

## ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.

The Ladies of Charity of the Irish Congregations will hold their Annual Bazaar in aid of the Orphan's Asylum, at St. Patrick's Hall, on Thursday the 13th of October, and following days. The ladies earnestly solicit of their fellow-citizens the same kind and liberal patronage which they have always received in preceding years.

Contributions to the Fancy and Refreshment tables are respectfully solicited and will be gratefully acknowledged.

Montreal, 7th October, 1870.

From time to time we receive orders for the TRUE WITNESS, unaccompanied by the subscription, (which is \$2 per annum in advance.) We wish, therefore, to inform all those who may order the paper that, unless the orders are accompanied by the subscription price, we will not pay any attention whatever to them.

Peters' Musical Monthly for October contains the following choice collection of Music, printed from full-size music plates:—Truly Yours—Song and Chorus by Hays. Papa, come help me across the Dark River—Song and Chorus by Persley. The World is full of Beauty, when the Heart is full of Love—Song by Von Smit. Eyes of Loving, Laughing Blue—Song and Chorus by Philip Phillips. We won't leave the Farm—Song and Chorus by Persley. Cast thy Burden upon the Lord—Quartet. Jesus and the Children—Quartet. Speak the Truth—Quartet. Halte Militaire or Camp Polka. Falling Leave Polka. Christine Nilsson's favorite Schottische—and Floating Breezes Valse Sentimental.

This Magazine is invaluable to all lovers of Music, any single piece of the above being worth as much as is asked for the entire lot. It is published monthly by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, at \$3 per year.

Sample copies mailed on receipt of thirty cents.

## JUVENILE IMMIGRATION.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

The Rev. Father Nugent delivered a lecture in St. Patrick's Hall, on the 4th inst., on "Nobody's Children." There was a good attendance, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather.

The chair was taken by Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P., who introduced the reverend gentleman with some pertinent remarks on the objects of his mission to Canada. On the platform there were also seated the Hon. Thos. Ryan and the Rev. Fathers Salmon, Toupin, Leclerc, Egan, Campion, and others.

The reverend lecturer, in commencing, spoke of his experience as a chaplain in the Liverpool Borough Gaol and of the strange and varied phases of character with which he was brought into contact. The work of reformation in which he had been engaged had convinced him that "Prevention was better than Cure," and that it was best to stop the source of evil and crime. After speaking of the thousands of poor children who were running about neglected in the streets of London and Liverpool, the reverend gentleman went on to say:

You will not charge me with exaggeration if I say that genius or talent runs to waste in the gutters of our large cities in England, and that the poor street wanderers, when once they have the choice of knowing better and doing right, would put to the blush many of the children of the upper ten thousand. I could find a match in every good quality, either bodily, mental, or moral, from the pick of Eton, Harrow, or Rugby among the news-boys, shoeblacks, fustee sellers, and ballad singers that run with shoeless feet, naked limbs, and unkempt hair about the streets from midday to midnight, and from midnight to midday again. This talent which runs to waste in the street is a fountain of wealth were it only utilized and directed into a proper course. The great energy and invention which are called into action by the street children in their various avocations, as traders and artists, prove this beyond a doubt. Single out one of a group of these ragged boys and girls that stop you on the pathway with "fuses, sir, buy a box of fuses, only a copper," and he will astonish you with his ready answers, his ready wit, and natural talent. Don't be annoyed at any little lack of truth his answer may evince. It seems that many, aware of something shameful in their foul position, consider any falsehood, good or bad, must needs be preferable, so if you happen in your cross-examination to elicit that his father, whom he said was dead, has only gone to sea and never come home at all, or that his father, instead of being laid up with the ague, is lying down drunk, don't turn your back upon him disgusted with his lies or looks. True he has a very dirty face, is very sparing of his pocket handkerchief, but if you look fairly at his true position, you may find it quite as worthy of commiseration, perhaps more so, than his assumed one would have been had all he said been true.

"Wouldn't you like to get a place my lad?" "Yes, Sir," "What sort of a job? What can you do?" his little eyes begin to sparkle, the little blood he has mounts to his cheeks, or putting up his little flaxen curls, he says, "I'd like to be an Con'f'r, sir; like they been in the circus." "See, sir, this is the splits!" and down he goes upon his ham strings, and sending his two big toes as far from each other as if his two legs cut off at the trunk were placed straight along the pavement, thigh to thigh, there he remains some seconds, doubling his body first on one side, and then upon another, so as to bring the crown of his head and instep close together; up with a spring upon his feet, and throwing back his head and arms until the back of his head touches his heels, he picks a button off the pavement with his mouth, and rises with it, without breaking down.

"Don't back, Sir," and now raising his position and operating with head on ground and feet in air, he stretches out his arms, gently brings his feet down behind his head, picks a stone up with his toes, with which he also hurls it many yards. Then, without coming on his feet, he raises himself upon his hands and walks after it, picks it up this time between his two big toes, and passing it up this way over his body puts it into his mouth. Next round and round he goes from feet to hands, from hands to feet, sideways on one hand, straightforward upon two, until his "lots of them" that he can do seeming exhausted, he tries his hand, or rather his feet, at "this is a somersault" without hands, the *ne plus ultra*, in his opinion, of the "con'f'r" art.

The simple question of what he would like to do and what he could do has raised such pictures in his young imaginative mind, of boys in thickly

spangled skins dangling high up in space from the trapeze by head, hands, feet, back, neck, and teeth, that he forgets his bleeding feet, forgets his wretched hovel of a home, his drunken mother. No! She alone, cruel, drunken as she is, he has not, and will never forget. She forms the principal object in his tableau of glory; of all the kind and cheery faces round he sees but hers; of all the clapping hands, applauding voices, hears but her "Brave boy!" This is the embryo of a Blondin, a Lectard, an Olmar, a Stuckel, or a Delavanti, and more than one of these, with many scores and scores inferior, have risen from his level.

But what are these two things about a pile of coppers high? Are they puppets on strings as they fling their arms about and seem to be engaged in a fearful contest. If you cross the streets you will find them all alive, alive and not kicking, but fighting each other, pummeling themselves, and only stopping to explain to the lookers on, in their trumpet-sounding voices, that

"They are bound to fight all night, And bound to fight all day."

and so it seems; but in spite of the apparent opposition, this is a partnership, a combination of infant forces against starvation, which they seem intent on knocking out of each other. As for the song, their little lips can hardly lip the words, and all the wonder is, how they can get the words at all, and how they hold out wind to sing them after each round. They evidently intend to show their science, and considering that many children of their age can hardly find their own mouths with their hands, these little pugilists plant their nose-enders well, and make some neat stops, ducks, counters, and cross-counters, taking their share of punishment better than many a drunken bully does the well-deserved chastisement of a better man. Unless some kindly hand steps in these will be the future champions of the "noble art of self-defence," the Maces, Kings, Henans, and Colburns of the rising prize-ring. They will be no exception to the general stamp of champion prize-fighters, for all of them to a man have sprung up in the gutter. We seek for talent, but can pause a moment to acknowledge that this street urchin. We cannot listen and watch this nine-year-old without acknowledging that she possesses it with her marvellous naïveté, sly winks, grins and mock modest curtsies between each line she sings her lover's lament, the burden of which is that her "Johnny," which she repeatedly tells us was a shoemaker, "has gone to sail the seas," &c. Just as she is consoling herself with the delusion that "wen she is a captiv's wife," she'll sing the "ole day long," and I believe she would, and hope that peace and plenty will bless their days—guardian of the peace, a policeman whom one of her companions notices as "the slop" puts in an appearance, which she no sooner sees, than, with a grin of independence, and as if to show him he was wrong in thinking that she is within his power, she sets up again on the other side, which seems to be just off his beat. Here the faithless one, out of spite for the bad luck her "Johnny" has brought her, strikes up about "another young man" of hers who was "bred a Karpenter" and whose principal attraction lay in his "sperrit," which she tells us was "tremendous and eerie to behold," while his second but best recommendation which she as often repeats is, that he is "nineteen years hold," she certainly is but half as much, and what is her future vocation? Ah! that is a matter much depending upon chance. The odds are against her; she may, if left to run the streets some years longer, suckle urchins and impart to them her cunning, or she may do worse. The streets are full of life, and our illustrations drawn from the realities are far from ended. Here is a group of three lads six, eight and ten years of age; they belong to a company of strolling players; they have actually travelled from Liverpool to London, giving their performances in every town and village they passed through. Their only change of costume is the amount of burned cork they wore. Often I have seen them near the railway station, or in the vicinity of the Exchange, act Shakespeare's Richard the III. in something over five minutes. Tragedy in their legitimate line, but they occasionally vary it with melo-drama. One of this group came under my charge in the jail, when he was just nine years old. He and a girl, little older than himself, stopped an old lady in the street one night and attempted to take her purse from her, she cried out for assistance, and these two infant highway robbers were instantly taken prisoners and sent to a reformatory school. This boy did not know a single letter in the alphabet. He could not say the "Our Father," in fact he did not know the existence of a God, yet he reported for me, as he had seen them act, Richard the Third, Jack Sheppard, the Duke's Motto, and portions of other plays. Poor child, what did he know? The gallery of the theatre had been his only school, and the heroic deeds of highwaymen were the noblest aspirations of his mind. He was withal, a generous, straightforward lad, and I believe he had a heart and talent to make a position for himself if he only had the chance. Strange to say I met that poor boy on board the steamer in which I crossed to this country, a fine, strong, well-built, and now a fairly educated youth. I did not recognize in him the former half-clad and neglected urchin tragedian. When I asked his name, he replied, "Why, father, do you not know me?" Looking into his face more closely I said, "What is it little?" "Yes, father," suffice it to say my heart had long before that warmed to that boy, and my early hopes were that if he were only taught better and had a chance he would one day be a respectable man. He is now doing well, comfortably placed upon a large farm, some three hundred miles from this place. I have no fear of poor Dan ever turning back to that life again, or putting into practice those lessons of his neglected childhood. The reverend gentleman made some more remarks of the same nature and type as the last, and then said: I think I have given you sufficient proof that talent runs to waste in the streets of England. Now let us see how this talent may be utilized. These children may be divided into different classes—many of them orphans, some of them worse off than if they were orphans, some of the children of poor honest parents, others the offspring of the criminal and dangerous class. The children in themselves are not bad; they are God's creatures, therefore it is neglect or the circumstances that surround them which give a bent to their character. If these children are removed at an early age, say seven or eight years, from the streets and from the over-crowded huts of vice in which they have been crowded; if their young minds are impressed with the love of God; if they are treated kindly, and instructed not only in the ordinary branches of learning, but in habits of industry, cleanliness, honesty and truth, is there any reason why, at the age of fourteen, they should not be able to make a start in life, in a new country, with new ideas and aspirations, and the broad Atlantic between them and their early associations? It has been said by many, and I think fairly and with justice, that this country has a nobler mission than to become the cesspool for the dregs of the surplus population of England. I do not know any more fatal course of action for those who have the interest of the struggling poor at heart, or those who wish to save from poverty, ignorance and crime the myriads of destitute and neglected children, than a wholesale system of immigration, without knowing the character, the disposition and habits of those that are helped. The idle, the criminal, the drunkard and prostitute, are not the subjects for immigration. To take and sweep the streets of London and Liverpool of boys and girls, and then, after a few weeks, or only a few months training, ship them on board one of the Allan steamers, is not a system which I advocate or intend to adopt.

A great work ought not to be condemned because some who have taken it up have made mistakes, from want of knowledge. Experience and personal observation have already enabled those who have taken up this work to select from the crowd of candidates the right class for immigration. We have in England numerous institutions for boys and girls; it is hard, sometimes next to impossible, to find them situations. These would prove an advantage to this country, and having no immediate relatives, they would attach themselves to the relatives who first received them. We have again a law which was enacted some years ago which empowers any one who finds a child begging on the streets, or wandering about destitute, an orphan, or having no protector, or whose parents are in prison, to take that child before a magistrate, and the child is sent to a certified industrial school, where it receives a solid and useful education; and if a boy, taught some trade, or a girl, trained to domestic work until the age of 15. These again, I think, would be useful immigrants, and the material which you want in this country. It is estimated that there are in England and Wales at the present time 350,000 children under the age of sixteen, who are more or less a burden upon the parochial rates. I am sure you will agree with me, and admit that poverty is no crime, but a misfortune. These are poor children, and in most large towns there are Parish Industrial Schools for this class. We have one in Liverpool, in which there are from twelve to fifteen hundred children. I brought out twenty-four of these children with me—twelve boys and twelve girls. They were all well instructed, both in their religion and in book learning. The girls were all placed in excellent situations in less than two days, in Montreal—four of the younger ones being adopted into most respectable families, where they will be treated as their own children. The youngest boy was eleven, the oldest fifteen. They had all a trade, except three serving boys. They all know how to read and write well, and they all had made their communion, except two. Now, every one who saw those boys and girls, their fresh, clear, bright, respectful appearance would admit that I was bringing children, who would become useful citizens, and who would soon ripen into a substantial benefit to this country.

I am connected with several large institutions in the town of Liverpool for the education and training of boys and girls, one in particular, which is known as the Boys' Refuge. I have in that institution this very night about 170 boys, many of them the very sweepings of the streets, the most neglected and abandoned children, yet I would challenge them against any private middle class school of the same number, as regards their conduct, their obedience, their truthfulness, their modesty, and their good behaviour. Their history for the most part is a sad one, and they have tasted life's bitterness at an early age. Here is one whose father was a landed proprietor in Ireland, and came to Liverpool a few years ago with the remnants of his property—a thousand pounds. It was melted in a large city; he fell ill and died of fever. The mother pined and wasted away, dying in the workhouse, her last words to the priest were, "Oh! for God's sake, Father, though I die in a workhouse, do not let my darling only child be brought up a pauper." Here is another, the son of a man who was once a solicitor of eminence in Dublin. The father took to drink, and came to Liverpool; there he did not improve his habits, and in one of his drunken fits he took some money from his employers, and he is paying the penalty of his folly by five years penal servitude. We have a large shoe factory, a printing office where a newspaper is printed each week, a tailor's and a joiner's shop, and a paper bag factory. Each boy is taught to work for his own bread, as soon as he is fit for labour; and has eight hours' work and four hours' school each day.

In such institutions as these, do you not think, with three or four years' training, with the powerful influence of self-sacrifice guiding those who undertake to mould the character of these children that we can turn out a race of children fit for any station in life?

It is this class of children, grounded in a knowledge of their duty to God and to their fellow-man; trained to hard work, and with some knowledge of work that I wish to assist to emigrate to this country. You want labor, you want domestic servants, but you also require push and energy, and bold hearts that will not be daunted by difficulties.

In England all parties are becoming alive to the importance of juvenile immigration, and all turn to this country as one of the most promising outlets for our surplus population. The great difficulty is the old one—money. The Government at home, and the Government here, have so far refused to make grants for the purpose. It would be to the advantage of both if they took up the matter with a liberal and ready hand. Juvenile emigration to this country would be more lasting and solid than adult, for not being associated with family, they would become more rooted to the soil. I look upon every boy and girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age settling in this country, as worth at least \$500 to this. This might be gained at a risk of some thirty dollars. However, for the present the movement must be undertaken and carried out by private efforts.

What therefore I propose is to meet with, if possible, in each locality I visit, two or three gentlemen—large hearted men, men of intelligence who will take an active interest in this work who will be the means of communicating between me and them, who are prepared to receive those children on their arrival in this country, and who will further report to me from time to time, upon the conduct of those young settlers. This will not be a great burden, yet by this simple arrangement hundreds of children may be saved from a life of pauperism and crime in England, and this country increased by a large increase of labourers. I appeal first to you who are children of the Irish race, and in whom there is implanted a strong and unalienable love for that Green Isle. These children are for the most part allied to you in blood. Of the 25,000 in Liverpool 75 per cent. belong to us, and I do not miss the mark if I say fully half of those who roam the streets of London are ours likewise. You who are in more favorable circumstances and know what an opening there is in this country, to you I appeal with confidence to save the old Celtic race from becoming paupers in the workhouses, and criminals in the jails of England. I appeal, too, with confidence to all classes on this side of the ocean, to co-operate in this immigration. There are willing hearts and fervid hands bound and clasped together seeking to save the children of our common race. Protestants and Catholics, men of all kinds of religious opinions are at work; the numbers are large enough, the field is wide enough for the well-directed energies and zeal of all. Whatever may be our religious or political principles, here is a great social question where we can co-operate and prove by our actions that the true foundation of religion and politics is to do good to our fellow-creatures. In the interest of humanity, and the future progress and stability of this great country, in the work of saving those souls that have been redeemed by the blood of the one Saviour of mankind, let us bury before the altar of charity every sentiment of religious jealousy and intolerance, and let us seek to do for these poor children what we would desire to be done for our own children were they placed in similar circumstances. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to harbor the homeless, and to suffer little children to come unto Jesus, are precepts binding upon all men. That God who will one day judge us all has said that what we do for the least one of these homeless friendless little ones for His sake is done to Him.

Here then is a motive and a reward worth working for. The Rev. Father Nugent's earnest, eloquent, and highly instructive lecture was listened to with

marked attention and frequently interrupted with applause. At its conclusion a vote of thanks was proposed by the Hon. Thomas Ryan, seconded by M. P. Ryan, Esq., M.P., and unanimously carried by the hearty plaudits of the audience.

The proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to the benefit of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, to which Father Nugent acknowledged his deep obligations in giving shelter to his youthful immigrants on their arrival in this city.

The City Council will apply to the Provincial Legislature at its next session, for an Act to amend the several Acts for the incorporation of the city of Montreal, or relating thereto, with a view to obtain new and additional powers to the said Corporation.

The Toronto City Council have passed resolutions voting addresses to Lord Lisgar, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Colonel Wolseley.

## REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Staffs, M. Hurley, \$1; Douglas, P. Hughney, \$1; St. Eloi, Rev. J. B. Blanchette, \$2; Maidstone, Rev. F. Gauthier, \$2; Quebec, T. Moloney, \$2; St. Agathe, J. Donovan, \$2; New York, U.S., Rev. A. Lafont, \$2.50; Grand River, Rev. P. J. Saucier, \$2.

Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Alexandria—K. B. Macdonald, \$3, 9 cts., Lancaster, \$2.

Per P. Mungovan—Rev. M. Mc. O'Reilly, Thorold, \$2.50.

Per Rev. R. McDonald, Pictou, N.S.—Self, \$2; J. O'Brien, Antigonish, \$2.

Per A. D. McDonald, Lancaster—Very Rev. J. McDonald, \$2.

Per D. Walker, Lindsay—J. Kennedy, \$2.

Per P. O'Neill, Antrim—T. O'Connor, Cedar Hill, \$2; E. Lumy, Panmure, \$2.

Per Rev. H. Balthazard, Granby—J. Cuning, Abbotford, \$2.

## SPECIAL TO CLERGYMEN.

The Catholic clergy of Canada who may be about purchasing overcoats or other clothing would do well to call on P. E. Brown, No. 9 Chaboillez Square. He is specially patronized by collegiate institutions and clergy in general, to whom a liberal discount is allowed.

## Died.

At his residence, Tannery West, on the 9th inst., Patrick Carroll, Esq., J. P., aged 63 years.

## MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Oct. 8.

Flour #1 of 196 lb.—Pollards	\$2.80 @ \$3.25
Midlings	3.85 @ 4.10
Fine	4.45 @ 4.50
Superior, No. 2	4.80 @ 4.90
Superfine	4.80 @ 4.85
Fancy	5.65 @ 5.70
Extra	5.75 @ 5.90
Superior Extra	6.40 @ 6.59
Bag Flour #100 lb.	2.60 @ 2.65
Oatmeal #1 of 200 lb.	4.50 @ 5.00
Wheat # bush of 60 lbs. U.C. Spring	1.05 @ 1.07
Ashe # 100 lb., First Pats.	6.00 @ 6.15
Seconds	5.20 @ 5.25
Thirds	0.00 @ 4.40
First Pearls	6.50 @ 6.55
Pork #1 of 200 lb.—Mess.	26.25 @ 27.25
Thin Mess	24.50 @ 25.00
Prime	21.50 @ 23.00
Butter # lb.	0.19 @ 0.20
Cheese # lb.	0.11 @ 0.11
Lard # lb.	0.13 @ 0.14
Barley # 48 lb.	0.67 @ 0.73
Pease # 66 lb.	0.75 @ 0.80

## MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

Oct. 8, 1870.

	RETAIL	WHOLESALE
	s d s d	s d s d
Flour # 100 lbs.	14 0 0 0	13 9 0 0
Oatmeal, "	14 0 0 0	13 9 0 0
Indian Meal, (Ohio)	11 6 0 0	11 0 0 0

## GRAIN.

Wheat # 56 lbs.	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
Barley "	3 3 3 3	0 0 0 0
Pease "	3 3 3 3	0 0 0 0
Oats "	2 2 3 0	0 0 0 0
Buckwheat,	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
Indian Corn, (Ohio)	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
Rye,	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
Flax Seed,	3 3 8 6	0 0 0 0
Timothy,	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0

## FOWLS AND GAME.

Turkeys per couple	8 0 to 10 0	0 0 to 0 0
Do. (young)	5 0 6 0	0 0 0 0
Geese,	5 0 6 0	0 0 0 0
Ducks,	3 0 3 6	0 0 0 0
Do. (wild),	2 0 2 6	0 0 0 0
Fowls,	3 0 3 6	0 0 0 0
Chickens,	1 6 3 0	0 0 0 0
Pigeons (tame),	1 0 1 3	0 0 0 0
Pigeons (wild) per doz.	1 2 2 0	0 0 0 0
Hares,	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
Woodcock,	2 3 2 6	0 0 0 0
Snipe,	0 0 1 0	0 0 0 0
Plover,	0 5 0 6	0 0 0 0

## MEATS.

Beef, per 100 lbs.	\$9.00 " 0 0	\$6.00 " 8 0
Pork, fresh	\$9.00 " 0 0	\$9.00 " 10 0

## DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, fresh, per lb.	1 6 " 1 8	0 0 " 0 0
" salt,	1 10 " 1 0	0 0 " 0 0
Cheese,	0 0 " 0 0	0 0 " 0 0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Potatoes, per bag (new)	2 6 " 3 0	0 0 " 0 0
Turnips	3 0 " 3 9	0 0 " 0 0
Onions per minot.	5 0 " 6 0	0 0 " 0 0
Maple Sugar, per lb.	0 5 " 0 6	0 0 " 0 0
Honey, per lb.	0 5 " 0 6	0 0 " 7 0
Lard, per lb.	0 11 " 1 0	0 9 " 0 0
Eggs (fresh), per doz.	1 2 " 1 3	0 0 " 0 0
Eggs per doz. by brl.	0 9 " 0 9	0 7 " 0 8
Halibut per lb.	0 0 " 0 0	0 0 " 0 0
Haddock	0 3 " 0 0	0 0 " 0 0
Apples, per barrel	\$3.00 " \$9.00	\$2.50 " \$3.00
Hay	\$3.00 " \$10.00	\$0.00 " \$0.00
Straw	\$3.00 " \$7.00	\$0.00 " \$0.00

## TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED, for the Parish of Chambly, a FEMALE TEACHER, qualified to teach the French and English languages.

Address, A. L. FRECHETTE, Esq., or W. VALLIE.

Chambly, Oct. 4, 1870.

## WANTED,

A Situation as ORGANIST, by a Young Lady who thoroughly understands Vocal and Instrumental Music. Address, stating terms, "A. B.," True Witness Office, Montreal.

## WANTED,

A YOUTH about 15 years old, as Articled Pupil.—Apply to W. H. Hodson, Architect, 59 St. Bonaventure Street, (from 1 to 3 p.m.)

## TEACHER WANTED,

FOR Section No. 1, North River, Municipality of St. Columban, an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER. Salary Liberal.

Address immediately, PHILIP KENNEDY, Secretary Treas'r.

St. Columban, Sept. 21, 1870.

## TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO FEMALE TEACHERS Wanted in the Parish of St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co., capable of Teaching the French and English languages. Salary—\$100 for ten months teaching. Teachers to find their board and fuel for the School. Applications, prepaid, to be addressed to

PATRICK CAREY, Secretary-Treas. St. Sophia, Terrebonne Co. P.Q.

## INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.  
PRO. OF QUEBEC, }  
Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of JAMES S. NOAD, of the City of Montreal, as well individually as having been a partner in the Commercial firm of JEFFERY, NOAD & Co., of Quebec, which said firm was composed of himself and WILLIAM HENRY JEFFERY, of the said City of Quebec, and which said firm was carried on at Montreal under the name and style of NOAD, JEFFERY & Co., as well as having heretofore carried on business at Montreal, under the style and name of JAMES S. NOAD & Co.,

An Insolvent.

ON Thursday the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 13th October, 1870.

JAMES S. NOAD,

by KERE, LAMBE & CARTER,

his Attorneys ad litem.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT.  
PRO. OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.  
Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of C. DORWIN & Co.,

Insolvents.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act, as well individually as having been a member of said firm of C. DORWIN & Co.

Montreal, 8th October, 1870.

CANFIELD DORWIN,

By his Attorneys ad litem,

BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT.  
PRO. OF QUEBEC, } INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.  
Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of JAMES F. KIDNER,

An Insolvent.

ON the seventeenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

Montreal, 10th October, 1870.

JAMES F. KIDNER,

By his Attorneys ad litem,

BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

## INSOLVENT ACTS OF 1864-65-69