

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company, AT THEIR OFFICES, 761 CRAIG STREET, - - MONTREAL.

TERMS: By Mail, \$1.50 per annum in advance Delivered in City, \$2.00 " " Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES; 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 " " for every subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES. 1 Year, \$1.50 per line. 6 Months, 1.00 " 3 Months, .50 " [Advertisements with cuts or large type, 50 per cent on these rates.]

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS. Announcements under these headings will be charged 50c. for the first and 25c. for subsequent insertions.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.

ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING.

The Adjourned Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY will be held in TOUPIN'S BLOCK, McGill Street, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 13th INST., at EIGHT O'CLOCK (Sharp). Every Shareholder is earnestly requested to attend, as the Auditors' Report will be submitted and a new Board of Directors elected for the ensuing year.

Also, the question of the reconstitution of the DAILY PAPER will be brought before the Meeting.

JNO. P. WHELAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For October, 1880. THURSDAY, 14.—St. Callista, Pope and Martyr. FRIDAY, 15.—St. Theresa, Virgin. SATURDAY, 16.—Office of the Immaculate Conception. SUNDAY, 17.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. Matins of B. V. M. Less. Eucelus. Mat. xxii. 23-31; Gosp. Luke II. 43-51; Last Gosp. Mat. xxii. 32-51. MONDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist. Fr. Jogues put to death, 1646. TUESDAY, 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor. Abp. Whitefield, Baltimore, died, 1834. WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.

A MEETING of those interested in the proposed testimonial to the Reverend Father Brown will be held on Friday evening (7.30) at St. Ann's School-house. It is to be hoped the attendance will be large.

We call the attention of our readers to the commencement, in this week's issue of the TRUE WITNESS, of one of the most thrilling stories of modern times, which is the Irish *Leau sabre*, Redmond O'Donnell, is the hero. It is pronounced a finished romance, and is pure and chaste in tone and sentiment.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the following named gentleman have kindly consented to act as agents in their respective districts for the True Witness:—Charles O'Donnell, Esq., Woodstock, New Brunswick; D. J. Cantwell, Esq., St. Johns, Newfoundland; Messrs. T. O'Brien & Co., St. John, New Brunswick.

The 10th Royals of Toronto are divided into two such bitterly by hostile factions as to render the battalion a positive nuisance. There are rumours afloat of its early disbandment. It is, perhaps, the most invidious battalion in Canada, and it is safe to say each of the ten companies contains a body either of young Britons or Orangemen.

A MEETING of the Shareholders of the Post Printing & Publishing Company will be held this (Wednesday) evening, at 7.30 p.m., in Toupin's Block, McGill street. It is requested the Shareholders will attend in their full strength, as business of paramount importance will be transacted, a statement of accounts published, and a directory elected.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL BAZAAR for the benefit of the St. Patrick Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's refuge, will be opened in the Long Room of the Mechanics Hall on Thursday (to-morrow evening) at 8 o'clock sharp. Entrance ticket, 10 cents, two for 15, three for 20, and four for twenty-five. A new feature of this bazaar will be that no one on entering will be asked to part with his money until he has seen the articles on hand, which on this occasion are to be unusually fine.

NOTWITHSTANDING the denials of those directly concerned, the New York Herald's European correspondent, an angry Englishman no doubt, repeats the intelligence that the Pope is displeased with Cardinal McCloskey for participating in the reception to Parnell. He now adds that the displeasure will be manifested when his eminence goes to Rome, but he does not tell us in what manner. The most likely thing about it is that it is the correspondent himself who is displeased.

SENATOR BLAINE, thinking he had the State of Maine in his vest pocket, was very much astonished at the result of the late elections, and commenced casting about for causes. Amongst others he found, or fancied he found, that the French Canadian millers, of whom there are a good many thousands in

Maine, could not vote honestly. Our own opinion is, that they are among the honestest, and most disinterested voters in the state, and we believe Senator Blaine will be yet sorry he so grossly insulted them. There is a good deal of the spirit of Know-nothingism yet lingering in republican minds.

La Patrie of Saturday says it is rumored that the following changes will shortly take place:—Messrs. Baby and Masson will be replaced by Messrs. Chapleau and Caron.—Hon. John O'Connor will be succeeded by the Hon. Frank Smith.—Sir Charles Tupper will resign and accept the presidency of the Canada Pacific syndicate.—Mr. John McGee will succeed Mr. Patrick as clerk of the House of Commons.—Mr. Bourinot will replace Mr. Todd, and Messrs. Todd and Patrick will be superannuated. These are doubtless but first and second class rumors.

The Toronto Mail in a late terrific article on Ireland says:—"But there must be no quarter given to professional agitators like Parnell, who thrive only on the country's misfortunes." We have sent a copy of the Mail containing this sublime effort to Mr. Gladstone, and hence our readers need not be surprised if there shall be an entire change of government policy towards Ireland in the very near future. Too long has the Mail allowed the present state of affairs to exist, but that one of the three famous tailors of Tooley street, has evidently become editor, it shall exist no more.

THE HARP, for October, contains a portrait of Dr. Hingston, of Montreal, and a well written sketch. Dr. Hingston is one of the most accomplished gentlemen, and perhaps the leading surgeon in all Canada, and were he a citizen of any other country would long ere this have received some mark of distinction. But he is not a politician, and as none but such obtain the honor of being created Knights of St. Michael and St. George, Dr. Hingston will have to be content with the esteem of his fellow-Canadian countrymen and their appreciation of his sterling worth and great ability, not only as a physician, but as a ruler of men as well.

We hear a good deal of the Indian summer, but it is rarely we get a chance of seeing it. If a spell of fine weather comes along this time of the year it is immediately pounced upon and christened the Indian summer, as if fine weather is not due in October, as well as any other month. The Indian summer about which poets rave, as well as a good many who are not poets, is so shy and sensitive that it will not be induced to visit cities or places where civilization has changed the face of nature. If you want therefore to enjoy the delicious weather you must go to the plains where it loves to linger five or six weeks at a stretch; at all events you must leave Montreal, where there is a good deal of fraudulent talk of what people know nothing.

The citizens of Montreal gave a dinner at the Windsor Hotel, on Thursday night, in honor of Mr. Frechette who, on a late occasion, had the distinguished honor conferred on himself and Canada, his country, of having his poetical works crowned by the French Academy. This was an honor never before conferred on a Canadian, and it was besides an honor well earned, for if it were not so a Canadian would not have been given it. It is not everyone the French Academy thus deigns to honor. One would naturally, therefore, suppose that, under the circumstances, Canadians of every religion, class, nationality, and shade of politics, would be proud of this great distinction, and express themselves to that effect. But no, the demagogues of politics steps in to forbid it, and La Minerve, formerly the leading French Canadian paper, and still a poor pretender to leadership, throws cold water on the whole affair. It gives what the printers call a few "sticks" of its space to the Frechette banquet—and that is all. No editorial comment, no congratulations. Everyone knows that Mr. Frechette is not a Conservative, but who cares about politics when the honor of a country is at stake. It is evident that Messrs. DeCelles and Dansereau, brilliant writers that they are, have left La Minerve, and that the paper has degenerated into hands like those of Mr. Tasse, M.P. Perhaps Mr. Tasse is jealous of the literary fame of Mr. Frechette. Poor pretender; he has no occasion, because there is no comparison. One represents classical French and poetry, the other the language of the habitant and bathos. Or can it be that Mr. Tasse is too occupied running down Ireland and Irishmen and their rights, to give justice to a compatriot? While editing the Ottawa sheet, Le Canada, he took every opportunity of maligning the Irish, copying lying diatribes against them from the English papers, and calling them rebels. Ignoramus that he is. Unworthy parliamentary representative of an ill-judging constituency, which, let us hope, will judge better in future. Let us advise the "eloquent" Tasse to go to school for a few short years, and then, if he can, come forward and criticize his betters.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

The elections in Ohio and Indiana were held yesterday, the 12th inst., but the results up to this are not known, though it is claimed that Ohio has gone Republican, while Indiana gives a Democratic majority. The true and final result will not be known until about Saturday, but it will be known on which side the majority lies to-morrow evening. The Republicans claim both States, and they may be right in doing so, but even then it will not elect them their President. If the South casts a solid vote for Hancock, and if the Democrats carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, three recognized Democratic States, they will have a majority of the Electoral College votes. The solid South has 188

electoral votes, and the North 231, making in all 389. If, therefore, the three States mentioned, which have 50 votes, throw them in the Democratic scale it will give Hancock 188 votes, or a majority of seven over Garfield. These are the chances at present discussed, but of course it is possible the unexpected may happen, that New York will go Republican as well as Connecticut, and that the solid South may turn out a Democratic detusion, or again, it may happen that Ohio, Indiana and Maine, doubtful States that they are, may fall to the lot of the Democracy, and that New York, Connecticut and New Jersey may not disappoint the Democrats. In that case Hancock is pretty sure to win. Taking a disinterested view of the situation it must be admitted that the Democrats, now that New York is united, have the better chance of electing their President, though it would be either a very wealthy, a very zealous or a very foolish partisan who would give odds in any shape. We shall have to wait till the 2nd of November for reliable information.

BACKED DOWN.

His Sublime Highness the Sultan of Turkey has backed down, and Dulcigno has been peacefully occupied by the Montenegrins. The Sultan felt that though the policy of resistance was spirited, it would not, in the end, be successful, and so he yielded at the last moment, when, by holding out, he might have held the village in dispute, but would have been precipitated across the Hellespont, bag and baggage, all the sooner. Even now, his going is only a question of time, for go he certainly will, and must. What forced the Sultan to such a hasty and peaceable determination as the surrender of Dulcigno was the declaration of England, that she would "go it alone," even if the powers deserted her, as undoubtedly, she would, and perhaps have been beaten from before Constantinople as she was in 1807, when she made a like attempt. It is, however, more likely that her terrible iron clads would knock the dilapidated forts along the Bosphorus into small pieces. The next difficulty is the cession of territory to Greece. This last straw may break the camel's back and he may once more take to resisting the powers and proclaim a religious war, a war which would end by the entire dismemberment of the Turkish empire in Asia as well as in Europe. The terrors of a Moslem invasion, which once were powerful enough to make the heart of Europe quake, have lost their force. The Mussulmans are now degraded, effete, corrupt and divided; they will trouble Europe no more, but Europe will trouble them sadly or we mistake, for the Slavonic element now rising into power thinks itself entitled to revenge for the cruel persecution of centuries. It is said that England has requested France to take the initiative in the Greek affair, but that France has firmly but respectfully declined. She is not now the France that went to war for an idea, she is not the France which sent an army to Syria in 1866 to protect the Christians, and to Mexico some years earlier to found a latin empire on this continent. Those were Napoleonic ideas, and the Napoleons all are dead and gone never, never to return. France is determined she will not fire a gun or lose a man until her account is settled with Germany; all her energies are pent up for that grand quarrel, and they are all required. Let the concert of Europe help itself as it may in the way of getting Turkey to cede Janina to Greece, France pursues a policy of masterly inactivity.

THE NEW FRENCH ARMY.

The autumn manoeuvres of the French and the German armies are now over, and the criticisms of the military correspondents who reported upon them to their respective journals have been made and digested. Some of the correspondents give the credit to the German, indeed the majority of them, while others think the French troops and their movements deserve the palm for general excellence. All, however, agree that the French have made vast strides towards perfection since the fatal campaign of exactly ten years ago, and while still as a general rule not of opinion, that they have caught up to the Germans, believe the fortunes of war, if the inevitable conflict were to come next spring, would not be all on the side of the Teuton. Since 1872 France has spent vast sums of money improving her military system and increasing her army, until now it is, as the Pall Mall Gazette correspondent says, more formidably efficient than at any former period of French history. The announcement, however, does not say the French army is equal to the German. The Times correspondent, while admitting the great improvements manifested during the autumn manoeuvres, saw many abuses to be remedied and many reforms to be effected before the machine could be perfect. France is at this moment in a position to mass 400,000 men on her eastern frontier in one week, and it is doubtful if the Germans could do any more. She has ready for immediate active service over a million men, armed with the most superior weapons of the day, and under the present system can add to the force 100,000 more every year. She is besides, for aggressive war purposes, a perfectly homogeneous nation, which cannot be truthfully said of Germany where jealousies still exist. She has abolished all the fanfaronades and display of the Empire—drums, bugles, noise and glitter, and she has abolished the chateaux for good and for aye, formidable cavalry that they were, but far too difficult to prepare for service to be thoroughly efficient when the tug of war arrived. The French soldiers themselves have lost their imperial swagger, are more obedient to their officers, more serious, and not, in a word, like men who see a great task before them and can appreciate its greatness. The army corps are

perfect in themselves and capable of any amount of expansion, and the promoters of the system of revenging have so arranged that all its component parts, down to the squad, shall act intelligently and independently if necessary, no matter how isolated or situated. The War Office has done away with the tents d'abri, so cumbersome during a march, as well as the immense baggage trains that impeded the movements of the army of 1870. It will be no longer a reproach that the head of the army will have 15,000 men to take charge of his baggage, as was the case with Napoleon the Third when he moved from Paris to march to Berlin. In fine, France is preparing for the struggle with Germany, which she expects will one day be forced upon her, but which, if not, she may force herself in her own good time. As for generals, we hear of none. McMahon is growing old and carries with him besides the shadow of defeat; Bazaine is an exile traitor; Vinoy, Ducrot, and Trochu proved themselves deficient in the hour of trial, and neither Faidherbe nor Bourbaki is recognized as a great commander. But now, as in 1793, France may find military geniuses spring from the earth when they are required at the command of the Republic. If the machine is perfect it is easily handled. If the defeated McMahon is old, Von Moltke is older yet, and as for Fritz and Prince Charles it remains to be seen if they shall be as victorious when they find forces opposed to them as numerous as their own.

THE BIDDULPH MASSACRE.

After seven days hearing of evidence and argument the jury empanelled to try James Carroll for the murder of Mrs. Susan Donnelly at Biddulph, on the night of the third of last February, have disagreed, and the prisoner has been acquitted of the charge. The numbers stood: Four for conviction of wilful murder, seven for acquittal, and one whose mind would not allow him to decide one way or the other. It does not of course follow that Carroll and others of the Vigilance Committee will not be tried again for the murder of others of the Donnelly family, but the probabilities at present are that they will not, and that the prosecution has broken down. It may, of course, happen that from new developments may arise fresh evidence, but it is doubtful. The Donnelly family went to live in Lucan over twenty years ago, and soon established for themselves reputations of a desperate nature. Men shunned them, and were afraid of them, so much afraid indeed that they preferred to put up with injuries rather than prosecute the Donnellys, who never failed in revenging themselves. After a while, every crime committed within a radius of ten miles was set down to the Donnellys, and their names carried with it positive terror. Then it was that the settlers and farmers of the neighborhood formed themselves into a vigilance committee and perpetrated a deed which has no parallel in the criminal records of Canada. A number of men with blackened faces and dressed in women's clothes appeared before the House of Donnelly, murdered all the inmates except the boy O'Connor who escaped, and then set fire to the house. But there were other Donnellys in the neighborhood, and it was evidently the intention of the murderers to let none of them live, to exterminate the family root and branch. They therefore proceeded on the same night of February the third to the house of William Donnelly, with whom her brother John was staying, although they were not aware of it, called him to the door to notify him of the fire, and shot him, John Donnelly, dead when he presented himself. William Donnelly therefore escaped the massacre. When the party went to the elder Donnelly's house it contained a boy named Johnny O'Connor, who was to have taken care of the establishment next day while the family went to Granton to stand their trial for burning Patrick Ryder's barn. The boy on hearing the news at the door ran up stairs after Bridget Donnelly, who fled for refuge, but in her terror barred him out. She was ultimately discovered in her hiding place and slaughtered, but the young O'Connor concealed himself under the old man's bed and escaped when the murderers threw coal oil on it and set fire to it. He was therefore the principal witness for the prosecution. He swore that he recognized James Carroll, the prisoner on trial for the murder of Judith Donnelly, present at the scene of the murder, and from his evidence it would appear that Carroll was constable, that he was the only man not disguised, that he came ostensibly to arrest Donnelly, that he had a warrant for that purpose, and handcuffs, and that if it were not for his presence in his official capacity, the Donnellys would not have opened their door, but would have resisted to the death. The boy's testimony was, on the whole, delivered in a straightforward manner. William Donnelly, who also gave evidence, and swore positively to having recognized Carroll, Kennedy, and Ryder at the murder of his brother John. For the defence a large number of witnesses were called, who proved an alibi in favor of the prisoner, in so far as their testimony went; but it was shown by the prosecution that all those witnesses were members of the Vigilance Committee, who are alleged to be themselves the masked murderers, and hence His Lordship, Judge Armon, instructed the jury that their evidence should have no weight. His Lordship also drew attention to the singular fact that none of the neighbors seemed to pay any attention to the fire of the Donnelly house, some of them even ironically protesting that they thought the glare was caused by the light of the moon. It may be mentioned that the venue of the trial was changed from Lucan to London, and that no Catholic was allowed on the jury, and also that one of the Vigilance

Committee (Casey) was a Justice of the Peace, appointed in answer to the petition of the Vigilance Committee, as was also Carroll as constable. It is altogether a strange and sanguinary case. There can be no doubt whatever that, notwithstanding the terrible nature of the wholesale murder, very strong sympathy is felt throughout the district which was the scene of it for the murderers, but then those good folk who so sympathize do not call it by that name. It is, in their opinion, but retaliation. It should be recollected however that although the Donnellys were beyond all manner a very bad lot, yet none of them were ever accused of murder, and certainly not the two women, Judith and Bridget, who were as mercilessly butchered as their husband, and brother. It is true that Donnelly senior served seven years in the penitentiary for killing a man in a quarrel with a handspike, but it was not murder, or, if it was, the law called it by another name, and sentenced him for manslaughter. It is altogether a sad and terrible case, is that of the Donnellys, and shows strongly what the passions of men are capable of when not controlled by religion and its softening influences, in the absence of which they degenerate into something worse than savage beasts.

THE DREADFUL NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Intelligence of the most alarming and dreadful nature has come across the Atlantic from Europe this week, which is to the effect that Parnell has succeeded in uniting the Irish factions, and that, consequently, England, in the near future, will have to confront an united Irish nation demanding, or not demanding, but proclaiming, that a new era in Irish history has begun. News of a like nature as regards France would be sweet to Frenchmen, as regards Germany would be music to the ears of the Teuton; but to some Irishmen it is the harbinger of woe, because of its unusualness, if we be permitted to coin a word for the occasion. This news is especially alarming to Irishmen of weak nerves, men of business, who have come to imagine that their trade will suffer by such a fearful catastrophe as the union of Irishmen; men who would, or fancy they would, prefer to hear of faction fights, in which the three-year-olds smashed the heads of the four-year-olds at a Munster fair. It seems, according to the cablegram, that the Nationalists have joined the Home Rulers, which means in fact that one half of Ireland has combined with the other, and this piece of news makes one of our evening contemporaries head the cablegram "Unhappy Ireland." Why it should do so we cannot well understand, as the same journal was delighted beyond measure in 1859 when Italy united, and in 1867 when the Germans kicked the principalities aside and went in for the Fatherland. For our part we say happy Ireland, thou hast at length realized the dream of the poets and the patriots, thou hast thrown sectional prejudices and bigotry aside, and has said to the chosen chief, "thou art honest, thou meanest well, thou has stood by us in our agony of travail, and now that we know thy advice is good we unite to strengthen those glorious hands of thine which have formed an united nation out of discordant elements." And this is as it should be, and must even be agreeable to English public opinion, whose apostles have within the past hundred years asked "what can you do for such a people, who are split into a dozen factions? where is the Irish nation, and what does it require? we only hear the voice of a section." The cablegrams which reach us come from the Associated Press, of which Englishmen are the agents, and we must therefore expect that the Anglo-Saxon tone will be given to the despatches, and that Ireland is in a terrible state. And so it is, if we wear the Anglo-Saxon spectacles necessary to enable us to understand that the union of the Home Rulers and Nationalists is a frightful thing to behold. But why should it be so? Was the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster a sad epoch in England's history? Most assuredly not, but of the brightest. It is, indeed, true that the union of Irish parties is not good for Beaconsfield Imperialism, but what does that matter. Julius Caesar is dead and so is Beaconsfield, except that he is writing a new novel called "Endymion," of which a Jew is most likely the hero. Ireland is then united, and the resolves of its people (except the unhappy faction in the North) is, that come what may, they will seek for happiness in the manner they think best and in the way that suits them. They have adopted a new plan which is passive resistance, and if they persist in it all the powers of earth cannot conquer them. They have resolved to abolish landlordism, and as a beginning they have refused to pay rents. There are 600,000 tenant farmers leagued for this object, and it is a nice question how any English army can coerce them, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. If the English powers proceed to extreme measures all they can do is to force on and then crush out an rebellion, but after that what will happen? If Ireland is successful, which is by no means impossible, she can govern her children according to her good pleasure; if she fail, she can absolutely be no worse than she is. But will the governing party of England have recourse to physical force, for in our opinion that is the proper way of putting the question? Not to please its enemies, the landlords; not to perpetrate a hateful, grinding oligarchy; not to please its bitterest enemies; not to give cause for laughter to Europe and America. No, the Liberal Government do not want the Irish to rebel. It is prepared to give them all they want, provided it finds them united in their demands. And if it is united; and it is time it were united; for of a surety, there has never yet existed a nation

which has created for itself so much misery by disunion. It was only last week a cablegram informed us that Patrio O'Ryan was Captain-General of Madrid, while this week we are told Colonel Patrick Lynch is lecturing contributions on a Peruvian city. Both these men are Irish Catholics of the ancient English-prescribed race. Have we heard since the time of Roderick O'Connor, that any Irish Catholic has commanded Dublin, except an appointee of Tyrconnell, in the time of James the Second? Have we ever seen an Irish Catholic General or Admiral in the British service? None. And yet we are told the union of Irishmen under the Protestant Parnell, who would do away with such an atrocious state of affairs, is terrible, dreadful, alarming! So it is to tyrants. We would then ask of Irishmen in Canada, not to be alarmed. The new regime will add to their dignity in Canada, and will not take from their profits or custom as business men. We would like to see the English, Irish, French or Scotch man who would withdraw their custom from, let us say, J. J. Curran, Q.C., because his countrymen at home had united, gained Home Rule, and crushed the landlord system, which is the upas tree of Ireland.

Personal.

Joe Emmet, the actor, is ill of del. trem. —Ayoub Khan is raising a new army at Herat. —The Princess Louise is under treatment for deafness. —Mr. Manson is the Conservative candidate for Bromo County. —Lord Beaconsfield is writing a new novel called "Endymion." —It is rumored that the Hon. Mr. Angers is to be made a judge. —Mr. Gladstone is brooding over the Irish difficulty at Hawarden. —Offenbach, the famous musical composer died in Paris last week. —The Donnelly murder case is at present up for hearing in London. —The secretary of state has decreed 3rd November, a day of thanksgiving. —Mr. Blake wants to abolish the senate, Mr. McKenzie merely to reform it. —Joseph Williams has resigned the chieftainship of the Caughnawaga tribe. —Colonel Macpherson will succeed Colonel Wiley as director of military stores. —The Irish Canadian is mistaken in thinking Lord Mountmorris was a Catholic. —It is said that Mr. Daly, of Halifax, will succeed Sir Charles Tupper in the Cabinet. —The New Zealand Legislature has legalized marriage with a deceased wife's sister. —Mr. Frechette was fined by his literary admirers at the Windsor on Thursday night last. —\$40,000 worth of tickets have been sold in New York for the Sara Bernhardt concerts already. —Goldwin Smith comes out squarely for independence. His policy is endorsed by the Toronto Telegram. —John Kelly, the Tammany chief and comptroller, of New York, was once an office boy on the New York Herald. —Mr. S. E. St. O'Chapleau is out in the Mail with a letter depicting his acceptance of \$4,000 from contractors. —It is believed the police have made an important discovery in connection with the murder of Lord Mountmorris. —Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, chairman of the British House of Commons in committee, is travelling in New Brunswick. —The London World suggests that the question of Baroness Coult's marriage should be submitted to the people at the polls. —Dr. Hingston took a tumor, weighing 49 pounds, from a woman at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, on Saturday. The patient is convalescent. —The Ottawa Free Press is angry because the conservative papers do not denounce Golden Smith for preaching annexation. Mr. Smith please consider yourself denounced. —Forbes, the war correspondent, says the only and military service he has seen as a soldier, was in Ireland, where he was knocked off his horse with a brick during an election riot. —The City Council has entered an action for \$1,000 damages against McClannaghan for refusing to comply with the by-law in respect to removing his house after it was expropriated.

Review of Books.

THE HARP is bright and cheerful as usual, and its articles, most of them written by Canadians, are of an entertaining and versatile nature, covering all points of interest. THE CELTIC MONTHLY for October has reached us. It is a first-class periodical, and second to none on the continent. It has for contributors some of the best writers in the United States. LACON. This is a cheap edition of a celebrated work by the Revd. C. C. Colton, A. M. It contains short articles on most of the subjects which interest mankind, written in a philosophical style. Published by I. & F. Funk, Dry street, New York. Price 20 cents. THE MONTH OR CATHOLIC REVIEW for October contains:—When George the Fourth was King; The Butler of Rowcliffe; The National Schools of Ireland; An Archbishop of Paris; Creature Worship, etc. The first article is most interesting, giving as it does some of the correspondence that passed between George the Fourth of happy memory and his beautiful ministers. THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS is the title of a paper bound volume of 560 pages, published by the New York American News Company, and written by "a professor of Theology." It is an answer to, or rather a refutation of "faith of our forefathers," and a vindication of Archbishop Gibbon's work "Faith of our fathers." It goes over Catholic dogmas and doctrines point by point, defending and explaining them seriatim. It is a valuable work especially for controversialists or those desiring an intimate knowledge of Catholic theology. FATHER MATTHEW ANNIVERSARY.—Under the auspices of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, in St. Ann's Hall, the Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church, delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture, Monday evening, on the life and times of the great apostle of temperance, Father Matthew. As a matter of course there was a large attendance.