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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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Special Notice to Subscribers.

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CATHOLIC CALENDAR

- For November, 1881. THURSDAY, 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor. SS. Tryphon and Companions, Martyrs.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not like being obliged to call so frequently upon our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions, but we sometimes find it necessary. Hence it is not our fault, but the forgetfulness or the neglect of those of our friends and patrons who do not seem to realize what a number of names the TRUE WITNESS bears on its subscription rolls; what an immense sum they owe us in the aggregate, though small to each individual, and what good its possession would enable the proprietors to do in the field of Catholic journalism if it were placed at their disposal at once promptly and cheerfully.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents in their respective localities for THE POST and TRUE WITNESS, and are empowered to collect subscriptions and enroll subscribers:—Michael Barry, Kinmount, Ont.; Edward Clement, Dunbar, Ont.; William Ellison, Bowmanville, Ont.; Jeremiah Curtis, Escott, Ont.; James O'Riley, Hastings, Ont.; M. J. Costello, Hawkesbury, Ont.; M. J. Hamlin, P. M., Allamans, Ont.

Too many friends of John O'Farrell, O. C. of Quebec, are glad to see that his old forensic vigor and eloquence have returned to him in full force with his health, and that he is once more taking that leading part at the Bar and in public affairs which his talents entitle him to.

The Land League has just life enough left to prevent hounds and foxes and idle vagrants called "the local aristocracy" from hunting over and destroying their lands. They have done this in Kilkenny, and now the Whig and Tory organs will set up a whine and say "there is another fifty thousand pounds left this country." But it will not be so except the farmers pay rents.

The French seem to have triumphed over their enemies in Tunis. The capture of Kiroan discouraged the insurgents, who are surrendering in large numbers, and if reports, mostly from French sources, are correct, the war is all over. The French had certainly enough men in the field to conquer all Africa, but the Africans, north and south, are pretty tough subjects to conquer.

The Toronto Globe does not take much stock in the mutual interchange of courtesies now going on between the United States and the "Mother Country." This sentimental waving of flags or contemporary irreverent terms "flapoodle," whatever that singular word may mean. Perhaps it means the flapping of the wings of the celebrated bird of freedom owned by our Cousin Yankee Doodle, who once upon a time came into town riding on a pony.

We are told by the cable that the authorities of Dublin Castle are at their wits' ends as to how they shall deal with the Ladies' Land League. Surely they are laughing at our beards. What! is it possible Dublin Castle has any scruples left? Shall Forster, who up to this expelled Irish members from Parliament, kept them in bastilles without trial, caused men, women and children by the hundred to be shot and bayoneted, filled the prisons with suspects—shall this able statesman now hesitate in front of the Ladies' Land League? Away with them, off with their heads, clap them in jail, scatter them with buckshot.

We look around Europe and except a few Kings here and there, or more properly Kinglets, can discover none who have not wept and slobbered on the bosoms of one another. The Kaiser hugged the Czar and wept, the Austrian Emperor also kissed the old Kaiser and is now anxious to repeat the same process on the Czar; Don Luis, of Portugal, and Don Alfonso, of Spain, met and embraced. Humbert, of Italy, has now gone through the mill, and in fact those who have not, are but small fry indeed, whose Dominions should be annexed if it were only to save the trouble of travelling to kiss them. But when all the tears are gone? Is it possible they are lost forever, washed away with other sootings on royal pocket handkerchiefs, and finally mingled with the common ocean? Was there no ultra loyalist there to save such diamonds and pearls, and place them in a museum where in time they may be crystallized? Alas, no, they are gone forever, and may the Kings' go soon and sudden to join their company.

BROTHER ARNOLD'S grand lottery for the La Salle Institute has, as our readers are aware, been postponed until the 22nd of this present month. We hope this lottery or bazaar, inaugurated for such a laudable purpose, will be a grand success. Brother Arnold deserves it, and the institution for which he has done so much, and for which he proposes to do more, also deserves it. The education of Catholic youth is a matter of the profoundest importance in Canada as well as all over the world, and it is for this Brother Arnold has sacrificed so much time and expended so much labor, not without result. Every Catholic in Canada should assist the whole-souled, self-sacrificing Brother Director by every means in his power, and it should not be forgotten in his behalf that if he has ever for one moment deviated from his darling object it was that he might help on the cause of Irish nationality, which he always seeks to identify with religion. Purchase his tickets then, give him donations, encourage him in his heroic efforts, and the reward will be in proportion.

Every Monday the cable sends us on a budget of news which it takes the whole week after to correct. We are told that the rush to the Land Courts is something tremendous, and on account of the repetition of this news we are inclined to believe either that it is true or that the Government is intensely anxious it should be accepted as truth. It is also not impossible that the issuers of the manifesto may endorse this movement as a compromise, but knowing their caution and tact it is doubtful. It does not by any means follow that because the Land Court is giving judgments favorable to the tenants at first they may continue doing so. Courts in Ireland under the influence of the Government are not above strategy. It is pretty clear, however, that no matter what happens the landlords are in a desperate condition. If one portion of the people refuse to pay the rents, another to block the courts, and a third to act upon Archbishop O'Connell's suggestion and pay what they consider a fair rent, the land will become so useless to the lords that they will be glad to part with it on the easiest terms. For this happy state of things credit is due, not to Messrs. Gladstone and Forster—not to the landlords or Land Courts, but to the men in Kilmalham and other jails belonging to Her Majesty in Ireland. Another healthy sign of the times is that English politicians have become tired of calumniating the Irish, and instead, have taken to calling each other

Joni names. John Bright calls the Tories a lot of Idiots, Lord Randolph Churchill calls Bright "and Gladstone traitors," Salisbury calls them chattering fools and so on. What worse names could they bestow upon Parnell?

A COMMUNICATION from Toronto over the signature of "T. D. O'N." appeared last week's TRUE WITNESS which is objectionable to a gentleman for whom we have the highest respect. The communication we refer to had for its subject His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. Our correspondent is an enthusiastic Irishman and a devout Catholic, but it seems to us that he has not studied the philosophical theology of St. Thomas Aquinas or St. Augustine, or other standard Catholic writers or fathers of the Church endorsed by the Church, or he would not have allowed his national enthusiasm to outrun his religious principles. In times like the present, however, when Irishmen are shot down like dogs at Bellmullet and in Limerick, for daring to act as if they had a right to life and freedom, the principles put forward by their brethren and sympathizers may not be too closely scanned for purposes of criticism. Our correspondent is wrong in Catholic theology, right in Irish nationality. Few Irishmen approve of Archbishop McCabe's stand, many do not agree with Archbishop Crooke's protest against the Land League manifesto, but no one who reasons logically can connect their utterance with the Holy See. The Pope has not yet condemned the Land League, though Archbishop McCabe has, but then the Archbishop is not infallible. It is an axiom recognized in journalistic ethics that the editor of a paper is not responsible for the opinion of his correspondents, and THE POST's columns have been so freely thrown open to almost all comers that it would be absurd to suppose it in our case. We have even inserted bitter attacks on THE POST itself, sooner than have it said that we did not, in so far as in us lay, allow perfect freedom of the press. Having said this much, we may further add that the mission of THE POST is neither to teach Catholic theology nor to defend it; it was established simply to defend Irish Catholic temporal interests, though, as a matter of course, always happy to give its space to expounders or defenders of Catholic things spiritual. The editor of THE POST does not presume to touch upon matters on which none but clergymen can be well informed enough to speak with authority. Our duty is confined to defending the political and national rights of our country and our countrymen; the duties of the Catholic clergy they know best themselves but we presume that one of them is to expound purely Catholic principles as connected with Catholic theology.

ISSUES the world all over will receive the news sent abroad on Monday with the most poignant sorrow. Archbishop McHale, John of Tuam, the Lion of the Fold of Judah, the great friend of the great O'Connell, is DEAD! It is true that he has been gathered to his fathers in the fullness of age and honors. The illustrious prelate was in his ninety-second year. He was a boy when Humbert landed at Killala and the Irish of the west flocked to his standard, among them perhaps some of his own relatives. He was a student when Robert Emmet swung from the scaffold, but he was a man full of vigor and intellect when he assisted O'Connell to gain emancipation, and earned from him that proud title the Lion of the Fold of Judah. He was old enough to feel the gyres of the penal laws on his limbs, and young enough to see the new Irish nation rising up around him indignantly tearing their fetters to pieces. The life of the great prelate has been an active one. Whether upholding their religion, or the freedom of his country, his place was always in the front ranks, for he was a leader among men. His multifarious duties as Archbishop of the West did not prevent him from attending the councils of the Vatican, and giving his opinions in Rome, which were recognized and appreciated as valuable, even among Ecumenical Councils composed of some of the most illustrious theologians and scholars in the world. The dead Archbishop was intensely Irish; he was one of the few real Irish scholars of this century, and, as such, he has left a name behind him which will live as long as the Irish language is read. He compiled an Irish dictionary, he edited an Irish grammar and he translated Moore's Irish Melodies with such grace an dexterity as to win for himself the highest praise from the literateurs of Europe. He was a grand old man, that John of Tuam, whom the Irish people loved well, and whose name will not be forgotten by the Irish race so long as a spark of gratitude exists in their bosom. Requiescat in pace.

As the passions of the English people cool they become ashamed of themselves for the unmanly panic they exhibited and rabid utterances they gave vent to after the arrest of the Irish leaders. It would be well for them if the past year's record could be blotted out altogether from the pages of current history, or if all the world entered into a conspiracy to forget facts which are so humiliating to England and to Englishmen. There was almost a universal cry for blood, and so fiercely was it given that it needed only the slightest excuse from the Irish people for Dublin Castle to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war, when the land, for the second time in a century, would be deluged in blood. But the people were firm, they were more—they were stoical—and they preserved the calmness engendered by a union of despair and hope while the police ran amuck through Irish cities, towns and villages and slew men, women and children by the score. What between Dublin, Limerick, Kilkenny, Bellmullet and other places, no less than four hundred people were wounded, and twenty-two killed. And the police and military, how did they suffer? We have not heard of a single case of death amongst them except one, that of a Dublin policeman slain by a butcher while engaged in single combat and boiling with passion. One landlord has been shot in Ireland since the agitation commenced, and one agent; and these two—and, perhaps, others—would have been murdered if the Land League had no existence. It is only now that the truth is showing itself, and the truth is, that notwithstanding the most terrible provocation that could be given them, the Irish people have stood firm with their pale faces turned towards the foe, but their hands behind their backs lest they might be tempted to use them and lose the victory which is beginning to perch on their banners—the victory which attends passive resistance in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. Who shall say they do not deserve it?—who shall assert that such a people are not capable in the highest degree of self-government? We repeat the English are now ashamed of themselves; they regret the fierce cheers at Leeds when Gladstone vilified Parnell—his superior—at Leeds, and the yells of triumphant rage which greeted him in the Guildhall when he announced the arrest of his rival. They do not like the sound of the ugly echo of those yells which are now conveying on them from all quarters of the civilized globe. They even talk of releasing the suspects, even though a no rent manifesto has been issued. The suspects were arrested at the request of the landlords; they now find their mistake and want them released. The landlords have made some terrible mistakes lately, but according to present indications they will have little opportunity of making any more.

PUBLIC OPINION.

While British correspondents on this side are constantly sending despatches to England, which they know to be false, to the effect that public opinion in America is dead against Ireland in her struggle, British correspondents on the other side are favoring America with similar despatches, stating that public opinion in Europe is also pro-British. Extracts from the New York papers have been given in THE POST, showing that Gladstone's coercive policy is universally condemned, even the New York Herald not daring to swim against the current, and now we give extracts also from the Paris journals, the mouthpieces of France, and, we may add, the European Continent. Out of all the Paris papers the Republique Francaise alone—Gambetta's infidel organ—gives a half-hearted support to tyranny, but this support is easily accounted for on looking over this morning's cablegrams and noticing that the Prince of Wales lunched with Sir Charles Dilke and Leon Gambetta. That is quite enough—a lunch with the Prince of Wales is worth something to the aristocratic stomach of the democratic Gambetta. The subjoined extracts from leading Parisian papers will give some idea of how enthusiastically Mr. Gladstone's coercion policy is supported in France.—

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that by such measures it will pacify the sister island. But fortunately the blow has been anticipated. And so on, each of the leading dailies, giving the ally of France little stabs here and there, which do not add to its comfort. In Berlin the news was received with joy, but as the Boston Patriot sarcastically says, Constantinople and Dahomey are yet to be heard from.

How to invest a dollar and make five: Buy a bottle of Kendall's Spain, Oure. See advt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Sir,—I am very much surprised at the letter which appeared in last week's TRUE WITNESS from a Toronto correspondent. I have never seen fasher conclusions than he comes to, nor can I understand whence he derives his information, and the collusion between Dublin Castle and Archbishop McCabe. Does it follow that because Archbishop McCabe is hostile to the Land League that he is ruled by officialism? As well might it be said that the Government exercised pressure upon Archbishop Crooke to protest against the manifesto. And that reminds me that Rome is also dictated to by England. Why it is so absurd as not to require notice? I am perfectly willing to believe that England would use His Holiness the Pope or any other means to kill national aspirations in Ireland, but the Pope has never compromised, and the best proof of this is that he has not up to this issued a rescript against the League. When he does it will be for other reasons than because he was instigated by England. If T. D. O'N. has read Irish history he must remember that in the only struggle which seemed likely to drive the English from Ireland the Papal Delegate Riccaudanni was the head while Owen Roe O'Neill was the sword of the Confederates. Most of us would like to see Archbishop McCabe taking a more patriotic stand, but after all, he is the best judge of his own actions. It does seem to me the basest of ingratitude to see an Irish Catholic abusing Archbishop Crooke; he, at all events, must be considered an Irish patriot, and I regret that he should be allowed to do so in such a patriotic and Catholic journal as the Montreal TRUE WITNESS. Not that I would prohibit freedom of the press, but I think such an utterly illogical letter must be capable of doing great harm. I trust there are not many Irish Catholics entertaining the same views as "T. D. O'N."

Yours truly, Quebec, Nov. 4th, 1881.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S LAST SUNDAY

IN ST. PETER'S, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Your correspondent had the privilege of being present at the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's Church, New York, on Sunday last, celebrated by the late pastor of the church, a few days ago consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of Trenton, in New Jersey State, Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, so well known and fondly remembered in your city. Apart from the pomp and splendor of a Pontifical High Mass, there were features in this grand solemnity which are eminently deserving of attention. As assistant pastor, and subsequently pastor of St. Peter's Parish, Bishop O'Farrell had endeared himself in no common degree to his people. He had labored in season and out of season for their spiritual advancement, and, above all, he had devoted all his fine talents, all his wonderful energies, to the great work of Christian education, the creation and support of parochial schools that are now pre-eminent amongst the Catholic schools of New York. In this respect, the zealous pastor had accomplished wonders that would seem hardly credible were they not patent to the whole city. St. Peter's has always been a good Catholic Parish, Catholic in the best sense of the word, and since the advent of Bishop O'Farrell as its pastor, religion seemed to have taken a new start, the impetus chiefly borrowed, no doubt, from the magnitude of the parochial schools he had assumed and their influence on the general population. Then the people of St. Peter's were proud of their pastor, of his eloquence as a gifted and popular preacher and lecturer, and they loved him for his genial, kindly nature, for his noble qualities of head and heart. His removal from amongst them, then, was naturally an occasion of deep and sincere sorrow, even while they rejoiced on his own account that the Divine Master had called him to labor in a more exalted station in another portion of His vineyard. For these, and still other reasons, Bishop O'Farrell's farewell Mass in the venerable Church, which was the cradle of Catholicity in New York, was an occasion of solemn and touching interest.

Many as grand and imposing sight has been witnessed in the lapse of years within those venerable walls, round which so many hallowed memories cluster, but never one more beautiful, more touching, or more impressive than that of Sunday last. The beautiful altar, rich in tasteful adornment, was ablaze with lights, studded, at intervals, with bouquets of rare flowers; the music was unspeakably grand, filling the church with its magnificent and sublime harmony; but the people, the multitude that crowded every part of the ancient edifice, the sorrowing, sympathetic multitude, every one of whom was a living witness to the great things done amongst them by him whom they were losing for the gain of others—this was the grandest feature of all. And truly when the new Bishop appeared before them in his gorgeous pontifical robes, with mitre on head and crozier in hand, his fine countenance bespeaking the emotion that filled his heart, it was no wonder that the people regarded him with mingled sorrow and admiration. Perchance there was but one present amongst that vast assemblage whose memory connected the dignified and portly prelate who stood there amid that blaze of light with a fair slender youth who came fresh from the austere walls of St. Sulpice, in Paris, thirty years ago, or dated at twenty-two by dispensation, to labor amongst his own Irish people in Montreal as one of the Sulpician priests of St. Patrick's. Yet, even then, many a bright prophecy was ventured upon by the warm-hearted people amongst whom he labored with regard to the young priest whose subsequent career has justified them all.

After the first Gospel the Bishop addressed the flock whom he had governed so wisely and so well in his own felicitous manner. He spoke with visible emotion of the sorrow he felt in leaving St. Peter's parish and the people with whom he had been connected as assistant pastor and as pastor for over fourteen years; of the kindly welcome they gave him when he first came amongst them; of the generous support they had given him in the various works he had undertaken; and especially the schools, which eight years ago he had commenced, that, owing to the generous support and co-operation of theirs, he had been enabled to reduce the original debt of the schools from over \$160,000 to \$40,000.

and that, for a very hard time, he said he had looked forward to celebrating with them the centenary of St. Peter's Church, four years hence, and then presenting their church and their schools to them and to Almighty God, free of all debt, a happiness of which he would now be deprived by his nomination as Bishop of Trenton, a nomination which he felt "his duty to accept in obedience to the command of the Holy Father." He hoped, however, to still have the pleasure of assisting on that grand occasion, though another pastor should preside. The Bishop took occasion, in connection with the approaching centenary, to touch briefly, yet impressively, on the astonishing growth of Catholicity in New York during those ninety-six years. When the old St. Peter's was erected there were but 200 Catholics in all the New York of that day and Brooklyn, while all along the Jersey coast there were none. Now, when the St. Peter's Church is to celebrate her first centenary, nearly half of the population of the great city of New York is Catholic. Bishop O'Farrell then expressed his gratitude to his brother priests of St. Peter's Church, in whom he had ever found zealous and devoted co-operators in all the works he had undertaken for the benefit of his parishioners. He also returned thanks to the Sisters of Charity and the Brother's conducting the parochial schools. He further remarked that, in leaving St. Peter's, one of the things that rejoiced him most was, that he had been enabled not only to secure the Brothers of the Christian Schools as teachers, but as resident teachers in the parish. In concluding, the Bishop assured the people of St. Peter's Parish that, where he might, he would never forget them, their generosity, their devotion, and the affection they had ever manifested for himself, never more so than on the occasion of his elevation to the episcopacy. He introduced his successor, Rev. J. H. McGuey, for whom he bespoke the same kind and cordial support he had himself received from them. And then, as his parting word, he begged them most earnestly to keep up the schools he had established in the parish, reminding them that, after all, the Christian education of their children is the most important of all the duties of parents. "Save the little children!" he repeated; "above all things, save the little children, and that you can only do by sending them to Catholic schools, and supporting your pastor in maintaining the schools you now have, and in providing yet others if they are found necessary in the future."

A WORTHY INTERCEDER.

A highly respectable lady arrived in Montreal recently from Brooklyn, N.Y., bringing with her letters of introduction to Mr. O. J. Devlin from prominent citizens in Brooklyn. It appears her son, a comely lad of some seven years of age, ran away from home several months ago, stopping at Montreal, and having supplied himself with the "sinews of war" from his father's exchequer, he soon made the acquaintance of boys of his own years. After a residence of a week seeing the sights in Montreal he managed to get into the hands of the minions of the law, and his pleasure trip was suddenly brought to a close by being sent to the Reformatory School for four years. Mr. Devlin, who is a brother of the late Bernard Devlin, M.P., of Montreal, and highly respected in that community, after examining the case advised the lady, who is both cultured and refined, to go and see the Honorable the Attorney General herself, adding that she would meet a kind hearted gentleman who would listen to her patiently, and who would, if the interests of justice did not suffer, recommend her son to the clemency of the Crown. The lady accordingly went to Quebec and, as Mr. Devlin assured her, she was received with courtesy and kindness by the Attorney General. A difficulty, however, arose in the way of granting the pardon, a recommendation of the Governor, etc., from the Reformatory Warden having been necessary before the Attorney General could act in the matter, and the Warden did not seem to see his way clear to grant such a recommendation. But Mr. Devlin took the case in hand himself and succeeded in inducing the Attorney General to open his heart and investigate the case, and the happy result was that the half-broken hearted mother and son left on the 2.30 train last Tuesday afternoon for New York. Our representative, who was present at the time of her departure, said to her, "Well, Madam, you seem to be satisfied with your visit to Montreal." "Oh, yes," said she, "perfectly, and my God bless Attorney General Loranger and Mr. Devlin. Dear Mr. Devlin when I first called on him I offered him a fee for any services he would be pleased to render in my behalf. And I could well afford to do so. But, he said wait till I see if I can be of any service to you, and after he handed me over my boy, for it was he that got him out, I insisted upon him taking something for my services, but he declined, saying that my letters of introduction were a sufficient fee, namely, that he would simply accept nothing." The look of gratitude the mother gave the distinguished Attorney, for Mr. Devlin is a Notary and an excellent real estate owner, as the train started out of the depot, no doubt compensated the generous and worthy interceder a thousand fold for his valuable services, for Mr. Devlin is one of those who is always glad and willing and ready to do a stranger a good act.

By this generous, as well as pleasing stroke of policy, Mr. Devlin has saved the Province of Quebec \$600, for that was to be the cost of the Province of detaining this young lad in prison during the term of his sentence.—Glenagarry Times.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.

"The value of human life" is so supremely important that anything which tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Speaking to us recently on this subject, Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, observed: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life." It has also cured my wife.—Port Huron, (Mich.) Commercial.

THE MURDERER LEFROY SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

MALDEN, Nov. 8.—The trial of Lefroy for the murder of Gold closed to-day. The Court room was densely crowded. A remarkable number of women were present. Lefroy appeared dejected. The Lord Chief Justice's summing-up for the prosecution, which lasted from three to four hours, was strongly against the prisoner, and tended to throw discredit on the point on which the defence relied, that Lefroy had not pawned the pistol, and showed the entire belief in the prisoner's assertion that a third person was in the car at the time of the murder. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. After sentence was passed, Lefroy protested his innocence.