

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, so tranquil when last I wrote you, has neared the critical point on the thermometer where agitation culminates in revolution. The Marseillaise has been sung in the streets, swords have been unsheathed, stones have been showered on the police, and the city-cavalry have charged upon the people. Three times in one day Pétrelle, the Fouché of the second Empire, was closeted at the Tuileries. Blood had been shed, and here the populace, like the lion, licks its lips and raises threatening front at the sight. Was the scene of the 2nd December, 1851, to be repeated? And the work of nigh twenty years to be destroyed in the panic of an hour? No, emphatically no! But the citizens were arming, looks were waxing sullen, and faces growing dark; 'it was just such another public atmosphere in the February of 1848.' There was yet time to avert any serious conflict, and calm the angry spirits. But it is opportunity often which makes the revolutionist, as the thief. Then, take away the opportunity. Accordingly a mandate was issued by the prefect of police, forbidding any groupings on the street, under pain of recourse to the law which permits gunpowder to be employed to disperse them after three warnings, and a significant line at the bottom was added, that 'the colonel of the Garde de Paris was required to hold himself ready to act.' As further measure of precaution the police were transferred from one quarter to another all over the city.

This mandate was justified on ground of the disturbances which had taken place on three several occasions of meetings of electors, at the Châtelet, at the Cirque Napoleon, and at the gymnasium of the Strbonne. The first was called by Emile Ollivier to meet his supporters and also those who accuse him of having deserted his party. The former favourite of the commons is now their bitterest enemy, the one they wish above all others to cover with reprobation. In 1857 five men went into the Legislative Body as the phalanx of republican opposition, namely—Darimon, Ollivier, Favre, Glais-Bizini, and Picard. Six years afterwards their ranks were recruited by several others, as Garnier-Pages, Havin, Guerault, and Pelletan; but the original cinq (as they were called) were held in special honour. Now, after the lapse of six other years of the cinq, but three remain. Darimon has slunk aside, and Ollivier has become a visitor at the Tuileries—was, in his time, a guest of the Duke de Morny, and is supposed to have actually been the author of the Emperor's letter of the 19th of January, 1868, making liberal promises which have not yet been redeemed. He is acknowledged chief of the tiers parti, that is the dynastic opposition, which acknowledges the Empire, therefore supports it, and whose cry is reform, not revolution. This form of republicanism is too marked a change, and the people heartily wish to break in pieces its former idol. Bancel, an advanced democrat and masterly orator, has been set up against Ollivier, and has rallied round him a formidable clan. His candidature is highly offensive to the authorities, who lead his opponent a tacit encouragement. The meeting at the Châtelet brought together a crowd too great to be accommodated, crowds do not always scatter at the first call of the police, hence the Marseillaise, an affair, some cut faces, and ten arrests. At the Cirque the following night the arrests were sixty. Pulses beat quicker, and there were these there who knew how to make them beat with their sympathies. I noticed one little man in particular, five feet of terrible energy. He ran up a railway in front of an immense crowd, and, standing aloft, cried, 'Who'll break my head now if I rot, vive Ollivier!' A general roar of big-hearted satisfaction greeted him, and the multitude shouted 'Vive Bancel!' The little man laughed. It was what he desired. By-the-by, the Marseillaise was intoned by a thousand voices. The little man, always from his coign of vantage, said with a loud voice of command 'chapeaux bas' and the people, uncovered through respect, chanted the people's hymn of battle. When the agents of authority interfered again, I saw the little man; three policemen were pursuing him on the pavement. A sweeper's cart was drawn up in the gutter, he sprang over it with the agility of a cat, seized a broom that lay alongside, and pushed its long handle under the wheels, and sprang across the footpath; the three policemen fell over the obstruction, and while they were sprawling the little man escaped.

'Bravo!' exclaimed the spectators, 'who is he?' I demanded of a workman. 'Don't you know him? He's one of ours; that's Picate of Potass!' On rushing to the other side of the Boulevard, and the city-cavalry were charging, I saw my hero suddenly observed, a curl of scorn on his lips 'To think, I muttered, 'that four and twenty lathes, double-souled with ten-penny nails, and flung on the ground, would put all that cavalry to rout.' I approached. 'Why are you opposed to Ollivier, citizen?' I ventured. 'Because,' he answered, 'he is trying to put his spectacles in the mouche des souverains.' The mouche des souverains is the chamber in the Louvre devoted to the relics of defunct royalty. The last time I saw Picate of Potass, it was in the Latin Quarter. He was in earnest and apparently angry dialogue with a policeman. 'What's the matter, citizen?' I inquired. 'Oh! nothing. I am trying to persuade this gentleman that I singly am not, legally speaking, a riotous mob!' I have loitered over these scenes at Ollivier's meetings because his election is the test point of opinion in Paris on the Empire. All the others are insignificant compared. The dynasty is on its trial, and if the deserter from his principles be hurled out of position it will have the effect of a revolution without effusion of blood. The sentence of Caesarianism is written—Cor. of Dublin Irishman.

PARIS MAY 14.—What particular strikes one who observes the battle now going on throughout the length and breadth of France is the dissensions of political factions among themselves. This dissension pervades all parties, but it is especially observable in that party which calls itself par excellence Democratic. M. Garnier Pages, Jules Favre, and others who have passed for extreme Liberals, are spoken of by their fellow Democrats as ci-devants, as all but the arch were in the time of the Revolution; and others still more advanced, who were proud at being thought imitators of Robespierre or St. Just, and who felt elated by the comparison, are treated as Moderates and valets of the 'Aristes.' For those who call themselves Conservative no language is strong enough to express the hate of their opponents; but there is this difference, that these are attacked by their natural enemies, whereas the Democrats of moderate views, gentle manners, and soft voices—those of the Jules Simon class, for instance—are trampled upon

by their own party. Of the Government having a considerable majority there is little doubt; of the minority it is not so easy to speak, either as to its number or its organization. To judge from the Press would be unsafe, for there is hardly a journal that does not announce as certain the success of the candidate whom it patronizes, and, of course, the crushing defeat of his opponents.

Another feature of this electoral campaign to which I have more than once adverted is the readiness to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor and the Constitution on the part of persons who do not conceal their desire to overthrow both on the first opportunity; and others, more prudent, who, perhaps, would not mount the barricades, but would wish them success at a distance. The Journal des Debats, assuredly not Bonapartist, is struck with the same disregard of such obligations and the cynical avowal of it. It instances the intense enmity which M. Emile Ollivier has drawn upon his head, for no other reason than that he regards the oath he has twice taken as a serious obligation, and that, though advocating liberal reforms, he is resolved to keep it. The alternative imposed on a man of being either a perjurer or a conspirator is perhaps, one of the consequences of the system of official candidates. In several previous letters I noticed the contradiction in which the Government involved itself by it. The distinction is drawn between official candidates and candidates of the Opposition shows that it has profound mistrust of all whom it had not itself specially designated and that it set little value on the obligation it imposed upon them. Had it from the outset considered it equally binding on all, set the example of regarding it as serious, taken candidates at their word, and shown confidence in all it would have given more authority to it, and the distinction between official and independent or hostile candidates would have disappeared instead of being, as now, more marked than ever. It is curious that some of those who so readily take an oath which they so notoriously undervalue are precisely those who allege as the principal ground of their hostility to the Emperor his overthrow of the Republican Constitution as if it justified them. The conduct of the men who for some time after the coup d'état persisted in refusing to give even an indirect sanction to that act or to its consequences is perfectly intelligible; but once their scruples got rid of and having fulfilled the conditions for taking part in public affairs as legislators, it is hard to reconcile their laxity with the strict morality they are the first to preach.—Times Cor.

From 1863 to 1869 there has been confessedly a decline of prestige: not of real power, for France has made great advances in enterprises and prosperity; she has an immense and newly-organized army, many hundred thousand Chassepots, material in abundance, a fleet second only to that of England—in fact, the means of attacking any Continental neighbour with the very largest chances of success. What, then, has young Paris to complain of? Simply that in the opinion of the world France is not so obviously and incomparably the first country in Europe as she was six years ago. The spectre of the unfortunate Maximilian has never been laid, and it is extraordinary how it haunts the minds of French patriots—the more because there is no hope of ever taking vengeance for the act. Then, Denmark was, in the opinion of many people, unworthily abandoned, and the way opened for the crowning disgrace which France has received by the overthrow of the German Confederation and the aggrandizement of Prussia.—Times Cor.

Mexico and the Silesia campaign have given an impetus to the new demand for responsible government. 'See,' say the orators, 'what your personal government comes to! What could the most feeble Assembly have done worse than get a French army ordered off the American Continent, and permit Germany to be consolidated at your doors into a first-class military power?' It is on personal government that the battle of the elections will be fought. It is a personal government that all sections of the Opposition have united, that the Legitimists and the Republicans have taken counsel together. They could not have a better cause, nor a more popular cry. A responsible Ministry and a free Legislature are institutions which, in the opinion of the ablest Frenchmen, are becoming daily more necessary to France. It is needless to recapitulate the arguments we have often laid before our readers. There is one, however, which outweighs them all. Personal government is only possible for the founder of the system, and the Emperor is more than sixty years of age with a boy of thirteen as the heir to the Throne. The Emperor is not one to say, 'After me the Deluge.' He is a man of strong family affections, and his hope and pride have been to found a dynasty. But in the eyes of his Liberal subjects he is acting as if the future of the Empire was a matter of no moment in his eyes. Even his supporters reflect that if the Deluge does come, they may be overwhelmed by it, and the more prudent of them hope in their hearts that the agitation of the Opposition may work a change.

This is the great question which is to go before the country, and Paris will answer decisively against the Imperial Government. A pamphlet called 'L'Empereur,' containing an elaborate panegyric of the Imperial rule for the last 17 years, has just appeared, doubtless with a view to the elections. The following sketch of His Majesty is not without some resemblance:— At once thoughtful and positive doctrinaire and sensitive, authoritative and liberal, Napoleon III. thinks as a philosopher and acts as a statesman. His ideas come to him quick and generous; but if the conception is rapid their elaboration occupies the time required by prudence. Reflection is his strength and his protection. He lives to live in the society of his thoughts, and he allows his projects to reach maturity slowly, in the shade. Generally he does not attack obstacles in front; he turns them with an almost careless tranquillity which in no way weakens his position. He sometimes falls back, not from apprehension or recession, but in order the better to see and advance with more certainty. Absorbed in his contemplation he seems to forget and slumber but in reality he is only awaiting the favourable moment. He knows that time is a precious auxiliary which loosens the knots of difficulties dangerous to cut. He is patient because he is strong. Sometimes he seems to pass from one extreme to the other; but it is because he wishes to examine the ground, to learn all the dangerous spots before completing the final expedition. His apparent indecision is but the anxiety of scrupulous good faith. He means not to deceive and not to deceive himself. When every thing is ready he meditates again and is not displeased at having his hand forced by events or by men; but, once his resolution taken, he goes straight to the object, and strikes it. It may be said of him that he is bold at the first, fluctuating under meditation and the weight of responsibility, temporizing for decision, abrupt and inflexible in execution. To him every generous idea is welcome; and if reasons in favour of it are presented to him, he listens to them with interest and he cherishes it carefully in his heart. What he gives to authority is from duty; what he gives to liberty is from sympathy.

It is imagined that the Emperor has undergone bitter deception in seeing his liberal initiative of the 19th of January turned against him. It is imagined that, edified as to the determination which seems to have been come to to misrepresent his best intentions and turn against him as a weapon of hatred the arm of liberty, he is disposed to shrink back from his work. Those who think so are in error. The Emperor has advanced without illusion, as without fear. He well knows that a ship cannot be launched without raising in its track all the mud which stagnates on the banks; but he knows well that this is not the tempest. In his foresight he has said to himself that good is ever consolidated by a struggle with evil. The ingratitude of certain men no more astonishes than it discourages him. Having calculated the measure of attacks, he is not moved by them, and

he pursues his progress with full reliance on the future.

PROBABLE EVENTS.—The attention of politicians is fixed on the changes which may be effected by the result of the elections in France, and they are in a state of uneasy expectation. We are not without anxiety regarding the Emperor's health. He has had an accident while driving from which he has not yet recovered, and uneasiness has been manifest at Court. Political events might cause popular commotions. On the 1st February, 1870, the peasants will have the right of abandoning the lands of which they are only tenants, with no right of possession. A great immigration therefore, becomes probable. Quite recently a report was spread in the province of Toula that permission was given to emigrate, and numbers immediately made ready to set out they knew not where. There is a tendency among all the people in the north of Russia to emigrate to southern countries, in hopes of realizing the ideal they have formed of sunny and brighter lands. The Count de Maistre has well said that the strong desire of a Russian is enough to break down a citadel. There is no race in whom the power of will is so passionately strong as in the Russian. Even in his expenditure, and his manner of enjoyment, the strength of his will is seen. In business one may observe, even among the lower orders, how intelligent and alive to his own interests he is. Again, in carrying out difficult and hazardous enterprises, or on the battle-field, none are more daring. And if thirty-six millions of men of this temperament should be set on with one and the same idea, a flame may be kindled such as the world has never seen.

A French journal gives an amusing illustration of the way in which the present Government manufactures such homage as is displayed for the memory of 'mon oncle' on the night of Napoleon's death [May 4-5] there are always deposited large numbers of floral offerings and 'immortal crowns' around the Napoleonic column in the Place Vendôme; and it is supposed that these souvenirs are hung out in the early morning by the veterans of the First Empire, in honor of their illustrious and beloved leader. It happened, however, that on the night in question, about 2 o'clock, a journalist [Noel Parfait] passed by the Place Vendôme and saw a cart driven up which was filled with these pathetic souvenirs, and a body of men stepped forth and quickly and quietly arranged them in proper order round the column. He heard from the employes such remarks as this, 'Hand me some Souvenirs.' 'Pass some Regrets,' &c. He hastened to the office of his journal, where he humorously described the 'spontaneity' of the homage that an idolizing population renders each year to the memory of the great man.

A MAN OF REASON.—A French journal is responsible for the following:—In a certain provincial town one of the residents, M. A. B., found that his house was rendered both damp and dark by the contiguity of a large tree which was inconveniently near to his windows. He would gladly have it cut down, but the tree belonged to the commune and was not to be meddled with. Being a man of resources, he sent for insertion to one of the Paris papers the following paragraph:—'There is still in existence one of the trees of liberty of the date 1793. It may be seen at X, close to the house of M. A. B., and the passers by reverently uncover their heads to this venerable witness of our greatest struggles and our most illustrious victory.' Three days afterwards an order came from the prefecture in Paris for the Mayor of X, to cause the said tree to be cut down—which was accordingly done forthwith.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SPAIN.

In Spain matters are running riot. In the Cortes, the President has to be called to order by the members to whom he ought to see a good example. The members themselves indulge in the greatest latitude, and there is no philosophy too profound, no dogma too intricate that does not come in for discussion.—The mysteries of the Trinity, the Talmud and the Bible, with a reference to Reason, and the indecent allusions to the Virgin Mary, have all been touched upon only to illustrate the depth of absurdity, and the littleness into which the Revolution has fallen. The 'coming man' now more than ever is demanded.—Some friends of Spain ought to offer a reward for information as to the whereabouts of Don Carlos.—For the last ten days he has been a case of 'mysterious disappearance.' Some months ago his absence was explained by the 'Shooting Season.' His game this time promises to be man.

It is understood that Mr. Burke, private secretary to Mr. C. Fortescue, has been appointed to succeed Sir E. Wetherill in the office of Under-Secretary for Ireland. The appointment is regarded with general satisfaction.

No further outrages have been reported from Ireland, but searches for arms are being made by the police. The excitement caused by the Mayor of Cork has nearly subsided, but Mr. Murray, who was elected to succeed Mr. O'Sullivan as declined the office, and Sir J. Arnott will probably be chosen. Kickham, one of the released Fenians, has published letters urging his countrymen to prepare for the vindication of their liberties.

The New York Democrat says: 'Imperialism here is advocated quietly but seriously by a large party, and there are none giving it so much encouragement as the present administration. The earnest and persistent opposition of the people only will prevent its establishment in the place of the present Government.'

PEOPLE WHO ARE TOO COOL.—A writer, discoursing upon this subject, gives the following illustrations of people whom he thinks were too cool:—I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character, I think, was the conductor who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it, 'because it mused up the track so.' And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into hardware store in New York, and tapping a great buzz saw with his knuckles, remarked, 'I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week.' I think that young man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he would soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the best of them. 'Father' said he, 'has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fishing.' As cool a person under the circumstances, as ever I heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said, 'My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two.' 'Aw, is he,' said the young man, with a Dunderberg drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance. 'Will he grow enough to see in which half of him he has got woot the key of my carpet-bag?' To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced. The same unbecomingness to the awful aspect of death was exhibited by a man in New Jersey in 1859, who was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson, who had died about fifty miles from home with the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door, and the wife of the deceased opened it. 'Does Mr. Wilson live here,' said the man. 'Yes,' said the lady, 'but he is not at home to-day.' 'No, I know he ain't,' said the young man, with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, 'but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in my waggon.' There was a still more reprehensible obtuseness in the remark of a man who was sentenced to be hung, and who inquired of the sheriff the night before the appointed day. 'I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?'

THE COCKROACH.—By JOHN BILLINGS.—The Cockroach is a bug at large.

He is one of the luxuries of civilization. He is easy to domesticate, yielding us gracefully to ordinary kindness, and never deserting those who show him acts of courtesy.

Let the learned and polite pull hair as much as they please about the anesthetic claims of the cockroach, to show the orator and doctee as bug scrutinizer, it is his critic upon us and find him, without jarring on his grandfather or grandmother actually was.

There is no mistaking the fact that he is one of a very numerous family, and that his late attachment to the home of his boyhood speaks louder than thunder for his affectionate and unadulterated nature.

He don't leave the place he wuz born at upon the slightest provocation like a giddy and vegeant flea, or the ferocious bed bug, and until death (or some vile powder, the invention of man) knocks at his door, he and his brothers with sisters may be seen with the naked eye, ever and anon calmly climbing the sugar bowl, or running foot races between the plates.

How strange it is that man, made out of dirt, the cheapest material in market and the most plenty, should be determined to rid the world of every living bug but himself.

I don't doubt if he could hav his own way for six years every personal cockroach would be knocked off from the bottom of the footstool, and not even a single pair of them left to repair damages with.

Such is man. The cockroach is born on the first day of May and the first of November semi-annually, and is ready for use in fifteen days.

They are born from an egg, four from each egg, and consequently they are all of them twins. There is no such thing in the annals of nature as a single cockroach.

The maternal bug don't sett upon the eggs as the goose do, but leaves them lie around loose, like a pint of split mustard seed, and don't seem to care whether the ripe or not.

But I never see a cockroach egg fall to put in an appearance. They are sure to hatch out and run as Kanada chittles or a bad cold.

The cockroach is of few colours, sorrel and black. They are always on the move and kan trot, I should say, on a good track, and a good day, close to three minutes.

Their food seems to consist, not quite so much in what they ate as what they travel, and o'ten finding them dead in mi coup at the boardin house I have already quite com to the conclusion that the cock roaches can't swim but they can float.

But the most interesting feature of this remarkable bug is the larliness of thare nature. They knut bite nor sting, nor scratch, nor even jaw back. They are so amiable that I have known them to get stuck in the butter, and lay there all the day and not holler for help, and then actually die at last with a broken down heart.

To realize the meekness of these uncomplicating little fellers, let the philosophic mind just for one moment compare them with the pesky flea, who lies upon man in his strength and woman in her weakness like a redd hot snout or to the warbling minketo, wild from a Nujery cat tail marsh, with his dagger in his mouth seeking for blood; or horror of horrors? to the midnight bed bug, who creeps out of a crack ez still and ez lean ez a shadow, and hitches on to the bottom of a buty like a starved leech.

A pure smooth skin, is a womanly charm which every individual of the gentler sex appreciates, and may, if she chooses, possess. Every variety of pimple, blotch, sore, pustule, and excoriation—and their name is legion—which disfigures the face, or arms, or neck, may be removed by a course of Bristol's Serravallo's; the most agreeable disinfectant. Ladies will do well to bear in mind that this balsam for the blood not only cures scrofula, and other malignant external disorders, but all minor eruptions; and is likewise the best tonic and regulating medicine they can use for difficulties peculiar to their delicate organization.

J. F. Henry & Co Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harle, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

Terrible mistakes are made in the treatment of Piles. The object should be to restore the natural peristaltic action of the bowels, strengthen the internal membrane, and soothe the irritation and inflammation which pervade the seat of the disease. This is precisely the operation of Bristol's Sugar-coated Pills. They invigorate the intestinal passages while they detach and carry off without pain the acrid matter which breeds them. For habitual constiveness, which is generally the primary cause of the complaint, they are considered by medical practitioners preferable to any of the remedies of the Pharmacopoeia.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Dalton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co, K Campbell & Co, J. Gardner, J. A. Harle, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham and all Dealers in Medicine.

The soft breezes of Florida, sweeping over seas of bloom, work wonders in many ailments and debilitating complaints. The aroma of the flowers of this salubrious region, mixed with any esser matter, forms the basis of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. The same delicious aroma that delights and refreshes the invalid at journey in that distant State, can be enjoyed at all seasons in all parts of the world by the purchasers of this famous perfume. It has been pronounced by competent chemical authority the most healthful of the toilet waters of modern times. As there are counterfeiters, always ask for the Florida Water prepared by Lanman & Kemp, New York.

Beware of Counterfeits; always ask for the legitimate MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless.

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HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD?

Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is Worms, and the child will never be well till they are removed, but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce disease worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy 'DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PARSILLES' they contain no mineral, they are as pleasant to the eye and palatable as the most exquisite Confectionary, and they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm.

For sale wholesale and retail by Devins & Bolton, H. R. Gray and all respectable Druggists.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Dame H. O. Heroux, wife of Timoleon Pointier of St. Isidore,

An Insolvent. A first and final dividend sheet on moveables has been prepared, subject to objection until the fifteenth day of June next.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 17 May 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of J. Edouard D. O. Barcelo, Trader, of Montreal.

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. No. 19, St. Sacrament Street. Montreal, 13th May 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Louis Lavoie, jr., Trader, of St. Martin, County of Laval,

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent, are hereby notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned assignee and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; if none, stating the fact, the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. St. Sacrament Street, No. 18. Montreal, May 20th 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Isaac Ritchot, Trader, of Montreal, An Insolvent.

A third dividend sheet on Real Estate has been prepared, subject to objection until the fifteenth day of June next.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 18th May 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Edward Quiskelly, of the city and District of Montreal, Trader,

An Insolvent. The Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole, attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims.

A. B. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 19th May 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Lactance E. Lamarche, Trader, of Montreal,

An Insolvent. A second and final dividend sheet has been prepared, subject to objection until the fifteenth day of June next.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. Montreal, 18th May 1869. 2w42.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Andrew Crawford, Merchant of Montreal, individually, and as member of the late firm of St. George Harvey & Co,

An Insolvent. THE Creditors of the Insolvent are hereby notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; if none, stating the fact; the whole attested under oath with the vouchers in support of such claims.

T. SAUVAGEAU, Official Assignee. St. Sacrament Street, No. 18. Montreal, 12th May, 1869. 2w41.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1864.

In the matter of Michael J. Doherty, of Montreal,

An Insolvent. THE Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that he has made an assignment of his estate and effects under the above Act, to me, the undersigned Assignee, and they are required to furnish me, within two months from this date, with their claims, specifying the security they hold, if any, and the value of it; and if none, stating the fact; the whole, attested under oath, with the vouchers in support of such claims.

A. E. STEWART, Assignee. Montreal, 13th May, 1869. 2w41.

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