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THE LACROSSE MATCH. SHAMROCKS VS. TORONTO. OUR BOYS VICTORIOUS. THE CHAMPIONSHIP BROUGHT HOME. A FIERCE CONTEST. The Torontos Play Rough and Foul. GREAT EXCITEMENT.

The contest for the championship between the Shamrocks of Montreal, and the Toronto Club, which was fought on last Saturday, stands unparalleled in the history of the national game, and, not to be prematurely indignant, let us hope will never again be equalled in several features, which not only throw dishonor upon the crack Western team, but would eventually tend to bring this early sport to be looked upon as not only creditable but dangerous. To see thirteen men leave the lacrosse field, each of whom was either smeared with blood, cut or bruised, was a sight which could not but forcibly incline one to believe that this pastime has, under certain circumstances, too much of a slaughter-jug aspect about it. The Pallman car which brought home the conquering heroes painfully resembled an ambulance wagon. This spectacle was the outcome of one of the most fierce struggles which occurred on a lacrosse field. It is needless to remark that the interest centred in this match, was far beyond the region of the ordinary. It was understood all around that the fight was to be either a "life or death" one. The excitement engendered by it, touched the extreme, and the anxiety with which the result was awaited was most feverish. In their native city few, or rather exceptional individuals, could be met with to bet against the "three leaf boys." The confidence instinctively placed in them was unbounded and did them a deserving honor. Here, therefore, heavy odds were asked on them in every case. In Toronto, the good citizens of the Queen city, backed their club in a rather boastful tone and manner, which created a suspicion that perhaps they were talking "bluff." Their bets of 2 to 1 on the Toronto's were eagerly snatched up. This eagerness on the part of the admirers of the Shamrocks caused such odds to soon become even, or odds in favor of the visitors. Our team were accompanied to Toronto by some two hundred friends, amongst whom were the President of the club, Mr. James McShane, M.P., the Vice-President Dr. Guerin, the Secretary W. O. Farmer, B. McCready, B. Tansy, J. Tiffin, J. Lemay, Fred. Carter, M. J. Quinn, E. Thoutet, and several members of the Montreal Club. They received a good send-off on Friday, at the Bonaventure Depot, and the rigging which greeted their departure, were quite significant of what our citizens wanted the "boys" to do when they would be out West. As the train moved away their smiles seemed to say, "and we'll do it." The trip up was neither disturbed by any unfortunate accident, nor enlivened by any laughable incident. The warm weather and the close atmosphere soon set the majority of the travellers on somnolent ease. A quiet night was passed, and the monotony of the journey was broken at Belleville in the morning, where the arrival of the train was watched by a large number of friends and sympathizers, who had assembled at the station to wish the "boys" God speed to their destination and victory on the field. Enthusiastic cheers rent the air as the train renewed its rapid motion. The same demonstration and cordial reception were met with at several stations along the line. At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock Toronto was reached, and the Montreal people proceeded en masse to the Rossin House, where a substantial dinner was partaken of. After the heat, the fatigue and the lack of solid rest during the previous night, the Shamrock team were refreshed by cool baths. They were now in trim, in spirits and full of confidence. In this condition they started for the field of battle, on which they arrived shortly after two o'clock, accompanied by their friends, in about thirty double carriages, in fact all that the city could furnish, the occupants wearing the Club badge, formed of a white ribbon, with the words "Shamrock Lacrosse Club" written thereon in green letters. At this time there was already a large concourse of people present on the grounds; when the "strangers" put in an appearance, dressed in their neat and striking uniform, and shouldering their sticks, they marched up the field amid deafening applause. In a few minutes they emerged from their dressing-rooms, and sallied on to the field, when they began to indulge in a little "skirmishing." They were some twenty minutes on the "green" before the Toronto's showed up. Their appearance was also greeted by loud cheering. And here it may be remarked that the Home Club seemed to ignore the presence of the Shamrocks, their guests. They kept aloof and never approached the visitors. This lack of courtesy did not pass unnoticed, but was generally and severely

commented on. It augured badly for the treatment that the Shamrocks were about to receive during the contest; but this conduct on their part apparently had no depressing influence either in the nerve or spirit of our "boys" either before or during the match. As both teams were drawn up in line there was marked physical contrast between the men of the two clubs. On the side of the Torontos were weight and strength, on that of the Shamrocks agility and suppleness. The former wearing their new uniform of blue, looked to be in the pink of condition, as appeared from their movements before the game was started. The latter evidently had prepared for what was to be the match of the season, every one of the twelve being in the best form. At length all preliminaries were arranged, the umpires and referee took their places and the two captains vied for choice of goal. The Torontos won and elected to play down the field. The two teams then took their positions as follows:— TORONTO.—R. Burns, goal; Ross McKenzie point; W. C. Bonnell, cover-point; T. McQuillan, J. Logan, F. Garvin, defence; C. Orr, centre field; F. Martin, S. Hughes, R. H. Gerry, E. Smith, A. Martin, home; R. E. Suckling, captain. SHAMROCKS.—F. Lally, goal; J. Hoobin, point; J. Heelan, cover-point; T. Butler, C. Maguire, E. Hart, defence; T. Farmer, centre field; P. McKeown, T. Meahan, P. Murphy, J. Morton, T. Daly, home; M. J. Polan, captain. C. McHugh and P. J. Tucker accompanied the team as spare men. Mr. W. K. McNaught acted as referee, and W. T. J. Darling and Alderman Ryan as umpires. FIRST GAME. When Orr and Farmer faced the ball at 2.30 the vast crowd of spectators held their breath, and all men knew that the struggle then commenced was about to be something historical in lacrosse. The interest could not but have been more intense when the spectators from the American shore watched the celebrated sea fight between the Shannon and Chesapeake. After a brief scuffle the ball sought the crowd, which necessitated another face. The Toronto lacrosse ground is famous for its face, some fair and some foul, but however that may be the ball was sent like a rocket to the Shamrock goal, where it dived around for a space until some short-sighted or enthusiastic spectator man threw up his lacrosse and called "game," but game it was not, despite the colossal volume of sound that went up from the majority of the crowd, and the rubber was sent back whence it came to the Toronto's, once again returned to the Shamrocks, caught by Hart in his most graceful fashion, once more sent flying towards the Shamrock defence, magnificently stopped by Lally, who made one of his admirable throws, scrimmaged for in mid-field for a time, lost in the crowd by McQuillan, faced for the third time, and after another false alarm of game, fought out a fresh victory, inclining to either side as skill or fortune dictated. It was during this time while a struggle was going on for the ball, which had been flying against the fence, that Gerry, of the Torontos, actually jumped on one of the Shamrocks in such a way as to elicit groans even from his own side. But nothing checked the skill of the Shamrocks or caused them to lose their calm demeanour, who saw what was intended and governed themselves accordingly. After some splendid play, in which Daly and Mackenzie distinguished themselves, (to do the bully justice he plays well) the ball got over the fence and had to be faced afresh, and Murphy's admirable dodging was generally applauded. Butler also acting on the offensive sent the ball to the Toronto defence with splendid precision and here may be the proper place to remark that Butler's playing throughout was something unsurpassed in lacrosse annals. He did not, however, succeed in putting the rubber through, but sent it from danger, and Ross McKenzie getting hold of it sent it among the crowd. Facing had now become monotonous. A live tussle now took place, Butler got in another five throw, it was stopped by Garvin, caught up by another Toronto man and ultimately captured by Sam Hughes, who sent it whizzing between the flags, thus scoring the first game for the Torontos, after a twenty minutes struggle. Cheer after cheer went up for the western men and their stick also went up, but the Shamrock sympathizers nothing daunted, showed their money in their hands and confidence in their faces and absolutely refused to be bluffed. Mr. J. Tiffin was especially prominent, going along the stand with \$3,000 in his hands awfully anxious to take bets for \$100 or upwards. Sometimes he succeeded and sometimes he failed, for to give the Toronto gentlemen nothing but their due it must be confessed they were prodigious in the extreme, and cheered more loudly and bluffed more savagely than they were willing to bet. Mr. Tiffin, however, did succeed here and there, and managed ultimately to march off with over a thousand dollars Western money. Mr. Robert Macready was also conspicuous as a Shamrock man, with any amount of money to bet. The game was all through mainly a defence one for the Shamrocks; its features were strong, quick checking and sharp, hard play. Butler, Farmer and Morton, in addition to those mentioned, distinguished themselves, and Lally was like a rock in goal. For the victors Orr, Bonnell and Hughes were particularly remarkable for their good work. It was already evident that the Torontos men were bent on a very rough game, and some of their playing was of a very unscrupulous nature. Of course the crowd cheered triumphantly, and Toronto went up in the betting at once. As an evidence of the roughness of the play, Butler was severely cut on the head by a swipe, and Heelan, struck in a similar manner by Martin, was so badly injured that he had to leave the field and could play no more. Lally, too, got a bad cut on the knee. SECOND GAME. It is illustrative of the desperate intentions

of the Toronto men that after Heelan had been disabled they should hesitate to allow a substitute, but this was ultimately and permanently settled by the Referee, and Tucker took his place in line. Mr. Tucker, before commencing, looked the boss squarely in the face and intimated in plain language that he would stand none of his nonsense, and the boss accepted him at his word, and for the remainder of the day acted like a lamb, at least to Tucker. The game commenced at 4.20. Toronto got the advantage, and the ball went down to their opponents' end of the field, but quickly came back. Two Toronto men got in a nice piece of play, and then "over the fence" caused another face. A few seconds after there was yet another face behind the Toronto goals. Martin now got the ball and made some clever play against a Shamrock man close by the fence. Garvin got hold of it and then Bonnell, who threw well up field. Some clever catching by Hart followed, and the ball went down again. Ross McKenzie and Tucker seeking it, there was a sharp piece of body-checking, in which the burly Torontonian's weight told against his lighter opponent. He threw badly, however, and after some pretty tipping from Hoobin and Farmer, Butler got hold of it and gave a splendid exhibition of his skill, and the finest play of the whole match; successfully dodging at one time four Toronto men, he got away with the ball and had his throw. A moment's varying fortune and there was another face. In a brief space of time Hart caught and threw to goals, where, after a few seconds' struggle it was tipped through by Daly, the second game thus falling to the Shamrocks in eight minutes. Maguire and Meahan were noticeable for excellent play, and on the part of the Torontos the new man, Smith and McQuillan, did some capital work. THIRD GAME. This game did not last long enough to judge how it was lost and won. The ball was at once sent in front of the Shamrock goal where after dancing awhile Morton sent it through for his opponents, in mistake of course, or rather, in spite of himself, and another tremendous cheer from the crowd agitated the air. THE FOURTH GAME. began at half-past four o'clock, and both teams braced themselves for what they felt was about to be what it turned out to be, the game par excellence. Tucker and Mackenzie came in contact several times during the progress of this game, and Roderick Dhu concluded on Eighth Page. NOCTURNAL WARBLERS. The Duke of Argyll, writing to the Scotsman, says:—Although the nightingale has never hitherto been found in Scotland, yet several species of birds have been known to acquire a wider distribution rapidly, and from causes as obscure as those which determined a former limitation. I have, therefore, read with interest the letters in your paper which have lately described the song of the nightingale near Edinburgh and elsewhere. No part of the descriptions, however, enabled anyone to be sure of the identification, and I have heard so many songs wrongly ascribed to the nightingale that I am very sceptical on the subject. But your correspondent, "W.K.," writing from Kincairdine Schoolhouse, Blair Drummond, has solved my doubts by confirming them. He describes the song as "perfectly continuous." Now, this is not the character of the nightingale's song. On the contrary, it is remarkable for its discontinuousness—gushes of song followed by long pauses, during which, sometimes, a few stray notes are sounded. On the other hand, the continuous character described belongs remarkably to the one or two other species which alone are also nocturnal. These are the sedge and reed warblers. THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY MURDER. ARREST OF LEFROY ALIAS MAPLETON. LONDON, July 8.—Lefroy has finally been caught greatly to the relief of persons throughout the country who bear a resemblance to the published portraits of the culprit. Not a day has passed but news has come to hand of the arrest in one part of the country or another of a dozen or more Lefroys. Of course to be discharged immediately. Yesterday the Coroner's inquest into the death of Mr. Gold concluded with a verdict of "willful murder" against Lefroy alias Mapleton, and a reward of £200 was offered for his apprehension. This does not, strange to say, the effect of sharpening the wits of the police and the public generally. During the day information was conveyed to the police which induced Inspectors Jarvis and Swainson to visit a house in Stoney where a person resembling Lefroy had been lodging during the past week. The Inspectors visited the house between seven and eight o'clock and immediately recognized the suspected murderer. As soon as the officers entered the room Lefroy said: "I expected you." Swainson informed him that he was charged with the murder of Mr. Gold. Lefroy replied: "I am not compelled to give an answer, am I?" He then added: "I am not guilty." He was taken to Scotland Yard, thence to the King street police station, Westminster, where he was formally charged with the murder of Mr. Gold. No money was found upon him. He is supposed to have been living at Stoney ever since he was missed after having left his sister's room in the Islington Fever Hospital. He had no bandage on his head and the wounds which were dressed on the day of the murder at Brighton had almost disappeared. His appearance gives the impression that he has been suffering from want of food. The only attempt at disguise noticeable is that he had shaved off his moustache and whiskers. He is to be taken to Balcombe for examination to-morrow. The Limes published are said to be very good.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND!! IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT. CARDINAL MANNING. THE LAND BILL.

LONDON, July 5.—There were a number of evictions in the County of Fermanagh, Ulster, to-day. Trouble is feared, and a strong force of military and police have been sent there. The district has been proclaimed. DUBLIN, July 5.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day Mr. Sexton said, and aid from there must depend upon enthusiasm and be fluctuating. A time might come when they would have to consider the advisability of asking from each farmer a percentage of the abatement obtained through the operations of the League. There must be a voluntary and extensive national levy. Lord Salisbury's attack upon the Land Bill on Friday night is condemned as a blunder. The Lords will pass the measure almost as it stands, expecting that its operation will lead to an outcry against the Ministry. LONDON, July 11.—It is anticipated that Friday will see the Land Bill out of Committee of the House of Commons. If the Bill becomes law this year a Convention of branches of the Land League in Ireland will be held in September, with a view of concerting measures to watch its operations, and advise tenant farmers in availing themselves of its provisions. LONDON, July 5.—The House of Commons in Committee adopted clause 7 of the Land Bill, as amended, by 289 to 157. Clause 8 was adopted without discussion. The House of Commons has passed clauses 9, 10 and 11 of the Land Bill. The Government having resolved to take no action this session on the Oaths Bill, and also to prevent Bradlaugh taking his seat, the latter will probably try forcibly to enter the House on Monday. Precautions will be taken, and if Bradlaugh is accompanied by a large body of supporters they will not be admitted within the gates of Palace yard. LONDON, July 6.—Clause 12 of the Land Bill was postponed. The Attorney-General for Ireland offered an amendment to clause 13, empowering the Court to restrain an ejectment for breach of statutory conditions. The amendment was adopted by 251 to 147. Clause 13 was then adopted without division. Mr. Forster stated that the promised provision in the Land Bill regarding arrears of rent would be made by a new clause, which, with clauses 45 and 47, will enable tenants whose rent does not exceed £30, under notice of ejectment, to apply to the Land Court to fix a judicial rent, and if the Court find that the tenant is over-rented, the latter will have the privilege of selling his interest in the holding under clause 48. The Government proposed to advance landlords 50 per cent. of the arrears due from tenants for the years 1875 and 1876, the landlords giving a receipt in full for two years' rent. The advance is to be repayable in fifteen years by semi-annual instalments, the maximum interest to be 3 1/2 per cent., the tenant agreeing to have the judicial rent increased gradually over 15 years for the extinction of the loan and the landlords giving time for the tenants to settle the arrears of 1880. Advances are to be taken from the Irish Church fund. The arrangement is to be voluntary and not compulsory. Mr. Stevenson (Liberal) presented a petition, eleven hundred yards long, containing 34,000 signatures in favor of closing public houses on Sundays. LONDON, July 7.—Mr. Gladstone stated that the Government made no engagement and conferred no authority on the British delegates to the Monetary Conference to make any alteration going beyond the present law currency, which they had no intention of changing. The Marquis of Hartington said the only engagements the Indian delegate was authorized to make were that for some definite term of years India would undertake not to depart in any direction calculated to lower the value of silver from the practice of coining silver, provided her coin be made current in other silver-using countries and in the Indian dominions, conditionally upon the acceptance of the agreement by other governments binding them to open their mints for a similar term, for the coinage of silver to the proportion of 15 1/2 to one of gold, the obligations on India being a binding one so long as these terms remained in force. The House in Committee passed Clauses 14, 16 and 18 of the Land Bill. Clause 15 was postponed. LONDON, July 9.—Cardinal Manning, last evening, received the deputation of Irish farm laborers who had been received on the previous day by Forster. The Cardinal said the Law, human and divine, always had his sympathy. He always regarded it as a legitimate organization, and as long as it kept within law, should never have a word of contempt from him. He hoped that it might succeed. He thought that, under the guidance of the faithful bishops and clergy of Ireland, the League would be directed into a safe path. The condition of the laborers had

his earnest sympathy, but the Land Bill cannot effectually deal with the question. It was disappointing that the laborers were not more closely identified with it, but the Bill is so large, unwieldy and complicated that it would be impossible to introduce so awkward a subject as the Irish laborer. It was better for them that the subject should be reserved for a future Royal Commission, which ought to be appointed to take evidence solely on the condition of the laborers. The appointment of such a Commission should be sought at next session of Parliament, but a Sanitary Commission ought to be provided for by the Land Bill, which could compel those possessing an interest in land to provide proper dwellings for their laborers. LONDON, July 11.—Sir C. Dilke said Christofides Effendi, who presided at the trial of the alleged murderers of Abdul Aziz, was formerly a secret employe of the Turkish Ministry of Police. Sir C. Dilke said he had reason to believe that France does not intend to mobilize troops. Mr. Daly (Home Ruler) asked a question relative to the recent arrests in Cork under the Coercion Act? Mr. Forster replying unsatisfactorily, Mr. Daly moved that Mr. Parnell seconded an adjournment of the House. In consequence of the opposition to the Navy Discipline Bill which would retard the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Trevelyan, Secretary of the Admiralty, announced the Bill withdrawn for the session, but naval commanders will be instructed to see that no award of corporal punishment is carried into effect without a previous reference to the Admiralty. Mr. O'Connor, (Home Ruler), said that if Mr. Gladstone wished to send a message of peace to Ireland let him coerce Mr. Forster to resign the Secretaryship. Mr. Gladstone said Mr. Forster was not one whit more responsible for the Coercion Act than any other member of the Cabinet, and Mr. Forster deserves as much and even more credit for whatever good there was in the Land Bill than any other member of the Cabinet. After a half hour's discussion, Mr. Daly's motion to adjourn was rejected, 305 to 26. The House then went into Committee on the Land Bill. Progress was reported leaving Clause 25 still under discussion. FREEMASONRY. During the discussion at the Harbour Trust meeting last week regarding who should lay the foundation-stone of the "James Watt" dock at Gravel Park, Greenock, Provost Campbell in the course of his remarks dissented from opinions expressed that the foundation-stone should be laid with Masonic honours. He could give instances, he said, which early in his duty as a magistrate he had been obliged to inquire into, and which were of such a nature as not to make him feel willing just to accept the Masonic body, and say it was best for his purpose. He had had to make enquiries regarding scenes which had happened in that very room which were not satisfactory, and therefore he was disinclined to encourage that body, which he hoped would by-and-by be swallowed up in other bodies more philanthropic, and who perhaps did more for the benefit of the country generally. This reflection on the craft produced a reply from "Three Past Masters Greenock Kilwinning No. XII," in which they protest against the language used by the Provost, adding, "If the duty of the Provosts and Magistrates sometimes leads them to inquire into scenes taking place in a room in which Masons have equal privilege with Provosts and Magistrates to occupy, it sometimes becomes the duty of Masons to inquire into the conduct of the Provosts and Magistrates in the same room, and it is a question which would most read disclosure." In reply, the Provost refers to a circumstance which took place in the lodge-room several years ago, where he alleges a number of younger members under the influence of liquor began quarrelling, and during the *moda* several chairs were broken, and a lieutenant of police either fell or was thrown down the stair and lay stunned and bleeding at the stairfoot for a considerable time, and from the consequences of which the unfortunate man never recovered. That same night, the Provost adds, three of the Freemasons were carried into the boxes of the Town Hall to sleep off the night's debauch. "This incident," he continues, "disgusted me with Masonry, although, so far as the violence was concerned, it must be considered exceptional in its character. The advantages of Masonry I have never been able to ascertain. It is not a benefit society like that of the Oddfellows or Good Sleepers, which are doing an immense amount of good, and it seems to have disadvantages which far overbalance the benefits." In another case the Provost refers to what he alleges was the ruin of a young man whose "mother believes, and I do not think she is far wrong, that it was the too easy rules of the lodge in regard to the use of liquor that led to his unhappy end." In conclusion, the Provost says:—"I have written these observations in a non-friendly or fault-finding spirit, but in the hope that some amendment of such practices where they exist may follow." As Sir M. R. S. Stewart, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, Grand Master Mason of Scotland, is a member of Greenock Kilwinning No. XII., it is expected such charges, coming as they do from the head of the Corporation, will receive further attention.—*Glasgow Herald*. Within the last few weeks 118,000 immigrants have poured into America. Germany supplies the largest number, Ireland and Canada coming next. The military conscription is the expelling agent in Germany—in Ireland it is landlord and land law oppression; and in Canada it is reasonably enough supposed to be the dislike to the sham royalty, with its court and cost, that is being kept up there.—*Exchange Paper*.

MEMORY'S SONG. The earth cast off her snowy shroud, And overhied the skies Looked down beyond the soft white clouds, As blue as children's eyes— The breath of spring was all too sweet, she said, Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead. The grass began to grow that day, The flowers awoke from sleep, Then round her did the meadows play Till she was fain to weep. The light will surely blind my eyes, she said, It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead. The buds grow glossy in the sun Or many a leafless tree, The little brooks did laugh and run With most melodious glee, O God! they make a joyous noise, she said, All things forget him now that he is dead. The wing had from the almond flung Red blossoms round her feet, On hazel-boughs the catkins hung, The wit will bloom grown sweet— Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said, How wisely found the first;—but he is dead. Right golden was the crocus flame, And touched the purest green, The small white flowers of palest name Above the ground was seen, He used to love the white and gold, she said, The snowdrops come again, and he is dead. I would not wish him back again, she cried, In this dark world of pain, For him the eyes of children shine, For me his spirit remain, I would not wish him back again, she said, But spring is hard to bear now he is dead. —*Macmillan's Magazine*. THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL TRAGEDY. INQUEST CONCLUDED—VERDICT OF "WILLFUL MURDER." The inquest in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul tragedy was brought to a close last week. A large number of the convict friends of the murderer swore that they believed he was insane. Dr. POMVILLE, recalled, said that he had never had the slightest reason to believe prisoner to be otherwise than in a perfectly sound state of mind—he had never exhibited the slightest symptoms of alienation of mind. DENBAR BROWN stated that at half-past one or a quarter to two he was in the hospital kitchen; his attention was attracted to a shriek proceeding from the adjoining passage; he went to the door, when deceased came opposite to him in a great state of excitement, saying to him, "Protect me from that man;" witness went towards him and asked him what was the matter; he replied, "Take care of me, he has stabbed me;" witness asked him "Who?" and he said, "That man Hayvern—don't you see the knife in his hand—he has stabbed me here," putting his hand on the left breast; deceased became very pale, and seeing he was about to faint, witness put his arm round him to support him; he saw prisoner with both hands extended downwards, his right hand closed as though clamping something, but he had not much time to notice him, as his attention was taken up with deceased. HENRY LILLIBURN, again recalled at his own request, said that morning, at about 8.20, he found in a book in his cell, the *Scientific American*, a paper, which was produced; this paper was printed with a pen in capital letters, and read as follows:— June 6 1881. To H Lilliburn—You are a dirty informer to go and inform on Havern a better not you what you do won at the court house if you do you will be scawed the same way as Salter you are a bad boy to say anything about it so beware or you will be stabbed with a knife it scawed Salter right. Mark my words. A FRIEND OF YOURS. Witness said he found this paper by going to the book for a piece of bone which he used as a mark, and which he believed he left in the book. Prisoner cross-examined witness as to the size of the piece of bone, and then demanded that Mr. Mackay, the acting warden, should go and get it. Witness and Mr. Cooper, the chief-keeper, went to look for the bone, but it could not be found. This concluded the evidence. The jury after deliberating for about half an hour returned a verdict of "Willful murder" against the prisoner, Hugh Hayvern, who was almost immediately taken off by High Constable Bissonette, who was there for the purpose, and brought to the Police Court at Montreal, where he was committed to goal. PRESIDENT GARFIELD. New York, July 11.—Many references were made in city pulpits yesterday to the attempted assassination of President Garfield. At the Roman Catholic Cathedral Archbishop Corrigan reminded his hearers that while it was a period of mourning for the perilous situation of the head of the Government, it should be also to all true Catholics a time of prayer that God in his infinite goodness might spare the chief magistrate so cruelly stricken down. He urged his hearers to pray fervently and join with him during the Mass which was being celebrated for the speedy recovery of the President. Cardinal McCloskey called upon the faithful to implore Almighty God that the life of the chief magistrate might be spared. It was the bounden duty of every Catholic in this great hour of trial to implore the Divine Ruler of the universe to preserve the life of the President as the chosen ruler of the nation. Father Farley, said the Cardinal, had not ceased to offer up his prayers for the recovery of the President, and to remember him during the recital of the divine office daily since the announcement of his attempted assassination. Fervent prayers were requested for the President at home and at mass until he was restored to the nation, and to his family.

TO M. A.

Hark! I hear the sound of a midnight bell, The knell is the toll of a dying year;

But now it is past, and the sun's bright rays Forever in their sportive gleam shine;

Oh, mystic charms that tell the tale, Of a long and sweet, sweet spell,

There it's mine to fondly greet thee, On thy one and twentieth year;

May thy future passing swiftly, Stranger by to grief and pain,

May thy true heart ever follow, And to God's sweet call respond,

May that heart that flows with life blood, Ever guide thee on thy way;

May the Lamb, whom thou shalt follow, Raise thee to thy brightest rest;

Take, dear friend, this book of friendship, Take, oh, take this Sacred Heart,

Chatham, N. B., March 5th, 1881.

ST. MARY'S HALL.

THE INAUGURATION—A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AND ELOQUENT ADDRESSES.

Long before the appointed hour for the commencement of the inaugural concert, eight p.m. last Tuesday week, the magnificent hall of St. Mary's Church, corner of Panet and Craig streets, was crowded to its fullest capacity.

The Rev. Father James Lonergan opened the concert with a short inaugural speech. He said, though his name was not down on the programme, he felt as if he must have a hand in it, hence his addressing the audience.

Next to my God and my religion, beloved, thrice beloved Ireland, holds place in my heart. It shall always warm to it in trouble and in sunshine. Though my loyalty to my country may not be shown after the manner of many others, it is as deeply rooted there as in the most enthusiastic.

Father Lonergan, who acted in the capacity of master of ceremonies, then introduced Professor Perreault, who opened the musical part of the concert by playing a magnificent overture on the piano.

Miss Alice Crompton followed, and sang the "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. T. Trudel then favored the audience with "Les Barmes" (Zaire) receiving flattering plaudits from the listeners.

and swear that we will die to maintain them." A scathing rebuke of English rule in Ireland followed. The Rev. speaker did not forget to compliment the Fenians and praise them for the zeal they had ever shown in the cause.

The first portion of the programme being then concluded, the second, after a few moments' pause, was proceeded with. It was opened with a song from Mr. James Crompton. Miss Johnson then gave the audience "Erie," a piano solo, followed by Professor Boucher, with a solo on the violin.

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED. No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried talented physicians to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.

IRISH CENSUS RETURNS. LONDON, July 2.—The census returns are particularly interesting as regards Ireland. The returns since the Union in 1801 are as follows:—1801, 5,395,000; 1811, 5,937,000; 1821, 6,801,000; 1831, 7,767,000; 1841, 8,175,000.

REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF A WOMAN. SEE PRESENTS HER DELICIOUS HUSBAND WITH SEVEN BLUE BABIES AT ONE TIME—THEY ALL HAVE BLUE EYES AND ALL LOOK VERY MUCH ALIKE.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

THE TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the best of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well.

POST-PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"We are going to have an 'At Home' all to our two selves to-night, Auntie," Edith said, kissing her thin cheek; "and I am going to sing you to sleep, by way of beginning."

"She was fond of Aunt Chatty—a meek soul, born to be tyrannized over, and tyrannized over, from her very cradle. One of those large women, who obey their small husbands in fear and trembling, who believe everything they are told, who 'bless the equine and his relations, and live contented with their stations,' who are bullied by their friends, by their children, by their servants and who die meekly some day, and go to Heaven."

"Dear me, Charlie," his mother said, "you here? I thought you went to Mrs. Featherbrain's?" "So I did," replied Charlie. "I went—I saw—I returned—and here I am, if you and Dithy will leave me for the rest of the evening."

"I quarrel!" Charlie said, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. "My dear mother, your mental blindness on many points is really deplorable. It's all Edith's fault—all; one of the few fixed principles of my life is never to quarrel with anybody. It upsets a man's digestion, and is fatiguing in the extreme. Our first meeting," continued Mr. Stuart, stretching himself out leisurely on a sofa, "at which Edith fell in love with me at sight, was a row. Well, if it wasn't a row it was an unpleasantness of some sort. You can't deny, Miss Darrell, there was a coolness between us. Didn't we pass the night in a snow-drift. Since then, every other meeting has been a succession of rows. In justice to myself and the angelic sweetness of my own disposition, I must repeat, the beginning, middle, and ending of each lies with her. She will bully, and I never could stand being bullied; I always knock under. But I warn her a day of retribution is at hand. In self defence I mean to marry her, and then, base miscreant, beware! The trodden worm will turn, and plunge the iron into her own soul. May I ask what you are laughing at, Miss Darrell?"

"A slight confusion of metaphor, Charlie—nothing more. What have you done with Trix?" "Trix is all right in the matrimonial charge of Mrs. Featherbrain, and engaged ten deep to the baronet. By-the-by, the baronet was inquiring for you, with a degree of warmth and solicitude as unwelcome as it was uncalculated for. A baronet for a brother-in-law is all very well—a baronet for a rival is not well at all. Now, my dear child, try to overcome the general nastiness of your disposition for once, and make yourself agreeable. I knew you were pining on the stem for me at home, and so I threw over the last crush of the season, made Mrs. Featherbrain my enemy for life, and here I am. Sing us something."

Miss Darrell turned to the piano with a frown, but her eyes were smiling, and in her secret heart she was well content. Charlie was beside her. Charlie had given up the ball and Mrs. Featherbrain for her. It was of no use denying it, she was fond of Charlie. Of late it had dawned dimly and deliciously upon her that Sir Victor Catheron was growing very attentive. It so wildly improbable a thing could occur as Sir Victor's falling in love with her, she was ready at any moment to make his wife, but for the love which alone makes marriage sweet and holy, which neither time, nor trouble, nor absence, can change—that love she felt for her cousin Charlie, and no other mortal man.

It was a very pleasant evening—how pleasant, Edith did not care to own, even to herself. Aunt Chatty dozed sweetly in her arm-chair, she in her place at the piano, and Charlie taking comfort on his sofa, and calmly and passionately finding fault with her music. That those two could spend an evening, an hour together, without disagreeing, was simply an utter impossibility. Edith invariably lost her temper—nothing earthly ever disturbed Charlie's. Presently, in anger and disgust, Miss Darrell jumped up from the piano-stool, and protested she would play no more.

"To be told I sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' flat, and that the way I hold my elbows when I play Thalberg's 'Home,' is frightful to behold, I will not stand it! Like all critics, you find it easier to point out one's faults, than to do better. It's the very last time, sir, I'll ever play a note for you!" "But, somehow, after a skirmish at euchre, at which she was ignobly beaten, and, I must say, shamefully cheated, she was back at the piano, and it was the clock striking twelve that made her start at last.

"Twelve! Goodness me. I didn't think it was half-past ten!" Mr. Stuart smiled, and stroked his mustache with calm complacency. "Aunt Chatty, wake up! It's midnight—time all good little women were in bed."

"You need not hurry yourself on that account, Dithy," Charlie suggests, "if the rule only applies to good little women."

Miss Darrell replies with a glance of scorn, and wakes up Mrs. Stuart. "You were sleeping so nicely I thought it a pity to wake you sooner. Come, Auntie dear, we'll go upstairs together. You know we have a hard day's work before us to-morrow. Good-night, Mr. Stuart."

"Good-night, my love," Mr. Stuart responded, making no attempt to stir. Edith linked her strong, young arm in that of her sleepy aunt and led her upstairs. He lay and watched the slim green figure, the beautiful bright face, as it disappeared in a mellow flow of gaslight. The clear, sweet voice came floating saucily back:

"And Charlie's my darling, My darling—my darling, And Charlie's my darling, The young chevalier!"

All that was sauciest and most coquetish in the girl's nature, came out with Charlie. With Sir Victor, as Trix explained it, she was "goody" and talked sense.

Mr. Stuart went back to the ball, and I regret to say, made himself obnoxious to old Featherbrain by the marked embarrassment of his devotion to old Featherbrain's wife. Edith listened to the narration next day from the lips of Trix with surprise and disgust. Miss Stuart, on her own account, was full of

triumph and happiness. "Sir Victor had been most devoted," said Trix in italics, "that is, for him." "Edith danced with me very often, and he spoke several times of you, Dithy," dear. "He couldn't understand why you absent yourself from the last party. Of the season—more can I, for that matter. A person may hate a person like poison—I often do myself—and yet go to that person's parties."

"But this was a society maxim Miss Darrell could by no means be brought to understand. Where she liked she liked, where she hated she hated—there were no half measures for her."

"The last day came. At noon, with a brilliant May sunning, the ship fired her farewell gun, and steamed away for Merrie England. Edith leaned over the bulwark and watched the receding shore, with her heart in her eyes."

"Good-bye to home," she said, "a smile on her lip, a tear in her eye." "Who knows whether I shall ever see it?" "The luncheon bell rang; everybody—a wonderful crowd too—flocked merrily downstairs to the saloon, where two long tables, bright with crystal and flowers, were spread. What a delightful thing was an ocean voyage, and sea-sickness—bah—merely an illusion of the senses."

After lunch, Charlie selected the sunniest spot on deck, for his resting-place, and the prettiest flirt on board for his companion, spread out his railway rug at her feet, spread out himself thereon, and prepared to be happy and be made love to. Trix, on the arm of the baronet, paraded the deck. Mrs. Stuart and Lady Helena buried themselves in the seclusion of the ladies' cabin in expectation of the wrath to come. Edith got a camp-stool and a book, and hid herself behind the wheel-house for a little of private enjoyment. But she did not read; it was delight enough to sit and watch the old ocean smiling, and smiling like any other coquette, as though it could never be cruel.

"The afternoon wore on; the sun dropped low, the wind rose—so did the sea. And presently—staggering blindly on Sir Victor's arm, pale as death, with speechless agony imprinted on every feature—Trix made her appearance behind the wheel-house. "O Edith, I feel awfully—awfully! I feel like death—I feel—"

"She winched her arm from the baronet's, rushed wildly from the side, and—Edith's dark, laughing eyes looked up into the blue ones, that no effort of Sir Victor's could quite control. The next moment she was by Trix's side, leading that limp and pallid heroine to the regions below, whence, for five or six days, she emerged not, nor did the eye of man rest on Miss Margaret Stuart."

The weather was fine, but the wind and sea ran tolerably high, and of course every body mostly was tolerably sick. One day's ordeal sufficed for Edith's tribute to old Neptune; after that, she never felt a qualm. A great deal of her time was spent in waiting upon Aunt Chatty and Trix, both of whom were very far gone indeed. In the case of Miss Stuart, the tortures of jealousy were added to the tortures of sea-sickness. Did Sir Victor walk with the young ladies on deck? Did he walk with her, Edith? Did he ever enquire for herself? Oh, it was shameful—shameful that she should be kept prostrate here, unable to lift her head! At this juncture, generally, in her excitement, Trix did lift it, and the consequence was—

It was full moon before they reached mid-ocean. Edith enjoyed it, no word can tell. Perhaps it was out of merciful compassion to Trix, but she did not tell her of the long brisk twilight, mid-day, and moonlight walks she and the baronet took on deck. How, leaning over the bulwarks, they watched the sun set, round and red, into the sea, and the silver sickle May moon rise, like another Aphrodite, out of the waves. She did not tell her how they sat side by side at dinner; how he lay at her feet, and read aloud for her, in sheltered sunny nooks; how uncommonly friendly and confidential they became altogether, in these first half-dozen days out. People grow intimate in two days at sea, as they would not in two years on land. Was it all gentlemanly courtesy and politeness on the baronet's side? The girl sometimes wondered. She could analyze her own feelings pretty well. Of that fitful feverish passion called love, described by the country swain as feeling "hot and dry like—with a pain in the side like," she felt no particle. There was one, Mr. Charles Stuart lying alone in places, looking serene and sunburnt, who saw it all with sleepy, half-closed eyes, and kept his conclusions to himself, "Kismet!" he thought; "the will of Allah be done. What is written is written. Sea-sickness is bad enough without the green-eyed monster. Even Othello, if he had been crossing in a Cunard ship, would have put off the pillow performance until they reached the other side."

One especial afternoon, Edith fell asleep after luncheon, on a sofa in her own and Trix's cabin, and slept through dinner and dessert, and on awoke with the lighting of the lamps. Trix lay, pale and wretched, gazing out of the port-hole, at the glory of moonlight on the heaving sea, as one who sorrows without hope of consolation.

"I hope you enjoyed your forty winks, Edith," she remarked; "what a Rip Van Winkle you are! For my part, I've never slept at all since I came on board this horrid ship! Now, where are you going?" "To get something to eat from my friend the stewardess," Edith answered; "I see I am too late for dinner."

Miss Darrell went, and got some tea and toast. Then wrapping herself in a blanket shawl, and tying a comfortable red wool shawl hood over her hair, she ascended to the deck. It was pretty well deserted by the ladies—none the worse for that, Edith thought. The full moon shone with untold splendor over the vast expanse of tossing sea, beaming with that majestic swell, that never quite fills on the mighty Atlantic. The gentlemen filled the smoking-room, the "Tabak Parliament" was at its height. She took a camp-stool, and made for her favorite sheltered spot behind the wheel-house. How grand it was—the starry sky, the brilliant white moon, the boundless ocean—that long trail of silvery radiance stretching miles behind. An icy blast swept over the deep, but wrapped in her big shawl, Edith could defy even that. She sat absorbed in the beauty and splendor of her moonlight on the sea. Very softly, very sweetly, half unconsciously, she began singing "The Young May Moon," when a step behind made her turn her head. It was Sir Victor Catheron. She awoke from her dream—came back to earth, and was of the world worldly, once more. The smile that welcomed him was very bright. She would have blushed if she could; but it is a disadvantage of pale brunettes that they don't blush easily.

"I heard singing, sweet and faint, and I give you my word, Miss Darrell, I thought it might be the Lullaby, or a stray mermaid combing her sea-green locks. It is all very beautiful of course, but are you not afraid of taking cold?" "I never take cold," Miss Darrell answered "Influenza is an unknown disease. Has the Tobacco Parliament broken up, that I behold you here?"

"It is half-past eleven—didn't you know it?—and all the lights are out." "Good Heaven!" Edith cried, starting up; "half-past eleven! What will Trix say? Really moon-gazing must be absorbing work. I had no idea it was after ten." "Stay a moment, Miss Darrell," Sir Victor interposed, "there is something I would like to say to you—something I have wished to speak of since we came on board."

Edith's heart gave one great jump—into her mouth it seemed. What would such a pre-baronet speak again, and Miss Darrell's heart sank down to the very soles of her buttoned boots.

"It is concerning those old papers, the Cheholm Courier." "You understand, and—and the lamentable tragedy they chronicle." "Yes?" said Miss Darrell, shutting her lips tight.

"It is naturally a deeply painful subject to me. Twenty-three years have passed; I was but an infant at the time, yet if it had occurred only a year ago, I think I could hardly feel it more keenly than I do—hardly suffer more, when I speak of it."

"Then why speak of it?"—was the young lady's very sensible question. "I have no claim to hear it, I am sure."

"No," the young man responded, and even in the moonlight he could see his colour rise, "perhaps not, yet I wanted to speak to you of it ever since. I don't know why, it is something I can scarcely bear to think of, even, but yet I feel a sort of relief in speaking of it to you. Perhaps there is 'rapport' between us—that we are affinities—who knows?"

"Who indeed! Miss Darrell's heart came up from her boots to its proper place, and stayed there."

"It was such a terrible thing," the young man went on, "such a mysterious thing. To this day it was wrapped in darkness. She was so young, so fair, so good—it seems too terrible for belief, that any human being could lift his hand against so innocent a life. And yet it was done."

"A most terrible thing," Edith said; "but one has only to read the papers, to learn such deeds of horror are done every day. Life is a terribly sensational story. You say it is shrouded in darkness, but the Cheholm Courier did not seem at all in the dark."

"You mean Inez Catheron. She was innocent." "Indeed!" "She was not guilty, except in this—she knew you was guilty, and concealed it. Of that I have reason to be sure."

"Her brother, of course—the Juan Catheron of the papers." "Who is to tell! Even that is not certain. No," in answer to her look of surprise, "it is not certain. I am sure my aunt believes in his innocence."

"Then who?" "Ah—who?" the baronet said mournfully, "who was the murderer? It may be that we will never know."

"You will know," Edith said decidedly. "I am sure of it. I am a firm believer in the truism that 'murder will out.' Sooner or later you will know."

She spoke with the calm conviction of prophecy. She looked back to shudder at her own words in the after days.

"Three-and-twenty years is a tolerable time to forget even the bitterest sorrow, but the thought of that tragedy is as bitter to my aunt to-day, as it was when it was done. She cannot bear to speak of it—I believe she cannot bear to think of it. What I know, therefore, concerning it, I have learned from others. Until I was eighteen, I knew absolutely nothing. Of my mother, of course I have no remembrance, and yet—his eyes and tone grow dreary—as far back as I can recall, there is in my mind the memory of a woman, young and handsome, bending above my bed, kissing and crying over me. My mother was fair, the face I recall is dark. You will think me sentimental—you will laugh at me, perhaps," he said, smiling nervously; "you will set me down as a dreamer of dreamers, and yet it is there."

"Her dark, earnest eyes looked up at him, full of womanly sympathy. "Laugh at you! Think better of me, Sir Victor. In these days it is rare enough to see men with either memory or veneration for their mother—whether dead or alive."

"He looked at her; words seemed struggling to his lips. Once he had spoken. Then he checked himself suddenly. When he did speak it was with a total change of tone: "And I am keeping you selfishly here in the cold. Take my arm, Miss Darrell; you must not stop another instant."

She obeyed at once; he led her to her cabin door—besighted—took her hand and held it while he spoke: "I don't know why, as I said before, I have talked of this; I could not have done it with anyone else. Let me thank you for your sympathy with all my heart."

"Then he was gone; and, very grave and thoughtful, Edith sought Trix and the upper berth. Miss Stuart lay calmly sleeping the sleep of the just and the sea-sick blissfully unconscious of the traitorous goings on about her. Edith looked at her with a sort of twinge. Was it fair, after all? Was it strictly honorable? "Poor Trix," she said, kissing her softly, "I don't think it will be you."

What do you think of me? for that is what it comes to, after all."

"I would I marry him?" She looks at him with incredulous wonder.

"What would I marry him?" she asks. "I shall be happy to answer them to the best of my ability, but not such absurdity as that."

"They don't seem to be a tease—what do you young persons of your juvenile years know about persons of your age?"

"I don't like the turn this conversation has taken; let us change it; let us talk about the weather—that's always a safe subject."

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up. It's so dreadfully high, and I know I shall fall off. And oh, please, do sit here, and point out the places as we go along—some enjoy places so much more when some one points them out, and you've been along here before."

"What could Sir Victor do? More particularly as Lady Helena good-humoredly chimed in:

"Yes, Victor, come and point out the places. You shall sit beside me, between Miss Beatrix and me. Your friend in the tweed suit can sit next. And you, my dear Mrs. Stuart—where will you sit?"

"As Charlie and Edith will have all the other side to themselves," said meek Mrs. Stuart, "I guess I'll sit beside Edith."

"Ay, ay," chimed in her spouse, "and I'll mount with caddy. All serene there behind? Then away we go!"

Away they went, clattering over the road, with the whole tatterdemalion population of Macroom after, shouting for "ha'pennies."

"Rise enough to set up a paper-mill, suggested Charlie, and all the noses turned up. Edith, how do you like this arrangement?"

"I think Tricky's cleverer than I ever gave her credit for," laughed Edith; "it's a pity so much diplomacy should be 'love's labor lost."

"Poor Tricky! She means well too. Honor thy father, that thy days may be long in the land. She's only trying to fulfil the command. And you think she has no chance?"

"I know it," Edith answers, with the calm serenity of conviction.

"Sir Victor, when your friend with the solemn face and the funny knickerbockers?"

"It's the Honorable Angus Hammond, second son of Lord Glengarry, and captain of Scotch Greys," replies Sir Victor, and Miss Stuart opens her eyes, and looks with new reverence at the big, speechless young warrior, who sits sucking the head of his umbrella, and who is an honorable and the son of a lord.

"The day was delightful, the scenery exquisite, his companion vivacious in the extreme, Lady Helena in her most genial mood."

But Sir Victor Catherine sat very silent and distant all the way. Rallied by Miss Stuart on his gloom, he smiled faintly, and acknowledged he felt a trifle out of sorts. As he made the confession he paused abruptly—clear and sweat rang out the girlish laugh of Edith Darrell.

"Our friends on the other side appear to be in excellent spirits at least," says Lady Helena, smiling in sympathy with that merry pal; "what a very charming girl Miss Darrell is!"

Tricky shoots one swift, sidelong glance at the baronet's face, and answers demurely: "Oh, it's an understood thing that Dithy and Charlie are never really happy except when together. I don't believe Charlie would have taken the trouble to come at all, if Edith, at his solicitation, had not been one of the party."

"A very odd affair, I suppose?" asks her ladyship, still smiling.

"A very odd affair, indeed," Tricky answers gayly. "Edith will make a charming sister-in-law; don't you think so, Sir Victor?"

and the pig lives in the corner, and every cabin swarms with children, but—happy! Charlie, I used to think you had one or two grains of common sense, at least—now I begin to doubt it."

"I begin to doubt it myself, since I have had the pleasure of knowing Edith Darrell I defy mortal man to keep common sense, or uncommon sense, long in her company. Poverty and misery, in your lexicon, mean the same thing."

"The same thing. There is no earthly evil that can equal poverty." They reached Killarney late in the evening, and drove to the "Victoria." The perfect weather still continued, the moon that had lit their last night at sea, on the wave now, lifted its silvery light over the matchless Lakes of Killarney, lying like sheets of crystal light beneath.

"Oh, how lovely!" Tricky exclaimed. The rest stood silent. There is a beauty so intense as to be beyond words of praise—so sweet, so solemn, as to hush the very beating of our hearts. It was such beauty as this they looked upon now.

They stood on the velvet sward—Sir Victor with Tricky on his arm. Charlie and Edith side by side. A glowing mass of soft, scarlet draperies, Miss Darrell; a soft, scintillating with long, black, egyptian plumes, set off her Spanish face and eyes. They had dined—and when is moonlight half so poetical as after an excellent dinner?

"I see two or three boats remarked Sir Victor. "I propose a row on the lakes!"

"Of all things," seconded Beatrix, "a sail on the lakes of Killarney! Edith, do you realize it? Let us go at once, Sir Victor."

"Will you come with me Edith?" Charlie asked, or would you rather go with them? She looked at him in surprise. How grave his face—how quiet his tone! He had been like this all day, silent, preoccupied, grave.

"My very dear Charlie, how polite we grow! how considerate of others' feelings! Quite a new phase of your interesting character. . . go with you, certainly—Mr. Charles Stuart, in a state of lamb-like meekness, is a study worth contemplating."

He smiled slightly, and drew her hand within his arm.

"Come, then," he said, "let us have this last evening together; who knows when we shall have another?"

Miss Darrell's brown eyes opened to their widest extent.

"This last evening! Who knows when we shall have another? Charlie, if you're meditating flight or suicide, say so at once—anything is better than suspense. I once saw a picture of 'The Knight of the Woud Contenance'—the K. of the W. C. looked exactly as you look now! If you're thinking of strychnine, say so—no one shall oppose you. My only regret is, that I shall have to wear black, and hideous is a mild word to describe Edith Darrell in black."

"Hideous!" Charlie repeated, "you! I wonder if you could possibly look ugly in anything? I wonder if you know how pretty you are to-night in that charming hat and that scarlet drapery?"

"Certainly I know, and charming I undoubtedly must look to wring a word of praise from you. It's the first time in all your life, sir, you ever paid me a compliment. Hitherto you have done nothing but find fault with my looks and everything else."

"There is a time for everything," he answers, a little sadly—sadly! and Charlie Stuart! "The time for all that is past. Here is our boat. You will steer, Edith? Yes—then I'll row."

The baronet and Tricky were already several yards off, out upon the shining water. Another party—a large boat containing half-a-dozen, Captain Hammond among them, was farther off still. In this boat sat a girl with a guitar; her sweet voice as she sang came romantically over the lake, and the mountain echoes, taking it up, sang the refrain enchantingly over and over again. Edith lifted up her face to the starry sky, the moonlight bathing it in a glory.

"Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "What a bright beautiful world it is, and how perfectly happy one could be, if—"

For you a marriage with me means ruin—nothing else."

"My father is fond of me. I am his only son. He would relent."

"He never would," she answered firmly, "and you know it. Charlie, the day he spoke to you in Cork, I was behind the window-curtains, reading. I heard every word. My first impulse was to come out and confront him—to throw back his favors and patronage, and demand to be sent home. A horrid bad temper is numbered among the list of my failings. But I did not. I heard your calm reply—the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and it fell like oil on my troubled spirit."

"Don't lose your temper, you said; 'Fred Darrell's daughter and I won't marry, if that's what you mean.' I admire your prudence and truth. I took the lesson home, and—stayed behind the curtains. And we will keep to that—you and Fred Darrell's daughter will never marry."

"But, Edith, you know what I meant. Good Heavens! you don't for a second suppose—"

"I don't for a moment suppose anything but what is good and generous of you, Charlie. I know you would face your father like a—like a Griffin rampant; to quote Tricky, and brave all consequences, if I would let you. But I won't let you. You can't afford to defy your father. I can't afford to marry a poor man."

"I am young—I am strong—I can work. I have my hands and my head, a tolerable education, and many friends. We would not starve."

"We would not starve—perhaps," Edith says, and laughs again rather drearily. "We would only grub along, waiting everything that makes life endurable, and be miserable beyond all telling before the first year ended. We don't want to hate each other—we don't want to marry. You couldn't work, Charlie—you were never born for drudgery. And I—I can't forget the training of my life even for you."

"You can't, indeed—you do your training credit," he answered bitterly.

"And so," she goes on, her face drooping, "don't be angry; you'll thank me for this some day. Let it be all over and done with to-night, and never be spoken of more. Oh, Charlie, my brother, don't you see we could not be happy together—don't you see it is better we should part?"

"It shall be exactly as you wish. I am but a poor special pleader, and your worldly wisdom is so clear, the dullest intellect might comprehend it. You throw me over without a pang, and you mean to marry the baronet. Only—as you are not yet his exclusive property, bought with a price—answer me this: You love me?"

Her head dropped lower, her eyes were full of passionate tears, her heart full of passionate pain. Throw him over without a pang! In her heart of hearts Edith Darrell knew what it cost her to be heartless to-night.

"Answer me! he said, imperiously, his eyes kindling. Answer me! That much, at least, I claim as my right. Do you love me or do you not?"

"And the answer comes very humbly and low."

"Charlie! what need to ask? You know only too well—I do."

And then silence falls. He takes up the oars again—their soft dip, and the singing of the girl in the distant boat, the only sounds.

(To be continued.)

Thousands of children are lost annually from cholera infantum, diarrhea, and the summer complaints, where lives might be preserved by using Extract of Wild Strawberry. Physicians recommend and use it constantly. It is a remedy well known, and more highly valued the longer known. It is for sale at all drug stores, and is within reach of every one. See advertisement in another column.

MISS PARSELL.

HER RECEPTION IN THE OLD CAPITAL—AN ENTHUSIASTIC OVAATION—HER ADDRESS.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

Last evening the Music Hall was the centre around which all that is national in the Irish character centred. Welcome to Miss Parsell, sister of the great Irish tribune, was the object, and the welcome was given in a truly Irish fashion; it took the hundred thousand shape—the *Cead Mile Failte* form. It was worthy the people who tendered it as it was deserving by the lady to whom it was given. On very rare occasions is such enthusiasm shown as was last evening. The event was peculiar of its kind. The scattered portion of a liberty loving people met together to render homage to one of a family which is destined to revolutionize the system of Government under which a people has groined for centuries. The Irish people of Quebec crowded into the Music Hall last evening to pass a social hour, enlivened by the strains of the Emerald Band with the additional attraction of a number of our charming vocalists, who contributed their inestimable services towards furthering the great object the League had in view. That their efforts were crowned with success, the large audience, who applauded with vigorous enthusiasm, bore sufficient evidence. On the entrance of Miss Parsell (accompanied by Mrs. Whelan and Miss Davis, and escorted by leading members of the Land League) the audience rose, the band played, and altogether it was evident a much loved and highly esteemed being was in their presence. The chair was taken by John O'Farrell, Esq., whose introductory address was delivered with all the freshness and vigor which his enthusiastic Irish heart so ably prompted. On the stage were seated, beside the highly esteemed guest of the evening, the whose name is a synonyme for all that is honest, faithful and true in the cause of Irish freedom, Miss Fanny Parsell, there were Mrs. Whelan, the wife of one who has devoted his time and his means to the establishment of a long destroyed and much needed Irish Catholic daily newspaper, *The Post*, Montreal; Miss Annie Davis, President and founder of the Ladies' Branch of the Irish National Land League, in Montreal. A lady whom as the niece of Ireland's patriotic songster, Thomas Davis, was greeted with enthusiasm second only to that awarded to Miss Parsell. Messrs. Felix Carbury, past President, Jas. Shea, past Vice-President, Jas. Paul, Vice-President, Jas. J. Gahan, J. Gallagher, D. Nolan, and J. Carey.

(From the Quebec Chronicle.) Mr. J. J. Gahan delivered the speech of the occasion; Miss Davis recited Fenway's songs were sung by Messrs. James Shea and E. J. Lane, and Mr. John O'Farrell, the chairman, read the following address:

To Miss Fanny Parsell, the Poetess of the Irish National Land League.

The members of the Quebec branch of the Irish National Land League, joining with their fellow-citizens of Irish birth and extraction, and with the lovers of Ireland generally, in this city, avail themselves of your presence here, to testify their admiration of your many noble qualities, and to tender you, from their heart of hearts, a hundred thousand welcomes!

To the great crisis through which the Irish nation is passing, the family of Parsell is proving itself worthy of the stock from which it sprung.

Liked unto the mother of the Gracchi, the gifted lady whose name you bear, has given her virtues and her children to the service of her country!

Your brother in the great Parliamentary arena of the British Empire; your sister now tottering for the cause amidst the dark forests of Ireland, where though "the climate is soft as a mother's smile, and the soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant groans"; you, on this continent amongst the buried rushes of North America commerce, have joined in raising a cry which falls upon the ear of mankind, and provokes the chivalry of the world to condemn in thunder tones the glaring wrongs and vices which attach to the system of landlordism in Ireland!

As one of that honored family you are welcome to our midst.

We recognize in you the Poetess of the Land War! the sister singer of Speranza and of Eva! the Woman of the Sybil's voice and Prophets' power!

Cead mile failte! cead mile failte! When the mighty ones of earth go forth—those crowned kings and monarchs of feudal thrones, their footsteps are traced by acclamations—the serfs hail their presence. The ancient lords of ancient houses likewise meet with all the exterior marks of pompous reverence from the lowly and the unthinking. For this there is cause, inasmuch as the sceptre of power is wielded in the view of the multitude, and behind the sceptre there is either the sword of force, or that more debased weapon, the lash of a degraded public opinion. But without the accidental trappings which surround the courts of lordings you have started on Freedom's pathway. The martyrs of your nation are the beacons of your course! Justice is your aim! Liberty your goal! Hence it is that we greet you on this occasion with every testimony of our affection—seeing, in your virtues the sole reason for our love.

To an enlightened people—to an aroused humanity you appeal. O continue on your glorious mission, and though you are not hailed upon as was the Maid of Orleans, to mingle in scenes of unweicome strife and unholy bloodshed, yet be assured that the heart of grateful Ireland will enshrine your name; that your welfare, temporal and eternal, will be the fond object of a faithful people's prayer, and your memory be prized by every Irish-Canadian, whose feelings, like the chords of the Aeolian harp, have been awakened to the melody of patriotism, by the rich and tender outpourings of your exalted genius.

Signed on behalf of the Irish National Land League and Irish people of Quebec. JOHN O'FARRELL, Chairman.

LAWRENCE STAFFORD, Jr., } Hon. Secys. JOHN CAREY, } Miss Parsell, who was received with loud applause, begged the audience to be seated, and then proceeded to thank them for the magnificent reception they had given her; for the address just read, and Mr. Gallagher for the beautiful manner in which he had read it. She was glad to hear Mr. Gallagher was from Cork, for as it was a matter of sink or swim with them they needed plenty of Cork. When it was a question for her brother to decide whether he would sit for Cork, Wealth or Mayo, her sister and herself had put their heads together and talked it over, and finally they had sent him word "Stick to Cork." In addition, she said her usual inability to speak, she had been out driving to see the beautiful scenery around Quebec, and had been forced to swallow about two pecks of dust. She had likewise required to swallow so many undeserved compliments that some of them seemed to stick in her throat. She had still, however, voice sufficient to thank them for their kindness. She was glad to see

so many ladies present. At first the meetings of the League were attended almost entirely by men; now, however, the ladies were already taking an interest in the proceedings. She had been told the ladies here were not so strong-minded, such anomalies as those in the United States. It was not good for man to be alone in any matter, and especially when his aim was the regeneration of a good and great nation. The movement was of course political in one sense, but then they were interested in no particular sense. As one had said who himself was no friend of Ireland,—"the late Thomas Carlyle." The Whigs were their false friends and the Tories their honest enemies. She thought the latter were the best. The Whigs were always calling for liberty, the Tories for order, while the nation did not want order, but justice. "They wanted no concessions from the British Government; they merely wanted justice." They went to them with open hands,—she wished they only could, and say,—Give us justice or else—. (Loud applause.) Miss B. M. McVeay and Mr. P. E. Lane sang "Believe me if all these endearing young charms," as a duet, followed by songs from Mr. F. M. Duggan, who was loudly applauded, and Miss Maguire. The two last were beautifully rendered and were the gems of the evening.

Before separating, the audience sang "God Save Ireland," Mr. D. Nolan singing the solo. A word of praise is certainly due the musical director, Miss McConley, for her skill in presiding at the piano.

The hall had been neatly decorated for the occasion. The Union Jack, Red, White and Blue, Stars and Stripes and Irish flag surrounded a banner bearing on it the names of Chas. Stewart Parsell, Michael Davitt and Dillon, and in front of the stage was the inscription "God Save Ireland." Welcome our Guest, Miss Fanny Parsell, was at the end of the Hall facing the stage.

Miss Parsell is a tall and attractive looking young lady, fair in appearance, and apparently about 25 years of age. She is slim in figure, and wore last night a handsome black silk costume, over the skirt of which was a lace draping embroidered in large silver Shamrocks.

BREVITIES Bismarck is sixty-eight years old. Dublin policemen are tall and innocent-looking. A drink of half milk and half Vichy water is very refreshing. Some English stewards put cheap beer into old Bass bottles.

An English constable mounted a bicycle and caught a thief. At a fancy fair an "old woman" sat in an immense show selling dolls. Berlin anxiously expects Alboni and Elms in "Lohengrin" next season.

The rumor is revived that Prince Amadous, of Italy, intends to become a monk. Toronto bakers have decided to increase the price of bread from Monday next.

Sparking of the politics and office hunting the Boston Herald says:—"Lift the level." Ex-Lieutenant Governor Sisson, of Ohio, has received a patent for an advertising balloon.

A satirical inn-keeper in Wytheville, Va., advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

In future French navy officers and seamen may grow bearded and mustaches. Mustaches without beards are still prohibited.

The young Duke de Morny is said to be one of the coming golden youth of France—clever, witty, discreet, sceptical and a sportsman.

At Meot, the chief of the famous champagne house of Moet & Chandon, died recently, leaving a personal fortune of nearly 30,000,000 francs.

The Czar has succeeded in maintaining absolute monarchy. But he is afraid to come out to see how it is getting along.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A writer in the British Medical Journal asserts that in the last thirty years there has been a gradual diminution in the size of people's heads.

It is asserted that Dr. Carnally, of England, has, by a patent process, produced ice of such intense coldness that it would burn the toucher.

A block of ice, melted in Charles Bertine's ice-cream at Conersville, Ind., was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound and in good health. William Brink, of South Manchester, Conn., a member of the National Guard, was, during a recent visit to Germany, seized and forced into the military service. A young lady named Tobin, daughter of a respectable resident of St. Catharines, Ont., eloped yesterday with a negro, whom she married at Niagara Falls. A St. Louis man has been fined \$1 and costs of prosecution for jacking a boy out of a seat in a horse car for the benefit of a lady passenger who was standing. A bogus "Count," travelling on the Pacific slope, lowers his baggage from his room window, languidly walks out of the hotel and is heard of in the next city. It is asserted that France has sent a note to the Porte, declaring that she will hold Turkey responsible for the agitation among the Mohammedans in Tunis and Gran. A black bear attempted to hug a young lady in Idaho, and was severely punished for his misbehavior. She charged on the beast with an umbrella and punched out one of his eyes. Among the twenty-one students arrested a few days ago in a conspirator's lodgings on the confines of St. Petersburg was a female student of medicine, dressed in a man's clothes. Boston Post:—"It disgusts a man fearfully after he has owned a mule ten years to find that the animal really enjoys listening to profanity. He grudges the pleasure he has given the mule."

Miss Lilliwalt, who is about to marry, remarked on Memorial day that she could sympathize with the brave boys in blue, having lost her hand in an engagement.—Boston Transcript. The proposed meeting of Scotch members, to take into consideration the question of arranging for the discussion of Scotch business in the House of Commons, has been indefinitely postponed. Not a bad joke was made at Ascot respecting a lady whose dress was profusely decorated with the heraldic emblems of her husband's family. "Why," said some one, "should a wife not be in the arms of her husband?" Parsell has written a letter to the Cork branch of the Land League in regard to the arrest of O'Donnell, its Secretary, stating that the time has long since gone by when the Government arrested men for any reason assigned under the Coercion Act.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For July, 1881.
THURSDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
FRIDAY, 15.—St. Henry, Emperor of Germany, Confessor.
SATURDAY, 16.—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
SUNDAY, 17.—Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.
Epist. Rom. vi. 3-11; Gosp. Mark viii. 1-10.
MONDAY, 18.—St. Camillus of Lellis, Conf.
Defin. of Dogma of Infal. 1870.
TUESDAY, 19.—St. Vincent of Paul, Confessor.
WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor. St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr. Cons. Bp. Grace, St. Paul, 1859.

The most amusing report of a lacrosse match ever seen appeared in the Toronto Mail of Monday. As usual, the Mail trots politics right into the match. Of course, Alderman Ryan is a Reformer, and his decision was, therefore, all wrong.

That august body of statesmen called the Legislative Assembly of Quebec are bent on imitating that other body of statesmen called the Imperial House of Lords by obstructing useful measures desired by the great mass of the people. The Lords threw out the Irish Compensation Bill last year, and the Assembly threw out Mr. Wurtelo's Property Qualification Bill this year. If they go on this way they will very soon be thrown out themselves.

If a collision do not take place between the Turkish forces in Tripoli, who are encouraging the insurgents, and the French army of occupation in Tunis it will be passing strange. The French are not in the mood to stand any nonsense just now from "Dono Johnny," although he is encouraged by England and Italy, and it is only a trifle would cause the Sultan to cross the Hellespont, bag and baggage to the tune of "Ca ira" or "Partant pour la Syrie."

It is not often that we can endorse any opinion emanating from a certain evening contemporary, but we certainly think there is something in the following:—"Now, could it be we produce all this on the spot, if we wanted anything so wishy-washy, instead of importing it per cable? The fact is the London Times, and the English papers generally, find it uncommonly hard to say anything worth while about a colony. Colonial matters are to them the very stupidest that ever fall under their review; and we have no doubt at all they would thank us as heartily if we would make ourselves a little more interesting by becoming an independent community."

The withdrawal of Chauncey Depew from the candidature for Senator, is a new move on the part of the half-breed-featherhead party which has put Warner Miller in his place. The change has caused quite a sensation, but it is hardly probable it will bring about a satisfactory result. At one time, when the news of the attempted assassination of the President was received, it was thought there would be a stampede of the Stalwarts, but it seems that faction is too well disciplined to break. The split between the Republicans is growing wider instead of closing, and the situation at Albany is to day the same as it was a month ago, except that Potter has replaced Jacobs for the Democrats, and Miller has succeeded Depew as the half-breed champion. The spoils of office are sweeter than party ties.

If the English Tories do not succeed in turning the Liberals out of office over the Land Bill, they still entertain the hope that protection will be a taking war cry. Much will depend upon the way the present negotiations with France are closed. The high protective tariff contemplated by the French Government will, if put in force, create an angry feeling among English manufacturers, while the farmers, and of course, the Tory aristocracy, are eager for a policy of retaliation. It remains to be seen, however, in what light the great mass of the people regard protection. It will raise prices all round, and though it may raise wages also it is doubtful if it does so in proportion. England for a long time manufactured for the world besides carrying on the shipping trade of half the world, and that is how she became so enormously wealthy. She is now living on her capital and the world has learned to manufacture for itself. America, France and Germany, not only do not take English goods, at least in such large quantities, but are protecting their own industries against them, and even underselling the Eng-

lish in their own markets. Hence the present cry for protection. But will protection avail? Is England a self-sustaining country like France and the United States? She has within machinery enough to manufacture for all the world, but suppose it refuses to take her goods, what then? She is no longer in a position to force people to trade with her. Free trade is good enough for only one country, and that is England, because of her great commerce and manufacturing powers. If she attempts to retaliate continental tariffs will rise higher and higher against her, and it is America which will gain. It seems to be destined that English manufactures will have to travel the same downward grade as its agriculture. If the immense population of India refused to cultivate opium for her or receive her cheap goods, where would she turn?

It has become the bad habit in the Imperial Parliament of delaying legislation to give orators time to talk until the fog end of the session, when bills are run through at a break neck speed. Whatever excuse there may be for this in a Parliament which is overwhelmed with business, there is none for it in Ottawa, and if we may be allowed to make a small bull still less in Provincial assemblies. We have in Canada so many Parliaments to legislate for a comparatively small population, that the wonder should be how it is they can all find work sufficient to occupy them for even a month, and yet this spectacle is witnessed of an annual rushing of bills through at the last moment. This has been notably the case in Quebec in the session just closed, when an important school bill would have become law at the last moment, had it not been for the action of the Montreal Council. Too much talk, gentlemen, too much talk.

The Canadian Spectator of last Saturday says, in reference to the wharf troubles:—"The longshoremen's strike has taken another turn. Three gentlemen, with the best intentions and in the interests of harmony and the welfare of the city, undertook to mediate between the men and the ship-owners. They have met the fate of all peace-makers. The men were doubtless glad to be talked to in a friendly spirit by the gentlemen, but dire was the wrath of the employers. Instantly summoning a meeting the latter issued their pronouncement repudiating all interference by outsiders. We fear the ship-owners will yet have cause to regret their impetuosity. The interests of the city are paramount to those of ship-owners however public spirited and enterprising, and public sympathy will in this matter at least, unless we are much mistaken, be entirely and unequivocally in favor of the men who sought to do good, and of the striking laborers, who have already won our sympathy by their good conduct, and against the high-handed and intolerant manifesto of the ship-owners."

ARTHUR LEFROY, the man who murdered Mr. Gold in the railroad compartment on an English train, was not, as reported by cable, either a Frenchman or a newspaper correspondent. He was simply an English Cockney, who, actuated by cupidity, murdered his fellow-traveller to get possession of his watch and money. In former times English novelists, so scarce did they deem English criminals, or pretend so to please the public, adopted a foreigner or an Irishman as the bad man of their stories, and sacrificed him to justice at the close, and even to-day, when people are enlightened enough to realize that there are, among twenty-five millions of England's population, a few at least who might be disposed to commit murder, the newspapers are prone to yield so far to the spirit of Chauvinism as to spare the native feeling when he can manage it at all. It was a like spirit that actuated some native American correspondent lately when the news of the attempted assassination of President Garfield was first spread abroad. What is surprising in the Gold murder is that a people so liable to be scared as the English by a crime of that description, do not adopt the American system, under which a similar murder could not occur. It would, of course, have its disadvantages, one of which would be that a baronet, or even a full fledged earl would occasionally find himself in company with common merchants and newspaper correspondents, which would never answer in a country like England, where familiarity so swiftly breeds contempt. Nevertheless it will have to come some time, but not perhaps before a member of the House of Peers is murdered.

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON CANADA

It is well known that the London Times, the chief organ of the ruling classes in England, entertains very little sympathy for Canada. Whenever it finds occasion to write about this country it displays either invincible ignorance or covert malice. It has told Canada often and often that it would break no one's heart in England if the tie that connects the Empire and this country were severed, and, although, when a great war threatens it gracefully accepts the offer of 600,000 Canadians from a few aristocratic, but battalionless colonels, when the cupid rolls away the thunder relapses into its normal state—indifference or dislike—it not positive hatred. This state of things is not encouraging to Canadian loyalists, if there really exist such a class in our midst. Its latest expression of opinion as regards Canada is called forth by the proposed visit of the Marquis of Lorne to the Northwest, which many think will have the effect of advertising that magnificent country before the world, and of diverting part of the stream of emigration now steadily flowing

across the Atlantic to the Valley of the Saskatchewan. But the London Times is too cosmopolitan, too broadly generous to encourage immigration to Canada to the disadvantage of the United States, for it thinks that Englishmen settling in the Great Republic will find themselves among people of their own race and religion. It does not say so, but perhaps it thinks it would be different if they settled in some parts of Canada, but here is what it actually does say:—"It grieves the souls of patriotic Canadians to behold all the wealth and human machinery for the production of wealth passing by its own fellow-countrymen and augmenting the strength of aliens in allegiance, though not in blood. Englishmen, who are less directly interested, care less whether the Dominion or the Union engross the benefit of immigration, so that the immigrant is planted finally in the habitation best adapted to his own wants and to the consequent increase of the sum of human comforts." Just so, and still we have men among us, mostly politicians it is true, who pretend to believe that Englishmen are in a state of constant anxiety about our wants, our sentiments and our friendship. If those politicians really want to see Canada receive European emigrants to cultivate the North-West, they should understand that they must pursue a different course in future. Their loyal appeal for emigrants has fallen upon unheeding ears, their nonsensical talk about the Imperial tie has become odious. They can now see that Englishmen will not emigrate to Canada because it is a Crown colony, and that Irishmen and foreigners decidedly object to it for that very reason. Indeed it is doubtful if English and Scotchmen of the emigrating class would not be better disposed towards us if we were perfectly independent. They have had enough and to spare in the old country of titles and distinction of classes, and it must be remembered it is the democracy which is emigrating. An English emigrant knows it is possible that a son born to him in the United States may become ruler of the mightiest people upon earth, and he also knows that, under the present system, if he settles in Canada his son cannot be Governor-General. Lords and dukes only are eligible to that distinguished office, as if lords and dukes were endowed with administrative capacity by a discriminating nature. Let the Canadian Parliament take the advice so often given gratuitously by the London Times, and cut the connection and they will find it will not be necessary to go to such expense in settling the North-West. Hundreds of thousands of Europeans will only be too happy—without the blarney of an emigration agent—to cast their lot in an independent Canada, and Americans in large numbers, no longer afraid of becoming colonists and subjects of Great Britain, will do what Lord Beaconsfield inaccurately said they were doing, cross the border and settle in the great North-West, bringing their wealth and enterprise with them to aid in forming another great and free State on this North American continent.

THE NOBLE GAME OF LACROSSE.

The saying which some people were slow to accept as truth, that in order to wrest victory from the Toronto team it must be won twice, especially when their opponents are the Shamrocks, was fully illustrated at the Queen City on Saturday. All the subtleties, all the quibbles, all the pitiful tricks, legitimate and illegitimate, that it is possible to put into practice, from the ferocity of Boss Mackenzie to the weak exhibition of throwing the ball over the fence when the Toronto men were out of breath, were resorted to in order to vanquish the Shamrocks, but in vain, all in vain. If the Shamrock and Montreal teams have elevated lacrosse playing to the dignity of an athletic science, it has been reserved for the Toronto men to degrade it to the level of a dog fight, although truly the ingenuity they displayed in fouling almost deserves the name of science also. The manner in which they carried off the flags in the former exhibition of skill at Toronto carried with it little or no credit that impartial lovers of the noble game imagined the Toronto men would have felt ashamed of themselves and essayed by genuine skill and science to let the world see that they did not owe their poor triumph to the truculence of Boss Mackenzie. But no, the Toronto team—all perfect gentlemen too—have not mended their ways, but quite the contrary, for it is admitted on all sides that, if it were possible, they behaved still more improperly on Saturday than on the previous occasion. The action of the Western men is extremely painful, not only to lovers of lacrosse, but to all admirers of athletic games, and all who prefer fair play before an immoral victory. Fiercely striking an opponent over the head with a lacrosse can hardly be called skill, nor can throwing the ball over the fence at a critical moment in the game be strictly termed science. The fact that the Shamrocks succeeded in gaining the victory with the desperate odds and the reckless antagonists contending against them on Saturday, is little short of the miraculous and eminently shows with what majesty the famous Shamrock team can play, under all circumstances. One is almost, were it not for the shame it throws on our national game, one is almost tempted, we say, to rejoice that the Shamrocks were handicapped, as they undoubtedly were on Saturday, as it has brought out in such prominent colors their immense superiority over their ancient rivals of the West, rivals now no more, and as their play leaves us to imagine what deeds of lacrosse they are capable of when there is a fair field and no favor. But let us not do too severe on the Toronto men. The many, after all, should not suffer for the few, and we are willing to believe that the majority of the team do not endorse

the ruffianly conduct of Boss Mackenzie and two or three other bullies who disgrace lacrosse in Western Canada. It is now pretty evident that bully does not always bear away the victory, and that where there is a fair referee and gentlemanly umpires, whose words can be trusted, skill and science are more than a match for main strength and ignorance. To Alderman Ryan, of Toronto, who was not to be brow beaten by Mackenzie, the thanks of lacrosse players throughout Canada are due; he saved the national sport from being trailed through the mud, and he saved Toronto from degradation. The Shamrocks and their thousands of friends and admirers are now able to congratulate themselves on the fact that notwithstanding the late defection, the Club is stronger and better consolidated than ever, for it is the general opinion of connoisseurs that the play in Toronto on Saturday was so simply and absolutely perfect as almost to show mesmerism in the players.

OFFICE SEEKING.

A telegraph despatch from Washington says that a few days before the assassin's bullet laid him low, President Garfield was seriously thinking of sending a special message to Congress, recommending that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the federal offices be taken from the control of the Executive and given to the people. A few days before the event, also, Mr. Blaine stated that there were more than a million applications for Civil Service situations on file at Washington, and, taking the two scraps of information together, one might infer that, ten days or so ago, a conversation had taken place between the President and his Secretary on the important subject of Civil Service reform. Just think of it; one million applications for office! that is to say, one grown man out of every ten in the United States hungering for office. It is no wonder the matter should cause grave anxiety to American patriots, for the system which now obtains is eating up the heart of the country. The late horrible attempt at assassination sprang from office hunger, for, had Senator Conkling been given what he considered his legitimate right, the disposal of the Port of New York Collectors' office, as if lords and dukes were endowed with administrative capacity by a discriminating nature. Let the Canadian Parliament take the advice so often given gratuitously by the London Times, and cut the connection and they will find it will not be necessary to go to such expense in settling the North-West. Hundreds of thousands of Europeans will only be too happy—without the blarney of an emigration agent—to cast their lot in an independent Canada, and Americans in large numbers, no longer afraid of becoming colonists and subjects of Great Britain, will do what Lord Beaconsfield inaccurately said they were doing, cross the border and settle in the great North-West, bringing their wealth and enterprise with them to aid in forming another great and free State on this North American continent.

THE GENERAL, THE ARMY AND THE PRESS.

Major General Luard, commander of the forces in Canada, has within a short time managed to make of himself a most unpopular man with the forces under his command. The General is like Mark Anthony, a plain blunt man who calls a spade a spade when he happens to come in contact with one. This would be all well enough in the regular army, where the commander is at liberty to exercise the powers of a despot—but in Canada, among a citizen soldiery, it does not answer. There are a great many Canadian volunteers who think themselves as good as General Luard, and would not have the slightest hesitation in telling him so if necessary. They leave their homes, their farms, their places of business every year for a certain time for the public good, and not for the shilling which draws the regular into the army, and instead of earning money they spend it—officers and men. They should therefore get some credit for patriotism, and it should not be expected that citizens converted into soldiers merely for a few weeks should dress as neatly and drill as mechanically as line-men. It is true that some of them, especially the Montreal and Toronto battalions do make the attempt and succeed admirably, but as a rule the country battalions are not up to the mark. Nor should it be expected. The conditions are not the same. In a city the men can drill all the year round and establish that esprit du corps which more than anything else contributes to discipline and soldierly bearing, whereas in the country the probabilities are that most of the men do not see either one another or their officers, except when they assemble for an-

annual drill, which is not annually. We do not know whether General Luard is aware of this or not, but if he is his conduct at London towards Colonel Campbell, of the Lambton Battalion, was a little out of the way to say the least of it. It is very true that the gallant Colonel turned out in a manner which was enough to make the blood of a martinet boil with indignation. Just imagine the commander of a battalion on parade with a billycock hat on him, and a pair of tweed trousers. Perhaps he was smoking a clay pipe. If not, we have not been made aware of it. At all events the General waxed wrathful and abused him—who will blame him?—and the Colonel retired from the field. The Ottawa Free Press, which pretends to a knowledge of military matters, quotes the Queen's regulations, to show that officers are to avoid reproving non-commissioned officers in public, much less officers, but we would like to ask the martial editor of that journal what would be expected from a General if the Colonel of the onety-onth of the line turned out in a plug hat at ten o'clock parade. We agree with the Gazette that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie had no business bringing General Luard from England in the first place, or agreeing to his coming here, which amounts to about the same thing, but now that he is here he has a duty to perform, he is paid for performing that duty, and if he does not perform it he is taking a handsome sum of money for nothing. The truth is that military matters are in Canada going from bad to worse, the brigading in camp is little better than a prolonged carouse, and except in the few instances cited there is no discipline, and even the city battalions are beginning to be demoralized, as witness the 10th Royals of Toronto. When Sir George Cartier visited the camp at Niagara in 1871, as Minister of Militia, one of the officers of the 10th suggested that the battalion refuse to turn out for the rebel of 1837, and Colonel Boxall instead of reprimanding him said it would be necessary to turn out, although he thought no more of Sir George "than an old cat, yes I repeat an old cat." A general change is necessary, if we would have the worth of our money out of the militia. We want, in the first place, a Canadian staff, composed, in so far as possible, of educated, smart, active young men, who take a pride in their profession. And that staff should be permanent. The idea of bringing Generals from England is about as absurd as bringing aides to the Governor-General, but when the General is brought here he should be treated with respect, and newspaper editors who know not the pivot from the moving flank of a company should not indulge in so much abuse of a man who does possibly know his trade.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The constitution provides that in case of the removal, death or resignation of the President or his inability to perform his duties, the powers and duties of the office shall devolve on the Vice-President. It also declares that Congress may provide by law for the case of vacancy in the offices of both President and Vice-President. Congress did so provide in 1792, by enacting that when there is neither a President or Vice-President the President of the Senate pro tempore, and in case there is no President of the Senate, then the Speaker of the House shall act as President till a President can be elected.—St. Alban's Messenger.

This new liquor law bids for spleen and promises them one-half the amount of the fines it imposes, and thus, while assuming to restrain one evil, it gives temptation to commit others that are equally as heinous as drunkenness.

A commonwealth never succeeds as a teacher of morality. It requires something more than a law-maker to reform men, and when a legislator undertakes such a task, he generally makes a blunder and is lucky if he does not violate the rights of his neighbors. The new law will have its day and its defeat; when the citizen shall be convinced that it is unoperative for the ends it aimed at, they will permit its repeal and probably try some other way to compass their wishes.—Providence Visitor.

The Corporation of the city of Quebec, the capital of the Province, has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." What are the duties of a Corporation? To preserve the peace, to protect the health of the citizens, to guard their property, to watch over their safety. Such is the answer a student of constitutional and municipal history would probably give to the above question, but how did such an answer tally with the record of Quebec's city fathers? Till there was a Corporation in the City of Quebec there never was a fatal riot in the city, nor had the military ever an occasion to act against the people. How different are the facts of recent years! Before there was a Corporation in this town there was no place in the world in which the law was more feared and respected, and its violation more surely punished. How is it in this respect now? As for the health of the citizens is there a place on earth in which unwholesome nuisances are so supinely neglected, we might almost say so insanely encouraged?—Quebec Telegraph.

Europe of the present time are at least a great as they were among the picked men of the much smaller European armies of fit years past, clearly showing that the average man of to-day is as big and as strong as the picked man of long ago.—London Free Press.

When garrotting in England became epidemic and society was in a state of profound agitation, somebody thought that a good flogging would probably prove equal to the emergency. Half a dozen of these miscreants were stripped and got a boatwain's five dozen lashes apiece with the cat, and as if by a miracle the price of pistols and daggers went down to nothing. These two outbreaks were undoubtedly the consequence of a most disagreeable character—even such reptiles seem to have their flatterers—appear to act without regard to consequences. Successful evasion of punishment has confirmed the original in predicating immunity. If he could be subjected to the combination of sharp physical anguish and public degradation that a thorough good flogging, administered by an earnest and muscular policeman, would afford, he would think less of the paramount importance of Charles Jules Guiteau, and more hereafter of the unpleasant consequences of his dirty modes of life. Other lunatics of this stripe, with a picture before them of the squirming coward under the lash, would be apt to think twice before even threatening injury to eminent statesmen. His case is unique; by all means let his punishment be unique and extremely disagreeable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Major-General Luard's ears must burn. The newspapers have been saying some very severe things of him and calling upon the Dominion Government to send him back to England, all because he has been telling the Canadian volunteers what he thinks of them. We are no statisticians for Major-General Luard, but it certainly does look strange to send to England for a military man to take charge of the Canadian militia with the object of bringing it up to a state of efficiency, and then to turn round and abuse him for doing the very thing he has been engaged to do. Major-General Luard is Sir Selby Smythe's antithesis. The one was all soap and sugar; the other is all vinegar. Sir Selby went lengthily through his duties praising everybody. If he did not tell the Canadian militia that it was the finest body of men in the world, it was no fault of his, for he would not have hesitated to say so if anybody had asked him. Major-General Luard, on the other hand, goes about things in a very different way. He is quite as sincere in the performance of his duty as Sir Selby ever could have been, only that he does not mince matters, nor does he appear to think that volunteer militia forces can be brought to a state of efficiency by means of soft words and rose water.—Toronto Telegram.

Mrs. Garfield has shown qualities of self control, of endurance and courage that have called forth universal praise. Those qualities which command respect were exhibited in the forest trial that could come to a woman, for she stood, as those about her supposed and she herself feared, in the presence of death.

True it is that she had faith that he would recover. Great affection craves faith, but the strength that she exhibited was the outcome of growth and discipline, of long practice in self control and is the result of an education that is worthy the name. Women who content themselves with the delusion that heroic conduct is the sequence of an opportunity for its display are greatly mistaken. No amount of feeling could supply a lack of common sense in a time of trial. The bravest are the least assertive; the strongest are those who have had their strength increased by steady tension upon it. Mrs. Garfield represents that large number of American women who have been reared in the practical school, who have been compelled to see the stern as well as the bright side of existence, and who are enduring, patient and self-contained. Should she be as fortunate as it is trusted she may be, and live four years in the White House, she will add an honorable name to the list of the women who have preceded her, and will be respected for her intellect, her solid sense and the strength of character she has manifested in a time when the absence of it might have disarmed the President and thus resulted disastrously.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is a fact not known to all our readers that the price of the New York Weber piano (universally admitted to be the finest instrument in the world) as sold by the New York Piano Co., Weber's Canadian agents in Montreal, is very little more than the price asked for other pianos not costing one-half so much. The reporter of the New York Musical Trade Notes, who investigated the subject, states that the wages paid by the house of Weber was ten per cent. higher than was paid by any other manufacturer in America, and nearly double the price paid by the leading manufacturers in Europe. In an interview of the same reporter with Mr. Wm. Steinhilber he admitted that the wages paid by Weber and himself for skilled labour exceeded that paid by any other house in the United States; the tuners and regulators in Weber's establishment are all skilled musicians, hence the great superiority of tone in his instruments. Notwithstanding these facts, we often hear of large prices being paid by our citizens for second, third or fourth rate pianos, some of which were once leading pianos, but now can be purchased from the manufacturers for a little over half the price instruments like the Weber cost. Pianos, like nations and individuals, have their day, the Dunhams and Stodarts of thirty years ago were superseded by the Chickering's, and they in time were superseded by Steinway; now all have to give place to Weber, who, the New York Tribune says, can hardly be said to have a rival in Piano making, in fact, it says, the wealthy and fashionable people of that country will have no other piano, and if Weber's instruments do not adorn their drawing-rooms, as they long have adorned the concert rooms of America, it indicates in the owner of the mansion a lack of musical taste or of the means necessary to procure it. One remarkable fact regarding the Piano may be mentioned. We have not heard of a single instance where it has been found necessary to dispose of a Weber Piano by public sale, though there are hundreds of them in use in this city. This may, however, be accounted for by the fact that they are generally held by the wealthy classes, or those unwilling to part with them at the least sacrifice. Now that the young ladies are returning from school, the purchase of a piano is an important item in the family history, and those parents who are able should procure the best. It is quite likely they will find the difference in price but trifling.—Montreal Herald.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. W. Townley, of St. Gabriel's Academy, left last evening for Osham. Rev. Father Salmon, Father Forget, Dr. Cahery, J. Shea, Esq., and several ladies and gentlemen saw him off. He is expected back for the opening of the classes.

City and Suburban News.

CAPTAIN BAKER of the Irish barque which is now in port, attended the Land League meeting...

When the Quebec train bearing Miss Fanny Parnell and party arrived at the Mile End Station...

On Sunday morning, as the sun was rising bright and glorious over Cornwall, the Irish National Independent Band, of Montreal, paraded the streets of the town...

THE GREGG OF AGITATORS.—The Treasurer of the Montreal Branch of the Land League offered Miss Parnell \$100 and a bill, received for her expenses...

Successful Bazaar.—The handsome sum of \$3,516 was realized at the bazaar and concert recently held in the new St. Mary's Church corner Craig and Panet streets.

A ROW OVER AN UMBRELLA.

On Saturday evening an affair, which might have been a tragedy, but which was not, occurred at the American House...

ANOTHER MURDER.

During the past few days, sudden and rapid deaths have followed each other in rapid succession. To-day, we have to chronicle another murder. The fearful tragedy occurred yesterday morning in the Lunatic Asylum at Longue Pointe.

CHAPTER ON DEATH AND FIRE.

About 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon a man named Decheron, aged 60 years, was taken suddenly sick while walking along Craig street.

the intention of having a swim. While sporting in the water one of their number, a lad aged 14, named Smith, was caught in the undertow and drowned.

About twenty minutes to six on Sunday morning an alarm of fire was sounded from box 8 for a fire which had been discovered in Mr. Witham's boot and shoe factory...

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR,—The election of Charles H. Mackintosh as Mayor of the city of Ottawa, has been set aside by judgments of the Court of Queen's Bench...

during these two election contests. It will not be necessary for me to set out the whole of his conduct towards me in detail; one example will suffice.

Very respectfully yours, JOHN CLANCY.

COMMENCEMENT HELD AT THE ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME DE OTTAWA, JUNE 23rd, 1881.

The annual commencement exercises were held at this institution on Thursday, June 23rd, in presence of a large number of the clergy and of the parents and friends of the pupils.

The exercises on the occasion were of such a character as to entertain the audience, whilst at the same time they were fairly calculated to show the proficiency of the pupils. A brief glance at the programme will suffice to convey an idea of these exercises.

THE IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

The New York Herald's suggestion that one of the methods for a settlement of the Irish question would be the recognition of the inhabitants of the English-speaking provinces and colonies of the whole Empire as equal...

Let us suppose, as an illustration, that it were possible to turn back the hands on the clock of time. Let us imagine Lord North, as Prime Minister of George III., in the position of Mr. Gladstone, confronted as he was with a question menacing the dignity, the independence and the sovereignty of the British Empire...

What His Lordship then sees as a result of this conciliatory, far-seeing policy is not a dominant, haughty, independent power, republican in its policy, imperial in its strength, willing to fight and humiliate the Crown...

trials we shall see dependencies far exceeding England in wealth and population. It would be an act of legislative wisdom to unite these powerful and growing provinces to the Crown by as close a tie as possible...

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL IN TIPPERARY.

The correspondent of the Irish Times, writing from Tipperary, says:—To-day His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel held a conference here of the clergy of the archdiocese, and the occasion was availed of by the executive of the Land League branch in Tipperary to present the Archbishop with an address and make a demonstration in his honor.

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NARROW ESCAPE OF BISHOP CLEARY.

BROCKVILLE, July 11.—On Friday afternoon, as the Grand Trunk express train going east was leaving the station here, Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, attempted to get on whilst the train was in motion.

THE CANADIAN PREMIER.

Sir John Macdonald is much improved in health and will be at the camp in a few days and also at the Lord Mayor's banquet of the colonial representatives.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholic Bishop of Sherbrooke has left for Rome. A pilgrimage of about 1,500 persons from Arthabaska county took place yesterday to Ste. Anne's.

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St. Jerome College.—The Alumni of St. Jerome College met at Burlington on the 1st of July in large numbers, celebrating their third anniversary. The old officers were re-elected, including Mr. P. D. Gibbs, of New York, as president for the third time after he had declined to accept.

CONSECRATION.

St. John, N.B., July 10.—The Rev. Dr. Kingston was to-day consecrated coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Fredericton. The ceremony took place in the cathedral at Fredericton.

OPENING OF THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

LONDON, July 11.—The shooting at Wimbledon began to-day, although the Volunteers have hardly yet settled down to work. A slight mishap occurred owing to the furze having caught fire from a fire at which some Scotch riflemen were cooking.

ROUND THE WORLD.

There are 12,000,000 sheep in New Zealand. Twenty fatal cases of sunstroke in Cincinnati yesterday. Barley harvesting has commenced around Belleville, Ont.

TO MISS FANNY PARNELL.

For these no man shall have deceit, No stranger offer wrong, For friends in all the aged you'll meet, And lovers in the young. — Sheridan.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER EDUCATION AMONG ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS IN CANADA.

On Dominion night, at St. Bridget's Bazaar, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, advocate, delivered an address in which he drew attention to a subject that concerns us. After having congratulated the parishioners of St. Bridget's upon the near completion of their church, and upon the great improvement that had taken place in their position, he told them that, spite of all they had achieved, they had still work to do, and he would attract their attention specially to a want that they shared in as sufferers from together with the English-speaking Catholics of the whole country—the want of higher education among us.

among us, splendid exceptions to the rule, men who in spite of the disadvantages of an education received in French institutions, have been and are able to compare favorably with more favored men. But why should this be an exception; why should there be such a rule? Why, I ask, is it that in our courts, upon the Bench, in our legislative assemblies, English speaking Catholics are not found in numbers proportionate to the English speaking population? Are we to be more hewers of wood and drawers of water? If I am told that we have not been able to penetrate to these places merely because of a popular prejudice that would exclude us, while I may admit the existence of such a prejudice I cannot honestly accept this as sufficient explanation of the fact. I am convinced, on the contrary, that if there could be found not one or two men only, but a choice of men among us, a hundred men, who by their learning and previous education, were fitted to lead, were qualified to administer justice, and frame laws, and fill the higher and more honorable offices of the state, that then, but not till then, would English-speaking Catholics be fairly represented on the bench, in the Houses of Parliament and wherever else they might choose. Believe me that real merit in the long run, simply irresistible; there may be prejudices, but such must give way before what is irrefragable; and rest assured that, prejudices even considered, men, like water, are, in the great average of cases, pretty sure to find their level, to sink if they are inferior, but to rise high if they are qualified.

PARNELL ON THE SITUATION

Hope for the Future. RELIANCE ON AMERICA. Evictions—What the Land League is Doing.

London, June 23.—There is nothing very special to demand immediate presence in Ireland, while an interview with Mr. Parnell and other leaders is deemed a necessary condition precedent to a visit to Ireland. I proceeded to the House of Commons in furtherance of this idea this afternoon, and, instead of philosophizing on the condition of affairs, I proceeded to give you a sample recital of results. Characteristically cool and imperturbable, with lips compressed and eye looking determination and defiance, the leader of the Irish Land League strode into the lobby soon after three o'clock this evening. The place was then full of strangers and sight-seers; the policemen on duty had not yet commenced to clear out unauthorized persons preparatory to that nonsensical procession of Mr. Speaker from his official residence to the House of Commons. Some were gazing wonderingly on the historical frescoes—the "Last Sleep of Argyle" and other triumphs of the artist's genius which adorn the walls—others speculating on the status of the great man departing, and still more trying to spell out the loyal phrases interwoven with the eucastic pavement. Not a few had eyes upturned to the stained-glass escutcheons on the window panes; but the whisper, "There's Parnell!" arrested all other pursuits, and country cousins were gratified—or otherwise—with the sight of a man who, more than any other legislator or statesman, has taken the foreground in the historical events of the past two years. One would have supposed that the anxieties and annoyances, the studies and untiring labors of the past few months, the desertion of some false friends and the disappointment of many designs would have told unfavorably on his physique. But no! There he was, a new man—strong, earnest, almost robust; no sign of despondency on his brow, but every evidence of fixed determination in his manner. The "observed of all observers," he seemed as unconscious of the presence of friend or foe; until at length, spying your "special," he gave welcome more with eye than tongue, and in the cordial hand-grip indicated his confidence in *The Star's* mission.

once for all, and not be liable again to come up as a source of dispute and disturbance in the country?" "What is the Governmental objection to this arrangement?" "Oh, the Government understand that so long as they can maintain a landlord class in antagonism with the rest of the people, so long will they be able to keep up the Machiavellian policy, divide et impera—so long will they be able to poison the minds of the English masses with false stories of Irish agrarian outrages, and alienate foreign sympathy from the Irish cause." "Pardon me for an abrupt departure from the immediate topic, but, while I remember, it may be well to ask if the Government policy has aimed at the suppression of the Land League?" "Indirectly, yes; directly, they have made no sign. A short while ago a rumor was spread about that the Irish Land League was to be forcibly suppressed, meaning that the organizers, Secretaries, Treasurers and officers of the thousand and odd Land League branches throughout Ireland would be seized and cast into prison if they ventured to persevere with open organizations." "What did the League propose to do in such contingency?" "Only two courses would then be open to the League—either that the organization should be turned into a secret movement—and you know what that means—or that all attempts at organization should be given up."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—A Monthly Magazine, Price, \$4 per annum, or single copies 35 cts. Sent free by mail, on receipt of price, by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 275 Notre Dame street, Montreal. The July number of this interesting monthly is replete with good things. When all the articles are excellent, it is difficult to particularize, but we would call attention to that by Maurice Francis Egan, upon Calderon de la Barca, a Spanish poet, whom the author compares to Shakespeare, and whose tragedies and comedies, the writer assures us, display the highest genius of a truly Christian character without being disgraced by the slightest stains of immorality. Catholic literature has made immense strides within the last twenty years, and it is a good work to introduce to the public the many grand works which Catholic genius in every land has produced. The merits of the late Lady Blanche Murray are now being more fully appreciated since her early death; alas! that the reward should have come only after her voice has been stilled forever! Her article on St. Catherine of Geneva displays in beautiful language a beautiful character. The more serious articles are well worthy of perusal. The editor displays sound judgment in discussing those questions which now disturb the intellectual world. The article upon Miracles and that upon the Catholic Doctrine of the Canon and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures will be read with advantage by the Catholic who wishes to see the grounds of the faith that is within him, and by the Protestant and sceptic who are groping amidst a thousand varieties of error and opinion, for the truth which their conscience tell them must exist somewhere. Ever since the Cyclopaedia of Education, by Kiddie and Schen, was issued, and universally accepted as a standard and indispensable book of reference for professional educators, it has been urged that this book be reproduced in form and price suited to a far wider sphere of usefulness, viz: as a Manual for all teachers and also all parents earnestly interested in the education and instruction of their children. In compliance with this demand, an abridgment of the Cyclopaedia will be issued in June, entitled, "The Dictionary of Education and Instruction," embracing, with the necessary modifications and abbreviations, those articles which relate directly to the theory and practice of teaching as well as to home education. This smaller work—from which a selection of specimen-pages is before us—will be of essential service to teachers both in private and in public schools, for study as well as for reference. It will be welcomed by teachers in Normal Schools also, as a work which can be readily used as a text-book or reference guide by their students. To those who take part in Teachers' Institutes, this compendium comprising instruction upon all the topics to which attention is to be called, will prove particularly valuable. A brief work like the Dictionary comprising all the articles that relate to practical education, must likewise afford a convenient guide to such parents as do not wish to leave the instruction of their children exclusively to the school teacher, but are anxious to take an active part in it themselves, thus co-operating with the work of the school. Printed and bound in superior style the book will be sold at \$1.50, a price which brings it within reach of all classes. E. Steiger & Co., New York, are the publishers.

hona, Sore Jacobs, Jacobs Dallebone and Emrys Sogewalds. Many others obtained prizes for their good attendance during the cold and inclement winter. Nothing can be more meritorious to children than to reward them for perseverance in their attendance at school. Much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher for the zeal they have shown in their labors among the aborigines of Sault Ste. Louis. By the timely use of the Extract of Wild Strawberry, you may avert all disagreeable summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., nothing is so pleasant in its cure, so rapid, reliable, and effectual, as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. And the value of this medicine as an antidote in sour stomach, colic, cramps, sea-sickness, vomiting, and other irritations of the stomach and bowels is incalculable. It is safe and sure, and should be carried in the haversack of every traveller and tourist. THE "TIMES" ON THE DOMINION. THE NEED OF EDUCATING ENGLISHMEN.—LORD LORNE'S WESTERN TRIP. The Dominion manifests an excusable longing to see its fertile wastes speedily tilled, and to intercept its proper share of the tide of immigration from Europe. Each square mile brought under the plough, tends to increase the resources of the State, and to render its burdens more easily borne. Every European colonist represents value in money to the country in which he settles. It grieves the souls of patriotic Canadians to behold all this wealth and human machinery for the production of wealth passing by its own fellow-countrymen and augmenting the strength of aliens in allegiance though not in blood. Englishmen who are less directly interested care less whether the Dominion or the Union engross the chief benefit of immigration, so that the emigrant is planted finally in the habitation best adapted to his own wants and to the consequent increase of the sum of human comfort. They are, however, as convinced as the most zealous Canadian that for English idiosyncrasies there is much in the conditions of Canadian existence more completely suited than could be discovered elsewhere. What is needed to induce Englishmen proposing to change their home to act more upon this truth is that they should be persuaded out of their habit of looking upon a whole continent, or even upon half a continent, as a single point without parts or varying aspects. To the ordinary emigrant America is simply America, as Rutland is Rutland. He drifts to the United States in pure unconsciousness that there are two Americas, as distinct as the poles, competing for his notice. When he shall have arrived at understanding that there is a Canada as well as the States, he will yet be far enough from the proper perception how much is involved in the former term itself. This huge expanse of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan comprises a multitude of diverse soils and circumstances, and even of climates, amid which the newcomer may select what is exactly adapted to his disposition or precisely inconsistent with it. Lord Lorne and his sixty companions may do something by their tour towards classifying this enormous accession to the British inheritance into its several characteristics so the choice will not have to be made blindly and ignorantly. Going with no prepossessions or prejudices, they ought fairly to reflect the view an average Englishman would take of the country. The remedy that has had the most remarkable success in the cure of diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, and, indeed, every kind of summer complaint, brought on by eating improper food, such as raw vegetables, unripe or sour fruits, bad milk, impure water, etc., the remedy that is the most pleasant, rapid, reliable, and effectual, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the finest remedy for summer complaints known. For sale by all dealers. The retrocession of the Transvaal to the Boers is expected to take place about the middle of August. Exhibition. GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, to be held on the EXHIBITION GROUNDS, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal. Arranged in the Department of Agricultural, Horticultural and Industrial Exhibitions. Opens Wednesday, September 14, excepting Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, which arrive two days later, viz., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16TH. CLOSURE FRIDAY, SEPT. 23RD. \$25,000 Offered in Prizums! Entries in all departments must be made with the Secretaries in Montreal, on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH. Prize Lists and Forms of Entry, with other information required, can be obtained on application to GEO. LECLERC, Sec. General of Agriculture, S. C. STEVENSON, Sec. Council of Arts and Manufactures. Provisions, &c. McGRAIL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRUIT & PROVISIONS, 341 & 343 Commissioner Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. Consignments solicited for the sale of Pork, Lard, Hams, Eggs, Butter, Kidney Potatoes, Apples, Strawberries, Peaches, &c. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. 3111 Safes, Vault Doors, &c. SOME SPLENDID FIRE-PROOF SAFES OF THE CELEBRATED GOLDIE & McCULLOCH MAKE, JUST RECEIVED AT THE DOMINION SAFE WAREHOUSES, No. 31 BONAVENTURE ST., (Adjoining Witness Office.) Do not wait till you are burnt out or robbed before you buy one. The one we bought for the office of this paper is of this make and admired by all who see it. ALFRED BENNETT, AGENT.

SCOTCH NEWS.

We are informed by Messrs. Mitchell, Cowan & Johnston, agents for the trustees, that the late John Fraser, curled hair manufacturer, has bequeathed the following legacy...

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souville's spirometer, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe...

Mr. Benj. A. Drake, 162 St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Medical.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALMAMIC ELIXIR. Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, and all Lung Diseases...

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS. Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliaryness.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder and certain.

Stove Polish.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Cheapness.

BEATTY. Pianos Another battle on high priced Ragging War on the monopoly renewed.

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE 5 Per Cent. Imp. Austrian 100 fl. Gov. Government Bond.

International Banking Co., No. 150 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

PEACHES FOR PIES. In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe ones.

THE "WEBER." "All Artists give them the Preference." "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells, &c. 361 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

ROYAL DYE WORKS. 708 CRAIG STREET. JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Consists in the individual economy of the people.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED. Being a Thorough History of the Land Question.

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MEDICAL.

POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRAGES.

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. It can be used without the slightest fear of irritation.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is so clean and efficacious.

Female Complaints. No physician need be called in for the majority of female diseases.

RUPTURE! THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO., 334 Bowery, N.Y.

ASII & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Medical.

LUBY'S. A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent complexion, found it suddenly turning grey.

FOR THE. On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!"

HAIR! How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey.

THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICINE EVER MADE. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, and Dandelion.

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[Continued from first page.]

LACROSSE.

TORONTO vs. SHAMROCK--OUR BOYS WIN.

discovered that he had met a veritable James Fitzjames. Farmer rose to his proper level in this game and by his playing extracted from the Toronto crowd several unwilling cheers. Martin getting hold of the ball shortly, threw down and Sam Hughes after a brief interval got in a good throw for goals, which Lally stopped magnificently; Bonnell made a grand run and got in a throw which was too wide. Some sharp play near goals, and then a tussle between Hughes and Hart ended in the former striking the Shamrock man on the head with his stick; a foul being ruled, the two men faced. Bonnell getting the ball after a moment or so, he threw into the spectators and another face took place. Then some pretty play between Morton and Hughes resulted in the ball going to Garvin who tipped gently towards the goal, but the Shamrock "wall" was there, and away it came again. Then it passed from Morton to Hughes close to goal again, when McKeown, whose play was steadily good all day, sent it down. Tucker tried some dodging, but dropped the ball, a Toronto man sending it over towards the spectators, where Butler got hold, and did another piece of fine play; his throw, however, was stopped by Burns, and it went down again to be cleverly caught and returned by Hart. A few moments and another face ensued, and after several throws for the Toronto stronghold, all of which were well stopped, the ball went over the fence and again a face was required. The Toronto game at this point was a splendid one; shot after shot went up to the Shamrock flags, and how Lally saved them is a mystery, but save them he did. The ball going down field a Toronto man threw it over the fence once more, and then another face. So on the fortunes of the play went, constantly changing. The faces were monotonous in this game as in the first. Farmer and Martin had a little contretemps, which did not render either of them unfit for playing well in the fifth game. After fifty-three minutes, the game was decided by Murphy, of the Shamrock, putting the ball through the Toronto goal, thus winning one of the best contested games on record.

THE FIFTH GAME.

The Shamrocks were eager to commence the last game so as that they could get back by the 7 o'clock train, but their used-up opponents were slow in toiling the mark. It seems that in order to straighten themselves up for the crowning struggle they took baths in the dressing-room. Betting was now pretty even, although Messrs. Denis McGlynn and Hugh Dolan, of Montreal, were eagerly offering odds on the champions. At last the patience of the spectators was exhausted and the referee had to order out the Toronto. The game commenced and from the first the Shamrocks went in to win. Nothing could withstand them; they seemed antiseptic to gather fresh vigor every time they touched ground. Farmer, Butler and McKeown were immense; Lally, Hobbins, Daly and Maguire were ubiquitous. Every Shamrock acted as if the game were upon him alone, and after seven brief minutes Murphy put the ball through for his team. The push of the Shamrock sympathizers was unprecedented. The champions were lifted off their feet and carried in triumph to their dressing rooms, by that party of the Toronto crowd who loved fair play, and thus ended one of the most memorable games of lacrosse ever played. Conspicuous among the Shamrock friends in Toronto, and their name is legion, was Mr. Cosgrove, who treated them like a prince, and bet upon them heavily besides. He expressed his implicit trust in Aid. Ryan's word, which he said was as good as most men's oaths, and apologized for the treatment experienced by the men.

THE RETURN TRIP.

When the excitement had subsided, and the Torontos had to acknowledge their defeat, and bow to the decision of the umpire, the Shamrock team and their friends left the grounds, and stopped for a few minutes at the Rossin House. They were already late for their train, but through the influence of their President, the G. T. R. officials delayed the train until their arrival at the depot. As it was in the beginning so it was at the end, the Torontos before the match did not notice the Shamrocks, and after the match they were guilty of the same ignominy; for not one of them came to see the winners off, but deserted the championship. Their absence was lost completely that not one could be found to hand over the championship pennant to the victorious team. The Shamrocks had to commission four of their members to remain over in Toronto to await the action of the defeated team in the matter. The train finally left Toronto; there were on board a large number of its citizens who came as far as the Don to see their visitors off. Naturally everyone felt as one will feel when flushed with victory. Everything was now gay, pleasant and amusing. At Cobourg and Whitby, the "boys" were enthusiastically greeted with loud cheers, demonstrations, which were heartily appreciated.

When Cornwall was reached the Montreal contingent, headed by the Irish National Independent Band, hailed the team with the national air "St. Patrick's Day." The champions stepped on the platform, and were the lions of the hour. Mr. Stafford, Honorary President of the Club, then stepped forward, made an address and presented the old veteran, Hobbins, with a beautiful bouquet. Ringing cheers were given for the champion club as the train moved away.

Rheumatism of the Blood and Debility.

Haverhill, Mass., March 17, 1881. Gentlemen,—Thirteen years ago I was troubled with rheumatism of the blood. My blood was in such a poor condition that when I retired my arms would become so paralyzed that I could not move the clothes to cover me. I used various remedies, and tried rubbing, but nothing seemed to help me. At last PERUVIAN SYRUP was recommended, and on taking two small bottles I was completely restored to health, and had no occasion to use it again for ten years. About three years ago I was taken with kidney complaint, and had dreadful pains in my back and side. At times when in the street, I would be obliged to sit down on a door step, and I would cry like a child. After suffering for some time I remembered what the PERUVIAN SYRUP had formerly done for me, and the use of one large bottle entirely cured me. A few years since my sister's health was com-

pletely broken down. She was so weak that she could do no work. She consulted Dr. Durkee, of Roxbury, who recommended PERUVIAN SYRUP. He said it was just the remedy to meet her case, and the only one he knew of. The result proved the correctness of his opinion, for the use of one bottle completely cured her. Yours very truly, MRS. CARRIE A. DAVIS, No. 5 Nicholas street.

LATEST IRISH MAIL NEWS.

Incidents of the Land War.

BOYCOTTING A GAS COMPANY.

A Central News telegram says:—A man named Hyland, in the employment of the Mountmellick Queen's County Gas Company, took some land from which tenants had been evicted. His dismissal from the service of the gas company was demanded, but not being complied with, the people in nearly all the houses turned out the gas, and expressed their determination not to burn any more until their demand was granted. Candles and lamps are being used.

BOYCOTTING IN KILMALLOCK.

The Cork Daily Herald of Saturday last says:—At the Kilmallock petty sessions yesterday two laborers, named Ryan and Byrne, were sent for trial on a charge of forming part of a riotous party who assaulted two servants in the employment of a boycotted armer named Bowers, after they had come from Messrs. at Bulgaden. Mr. Lloyd, the chairman, said the law would in future be stringently enforced against the system of boycotting.

THE MILITARY FORCES IN CORK.

The Cork correspondent of the Irish Times writing on Sunday evening, says:—Quartermaster Cossef, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, Cotragh, arrived in Cork on Saturday, for the purpose of serving out rations to the transport branch of the Army Service Corps in thisarrison. He has proceeded to Skibbereen for the same purpose. It was estimated that there are now stationed in the county Cork fully five thousand men of all arms, not to speak of the increased force of constabulary which have been drafted into the district. In addition to this large force, there are two flying columns in the district, with a number of the Army Service fully equipped for any emergency.

SOLDIERS PAYING RENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

The correspondent of the Freeman, writing from Crosskeys, county Cavan, on Thursday week, says:—To-day, for the second time, this village was crowded with military and police, to carry out evictions on the property of Mr. Weld O'Connor. Over two hundred constabulary, under the command of Mr. Garrett, county inspector, 150 men and six officers of the 10th and 94th Regiments, and three officers and fifty men of the 10th Hussars, all under the command of Mr. French, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Nalle, R.M.'s, were engaged in protecting the sub-tenant (Mr. Townley) and the bailiffs. During the past few days both the military and police had contributed out of their own pockets to pay the rents of tenants on the same property, and saved the people from eviction, but to-day that task would have been too great. A large crowd, Earl Cowper's proclamation notwithstanding, were present, but with the exception of some loud denunciations of the bailiffs their demeanor was quiet.

BOYCOTTING OF TENANT FARMERS.

The correspondent of the Cork Examiner, writing from Limerick on Sunday, says:—A number of tenants on the property of Lord Cloncurry who have paid their rents although no abatement would be made incurred the displeasure of their neighbors. A placard, alluding by name, and calling on the public to boycott them, was posted up yesterday on the gates of the Limerick markets. One tenant was described as a ferocious bird, and another as a land grabber, and so on. The document was torn down by the police. A few farmers had to remove their butter now.

THE MITCHELSTOWN RIOT.

The Cork Daily Herald of Saturday last says:—At the Mitchelstown petty sessions yesterday ten respectable looking men were charged with riotous and unlawful assembly on the occasion of the late eviction riots in Mitchelstown. Four others were also charged with ringing the chapel bell for the purpose of collecting people to resist the execution of the process of the law. Mr. Eaton, the resident magistrate in charge of the troops on the occasion, was examined, and the evidence disclosed the particulars of the occurrence as already published. The four defendants, as well as one of the other prisoners, who was alleged to have taken a leading part in the riots, and called on the crowd to remember the Boers; were returned for trial. The remainder of the prisoners—except two, who were bound to the peace—were discharged.

SHERIFF'S SALE AT MULLINGAR.

Four farms were put up for sale on Thursday week at the Court House, Mullingar, by Mr. Murray, sub-sheriff of the county Westmeath. The first, that of Matthew Farrelly, was bought in for the tenant for £37 3s 4d, the amount of a year's rent (£22 16s 10d) and costs. The second, that of Mrs. Egan, was also bought in for the tenant for £69 11s 5d, the amount of one year's rent (£48 10s) and costs. The two other farms, Mr. John Dalton's and Mr. John Hoey's, were knocked down to the representative of the Property Defence Association at £40 each. A large force of constabulary was in attendance, under County Inspector Carr. Mr. William Morris attended on behalf of the Land League. The Rev. Mr. Pagan, P.P., and the Rev. Mr. McCormack were present.

TURNING FARMS INTO COMMONAGE.

A correspondent of the Cork Herald says:—The farm from which John Riordan had been evicted, at Gurrane, in the parish of Glente, has been turned into a perfect commonage. A man named Thomas Healy, who some time ago had the grazing of this farm, pending redemption, has given it up, and still he is charged by many with keeping forcible possession of it, but the fact is that the general public have taken a free farm grant of it since Healy's term of the lands expired. It is now grazed by their horses, cattle, and sheep. The landlord of this holding is Mr. Grant, of Dunkettle, and the agent is Mr. Unluck Townsend. No one can be got to mind this property, and it such persons

should turn up he will be induced to fill the position with the protection of the constabulary, as it is contemplated by the authorities to send police to this district. The place lately has been visited by County Inspector Barry.

SEIZURES OF CARS BY THE POLICE.

The Cork Examiner of Saturday last reports the following cases in which cars have been forcibly seized by the police:—

In Tullamore, yesterday, the carowners refused to lend their vehicles to the police who were to effect a seizure for rent. Captain Le Strange thereupon directed the police to take forcible possession, and as a result twenty cars and horses were secured. The drivers, however, would not act, and the police had, therefore, to drive themselves.

Yesterday (Friday) a force of fifty police, with Captain Keogh, R.M., and a representative of the Emergency Committee, went to Dundalk to serve a number of writs for the recovery of rent on the property of Mr. H. R. Parkes, of Ballig Castle, Carlingford. It was impossible to procure cars to convey the force, and they seized upon eleven cars and selected their own drivers. One of the cars broke down on the way, and the driver refused to go further, but a policeman took his place. The locality was reached, and the service of the writs effected.

ABORTIVE PROSECUTIONS NEAR NEWRY.

On Thursday week upwards of thirty men were charged before the magistrates at Newry, at the instance of the Crown, with having been engaged in a riot recently. The riot arose out of the reception of cattle sold at a sheriff's sale into the yards of tradesmen in the town. The accused were discharged, no prima facie case on the summons having been made out.

HUNTING A PROCESS-SERVER.

The Cork Examiner of Friday week says:—Yesterday a process-server, named Foley, proceeded to Donoughmore for the purpose of serving writs on a property in the locality. His arrival was immediately noised about, and a large crowd of men, women, and children collected, who treated Foley in a rather summary manner. He was stripped of his clothes, his writs taken from him, he himself dropped in the river, and sent into the village of Barnary. The police immediately took the matter in hands, and it is expected that some arrests will be made in connection with the transaction. Foley is a native of Donoughmore, and it naturally enraged the people to see him serving writs on his own neighbors.

THE REV. HAROLD RYLETT IN THE NORTH.

The Rev. Journal of Friday week says:—The Rev. Mr. Rylett, accompanied by Mr. D. F. McCloskey, and Mr. Hugh Sweeney, left Carrowcannon House, Farraragh, this (Thursday) morning. At Dunfanaghy a neat little banneret of orange and green was presented to the party by the Misses McVeigh. It was mounted on a staff attached to the wagonette. Much attention and enthusiasm was exhibited on the road. At Creeslough a number of people were engaged in erecting a house for a man named Brennan, who, with his wife and nine of a family, were evicted on the previous day by Lord Leitrim. A party of armed police and six bailiffs assisted in the operation. Mr. Rylett visited the place, and Brennan's household goods were lying on the roadside. He also visited the Land League Castle, as the people termed it, which was being erected to shelter the outcast family, and contributed a sum of money to the cost, promising at the same time that the League would contribute further for support of the family. After leaving Creeslough the orange and green flag was everywhere enthusiastically greeted. The landlords are scattering ejection notices broadcast, and great numbers of people brought these documents for Mr. Rylett's inspection.

PROSECUTION OF LADY LAND LEAGUERS.

The Cork correspondent of the Freeman, writing on Saturday night, says:—Eight members of Kilmallock Ladies' Land League have been summoned for obstruction of the thoroughfares. The offence consists in some members of the Ladies' Land League standing near the door of their rooms and giving a hearty reception to Miss Parnell as she passed by on her way to the Drumcollogher meeting. Further summonses are expected to be issued. The defendants are Mrs. Ellen Morris, Mrs. Begley, Mrs. Quigley, Miss O'Grady, Miss Slattery, and Miss O'Donnell. The summonses were issued by direction of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, R.M.

When an old backwoodsman was about to take his first ride on the Mississippi steamer he was asked whether he would take deck or cabin passage. "Well," said he, in a resigned sort of way, "I've lived all my life in a cabin, and I guess cabin passage will be good enough for a rough chap like me."

SCOTCH NEWS.

On 11th June, a miner named Michael Cowan, residing at Langmuir Rows, Old Monkland Parish, was killed in the Mainhill Coal Pit, Bailieston, belonging to Messrs. Wm. Baird & Co., of Gartsherrie. He had been occupied in the slight coal seam of the pit removing the rubbish and building up a place that had fallen in on the previous day, when a large mass of stone weighing almost three tons came away from the roof and fell upon him, crushing him frightfully and killing him on the spot.

On 11th June, between seven and eight o'clock, a boat accident of a very distressing description occurred in the Firth of Forth, a little to the west of Kirkcaldy. Four men, named Stark, Kelly, Lister and McDermott, were in a fishing yawl about forty or fifty yards from shore, when their craft was caught in a sudden squall and upset and they thrown into the water. Kelly, who is a splendid swimmer, assisted Stark to land, and next endeavored to rescue McDermott, but failed in the attempt. The occurrence, however, having been witnessed from the shore, a boat was immediately launched, and by this means Lister was saved just as he was about to disappear. McDermott ere now having sunk under the surface. Lister, who was in the water for a considerable time, was very much exhausted, and his condition remains critical. McDermott, who was a potter, leaves a wife and five children to mourn his untimely loss, for whom much sympathy is felt. A strong current runs at the spot where the accident occurred, and his body has not been recovered.

It will, perhaps, be remembered that some four years ago a rather extensive and daring robbery of diamonds was committed in Glasgow by a foreigner calling himself Viscount Georges de Fontenay. The affair took place on a Saturday, towards the end of July, 1877.

Robberies of a similar nature had been committed in London and on the Continent just before this, and the description of the perpetrator was in each case the same. All pointed to the Viscount Georges de Fontenay as the individual "wanted." After a lapse of nearly two years, a theft of diamonds in Amsterdam resulted in the apprehension there of a man who was identified as the Viscount, and is alleged to be the individual who committed the Glasgow and other diamond robberies. The trial of the accused resulted in his being convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Intimation having been received a day or two ago that the prisoner's sentence expires on the 27th inst., the matter has been again under the consideration of the police. The case was in course reported to Mr. W. A. Brown, our Procurator-Fiscal, who on Tuesday, resolved to proceed in the prosecution. Although the Viscount is "wanted" both in London and Vienna as well as in Glasgow, the Dutch Government have agreed to hand him over on the completion of his sentence to our police authorities, the requisite extradition having been arranged. Accordingly an officer will be sent over to Amsterdam to bring the accused to the city.—Glasgow Herald.

A correspondent sends the following:—In a parish church within the Parliamentary burgh of Ayr, now famous throughout Scotland for the number of talented ministers who from time to time have occupied its pulpit, the Presbytery of Ayr met on Tuesday to take the usual preliminary steps for the ordination of a minister to fill the vacant charge. While the Presbytery were so engaged they were considerably alarmed at the sudden appearance in their midst of a cow, which had apparently been grazing in the adjoining kirkyard, and seeing one of the church doors standing open, had been curious enough to enter the sacred edifice to see what was going on within. The cow marched up the passage as far as it could get, and its impertinent intrusion having come to the knowledge of a boy in charge of it. When it was being driven down the passage, the cow took a sudden turn and made for the pulpit stair. This was too much for one of the astonished presbyters, who at once jumped up and drove the cow back, and with his assistance the animal was expelled from the church. This, however, did not put a stop to the prying curiosity of the brute creation into the affairs of the Presbytery, for only a minute or two afterwards a little dog entered the church, perched itself on the top of one of the pews, and began attentively to watch the proceedings of the reverend gentlemen. The members of the Presbytery, not feeling at all comfortable with the attentions they were thus receiving, hurried through their business and left. A wagging brother afterwards remarked that although it had often been said that there was a calf and a cur in every Presbytery, this was the first occasion on which they had both appeared in bodily form at one and the same time in the Presbytery of Ayr.

The Progress of a Cough.—The following may be indicated as the progress of a cough in the absence of an efficient check of the lung destroying malady. First, a cold is contracted, the throat becomes inflamed and the irritation causes a spasmodic contraction and dilatation of the lungs, accompanied with a dull or rattling sound in the throat. This daily increases in violence, and as it does, aggravates the bronchial irritation until the lungs become seriously affected. Then abscesses or incipient sores form upon their tissue, which rapidly develop into the fatal tubercles of consumption which eat into and destroy the lungs. Who would knowingly incur such peril as this? The surest means of averting it is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a pulmonary which at the same time checks the progress of throat and lung irritation, and gives strength to those debilitated by a cough. Sold by all druggists.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL. TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, July 12, 1881. The money market is quiet at last quotations. The Stock market is quiet but strong, and an advance in prices all round took place this morning.

Morning Sales.—4 Montreal, 19 1/2; 50 do, 19 1/2; 10 Eastern Townships, 115; 25 Montreal Telegraph, 130; 33 do, 129; 125 do, 128 1/2; 25 do, 129 1/2; 3 Toronto, 153; 4 do, 151; 34 Ontario, 78 1/2; 1 do, 78 1/2; 90 do, 79; 85 Commerce, 188 1/2; 25 do, 188 1/2; 25 Merchants, 122 1/2; 75 do, 123; 50 do, 123 1/2; 10 Gas, 140; 200 do, 140 1/2; 50 Richelieu, 69 1/2; 24 do, 64. Afternoon Sales.—50 Montreal 19 1/2; 60 Ontario 79; 275 Montreal Telegraph 129; 75 do 28 1/2; 50 do 12 1/2; 10 Montreal Cotton, 165; 105 Commerce 139; 100 do 129 1/2; 59 City Passenger Railway, 131; 50 Richelieu and Ontario, 64 1/2; 25 Canada Stamping, 110.

New York, July 12, 1 p.m.—Stocks unsettled and weak. Am. Ex. 8 3/4; C. S. 63 3/4; C. P. 98 3/4; C. & A. 140; pfd, 163; D. & H. 106; D. & L. 122 1/2; Erie, 44 1/2; pfd, 85 1/2; J. G. 140; L. S. 122 1/2; N. P. 42 1/2; pfd, 83 1/2; N. W. 129 1/2; pfd, 142 1/2; N. Y. C. 143 1/2; U. P. 123 1/2; W. U. 92.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

The city wholesale trade continues to exhibit a healthy tone and compares most favorably with last year at this mid-summer season. There are yet, however, too many small traders in business with small capital, and if credits are not curtailed more wholesale merchants will reap bitter fruit in a year or two. The tendency amongst them at present is evidently to be lenient, as we find a great decrease in the number of failures for the first half of this year, the suspensions for that time only numbering 349 as against 649 in 1880. The fall trade is scarcely expected to open until towards the 15th of August, as there is still a great deal of uncertainty as to the growing crops. Hay and root crops promise well in Ontario, and barley, oats and spring wheat will probably turn out an average yield. In North-western and Northern Ontario most of the fall wheat was winter-killed, and the cold damp spring also necessitated replanting in low-lying regions elsewhere.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—The market is still generally quiet and easier, and opium is very weak. Bi-carb soda, \$3.05 to \$3.25; soda ash, \$1.60 to \$1.65; bi-chromate of potash, 1 1/2 to 1 1/2; borax, 1 1/2 to 1 1/2; cream tartar crystals, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2; ditto ground, 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; caustic soda, \$2.50 to 2.60; sugar of lead, 13c to 14c; bleaching powder, \$1.40 to \$1.60; alum, \$1.75 to 1.85; copperas, 10 1/2 lbs, 90c to \$1; sulfur, \$2 to 3.25; epsom salts, \$1.30 to 1.50; sal soda, \$1.15 to \$1.15; saltpetre, per keg, \$9.50 to 10; sulphate of copper, 5c to 7c; white, 55c to 60c; opium, about \$6.25 to \$7; quinine, \$3.75; morphine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; castor oil, 10c; shellac, 4 1/2 to 4 1/2.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Hardware is selling well, but profits are small, owing to keen

competition. Harvesting implements are now in fair demand. There is decidedly better feeling in pig-iron. We quote: Pig iron per ton, Coltness, \$18 25 to \$19 00; Siemens, \$19 to \$20 00; Gartsherrie, \$18 to 18 50; Summerlee, \$18 to 18 50; Langloan, \$18.25 to 19; Eglington, \$16 50 to 17 00; Carnbroe, \$17 to 17 75. Bars per 100 lbs. Siemens, \$2 to 2 25; Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1 75 to 1 90; best ditto \$2 05 to 2 50; Swedes \$4 to 4 25; Norway, \$5 to 5 25; Lowmorr & Bowling, \$6 25 to 6 50. Canada plates, per box: Glamorgan and Budd, \$3 15 to 3 25; Penn and Garth, \$3 25 to 3 30; Hatton, \$3 15 to 3 20; Thistle & Clifton, \$3 25 to 3 50; Tin Plates, per box: charcoal IC, \$5 50 to 5 75; ditto, IX, \$7 50 to 7 75; ditto, DO, \$5 to 5 50; ditto, DX, \$7 to 7 50. Coke, IC, \$4 60 to 4 65. Tinned Sheets, No. 26, charcoal, \$10 50 to 11; Galvanized Sheets No. 28, best \$6 75 to 7 25; Hoops and Bands, per 100 lbs \$2 25 to 2 50; Sheets, best brands \$3 to 3 12; Boiler Plates, per 100 lbs., Staffordshire, \$2 75 to 3; do Bradley, \$4 50 to 4 62 1/2; do Lowmorr & Bowling \$7 to 12.

Boots and Shoes.—Several leading houses report an increase in orders equal to 25 per cent. Competition continues keen and profits low. Men's split boots, \$1.75 to \$2.25; do split brogans, \$1 to \$1.10; do buff congress, \$1.80 to 2.25; do lip boots, \$2.50 to 3.25; do cowhide boots, 2.30 to \$2.75; women's split boots, 90c and \$1; do pebble and buff ball-morals, \$1.10 to \$1.40; do prunella, 90c to \$1.60; Misses' buff and pebble balls, 50c to 1.15.

LEATHER.—This branch of Trade is more active and sounder than it has been for some little time, and the speculative element appears to be out of the market. Prices continue firm and unchanged, but dealers say that they should be 10 to 15 per cent higher to keep pace with the price of hides, labor, bark, &c. Boot and shoe men are not buying beyond requirements. Hemlock Spanish sole, No 1, B, A, 25c to 27c; ordinary, 24 1/2c to 25 1/2c; No 2, B, A, 23c to 24 1/2c; No 2, ordinary, 22 1/2c to 23 1/2c. Buffalo sole, No 1, 21c to 23c; No 2, 19c to 21c; hemlock slaughter, No 1, 27c to 29c; waxed upper, light and medium, 36c to 42c; splits, large, 25c to 30c; small, 22c to 25c; caliskins (27 to 36 lbs), 60c to 80c; do (18 to 26 lbs), 60c to 70c. Harness, 26c to 34c; buff, 14c to 16c; pebble, 12 1/2c to 15c; rough, 26c to 28c.

GROCERIES.—A continuous stream of business is reported from all parts of the country. The jobbing trade, however, is mostly confined to the odd lots of staple goods. Teas.—The trade in a joining way appears supplied for the moment, but we are pleased to notice a constant demand from country sources, particularly so for good medium to finest grades. Japan, common, 22c to 25c; good common to medium, 22c to 30c; fair to good, 34c to 40c; fine to choice, 41c to 53c. Nagasaki, 25c to 35; Young hyson firsts 48c to 55c; seconds, 38c to 45c; thirds, 30c to 35c; fourths, 26c to 29c; Gunpowder, low grades, 38c to 40c; good to fine, 50c to 60c; finest, 65c to 70c; Imperial, medium to good, 33c to 38c; fine to finest, 45c to 60c; Twankey, common to good, 29c to 32; Oolong, common, 33c to 38c; good to choice, 46c to 65c; Congou, common, 26c to 32c; medium to good, 32c to 40c; fine to finest, 41c to 60c; Souchow, common, 28c to 30c; medium to good, 33c to 45c; fine to choice, 50c to 70c. Sugars.—Are again attracting attention, the recent fall after the rapid advance having induced refiners to relax their views a little, and we reduce prices to the following basis, at which transactions are reported:—Granulated, 10 1/2c to 11 1/2c; Grocers "A," 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; Extra Bright Yellow, 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c; Bright Yellow 8 1/2c to 9c; Fair, 8c to 8 1/2c; Medium, 9c to 8 1/2c; Fruits.—For all kinds of fruit an active demand exists, and of currants and Valencia raisins very few lots can now be had. Currants, 6 1/2c to 7c; valencias 8 1/2c to 9c; layers, \$2.25 to \$2.30; London hayrs, \$2.70 to \$2.80; loose muscatel, box, \$2.30 to \$2.40; sultanas, 10 1/2c; seedless, 9c to 10 1/2c; prunes, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; malaga, 6 1/2c to 7c; almonds, 6c to 7c; s. satragona, 13c to 14c; walnuts, French, 9c to 10c; liberts, 8 1/2c to 9c. Coffee.—We find rather more doing in coffees, particularly the finer grades. Mocha has advanced fully 10 per cent. We quote: Green mocha, per lb, 30c to 38c; Java, 23c to 28c; maracibo, 21c to 23c; cape, 19c to 20c; Jamaica, 18c to 20c; Blo, 18c to 20c; Singapore and Ceylon, 22c to 27c; chicory, 12c to 12 1/2c. Spices.—The enquiry for all sorts of spices is increasing, and we bear of good sales of ginger, nutmegs and cloves. Cassia, per lb, 13c to 15c; mace, 90c to \$1; cloves, 40c to 50c; Jamaica ginger, lb, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Cochon ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 13c to 14c; pimento, 16c to 17c; mustard, 4 lb jars, 19c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmegs, unlimed, 85c to 95c; limed, 90c to \$1. Syrups and molasses.—Very little doing in syrup and the unprecedentedly high price of Barbadoes molasses has stopped business. Syrups—Bright, 70c to 72c; medium, 66c to 68c; fair, 58c to 62c. Molasses—Barbadoes 56c to 58c; Trinidad, 46c to 50c; sugar house, 35c to 37.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

This week 2,195 cattle and 5,990 sheep were exported from Montreal, as against 2,213 cattle and 1,140 sheep last week. Total exports to date 21,435 cattle and 10,158 sheep. The English market prices are maintained at the recent improvement, but the large supply of grass-fed cattle is depressing the market here. We quote shipping cattle at 5c to 5 1/2c; stall-fed butchers at 4 1/2 to 5c, and grass cattle at 3 1/2 to 4c. Hogs are easy at \$6.50 to \$6.75 per 100 lbs. Sheep are worth \$3 to \$5.50, and lambs, \$3 to \$4.

MARRIED.

GALLAGHER-COLLINS.—On the 4th inst. in the Roman Catholic Church, Sherbrooke, P. Q., by the Rev. Father Dufresne, V.G., Mr. John Gallagher of Montreal to Miss Josephine Collins of Sherbrooke, P. Q.

New Advertisements.

WANTED.—EXPERIENCED General Servants, Plain Cook, Kitchen-maids, Experienced Cooks, Nurses, &c. references required. Apply to MISS NEVILLE'S Registry Office, 67 Juror street, Montreal.

WANTED.—General Servant for Manitoba. Apply to MISS NEVILLE, 67 Juror St., Montreal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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- THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S LIBRARY, size of cover x 6 inches, bound in cloth, containing a Series of Tales, in thirty-six volumes, etc. 25c
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, size of cover 4 x 6 1/2 inches, bound in full cloth, gilt backs, containing a series of Tales, in ten volumes, etc. 30c
THE FIDESIDE LIBRARY, size of cover 4