq., M.P., of St. John, N.B., and as being unjustly deprived of his rights by Mr. Weldon and myself. I feel satisfied that you have no desire to do either Mr. Weldon or myself an injustice, and for this reason regret that you had not deemed it advisable to make some enquiries regarding this case before giving publicity to your article. Had you done so, I am confident it would not have appeared in the colorable light in which it is now presented to your readers. Upon the facts of the case I wish to set you right, and, fearing that you may have any doubt as to the truthfulness of my statement, I beg to enclose you a copy of the agreement made between Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. Weldon and myself, which I think will speak for itself, and at the same time will authenticate anything I have to say in this matter. John Francis O'Sullivan died at Moncton, New Brunswick, on or about the 16th May, 1876, leaving property valued at something over \$9,000, consisting chiefly of English railway scrip and monies lodged in three or four Savings Banks in New York city. Immediately after his death a relation by name Cronyn, living in New Brunswick, took out letters of administration of estate, and, if I mistake not, also swore that he was the only surviving relative and next of kin, and as such was entitled to the property. A prominent mercantile firm at Moncton, Messrs. McSweeney Brothers, having heard that the deceased had a brother who some years previously had resided at Quebec and Montreal, took it upon themselves to advertise for him, and in a short time found him. I will not stop here to say that he was found in the employ of a wholesale dry goods house in Montreal, where I had obtained the situation for him; nor will I stop to detail that I had clothed and fed and kept with me, in my own house, this same gentleman, when he had not a rag to his back, a shoe to his foot or a cent in his pocket. I could produce, if necessary, almost a bushel full of letters written by him, each of which is crossed by the following postscript:—"Be it thus to remember that when I was a boy, which arose on my path and lighted me home." I digress from my narration of the facts of

the case thus far to show you who has been martyred in the present instance. Well, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan having satisfied himself at once for New Brunswick, and in a short time established himself as the rightful heir to his brother's property; the administration papers of Cronyn were set aside, and O'Sullivan was informed that upon procuring the necessary bondsmen the administration papers would be issued to him. After a vain attempt to find parties who would accept the responsibility of becoming his bondsmen he came to Kingston to see me, and explained the position in which he was placed, the result being that I determined to return to New Brunswick with him and endeavor to have things straightened out for him.

The law of the Province demanded that the bondsmen should belong to New Brunswick, and at my request the Hon. Thomas R. Jones and C. W. Weldon, Esq., M.P. of St. John, N.B., agreed to act in this capacity. W. P. Browne, of the well-known firm of James Browne & Co., of Kingston, and myself, indemnifying them against loss. That Mr. O'Sullivan repeatedly informed us that he was the only surviving next of kin of his brother, John Francis O'Sullivan, Mr. Weldon and myself deemed it more prudent that we should retain possession of the estate, as trustees, until such time as it had been clearly established that no heirs other than himself were living. We accordingly proposed this to Mr. O'Sullivan, and, without a moment's hesitation, he consented, and our agreement to that effect was drawn, a copy of which I herewith enclose you.

Following the granting of the administration papers to Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, I advertised the following notice in the New York Herald, London Times and Liverpool Mercury:—John Francis O'Sullivan, born at Cork, Ireland, died at Moncton, in the Province of New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada, on or about 16th May, 1876. The deceased was for some years resident of Liverpool and afterwards of New York. His next of kin will please correspond, enclosing evidence of relationship, with CHAS. W. WELDON, Barrister, St. John, N.B., Canada.

Within two months several parties had communicated with Mr. Weldon, three of whom established that they were sisters of the deceased, and others that they were children of deceased's brothers and sisters, and as such were entitled to whatever share of the property would have been their parents' had they been living. In order to satisfy himself as to the identity of the various claimants, Mr. O'Sullivan crossed the Atlantic in the fall of 1877, and there found that several near and dear ones whom he had thought long since gone to their far distant homes were alive and in the flesh, and all were as anxious for a share of their late brother's property as he was. He returned to Canada rather hastily, and from the date of his return all the difficulties in connection with the management and winding up of his brother's estate have arisen.

In January, 1878, I expected I would be absent from home for and after the 1st May for the remainder of the year, and as I was anxious to have the affairs of this estate of my hands before leaving home, I wrote to Mr. O'Sullivan, asking him to send me a power of attorney, which would permit me to sell, or have sold, the English railway stock, and stating that I would bring the proceeds here and lodge it with the other monies, and that so soon as he had his accounts passed, I would be in readiness to close up the estate without delay.

I may here explain that as I held the scrip for the stock he could not dispose of it, without obtaining possession of it from me, nor could I dispose of it without obtaining power of attorney from him as Administrator. To my communication he replied that he was the Administrator of his brother's estate, and, as such, desired to sell the stock himself, and called upon me to forward the scrip for the same that he might dispose of it.

As this was a direct contravention of the agreement made with Mr. Weldon and myself, and moreover, as I had reason to dread that the money might be misappropriated if it came into his hands, in which case Mr. Browne and myself would be responsible for it, I refused to comply with his request and then the deadlock arose which has continued ever since.

The railway scrip is now and has been for some time in the hands of Mr. Weldon, and as long as my instructions are adhered to it will remain there until Mr. O'Sullivan furnishes some responsible party with the necessary authority to dispose of it, in which case there is no reason why the closing and winding up of the estate should be delayed one month. Several times in the past year I have written Mr. Weldon asking him to endeavour to get O'Sullivan to consent to our paying into Court everything in law in connection with his brother's estate, but this I have not been able to get his consent to that proposition.

I have been more lengthy in my statement of the facts of this case than I expected I would have to be when I began this communication. I trust, however, that the importance to Mr. Weldon and myself of sustaining reputations which thus far, I think I can safely say, nothing in our dealing with our fellow men has ever tarnished, will be my best excuse for craving your indulgence. Yours truly, WM. HARTY.

Kingston, Sept. 16th, 1879. [We insert the above long letter in justice to Mr. Hartly, although not strictly necessary, as our editorial commenting on the circumstances brought under our notice and secured him nor Mr. Weldon, but dealt chiefly on the injustice of keeping Mr. O'Sullivan in jail and demanding such very heavy security. We never as much as hinted that Mr. Hartly—that any one was to blame in the matter—E. E. P.]

For Liver complaint, use Dr. Hartley's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills. Purely Vegetable.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, AND SIMILAR troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, often times incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Trochets" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief.

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT ALMOST EVERY child is troubled more or less by worms. They seem to be the cause of infancy. But since the introduction of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges, their is no necessity for their annoying presence. Inquire of your Druggist, and he will tell you they are the best.

WHY WILL YE SHAKE? Because we cannot help it, we've tried quinine until we heard great drums in our heads. Have you tried BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment? No. That will cure chills and fever sure every time. Where can we find it? Anywhere.

MILLIONS OF BOTTLES OF MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP are sold and used with never-failing success. It is an old and well-tried remedy, and has stood the test of years. It relieves the child from pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, and, by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.