INTERESTING RESUME

OF DUBLIN CASTLE PROCLAMATIONS:

How the Island was Governed in Former Days—Some Curious Documents—"Concealed Lands."

A collection of the proclamations issued from Dublin Castle from time to time ought to a very considerable extent form an epitome of the political history of the country. They ought to prove quite as valuable in their way as those Protests of the Irish House of Lords which, collected some years ago by Professor Thorold Rogers, were found to be so historically interesting. We are glad to find that a catalogue of those Castle proclamations is being carefully prepared by a very competent person, Sir Bernard Burke, and a precis thereof is being published in instalments in the annual reports of the Deputy-Keeper of the Irish Records. The scope of Sir Bernard Burke's catalogue extends from 1618 to 1875. Whenever necessary it will be easy to bring this list up to the most recent date. Sir Bernard, in his twenty-first report, issued two years ago, published the first instalment of the catalogue, which extended from 1618 to 1660. In the twenty-third report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Records, which has just been issued, the catalogue is carried down from 1660 to 1767. We have just been looking through this second portion of the catalogue, and find it quite as interesting as might be expected. The period covered by this batch of proclamations, from the second year of the reign of Charles II. to the seventh of that of George III., was a very interesting one in Irish history. Throughout the reign of Charles II. these proclamations give evidence of the vigor with which the persecution of the Irish and Catholics was carried on by the representative of a dynasty for which the Irish and Catholics were afterwards to display such devotion. Then came James II.'s reign, and towards its close we find proclamations issuing in the name of the King himself, then established in Dublin after his flight from England. Soon we have proclamations of William and Mary from their court in Belfast, after the victory of the Boyne. Then came the reign of Anne and the three Georges, of each of which some typical note from the history of this poor country, then going through the worst of the penal days, appears in the proclamation. The opening proclamation of the

RESTORED STUARTS' REIGN

is highly characteristic. It is a declaration of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in the Parliament of Ireland assembled "for the speedy raising of money for His Majesty's service." The *same year there is a proclamation* "concerning the payment of the King's rents," and another "for the discovery of concealed lands belonging to His Majesty." "Concealed lands" has a mysterious sound. How did they manage to conceal them? We find that the Irish Parliament interested itself in "His Majesty's intended match with the Infanta of Portugal" so far as to issue a declaration thereupon. But these are high matters of State which do not concern us to-day. What comes home to us more is the string of proclamations against Popish priests, rapparees, rebels and traitors, and "divers disloyal people called Tories, Thieves and Robbers." How do the modern Irish Tories like this description and juxtaposition? The catalogue is crammed with proclamations against Tories, who are almost invariably classified with Robbers and an "etcetera." The proclamations (very numerous) for "the bringing in of rents," for "the payment of rents," have no connection with the robberies committed by the Tories of that day, though the proclamations issued under Mr. Balfour with the same object in view, albeit not shaped so frankly, distinctly have that connection with the Tories of the present time. No class seemed to excite the ire of the Castle to such an extent as those Tories of the past. There is hardly a more ferocious or heartless proclamation on the list than the Order of Council, promulgated in 1679, "for committing to prison the kindred and nearest relations of such persons as are known Tories, these to remain until such Tory is either killed or taken." Torquemada would have to confess himself

A MERE APPRENTICE

beside the master-hand who devised this ingenious variant of the *peine forte et dure*. This proclamation is preceded by one "offering reward for discovery of any Popish officer or soldier who shall hear Mass," by another for "apprehending any Popish Archbishop, Bishop, Vicar-General, Abbott, etc., in this kingdom." It is followed by one "for bringing in the Bodies of several Rebels, dead or alive," and by another "for bringing *in the Heads of Several Rebels.*" And in the midst of such gory decrees there appears at every turn proclamations for "Solemn Public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer." The worthy Englishman may be wading and dabbling in the blood of Irishry and Papists, and filling his pockets with their plunder, but he never forgets that he is the special instrument of Providence, whom he is ever ready to propitiate with all the outward penitence and piety that may be deemed requisite. Even so does he advance into Africa to-day, the Bible in one hand and the rum-bottle in the other, behind the Martini-Henrys of his soldiers. The leopard may change his spots, but John Bull remains ever the same. Some familiar names occur in these proclamations. For example, there is one "for bringing in the body, dead or alive, of Redmond O'Hanlan, a proclaimed Rebel!" "A Proclaimed Rebel!" In Ireland what prouder title could a man receive at the hands of the King? O'Hanlon was a rapparee as well as a rebel, but that other title ennobles him and covers all his sins. Let us mention "Richard Power of Ballintotly, County Tipperary," who in 1685 was proclaimed "a Rebel and Traitor." He may have some descendants living in Ireland or America who will be proud to see this record and who may not have known that it existed. Here is

A FINE SPECIMEN

of the brutally-insolent type: "Proclamation apprehending the persons who rescued Donnelan, titular Popish Bishop of Clonfert." It is a good thing, at any rate, to see that there were persons who rescued him. The priest-hunters did not always have it their own way. We find a proclamation for apprehending the persons "who abused John Totty, an officer at mace, in the execution of his office in suppressing a Mass house." There is also a proclamation against the persons who burnt the house of Richard Huddy, "in revenge for his having apprehended one William Hennessy, a regular of the Popish clergy." There is "the like against the rescuers of James Kilkenny, a friar." Another is levelled against "the persons who insulted George Brereton, Esq., High Sheriff of County Carlow, for having apprehended John Taafe, a Popish priest." This Brereton, one may imagine, was a priest hunter of the regular type, who went for his quarry in his red coat and buckskins with his hounds and his sporting posse of boon companions and retainers. The feebleness of the reprisals against such revolting barbarity is the most painful feature of these times. The last of the numerous proclamations against the Popish clergy contains another well known name. It is for the apprehension of "Nicholas Sheehy, Popish priest of Shanrahan, County Tipperary, for high treason and rebellion." The Popish priest of Shanrahan has even in the earthly sense his reward and his revenge. Whose was the hand that issued that proclamation against him from the seat of power in Castle? No one knows, no one cares. Forgotten is the tool of persecution, but immortal is its victim. Father Sheehy the martyr is still a living memory in

IRISH HEARTS TO-DAY,

and his name will be remembered as long as Irish history is recorded. Let us couple with his the name of another famous Irish clergyman of a very different type, and not of the Popish religion, against whom we find a proclamation here directed. The proclamation is one "for discovering the of author a seditious pamphlet entitled 'A letter to the Whole People of Ireland,' by M. B. Draper, author of 'The letter to the Shopkeepers, etc.'" The Dean too, in spite of the proclamation, is one of those whose name will long be remembered, and his seditious pamphlet has escaped the hangman to take its place amongst those masterpieces of literature which posterity will not willingly let die.

The proclamations do not wholly deal with work of persecution, though that is their principal the theme. A few of them give us curious glimpses of the social life of the country at the time. Abductions were then great in vogue, and many of the proclamations relate to this class of outrages. There is a proclamation against "the spreaders of false news or promoters of malicious slanders and calumnies"—a very good thing which would be badly needed nowadays if it could be applied with any effect. Other proclamations regulate the sale of "strong waters" and the giving of licenses to "Pedlers, Petty Chapmen or Gray merchants." But we have not space to go into these. It will be seen that the Catalogue of Proclamations has its historical value, and will repay perusal.—*United Ireland.*

A Railroad Manager.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY, Office of the President and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., Nov. 15, 1891. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ancle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in a relief from pain, which has become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. PEARSON, *Pres't and Gen'l Manager.*

Go Lead the Horse In!

Once upon a time there was a carter; he married, and took to wife a pretty girl. The wedding over, and the newly married pair alone, the carter turned and said to the bride:

"See, Russidda (says he) now we are husband and wife. What happiness! Now I will buy me a horse. I will make me a cart, and so I will go with loads and we shall get bread. But there is this about it: When I come home, I will not work any more. Then, see, my little Russidda, from now henceforth when I come home, you take the horse, unharness him; in short, care for him, for I am tired." The girl began to shrug her shoulders and says, "I won't do it." "What do you mean? Then who is to lead the horse in, I?" "I don't know how to do such things." "Well," says the young man, "I will teach you." "No, I am not used to such things. At my home I was not taught in that way." "Well, I will teach you now, little by little." "No, I won't lead him in." "But what is to be done if you must lead him in?" "And I won't lead him, and I won't lead him in." "And I tell you, either you will lead him or you come out badly." "No, no; neither now or ever." At this the young man arose in a rage, and unbuckled his leather belt. "Now I tell you either you lead the horse in, or I will set on you with my lands.... Go lead the horse in!" "No, I will not lead him in!"—"Ah, what is that?...Go lead the horse in!"...and he took her with a great blow of the strap on her shoulders. What would you expect of the girl? She began to scream like one burnt. "Alas, I'm dying...I won't lead the horse in!" I won't lead him in!" "Go lead the horse in, I tell you!"...and here blows with the strap that took off the skin. And "Go, lead the horse in," and "I won't lead him in!" The neighbors came running, "Children, children, what is it? You are just married and begin the quarrels? What is it? About the house? Come off, we will lead him in....Where is the horse?" "But," says the young man, "It was talk ...we have yet to buy the horse." "An apoplexy take you! For a talk, you make all this disturbance!" And the whole village fell upon them.

From the Sicilian Folk Lore Dance: E. C., For Short Stories.

ARE YOU DEAF

Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Box 236, Orillia, Ont. 22 15

An Old Calendar.

Dr. John Gilmary Shea writes in the Catholic News: "The editor of this paper has in his possession an astronomical almanac by Regiomontanus (the great astronomer, Bishop Muller), printed in 1481, containing the tables which undoubtedly were used by Columbus. In fact, it is probable that it is the identical volume used by him in noting in his diary a conjunction of the sun and mercury, January 13th, 1493; and predicting the eclipse of February 29th, 1494, to induce the Indians to furnish food to his crew. Tespucci, in his letter to Lorenzo de Medici, expressly says that he used in 1499 and 1500 the almanac calculated for the meridian of Ferrara by Regiomontanus. This volume is one of the series of Ephemerides published by him for the thirty years beginning with 1475, which were the first ever published in Europe."

WINTER SPORTS.

The gay winter season exposes many to attacks of colds, coughs, hoarseness, tightness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc., which require a reliable remedy like Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for their relief and cure. Known as reliable for over thirty years. The best cough cure.

The Sculptor's Love.

There was a famous sculptor in Paris who executed a great work. It stands to-day in the Galerie des Beaux Arts. He was a great genius, and this was his last work; but, like many a great genius, he was very poor, and lived in a small garret. This garret was his workshop, his studio, and his bedroom. He had this statue almost finished in clay, when one night a frost suddenly fell over Paris. The sculptor lay on his bed, with the statue before him in the centre of the fireless room. As the chill air came down upon him, he saw that if the cold got more intense the water in the interstices of the clay would freeze; and so the old man rose and heaped the bedclothes reverently upon the statue. In the morning when his friends came in they found the old sculptor dead, but the image was saved!

That is the greatest thing about you. Preserve that at any cost—the image into which you are being changed by the unseen Sculptor, who is every moment that you are in His presence working at that holy task. The work of creation is not done. Geology is still toiling today at the unfinished earth; and the Spirit of God, which brooded upon the waters thousands of years ago, is busy now creating men, within these commonplace lives of ours, in the image of God.—*The Perfected Life. Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.*

A SENSIBLE STATEMENT.

SIR,—Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past, I must state that for my complaint of biliousness an acid stomach I have never found an equal, and I continue to use it and recommend it to my friends and neighbors.

W. SUTTON, St. Thomas, Ont.

A Poet's Tribute to a Saint.

There where the gentle breeze whispers among the young flowers that blossom over the fields of Europe, not far from that shore where break the waves behind which the big sun sinks at eventide, is the fortunate Calaroga; and there was born the loyal lover of the Christian faith, the holy athlete, gentle to his friends, and terrible only to the enemies of truth.

They called him Dominic. He was the ambassador and the friend of Christ; and his first love was for the first counsel that Jesus gave. His nurse found him often lying on the ground, as though he had said, "It was for this that I came."

It was because of his love for the divine truth, and not for the world, that he became a great doctor in a short time; and he came before the tribunal of Peter, not to seek dispensations, or the best benefices, or the patrimony of the poor, but only for freedom to combat against the errors of the world by the Word of God. Then, armed with his mighty will, he went to his apostolic ministry, even as some mountain torrent precipitates itself from a rocky height. And the impetuosity of that flood, throwing itself on the heresies that stemmed its way, flowed on far and wide, and broke into many a stream that watered the garden of the Church.—Dante's Portrait of St. Dominic quoted by Augusta Theodosia Drane, in her "History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars Preachers."

CAN hair which has become gray be restored to its original color and beauty? Yes, by a few applications of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, which is a most pleasant toilet dressing for ladies, keeping the head cool and free from dandruff. Try it and you will appreciate it. Can be had at all chemists. In large bottles, only 50 cents.

An English Tribute to Irish Bravery.

On land and sea—on the battle field as well as in naval engagements—the sons of Erin have ever been remarkable for their heroism. As roll of British history follows roll this fact has became the more indisputable; so that the English Tommy Atkins, as well as the British Jack-Tar, feel it no disparagement to their own native prowess to acknowledge the intrepidity and lion-hearted courage of Irishmen.

He who pens these lines, though an Englishman, has spent the greater part of his manhood amongst the children of St. Patrick. And, as a tribute of esteem and affection, a late event, which has awakened sympathy in the breast of every true Briton, prompts him—not to draw comparisons or contrasts—but to testify to the time-honored bravery of Ireland's sons.

We have all read the thrilling story of the shipwrecks, with their accompanying valorous deeds of heroism and rescue, which so lately occurred on the south and south-east coasts of England.

They made Hythe, Seabrook, Sandgate, Dungeness, Lydd, "Bonjemo," "Eden," &c., household words for several days, and the Press teemed with the gallantry of our coastguardsmen, soldiers and fishermen, who vied with each other in their heroic attempts to save human life. And human life was saved to a percentage surprisingly exceeding the moiety of the death-roll.

But the Press has failed in two strong points. It has almost passed over in silence the immeasureable aid rendered by the military of Hythe and Shorncliffe in helping to launch the life boats; and it has but very cursorily descanted upon the prowess displayed by some of our noble coastguardmen. To individualize—where most were heroes—would be somewhat invidious; but as one living in touch with those grand souls, I don't think obliviousness or indifference a suitable stimulus to further deeds of bravery, when duty chance may call.

None shone out so conspicuously in these late disasters as the brave sons of Erin. Though the Press has briefly noticed the chief of all these rescues, it has given but a poor meed of praise after all; and others, who gave repeated proofs of devotion to duty, throughout that dire night and day of storm and hurricane, are passed over in silence. It was an Irishman that in the cold grey morning hauled up over a high sea-wall, by his own solitary muscular prowess and the strength vouchsafed to him from on High at his humble prayer, the four French seamen that were clinging like grim death to the storm-tossed spars at Hythe. I saw him the next day; and this strong, brave Celt wept like a child when he recalled the moment of the first rescued marine slipping back into the boiling ocean, just as he had succeeded in landing him upon the top of the sea-wall; and, again, when he recalled the sad fact that the captain and his wife were lost.

It was an Irishman that "boosed" the lifeboat each time she floated and was submerged in the angry sea.

It was an Irishman that, when the Sandgate lifeboat capsized and, finding himself underneath her, he thought he should never see the light of the sun again, clung tenaciously to the gear of the lifeboat to which particulars his duty claimed attention, reflecting that though by so doing he would now lose his life, no breath of suspicion of having neglected in that duty should ever tarnish his reputation.

It was an Irishman that, when nearing the boiling surf, and the anxious rescuers on the shore, actually turned back and faced once more the pitiless sea, lost his English comrade, who had swam shoulder to shoulder with him in that dual swim for life and whom he saw was far more exhausted than himself, might fare worse, if he himself were the first to be clutched by the people on the shore.

In a word, though the Irish race was poorly represented as to numbers amongst their English comrades, every Irishman acquitted himself well, and proved himself a hero.

Then honor and glory to whom they are due. Honor and glory to the brave children of Erin.—*Father Sylvester, O.S.A.*

"Hood's," as the brokers say, at the Doses Cost 100. Hood's Sarsaparilla is always a "winner" for the price.

Garcia Moreno's Rule of Life.

After Garcia Moreno, president of the Catholic republic of Ecuador, was assassinated by Freemason emissaries, a small and well-worn copy of the "Following of Christ" was found on his person. On one of the flyleaves was found his daily rule of life in his own handwriting. It is herewith appended for the purpose of showing that, no matter how exalted a man's station may be, or engrossing his duties, he can always find time for the consecration of the higher interests of his soul. Where the will is, the way will be forthcoming. Moreover, this rule of the martyred president is a refreshing, healthy reading at a time when the business of politics is drawing so many away from even the slightest consideration of spiritual matters. The biographers of Garcia Moreno inform us that he scrupulously observed this rule for many years; *in fact, it was his invariably* after performing his religious devotions in the Cathedral that he was struck down by the knives of the assassins. We commend the rule to our readers: "Every morning I will make meditation, and will pray particularly for the virtue of humility. Each day I will hear Mass, recite the Rosary, and read, besides, a chapter of the Imitation in this order of life. I will endeavor always to keep my self in the presence of God, particularly during conversation, lest I may speak as does a woods. I will say every hour: 'I am worse than a demon, and deserve that hell should be my portion.' When tempted, I will say: 'What shall I think of all this at my last hour?' I will never speak of myself, except to avow my faults. To make every effort, by the thought of Jesus and Mary, to restrain my natural inclinations. To be patient and amiable, even with those who bore me; never to speak evil of my enemies. I will shun all familiarities, even the most innocent, as prudence requires. I will never devote more than an hour a day to amusement, and then, as a rule, not before 9 o'clock in the evening.

If there ever was a pill that was compliant, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a pill for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

A. P. F.

The following are the collections in Canada and the Bermuda in 1890 for the Propagation of the Faith.

Apostolic Vicariate of Pontiac	[illegible]
Archdiocese of Quebec	6,[illegible]
Diocese of Antigonish	1,800.[illegible]
Diocese of Charlottetown	5,217.20
Archdiocese of Montreal	9,265.18
Archdiocese of St. Boniface	1,657.00
Diocese of St. Albert	762.00
Diocese of New Westminster	4,150.00
Apostolic Prefecture of St. Pierre and Miquelon	500.00
Bermuda Islands	240.35
	14,811.35

Says Addison: "Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making."

The enterprising bee keeps up with the times by having his apartments arranged in swords.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.* (12-15-e o w)

The rose is red and the violet's blue, and so is the man whose rent is due.

NO BOGUS testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

Speed of a Rapid Penman.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—16½ feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third a mile. We make on an average sixteen curves of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 488 to each second, in an hour 28,800; in a day of only five hours 144,000, and a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 200 miles long to be traced on by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average, three and one-half to four.

Just why so many people suffer pain when a remedy of known and certain effect like Hagyard's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not very clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant cure for sore throat, croup, colds, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents.

Fireside Sparks.

A double-faced female—Dupli-Kate.

Good for soar rise—The eagle's pinions.

A printer's wife always puts the baby in "small caps."

The real eau de Cologne—the debt on the Cathedral.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not cold."

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

News boy (suburban railway depot)—"I bet that man has just rented a summer cottage, with a small grass plot in front, and ten or twenty square feet of garden behind." Lounger—"How dy'e know?" Newsdealer—"He has just stopped an' ordered seventeen agricultural papers."

A stingy man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promise.

CARSLEY - - BROS.

—ON—

St. Catherine St.

CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION to the undermentioned goods, marked EXTRA low in Price for the Christmas trade:

Sealette Jackets	$7.50
Cloth Jackets	$3.50
Ulsters	$3.95
Children's Mantles	95c
Eider Down Quilts	$3.50

FURS IN GREAT VARIETY

Opposum Muffs	$1.75
Storm Collars	$2.50
Dress Goods, 10c, worth	17c

Kid Gloves, 35c., 50c., 75c.

Stockings, from 10c. per pair.

Flannelette, 5½c. per yard.

Fancy Goods Specially Reduced.

FOR ALL KINDS OF

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—GO TO—

CARSLEY BROS,

2342 West End.

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WORMS

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

RUSSELL'S - -

EMERALD ISLE

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For Terms and Dates, Address:

1804 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

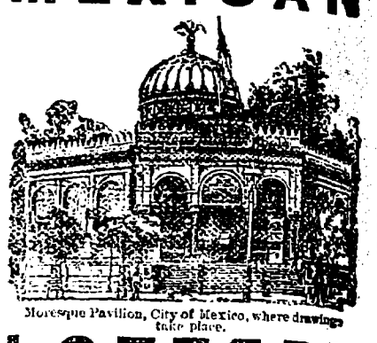
A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

PERSONAL.—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service, Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 2231. Private Telephones: 4653 and 6019. JOHN A. GROSE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILAS H. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

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

MEXICAN



Moresque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

LOTTERY

OF THE

Beneficencia Publica

(PUBLIC CHARITY)

ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE

CITY OF MEXICO,

AND

The Only Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government,

And in no wise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1892,

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING

$60,000 00

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

CERTIFICATE—I hereby certify that the Bank of London and Mexico has on deposit the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loteria de la Beneficencia Publica

APOLINAR CASTILLO, Intervenor.

Further, the company is required to distribute fifty-six per cent. of the value of all the tickets in Prizes—a larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

$80,000 TICKETS AT $1.00, $320,000.

PRICE OF TICKETS—American Money:

Wholes, $1; Halves, $2; Quarters, $1;

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Capital Prize of $60,000	is	$60,000
1 Capital Prize of 20,000	is	20,000
1 Capital Prize of 10,000	is	10,000
1 Grand Prize of 2,000	is	2,000
3 Prizes of $1000	are	3,000
6 Prizes of 500	are	3,000
20 Prizes of 200	are	4,000
100 Prizes of 100	are	10,000
350 Prizes of 50	are	17,500
553 Prizes of 20	are	11,060

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

150 Prizes of $60, approximating to $60,000 prize,		$9,000
150 Prizes of $50, approximating to $20,000 prize,		$7,500
150 Prizes of $40, approximating to $10,000 prize,		$6,000
799 Terminals of $20, decided by $60,000 prize,		$15,980
2,276 Prizes, Amounting to		$178,560

All prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U.S. currency. Agents wanted everywhere.

Remit by ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDERS issued by all Express Companies, or New York Exchange.

Currency must invariably be sent Registered.

Address U. BASSETTI,

City of Mexico, Mexico.

TEACHER wanted for Roman Catholic School Section No 8, Peel Township. One holding Third-class Certificate. Section small; duties light; to commence January 4th, 1892. Address, THOMAS WALSH, Gold-smith P. O., Ontario.

MALE teacher wanted, holding a 2nd or 3rd Class Certificate of qualification, for School Section No. 6, Emily, for 1892. Applicants to state salary and experience and send testimonials to EDWARD HERLIHEY, Sec.-Treas., Downeyville P. O.

TEACHER wanted for a Roman Catholic Separate School, Whitby, Ontario, holding 2nd or 3rd Class Certificate. Application, stating salary and copies of testimonials, receivable to December 16th, 1891. Duties to commence 4th January, 1892. JAMES LONG, Sec.-Treas.

FEMALE teacher wanted for Separate School, Fort Colborne, for the year 1892. Duties to commence the 1st January. Applications, stating salary and testimonials, will be received until December 20th. Address, REV. J. L. McENTEE, Fort Colborne.

TEACHER wanted for Fergus Separate School, holding a Second or Third Class Certificate. Salary $244. Duties to commence January 4th, 1892. Address, SECRETARY S. SCHOOL BOARD, Fergus, Ont.

TEACHER wanted for R. C. Separate School, No. 10, Normanby, holding 3rd Class Certificate. Section small, duties light. References required. Apply at once, stating salary expected, EDWARD McMAHON, Secretary, Ayton P. O., Co. Grey, Ont.

TEACHER Wanted for R. C. Separate School Secs. Nos. 6 and 7, Artemesia and Glenelg, a female holding 2nd or 3rd class Certificate, and who can take charge of a small choir. State salary. Address, R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES, Markdale, Ont.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

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