

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 23.—The great event of the day is the letter of the Count de Chambord (Henry V.) Even the Republican journals speak of this noble manifesto with respect, and the other papers of all sides are loud in their praise of it.

"France would be saved," the Count says, "and we should see her come forth from her ruins greater and grander than ever, if only the true condition of her safety were rightly understood. The country is weary of agitation. A secret instinct tells it that hereditary monarchy would give back to it the repose after which it sighs, and it is this that the Revolution desires to hinder at any price."

The Prince looks upon it as certain that the definitive proclamation of the Republic in France would be the starting point of social anarchy; and if the country has the weakness to allow itself to be led away by the currents that are agitating it, nothing is less uncertain than the future, and that future will be France rushing on to the abyss. There is no real distinction between the party of violence which promises peace to men by declaring war to God, and that other party more prudent, indeed, and better disciplined, but having the same end in view.

An honest and moderate Republic in France is an impossibility, and to imagine it to be possible after the days in June, '48, and the second "Terror" of the Commune, is to forget too soon the warnings of Providence, and to treat the lessons of experience with too much contempt.

France, at the present moment is awakening, and is strengthening herself by a great Act of Faith. The Count concludes by maintaining that France, in her heart, is both Catholic and Monarchical, and that the Monarchy alone can save France.

His last words are: "The day of triumph is yet one of God's secrets, but have confidence in the mission of France! Europe needs her, the Papacy needs her, and this is why the old Christian nation cannot perish!"

The *Figaro* says that it has not judged the letter, but that it would wish to call attention to its calm tone of grandeur; and that it would desire it to be compared to the oratorical excesses of those whom the head of the house of Bourbon denounces as the real enemies of society in France.

The gifts brought to Lourdes amount to a fabulous sum. Gold and jewels were flung in careless profusion at the foot of the statue of the Immaculate Conception in the grotto of the Visions, and in all the immense assembly no base act of disorder or dishonesty took place.

It may be said with truth that no such demonstration has been witnessed in our age or in the two hundred years preceding it. As Meagher said of Ireland, "We must go back to the holy wells to save our country," and this is what France is doing to-day. Lourdes and Salette have been the scenes of a revival of faith and prayer almost unexampled in history, and there is a general feeling that a new and glorious era will date from the Feast of the Rosary 1872, and that the church of Gaul in after days will celebrate it as the double anniversary of the defeat of Islam, and the dawn of the salvation of France.

A very significant conversation took place at one of the recent dinners at the President's table which I am able to give you on the authority of one of the guests, a person in a high official position. M. von Arnim the Prussian Ambassador, was present, and on being asked what he thought of the present state of France, replied, "You have done all you could to ruin your country, and you ask me what Government I think best in France. The Orleans are impossible, no Power in Europe can wish for a dynasty which would be an example of revolt to the younger branch of every Royal House. Henri V. is the last man we should wish to see on the throne of France. Perhaps it may be the most fortunate thing after all for us if this patched-up Republic lasts a few years, and renders it possible for the Prince Imperial to ascend the throne. As for Gambetta, I tell you frankly, that if he or his like come into power, we shall occupy France Comte, and the Voges next day."

This conversation, whose tenor I can guarantee as exact, has been much talked of, and as it is believed that Prussia is actively preparing a second invasion of France in concert with Italy, I need scarcely say there is a very uneasy feeling abroad. The situation has never been so hazardous as now, and there is nothing impossible in French politics, save a peaceful settlement.—*Cor. of Catholic Opinion.*

RHIMS DELIVERED.—PARIS, November 7.—There is a great enthusiasm in Rhims over the evacuation of that city by the German troops. The buildings were decorated yesterday with French colors and flowers, and at night there was a general illumination. The theatre was opened last evening for the first time since the occupation of the city, and the Marseillaise was performed by the orchestra in response to the calls from the audience.

THE BISHOP OF ORLÉANS AND M. THIERS.—The *Esperance du Peuple* states that Monsignor Dupanloup has addressed to M. Thiers a letter, in which he says—"You have the ambition to found the Republic in France. Well, I appeal to your enlightenment and experience of the laws of history if ever a Government, under which religion and the army are insulted every day, will succeed in establishing itself in this country. A government which has not the sympathy of the army and of the ministers of religion will never have but an ephemeral duration."

BISHOP DUPANLOUP AND SECULAR EDUCATION.—M. Dupanloup, the fearless prelate has given orders that the instructions of Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction, on secular education, are to be totally disregarded

in his diocese. He will have no educational changes in his diocese unless founded on a religious basis. "Preserve," he says, "the basis the form, and the methods, which have been given to the Church and France by Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon." The priests, we need not add, will only be too happy to obey.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

The following is the text of the speech delivered by the Prince de Joinville at Langres, at the inauguration of a monument in memory of the Mobile Guards who fell in the late war:—"Gentlemen!—In olden times, after wars, statues were erected to the memory of great generals; at the present time we are accustomed, in our feelings of gratitude and respect, to mingle together without distinction the names of all who sacrifice their lives for their country. This is just. Is it not to the whole army, to its military virtues, that our glorious epochs are due? and is it not the self-sacrificing spirit which animates the army that only recently did honor to our reverses at Wissembourg, Froeschwiller, Metz, and Paris, and on all the battlefields where soldiers and marines died like heroes? Is it not, in fact, the army which, removed from all contact and intermixture of political parties, has saved the country from anarchy, times out of mind? We can never too greatly honor that army, nor that which is its foundation and its strength, our young soldier. With what dash and with what admirable courage and disinterestedness does he not respond to the first call to arms, leaving his home and his friends, and all that are dear to him, to confront danger. What an example of self-abnegation, of discipline under the flag, what acts of heroism, and of heroism so touching and affecting, does he not perform ere he is struck mortally, and murmuring to his comrade, 'It is all over with me,' makes his way to a ditch to die, without being able to send to those he leaves behind any souvenir, but that contained in the ominous word, 'disappeared!' This is patriotism pushed to its furthest limits, a great example to show, an example before which all instances of devotedness of a secondary nature, however brilliant they may seem, disappeared. I wish that every department, every town and city, every village could, like us, erect a monument to its children—children who have sacrificed their lives for France with a courage so simple and unpresuming. More than this, I wish that when the column in the Place Vendôme is re-erected, that great souvenir of our glories thrown to the ground by the Commune amidst the applause of our enemies, we should simply place on its summit the statue of a soldier as the noblest symbol of patriotism and devotedness. In these times, especially when all the youths of the country are called upon to serve their apprenticeships in the ranks of the army, we should show them that the life of the soldier is the school of duty, of devotedness, honoured and glorified. May we hope that from this school every scholar will bear the spirit and sentiments of order, of discipline, and of perseverance which are highly necessary to enable us to maintain our rank beside the strong military powers which surround us; may we hope that contact with all the different classes of which the army is composed will inspire sentiments of good fellowship, mutual esteem, and that solidarity which alone can arrest our descent on the fatal incline that in less than a century brought upon us so much agitation, sanguinary discord, and, more than all, three invasions! May this prayer for concord, uttered here before the tomb of the victims of the last of these invasions, be heard; and may we be able to put an end to our incessant revolutions, to our disastrous dissensions, in order to unite in one object, one aspiration—the greatness of France!"

SPAIN.

The restoration of Our Lady's beautiful church in Saragossa, called "del Pilar," having been completed the solemn ceremony of its consecration took place on the 14th, amidst the rejoicing of many thousands who flocked to the town to be present on the joyful occasion. Eighteen distinguished prelates of the Spanish Church were there, and made use of the occasion to send a magnificent protest to Government against the persecution of the Church and the clergy.

The Republicans have escaped from Ferrol; a large body of them are in the mountains, making their way to Portugal. Great signs of uneasiness exists in Barcelona, Malaga, Cadix, and Seville.

ITALY.

Nothing more terrible than the political position of Italy can be imagined. She is forced by the more instinct of self-preservation to incur a debt more onerous than any nation has ever incurred towards the great infidel and military power of Prussia. On the other hand, by so doing, she knows that when France is once more herself, the reprisal will be proportioned to the ingratitude she has shown towards the nation to whose mistaken generosity she owes her existence. Revolutionary Italy has harshly earned the hatred and contempt of all Christian nations, but it is difficult to imagine crimes more terribly avenged than hers will be in the coming hour of retribution.

ALLOCATION OF THE POPE.—The pope has received numerous deputations from the inhabitants of the Transverina districts, who declared that they did not take part in the manifestations of the 20th September and 2nd October. Cardinal Cullen was present during the audience. The Pope, in reply to the deputations, commented on the Holy Scriptures, and strongly criticised the dishonest and extravagant ways in which functionaries spent the money of the nation, adding that they would have a terrible account to render to God. The Pope adverted to the saints who had belonged to the house of Savoy, and gave a short history of the reign of Edward the Sixth of England.

The German bishops who took part in the recent Congress at Fulda have sent to Rome a document, bearing twenty-five signatures, protesting against the suspension of bishops, the suppression of religious orders, the infraction of Catholic rights as regards education, and lastly, against the impending molestation of the Church by Germany.

The *Journal de Rome* announces that seventeen Religious Committees of the Church in the East have protested against the coming suppression of Religious Orders, and that the Government have received a note from the Turkish Legation calling upon them to respect their interests.

SWITZERLAND.

CHURCH AND STATE.—There has been lately a very warm debate in the Great Council, concerning the separation of the Church and State, during the

course of which most interesting avowals were made by the infidel and the Calvinistic parties. The question really turned on the point whether the disestablishment of the Calvinistic and of the Catholic Church would be to the gain or to the injury of the latter. If damage could be thereby inflicted on Catholicity they were willing to disestablish both; but several leading men declared their conviction that disestablishment would strengthen the Catholic Church and would be the destruction of Protestantism. It was argued that if the Church were free the State could not interfere, as it does at present, with its internal administration; and that they could then have no pretext for objecting to any appointments the Holy Father might choose to make. One of the members was cynical enough to say that by the separation of Church and State he never meant to allow the Catholic Church to be free, and he therefore proposed that all the unjust laws now in force against their liberty should still be maintained while she should be deprived of that support from the State which treats established. However, the instinct of the Assembly was true; and the perception that Protestantism would be ruined and the Catholic Church strengthened carried the day, and the proposition was rejected.—*Catholic Opinion.*

RUSSIA.

THE "OLD CATHOLICS"—Our Church papers are fulminating against the *ex-pere* Hysacine, not because he married a wife, but because that wife was a widow. The real reason of the orthodox indignation is that it was hoped he would join the Eastern Communion. This hope is still cherished for not long since, but that idea is now given up, since it has become known that Mgr. Strossmayer has made his complete submission. An "orthodox" journal makes an admission worth noting. "So then," it says, "there is not in all the Roman Church a single Bishop able to protest against the Pope." This unanimity is well calculated to impress even the most obstinate. Let us, then, be compassionate rather than severe towards those who are short-sighted: let us rely rather on prayer than on controversy. Argument is a divider; it nowhere occupies the first place without ruining everything, as all these "Old Catholic" Congresses have proved. Let us for our part rest assured that to obey, to believe, and to love, are the highest acts of liberty, and that the first of all is to serve God and to do good to men.—*St. Petersburg's Corr. of Tablet.*

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE.

Continued from 2nd Page.

old Ireland at the time of the "Union";—he was the instrument (though an Irishman and a very talented man)—he was the accused instrument that England made use of to destroy his country and rob the people. Afterwards he cut his throat. Well, this poor fellow listened; and when the Orangemen proposed the toast, and they all stood up and drank the memory of Castlereagh,—"Now, stop so," said he, "Will you allow me to propose my toast? Here it is.—Here's to the strap that put a keen edge on the razor that cut Castlereagh's throat!" (laughter.)

Now, you have the whole history of Ireland in that little fact; the whole history of our race is there. The one secret of union is one common faith and one common religion. The one word that warms the heart of the most negligent Catholic,—be he an Irishman or an American,—is the word Catholic. If he meets a Catholic, his heart warms to meet him. If there be a row, and he sees a Catholic attacked, he goes over and takes a little corner of the row to himself to defend the Catholic. I met a man once—a poor unfortunate fellow, all covered with sticking plaster about his head. "What happened to you?" said I. "Well," said he, "Father Tom, there was some fellows, I met over there, and one of them said something about the Blessed Virgin, and I knocked him down." "Why didn't you let him go and say some kind of a prayer for him?" "Well, your reverence," said he, "I never heard anybody say a word against her without knocking him down. I couldn't help it.—I couldn't even if there was five or six of them." And they fell on him and beat him into a jelly. Take away that one principle of union; let any man preach to you that "in order to be good Irishmen you must cease to be Catholics;" if you listen to him, that moment—that moment he has succeeded in destroying the last hope—the last possibility of ever uniting Irishmen upon any one question. As a lover of Ireland,—if I wasn't a priest at all,—if I was a Protestant minister (Lord between us and harm!) instead of being what I am I would tell you something. I would say to you:—"I am not a Catholic; I am not even an Irishman; but I have read your history and the history of your race; and I tell you, in the day you lose faith in the Catholic Church,—in that day all hope of ever uniting you upon any other question is at an end." But will that hope ever be realized? Oh! most certainly I believe as certain as that the glorious union of all Irishmen is the greatest and strongest union; I have faith in my God; and I am no dreamer nor theoriser; and when I have said that I have made my act of faith, I believe that out of the persecutions that are coming upon the Catholic Church, in these days, will rise the magnificent Irish union of to-day, which will defend and protect the Catholic Church, which is attacked by the greatest man on the face of the earth, who has declared himself her chief enemy. Now, Bismarck has declared against the Jesuits and Christian Brothers, especially the Jesuits. He has bent a powerful nation; he has crushed old historic, heroic France, a nation that had once the upper hand of him. William of Prussia has, at his right hand, the greatest enemy of the Church, which is Russia; and on his left he has the second greatest enemy of the Church, who would be the greatest enemy if she only had the power,—and that is England. The other day some of the members of Parliament, and some of the Protestant Bishops sent a deputation to Bismarck to tell him how proud they were of him; what a good man he was; how spirited he was, because he declared war against the Catholic Church (laughter). Now, my friends, our German Catholic friends are our brethren; all men are our brethren to be sure; and it is accordingly true that you must love all men and hate no man. But our German Catholic brethren are opposed by this Catholic persecution; and God has given to the Irish the singularity to be the first Catholic people on the face of God's earth at this very hour (cheers). If ever there was a time when this mighty and sanctified race would find it necessary to unite on one great central point of union, that time is approaching in the end persecution that is coming upon the Catholic Church. God, who orders all things,—God alone knows how much of glory how much of independence, how much of power and of freedom may yet accrue to old Ireland, out of the battle which her children have always fought, and will fight for their faith unto the end of time (cheers). God only knows; it may be the beginning of the end. Nations that oppress the Church always go down, and have gone down, for ages; and, in two or three years, every man that is against her will have gone to his death. Why? Because, amongst the promises which God has made to His Church He said she must triumph until the end; and, when the Church triumphs, her friends will triumph; and whenever the Church gains in glory and in power, in that day He will give glory and power to this old and sanctified race that has never known how to deny Him, or to change its faith from His Church (loud cheers).

Now, the second great evil of our race is the evil of intemperance. I do not mean to say that we Irish are a peculiarly drunken people. No! there are far greater drunkards than we are, my friends.—A Scotchman, they say, will drink a quart of whiskey when an Irishman will be able only to drink a

"naggin" (laughter). It is not the question as to whether we are the greatest drunkards on the face of the earth; for wherever the vice of intemperance is found amongst our people, there it is ruining the hopes of Ireland. In the past we know its history. We know the old story that we all heard when we were young, about the "rising" in Ireland,—the spasmodic effort of the poor, down-trodden race to vindicate themselves, and strike a blow for the land that bore them. But the curse of drink was upon them. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing, at my own home, the whole story from an old grandfather who was himself a strong man in "Ninety-Eight," and saw the whole thing pass before his eyes; and he said the words,—that the united effort would have been successful, but "the boys" got drunk; it was the drink that filled the river Slaney with Irish dead bodies, on the day when they made their last stand on Vinegar Hill. It was not the soldiers of England that conquered those giant sons of Wicklow and Wexford; those noble and heroic men would not have so easily yielded that time, had it not been that the curse of drink was upon them. What do we find in all this? Time will not permit me to speak at length on this subject; nor am I willing to do so; but so important a theme is it that I intend to give more than one express lecture on it. But what do we find? We have come here, our Irish people have come to America, and have got the start of other nations. We were mustering in thousands and in hundreds of thousands, when other great nations,—great in this land to-day,—were only sending out their pioneers. Our nation and our Irish race came to this land in millions, and brought with them their Irish virtues and the intellect that Almighty God gave them.—The bulk of our people brought with their Irish energies,—brought with them their industry; brought with them their Irish honesty and faith.—But the unfortunate vice of intemperance came and spoiled all. Irish virtues go on. I needn't tell you our very enemies acknowledge it, that there is no people so bright as the Irish. Even the English themselves acknowledge it. An English traveller says, the moment you meet a native you see in his face the brightness and intelligence of the people; and it is apparent even in the little child that you meet on the roadside. God has given to the Irish people the gift of intelligence; and their flash of humor—their keen, witty response, and ready comprehension of the most recondite jokes are everywhere remarked. It comes natural to an Irishman. In an encounter of wit he is able to turn a corner on you; and of every joke you make he sees and meets the point (laughter). Irish intellect and talent!—Why the brightest names—the very brightest and highest names on the roll of English philosophy and science and art are the names of Irishmen.—Some two or three, of course, we don't claim. We are proud of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, and such Irishmen as O'Brien, Sheridan, and O'Connell; we are proud of Daniel Macleish, the greatest painter of his age. But we don't lay much claim on the Duke of Wellington, as great a man as he was,—the only man that ever was able to match Napoleon,—for, when he was in Ireland, he was ashamed to be considered an Irishman; and we can find better men in our ranks any day in the year (cheers). Irish energy! Look at the cities of America: look at Chicago, which I saw last week rising like a phoenix, from her ashes,—nearly altogether the work of Irishmen. Look at the great railways of America, spanning the mighty continent, that are the production of the muscles,—of the strong arms, and of the energy and industry of the Irishman (cheers). We brought with us to this land the ineffable blessing of Catholic faith, which, if we only give it fair play, must make us all honest men; for I would not give a dime for all the other virtues without that strict honesty which lies in the sacraments of the Catholic Church. How is it, then, with so much talent, so much intellect, so much energy; and, with the grand faith that we brought with us from the old land to the land of the stranger,—how is it that others come into it afterwards, and take possession of the soil, whilst we remained to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water"? Is the curse of poverty always to rest upon the Irishman? No: God never intended it; nature never intended it; society never intended it; and glorious America never intended it (cheers). If the Irishman is temperate, the way to success is open to him. You land upon the shores of this great and magnificent country, more than imperial in her power, more than imperial in her deliverance from the tyrant, more than imperial in the power of God's creation and in her vast resources. America opens her great bosom to you. America, with more than imperial hand, welcomes you from far offlands. America sends greeting over the wide ocean, and says: "All that I demand is intellect, energy, honesty and industry; and one and all, honor, glory and power are open to you" (cheers). In other lands, a man may be born to a title or wealth or position, yet he may be a "booby." I have seen English lords and English squires, "boobies," "well-born," as they call it, in their native land. I have seen an Irish beggarman asking alms of them; and I would rather, a thousand times rather, be that beggar, with the clear Irish eye in his head, and his keen Irish intellect, than be a "booby" lord or "booby" squire. Yes, my friends, a lord may be born to a position of wealth and title and yet be born an ape (laughter). But in America, in this grand country, there is no aristocracy; there is no nobility, save the nobility and aristocracy of intellect and energy and honor; and where that broad way to power, to influence, and to glory is open,—where the only conditions are intellect, energy, industry and honor.—I will put my Irish race in the ring, and if you will only consent to be temperate, and to be true Catholics, I will stake my existence upon you that you will distance every other people in that contest. Therefore, I look upon this as the second great blot and great evil of my land and of my people. Oh, my friends, think of it, there are eight millions of Irishmen in America now,—perhaps, the number is not far from ten millions: for we, Irish, have a trick of multiplying ourselves (laughter). There are four millions of Irish in Ireland; and at their rate they will soon be up to the original number again. There are certain crimes, and sins and excesses of which the worst Irishman on the face of the earth knows nothing, I thank my God;—and, so long as we preserve our Catholic purity so long will the energies of our race remain in us. Perhaps, to-day if the men of the Irish race and the Irish blood in America were counted up faithfully,—we would find something between eighteen and twenty millions (cheers). Now, if they were sober, temperate men, if they only gave fair play to the brains that the Almighty gave them, and fair play to the energies that Almighty God gave to the Irish heart and the Irish arm,—there is no second question about it,—they would sweep the whole country (loud cheers). But there is this; the Irishman who drinks is poor, and contented to be poor; degraded, and loving his degradation; for, on God's earth there is no human being so degraded as the poor, unfortunate drunkard. I don't say the Irishman alone, for it drags down every other man as well; but, somehow, there is no race that seems to sink so low under the curse of drink. The Englishman takes to drink, and cuts his throat—it sets him mad. Instead of doing that (which God forbid!) the Irish are not given to that sort of thing. "I would rather," as one of them said, "I would rather commit suicide on anybody else than on myself" (laughter). The Irishman, because he has faith; after all, does not do that; but he drags out a miserable existence in degraded and wretched poverty; the heart breaks within him; for it is easier to discourage an Irishman than any other, through drunkenness. If these eighteen or twenty millions were sober men, I say all the influence and all the power of America would be so swayed and directed by the action of

her citizens of Irish birth, that the greatest and most powerful nation on the face of the earth would be afraid to lay a finger on old Ireland (cheers). For, in twenty years' time, these United States of America will have grown into such gigantic proportions that every other nation will be dwarfed in comparison. In that day, if the Irish in America are true to the Catholic faith; if they are united on that great question of faith, and dismiss out of their minds the idle dreams of armed intervention,—exposing their precious lives in fruitless attempts for the liberation of the land of their birth,—telling us "we are not nationalists, unless we cease to be Catholics;" if they are united in the golden bond of that faith, and in the practice of that faith; and if they are sober and temperate men, in twenty years' time this race of the Irish will be equal in glory and sanctity to the stock from which it has been transplanted; just as the seedling in the heart of the rose is borne upon the breeze; and while the original remains from the new seed will come forth another rose, as fair again. So this Celtic race, transported by the storm of persecution from the "Green Island,"—like the acorn springing up again into the vigorous oak upon the American soil, will be the most powerful race on the face of God's earth. The blessing of earth will be upon it, and the blessing of that God whose faith is has ever cherished, will come down upon it from heaven. The reverend lecturer concluded amid loud and reiterated applause.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY,
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PRESIDENT:—Edm. Gravel, Esq.; Vice-President, P. Donnelly, Esq.
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FOUNDED, 14th AUGUST, 1872.

First issue, subscribed Appropriation Stock, \$1,000,000.
Second issue, \$2,000,000, open for subscription until 1st November, 1872.

As the Subscription Books for the first issue, are now closed, persons wishing Books of \$1,000, payable fifty cents a week during about thirteen years, can do so only by purchasing and having transfers made of Books from actual members. Owing to the success of the first issue, and the many applications for new shares, the Directors have resolved to issue 20,000 new shares of appropriation stock in Books of \$2,000 each, payable at the rate of one dollar a week, during about 13 years, with an entrance fee of one dollar a Book. Subscription Books for such second issue are now open, the entrance fee and Book are payable on subscription, the first weekly payment to be made about the first of November.

Permanent Stock, shares \$100, payable ten per cent, every three months; dividends half-yearly.

MONEY TO LEND,

On Mortgage, repayable yearly, or half-yearly, or by monthly instalments, during any period of time that may suit borrowers, from one to twelve years, or more if necessary. Also on Collateral Securities, repayable on call, at short dates, or by monthly, half-yearly, or yearly payments, to suit borrowers.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Until further notice, interest at the rate of six per cent shall be granted on all loans, under \$500, made to the Society on call or short notice, as in a Savings Bank.

Five per cent shall be given on loans of over \$500, but arrangements can be made to obtain six per cent on such amounts over \$500, if lent to the Society for fixed dates.

The 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Appropriations on the first issue have been declared for Saturday, the 19th Oct., 1872.

Persons wishing to subscribe in the Permanent Stock, or in the second issue of Appropriation Stock are requested to do so at once.

F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IS HEREBY given that the Corporation of the Town of Terrebonne, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next Session for the passing of an Act: to change and extend the limits of the town, to extend the powers already granted and to acquire others for the confection and repairs of its roads and streets, to empower the Council for the payment of a certain contribution, for the use of the water furnished by the Town Water Work, and for other ends relating to the internal management of the Council and Town. By Command,
O. FORGET,
Secretary-Treasurer.

CITY HALL,
Terrebonne, 14th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,

AND AMENDMENTS THEREON.
IN the matter of GEORGE DE LORIMIER, of the village of Caughnawaga, Trader.

An Insolvent.
I, the undersigned, Andrew B. Stewart, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, in the said City of Montreal, on Thursday, the Fourteenth day of November next, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon, for the public examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.
A. B. STEWART,
Assignee.

MONTREAL, 12th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of PIERRE POITRAS, Jr., Tin Roofer and Trader, of Montreal.

An Insolvent.
A first and final dividend sheet, on Real Estate, has been prepared, subject to objection, until Monday, the 18th day of November next, after which date dividend will be paid.

L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 30th October, 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN the matter of GREGOIRE CLEMENT,

An Insolvent.
I, the undersigned, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file in their claims to me, within one month, at my office, No. 5 St. Sacrament street, Montreal; and to meet at my office on the 27th day of November next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.
G. H. DUMESNIL,
Official Assignee.

MONTREAL, 22nd October, 1872.