

THE ROYAL VISIT.

[The writer of the annexed, which we copy from the Dublin Irishman, 1860, is a journeyman cooper in the city of Cork.]

So you're coming, Royal Lady with the childre and Prince Consort. With Old Pam, and Little Johnny, and your piper, I'll go ball. And your best of German servants, and your "tigers" (all of one sort), from me you'll be sure, but 'tis queer of you to come to Innishlin.

Ye "rough, rug-headed kerns!" ye hill men of Tipperary. Ye sept of old Tyr-Owen, and Tyr-Connell, too, I ween! Ye clansmen of old Desmond, from Beara to Dunleary. Come forth and strew "green rushes" on the pathway of your Queen!

But the Celtic heart is noble! though its deep-toned feelings get not From the base and brutal Saxon, but the ever-lasting strife. From sire to son bequeathed; yet, lady we forget not. What is due to a fond mother, loving daughter, faithful wife!

For these qualities we'll greet thee (beldier-shin, O Queen of Britain. Oude, Zealand, Saer, Helena (with its mem-ory of the old), And of many other places which "the sun can never set on.") All whose people worship lovingly your father's darling child.

So, now then, Royal Lady, as the mist is cleared (Common sense is like the sun, you know, and will the truth unmask) One plain question—by permission (though you'll not say so)—"What gratitude do you expect?" ask.

Maheul! maheul, poor Erin! how my memory is flushing. Quick'ning pulses, steeling sinews, boiling red-hot through my brain. Scow my teeth in a mutter'd curses—o'er my pale brow comes a flushing. When I think upon the million graves, where sleep your "Famine Slain."

We but asked for "leave to live"—and ye sent us troops and horses. And "Rate in Aid," and "Commissioners" a squad. And their track was marked, O lady! yea, by many a time your courses. Thus strewn the path of Mahound or Attila, scourge of God!

The grey old wrongs of Erin, for the present, I'll not touch on. Nor "confessions," "pitch caps," "gib-bits," "murders," will I name. But of Celtic wrongs—lying, and young rears, and as such on Our teeming Land had perished, when your hell-planned "Famine" came.

I'm told you're fond of Pictures. Such taste becomes your station. I have one for your inspection; it is to nature true: It will arise as you gaze on it—quite a dioramic presentation—Or to "Fenobilly" the notion, call it Vivants Tableau!

See this ghastly, fleshless spectre! This was once an Irish Mother In her eye there's hunger's madness, and her lips are black as ink. Her left hand crasps the Baby she's been gnawing! And the other, Holds a skull—the path of her Husband's blood— "Drink, come, sister, drink!"

She was once the village beauty—light of heart, her step was bounding. Her eye outshone in lustre your Indian "Koh-i-noor." Oh! her laugh a silver bell was! when the piper's clarion sounding. Called the swains and rustic maidens to the dance and fun "galore."

Starved was piper! Starved were dancers! Starved the wretches and schoolmaster! Starved the smith, and hushed the laughter of the evening merry tale! Starved was ploughman! Starved was reaper! And she, when wood died her. Tore the flesh of her dead darling, for the horrid final meal.

Grammarcy! Royal Lady, you were then fourteen years younger. Bright your smile was at "The Drawing Room," and the brilliant regal ball. With what care you led your lap dog whilst the "Cells" dropped dead with hunger. And the "Zim" and "denon" propbet, sneered and glibed at "Faddy's" fall.

'Mid the gardens of Al Raschid, in "The City of the Caliph." The Tartar tyrant Timour raised a pyramid of skulls— Your "Deputies" your "Justices," your "Landlords" and their "balliffs." Jilt a monument of "Glory," for which the Mogul's dulis.

All the betrs of the O'Briens and O'Neills go forth to meet thee? Will the hearts of the "McMahon's" and "O'Donnells" cease to pain? Will the men of Barry, Skibbereen, and Skull, with bright smiles greet thee? Shall thou glide in regal splendor midst "The Children of the Slin?"

No! Across "The waste of waters," o'er th' Atlantic's billows bounding. The mingled sighs and curses of the Irish Exiles boom. No! Two million graves are yawning! and high o'er all rears the denon propbet, shriek the heroes of McCormac, from her Bridal bed—the Tomb.

O'er my soul a prophet feeling, true as Daniel's now is stealing. Mark my words, and ponder deeply—look— "The finger's on the wall!"

This is true, whatever happen in America or Europe "North" or "South" be winner, whether Turk gives Russ a chance—Whether Italy's "united," and the Pope robbed (which is our hope)—Whether Bourbon, or Orleans, or Napoleon rule in France.

Yours, &c., E. M.

THE NAME GRAHAM.—IS IT IRISH? To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: Sir,—I have much pleasure in stating that the information asked for by your correspondent "Antiquary," in Friday's Post, re the name Graham, will be found in O'Hart's Irish Pedigree, vol. 1, pages 205, 229 and 249.

The name Graham is descended from Heremon. There were two clans from whom those bearing the modern name of "Graham" in Ireland are descended, viz: one located in Kerry and the other in Fermanagh. The tribe name of the Kerry clan was McCrehan, now Anglicised "Graham" and "Green-han." The tribe name of the Fermanagh clan was O'Creochain, some of whose descendants Anglicise the name Graham, Grehan and Green-han.

and O'Hares seem sufficiently natural; but if the Harts claim the honor of an O, I can only say that nobody—not even a doVore—is safe from the prefix. According to "E. M." the Irish McCrehan became Anglicised "Graham" just as McGraunills assimilated to the English Reynolds; but I cannot help thinking that as Scotland would appear to be the cradle of the Graeme, the Graham he means is not the Graham I mean, and that the latter was not an anciently Irish, as to my reading the Abbe unpronounceable says nothing about it.

If men are Irish—honestly indigenous, or honestly by adoption—so mote it be. In the olden time, however, it was a good deal the fashion among men to adopt Ireland as their country in a way not approved by the natives, and certes of a kind that Erin would never have adopted as her children had she been consulted. By far the most screaming Hibernians I note are the bearers of English and Scottish patronymics—Warrington, Bentley, Shaw, Graham et al. Ipsis Hibernis Hibernas by all means; but it is amusing to hear them dilate, not on the evils of Erin alone, but on the wrongs of "our race," identified therewith. Like "the great Dominican," with the Norman name, their mothers may be Moriaties; nevertheless the unpronounceable running through my head, I strongly suspect that some of them come from the captains who did gode serveye agaynst rere Kynges Iris enemes. Repentance in sacloth and ashes for the sins of their fathers if they will; but the "wrong of our race" from a Boycroft, a Ridley, a Rutledge, as Irishmen, is just a little ridiculous.

Returning to the Gramams, a very early one of them, having picked a hole through the wall of Severus, was obviously a Plet, mayhap a Celt, one of those troublesome scamps who caused "the brutal Saxon" to come. Later on Tytler tells how the Gramams were requested to leave Scotland for Ireland, which they accordingly did. If the actual cause of their expatriation was ever known to me I have forgotten it—and in fact I am not good at history—but do not think it was because the Gramams in question were unduly given to the erection of churches, nor by reason of their excessive zeal in the promotion of peace. Probably a paternal Government may have looked upon the green island as more congenial to their habits and aspirations, whatever they may have been. Earlier or later the Gramams took part in that little matter mentioned in Hall's History as the Mullamast Massacre. Still later, a Gramam did so many things called atrocious on behalf of Episcopacy in Scotland that he is known there by the unpleasant cognomen of *Chaserohouse the Bloody*. Albeit he died like a hero at Killiecrankie; and it is only fair to the Gramams to say that if some of them were and still are "agin the Govern-ment" many good men, callant men, great men, were of their name. Sir Richard slain at Kinsale; that Earl who fell on the field of Flodden; the illustrious Marquis Montrose, who suffered ignominious death for the sake of his Sovereign; and last, and not at all least, His (late) Lordship of Lynedoch, who defended Boulogne.

ANTIQUARY. ENGLISH PITMEN IN IRELAND.

The Dawn of Democratic Fraternity. Letter from James Redpath.

DUBLIN, July 13 1881. In my last letter I quoted from the report on the condition of the Irish peasantry of Galway, made by a deputation of Northumberland and Durham coal-miners. It is too valuable and too remarkable a publication to be confined to the North of England. Let me make a few more extracts from it.

In the Village of Barna, near the ancient City of Galway, they entered a peasant's cabin that they thus described: "One of the smallest huts in the village, which could not in fact occupy an area of more than 74 square feet, we found to be the habitation of a man, his wife, and seven children. They appeared to gain a subsistence by the rearing of poultry and selling the eggs; and cocks, hens, and ducks travelled about at will in their domicile. They also rented a plot of land, which the husband, a big, gaunt looking man, laboured upon, to which the family were clothed in rag. This man, our informant told us, had never tasted a drop of strong drink, nor a drop of tea, nor a bit of fresh meat for two years—his sole food for himself and his family having been a few potatoes, with the Indian-meal porridge made from the same, the only liquor ever passing their lips or moistening the food, besides a drop of buttermilk at rare intervals, being pure water. The quantity of buttermilk falling to his use had been, during the last six months, only two pennyworth, purchased from one more fortunate than he in the possession of a cow, so that the liquid was indeed a luxury. He had, like the farmer and his sons, fallen under the ban of the agent for non-payment of his rent, and the usual result had followed, in the shape of a notice to quit, which was hanging over the family when we visited them."

Thousands of these wretched tenants are the victims of evictions executed by the administration of Gladstone, Bright and Forster. These are the men who are accused by English journals and English "Statesmen," so-called, of conspiring to defraud their landlords, although they are abundantly able to fulfil their contracts."

What did the honest pitmen think of such hovels? "Such places would not be allowed to exist on the face of the land in England, even for a pig to be put into them," said Mr. Bryson, "they would have the inspector of nuisances down upon him, in no time, and if they committed no other offence they would be indicted as places to harbor disease, and they would be swept away wholesale, or the owners would be called upon to put them in a proper sanitary condition, whilst benevolent people would have their feelings outraged by the mere thought that such places existed in their country."

"I heartily agree with his remarks," said Mr. Patterson, "and I pictured to myself the burst of public indignation that would ensue on the newspapers announcing that such places were to be found in our North-County."

The Englishmen found that in the far-west of Ireland rack-renting was not the only form of oppression that the peasantry endured at the hands of their landlords. They discovered, as I discovered last year, that in addition to the extortionate taxation by the landlords, in money-rents, the peasantry were forced in certain districts to do "duty work"—that is to say, that serf labour is still exacted in Ireland, although it has been abolished for centuries in Eng-land.

The pitmen going from house to house, and from barony to barony, were convinced that the rents every where were so high, that they swept away every available farthing that could be earned" but that even these cruel exactions did not satisfy the lords of the soil. The landlords compelled each tenant to give him 52 days' labor each year, in addition to the rent, and he held and wielded the right to select not one day of each week, but such days as suited his own convenience.

"Thus," says Mr. Patterson, "with weather equally asickle as we have in England, a man sees his crop ready for gathering, and is about to make the most of the fine weather. The landlord's crops, however, require gathering, and there he must go and work and only return to his own property, when the whole has been got in—probably to see his whole crop destroyed by the advent of bad weather. In fact, no matter what position his own affairs are in, he must go at the call of the agent, and his own affairs must take their chance after the demands of the agent have been satisfied. Should he fail to go, then down comes the agent upon him, and cow or heifer, or some other object—usually the most valuable property the tenant is possessed of—is distrained and marched off, and is only returned when the tenant has paid a heavy fine for his neglect of duty. This fine for neglecting a day's work is usually from 5s to 15s, when the animal is returned."

Does the reader understand that for these 52 days of "duty work" the laborer receives no wages and not even his food while he is working?

"The occupant of the village shop himself, last year," continued the pitmen "refused to go to the master's place to work, and on this refusal the bailiff at once took away the cow, valued at between £10 and £15. *Eu route* to the farm of the landlord the poor brute stumbled over the rough stones he had to traverse, and broke her leg. No communication was sent to the tenant of the accident, and when applied to as to the fate of the cow, the agent replied with a sneer that had he gone to work he ought to have done so such accident would have happened. No compensation was even paid for the loss of the cow, nor yet the slightest regret expressed at the accident."

In the Island of Innisturk, in the Atlantic, off the Galway coast, I found that the fishermen had struck against duty work. Innisturk is a long rocky little barren island. It is owned by one Berridge who is said to be a London brewer. He rents the island for £40 a year to a man named McDonough, who keeps all the good land in it for his own use. The smaller and rocky portion is sublet by McDonough to 21 families of poor fishermen, whose united rental is £42. In addition to this rent, McDonough exacts that each tenant (meaning thereby his whole family), shall give him six days, duty work a year, and that they shall gather and carry to his farm one-half of all the seaweed that is washed ashore, without any compensation for this double labor. Seaweed is necessary to coax the wet cold, sterile, soil there to raise any crop. The landlord's half of the seaweed has to be gathered first, and it often happens that before his share is secured the ocean reclaims the tenant's portion. Nor is this all. The same island despot compels the tenants to sign a contract by which they are forced to bind themselves to work for him (in addition to the six days' duty work which is forced and unpaid labor), two days in each week of the year, if demanded, for 16 cents a day! Twelve hours work for 16 cents! These are examples of the "freedom of contract" between landlord and tenant in the West of Ireland. The men refused to submit to this slavery of duty work last year; and, although they had all paid their rent they were each served with a summons to answer a suit for damages, assessed at £5 each for breach of contract! I have these summonses in my desk in New York. Why did the fishermen pay these rack rents, and submit to these despotic rates? Because they could not get a bit of rock or a rood of bog on which to build their cabins in all that country on any more favorable terms, and because, however exacting these forced contracts may be, the magistrates, who are all landlords or selected by them, rigorously enforce these *Shylock* bonds. For generations it has been useless to rebel, for England, like the resplendent savage, Thomas Carlyle, regarded the lowly Irish toilers of the sea as only "reptiles in the path of the elephant"; that "it was her duty to crush without pity." The families of these fishermen were clad in rags. The men were dressed in flannel trousers and flannel shirts. They had no coats of any kind. Their boots were dark and cheerless, their diet was fish and potatoes and a little Indian-meal. Of course they had been kept in compulsory ignorance for generations. And then when hungry and cold, with starving families, driven to despair by these petty depots, they made a frantic appeal to God and gunpowder—"crush them by heaven," said Carlyle, "crush them like vermin." Carlyle died without having uttered one such sentence against the English vermin in high life. Yet he knew all about them. Why all his palaverings about the "verities" and shames, Carlyle, like his father, lived and died essentially a Scotch peasant—that is a semi-serf, who mistook eycophancy to power for reverence of nobility of character. No wonder that no poor man wept when this moral mastodon was buried.

These poor English pitmen, by their feeble Davy lamp light, were led to the discovery of more truth in Ireland than Carlyle could ever find with all the illumination of his Everlasting Stars, and other epileptic literary-melodramatic stage properties.

After describing duty work at Barna, Mr. Patterson says: "Mr. Bryson remarked, on the principle that a horse may be led to the wall, yet he cannot be made to drink, that, after going to the landlord's place by compulsion, they need not work harder than they liked; but he was met by a retort from the men to the effect that the agent, or some one deputed by him, stood over the tenant armed with stout cudgel, which he did not fail to lay on the back and shoulders of the tenant if he showed any sign of shirking his work. The exclamation, 'impossible' broke out from us involuntarily, as we could not for one moment realize that such a system of slave-driving could exist. Up jumped one of the men before us, a respectable looking man enough, who told us that if we had the slightest doubt on this matter of the sick, he would there and then strip to the skin and show us undeniable evidences of the beatings he had sustained in shape of sundry bruises and discolorations which he had received at the hands of the bailiff."

"These bloody Irish, you know," said an Englishman to me in London, "are never content you know!"

The English pitmen, following the example of the North of England and Scotch preachers, and their report with some reflections "by way of application." I quote a couple of passages.

"The houses not fit for a beast much less a human being to exist in, the tremendous shape imposed upon the dwellers in the slums of rent and service, their struggles with sterile land for which it almost appeared monstrous to ask them to pay rent at all—much less to raise their rent when, by the expenditure of their little capital and their utmost labour, they had caused it to give some appreciable return for their desperate struggles with it, the payment of rack rent under ordinary circumstances when to our gaze it seemed an impossibility for a man to gain from the land for himself and family even at rent based upon Griffith's valuation—these were a combination of mis-fortunes the magnitude of which we had never believed to have been heaped upon the head of one unfortunate fellow creature in our lives. If the industry of the people were only allowed free scope, we had not the slightest doubt that, where a barren and stoney country exists, pastures and arable land would be seen; but, with the course pursued by the tyrant in raising the rent directly an improvement is seen to bear fruit, there can only be one result—the best and most skillful agriculturists can be driven away, probably out of the country altogether, whilst a veto will be most effectually placed upon the enterprise of those left behind."

These are solid chunks of good sense that the English pitmen have dug in Ireland! JAMES REDPATH.

CHOLERA INFANTIUM. That terrible scourge among children may be speedily cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All forms of bowel complaints, nausea and vomiting, from an ordinary diarrhoea to the most severe attack of Canadian cholera, can be subdued by its prompt use. It is the best remedy known for children or adults suffering from summer complaints.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS. The famous London night haunt, "Evans," is now the Falstaff Club. An elephant belonging to a menagerie died of heat in an Iowa railroad car.

In the recent very hot weather a ton of ice daily kept the temperature of the House of Commons down to 75°. An Ohio woman owed her hired man \$320; she married him to square the account and then for \$60 got a divorce, thus saving \$260.

Eighty thousand acres of Arkansas land have been bought by the Catholic Colonization Society. The aim is to induce Irishmen to become farmers. Lord Dudley, who is in bad health, has sublet Blackmount Forest, which he leases from Lord Breadalbanne, to Alsopp, the brewer, for \$20,000 the season.

Virginia farmers in the neighborhood of battlefields are still able to gather up enough old gun barrels to supply their blacksmiths with horsehoesiron.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* gives a list of twenty-nine Cornstock mines, not one of which has paid a dividend in the past six months. On twenty-four assessments were levied.

The one notorious Belle Boyd is now living a quiet domestic life as Mrs. Hammond. She has been greatly annoyed by persons pretending to personate her turning up from time to time.

A constable volunteered to watch a store which was to be robbed at New Sharon, Iowa. He slept at his post, and the burglars took away his money, pistol, and clothes, leaving him covered with molasses.

A robber walked up to an open window of a house at Franklin, Ind., and said to the woman inside: "Your money or your life." She fired a pistol without taking aim, and by chance killed him on the spot.

The recent Windsor review in England is regarded as the most memorable event in the history of the volunteer movement, which dates back some thirty years ago, and mainly owed its existence to the London *Times*.

The Irish peers are evidently alarmed for their position, as they have decided to elect a Liberal representative peer. They have (in common with the Scotch peers) hitherto been a close conservative corporation. Lord Mil-ltown, whom they are now going to elect, has been for years agitating for some change in the representation of the Irish people.

A GENERAL DEFEATED. A Mrs. J. G. Robertson writes: "I was suffering from general debility, want of appetite, constipation, etc., so that life was a burden: after using Burdock Blood Bitters I felt better than for years. I cannot praise your Bitters too much."

New Advertisements. EDUCATIONAL. MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

COMMERCIAL & COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENTS WITH SPECIALTIES. PROF. T. RUSSELL, who was for many years Teacher of the Grading Commercial Classes at St. Laurent College, St. Laurent, and the late McCrehan College, Fermanagh, and was a member of competent and experienced Professors, will open at No. 115 CADEUX ST. (near St. Roches College), on the 1st of September next, a Commercial and Collegiate Educational Institution for young men, and for boys who have completed their eleventh year. In addition to his pupils, limited number of boarders will be admitted, who will receive the care and comfort of home with the advantages arising from Collegiate discipline.

THE COURSE OF STUDIES. In the Commercial and Collegiate Departments is very comprehensive as may be seen by an examination of the College Prospectus, which can be had on application. A PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION. Prof. Russell feels confident that his long experience in teaching in the public schools of the United States and Canada, together with his varied experience in Commercial pursuits, will enable him to place at the disposition of his pupils, not only a thorough preparatory course of instruction, but also the many advantages arising from combining THEORY and PRACTICE in a business course.

Prof. Russell will gladly refer those who may seek information concerning his character, integrity and professional ability to a number of well-known gentlemen in Montreal and elsewhere, (a list of whose names will be given on application) many of whom graduated from his classes and are now holding honorable positions in business.

Business Branches including Telegraphy and Phonography will be taught as specialties. TERMS—per session of ten months. Board, \$10; Tuition, \$5; Library, \$2; Stationery, \$2; Department, \$20; Telegraphy, \$10; Phonography, \$10. Music, Drawing, &c., at moderate rates.

For Prospectus, which gives full information, address, (after August 2nd) T. RUSSELL, Mount Royal College, 115 CADREUX STREET, Montreal. In the meantime address T. RUSSELL, 19 J28, 30, 32 & 34 St. Laurent, P.Q.

1881. CANADA'S GRAND EXHIBITION! TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL, FROM 14th to 23rd of SEPTEMBER! Under the Patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. \$25,000 IN PRIZES

This Exhibition promises to surpass any that has heretofore been held in the Dominion. IT IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS: AGRICULTURAL! INDUSTRIAL! HORTICULTURAL! OPEN TO THE WORLD! With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged. Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, and for the Exhibiting of Processes of Manufacture. Many New and Interesting Features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition. Arrangements are being made for a GRAND EXPOSITION OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES, to be sent direct from Paris to Montreal, for this Exhibition. It is expected that contributions will also be sent from other Foreign Countries. The magnificent and world-renowned SS. "Parisian" will be in the Port during the time of the Exhibition.

GRAND DAIRY EXHIBIT. Among the numerous Attractions SPECIAL PRIZES On a magnificent scale are offered by the Exhibition Committee and the Produce Merchants of Montreal, for Exhibits of BUTTER and CHEESE!

PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY! The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition. This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition.

Grand Display of Horses and Cattle! Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p. m., each day commencing Friday 10th September.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS! Arrangements have been effected to supplement the Exhibition proper by Special Attractions of an extraordinary character, embracing: TORPEDO DISPLAYS IN THE HARBOR! Demonstrating by a series of thrilling experiments on the River, the destructive effects of Torpedo Warfare, in this instance, against Vessels of a large size provided for the purpose.

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS. TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS! In the Evenings, especially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada. Also, ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION! HORSE-JUMPING! Grand Athletic Tournaments!!!

—AND— FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c. A PROGRAMME OF ALL THE ATTRACTIONS WILL BE ISSUED AT A LATER DATE.

Increased Facilities will be provided for Reaching the Grounds, Arrangements have been made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies to run Cheap Excursions and to issue Return Tickets at REDUCED RATES!

Intending Exhibitors should send in their entries without delay. For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned. S. C. STEVENSON, Sec. Industrial Dept., 181 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, 6th July, 1881. GEO. LECLERC, Sec. Agr'l Dept., 68 ST. GABRIEL STREET.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. FARM FOR SALE. That splendid farm, formerly the estate of Mrs. J. J. Violet, and now the property of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, situated at St. Martin, on the road "du Bord de l'eau," half way between the "Font Vieux" and the "Moulin du Crochet," is offered for sale. It has a front of 6 acres by a depth of 40, 30 acres of it is good wood land. It has an orchard of 500 trees, some of them already bearing fruit. For the terms of sale apply to the business office of the Episcopal Corporation at the Palace, Montreal July 18th, 1881.

Safes, Vault Doors, &c. FIRE-PROOF SAFES. GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. —AND— VAULTS. Awarded First Prize at Toronto Exhibition. WAREROOMS AT MONTREAL, No 31 BONAVENTURE STREET, ALFRED BENN, Manager.

TEACHERS WANTED. Wanted by the R. C. Trustees, Hemmingford, two Female Teachers holding Elementary Diplomas for English and French, one for 11 months, commencing 1st August, and one for 9 months, commencing 1st September next. Salary \$12 per month. Address: P. OLANCI, Sec. Treas., 50 St. Remington, 20th July, 1881.

SITUATION VACANT. MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. Will hold their usual Annual Exhibition in the VICTORIA SKATING RINK, On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th September next. (During the second week of the Provincial Exhibition.) Competition is open to the entire Province, and a Prize List is offered amounting to \$1,000. Entries close Tuesday, 13th September. Prize Lists and all further information furnished on application to HENRY S. EVANS, Sec. Treas., 49 1/2

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