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For Sale, PLAINING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY.

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MR. JOHN BURNS, THE COOKING RANGE which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction.

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MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c. MADE TO ORDER.

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LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. PRICE \$35 with attachments.

THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE. Is unequalled in light running, beauty of work, and durability.

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EMPLOYMENT TO TRAVEL. State which preferred; also amount wanted per month for services and expenses.

BLUMYER MFG CO BELLS. Church, School, Fire-alarm, Piano-tone, low priced, warranted.

PATENTS. obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trademarks and labels.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Dame ANNE KEENAN, wife of Donald McLean, in the District of Montreal, Trader, has this day, the Twenty-seventh day of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, instituted an action against her said husband.

LOUIS BAGGER & CO., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY.

GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor.

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CONVENT OF ANGELS, BELLEVILLE, LORRETO. (Conducted by the Ladies of Loreto.)

Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, ETC. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diplomat of England.

THE MIC-MAC REMEDY. A SPECIFIC FOR SMALL-POX.

GREENFIELD, MASS. DEAR SIR, I telegraphed for a package of your Small-Pox Remedy on Monday, which I received the following day.

Price, 85 per package. Sent to my part of the Dominion post paid, on receipt of price—a liberal discount to Clergymen, Physicians and Charitable Institutions.

THE REMEDIES OF J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D. The business that in connection with prepared preparations and remedies more closely to a manufacturing pursuit, and therefore, though denominated by the schools as irregular, is for our purposes the most regular.

Dr. Coderre's Expectanting Syrup. For the last thirty years the Expectanting Syrup has been known and used with never-failing result.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup. Can be given with impunity to infants in cases of Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, Irritability to Sleep, Coughs, Colds, &c.

Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir. Is specially adapted for women requiring the use of tonics and alterant agents.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, Tonic Flixir, Expectanting Syrup. We, the undersigned Physicians, after carefully examining the various Remedies manufactured by J. E. Coderre, M.D., do certify that they are carefully prepared with medicinal substances suitable for the treatment of the diseases for which they are recommended.

E. H. TRUDEL, M.D., Professor of Midwifery. HECTOR PELTIER, M.D., Professor of Institutes of Med.

P. A. C. MUNRO, M.D., Professor of Surgery. THOS. D'ODET D'ORSONNENS, M.D., Professor of Chemistry & Pharmacy.

P. BEAUBIEN, M.D., Professor of Therapeutic and Practical Med. J. P. ROTTEAU, M.D., Professor of Legal Medicine.

J. G. BIBAUD, M.D., Professor of Anatomy. A. T. BROSSEAU, M.D., Professor of Botany.

For sale by all the principal Druggists in the Dominion at the following prices: DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP, 25c per bottle.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, 25c per bottle. Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir, 50c per bottle.

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STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON!

We are determined to CLEAR OUT our entire stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE AT THOMAS BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

HATS! HATS! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill Streets.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN. A. RAFTER & CO., 450 Notre Dame Street.

THE STOCK OF DRY-GOODS held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap lots, as will prove by the following price list.

White Flannels, 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. White Saxony Flannels, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c.

White Welsh Flannels, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c.

Scarlet Saxony Flannels, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. Scarlet Linen Flannels, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c.

Grey Flannels, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. Fancy Shirting Flannels, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c.

White Table Linen, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. White Towels, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c.

White Towels, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. Napkins in endless variety, price from 5c per dozen.

Roller Towelling. Heavy Stock of Towelling, prices: 5c, 7c, 9c, 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c.

Huckaback Towelling, price, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c. Grass Cloth, ducked and plain, price, 8c, 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c.

Each Towel by the dozen, selling at 6c, 8c, 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c. Bath Towels, selling at 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c.

White and Grey Cottons. Hecrogers White Cottons—full stock. Water Trawl White Cottons—price from 5c. Grey Cottons, Hecrogers, Dundee, Cornwall, England, price from 3c.

Tweeds, Coatings, &c. Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c. Large lot of All Wool Tweeds, only 30c.

Good line of Tweeds, only 30c. Extra large lot of English Tweeds, only 70c. Splendid assortment Scotch, only 80c.

Extra quality English Tweeds, only 90c. Real English Hosiery, only 80c. Special for Silk Mixed, only \$1.

Stocks of Small Cheek Tweeds, only \$1. Best West of England Tweeds, only \$1.20. Blue and Black Worsted Coatings, only \$1.20.

Basket Coatings, only \$2.20. Extra large lot Coatings, selling at \$2.40. Best make Diagonal Coatings, \$2.50.

Extra Heavy Worsted Coatings, only \$3.15. Large lot of double width Tweed Coatings, prices, 75c, 90c, \$1, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$1.40. Overcoatings in Beaver, Whinney, Blankets, Cloth, Pilot, Naps, in endless variety, price, 90c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 55c, 50c, 60c, 70c, \$1. Men's Real Scotch Shirts and Drawers, prices from \$1 to \$2 each. Oxford Regatta Shirts, price from 35c. Men's Tweed Shirts, price, 75c. Men's Flannel Shirts, price, 75c.

Endless Variety of Ladies' and Gents' Kid Mitts, Gloves, &c. Prices low. Call early and Secure the Bargains.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. A large Stock just received. To be sold cheap. MEILLEUR & CO'S, 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEUHY.

P. O'NEIL, DEALER IN Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store. The best quality of PRESSED HAY always on hand at Reasonable Prices. A CALL SOLICITED AT 278 WILLIAM STREET.

KANSAS FARMS AND FREE HOMES. HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the State. 6,000,000 acres of the finest Prairie Home-towns, address S. W. Gilmore, Land Com'r, Salina, Kansas.

THE BOYNE WATER. (The Pilot.) The series of country trips, winding up the proceedings of the British Association in Dublin, were carried on with great success.

There is something wholesome in the notion of a pleasure party to the Boyne. Things are surely brightening up when a miscellaneous company, dyed all the politics—religious colors in the rainbow, like that which started on its travels from Amiens street this morning can bow merrily away to what need be the forest spot in Ireland, and re-ghost the battle of the Boyne without spilling a drop of blood.

And this, without orange lilies or green flags, without the shriek of a fife or the band of a Protestant drum. I suppose even philosophers by profession may have their prejudices. Possibly under many an untroubled front on that day there was a flush of triumph, or a sting of shame as the river was forded again in fancy or high Shammas shook his trembling bridle-rein towards Dublin, a crownless coward. All I know is that they did not impress their partialities upon neighbouring skulls; that they commingled, priest and parson, Celt and Sassenach, into a jolly and happy family of seventy-five as ever, crossed the water.

Their good humor was partly stimulated by the weather, which never ceased to rain down sunshine. It was partly the result of the excursion arrangements, which were superlatively good from the guide to the dinner. It was chiefly due to the thick succession of wonders—scenic, antiquarian, Pagan, Christian, and historical—which crowded around them at every mile of the eighteen mapped out for the journey along the Boyne. A cosy special train of first-class carriages brought the voyagers to Navan by way of Drogheda, and by 10:30 o'clock they had caught the first apparition of the Boyne from the tops of a long procession of jaunting-cars. It is an odd prank of fortune which has turned the pleasant Boyne into the bitter waters at which faction has drunk its fill these two centuries past. Peaceful river never flowed to the sea. The poet's lines are no fanciful ones.

Boyne's old water. Led with slaughter. Now as a pleasure infant at play. For many a rich mile it glides without a ripple through a garden had resembling Arcadia far more than Sandy-row—through noble woods, through lawns of tropical luxuriance, past mansions, orchards, lamlets, and cornfields, glowing with the fat of the land. Its very apparatus of medieval castles—the frontier posts of the Pale—have put on mantles of peaceful ivy. Its banks are studded with the monuments of old time, piety, and peace. The excursionists had not driven for above a quarter of an hour through Mr. Fitzbert's domain at Blackcastle when they were confronted by a group of these—

THE GREAT ROUND TOWER OF DONOUGHMORE, and the remains of the neighboring church. While the party gathered around the entrance, Mr. W. K. Wilde (the director of the excursion, and the chief author of its success), discoursed agreeably of round towers and the theories of their uses. This at Donoughmore is perfect in every stone, save that the cap is missing. It rises in six stages for 106 feet high. It is remarkable among its brethren for one altogether unique bit of evidence of its Christian origin. The entrance-door is raised some twelve feet above the ground, and the keystone of the entrance arch is sculptured with what seemed to Petrie, as it will seem to most people, a rude representation of the Crucifixion—the figure having its arms extended at full length, and the legs crossed, after the manner of most early Christian crucifixions. Professor Zuffi, who was one of the party, somewhat perceptibly disposed of this bit of proof, by announcing that the sculpture was a Buddha, and setting with complete satisfaction to himself that the Irish round towers were of the same character as those found scattered through Mexico and Peru, and were, in fact, gnomons to mark the time of day. The Professor was in his turn demolished by Mr. Howarth, of Manchester, who pointed out that the Buddhist idols have never their arms extended, and then when Irish antiquarians of the rank of Petrie and Lord Dunraven have agreed that the towers are of Christian origin, amateurs of the rank of Professor Zuffi have need to be cautious. The debate might have waxed warmer if the happy suggestion of "luncheon" had not more thoroughly united the party in a rush to the cars. They passed the smouldering ruins of THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF THE LACYS AT DENMORE.

They entered the Marquis of Conyngham's magnificent demesne at Slane, and rambled through the showrooms of the Castle—a great square of modern masonry, flanked by four circular towers. George the III, *unrubbable dictu*, slept here one night during his stay in Ireland. The chair he sat in is still reverently shown; and his picture—that of a gorgeous gallant, and not of a battered old rone—adorns a neighboring drawing-room. There is on the great staircase a picture of King William crossing the Boyne, and there is another by Hamilton in one of the drawing-rooms of the beautiful Marchioness of Conyngham. "Crossing the Boyne," under happier circumstances, with an infant on her back. In a corner of the demesne by the brink of the river, lies the hermitage of St. Eric, the first Bishop of Slane, who was consecrated by St. Patrick's own hands. Portions of the original masonry are still distinguishable amidst the arches and windows of later centuries. Much might be said, and was well said, by Mr. Wilde, about the entrance-arch, carved with the unusual emblems of flour-de-l'ys and the rose; but the journey was so packed with points of interest that the bare enumeration of them will consume more space than we can devote to them. Hurry we then through avenues of chest-nuts, oaks, and beeches, to the foot of THE HILL OF SLANE.

The party walked to the top, where, like true Saxons, they first addressed themselves to the luncheon spread on the grass, and then looked around for the view. A deep bank of earth happily hid much of its immensity; but soon from the summit of the great square monastery tower, it was still a sight for the gods. Seven rich counties, in all the fulness of the harvest, lay spread out at its feet, from the yellow steeps of Trim to the far East where the masts of Drogheda were visible. In the foreground was Royal Tara, and Monasterboice and Mellifont Abbey were within view. After wandering through the ruins of the monastery, where the tradition goes, seventeen hundred students were once taught, the excursionists

THE BOYNE WATER. resumed their seats, and after another breezy spin through the bright valley of the Boyne, reached the Royal Cemetery of Brugh-na-Boinne, THE MOST ASTONISHING PAGAN MONUMENT IN IRELAND.

For fully three miles this necropolis extends. Twenty-one immense tumuli, or hillocks of stone and earth, can be counted in the neighborhood, each of them presumably built over the ashes of an Irish monarch. The three greatest are those at North, New Grange, and Dowth. The excursion party visited all three; but their explorations at New Grange were of special interest. This tumulus covers more than two acres, and might be taken for a large natural hill, if there were not indisputable evidences that it has been heaped loosely together by the toil of man. It is surrounded by a circle of cyclopean grave-stones, which, the antiquaries tell us, can never have belonged to the neighborhood, and must have been transported thither from the Momme mountains in the county Down. A passage has been found in the heart of this mighty mass, and the visitors crept through in parties of fifteen. The first dozen yards had to be traversed on all fours; in one spot the upright flagstones of which the gallery is formed just so closely together that the body is squeezed through with some difficulty; but once this trouble is surmounted the passage rises to a height of six feet, and then suddenly opens into a large cruciform chamber, with one great central domed apartment, and four recesses at its angles. This chamber is some nineteen feet high to the top of the dome, which is formed by small stones gradually overlapping one another until they culminate in a great flat slab, which serves the purpose of a modern keystone. The walls are of cyclopean masonry, and bear an extraordinary resemblance to those of the tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenae, as Dr. Schlimmann describes them. The stones are in many places carved with the distinct sorts of archaic sculpture—spirals, lozenge-shaped, and zig-zag lines. In other places some Cockney tourists have scribbled their vulgar nonsense. Mr. Wilde, in the course of his

INTERESTING TALK ABOUT THE TUMULI, reached the theory, which all the antiquarians of the party endorsed, that those tumuli must have been the work of the tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed race of the Tuatha de Danaan, who ruled over Erin after prostrating the power of the Firbolgs. The party lingered so long in the recesses of this astonishing sepulchral cave, that there was no time for an examination of its brother tumulus at Dowth. They drove through Mr. Gradwell's demesne, and enjoyed afternoon tea at his mansion of Dowth Hall. In the demesne a few hundred yards from the Boyne, they visited a circular rath of vast extent, enclosing little less than an acre within a single mound. Nobody was able to throw much light upon the name, date, origin, or business of it, but Mr. Wilde supplied the gap by an interesting sketch of the uses of Irish raths in general. Two miles more along the course of the river, brought the party upon the famous battlefield of the Boyne. They descended from their cars and stood beside the obelisk raised upon the spot where King William crossed the river, while their excellent conductor gave them a brief and vivid sketch of what went on around them on the 1st of July 1690.

as an affair of actual blows, was a bagatelle. Never did the sovereignty of an empire change hands for more contemptible cause. A modern war correspondent would dismiss the affair in an obscure paragraph. More blood has been shed in celebrating the battle than was ever shed in winning it. The victors lost not quite four hundred men. King William, with his 40,000 veterans, the best disciplined in Europe, lay behind a low range of hills, a few hundred yards from the river, on its northern bank, where he was perfectly secure from the fire or the observation of the enemy. His battery of twelve guns upon these heights completely dominated the Jacobite positions around Oldbridge, at the opposite side of the river. The night before the battle he detached a full third of his army to the bridge of Slane, five miles up the river. By some insane neglect James had left the bridge all but undefended. It was easily carried, and before a blow was struck at Oldbridge the Irish army found that a powerful enemy was establishing himself in their rear to seize the pass of Duleek, and cut off their retreat to Dublin. In his alarm James detached the flower of his troops—the French auxiliaries and the Irish cavalry—to protect his left. With them they carried the only eight pieces of artillery in his army. The centre and right of the position were left to the defence of regiments of ill-disciplined and ill-armed peasants, opposed to double their number of the choicest troops in Europe.

THE FATE OF THE BATTLE WAS ALREADY SEALED before a Williamite dashed into the river. When he already knew that the Irish left was outflanked, King William, at the head of his regiments, suddenly emerged through a glen which protected his advance to within a hundred yards of the river, and spurred boldly across the shallows. His regiments of Huguenots and Danes crossed lower down. Boots it to tell the miserable tale of what followed? The obelisk marks the spot where the King crossed. Lower down Schomberg was shot in the water; still lower down Bishop Walker, the defender of Drogheda. They point out also the spot where King William was wounded in the arm by a shot from the Irish lines on the evening before the battle. Enough of battle's memoirs! The excursionists were in Drogheda by half-past seven o'clock, discussing the very choice and well-served dinner supplied by Mr. Lumley, of Drogheda, and toasting the health of their conductor with all heartiness. Twelve hours even of toilsome pleasure begin to be weary at last, as the reader has suspected by this time; and lest the suspicion should grow into certainty, we hasten to end this disjointed chat by bringing our excursionists safe and happy to Dublin, as the special train did, at 9.45 p.m.

George Baker, of Lowell, aged 70, returned home from a cemetery, where he had been placing a monument bearing his name, but leaving the age and date of death blank, and was killed soon after by falling down stairs.

FINE GILDED GLASS.—The London Evening Standard says that the inventor, M. D'Hussey, specimens of his recovery of a lost art. The process consists in introducing gold leaf or platinum into the body of the glass, and amalgamating the precious metal with the glass by means of a blowpipe, an operation which also serves to produce a perfectly indestructible covering to the metal and the designs traced. The product so much resembles the ancient work that the method is likely to find a tolerably wide field of usefulness—or, at least, of profit to its inventor.

EPH'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the growth of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which answers many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "EPPE'S COCOA," Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle street, and 170, Piccadilly, London, E.C.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND. Matthew Arnold, one of the highest authorities in Great Britain on all educational questions, in an article published in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, says—

"Even to the most self-satisfied Englishman, Ireland must be an occasion, one would think, from time to time, of mortifying thoughts. We may be conscious of nothing but the best intentions towards Ireland, the justest dealings with her. But how little she seems to appreciate them? We may talk, with the *Daily Telegraph*, of our 'great and general policy of reconciliation' towards Ireland; we may say, with Mr. Lowe, that by their Irish policy of 1868, the Liberal Ministry, of whom he was one, 'resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly. Only, unfortunately, the Irish themselves do not see the matter as we do. All that by our general policy we seem to have succeeded in inspiring in the Irish themselves is an aversion to us so violent, that for England to incline one way is sufficient reason to make Ireland incline another, and the obstruction offered by the Irish members in Parliament is really an expression, above all, of this uncontrollable antipathy. Nothing is more honorable to French civilization than its success in attaching strongly to France.—France Catholic and Celtic—the German and Protestant Alsace. What a contrast to the humiliating failure of British civilization to attach to Germanic and Protestant Great Britain the Celtic and Catholic Ireland!"

"The Irish Catholics, who are the immense majority in Ireland, want a Catholic University. Elsewhere both Catholics and Protestants have Universities, where their sons may be taught by persons of their own form of religion. Catholic France allowed the Protestants of Alsace to have the Protestant University of Strasburg. Protestant Prussia allows the Catholics of the Rhine Province to have the Catholic University of Bonn. The Protestants of Ireland have in Trinity College, Dublin, a University where the teachers in all those great matters which afford debatable ground between Catholics and Protestants, are Protestants. The Protestants of Scotland have Universities of a like character. In England, the members of the English Church have in Oxford and Cambridge Universities where the teachers are almost wholly Anglican. Well, the Irish Catholics ask to be allowed the same thing.

"There is extraordinary difficulty in getting this demand of theirs directly and frankly met. They are told that a University, that may be very true, but they do also want a University, and to ask for one institution is a simpler affair than to ask for a great many. They are told they have the Queen's College, invented expressly for Ireland. But they do not want colleges invented expressly for Ireland; they want colleges such as those the English and Scotch have in Scotland and England. They are told they may have a University of the London type, an examining board and perhaps a system of prizes. But all the world is not like Mr. Lowe, enamored of examining boards and prizes. The world in general much prefers to universities of the London type universities of the type of Strasburg, Bonn, and Oxford; and the Irish are of the same mind as the world in general. They are told that Mr. Gladstone's Government offered them a university without theology, philosophy, or history, and that they refused it. But the world in general does not desire universities with theology, philosophy and history left out; no more did Ireland. They are told that Trinity College, Dublin, is now an unsectarian university, no more Protestant than Catholic, and that they may use Trinity College. But the teaching in Trinity College is, and long will be (and very naturally), for the most part, in the hands of Protestants; the whole character, tradition and atmosphere of the place at a Protestant. The Irish Catholics want to have on their side, too, a place where the university teaching is in the hands of Catholics, and of which the character and atmosphere shall be Catholic. But they are asked whether they propose to do away with all the muni-eld and deep rooted results of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and they are warned that this would be a hard, nay, impossible matter. But they are not proposing anything so enormous or chimerical as to do away with all the results of Protestant ascendancy; they propose merely to put an end to one particular, and very cruel result of it—the result that they, the immense majority of the Irish people, have no university, while the Protestants in Ireland, the small majority, have one. For this plain hardship they propose a plain remedy, and to their proposal they want a plain and straightforward answer.

ONLY A TRUCE. (From the London Pall Mall Gazette.) The St. Petersburg *Golos* says that the Treaty of Berlin has produced an almost crushing impression on the Russian public. "It is felt that Russia has not attained her object; that she has been deceived by her friends, and that she has foolishly helped her enemies with her victories. What is the reason of our failure? One-half per cent of our population have perished in the war, hundreds of millions have been expended, and yet the Eastern question is not solved and the Treaty of Berlin is merely a truce. The last war has clearly shown all our national peculiarities, as well as our moral and material strength. All the military requirements which depended on the inbred qualities of the Russian soldier were brilliantly carried out, but where knowledge and preparation were demanded we were not equal to the task. It was probably for this reason that we felt so much hurt on reading of the boldness of Lord Beaconsfield, who, doubtless, reckoned on the superior culture of Englishmen to that of Russians. All classes of Russian society are responsible for this; we do not estimate culture and knowledge at their true value. Most of us say that mental work does not bring money, and that culture is a means of corruption. On the other hand, people have arrived by hard experience at the conviction that intelligence, capacity, culture and energy bring men to the front, and give them peace at home and power abroad. It is the knowledge of how to make the best possible use of their energy and abilities that has enabled the English to derive success from our victories and sacrifices. May this be a lesson to us?"