

Bishop Cleary read a letter from His Holiness...

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

whole clan. For services rendered to the house of Stuart...

About the year 1790 trade between the River Clyde and the North American colonies...

LEO XIII. AND THE RIGHTS OF THE CHURCH IN EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

The admirable encyclical letter of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. announcing an extraordinary jubilee...

Without any regard for this power of teaching, which resides in the Roman Pontiff, they (the enemies of the church) put aside their authority of instruction...

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

LONDON, Sept. 30.—A St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs: "One of the Ministers has just given me a positive assurance that at the Emperor of Russia's own desire a meeting has been arranged with the Emperor of Austria..."

Despite the recent articles in the Journal de St. Petersburg the word "unexpected" supplied to Prince Bismarck's friendly attitude, was most certainly in the confidential despatch published by the Egerstedts the other day.

SPORTING NEWS.

Bibby, the English wrestler, has accepted the challenge of John McGillick to wrestle for \$400 a side.

The Ottawa racing association have issued a very attractive programme for a two days meeting on Friday and Saturday, 21st and 22nd inst.

The yacht "Atlantis" will sail a race with the "Norah" on Wednesday, and will leave the Bay of Quinte for New York, probably on Thursday night.

Laycock, the Australian oarsman, was recently defeated over the Parramatta River championship course, Australia, by Michael Rush for a purse of \$2,000.

The victories of the Scotch cutter yacht "Madge" says the N. Y. Graphic, have astonished our yachtsmen about as much as the "America" did at Cowes.

With the steady march of improvement in science and mechanics, medicine has kept even pace. It now gives us remedies in a perfection of form and composition that the crudities of earlier medical science never approached.

The water in Lake Manitoba is gradually falling. An unsuccessful attempt has been made in southern districts of London to imitate the American crusade against liquor selling by a prayer meeting held opposite public houses.

Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the summer of the same year and appointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome. The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the Tantum Ergo rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear, wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adoration, borne along the rippling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1810 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Glasgow a stonemason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. The bishop was received in Glengarry with a great display of rejoicing. After remaining here for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed bishop of Toronto. Bishop Ganlin, coadjutor to Bishop Macdonald, was assistant priest of St. Raphael's after 1812, as the bishop was constantly travelling. Bishop Macdonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the College of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught himself, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house, built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland. The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their nationality. In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the government, who had certainly befriended them "better than had their own natural chieftains at home. When he crossed the Atlantic in 1801 the bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and it is said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada, his eminence being then not even a priest, simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the venerable prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to help for his people a path through the wilderness.

Among those who came out in the ship Macdonald's were one John Macdonald, of the Macdonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years passed, and of these two sons entered the church; the eldest, James (Angus), joined the Sulpicians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal seminary. He then retired to Glengarry, where, at the age of eighty, he died universally beloved. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's, thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for the years. He was vicar-general of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 15th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pupil was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance: "John Roy MacDonald, leave this church." "Dead silence," "John Roy MacDonald, I say leave this church." John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat. "John Roy MacDonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?" "Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to please you, and now I was come pack for to please myself!" It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call priests father; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks

came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Colonel John Macdonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and attorney-general. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Kilbrock, (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Fraser River.

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield Macdonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and premier of the Canadian government. His brother, the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, one of the crown ministers of the late Liberal or Grit government, was lieutenant-governor of Ontario for five years.

Among the "places of interest" to a Catholic stranger in Canada West, there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, interwoven with the faith that is in them, live in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places now-a-days. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria" that groans and creaks and hounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulders his breath, tainted with an unmistakable odor of John Barclay-corn. As you leave Lancaster a wayside workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an indication that festive buggies and neat jaunting sleighs are made within; but no: "A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!" This singular memento mori sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiseled slab over the door you read:

ENTERING YOU ARE STRUCK BY THE BARENESS OF THE VAST ROOF, UNSUPPORTED BY PILLARS OR GALLERIES. THE SANCTUARY IS FORMED BY A SCREEN DIVIDING IT FROM THE PASSAGE THAT CONNECTS THE SANCTUARIES. BEHIND THIS SCREEN IS A WHITE MARBLE SLAB BEARING THE INSCRIPTION:

On the 18th of June, 1843, the Highland Society of Canada erected this tablet to the memory of the Honorable and Right Reverend ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Bishop of Kingston, Born 1760—Died 1840. Though dead he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and revered Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the Church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph" imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

The sidealtars have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "in the name of God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieut. Angus McDonnell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building called a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, and the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its center walks stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whence we trace:

"B. J. M.C.D. 1827." —a relic of Maister Ian. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church house, village and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years.

The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and talk with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equi, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called the Beaudeford winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-lying bushes; water scenery is certainly wanting in Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, olanchial as of old, standing by each other "guallean ri guallean" (shoulder to shoulder) in all disputes. "The old anti-party between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chief-

came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17, 1792—Colonel John Macdonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and attorney-general. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 1812, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights. Simon Fraser, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Fraser, of Kilbrock, (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Farquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Fraser River. From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield Macdonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald was the eldest son. 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It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chief-

tainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a Macdonell could not and would not be the guest of a Campbell of Argyll!

The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's punances, have cultivated their decided talent for dancing, but there is generally none of the gay and careless amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er— A time that surely shall come— In heaven itself I'll ask no more Than just a Highland welcome." A. M. POPE.

A GENERAL ALARM.

Is needed when the frame is consumed with fever as with a slow fire, brought on by sluggishness of the kidneys, or torpidity of the liver; Burdock Blood Bitters will act on the system like a chemical engine, and remove all fever and restore to normal state of health. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents. S-2

A VETERAN OF WATERLOO.

DEATH OF MAJOR RONAN AT THE AGE OF 105 YEARS—INCIDENTS IN THE OLD SOLDIER'S LIFE.

It is saddening to hear from time to time that another of the links which connected us with that period in the history of Great Britain when she battled successfully for supremacy on land and sea has been broken. Major Ronan, a veteran of the Peninsular war and Waterloo, died on Tuesday last at the little village of Gilford, county of Simcoe, having reached the ripe old age of 105 years. Major Timothy Ronan served his Majesty King George III, in the 47th INFRANTRY REGIMENT, the same corps which it will be remembered, lay in Toronto at the time of the Fenian raid in 1866. Most of his military life was passed in active service, for he was engaged in most of the sanguinary battles fought between the French and British in Spain during the years 1809 and 1811, and was privileged to take part in the closing engagement at Waterloo. Although it was Major Ronan's good fortune to die full of years, surrounded by the comforts which his own exertions had won for him, he did not escape unscathed from all the battlefields on which his courage and devotion to country had been tried. He was shot in the groin at the siege of Badajos, and carried the bullet in his body up to the time of his death. Again

IN WATERLOO HE WAS SEVERELY WOUNDED. During the terrific charges which the French cavalry made on the British squares at the former engagement, he was singled out for personal combat by an officer in the enemy's squadrons. The Frenchman charged furiously upon him, and with a single sweep of his sabre severed the bridle lines of Ronan's horse, with the object of having his rider at his mercy. But while Monsieur was so engaged, his intended victim ran a sword through his body. While Ronan was withdrawing his blade he pulled the French officer's gold watch and chain away from his pocket which he held in both hands, and upon his arm he had the words "Waterloo 1815" engraved. But Ronan had, by the cutting of the bridle lines, lost control of his horse, and another Frenchman endeavored to take advantage of his predicament by also charging upon him. The British officer, however, adroitly fell over his horse, and slipping under the animal's body managed to catch the second Frenchman in the neck of time, and by an upward sweep of his sword nearly decapitated him. But

FEATS OF STRENGTH AND DARING accomplished by Ronan on that eventful day would fill pages. He was severely wounded towards the close of the battle. Shortly before Blucher's arrival was announced a shell burst immediately over him, and a fragment fractured his skull. He was carried to the rear, and in the hospital the wound was silver trepanned. He wore the platoon to the end of his life. Ronan came to this country before the rebellion of 1837-38, and took an active part in its suppression. At that time he resided at Aurora, where he built the first brick house, and in which he carried on a boot and shoe business for several years. Before coming to Aurora, however, he had concluded to settle in Medonte township, near Orillia, but the bears and wolves insisted on being neighborly, and the adventurous settler concluded to go to Orillia, where he remained for some time.

AN INCIDENT IN LONDON.

The deceased soldier was at one time in the London police force, having joined it shortly after leaving the army. Upon one occasion, while searching in a dentist's office for the body of a young Italian whom it was supposed the dentist had murdered for the purpose of obtaining his teeth, which were remarkably fine, Ronan found a little child seated at a table playing with toys, while its feet were resting in a but of hot water. It was BLEEDING TO DEATH from cuts inflicted on the feet. The teeth of the child had tempted the dentist to murder, but the fiend was arrested by Ronan, and subsequently suffered death on the gallows. The deceased was born on the 13th August 1776, at Ballyronan, county Tipperary, Ireland, and was educated in Meath college. He married a daughter of Mr. Horace Cook, a merchant of Cashel, and had eleven children born to him. The remains of the deceased were conveyed to the city on Thursday morning, and were subsequently interred in St. Michael's cemetery. If proper notice had been given it is probable that the old soldier would have been buried with military honors, but the family preferred a simple burial. —Toronto Mail.

FANCY DRINKS.

Burdock Blood Bitters is not a fancy drink, but a pure medicinal tonic, alterative, laxative and nerve, whose effect is to purify, restore and build up the impoverished blood and enfeebled body. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents. S-2

THE LATE J. H. ELLIOTT.

THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION—THE VERDICT. After the evidence of the several witnesses had been taken at the inquest held over the remains of the late J. H. Elliott, the coroner consulted with the jury, when it was decided to hold a post mortem examination. Further proceedings were then postponed until 7.30 in the evening, and Dr. Fluet, of St. Laurent, was instructed to make the examination and report the result at the above hour. At the appointed time the jury reassembled and the inquest was resumed when Dr. Fluet reported that he had made a thorough examination of the body, and gave it as his opinion that the immediate cause of death was congestion of the brain. The jury accordingly returned the follow-

ing verdict.—"That the deceased, John Henry Elliott, came to his death from congestion of the brain, hastened by exposure to the weather."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY Cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints. S-2

ROUND THE WORLD.

The Garfield Banner is the latest newspaper venture in Colorado. The variety stage is noted less for its new song than its nudities. A new prospective industry in the South is the growth of flowers for perfumery. The International Congress of Socialists opens on Sunday at Chur, Switzerland. The excise collections at London, Ont., for the month of September were \$28,733. The Aberdeenshire farmers continue their agitation for a general reduction of rent. Numbers of horses in the Ottawa Valley are suffering from a disease known as pink-eye. A project is mooted among Americans in London to build a church in memory of Garfield. An enormous anti-monopoly meeting was held in New York last night. John Kelly presided. At Kingston Assize Court the jury in the case of Potter vs. Gunn, gave a verdict for \$500 for plaintiff. Two women, suspected of preparing to make an attempt on the life of the Czar, have been arrested in Vienna. The mills of Ross, Ritchie & Co., and of Baptist & Co., at Three Rivers, have stopped running for want of logs. The writer of the letters said to contain threats of assassination against Conkling is Harry J. Rowley, of Utica. The recent disturbances in the colliery district of Lancashire have cost the County Palatine no less than £23,000. France is now building seventeen ironclads, England ten. This will give France fifty-three and England fifty-seven. The French Government will probably bring the question of extradition before the Chamber of Deputies next session. The Duke of Argyll has taken his bride on a yacht trip. She is his second mate, the gossip say. —New Orleans Picayune. A steamer has been specially fitted to raise the German ironclad "Gruet Elektor," now ninety feet under water off Folkestone, England. The Dominion Government are having soundings made at the Chaudiere River, P. Q., with a view to building a wharf there. The man Farrell, of Brockville, charged with attempting to rape the 14-year old girl, Lavinia How, has fled to the United States. A Toronto despatch says there has been a great falling off in the Grand Trunk traffic on the Western division during the past three weeks. Count Elemer Batthyany astounded the upper ten thousand in Paris by announcing his betrothal to Miss Emilie Loisset, a pretty circus rider. A New Orleans despatch says the steamship "Hudson," passed the steamship "City of Florida" on the 25th of September, near Cape Hatteras. The Prussian authorities recently arrested several Russian nihilists detected in attempts to establish connection with Polish Socialists. It is stated that the Duke of Connaught will, on attaining the necessary seniority next year, take up command of the southern district of England. The silk business of Japan is suspended, owing to the new and oppressive conditions of sale imposed by the Japanese Guild, which foreign buyers resist. There is no truth in the statement recently published that Sir J. Pope Honesty, the Governor of Hong Kong, intends to return home before his time is up. When the Czar of Russia met the Emperor of Germany the other day, it was the former who remarked, "Kaiser, how's your dog?" —Philadelphia Chronicle. The Diet of Dalmatia, which holds its sittings at Zara, has been suddenly closed on account of a riot in the town. Several of the members of the Diet were mobbed. Mr. James Lowther, M.P., speaking at the Burton (Westmoreland) agricultural meeting, said he did not expect that we should ever see protective duties imposed upon corn. A semi-official note is published, reiterating the statement that, in spite of rumors to the contrary, England and France have resolved to maintain accord on the Egyptian question. The Marine and Fisheries Department is understood to have in contemplation a scheme for the restoration of the exhausted oyster beds on the north shore of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The statisticians are now willing to concede that there will be a wheat surplus of at least 100,000,000 bushels in this country at the service of the needy elsewhere. It will be required, and it will bring to this country at least \$150,000,000 of foreign gold. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says that "Llanfairpwllgwyngygoboloch-wlan-dyall-llogogo," the name of a Welsh parish, is pronounced as if written thus: "Thlan-virepooobwngygoboolochlan-dyalllogogo," but the majority of the people will keep right along pronouncing it as it is spelled. In St. Paul, Minn., a young man in the airy costume of the circus leaped from a bridge into the water, a distance of ninety feet. He won his charge, but was arrested by the police on a charge of wearing too few clothes. The modesty of St. Paul justifies its Biblical name. A singular religious frenzy has broken out in Nicaragua. People affected believe themselves the recipients of a divine communication. Whenever a person "feels the inspiration of communication" he rushes to the church and rings the bell, when the population assemble to hear the message. The little German city of Klingenberg, in lower Franconia, not only imposes no municipal tax, but every voter receives an annual dividend from the city treasury of a sum ranging from \$22.50 to \$25. The city recently celebrated the Sedan anniversary by giving every citizen fifty cents, with fifty cents extra to every soldier of the war with France. BEAUTIFIERS. Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. —Telegraph.