bewailing your sins and promising amendment, which of you can say that he was ever harsh? You who in sickness have laid balancing between life and death—who have heard him pouring into your ears at that time the sweet consolations of religion,—which of you can affirm that his was aught else but the most tender kindness? With slothfulness with intemperance—with lewdness—with licentiousness he was ever as became his sacred character harsh and uncompromising. With earnestness—with temperance—with modesty—with single mindedness his was ever the meekness of the dove. May God grant thee, Michael Brennan, that long ere this thou hast received thy reward in heaven! for that anger which sinneth not—for that dove like meekness that ever encouraged virtue to persevere.

The life of a Priest is not one to be sought after by those who value the smiles and frowns of this giddy world. "Ye cannot serve two masters—ye cannot serve both God and man." The moment the young levite assumes the sacred character of the Priesthood, *that moment* he finds himself in antagonism with everything that is base, vile and wicked. "In perils of robbers, in perils from his own nation, in perils from the Gentiles," and so on during life the strife continues. Vice of all shades and colours, of all shapes and dimentions *hates the Priesthood*. As he moves along on his silent duty to the world, the Priest meets at every step with opposition—nay! he finds that even his very presence is a walking protest against wickedness. How soon is the ribald jest hushed—how sullenly does drunkenness sculk into holes and corners—how silent becomes the curse and blasphemy, whensoever the Priest passes by? These things belong not to *his* standard—*they* are serving another master—they know well his livery—hence their antagonism. It matters not whether the wicked "be of his own nation"—of the household of the faith, or of the Gentiles—it matters not whether they be the lowly or the Powers of darkness in high places,—*all* equally hate the Priesthood. Ask the Secret Societies of the day—*those reptiles loving the darkness*,—ask *them* what is the object of their organization? and they will tell you (if they speak the truth) that it is *the destruction of the Priesthood*. Ask the Garibaldians—ask the Mazzinians—ask the Brisini—ask Milani—and they will tell you—*the destruction of the Priesthood*. Ask the Carbonari of Italy—ask the Freemasons all over the world—ask the Fenians of America—ask that dark society that in a country of perfect religious freedom flaunts its banners to the breeze inscribed with the anomalous motto, "Protestant ascendency" and "No surrender"—ask all these the object of their dark associations, and they will answer you with bated breath—*the destruction of the Priesthood*. This is the battle that the Priest has ever to fight, and this is the combat which that holy man fought single handed for forty years, *you know how bravely*. Vice—whether of his own nation, the household of the faith, or of the Gentiles was ever before him with its Hydra heads, and right bravely did he battle against it. As a young levite—as a tried and weather-beaten veteran—as an aged Colonus, the battle was ever the same—it was an Herculean task—and well was it sustained to the last hour of his life by this Christian Hercules.

How rare is it, how rare even once to find such virtue amongst men? "Those whom ye behold clothed in white garments, *those*, says St. John, are they who have come out of great tribulation." It was amidst the perils and dangers and watchings of a Missionary life that he rendered himself thus holy. And as in life so in death equally was he full of divine grace. Behold here in a few words all that need be said of your holy Pastor; and it is indeed a worthy epitome of his virtues. *There was nothing but was comely in his person—there was nothing but what was pure in his life.* This his high position of Priesthood has caused to shine forth afar to the world; and has taught it this important lesson—that there is nothing truly solid, nothing truly great amongst men, but the struggling and battling against sin. The struggle for power—the struggle for dominion—the struggle for renown belongs to the world—the struggle against sin belongs to the Church and the Priesthood. Behold those great kings and generals, who upon the plains of Europe are this day battling for conquest and renown! The world will call them *great*, and will embalm their name in history for posterity. But what are their lives compared with that of this humble Priest, who now lies slumbering in his silent grave? What is *their* greatness compared with *his*? They fight to *kill*, he fought to *save*. They fight against needle guns and chassepots and mitrailleus, against columns of infantry and charging cavalry. He fought against the powers of darkness—against the wiles of the devil—against the concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life. They fight for *man*, he fought for *God*. Their names will go down to posterity, but will be unheard in heaven—*his* name will be unremembered of men, but will be sung by angels and by Saints.

I need not remind you, that it is God, who gives to the world good men. 'Twas he who said of old to Abraham "Kings shall go forth from thee." 'Twas he who spake to David "The Lord foretelleth thee; the Lord will make to thee a house." "God," says St. Paul, "who made the world and all things therein and hath made from one, all mankind to dwell upon the whole face of the earth, hath determined their appointed times and the limits of their habitation." He it was then, who sent you this good Pastor who for 40 years, labored by every *thought*—by every *word*, by every *deed* of his life in *your* service; not indeed to obtain for you the riches of this perishable world and the comforts of life, but to dispense to you the abundance of God's graces and to secure for you an eternal salvation. Where then could there be effort more enobling? where could there be aim more holy? How beautiful are thy tents O Israel! my soul hath desired and hath fainted in thy halls!—How holy! how delightful to immolate the Sacred Host! To sing its praises in Thy holy tabernacle! How great, how holy to sound forth Thy justice, and to preach, with John, penance unto the remission of sin! How holy, how beautiful to teach the nations—to baptize them in Thy great name—to cure the infirm, and to raise the dead to life in the Sacrament of Penance—to multiply, to instruct, to perfect, and to sanctify Thy servants and Thy handmaids. How great the dignity to be called like Aaron—how tremendous the duty to dispense to the world the body of Christ. "This is my body—take ye and eat—do this in commemoration of me." For forty years obedient to this command of his Saviour did your Pastor offer for you, on your altar, this body and blood of Christ. For forty years did he dispense to you the bread of life—the body of your Lord—not in figure only, but verily and indeed. How great the privilege of the Apostles—to take down the body of their Lord from the Cross! how great the duty of Mary to receive it into her lap! But your good Pastor—for forty years did he take down that body from the Cross in holy Sacrifice of the Mass—for forty years did he daily receive it into his breast. If there is joy in Heaven over one sinner doing penance — if the voice of the Sacrificer shall cleave the sky—how often has that joy been brought to heaven through the ministration of your good Pastor—how often has his voice pleaded for you before the throne!—Where then a kingship equal to this? Where a greatness that can compare to his? Yes; forty years spent in the service of the Temple — forty years spent in Sacrifice — forty years poured out in God's service—what a splendid offering to be able to present before the Eternal Throne!

So great is the dignity of your late lamented Pastor, that I feel that aught I can say, but detracts from his greatness. Like that mighty flood that rushes from morn to midnight and from midnight until morn down the cateract of Niagara—leaving far behind it all expression of its grandeur—like that great luminary whose light pervades the world and all the universe—surpassing all imagination and appreciated only when it is lost—so the virtues of your Pastor exceed all power of language and are only now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated when they have gone from amongst us. Every thought—every work—every word of his life was for you and yours. Would then that I had words wherewith to speak his praise! would that I had imagination fully to realise his virtues! But they are known *well* to you! his person and his virtues are printed indelibly upon your mind — the recollection of him photographed by the clear light of his virtues can never be obliterated from your memories. So many years of goodness! so many years of labour! so many years of patient solicitude can never be forgotten by his loving children. Let not then his lessons of virtue ever be forgotten—let not his bright example ever fade from amongst you. Let his life be your bright model. Unsullied purity—the crown of virgins—unbroken temperance—the strictest honesty, unflagging diligence in the service of God—solicitude for the churches unbounded—zeal for God's honor unflinching—these are some of the lessons, which his life should teach. And ere we part after performing this pleasing ceremony of recollection—let us breathe a prayer that as—we hope his lot is this day in heaven—ours may be likewise to join him in God's own good time—hereafter.

REV. H. BRETTARGH TO M. BOWELL, ESQ., GRAND MASTER OF THE LOYAL ORANGE LODGE OF UPPER CANADA.

My Dear Grand Master:

Hitherto I have adressed you as Editor of the Belleville *Intelligencer*. To-day I address you under your title of "Grand Master," a title sacred to chivalry and lofty deeds—sacred to the manes of a Tour D'Adam and of a Du Guesclin—sacred to the command of those brave Knights, who, for so many years, stemmed the advance of Paynim power into Europe. May you, Sir, render yourself equally worthy of that great name.

You are doubtless aware, that yesterday the Orangemen, and I think I may say the Orangewomen of Trenton and the surrounding country celebrated the fifth of November by a public procession in this village. You will excuse me if I say, that the scenes I witnessed at that celebration gave me a certain degree of satisfaction; and I think every Catholic has reason to congratulate himself thereon. Hitherto I have looked upon Orangeism as a powerful institution:—as one capable of grave injury to the Catholic cause—and as destined to destroy at no very distant period those institutions of perfect *religious and civil freedom*, which are at once the pride and boast of Canada our adopted country. Yesterday dispelled the illusion, and dissipated the forebodings. The public processions that yesterday came in from all parts of the township were so meagre—the display was so farcical, that it is evident that Orangeism received its death blow on the streets of Kingston and Belleville, when it insulted England's widowed and thrice admirable (admirable as a virgin—admirable as a married woman—admirable as a widow) Queen in the person of her son the Prince of Wales. Any one studying the personnel of the processions yesterday could not but be struck by this fact,—that there was not in any one of them a single man of any influence or note in this district. Now this fact—for fact I think it is—points to one of two conclusions. Either the Orange Society is not the true exponent of *educated* Protestant opinion in this country, or *educated* Protestants are so thoroughly ashamed of it that they dare not publicly proclaim their connection with it by walking in its processions.

We all admire British Institutions, which though not perfect, are sufficiently so to merit our love and admiration. But it is deeply to be regretted that one portion of our community should deem it incumbent on it to express its admiration of those institutions in a manner so offensive to another portion of that same community. It would be hard, I think, to find a parallel, even amongst the most degraded nations of the earth, for these 12th July and 5th November celebrations. It is never either, generous or honourable to insult a conqured foe; and I think we shall search the page of history in vain to find another case where a nation having been conquered has during a lapse of a hundred years been made to witness a biennial celebration of its downfall at the hands of its conquerors. To the average *English* mind there is something unmanly in striking a fallen foe, and this brandishing of swords—this wearing of blood coloured garments, and this fierce vociferation of "To hell with the Pope" remind one too forcibly of the Indian War Dance, with its brandishing of scalps, to have any fascination for the civilized mind. And there is another feature in these celebrations which renders them even more reprehensible. They are the rejoicings of men at their own national degradation—at their own nation's downfall. For seven centuries Ireland has struggled with Catholic and Protestant England for her own political freedom. Never during the whole of that time has she ceased to assert her right to govern herself. But when under James she was thoroughly conquered and subdued—when England's real and legitimate sovereign was driven out and superceded by an alien in birth and aspirations—then so great the force of religious! animosity, that year after year a portion of Ireland's sons—a minority in the nation—deem it their duty to celebrate the downfall of their own nationality by biennial processions in its honor. Hungary and Poland bewail their lost autonomy; Ireland alone gloats over hers.

Another feature of these processions is their illegality,—winked at it is to be regretted by the powers that be. It is well known as the law of the country that no man shall carry offensive weapons. Every man therefore who yesterday entered the village or paraded its streets with a drawn sword in his hand did so in open violation of the law; and every magistrate who saw it, did so at the peril of his oath to uphold the laws of the country; and every civilian, be he M. P. or Honourable, who countenanced those drawn swords aided and abetted an infraction of the law of the land.

Yet another feature of these celebrations is the drunkenness and sin, which they engender. Any sane man who witnesssed the orgies at Trenton yesterday and throughout the night, could but arrive at this conclusion, that it were more conducive to the Glory of God to forego celebrations which lead to so much drunkenness, blasphemy, and sin; and that Reverend Gentlemen and prominent Temperance men will preach temperance in vain whilst they frequent such assemblies. I have never yet seen that dark place, to which the wicked are condemned by a Just God for all eternity, but Trenton last night was assuredly very near its confines.

But there is yet another feature of these celebrations, which to every well directed mind must render them repulsive; that is their religious aspect. The yells that were heard last night of "To hell with the Pope" and the speeches made foretelling his downfall sufficiently shew the religious bias of these assemblies. Thank God, however, that the destruction of the Pope is not in the hands of such a rabble; nor is his eternal salvation at the disposal of their curses. If curses and blasphemies could destroy the Papacy, depend upon it the curses hourly hurled from the bottomless pit of hell against it ever since its establishment by Peter, would long ago have worked its ruin. Curses loud and frequent were of old hurled at our Divine Lord—"Crucify him! Crucify him!"—and the servant is no better than his master. The Papacy has existed for eighteen centuries in spite of the curses of Hell, and depend upon it my dear Grand Master, it is no nearer extinction to-day from the curses of a handful of men heated by religious animosity and whiskey. That there are those who wish its downfall and pray for it, there is little doubt, but the fact of its having existed year after year in spite of these oaths and curses—in spite of these prayers and prophesies—shews that these oaths and curses—these prayers and prophesies, are alike powerless against that decree of God, "Behold I am with you all times even to the consummation of the world." No doubt ignorant people feel elated by the fact of the Robber King having occupied Rome—at seeing "the abomination of desolation sitting in high places"—and hope soon to see the Pope driven thence. Nay, there were those there yesterday who declared that he was already banished to China, India or Africa. This their ignorance allowed them to believe. They think that the Papacy is like themselves, a drunken thing of to-day; they cannot look beyond the present hour; they are as ignorant of history as they are of the Ganges. What is Rome to the Popes? It is their property it is true, and to take it from them is as much and more a robbery as it would be to take away the Catholic Church of Belleville from the Catholics of that town. Would Catholicity, think you my dear Grand Master, cease to exist in your town if that Church were destroyed? I think not. Nor will Catholicity cease to exist in the world after Rome has been taken from the Papacy. Five and forty—mark well the number—five and forty Popes have either never set foot in Rome or have been expelled from it, and yet they were as much Popes as Peter. Nay! our present Pope has already once been in exile. Why not a second time? Banish them as you like they have and will ever return. Burn Rome down to ashes, there will still be Popes; Popes over two hundred million of subjects; Popes obeyed as implicitly as was Peter; Popes by the Grace of God and in spite of the curses of your right honourable and loyal Society my dear Grand Master.

With every expression of esteem,
I have the honor to remain,
Your obed't serv't,
H. Brettargh, Priest.

P. S.—As I have received permission from the Hon. Billa Flint to have my letters published in the Belleville Press, I should have availed myself of the privilege so graciously accorded me were I not afraid that the Loyal Orange Society would ostracize your paper as it has already done the Toronto *Telegraph*.

IRISH CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The adjourned annual meeting of this Institute was held in the rooms, St. Patrick's Hall, Thursday evening, 10th inst., for the purpose of electing officers to serve during the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected to the offices mentioned, viz: President, Mr. F. A. Quinn; First Vice-President, Mr. J. Hatchette; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. J. O'Hara; Treasurer, Mr. M. Donovan; Rec. Secty., Mr. M. J. Quinn; Asst. Rec. Secty., Mr. M. Mullin; Corresponding Secty., Mr. P. C. Shannon; Librarian, Mr. F. J. Keller.

A meeting called by the representatives of the Centre ward in the City Council, to elicit their opinion as to the proposed aid to the Canada Central Railway, was attended by the public generally. A motion passed in favour of a grant of one million dollars.

Laprairie is to celebrate the 200th anniversary of its foundation on the 17th inst.

Fire.—On Friday night, 11 inst., about half-past nine o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive boot and shoe manufactory of Messrs. Ames, Millard & Co. The premises are situated at 23 St. Peter, not not far from St. Paul Street. The fire originated in the enginehouse. The fire communicated from the woodwork to a "shoot which ran fron the enginehouse to the main building. The fire roared up the "shoot" like a furnace, and carried the flames to the top storey, where they were first discovered by some men in an adjoining building. The whole brigade were soon on the spot, and, after two hours hard work succeeded in getting the better of the fire, which all the time, was confined to two uppermost flats. About $25,000 worth of property was destroyed. Mr. Perry and his salvage corps ,were present (their first time in action) and were instrumental in saving a considerable quantity of stock.—*Gazette*.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have opened an office in the Parliament Buildings at Quebec. This is deemed a great convenience.

The outposts of the St. Armand and Rouses Point are now detached from the port of Montreal and placed under the survey of the port of St. Johns, P. Q.

Fatal Accident.—On Thursday the 10th inst as Norman Burch, who was in the habit of driving the daily stage between Lachute and Carillon, was crossing the track of the Grenville Railway at the latter place, the cars came on him before he was aware of their approach, dashed the stage to pieces and ran over the body of the unfortunate driver. Medical aid was summoned, but in vain. He died soon after. This is only one of many accidents, more or less serious, which have occurred at the same place, a large stone building, prevents persons from seeing the approach of the cars at the spot where the accident occurred. Norman Burch was the son of Mr. Alva Burch, hotel-keeper of Lachute.

Quebec, Nov. 11.—The snow has again completely disappeared, and the weather to-day was like that in September.

The notorious Bis Belleau is to be released by order of the Executive Council at Ottawa, on condition that he leave the country. As his term of imprisonment shortly expires, and navigation is about to close, he may not get again the chance he now has of leaving the country.

The trial of the murderers of Henry Trail the guard in the Penitentiary, took place on the 10th inst., at Kingston. The jury, after about forty minutes' deliberation, declared Mann guilty of wilful murder, and Smith of manslaughter.

D. Pierce, who murdered his wife under specially horrible circumstances at Paris, in June last, was found guilty at the Brantford assizes on the 11th inst., and sentenced to be hanged on the 20th of December next. At the Kingston assizes a wife poisoner named Deacon, and Mann, the penitentiary murderer, were sentenced to be hanged on December 14th, the Judge remarking that there was no hope for mercy, though both maintained they were innocent.

Breakfast.—Epps's Cocoa. — Grateful and Comforting.—*The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.* The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"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." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tin-lined packets, labelled—James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

In times past the Alexandre Organ has been considered the *ne plus ultra* of reed instruments; competition has been thought impossible since the Messrs. Alexandre received the first premium, a gold medal, at the last Paris Exposition. But we have the best reason to believe that in quality of tone the American Organ is superior.

Married.

On Tuesday, 8th inst., at St. Joseph's Chapel, Montreal, by Monseigneur the Bishop of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. F. Morrison, uncle of the bride, and by the Rev. Canon Moreau, Chaplain of the Pontifical Zouaves, Alfred LaRocque, of the Order of Pius IX., to Kate Kinton, daughter of Lady Lafontaine by her previous marriage with the late Thomas Kinton, of the Royal Engineers.

At Cornwall, Ontario, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Father Lynch, Parish Priest, Michael Egan, Freight Agent, &c., Grand Trunk Railway, to Elizabeth Agnes, fourth daughter of Daniel Phelan, Esq., of Cornwall.

Died,

At Rawdon, on the 1st inst., James McDonald, aged 42 years, a native of the County Cavan, Ireland.—May his soul rest in peace.

In Petaluma, California, on the 1st October last, aged 37 years, George F. A. Harrington, son of the late Michael Harrington, of Kingston, Ontario.

" SPECIAL TO CLERGYMEN.

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

TEACHER WANTED,

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

Address immediately,
PHILIP KENNEDY,
Secretary Treas'r.

St. Columban, Sept. 21, 1870.

TEACHER WANTED.

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

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

Chambly, Oct. 4, 1870.

WANTED,

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

TEACHERS WANTED.

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

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

CANADA, Province of Quebec, Dist. of Montreal. } SUPERIOR COURT. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JAMES F. KIDNER,

An Insolvent.

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

Montreal, 10th October, 1870.

JAMES F. KIDNER,
By his Attorneys *ad litem*,
BETHUNE & BETHUNE.

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are now showing their New Fall Goods, and respectfully invite Gentlemen to their large and varied stock of every article suitable for the present season.

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The Patent Eye Cups are a scientific and philosophical discovery, and as Major Ellis of Dayton, Ohio, writes, *they are certainly the greatest invention of the age.*

Copy of certificates just received from

Claysville, Washi Co., Pa., Sept. 29, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.:

Gentlemen:—I have now thoroughly tested and proved the Patent Eye Cups. They are the "ne plus ultra" of all treatments of impaired vision, from advanced life and other causes, and an invariable cure for Myopia or Near Sight.

I have in the last few days entirely cured several cases, both of acute and what is called Chronic Inflammation. These had tried every known and available species of treatment without the slightest benefit, but on the contrary detrimental and at great expense.

My mother, an old lady of 64 years, an enthusiastic advocate of the "Cups" three months since she could not read a letter, or letters as large as her thumb, as she sometimes expresses herself. Certain it is that her eyes were unusually old and worn, beyond her years to such an extent that she could not read the heading of the *New York Tribune* without her glasses. You may judge, therefore, the effect of the Cups, when I inform you that she can now read every portion of the *Tribune*, even the small diamond type, without her glasses. She now habitually reads her Testament, ordinary print, without her glasses. You can not imagine her pleasure.

The business is beginning to assume something like form and shape. I have inquired from all directions, and often great distances, in regard to the value of the Cups, and plan of treatment. Wherever I go with them they create intense excitement. But a few words are necessary to enlist an attentive audience, any where that people can be found. I was at our Fair last Tuesday, 27th inst., and I can safely say, that I myself, (or rather the Eye Cups) was no mean portion of the attractions of the occasion. I sold and effected future sales liberally. They will make money, and make it fast too. No small catchpenny affair, but a superb, number one, tip top business, that promises, so far as I can see, to be lifelong.

Yours truly,
Horace B. Durant, M. D.

Claysville, Pa., June 6th, 1870.

Dr. J. Ball & Co.

Dear Sirs:—Dr. H. Durant of this town is at present using your Patent Eye-Cups with more success on eyes with impaired vision, and obtaining better results than from any other mode of practice which I have seen, leads me to the conclusion that superior results can be obtained than from any of our ordinary or recognized medical or surgical operations—practiced in Eye Hospitals, or taught in books generally. Please send me your price list and terms to agents. I want a lot of the Eye-Cups to use in my practice.

Yours truly,
George Inglis, M. D.

Readers, these are two certificates out of thousands we receive, and to the aged we will guarantee your old and diseased eyes can be made new; your sight can be restored; the blind may see; spectacles be discarded; sight restored and vision preserved. Spectacles and surgical operations useless. See advertisement in another column of this paper. Our pamphlet of 48 pages, containing certificates of cures and giving full description of the Ivory Eye Cups, sent free to any address. Agents Wanted. Write to DR. J. Ball & CO., P. O. Box 957, No 91 Liberty street, New York City.

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CANADA, Pro. of Quebec, Dist. of Montreal, } SUPERIOR COURT. INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of C. DORWIN & Co.,

Insolvents.

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

Montreal, 8th October, 1870.

CANFIELD DORWIN
By his Attorneys *ad litem*,
BETHUNE & BETHUNE.