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IRISH NEWS.

A home for wandering dogs is to be provided for out of the city rates in Dublin. The Oblate Fathers from Inchicore opened a mission on Sunday at St. John's Cathedral, Limerick.

The Lord Lieutenant, by an order published in the Dublin Gazette, has revoked the license of the well-known Belfast solicitor, Mr. John Bea, to carry on his arms.

A preliminary meeting was held at the Gresham Hotel to consider a project for introducing into Ireland the American system of preparing condensed peat fuel.

Mr. Sullivan's Saturday Closing Bill proposes that in the five towns of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford all public houses shall close at 6 p. m. on Saturdays, and in all other towns at 8 p. m.

The Registrar-General still records Dublin as the most unhealthy city in the kingdom, the death-rate for the past week being returned as 43 per 1,000, exceedingly by 9 that of Manchester, which shows the highest mortality in Great Britain.

A Leeds correspondent writes on Tuesday night:—Father Kirby, O.M.I., of Inchicore, is conducting a very successful mission at Mount St. Mary's, Leeds. On Sunday evening, when the mission opened, the magnificent church of the Oblate Fathers, situated on Richmond Hill, Leeds, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The tenants on the estate of John Maguire, Esq., of Fintona, held their farms under a lease at almost nominal rents. The last life expired a few months ago, and arbitrators were appointed to fix the rents. The arbitration gave satisfaction to all concerned, but Mr. Maguire struck off from 10 to 15 per cent. of the rents settled by it.

At the meeting of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board, the chairman gave a very distressing account of the misery prevailing in certain districts of the county. He said there were some 1,500 people living in the locality over which St. Luke Bog extended. The place was a sort of lagoon. At times the waters which flooded it became stagnant, and the most offensive odours prevailed; and owing to the distress which existed the people of the locality were dying by the dozen.

The Congregation of the Mission has sustained a severe loss in the Rev. James Dixon, who died at one o'clock on Monday morning, to the inexpressible grief of his attached community and a wide circle of friends. Father Dixon, brother of the late Primate, the saintly Dr. Dixon, was born in the year 1816, near Dungannon, in the historic county Tyrone. On the death of the Rev. Michael Burke he was appointed Superior of the important missionary house of St. Peter, Philadelphia.

The Empress of Austria hunted with the Meath hounds recently. The meet took place at Mr. Thompson's of Holywood Park. The Duchess of Marlborough was present, and Earl Spencer took part in the hunt. On Saturday her majesty hunted with the Kildare hounds which met at Donadea Courthouse. With the Empress were Prince Liechtenstein, Lord Spencer, Captain Middleton, Major Kearney, &c., on Monday the Empress was out with the "Wards." She rode Mr. Morogh's famous mount, Ward Union, and was in front from find to finish.

By the death of the Rev. Father Pacificus, which occurred at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, the Church has lost one of her most zealous sons amongst the missionary priesthood. Rev. Father Farrell (in religion Father Pacificus, of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion) was born in Dublin about 1838. He was at first engaged in commercial pursuits, but showed his devotion to the Holy See by volunteering as a Papal Zouave and fighting at Castelfidardo. In 1867 he entered the Congregation of the Cross and Passion at their house in Worcester, and was ordained a priest in 1873. His life since then has been a record of missions and hard work.

Railways in the United Kingdom. The British Board of Trade shows the total mileage of railways in the United Kingdom to be 17,077 miles, of which 12,098 miles are in England, 3,776 in Scotland and 2,203 in Ireland. There was an increase of 205 miles over 1876. The total amount of nominal capital was \$3,370,295,240.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

NEVER FAIL TO KEEP A BOX OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges in the house, and when Johnny or Mary drops a little, or picks his or her nose, or has a bad breath, give him or her one, and watch the result. If they have worms, out they will and must come; for the two don't keep company together.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS MAY BE CORRECTED either in early or later stages, by the use of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, or Family Liniment. It is strange that people will postpone buying a medicine so necessary to health as the above until sickness attacks them. It should ever be in the house.

HEADACHES.—Spring and early summer are the seasons of the year at which most persons suffer from headaches, produced almost invariably by a sluggish and disorganized liver. Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills have been compounded with especial reference to the correcting and toning up of that most wonderful organ—the liver.

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the only thing that mothers can rely upon for their children. It corrects acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. During the process of teething, its value is incalculable. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain, thereby giving rest to the child, and comfort to mother.

A MAD SOLDIER IN A CHURCH.

Extraordinary Scene—Attacking the Altar with a Sword. (Catholic Times March 7th.)

It is hardly possible to conceive the sensation excited in Warrington last Sunday when it became known that one of the sergeants of the Militia Staff, by name John Smith, had drawn his sword in St. Alban's Catholic Church, and attempted to destroy the altar. The unfortunate man attended the last Mass, which was celebrated by Father Cody, O.S.B. When Mass was over the priest retired to the vestry, and the congregation began to pour out of the church. At this moment Smith, who is a man of mature age, drew his sword, rushed up to the altar, and began to slash about with all the fury of a maniac. He attracted instant attention, of course; but the spectators were paralysed at the sight. They could not realise it immediately, and paused. The priest, brief as he was, facilitated Smith's object, for he cut as vigorously and as rapidly as he was able. Then there was a rush to arrest him. He turned around, swinging his sword, and the first that approached narrowly escaped a cut aimed directly at him. But Colour-Sergeant Burns, who was one of the foremost of those that ran to the rescue, seized him from behind and disarmed him. Father Cody was in the meantime receding from the vestry by the clamour, and he laboured to subdue the dangerous excitement of the people. Constable Brown, who had been at Mass, and witnessed the incident, took Smith in custody, and sent for more police. The prisoner was got safely into the vestry, where he was kept till the arrival of several constables, and then he was removed to the hospital. It transpired subsequently that he was labouring under various delusions, one of which was that the Roman Church ought to be destroyed. For some time he had occupied himself with writing on political and other subjects, and inditing letters to leading men. But before last Sunday there was apparently nothing in his conduct so outrageous as to call for action on the part of his superiors. The feeling aroused through the town when the intelligence spread was very strong, especially amongst the Catholics, but the general consciousness that he was the victim of insanity softened irritation.

He was brought before the Magistrate on Monday following, and a constable testified that, were it not for the kindness of the priest, the congregation would have killed Smith.

Major Godfrey, who appeared in court to watch the case, said he was quite of Mr. Moore's opinion that the man was not responsible for his actions. But he wished to state that the man's condition was not the result of drunkenness. A more steady man could not be found. The letter which he would hand to the bench was written before he committed this act, and he believed there were other letters too which he had written of a similar kind, which would go to show the state of his mind. Major Godfrey then handed up to the bench a letter dated Warrington, March 1, and addressed to the colonel of the regiment. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"Now's the day and now's the hour Here approach the Roman power, See the front of battle lower— Pophish chains and slavery. Who so base as be a slave? Who will fill the coward's grave? Let him turn and flee."

I have set myself the task of pulling down the Roman Church, and of crushing the Pope and all his satellites under foot, and mean to succeed. What Luther and his associates failed in I will accomplish."

Mr. Moore—He has written to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and done all kinds of things.

Father Cody—It is not our wish to punish this poor man. There is only this. We think, looking at the matter calmly, that he is certainly not a fit subject to be at large. I have read the letter which is before the bench, and on reading that I may say that I have never read a more incoherent document in my life. You will see he has made statements—ridiculous statements—there which no man in sound mind could possibly make. He is a man, I believe, in no way given to drink.

Major Godfrey—I cannot speak too highly of the man.

The Mayor—Have you nothing to say? Defendant—Yes, sir. I have a lot of papers here which are of the greatest importance to the world at large (alluding to a drawer which was in court, containing a number of foolscap sheets of paper, on which there seemed to be some writing). His sword was placed on the top of them. Defendant continuing: The papers I have here will lead up to it. The thing has been meditated for a long time. A life-sized thing was laid outside the chapel like a corpse, and—

The Mayor (interrupting him)—We cannot listen to this. Defendant—And the figure of the dead Christ—(defendant was here prevented saying any more).

The Mayor—We remand you till Friday. He was then put down.

Shorthand Made Easy

A reporting machine at the Paris Exposition, known as "La machine Stenographique Michela," the latter being the name of its inventor, attracted much attention. The claims made respecting it are, that after a fortnight's practice, any person can take down in shorthand characters a speech however rapidly delivered. It is a small instrument, piano-like in form, with twenty-two keys, white and black, and the stenographic characters are small and impressed on slips of paper. Signor Michela claims to have classified all the sounds which the human organs are capable of producing, and to have so constructed his machine that it shall report with unerring fidelity whatever is said in German, French, Italian, Spanish and English. The machine is highly ingenious, and seems to have stood several practical tests satisfactorily.

Chinamen and Their Queues.

There is an ordinance in San Francisco that requires the Sheriff to cut off the queues of Chinamen who are sent to the county jail. One prisoner, who was thus treated, sued the Sheriff after regaining his liberty; he denied the constitutionality of the ordinance, and the question thus raised has been under consideration by a United States Judge for some time. Meanwhile, the sheriff continues to cut them off as fast as he gets jurisdiction over them, and the Chinamen are bringing so many suits against him for reparation, that the Board of Supervisors have found it necessary to provide extra counsel for his defence.

A Welcome for Grant.

A letter received at the headquarters of the Union Pacific Railroad details a plan for a grand excursion from Washington to San Francisco, about the 1st of August next, to receive and welcome ex-President Grant on his return from the Orient. The writer states he has spent some weeks at Washington, conversed with leading Senators and Representatives, and that many favor the project enthusiastically. Particulars of a trip through Indiana, correspondence with Kellogg and Pitkin in Louisiana, and other details are given which indicate that from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand persons would join in the excursion. Preparations for such an excursion would require much time, and the letter is written to secure reduced rates previous to any public announcement. It is stated that every State in the Union will be represented, and the excursion will require from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five trains of ten cars each.—New York Herald.

The Afghans.

(Z. B. Gustafson, in Harper's for March.)

The Afghans are tall, of large and well-knit frames, muscular and hardy. Their strong heavy features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—their lids tinged with white, and their hair and beard of a reddish brown—add force, beauty and dazzling brilliancy to them—they are full of fire, so that their swift, bold and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black, thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called bark, made of camel's hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cambric; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume. The garments of the young chiefs are often quite gay with gold lace or gold thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harems, who are very skilful with the needle. Comte de Gobineau, in his "Lomances of the East," thus describes a young Afghan chief, whose name was Moshen, meaning beautiful: "His complexion was richly tawny, like the skin of fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a sweeping and rather long sliken moustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-backed. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the pure Afghan blood flowed in his veins." The beauty of young Afghans is often spoken of by eastern writers, but it would seem from the very nature of things as though this glowing description must be overdrawn; just as the handsome, pensive young Uncas of our well-beloved West Indian romance, recognized in the modern Modoc. Still, abundant testimony claims a dark and hardy beauty for the Afghan in his prime.

Charles Reade's War Letter.

(London Telegraph.)

It is not necessary to be outwitted by the Zulus. People that go to war should immediately rub up their wits. If they have to encounter savages superior in numbers and knowledge of the ground, and armed no longer with stone arrows and bone spears, but guns and rifles, the very first question they should ask themselves is this: Does all our superior science furnish us with no engine of war to turn the scale? Now we do possess an engine of modern warfare that ought to have been in that unlucky camp, since no German nor French army would have invaded even a strange and wooden country without it. I mean a balloon à la corde. A very small one would have raised a man 1,000 feet and shown him in a moment the shallow secrets of Zulu strategy. Lateral ambuscades, though in jungle, are no ambuscades to a scout looking down vertically with a powerful binocular and sweeping thirty miles at a glance. The nation therefore will feel obliged to the War Office if it will send out not a great many more soldiers to be knocked on the head, but a few more soldiers, more ammunition, more balloons, more gasometers, more binoculars and more brains. Paris, for her amusement, raised twenty-five people in a balloon 2,400 feet several times every day. Cannot England raise one drummer boy or one gallant little officer—"Ingentes animos augusto peroto versans"—1,200 feet to protect her chivalry from silly slaughter? No doubt it is much harder to generate gas in a camp than in a city, but it has been done in camp, and therefore can be done again and ought to be done, though a jury of inventors should have to be convoked. When civilized nations meet in battle, glory may be gained though life is lost; but those who send our heroes to fight with savages should attack defensively, and cudgel their brains a bit, grudging so base an enemy the life of a single British soldier, and the tears of those who mourn him. I am, sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES READE.

No 10 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

Albo-Carbon.

In the absence of the promised electric light of Edison, it seems that the albo-carbon light is destined to be that of the future. It derives its title from the use of small cylinders of almost pure white carbon in connection with the ordinary gas now in use. The apparatus, in the case of single lights, consists of a metallic chamber of spheroidal form, fixed at a small distance from the burner. In this the albo-carbon is placed, it becomes liquefied by the heat, and gives off an odorless vapour which mingles with the gas, and so enriches it as to produce a light of great power and brilliancy. Its use involves no changes in the ordinary system of gas supply, and the simple machinery required to adapt the albo-carbon to an ordinary gas burner can be adjusted by any one skilful enough to trim and fill an ordinary oil lamp. It was tried at the Royal Westminster Aquarium with results so very good that it has taken the place of the usual gas light in the building. At Dundee also the tests revealed its excellent qualities, and there is little doubt that it will be soon extensively used.

Escape of a Drunken Montreuiler in New York.

A strange looking individual, badly afflicted with the walking mania, who gave his name as Rufus Slye, and who said he was from Montreal, was brought before Justice O'terbourg yesterday, in the Tombs Police Court, charged with disorderly conduct. The previous evening an officer saw Slye, wearing only his pantaloons and carrying his coat on his arm, walking down Broadway in hot haste, followed by a large and howling crowd. Slye being bare from the hips up, it was the general opinion he was a lunatic just escaped from Gilmore's Garden, and the officer, out of kind regard and for the gentleman's own protection, took him into custody, Justice O'terbourg asked Slye several questions, and from his answers, which showed him to be possessed of a very high opinion of himself as a pedestrian, the magistrate concluded that his mind was deranged, and committed him for examination by the prison physician. The latter made a diagnosis of Mr. Slye's case, and pronounced him not insane, but suffering from alcoholism. Slye, in speaking to a Times reporter, said his proper name was Purly, and that in Great Britain he was looked upon as a pedestrian of note. He claimed to have given exhibitions in Liverpool, Glasgow, London, and various other places. For the past three years he has been employed as a forist in Montreal. His desire to prove to the world his abilities as a pedestrian led him to come to New York to participate in the international walking match, but as he failed to find any backers, and as he was roughly handled when the outside crowd was going to tear down Gilmore's Garden, his brightest hopes were dispelled, and feeling sad over his disappointment and the "indignities" which he was subjected to, he drowned his sorrow in a prolonged spree, which culminated in his arrest as an alleged lunatic.—New York Times, March 14th.

Entertainment—St. Patrick's School, Alexander Street.

On Saturday, the 15th instant, we had the pleasure of being present at a literary and musical entertainment, given by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, Alexander street, as a tribute of affection to their esteemed and venerated pastor, the Rev. Father Dowd. On the platform we noticed the following gentlemen:—Rev. Father Dowd, patron of the school, in the chair; Rev. Fathers Hogan, St. Ann's; Lenoir, St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Arnold, Director St. Ann's School, and Prof. McKay. The programme, which was exceedingly select and admirably executed, consisted of music, songs and dialogues, at once evincing the high standard of education imparted in this institution.

The piece de resistance was a motrical cantata entitled, "Red Riding Hood," in which the Misses McShane performed their respective parts with an accomplishment and grace calculated to give this institution a name second to none under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation. Miss McCaffrey, a blooming child of nine summers, as Red Riding Hood, showed signs of careful training and marked ability, but why particularize where all did well? An original song entitled the "School Girls' Chorus," written by one of our finest musical critics, deserves particular mention, not only for its intrinsic value of the words, but for its beautiful musical setting, and its charming rendition by the choir.

On concluding the programme, the Rev. Father Dowd addressed the pupils in language singularly beautiful and appropriate—language well calculated to fill their hearts with the love of virtue; to enrich their minds with the gifts of knowledge, and to enable their souls to perform their duties here, and to stand on high vantage ground when they leave this cradle of their being, for an eternal existence beyond the grave. The good Sisters of St. Patrick's School are to be congratulated on the success attending their efforts. They realize and act upon the fact that next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education; that whatever is great, or good, or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds; that religion, however, loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education, and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids.

The Little Paper.

Our little contemporary, the Berlin Daily News, complains because the Post called it a "little paper." Our contemporary appears to have misunderstood us. We referred to mind more than matter, to quality more than quantity.

Hard Times.

The hard times are telling even on the English landed gentry. The number of country seats now advertised to let is greater than has been the case for many years, and it is said that among those which are likely to receive a new tenant is Drayton Manor, the residence of Sir R. Peel.

George Augustus Sala.

Mr. G. A. Sala, writing in the Illustrated London News of the "higher education of women," holds that if clever girls were "taught to point on porcelain, to model in clay and wax, to turn, to carve, and especially to draw on wood, they would be a hundred times better employed and fifty times nearer the possibility of earning from three to ten pounds sterling a week than in 'spanking' the piano."

Tom Moore.

Lord O'Hagan has consented to deliver the oration on the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Moore's birth-day and D. Florence McCarthy has consented to write the ode. Says a patriotic Irishman:—"While a note of Ireland's unrivalled music lives, Moore's poetry will not cease to delight mankind. Ireland might well, indeed, be accounted dead to every sentiment of pride and patriotism if she did not make an effort worthily to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth in Anugier street of the author of the imperishable 'Melodies.'"

Storms.

Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, lectured recently at the London Institution on "Storms." Our knowledge of the rate of the movement of storms was still but small. Some have been known to travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and this, too, was known—that the rate of movement had no necessary connection with violence. For example, the violent West India hurricanes moved from ten, fifteen or twenty miles an hour at the greatest. As regards the distance storms travelled, the longest recorded was in August, 1873; it was traced for nearly a fortnight.

Great Warriors.

(Pecora Journal.)

The greatest military geniuses of modern times have their headquarters in newspaper offices. Seated upon the editorial tripod they fight heavy campaigns and wage in gore—on paper. The moment a general in the field is unsuccessful, these home warriors simultaneously wave their glittering pens and shout for his recall. The English press are now howling themselves hoarse in urging the government to supersede Lord Chelmsford, commanding the troops in Zululand. How so many able and warlike chieftains became editors is a mystery, unless it be they early realized that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Beating the Lion in His Den.

An Englishman writes to the London Standard a wonderful letter upon the invasion of the British markets by American manufacturers. He found in his travels that American calicoes and cotton had superseded the same sorts of English goods on the Continent. Coming home he found his ironmonger selling American spades, saws, chisels, hammers and axes, and other dealers with stocks of American locks, bolts, stoves and lamps. American leather is sent to England to be made up into shoes. English carriages are built out of materials which have crossed the Atlantic. States are now quarried in the United States to roof English homes. "My procer, my butterman, and probably my butcher," says this writer, "deal largely in American goods of all kinds; even the cigarette which he smokes are made in Richmond, Va., and the pen with which he writes comes not from Birmingham, but from an American manufactory."

DEATH OF A JESUIT FATHER.

The Funeral Service—A Solemn and Imposung Ceremony.

On Saturday morning, the 22nd instant, in the Church of the Gesù, the last rites of the Catholic Church were performed over the remains of the late Father Hudon, Society of Jesus. The edifice was heavily draped in mourning, the catafalque being placed within the sanctuary rails.

A large congregation assembled to assist at the Mass for the dead, amongst whom was the father of the deceased. The ceremony commenced by a procession of acolytes and chorists, bearing lighted tapers preceding the coffin, which was borne by four senior members of the Order, the whole taking their places in the sanctuary, and presenting a grandly solemn spectacle. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass then proceeded, His Lordship Bishop Fabre officiating, assisted by four deacons, the Office of the Dead being chanted by the Rev. Father Lory. After the conclusion of the Mass, the remains were disrobed of their sacerdotal garments, and conveyed by the Order to the hearse for interment at the Noviciate, Sault au Recollet. The funeral was attended by all the college students, who seemed deeply affected by the loss of one who had, in life, always been a father and a favorite amongst them.

The Rev. Father Hudon was the eldest son of Mr. Victor Hudon, of this city, and was born on the 10th of March, 1838. He received his education at the Jesuit's College, and when only eighteen, by his superior intelligence and sincere piety, was admitted to the Order of Compagnie de Jesus. In life he possessed a vivacious and joyous temperament. His appearance being always hailed with pleasure by the students with whom he was a decided favorite. Possessing great musical abilities he established the College choir, which under his instruction greatly prospered. His memory will be ever green in the hearts of those who knew him.—Requiescat in pace.

More About the Passion Play in Quebec.

Thirty-three years ago a representation of the "Passion Play" was enacted at Quebec before an immense audience. It was looked upon by the entire community as sacrilegious and blasphemous; but, nevertheless, the theatre was crowded to repletion. In the crucifixion scene, wherein the Saviour was nailed to the cross, the stage appliances and curtains caught fire, and a general stampede occurred. Upward of fifty were burned or trampled to death. This, at the time, was looked upon as a special interposition of Divine Providence because of the profane character of the play, and, to this day, the singular conflagration is talked of with only shuddering thoughts. No "Passion Play" has been attempted in this country since that time.

The Deepest Mine in the World.

The deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adhabet lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,837. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridges in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in the same locality is the Yellow Jacket of the Conestock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface of the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,203 feet below the Gould & Curry workings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

The Alaska Dilemma.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—A gentleman, recently arrived from Sitka says the present threatened danger in Alaska is greatly exaggerated; that every person acquainted with the facts sees nothing but trouble arising from whiskey, and the mixing of white men with the savages, which will unfortunately be intensified by Indian remembrance of gross outrages endured at the hands of the military in the past. The first trouble there was the result of military murder, which the Government should now investigate, and, if possible, punish the perpetrators. General Davis might be induced to tell before a Court of Inquiry who gave the first whiskey to the Indian chief, and the trouble that followed by drunken officers in command neglecting to withdraw previous orders. On one occasion three Indians were shot and killed by a soldier on duty. From that evening, ten years ago, to the recent killing of Brown, the Indians have been wonderfully forbearing.

Russia's Two Plagues.

LONDON, March 4, 1879.—A strange charge is now made against the Russian Nihilists. The correspondent of the London Daily News says that the belief prevails in St. Petersburg that they are interested in spreading reports concerning the plague. It is said that two of Professor Botkin's assistants are leading Nihilists. The day before the bulletin was issued concerning the death of the now celebrated footman they went about St. Petersburg exultingly declaring that Professor Botkin had a case of the plague in his hospital. This story must be taken for what it is worth. At Kiel, the St. Petersburg Official Messenger says, the police have discovered a secret printing press. On entering the apartment the police and gendarmes were met by a storm of bullets. One officer of the gendarmes was wounded. Eleven men and five women were arrested. Four of the former were dangerously wounded. On the premises upon which the gendarmes made the descent were found and seized printing material, counterfeit seals of public departments, forged documents, revolutionary pamphlets and a number of revolvers and poniards. Inquiry into the affair is in progress.

Home Rule for Alsace.

BERLIN, March 22.—In the debate in the Reichstag, last night, on a motion for the establishment of an autonomous government for Alsace and Lorraine, representatives of those provinces desired an independent administration with a Governor to reside in Strasbourg, and a Landtag with the right of initiative and representation in the Bundesrath. Schneegans said that under the present system they did not feel themselves to be citizens of a well ordered State, but of an occupied country. Give them but independence and they would become, not a bone of contention but bonds of union between two civilized people, a bridge by which the benefits of both might be exchanged and a means of international reconciliation. Bismarck's speech was distinguished by its moderation and spirit of concession. He said the remarks Herr Schneegans made a favorable impression upon him, which would have been better had not his puroration contained an appeal to Paris, which could find no echo in Berlin, and an appeal which pictured Alsace-Lorraine as neutral territory to which the claims of France would be as justifiable as those of Germany. Bismarck said in all that we conceded in the way of autonomy we must consider the safety of the empire not only in quiet times like the present, but also in the less peaceful. The question as to the separation of Alsace from Lorraine should remain open. Perhaps Alsace would be more rapidly and solidly organized if it did not remain homogeneous with Lorraine. Finally, the good sense of the population of Alsace would work against the Parisians, between whom and Frenchmen there is a wide distinction among those who remain in the province. If Germany was quiet and had patience, this German oak, formerly pulled down by the French and now propped up by the Germans, would regain its strength. Let us see that it does. The speech was loudly applauded throughout the house.

The Shamrock From Home.

The following was received in a letter, which contained some shamrocks, from Ireland—

Do you think of the land, with its beauty so rare, with its high mountain peaks, and its valleys so fair, where the birds sing so sweetly, on bush and on tree, I remember you said they spoke over of me. Do you think of the days that are now past and gone, like the bright morning light, when the evening comes on, to recall our fond love, and where'er you may roam, I send you a dear little Shamrock from home.

CHORUS. There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

I know well that though wandering your heart will be true, that there is not a land but old Ireland for you. And I know that you think of the days that are past, while your heart beats I know your fond memory will flash on you, you will wear those sweet leaves on your heart. And, in thought, on St. Patrick's day take a There is no leaf in the world, where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

CHORUS. There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical Story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Ludlow did not at first reply to this question. His haggard features were distorted, and his thin, long, bony fingers trembled as they clasped the stem of the goblet before him. "The third," said he, in a low, hoarse voice, "is the most formidable of them all."

"How is that possible?" asked Lawson, astonished, not less at the assertion, than the agitation of the weak, deformed, and withered object before him. "How can there possibly be a more formidable claimant to the land than the original owner, or the rightful heir to that owner?"

"False pleas and fictitious statements may defeat the Colonel and his son," replied Ludlow. "The false plea of the Irish mass-mergers may serve as a bar to the one, false testimony as to the birth and education of the other may brand the heir as an impostor, and so deprive him of his rights, whilst the truthful allegation, which neither will attempt to deny, that they are Papists, will be sufficient to prejudice the Irish law courts, the Castle, and the English Parliament against them. Such, however, is not the case with Kathleen Fitzpatrick."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick?" cried Lawson, "a woman! who is she? I never heard of her before."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick," replied Ludlow, "is the niece of him whose lands we occupy. She is the daughter of a younger brother. She has been educated in the religion of her mother—a Church of England Episcopalian. She is, I have heard, the protégée of the Duke of Ormond, and by that powerful nobleman, it is said, her claim to her uncle's estate will be maintained. If these reports be true, our hold upon her uncle's lands is not worth a year's purchase."

"You have devised a scheme for rendering that claim of no avail," said Lawson, with an ominous frown: "let me know what it is, that I may aid it: for here, I admit my will is at fault."

"I have, as you say, devised such a scheme," replied Ludlow, "and it is comprised in a single word—marriage."

"Marriage! Marriage!" cried the astonished Lawson. "Marriage with whom?"

"Ludlow made no reply in words, but laying his hand on his heart, nodded to his companion."

"Marriage with you!" added Lawson, unable to suppress his feelings of surprise. "What age is the maiden?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she in any way deformed?"

"She is as straight as a rush, fair as a lily, fresh as a half-blown rose."

"And you propose to unite yourself in marriage with all these perfections?"

"I do."

"And how think you, Edward,—do not mean to offend you,—but how do you suppose will your personal defects, your gashed face, your—I cannot refrain from saying such a hideous appearance be received by such a young beauty? How can you hope your proposals will be favourably regarded. How can you imagine you will be accepted?"

"I mean to wed, not to woo her," replied Ludlow, whose changing colour showed how keenly he felt the remarks of Lawson upon his personal defects.

"Oh! I perceive," said Lawson, "you contemplate a forced marriage, you're thinking of that which is a frequent practice in this country,—the forcible abduction of an heiress."

"Precisely so," answered Ludlow, "and there are numberless instances to show in Ireland, that many an unwilling bride has in a short time become a dutiful, a loving, and an obedient wife. Be you ready, whenever I may require your presence, with twenty armed horsemen to aid me, and in less than a week afterwards I shall be the husband of the fairest girl and the greatest fortune in Ireland,—of no less a personage than the Lady Kathleen Fitzpatrick, of Gowran Castle."

"Hush! Edward," said Lawson hastily, "you forget you are in a public room; and you speak so loudly you can be overheard. I have, for instance, remarked, that ever since you mentioned the name of a certain fair lady, that smooth-faced, antiquated knave in the compartment opposite to us, has been listening to every word you said. If he has heard all, he bears with him a secret which we cannot allow him to carry out of this room. I will therefore fasten a quarrel upon him."

As Lawson spoke, he filled out a cup of wine, and then bearing it in one hand, and his sword in the other, he approached the seat where the old rustic was apparently still engaged with his dinner, and thus addressed him—

"Good sir, I perceive you drink beer and not wine. I have, then, to request of you to drink this wine, and at the same time to give as a toast: 'A plague upon Pope and Popery, priests, pagns, nuns, and friars!'"

"Sir, I do not know you," replied the old man, dressed as a rustic. "I seldom drink wine; I never do so with strangers; and the sentiments I express are my own, and never dictated to me by another."

"Good sir," sneeringly remarked Lawson, "I suspect you are a Popish priest; I believe you have been playing the spy upon me and my companion, and therefore I propose this toast as a test of your sincerity and loyalty."

New mark what I say to you, If you refuse the wine, I shall scatter it over your person; and if you decline the toast in the very words I have uttered, I shall inflict upon you the bastinado.

"Sir, you thus insult me," meekly replied the rustic, "because you see that I am a man of peace, that I am old, and that I wear no sword."

"But," said the stranger, dressed in a brown suit, as he stepped from the box in which he had been seated, "and I not only know how to handle it, but also how to use the wine goblet, which this tavern brawler has tendered to you."

As the stranger thus spoke, he snatched the goblet from the hands of Lawson, and flinging the contents in his face, he cast the goblet itself at Ludlow, striking him on the forehead, and as he did so drew his sword, and thus addressed them.

"Ruffians, kidnappers, and scoundrels! I know you both. I have heard you both mention in a public tavern the name of a lady with whose family I have the honour to be acquainted. Come on, therefore, one or both—that I may punish you on the spot where such an outrage on a lady's fair name was perpetrated."

Whilst the stranger was still speaking, the huge hanger of Lawson was uplifted, and aimed with a giant's force at the head, in the hope of breaking his guard, and cutting him down; but the blow so aimed was not only vigorously parried, but the keen blade of the stranger slid like lightning along the sword fingers of his right hand, and with a roar of agony the huge sword was relaxed from the ruffian's grasp, and fell useless to the earth.

Ludlow, in his confusion, was unable to draw his sword before the persons assembled in the coffee-room rushed between the combatants.

"What means this scandalous riot in my orderly house?" inquired the burly, fat, contented, red-faced landlord, as he rushed into the midst of the crowd who separated the stranger and Ludlow, who now stood with drawn swords, glaring at each other.

"Honest John Elliott," said the stranger in the brown suit, pointing at the infuriated Ludlow, and the enraged Lawson, "there are the disturbers of the peace,—there are the shameless brawlers. The old tall man was for forcing one of your peaceful guests to drink wine he did not like, and to propose a toast of which he did not approve; whilst the other, that pale, ugly, ill-looking catfif yonder, had the presumption to speak in terms of disparagement of a fair lady, who, if not known, is, I am sure, highly respected by you. In your absence, John Elliott, I was punishing those vile and scandalous disturbers of the peace."

"Good Master Brown, I am much indebted to you for your volunteer services on my behalf; but where is the peaceable, wine-hating guest for whose protection you interfered?"

"Where is he?" "A coward," replied the man in brown, "I cannot tell, John Elliott; but here he sat, and here he has deposited a piece of gold to defray the expenses of his dinner, and whatever other refreshment you may have supplied him with."

"I call to witness, then," added the landlord, "that I stand indebted to that stranger many shillings; but go your ways, good Master Brown, it is not safe your tarring longer under this roof. A man named 'Fidge' has but this instant called to say he would wish to speak with you at nine, beneath the arch of Danie's gate. I was on the way to deliver you that message when I heard the clash of your swords."

"Thanks! Master Elliott, but look to that vile old Cromwellian yonder. Be assured that good food and rich wine were never wasted on two greater villains than himself and his associate,—the fellow with the scarred face. Farewell!"

"Farewell—farewell," said honest John Elliott, as he looked with admiration at the tall figure and vigorous form of the man in brown, as he bounded out of the room.

"That Master Lawson," continued the landlord, as he advanced to the seat on which the wounded man was now resting, and vainly endeavoring to stop the blood which poured out from his hand. "Good Master Lawson, I am grieved to see you so suffering. What an ugly wound it is! permit me to bind it up for you. Ha!" added Elliott, as he examined the gashed fingers, "this is a very awkward wound, indeed! It is to be hoped you may not lose the use of your right hand. How came you to hold your weapon so awry? What a swordsman that Master Brown is! I think he must have learned to fence in Paris; for he has cuts, and thrusts, and parries utterly unknown to us, Lawson, when we were learning the sword exercise. I am now convinced there is no such swordsman in the King's dominions as Master Brown."

"You know this Master Brown, then," remarked Lawson, as he winced with the pain caused by binding up his wounded fingers.

"I know," answered Elliott, "that he is Master Brown; but I am not quite sure that I know anything more about him. I suspect, however, more than I know; but I will injure no man by expressing my suspicions."

"Be he who he may, I hope I may once more encounter him. If I do, one or other will be, before many minutes, no longer a living man," said Lawson.

"And I," added Ludlow, "promise, wherever I again meet him, see him, come in contact with him,—were it at the altar itself—my sword shall revel in his heart's blood."

"Pshaw," said Elliott, "to bed both of you—you talk like men overcome with drink: I do not know who Master Brown is; but I strongly suspect you have both seen him before to-day. You have, I believe, encountered him, not once, but twice. Take care of a third combat with the same foe—it may be fatal to both."

CHAPTER III.

"I am afraid, Hannah, we shall never reach home before night. We do not travel more than two miles an hour on these rough and broken roads. Even my good steed Adolphus lags in his pace, although he cannot be more eager for food and rest than I am to be within the shelter of my father's strong-walled mansion, when darkness has succeeded to day."

"I have far less fear, mistress, of the perils of the road, than I have of the evil wayfarers to be found on them."

"And so have I, Hannah, and therefore I am for hurrying onward with all speed: for I own to you, I have more confidence in my own courage and your determination, than in the bravery and trustworthiness of the two knaves behind us, whom my father has ordered me always to take as an escort."

The speakers were two young women, apparently a lady and her attendant, such was the contrast in their outward habiliments. The first was in the full bloom of womanhood, her age something between twenty-five and thirty years, her skin brown, her hair of dark blackness, and her eyes, large, full, and raven, shone with a brilliant light which the long, black eye-lashes could not conceal, though they sometimes served to moderate its fierceness of expression. When her full red lips relaxed into a smile, which they seldom did, they were withdrawn to exhibit large, even, and brilliant white teeth, firmly

locked together. But that which was the most remarkable characteristic of this young female was her height, and breadth, and bearing; for although she exhibited all the perfections of the female form in her figure, still there were combined with all the muscular power and free, unembarrassed action of a man five feet nine inches in height. Her dress was in accordance with her appearance. Her riding habit, of the finest bazaar, was looped upon one side with a rich, short, thick chain of massive gold, and from the hat dangled a long wavy plume of black feathers. Her riding dress confined at the waist with a thick girdle of gold, from which depended a short gold-hilted hunting knife, was in other respects like the military dress of an officer, for around the collar was a thick band of gold lace, which also ran down the front of the entire dress, and the wide sleeves were turned up at the wrist, with broad lace bands, and so displayed the hands covered with white gloves fringed with gold, and the seams on the back worked with gold lace. This proud-looking, haughty-seeming, almost manlike dame, rode a heavy, black war-horse, and whilst she checked his speed with a hand well accustomed to the rein, she also held, as if with a slight wand, a thick riding whip, the handle of which was heavy with a thick knot of lead, covered over with a shining ball of gold.

The attendant upon this rich, proud-looking young lady, was a plainly-dressed, timid young Englishwoman, who was now living for a twelvemonth in Ireland, and who, having come to the country with a conviction that all its inhabitants were wild animals, was in a constant state of astonishment that she had not yet seen any of them, and was labouring under a perpetual apprehension that the moment she should come in contact with them, she would be murdered.

Behind these two women, and at the distance of about two hundred paces from them, rode two serving men, armed with swords and muskets, and from whose manner, their eager looks, and their timid whispers, as they saw the night closing around them, the young lady seemed fully justified in the remark she had made as to the little reliance to be placed upon them in a moment of danger.

"How like you living in Ireland, Hannah? What think you of to-day's sport?" asked the young lady, wishing to occupy the attention of her attendant, and to relieve, if she could, by conversation, the tedium of their slow and toilsome journey.

"Oh! mistress, I like Ireland so little, that I would wish to be back once more safe in quiet England," replied Hannah. "All the people here seem to hate each other. I do not understand what they are always quarrelling about. We have Roundheads and Cavaliers in England; they have done to one another a world of mischief; but now that the mischief is at an end, and the King has, as they say, got his own again, neighbours do not fight with neighbours. It is not so in this country; they are always squabbling about something or nothing. Even the two men that ride behind us—John Norris and James Brophy—I have seen them draw their knives upon each other in your father's kitchen, and all because Norris maintained that Sir Charles Coote was an inch taller, and a better general than Lord Inchiquin. And then, mistress, as to this day's sport, the horse racing which you wished me to see, I have no taste for such diversions. I do not understand what can be the pleasure in seeing poor brutes whipped, and spurred, and urged to run beyond their speed. I did, indeed, derive pleasure from one thing—it was to witness the admiration you excited, to see so many young lords and brave gallants paying court to you."

A heavy lash from the whip, applied with a vigorous hand to the slow-pacing Adolphus, made him bound forward impatiently, and as a strong wrist checked his rein at the same time, he came rearing up close to the side of Hannah's steed, whilst the impatient mistress said in an angry tone:—

"Silence, Hannah; never so speak to me again. Think you that I am a foolish girl in her teens, and that I do not know how to estimate, at its proper value, the buzzing of such gaddies and blood-suckers. I saw rosters and gamblers, debauchees, fools and fops, and fortune-hunters, on the race-course, but not one true, honest man, that would prize me for myself, or who would care one pin for me if they lanced I was as poor as you. Nay, of the two of us, you are the better looking woman—fairer, younger than I am, and yet there was not one of these noxious and brave gallants, as you call them, to be commonly civil to you, whilst all their attentions were bestowed on me. And wherefore? Not merely because there was gold on my garments—though that, I have no doubt, was an attraction to spendthrifts—but because it is well known that my father is rich, and that I am the sole inheritor of all his possessions. Were I as destitute of fortune as you are, Hannah, then be certain that those who bowed the knee before me to-day, would scow up their lips with scorn at me as the low-born daughter of Ebenezer Lawson, the Cromwellian trooper."

"I am not well skilled in the ways of the world," replied Hannah; "but still I cannot but think that the admiration to which you are justly entitled was honestly and sincerely given to you to-day. As to me, I know my position in life too well not to have felt rejoiced, that the slightest notice was not taken of me. A compliment from any of the group of your admirers, would have been, to a person in my lowly condition, an insult."

"And it is no less an insult to me, Hannah," observed Judith Lawson. "What right had anyone of those persons, from the son of the Lord Lieutenant to the meanest and poorest ensign in the garrison of Dublin, to intrude upon me with his unmeaning compliments? If they respected the daughter of the trooper, as they would the daughter of a duke, why not treat the one with the same deference which they would feel compelled to treat the other? What right had any one of them to approach me, but that they knew I was Lawson's daughter, and that I was on the race-course alone, and unprotected? Surely, if I were the child of a lord, or of a gentleman by birth, I would have been allowed to look safe from intrusion, upon the days sport; I would not be, as I have been, persecuted with attentions I did my utmost to repel; and this I am quite sure of, that I should not have endured the dishonor of having a wretch, like the infamous David Fitzgerald of Limerick, pursuing me with his noisome flatteries for hours."

"Is the person you call David Fitzgerald of Limerick," asked Hannah, "the tall man with the florid face, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes, and who was so constantly by your side during the whole day?"

"It is—the wretch!" said Judith, indignantly. "I desired Norris to inquire who and what he was; and, according to my man's statement, this Fitzgerald, it appears, is a most infamous character. He has, then, young, wasted his fortune on his vices. He has now the reputation of being in high favor with the Lord Lieutenant of Ormonde; for he pretends, or declares, he has discovered a plot amongst the Papists and the patriots in England, for the purpose of devising the best means of bringing the conspirators to justice."

Meanwhile, he would improve his fortune, by seeking for the hand of Judith Lawson! Am I not right, Hannah, then, in considering myself as degraded, when a wretch so base and vile as Fitzgerald, can, for a moment, seriously believe he is in a position to become my suitor?"

Before Hannah had time to reply to the question of her angry and excited mistress, the voice of one of the men behind them, was heard exclaiming:—

"Hurry!—hurry!—hurry onward, mistress; there are horsemen following us at full speed. The Lord have mercy on us all, if they are Rapparees, and Redmond O'Hanlon in command of them!"

Despite her natural courage, a chill of terror ran through the frame of Judith Lawson, when the awful name of Redmond O'Hanlon was pronounced; for she remembered to have heard her father a hundred times speak of him as the most merciless foe to every one of English birth and descent that had settled and acquired lands in Ireland. Her belief of that well-known, and then most formidable chieftain, was that his delight was in shedding the blood of men, women, and children; destroying the English farms, tumbling down English-built houses, and sparing neither age nor sex when they were purely English.

The mere mention of the name Redmond O'Hanlon was alone sufficient to paralyze all the energies of the young Englishwoman, Hannah; and she would have fallen from her steed to the earth had not Judith caught the fainting girl in her arms, and as she did so she cried out:—

"Here, Norris, take this poor girl and place her in the saddle before you. Do you, Brophy, hold the rein of her horse, and guide it with your own—let both follow me wherever I lead."

Judith having seen these directions acted upon, then turned round in order that she might, with her own eyes, determine whether there was just cause for that alarm which had been given to her and her companions.

Four horsemen were seen advancing at full speed towards the travellers; and a second glance was not necessary to convince the cool and courageous Judith that they were robbers by profession. The nags they rode were rough, wild-looking animals. The dresses of three of the riders were old and ragged; whilst the fourth, who wore a short, red cloak, and had a feather in his hat, was, like his companions, armed with a long gun. The face of the man with the red cloak was covered with a black mask, whilst his companions had thick mustachios and long beards.

"The purposes of the pursuers could not be for a moment doubtful, because even whilst Judith turned round to look at them, she saw one of the men stop, deliberately unloose his gun, take a steady aim at her, and discharge his piece."

At the same instant she heard the sound of the shot, and saw Hannah's horse tumble on the earth, and then struggling in the agonies of death.

"Whatever may befall us," said the gallant Judith, "these villains shall be made to feel we do not fear them. Give me your gun, Norris, and I shall try and unmask the villain yonder."

"For heaven's sake, mistress," said the terrified Norris, "do not shoot at them, or we shall be all massacred."

"Give me your gun, sirrah," cried the enraged Judith, "or I will stab you with my hunting knife."

"Oh! here—take it, take it, and God send you hit nobody. Above all things don't fire at the man with the mask; for I am quite sure it is Redmond O'Hanlon himself," said the trembling Norris.

"If it were Redmond O'Hanlon a thousand times over," said Judith, "I will do my best to unhorse him. It is a poor revenge to kill an Irish garron for the good steed of my father's he has slain."

As Judith spoke, she directed the musket with a fixed and deadly aim at the person who appeared to be commander of the pursuers, and a shout of joy burst from her lips as the smoke from the piece cleared away, and she perceived that her shot had been followed by the fall of a man and horse.

"I am sure I have slain the horse and spared the rider," remarked Judith.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Norris. "We are all as one as dead men," added Brophy.

"Here, Brophy, load Norris's gun for him, and give me yours to make use of, if I need it," said Judith. "Fools and cowards as you are—do you not perceive these fellows are not in such a hurry following us as they were a few minutes ago. They, like ourselves, have now but three horses at their command; and they will not be so eager to fire upon us when they find we can reply to them with effect."

"Alas! madam," cried Norris, "whimpering and trembling, you are only bringing down on yourself and us the vengeance of men who know not what it is to feel pity for another."

"Then, if such be our assailants," added Judith, "let us at least sell our lives as dearly as we can. The butcher does not spare the lamb, though it licks the hand raised to kill it; but the butcher he knows will, if he makes one false step, read him to pieces. Have you loaded Norris's gun, Brophy?"

"Yes, madam," said Brophy, winking at Norris, for the purpose of showing that he was deceiving his mistress, whose readiness to combat was no less a cause of anxiety to both than their terror of the gang, whose cruelty they feared would be provoked by her courage.

"Then, give me his musket and take back your own; his is the piece to which my hand is best accustomed, and with which I can take the surer aim."

"Alack! alack! this comes of firing shots to alarm the country!" exclaimed Norris, pointing to a narrow path which approached the high road at a right angle, and along which two furious and ragged fellows, armed with guns, were hurrying towards them on foot.

"The odds are against us!" exclaimed the dauntless Judith, whose courage seemed to rise as dangers increased around her. "All that we have now to do is to retreat as best we can; and our only place for making a last struggle is that little slated cabin on the hill-side yonder. Hasten on towards it both of you; I will take the post of danger in the rear."

These commands were at once acted upon. The attendants of Judith rode as men ride whose lives depended upon the swiftness and strength of their steeds. At once they quitted the road and paced along the green fields, and bounded over wide ditches, which an hour before they would not have ventured to look at but with surprise that any one would have the courage to cross them. The high breeding and the solid feeding of their horses saved them well on such an occasion; whilst, as impediments to their pursuers, was a long tract of swamp which lay along the road, and between it and the hill down to the very point where Judith and her companions had first quitted the road, so that the pursuers had to come down to the very point, from which she and her men had started, and then to follow as well as they could with their weak nags over the same fields and across the same ditches. Judith and her followers might by

the new course they had taken, have completely escaped, without stopping at the slated cabin, from their pursuers on horse-back, had not the assailants been aided by the robbers on foot, who kept at an uttering speed behind them.

"Knock at the door, ask for permission to enter, and save yourselves from those thieves and murderers," said Judith to Brophy.

Her commands were obeyed. The door was opened; and it was about to be again closed, when it was thrown wide open, and the person inside the cabin stepped into the air, and removing from his head a small black cap, he bowed low to Judith; and said:—

"I pray your pardon, lady; I was alarmed by the appearance of an armed man knocking at such an hour at my humble door. The moment, however, that I perceived he was accompanied by a woman, I knew there was not only no danger to be apprehended, but, perchance, it might be within my poor means to afford relief. I pray you, madam, to enter, and to regard all that you see as your own, for all is at your command."

Judith listened to the words thus spoken to her, but was unable to reply to them. Her own perilous situation, and the danger that threatened her companions, were equally forgotten in the new sense of unmixt admiration for the noble-looking man who stood before her. A diligent reader of her Bible from her childhood upwards, she had never before seen any one in her father's home, in conventicle, or in society, that reminded her of those whom she had admired as patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. But here, and for the first time, she saw a living man, on whose ample forehead, flowing nut-brown hair, commingled with streaks of gray, whose large dove-like eyes, whose perfectly-moulded features, whose sweet smile, and meek look, and noble form, seemed to present him to his fellow-creatures as something more than mortal—as one, whose brows were already illuminated with the light of the pre-sanctified, and who seemed born for no other purpose than to praise God and to win sinners to repentance.

Judith felt, as she looked upon this venerable man, as if she could kneel to him, and entreat his blessing. She felt, as she stood before him, that she at last beheld a human being, whose pure soul had never been stained by one degrading passion, and who had the strength and the will to condemn the world, its wealth, its vanities, its riches, and its terrors.

Awe and wonder benumbed her faculties. She stood as if awaiting a repetition of his words; and she felt, for the moment, that she was unworthy of addressing him.

The old man looked first at her, then at her alarmed companions, and then at the fainting form of the still insensible Hannah, and casting his eyes on the space the fugitives had traversed, he perceived the wild horsemen and the eager pedestrians who were quickly advancing in pursuit. He cried in hurried accents:—

"Alight, my children; at once alight from your horses, and seek the shelter of my roof. I see that you are beset by the wicked thieves that haunt this neighborhood. Hasten, in my children, that I may give you such security as well-barred doors and iron-fastened windows can afford."

"I am told, sir," said Judith, bounding from her steed, and aiding her men, as she spoke, in bringing Hannah inside the house. "I am told that the men who pursue us are robbers, and one of my servants assures me that the man in command of them is the notorious footpad, Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You have been misinformed, my child," replied the old man, as he bolted the windows and barred the door. "Redmond O'Hanlon is not a footpad, nor have I ever heard of his employing the men under his command as common highway robbers. The villains who pursue you are not, I am sure, the adherents or the friends of Redmond O'Hanlon."

The conversation of the old man and Judith was rendered inaudible by the loud shouts and exulting cries of the robbers, as they captured the horses of the travellers—a capture that was rendered particularly precious by the seizure of Judith's horse, with its silver bit, and velvet saddle-cloth fringed with a deep border of thick-worked heavy gold embroidery.

"I hope," said the old man, "that these unhappy men may be satisfied with the prize they have already taken; and that respect for me will induce them to leave you in peace within my dwelling."

"I fear them not, sir," replied Judith, "while I hold this gun and have strength to use my hunting-knife against them."

"Better to suffer wrong than to shed blood, daughter," said the old man. "Your strength and skill would be a poor defence against those savage men. My words may be of more avail than twenty swords. If these wicked men will not listen to me, then place your confidence in God, and be certain He will not desert you in the hour of need."

As the old man ceased from speaking, a shot was fired outside, and a loud clatter, caused by the beating of the butt ends of muskets, was heard at the door. This was followed by the cry of "The prisoners, the prisoners, we demand the delivery of the prisoners, their weapons, and their purses."

"Lie down, my children, on the ground, lest those men should fire in through door or window. I will, with this lady, proceed on stairs and parley with your assailants from an opening in the roof."

When the old man had thus addressed the trembling domestics, he led Judith, who still bore the musket with her, to the roof.

"Conceal yourself, my child," he said, "from their view. As to me, I fear no harm they can do me. If I am about to meet death, I try to save life, then do not weep for me; but wish that you may one day partake of that happiness which is the sure reward of all who, for God's sake, lay down their lives for the benefit of their fellow-creatures."

"What would you?" said the old man, as he pushed aside the boards that concealed the opening on the roof, and stood full in view of the assailants. "What would you? or wherefore have you attacked this house, in which none are to be found but peaceful travellers?"

"Give up the prisoners, deliver our prisoners, we want their weapons and their purses," cried two or three persons in the same breath.

"Let one man speak for all," said Judith's venerable host. "I wish to hold parley with none but your leader."

"I am their leader," said the man with the mask, whom Judith had already unhorsed.

"I know you not, sir," said the old man.

"But I know you, most reverend sir," replied the masked man in an insolent tone of voice; "and it is probable that before long you will know more of me, and much more, than you would ever like to have heard."

"That I think, sir, is by no means improbable, should I ever hear anything at all about you," said the old man, with a gentle smile.

"At present I wish to know, why you have knocked at my door, and by what right you claim persons under my protection as your prisoners?"

"I claim them, most reverend sir, by the plainest, simplest, and most indubitable of rights—the right of the strong hand," answered the ruffian. "Mine is the stronger, and those you call your guests the weaker party. However, I am disposed to compromise this matter with you. All I ask for my guests; whilst, for myself, I shall be content with a single prisoner—the person who fired at Miss Judith Lawson."

"And that person," said Judith, trembling with rage when she heard her name thus publicly mentioned, "will die sooner than yield herself your prisoner. She fired at you once before, intending only to slay your horse; but now she aims at your heart, with the intention to rid the world of a base thief and a cowardly villain."

As she spoke these words the musket she held was directed at the man in the mask; but the lock snapped, and no report followed, and as Judith, in her vexation, was about to cast the useless weapon from her, she felt her arms clasped from behind, and a cool hand through them pinioned her elbows close together, and a broad, red-faced, fox-headed man, whose breath was fetid with the fumes of usquebaugh, grinned at her, as he bowed up in her flowing eyes.

"What a wicked, wilful Ponthesian! The rude captor cried, in a bantering tone. "Achilles wept because he had, unconsciously of her personal charms, slain

that lies on our road; but I cannot venture to make my way through it unless I have your promise that you will remain silent, that you will not alarm the inhabitants by your cries, nor seek in any way to make your escape from us."

Judith looked scornfully at the man, but made no reply.

"I must have an answer," said the man. "I have no other object in proposing this to you, than to save you a toilsome journey, to escape from us is now an impossibility."

"Villain!" replied the enraged Judith. "I will utter no terms with you. Do your worst—I defy you; all I require is but to know the name of my cowardly oppressor, in order that I may vow eternal enmity against him."

"Foolish girl!" replied the man, with a scornful laugh, "think you I would have commenced such a project as this, without securing the means for making you my own—mayhap my slave, not for a day nor a year, but for life. You have defied my enmity—Idiot! the time, I trust, will come when you shall be my loving mistress, and most dutiful wife."

"Oh! am your prisoner, sir," observed Judith, "but the day and the hour may not be far distant, when we shall stand upon terms of equality with each other. Should that day ever arrive, then you shall be made to fear, not a woman's tongue, but a woman's hand; but until then I will not degrade myself by exchanging another word with you."

"Oh! spirit of Penthesilea, look down upon me with pity me," said Murfey, who rode in front of Judith. "Compassionate a creature who is tied to such a man-eater; for had you, Amazonian Queen, been at all times so pitilessly old-time, poets would never have figured or fancied you could, under any circumstances, have become the mother of Cæsar."

"Peace! babbling drunkard," added the excited Judith, "peace! you who have exchanged the pastoral care of the holy Prelate we have parted from to become the pander of a miscreant who fears to show his face to the helpless woman he has grossly injured. Peace! you, upon whose hot forehead rests the burning brand of an excommunication your own vices have provoked."

The bitter words of Judith told with a fearful effect upon the unhappy man, Murfey. A sickness, as of death, came upon him; his limbs trembled, and his head reeled, and he would have fallen from his horse, dragging his female companion along with him, had not her hands, so far free as to grasp him, held him tightly to his saddle.

"Here!" she exclaimed, "look to this drunken wretch. So far is he from being competent to take care of me, he is unable to hold himself straight on the animal he bestrides."

"Woman! woman!" cried Murfey, arousing himself as these opprobrious terms were applied to him; "what devil has possessed thee, thus to rouse up an evil spirit against thee? Oh! how true were the words of the wise man: 'The stroke of the whip maketh a blue mark, but the stroke of the tongue will break bones. Woman, your foul language has made of me your mortal enemy for life.'"

"Wretch!" replied Judith, "you have profaned the holy words of Scripture by quoting them. Remember what the same Scripture says of you, and of persons like you: 'The man of lying men are without honor, and their confusion is with them without ceasing.' You have belied your promises to your God; and what can you hope for the remainder of your miserable existence, but reproach and contumely from men—from women as well as men, from children as from women. Drunken fool! who have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, ponder upon these words of Scripture, when you threaten that you will be, for the future, a worse enemy of mine than you are at this moment, and when no word of mine had uttered to provoke your enmity—'As an arrow that sticketh in a man's thigh, so is a word in the heart of a fool.'"

"Reply not, Murfey, to our lovely, fascinating prisoner," said the man in the mask. "At present she is nudely excited; the time, however, will come, when she shall treat you as one of my most honoured guests, with a smiling face fill you flagon for you, and coax you to troll out a merry catch for her. Our present business is to carry her to her destined home. It is her own fault if she find the way longer and wearier than I would have it for her. Onward, my friend, march."

The party proceeded in silence for four hours, and the darkness of night was beginning to yield to the first grey tints of morning, when Judith fancied that she could recognize in such portions of the landscape as were discernible, features that reminded her of the neighbourhood of Dublin. She would have felt certain she was correct in her surmise, but that she saw, or supposed she saw, a building in the distant gloom which resembled a small fort or castle; with two low that towers; and such a building was utterly unknown to her. Whilst her mind was thus occupied, her attention was excited by new sounds, that made her heart bound with hope and exultation. It was the regular tramp of a small body of cavalry, which seemed to be crossing directly at some distance the high road that her captors were travelling. Her hope was that her captors might be perceived by the commander of the cavalry, and that this circumstance might lead to her release, and the punishment of her aggressors. The hope thus entertained seemed to be on the point of being realized, for the cavalry had halted, and the persons who held Judith a prisoner challenged by them.

Judith observed the leader of her party at a distance, and saw that he had put off his mask, and drew forth a large piece of paper or parchment, and as he advanced, open it for the inspection of the officer.

"Who are you, sir?" said the commander of the cavalry, and he advanced, "and by what authority is there an armed band of men on the king's high road, at this hour of the night?"

"This, sir, is my authority—my name, office, and duties are explained in it," replied the captor.

"Bring hither the lantern, Sergeant," said the captain of the cavalry, as he took in his hand a long piece of parchment on which there was a large official seal.

"You are, sir, I presume, the person named in this document?"

"I am."

"I see this is an order in Council issued in England, and authorizing you to call upon the Irish government, magistrates, and all persons in civil or military authority here to aid you in the business for which you have been despatched to this country—in arresting prisoners, and collecting evidence with respect to the horrid Popish plot. Very well, sir, I have no right further to question you. I presume you have here a prisoner in custody. May I inquire the name?"

(To be continued.)

**SCOTCH NEWS.**  
Five of the City of Glasgow Bank Directors, viz., Stewart, Wright, Taylor, Inglis and Salmon, were removed from Glasgow to Ayr Prison. Ayr Prison is considered to be healthier than the Glasgow jail.

Arrangements are in train for the rebuilding of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, in a style which will make it surpass in magnificence any establishment of the kind in the three kingdoms.

The Liberal graduates of the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen have recently been extremely active in making arrangements in view of a contest for the Parliamentary representation of these universities.

The Marquis of Bute is to take a tour in Egypt, accompanied by the Marchioness. The rebuilding of Mountstuart House is, however, to be in no way delayed by the absence of His Lordship.

The Annan Town Council has resolved to increase the rents of the poke-nets which the burgh is proprietor of. This step was taken on account of the Solway Salmon Fishery Commissioners having reduced the number of nets which the burgh may fish.

The death is announced of Malcolm Macras, who was once the champion one-ox sculler of the Clyde. He was at one time ferryman between Cardross and Port-Glasgow, but latterly acted as gardener to a lady in Cardross. He was seventy-five years of age.

A man named Noble, a fish-dealer in Arbroath, on the 14th February wounded his wife and child, two years old—the latter dangerously—by discharging a pistol loaded with small shot at them. He afterwards shot himself in the head, but his wound is not expected to prove serious.

**Prince Edward Island.**  
With a population of 95,000 souls and an area of 2,175 square miles, Prince Edward Island has a representative in the Cabinet, four Senators, six members of Parliament, a Lieutenant-Governor, an Executive Council of nine members, a Legislative Council with thirteen members, and a House of Assembly with twenty-nine members; a total governing body of sixty-three, besides county, town, township and village Councils. The Island judiciary includes over 600 justices of the peace, three Superior Court judges and two stipendiary magistrates, before whom a bar comprising forty-eight members is entitled to plead.

**The National Policy.**  
It is generally understood that the tariff is already producing excellent effect. Rents in several parts of the city are already advancing in the certain expectation of the opening of Rodpath's sugar refinery at an early date—probably inside a month. One thousand men will be employed in connection with this industry either directly or indirectly, and ten thousand more will be benefited by its resumption one way or another. The iron trade is also looking up. Stacey's mill factory has taken in twenty extra hands, and will employ more by-and-by. We understand that De Castro & Co.'s sugar refinery, on King Street, will also resume business pretty soon.

**Cure for Diphtheria.**  
We have been informed by Dr. Alloway, of Radegonde street, of the following simple cure for diphtheria, which is scouring our neighbouring towns and suburbs.—Bull's bl-sulphate of lime, 2 oz.; water, 2 oz.; carbolic acid, 15 drops. Mix well and use as a mouth-wash three or four times a day. As an instance of the effect produced on a patient suffering from that dread disease in its worst stage, we mention the following.—Dr. Alloway was called in to attend a young man, and found, on examination, patches of fungi as large as a silver quarter covering his throat. He prescribed this treatment with most remarkable success, the patient having recovered sufficient to attend to business in the course of a few days.

**Socialism in Germany.**  
Judging from the official statistics of its growth, the advance of Socialism in Germany during the last few years must have been amazingly rapid. It was not till after the close of the Franco-German war, in 1871, that it assumed the character of a distinct political organization, and yet there are already in Berlin alone, by Prince Bismarck's own admission, no fewer than 60,000 avowed Socialists, or very nearly 1-10 of the whole population. Forty-one journals are actively engaged in advocating and disseminating Socialist doctrines, the total number of their subscribers being rated at 200,000. A powerful Socialist committee, officered by able and energetic leaders, exists in the capital itself, and it is asserted on good authority, that one in every twenty-five adult Germans is a professed Socialist.

**Italian Emigration.**  
LONDON, March 18.—Despatches from Rome state that the proposed departure of Menotti Garibaldi with 3,000 Italians, to form a colony in New Guinea, excites some remark. It is stated this expedition has been encouraged by the Government in order to tempt some of the more dangerous revolutionary characters of the Kingdom to leave. But in Radical Republican circles the esteem hitherto felt for General Garibaldi and his sons has very generally died out. The acceptance by Garibaldi of a pension by the Government has weakened his influence with the revolutionary classes. The suffering among the workmen of Rome and other chief cities of Italy has in no degree diminished. Wages are extremely low, the essential necessities of life still remain dear, and a state of bitter disappointment and exasperation exists.

**A Word to Husbands.**  
If you would keep alive the affection of your wife serve her in little things. Let her see and know that she is always in your thoughts; that whether present or absent, at home or away at your business, she is verily a part of your life. You doubtless won her heart by kindness, by manly gentleness, by little simple acts of loving forgetfulness—a considering of her interests and her happiness before your own, by utter abnegation of self for her sake. Now retain her heart by the same means. Do not think that because you are married it is simply her duty to love you, and that therefore a lover's pleasing winning attentions are no longer necessary. You are making the mistake that thousands of men, in the blindness of arrogant manhood, have made before you, and are making every day, for while a true woman will not deviate from her allegiance to her husband, yet that does not exonerate you from any negligence towards her. We all know that a woman is pleased with little attentions, but so is a man. If you are but half a man your heart will glow with pleased satisfaction at every word or act on her part showing loving thought for you. She wants the same devoted exclusiveness of thought on your part for her, remembering always that that politeness and deference to her wishes which as a lover you deemed necessary to win her, is needed just as much from her husband now that she is won.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY**  
Belleville.  
Having now been some time in Belleville, I would like before leaving to give you some of my impressions concerning this thriving city. Geographically, Belleville occupies one of the loveliest spots in Ontario, standing as it does on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, with the sinuous river Moira capering through its centre, thus affording no mean scenic aspect. Next, to its location, the youthful city is to be admired in the superior order of its buildings. Front street is the main business street. Fine stores of every description may be found here, and judging from the number of teams which crowd thither every day, business must be in a healthy condition. There are not a few wealthy tillers of the soil in this vicinity. Prince Edward county, which lies across the Bay, is considered one of the most important agricultural districts in Ontario. They speak of throwing a bridge over the Bay, which would ensure uninterrupted communication between the city and the county, and much benefit commercial operations.

The population of Belleville is about 12,000, the Catholics forming a large percentage thereof. There are no less than 18 or 19 churches in the city, an indication of the religious disposition of its inhabitants. St. Michael's (R. C. Church) is under the charge of the Very Rev. Vicar-General Farrelly, a zealous worker in the vineyard of his Master. Through his energetic efforts a beautiful convent was opened by the Ladies of Loretto, which promises to be one of the first educational establishments in the land. The other schools are all that could be desired. Albert College is a classical establishment of long standing which has turned out men who are a credit to their Alma Mater. The institution for the deaf and dumb is pleasantly located west of the city, is liberally supported by the Government, and is doing a noble work. Two well conducted dailies, *The Ontario* and *The Inquirer*, are published in this town; both are well supported.

The Irishmen of this town celebrated their National Anniversary by a grand concert in the Opera House, under the auspices of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, which really deserved the name of grand, for it was in every respect a complete success. At a few minutes after 8 o'clock, the President and officers of the Society, accompanied by the civic dignitaries and the officers of sister societies marched on the stage, the brass band playing "Come Back to Erin." Mr. Eugene McMahon, the President of the Society, then stepped forward and delivered a splendid address in which he explained its objects and views, also its financial position, which reflected credit on the Irishmen of Belleville. Mr. McMahon is a rising young barrister, a fluent and effective speaker; his address riveted the attention and challenged the admiration of the large audience (composed as it was of all nationalities) that filled nearly every available seat in the house. The society spared no expense to make the celebration a success, and were rewarded by the attendance of the elite of Belleville in a stinging manner. The programme opened with Mr. Costello's "Like Me Like a Soldier Fall," which was well rendered, followed by Miss O. Carroll with "Killarney," sung with good taste. Mr. Downs, a member of the society, then appeared with "The Bold Hibernia Boys," and received a hearty encore, and responded with "Patrick, Mind the Baby," which fairly brought down the house. Miss Moran, of Chicago, next sang a foreign composition, which showed to advantage her wonderful compass of voice; receiving a well-deserved encore, to which she responded with a Scotch song—"The Laird and the Lowland Lassie," which was better understood and appreciated by the audience. Mr. Egan, of Hamilton, next appeared with "Erin, Home of My Childhood," and gave the "Cruise-Lawn" as an encore. Of Mr. Egan's singing, it is unnecessary to say much, as he is known all over Canada as the happy possessor of a rich baritone voice, well cultivated. Miss Murty, of Paris, next favored the audience with "The Nightingale." Receiving an encore she responded with "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen," which evidently touched the hearts of the audience. Prof. Dawson, of the High School, then delivered an address, when after congratulating the Society on their success, gave a clear, lucid and logical explanation of what Home Rule for Ireland meant. He showed how prosperous Ireland was when she had a native parliament, even while such a large proportion of her people labored under great disabilities, and he quoted Pitt to show that the object of the Union was to enrich England and impoverish Ireland; and wound up by giving it as his opinion that Home Rule for Ireland was the only reasonable solution of Ireland's difficulty. A large number in the audience were evidently sceptical on the question, and it was nothing unusual to see venerable heads tossed back with an incredulous air when the Professor laid bare to their gaze some scathing but wholesome truths. The second part of the programme opened with Mr. Crozier singing "Hail Away Boys," and gave "An Orrible Tale" as an encore. Miss O'Carroll then gave "The Harp that once," and was encored. Mr. Egan made his appearance and sang "The Sailor's return," and was encored. Miss Moran again delighted the audience with "The Last Rose of Summer." Then followed the Messrs. Crozier with a duet, Miss Moran and Mr. Egan, duet, all well rendered. It is doubtful if throughout this wide Dominion there was a better or more enjoyable concert than that which took place in Belleville last evening.

I fear, Mr. Editor, that I have trespassed too much on your valuable space, but I am certain your numerous readers here will appreciate your kindness if you will kindly insert the enclosed, and oblige  
A SCHOLAR.  
Belleville, March 18, 1879.

**Nicolet College.**  
As usual, the Irish students of Nicolet College did not lose the least opportunity in celebrating with pomp and solemnity the feast of their glorious and immortal St. Patrick. The programme was perfect in every manner, thanks to the great endeavours of the committee of arrangements, who were the following gentlemen: R. S. Burke, T. J. Murphy, J. J. McEvoy, J. White and T. P. Hannan. The doors were opened at 7 o'clock and soon the hall, which was decorated with mottoes and pictures of every description, witnessed a great number of people, among whom we remarked the Rev. Faculty of the College, the parish priest and several others from Three Rivers.

The overture was opened by a fine oration—"The day we celebrate"—delivered by T. J. Murphy, who did justice to his subject and by his noble eloquence and gestures received by the audience great applause. The other orators of the day were R. S. Burke, L. N. Bernard and Jos. Duhig, who were not less remarkable than the former, and elicited both attention and applause from their hearers. Space will not allow me to describe here the names of the plays or actors, but I cannot help mentioning Burke, Murphy, Duhig and McLaughlin, who, by their animation and flow

of spirit, were the leading characters, and kept the audience in raptures of laughter. During the evening the college band, under the direction of P. Mansour, ecclesiastic, played some beautiful pieces which called to the minds of those present the national airs of green Erin.

In a word, the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was a great success, in every way far superior to the preceding years.

The 17th of March, 1879, will be long remembered in the hearts of those who had the honour of being present at the entertainment, and the Irish students of Nicolet College may be proud of the day, for they did credit to themselves and especially to the patron of "dear old Ireland." As a few of us will be soon leaving our Alma Mater, we trust that those who will succeed us hereafter will not forget St. Patrick's Day, and that the 17th of March will always be celebrated with the same pomp and solemnity as of old times.  
V. P. H.

**Kingston.**  
Though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,  
Though thy name, loved Erin, shall live in our songs;  
Not even in the hour when the heart is not gay,  
Shall I lose its remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

The anniversary of Ireland's glorious apostle was ushered in here by a furious storm of wind and snow; yet the enthusiastic and warm-hearted Irish celebrated the day in a manner that reflects credit on them. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed in the following order:—Union Jack Battery Band, Banner; J. O. B. V. Oldham's Band, Banner; Y.M.S.B.A. Banner, Portmouth St. Patrick's Society; Flag; C. C. B. U. Portmouth; Banner, Christian Brothers' School; Banner, St. Patrick's Society; Band, Banner, Committee's; President; and marched along Ontario to Barrack, thence to Wellington, along to Johnson. A halt being made at the Cathedral, the procession entered, but owing to the repairs that are going on in the church, the ceremonies could not be carried out as fully as was anticipated. However, Father McWilliam celebrated High Mass on the Low Altar; the choir was in full force and sang Weber's Mass in excellent style. At the Grand the choir sang the *Ave Maria* in beautiful style, and during the Offertory Miss O'Reilly sang *Qui Tollis* in beautiful style, displaying her rich soprano voice. After the Gospel Father Twohey delivered a most eloquent sermon from Ecclesiastes 3, dwelling principally on the virtues of St. Patrick.

Immediately after mass the procession reformed and marched through the principal streets to the City Hall, where addresses were made by Alderman McGuire and Mr. Landgeon. The marshalls of the day, Messrs. Quinn, I.C.B.U., Eaves, Y.M.S.B.A., McLaughlin, St. P., Mooney, Portmouth, and Peter Powers, C.B.S., deserve special mention for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves. The Irishmen are likewise indebted to Mayer Gildersleeve for his gentlemanly conduct in placing the whole police force at their disposal. In the evening a grand concert was given in the Opera House, consisting of songs by Mrs. O'Reilly, Messrs. Heath and Daley, Miss Bates, Miss Burton, Mr. Weber, Mr. Walker, piano duet by Messrs. Strachan and McIntyre, flute solo by Mr. Stephens, comic songs by Messrs. Rogers and Kelley. The whole proceedings were brought to a close without any trouble whatsoever.  
Yours etc.  
Kingston, March 18, 1879.

**Parish of St. Andrews, Argentuil.**  
St. Patrick's Day passed off very satisfactorily here. High Mass was celebrated at the request of the Catholic Union. The Rev. Father Champon, our worthy pastor, officiated and preached, in both languages, a most eloquent sermon on the good life and works of Ireland's patron saint. He also spoke in flattering terms of the organization of the Catholic Union.

We are very much indebted to the good Nuns of Providence, who, I must say, deserve special praise for the manner in which they decorated the church for the occasion, and as well as those who sang in the choir. After Mass the members of the Union partook of a sumptuous lunch. Speeches were made by Messrs John Kelly, John Brophy, John Fitzgerald, Odeh Landonier, and other prominent members of the society. The remainder of the day was spent in a very becoming manner, Union men and the "Dear little Shamrock" being very conspicuous.  
Yours, &c.  
Carrillon, March 17, 1879.

**St. Patrick's Day in Great Britain and Ireland.**  
LONDON, March 18.—Despatches from Dublin state that the celebration of St. Patrick's Day throughout Ireland was observed in the usual manner, the churches being crowded. In London, and throughout England, there were scarcely any out-door observances of the day, but the Catholic churches were very numerously attended, and sermons in praise of the Saint were delivered. In the evening there were the usual banquets of the Irish societies. No disturbances took place save in Belfast, where very serious riots occurred. The animosity between Catholics and Orangemen in Belfast has always been extremely bitter, and on many occasions the utmost exertions of the police have been unable to prevent deplorable bloodshed. This morning, however, the Nationalists got up a parade of their own, and from which a great portion of the Catholic population abstained. The police interfered and a collision occurred, in which a number of shots were fired and many of the Nationalists were wounded. There is considerable excitement in Belfast over the affair.

**St. Patrick's Night at St. Gabriel's.**  
The night of the 17th the good people of St. Gabriel's parish set another gem in the brilliant crown of St. Patrick's Day celebration. In the morning the youth, beauty and strength of the happy Irish and sons and their forces in the ranks of Ireland's great daughters for the grand city display of patriotism. Equally praiseworthy and gratifying was the classic and pleasing entertainment of the evening. In the hall of their school-house, a fresh monument of pastoral zeal, fond parents and patrons of education, in good numbers, closed the great day in a manner at once profitable to themselves and pleasing to their Patron Saint.

At 8 o'clock, amid the strains of "St. Patrick's Day," Fathers Salmon, Beaubien, Cordier, and other reverend friends, were welcomed among the happy parishioners. Despite the inclement weather, the hall was filled to repletion. City friends vied with those of the village to honor the occasion. The programme, select and varied, was carried out exceedingly well. Miss Josie Amund, dressmaker of the children's choir; Messrs. Delabuit, Theriault and Shea; in their respective roles, acquitted themselves admirably.

But the role, par excellence, was allotted the children, and their success was remarkable. "Merry little birds" they were, indeed.

Their happy, cheerful faces, kindled with joy, reflected the purity and innocence of childhood's heart. Priest, people and children merit hearty congratulations. By the pastor's request, Father Mitchell, of Brooklyn, U. S., was present; though fatigued from his great and eloquent effort of the morning at St. Patrick's, he ably sang the praises of Erin's faith and Erin's love.

**Explanation of Archbishop Purcell's Difficulties.**

CINCINNATI, O., March 20.—A letter to the public from Archbishop Purcell states that it can be safely said that not more than \$500,000 was money deposited; the rest is the result of compound interest. He cites instances, and says the indebtedness of the diocese in equity does not amount to over \$1,000,000 at the highest. He says:—For twenty years no general collection has been taken up for the support of the diocesan seminary, the entire burden of educating priests falling upon the Archbishop. He also paid the expenses during the same period for ecclesiastical students at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, in France and Rome. In twenty years these expenses, which, in justice, the whole diocese should have borne, amounted to a vast sum. While in Europe, he bought a library of 16,000 volumes, with philosophic apparatus, which requires a large expenditure, which, with the sum spent in building the orphan asylum, cathedral and other buildings, finally swamped me." The Archbishop then reviews the situation, declaring that but for the generous sympathy of Catholics and Protestants alike, he would have sunk under his troubles. He then appeals to all Catholics and others who feel for others' woes to help him.

**St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School.**  
Brother Arnold invited the friends of the pupils of this school on Sunday last, to witness the distribution of gifts and prizes to the scholars for good conduct and general efficiency.

The Rev. Father Hogan occupied the chair and amongst those present we observed the Rev. Fathers O'Reilly and Dunnet, J. E. Curran, Q.C., Alderman Donovan, Anthony Brogan, N.P. The proceedings were of a very interesting nature, and were opened by the choir of the boys, who sang a beautiful hymn to St. Patrick. The following was the programme of the performance.—Recitation "O'Waver the Outlaw" by Lawrence McHenry; song "Erin MacDermot" W. P. Clancy; recitation "Brian before the Battle" Augustus Martin; "Let Erin remember the days of old," James Carroll; "Last Words of Emmett," by Master Clancy. Also a very interesting little drama in which several of the pupils took part, illustrating the beauties of truthfulness. Where every one performed their parts so well it would be invidious to particularize, but certainly the talent of the youthful performers was something remarkable. After the distribution of testimonials Master Thomas O'Neil read an address to the Rev. Father Hogan, who replied in suitable terms, urging them to persevere in their course, and telling them it was a good thing to be good scholars, it was a better thing to be good Christians, but it was still better thing to work for the land in which they lived, and be good Christians and good Irishmen at the same time. At the request of Brother Arnold, Mr. Curran, Q.C., delivered a brief address in his usual eloquent style.

To Professor Wilson must be ascribed the proficiency of the pupils in vocal ability. St. Ann's School, we may remark in conclusion, is becoming more popular every day.

**Canadian Loyalty.**  
(Toronto Telegram.)

The notice of motion given by Sir George Campbell in the Imperial Commons as to the expediency of cutting Canada adrift is the only intelligible feature of the Protectionist policy of Canada is its unfriendly spirit towards the United States. Mr. Tilley explains that the general purpose is to discriminate against Americans in favor of Great Britain. All the time, of course, friendly words are employed and Mr. Tilley declares the Government believe in a reciprocity of tariff. Now, measured by population, the *Times* continues, the markets of this country are as nine or ten to one of Canada. As applied to agricultural products, reciprocity is not worth talking about.

**The "Irish Canadian" on Vice-Chancellor Blake.**

TORONTO, March 18.—The *Irish Canadian* makes some serious charges against Vice-Chancellor Blake, and demands that they be taken up in Parliament. It alleges that, in suits to which Roman Catholics are parties, he discriminates against them. It also says that Catholic lawyers having cases in Chancery try to bring them before other Judges than Mr. Blake, and, if they fail, they relinquish their briefs to the Protestant brethren rather than prejudice their clients. It mentions, as an instance of the Vice-Chancellor's leniency, the following:—In a case we shall not name, lest we should fall into an inaccuracy, a summons brought into Vice-Chancellor Blake's Court, as a witness, a Mother Superior of the Ladies of St. Joseph—whether Mother de Chantel or Mother Louise, we are unable to say—but we are quite confident in stating that it was either of those devoted ladies who appeared before His Lordship in the witness-box. In no wise interested in the case, the Good Mother appeared in it in obedience to the law of the land, and without any reason whatever for placing her outside the protection of the Court, to the extent of, at all events, the proprieties observed ordinarily by gentlemen to ladies. When asked her name, the witness answered by giving, as usual, her name in religion. The Judge, a man supposed to be a gentleman, a dignitary supposed to move in an atmosphere above the passions of brutal ruffianism, gave point to his scorn for the answer by the remark that it was one of those fine Italian names employed in such cases as a disguise for a Bridget Maloney. The *Canadian* hints that the matter will be brought up in Parliament by Mr. Costigan.

**School Art.**

LORD DUFFERIN ON THE ART OF IMPROMPTU SPEAKING.—At Belfast Lord Dufferin, who is a patron of the Literary and Scientific Society there, was presented with an address from that body. The Rev. D. Henry introduced the President of the Society. Lord Dufferin was enthusiastically received. His speech, as might have been expected under the circumstances, referred principally to matters connected with education, and in the course of it he made some very excellent remarks, especially with regard to the art of impromptu speaking. He said: "It must be some comfort to know that I believe no great speaker ever addressed a public assembly without feeling the greatest possible trepidation, and undergoing nervous tremors of which the uninitiated can have no idea. I myself have seen the legs of one of the most famous orators of the House of Lords, to whom that audience ever listened with continuous delight, tremble like an aspen leaf during the first moments of the delivery of his speech. I have seen a Lord Chancellor absolutely break down, and a Prime Minister lose the thread of his discourse. I will also let you into another secret. I believe that no good speech—no really good and excellent speech—has ever been made without a considerable amount of preparation. I don't mean to say that a speech should be learned by heart, but unless a person who is called upon for one of those important efforts should condescend to saturate himself with his speech, carefully to think out, at all events, the skeleton of his discourse, and even in the solitude of his chamber, or perhaps, which is better still, amid the din and bustle of a crowded street, should well resolve in his mind the words with which his ideas are intended to be clothed, in all probability his effort will not be worth a very great amount of attention."

**Disturbance in a Church.**  
On Sunday, 16th inst., a certain Presbyterian Church in this city was the scene of a slight interruption of the services, which is not without its comical aspects. Shortly before the sermon a gentleman who had imbibed of the glass not only ebriated but intoxicated, entered the Church, and took a seat. He came to the services in the expectation of listening to a first class sermon on "The Word" from the first chapter of St. John. It was not long before he was soundly asleep. It so happened that the minister chose for his subject the parable of "Lazarus and the Rich Man." He had just got warmed up to his subject, and was speaking of the crumbs which fell from the table of Dives, the rich man, when the slumberer awoke, and became thoroughly disgusted with the change of subject. He rose to his feet, and exclaimed:—

"I protest against this sermon. I have heard here under false pretences, *crumbs* to hear the Word, and now you're telling me about the Crumbs. I protest against the crumbs—I want no crumbs."

After this delivery, he resumed his seat, filled with disappointment and disgust. It is needless to state that the strange appearance of the disturber, and his wild talk, caused considerable commotion and amusement amongst the congregation. He was soon snoring again, and the sermon proceeded as if nothing had happened. The Rev. gentleman shortly after touched on the dogs licking the sores of Lazarus, and was about to elaborate on the subject, when the irrepressible gentleman again rose to his feet, and with outstretched arm exclaimed:—

"I protest against the Dogs. I call upon the Trustees of this church to put them out!"

The abrupt manner in which this was uttered caused numerous titterings amongst the worshippers, and the minister was forced to bring his discourse to an abrupt termination, which he did by announcing a "hymn," during the singing of which this irrepressible interruer was unceremoniously expelled by the trustees, and the remainder of the services were proceeded with.

The medical officers of the Russian army in Turkey have declared that there is no pestilence among the troops, and that there is no danger of their infecting the country through which they will have to pass on their way home. This declaration is intended, to allay apprehensions expressed by the Roumanian Government.

**Archbishop Lynch on Separate Schools.**  
TORONTO, March 19.—Archbishop Lynch, on Sunday, denounced from the pulpit those who recently induced the Legislature to appoint a committee to inquire into Separate School matters.

**Free Trade Society.**

A society under the name of "The Gladstone Free Trade Society" was formed last week, in Montreal, by a number of young men, for the purpose of furthering the progress of free-trade principles in, and watching the influence of protection on the commerce of Canada. The membership of the society is limited to a certain number, and the higher offices in the society are to be held by the members in rotation.

**The Montreal "Gazette" on the threat of the Times.**

If the *Times* understood questions relating to Canadian affairs which it undertakes to discuss, it would not fall into the egregious blunders it now commits. As to a deplorable result emanating from the National Policy, we are quite ready to risk the catastrophe, and the *Times*, should its prophecy come true, as no one for a moment imagines, will have the satisfaction of finding its animosity to this country gratified.

**Home Rule.**

(London Times.)  
In politics one must not lay down principles of universal application, but take into consideration facts and circumstances. Eventually the Irish will, I am convinced, have some sort of Irish assembly which will regulate things exclusively Irish. It is the part of a wise statesman rather to regulate the mission of this assembly so that it does not conflict with imperial interests than to oppose a *fait accompli* which is inevitable.

**The "Times" on Protection in Canada.**

New York, March 18.—The *Times* says the only intelligible feature of the Protectionist policy of Canada is its unfriendly spirit towards the United States. Mr. Tilley explains that the general purpose is to discriminate against Americans in favor of Great Britain. All the time, of course, friendly words are employed and Mr. Tilley declares the Government believe in a reciprocity of tariff. Now, measured by population, the *Times* continues, the markets of this country are as nine or ten to one of Canada. As applied to agricultural products, reciprocity is not worth talking about.

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**Obit.**

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. John McDonald. He died yesterday at Lancaster, Ont. The Rev. gentleman is to be buried to-morrow. He is well-known in Upper Canada, and was universally beloved. When he came to Canada there were few churches in Ontario, certainly there were none from Windsor to Kingston. The country was wild and unsettled, and to him perhaps as much as anyone else, is due the progress the Church has made in the sister province. He was nearly 100 years of age, and he had travelled most of Ontario at a time when the Mission Stations were few and far between. He was Vicar-General of the diocese of Kingston for years, but owing to old age and infirmities, had retired and was living with his nephew at Lancaster, at the time of his death. He was familiarly known as "Father John," and he delighted the Scotch by preaching in Gaelic. There were few men who ever came to this country more universally beloved, and his death will cause general mourning.

**DISTURBANCE IN A CHURCH.**  
A Gentleman "Protests" Against the Sermon—A Strange Occurrence.

On Sunday, 16th inst., a certain Presbyterian Church in this city was the scene of a slight interruption of the services, which is not without its comical aspects. Shortly before the sermon a gentleman who had imbibed of the glass not only ebriated but intoxicated, entered the Church, and took a seat. He came to the services in the expectation of listening to a first class sermon on "The Word" from the first chapter of St. John. It was not long before he was soundly asleep. It so happened that the minister chose for his subject the parable of "Lazarus and the Rich Man." He had just got warmed up to his subject, and was speaking of the crumbs which fell from the table of Dives, the rich man, when the slumberer awoke, and became thoroughly disgusted with the change of subject. He rose to his feet, and exclaimed:—

"I



therefore, say: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed? for after all these things do the heathens seek. Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Here, then, at once you feel the difference between the teaching of the pagan sages and that of Christ.

THE CONTRAST INDEED COULD NOT BE GREATER. He, on the mountain side, surrounded by His special disciples, with the vast crowd at His feet, is Himself the centre of admiration and attraction. The people wondered both at His doctrine and at His obvious and extraordinary power. When He had "fully ended these words," St. Matthew says "the people were in admiration at His doctrine; for He was teaching them as one having power, and not as the Scribes and the Pharisees." He already was beginning to be taken as the authoritative teacher of creed, morality, and worship. The people had not been drawn into the solitude without the influence of some great, attractive power, and that power was the personal example and the divine influence of Christ Himself. The people, by a kind of intuition seemed to perceive and acknowledge that there was something in Him that could be found in no other; and He subdued them as He attracted them, by the fascination of His personal gifts, and the impress of His divine authority. And what a revelation and a revelation is not contained in His teaching? It would seem as if the dark, lurid, atmosphere of paganism had been swept clear of its hideous gods; as if the cruelty, and debauchery, and slavery, and degradation of humanity, which had been brought about by the loss of true dogma, morality, and worship, were about to melt away like those black, angry clouds which precede some great thunderstorm on the approach of the sun of justice. All is calm with Christ on the mountain side; the flowers of the field, and the gentle birds, and the expanding and great heavens; and the listening multitude and the placid lake—all speak of rest, of love and of repose. Our Lord lays down the ruling principles of His great teaching.

HE SPEAKS TO ALL MEN. None are excluded from His sympathy, except hypocrites, and the insincere. The poor, and the suffering, and the oppressed, are especially cared for. Those whom the ancient world trampled on, and they were the vast masses of humanity, are lifted up with a strong and gentle hand by Him, and He consoles them, and encourages them with special hopes of a genuine beatitude. His philosophy is addressed, not merely to Peter, and James, and John, but emphatically to this great miscellaneous multitude, which has been attracted into the wilderness by the craving in their hearts and by the influence of Jesus. His one emphatic thought which He insists on throughout His address is the Fatherhood of God, and the relationship of the creature; He seems almost to open the very gates of heaven, and point out to longing eyes Him whom they sought in the loneliness of their pilgrimage. The power, the mercy, and the love of their Heavenly Father were placed before the people's attention again and again. They were shown that He watches them and listens to them, and is nigh to every one of them, and will be with them, and give His Son to them and comfort them in secret. He shows how, under this powerful and sympathetic Fatherhood, men are all one. He is their heavenly Father; they are His sons, and consequently, brothers to one another. He pointed out the universality of this bond and its strength and sweetness. He showed them that this life is but a passage, journey to another and a lasting one. He insisted that all must pray for strength, and thus proclaimed the innate weakness of human nature, which must gain the support of a higher power than self. The people looking on Him and on each other, must have been struck with the depth and simplicity of the revelation that Christ had made.

THEY BEGAN TO REALIZE THEIR POSITION ON EARTH. and their great eternal destiny; they were impressed with the law of brotherly love, of forgiveness, of patience, of sweetness under provocation, and of charity to all men. They began to realize the comparative worth of God and Man; and could not but feel that a new system of thought and action had been propounded, which was capable of indefinite expansion. The eternal God, the everlasting reward, the place of punishment for the wicked, the immortality of the soul, the necessity of a virtuous life, the paramount importance of seeking heaven before earth, the claims of charity, the necessity of grace through prayer—in one word, the outlines and principles of a philosophy which has revolutionized the world, and which, through touching the inner soul of each individual man, has subdued each individual man, were propounded on this occasion by our Blessed Saviour. Here, then, is the commencement of the school of Christ. From this mountain of beatitudes the system and policy He instituted spread from place to place, from city to city, from one nation to another, till it filled the whole world and changed its heart and face. Being Himself recognized as the infallible divine spokesman—especially after He had absolutely proved His claim by lifting Himself from the dead—His great instrument of power was authority. Socrates may have appealed to human reason and the laws of human thought; Christ appealed to the unerring mind of God, who creates the light of human reason. Whether men could explain or unravel Christ's teachings or not, when they once felt and knew, of a truth, that He was truth's oracle, they believed Him. Indeed, it was to be expected that if He really were uttering Divine principles and imparting Divine revelations to the world, He would from time to time, at least, teach something

BEYOND THE FINITE GRASP OF THE MERE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. The whole world of thought is mixed up with obscurities and positions which may have to be accepted, though they cannot be explained. Nature herself is one vast scheme of wonder, which men admire, and catalogue with names, but cannot fathom. Still, man believes in the world of thought, and has to submit to the enigmas that nature will not, and man cannot solve; and thus he finds less difficulty in submitting his reason to Himself to be beyond and above all men, not merely in the theories or teaching of His philosophy, but in the very character and action of His life. Well, Christ having thus formed what we may call a school of thought and action, remained amongst His followers developing His principles, expanding and illustrating His teaching, and proving day by day more and more His paramount claim on the obedience of the world. I need not follow up this thought, or accompany you through the ministry of our Saviour during His three years of public life. You have but to recall to mind what He said, did, and suffered; and how He taught, acted, and endured, to understand the secret of His unparalleled success and of the vitality of His philosophy. He did a work which no mere man has ever proposed to himself to do, and in three short

years sowed the imperishable seeds of a new and original method of perfection. His departure was no sign of weakness or collapse in the system that He founded. Had He been simply a Plato or a Pythagoras, most probably, indeed, most certainly, His teachings, as a method of life, could not have survived His departure many years. No man in the whole range of ancient thought, has ever established and kept on foot one single city where his teaching was kept in any vigorous and persistent life. Every trial—and but few have been attempted—has egregiously failed, and those which have for a short time been kept alive, have lived through the force of passion—the interest or the cravings of which philosophers have pandered to.

WITH CHRIST IT WAS THE EXACT REVERSE. In the course of a very short time there was not a city in the whole circumference of the Roman empire which cannot be looked upon as a school of Christianity; not a centre of population where one was not to be found who represented Him and His teaching on the Mount; where vast numbers of men and women did not rigorously practice, as well as firmly believe the creed and morality of Jesus; and where temples to His worship did not take the place of those erected to the services of "superstition. Look for one moment on the influence of this vital teaching as evinced in the conduct of one of His immediate followers who listened to His sermon on the Mount. Take the great central city of power and of superstition in the world at that day, and see what this follower of Christ was enabled to effect in making disciples to the new religion, and in perpetuating the great school of our heavenly Father. Our Saviour had already formed His society and had laid down His legislation and had ascended to His glory. His disciples had to carry on the work which He began. They had received from His very mouth the centre and complete teaching of His philosophy. They were in possession of all those gifts which were necessary for carrying out His will. And they at once set about executing His orders. They were all filled with the spirit which He had implanted in them. He was the centre of all their power. His life and passion, His example, His personal love, the adoration of as well as belief in Him were their stay, and the great secret of their union with Him, and with one another. They had one object in the world, and when He had gone, in heaven or in His Blessed Sacrament, to fix their hearts upon in intensest affection: no object whose words and teachings, whose every action spoke the clear, unadulterated truth of God; and in the strength of His resurrection they went abroad manfully, and preached and taught Jesus Christ to the world. Now, the head and foremost of His immediate followers was undoubtedly St. Peter. How did this master of Christ's doctrine and philosophy carry on the work which his leader had begun? How did he perpetuate the school of Christ? It is but natural that he should seek the greatest and most populous centre in which to begin his arduous work.

BEING THE PRINCE AMONG THE APOSTLES, he chose the Imperial city as his most fitting residence. Here, he had determined to carry on the school of Christ. A series of unforeseen events brought about this determination. Thirteen years after the Ascension, he would have been put to death by Herod Agrippa, had he not been miraculously delivered from prison. He naturally "departed and went into another place." The unanimous testimony of ancient writers is to the effect that that other place was Rome. Here St. Peter, in the second year of Claudius, organized his school. St. Irenaeus says that he there founded and constructed the Roman Church. St. Clement, his contemporary, speaks of his success. He says that a "great multitude" of the elect were drawn together and associated with St. Peter and St. Paul "in holy polity." He speaks of these Roman converts becoming, "by the endurance of many sufferings and tortures, a most honorable example." In the year fifty-three St. Paul says that the faith of the Romans was spoken of throughout the whole world, and that their obedience had reached all men. Now, what is the meaning of this except that the great school of Christ had been actively and successfully doing its work? Picture, in imagination, the gigantic work which

THIS UNKNOWN JEW was about to set on foot when he first entered the Imperial city. Here were collected together all the whole wickedness, and superstition and debauchery of the whole world. Here was the stronghold of every form of corruption and every imaginable iniquity. The thousands of slaves, and the luxurious senators; the starving, idle, greedy poor, and the proud and unbelieving philosopher; the endless temples of the gods, and the thousands of priests, strangers and Romans whose interest it was to perpetuate the great ingrained tradition of the past. It would seem as if this pagan Rome were fashioned and had been formed in its traditions and in the habits of its inhabitants for resisting anything in the shape of the Sermons on the Mount. Still Peter knew in whom he believed. He did not trust in self or in the powers of human reason, but in the might of his cause. He began his work. His one principal study was to bring the great Model before the Roman eyes. He insisted on the resurrection; he showed how Christ was the centre of all the philosophy and religion that he came to teach.

THE EMPERORS WERE BUT MEN, Christ was God. He developed the creed of His Master. He showed its harmony, its beauty, its light; he unfolded the divine morality of the Cross, and laid down principles which were as a revelation of light upon the soul. He explained how the candidate for this new form of life must be initiated into the society by means of the baptismal font, and how the great Teacher and Model was at the same time the victim for man's sins and the object of his adoration. He explained to those who flocked around him how His Master provided for the perpetuation of His polity; and how, unlike the teachings of the philosophers, His teaching was accompanied by gifts and graces which gave strength and light to fallen man. I need not dwell further on what must have been the subject-matter of St. Peter's teaching. My point is this, that it was an unparalleled success, not only as to the quantity of his converts, but as to their quality. He, like His Master spoke to the world, not to the chosen few. Not only Cornelius Pudens and Pomponia Graecina, but slaves and servants, and strangers and the poor, were equally subjects fitted for Peter's school. The beauty of Christ's character, and the Divinity that shone from His every action, must have done their work when Peter, who had had a personal knowledge of the Redeemer, had spoken in his earnest and sincere manner about what he had known of the Word of life. He had already had a vision of his success in the great sheet seen in vision by him in the house of Simon, in which were all four-footed creatures of the earth, wild beasts, reptiles and birds; emblematic of his success in gathering out of the swarming imperial city followers from every condition of life and every grade of society. They soon increased into "a mul-

titude," they formed "a polity," and the fame of their virtue became noised over the whole earth. Here, then, is a great success.

PETER DID WHAT NO FOLLOWER OF PYTHAGORAS,

or Plato, or Zeno had been able to effect. His teaching, like his Master's, was for all mankind; his teaching, unlike all others, was to revolutionize the interior man, and re-create him, and form his conscience. His doctrine and morality and worship was clear and definite. He had given an explanation of the past and of the future. He claimed to teach what he did teach as infallibly true and absolutely certain: and men and women who had been living in mist and fog, who had been wearied with the monotony of their passions, and longed for something higher and better, became captives to the new philosophy, and ended in becoming ardent followers of the school of Christ. I will leave you to trace in imagination the history of this school.

PETER, ITS FIRST MASTER,

witnessed to the truth of his teaching with his blood. But, unlike the philosophies of the pagan world, his policy did not corrupt or his strength fail. The iron and blood of ten most sanguinary persecutions had no effect upon the wonderful vitality and endurance of the society that he established. To his disciples death was but the beginning of life. They did not mind shutting their eyes to earth to open them in heaven. They were possessed by a love, they were smitten by an image, which had more power over them than all the tortures and agonies of chains and death. This world to them was but a trial-place. Nothing could shake their high resolves. The terrors which men could hold out did not add one pulsation to their hearts; for they reckoned nothing of man's day; their hopes were fixed upon the everlasting rest and upon seeing the face of Christ, and the home of their salvation. Besides this, of course, they were divinely strengthened to bear up against their persecutors. They patiently waited for better days. And, finally, having been driven to the catacombs, they at length rose again and took possession of all the glories of empire and triumphed over all their oppressors, fixing the Cross of Christ as the most glorious ornament upon the diadem of kings and as

THE HIGHEST ORNAMENT OF IMPERIAL CROWNS.

Passing over the fiery trial time of the school of Christ, and looking upon its condition after it had been battling for 270 years, what do we see? Three hundred years is about the general term of life of every error which is based on passion or pride. After that period the intrinsic seeds of decay and collapse have had time to do their work, and that form of philosophy or worship which is originated by its founder breaks up into ever so many independent and antagonistic lives. How did the school of St. Peter come out of the racking ordeal of fire, and sword, and torture? How did his disciples stand the pressure of imperial despotism, and under the jealousy of Roman law? How did they withstand the great ingrained traditions of thousands of years, and the established worship of the greatest city of the earth? And how far were they successful in their hand-to-hand combat with the prejudices and persuasions founded upon the traditions of race, and strengthened by their identity with ages of conquest and military glory? In 270 years all this would have been fairly tested, and the worth and vitality of the school of Christ would have been tried in every nerve, and proved in every joint and organ.

TAKE A RAPID SURVEY, THEN, of the condition of our Saviour's polity in the reign of Constantine. On the throne of the Caesars there sits one who, far now from claiming for himself divinity, has recognised the potency of the philosophy of Christ. His greatness and his military success he attributes to the great burning sign of the Cross of Christ; and under that standard his soldiers are led to battle and to victory. The majestic presence of this great man, his firmness, his prudence, his great military talents, his knowledge of men and of their powers, makes his conversion all the more remarkable, and testifies to the extraordinary influence of the philosophy of Christ. In the city of the gods and imperial administration the work of Peter has progressed with strides little short of miraculous. The head teachers had come out of their dark schools in the catacombs. They had taken possession of the imperial city. No force of the blust of persecution had been able to uproot their teaching or to scatter their disciples.

WITHIN THE ROMAN IMPERIAL ORGANIZATION another and a more vital one had been growing and spreading itself like a network day by day. The city itself had been taken possession of. A steady and persistent organization had been quietly completed. The city was divided into its regions; basilicas were fashioned for the worship of the Saviour; priests, the teachers of this new and vital philosophy, were actively engaged amongst the vast population instructing and baptizing, and incorporating the old and young men by degrees into the polity which Peter had established. From the catacombs and his narrow cells, the head teachers, the successors of St. Peter, were transferred to the Palace of the Lateran, and the home of the Caesars was made the centre stronghold of the new religion of Jesus Christ. Here men learned the value of their immortal souls; here they were taught the great Fatherhood of God, and the certain way to everlasting life. Here the freedom with which Christ has made man free and the liberty of the sons of God were preached with all the energy of truth, and enforced with all the power of example. Bishops and priests were ordained to carry on the ministry, and the great network of the Roman Empire was utilized for the spread of the new philosophy of the Cross. What had been done in Rome was repeated throughout and beyond the Empire.

FIVE HUNDRED CITIES OF THE EMPIRE

were united in oneness of method, and under the same ruling and mighty power. Alexandria and Antioch were centres of ecclesiastical and spiritual influence; and from these again spread the prolific tree of truth, and finally took possession of the ancient world. It must have been a matter of admiration and astonishment to such a mind as Constantine's to witness so extraordinary a development and so perfect an organization for the propagation of an altogether new philosophy or religion. Each great city with its ruling bishop, and his great subjects; and the faithful people. Everywhere the same creed absolutely believed in, and held with all the tenacity of intense conviction. Faith and morals—the belief of the mind and the action of the will, intimately connected with Him who brought the revelation of both. Worship the purest and the most unreserved of Him who was recognized as the unerring doctor of truth and the model of a pure morality; of Him in whose personal love was to be found the success of the propagation of His teaching. And more than this:

THIS KEEN-SIGHTED EMPEROR must have also perceived that, for the first time to the knowledge of heathendom, a man

had come forward to claim supreme obedience to his doctrines, and to perpetuate them in all their undiluted truth through a divine protection. We may not have perceived the meaning in explicit shape of this strange, unearthly polity; but as the acorn commences within itself the oak, so did this commencement contain within itself the future expansion from one centre of the school of Christ and of St. Peter. What Christ did on the mountain; what St. Peter did when he led Cornelius to the foot of the cross—that was to be done by a school whose head master was the successor of St. Peter, and whose scholars were the inhabitants of the world. From the days of Constantine onwards this school steadily developed and spread, remaining one, yet adding one nation after another to its polity, baptizing and preaching and catechizing and feeding with spiritual food those whom it had drawn into the number of its members. By degrees, and rather in a marvellously short space of time,

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF PAGANISM MELTED AWAY,

and the schools of the pagans were closed. Plato, and Zeno, and Epicurus, and Aristotle, and the great thinkers of the past lived simply in the past, lived in history to testify to their own impotence in attempting to renew the world. The smoke of pagan sacrifices ceased, the altar crumbled, the priests were gone, the temples fell to ruins, or were turned into Christian churches, and the great paganism that once promised to possess the world forever had given place to his philosophy of the Cross and the schools of our Christian fathers.

ST. JEROME IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH PAULA

and Eusebius, in the fourth century of the Christian era, a period sufficiently near to the beginning of Christianity and at the same time sufficiently far off to see what had been done in just perspective, thus describes the workings, the principles, and the success of the school of Christ: "If anyone seeks for eloquence," he writes, "and takes pleasure in declamations, he has in the one language Demosthenes and Ploemio, in the other Tullius and Quintilian. The Church of Christ was drawn together, not from the Academics or the Lyceum, but from the meanness of the multitude. Whence too the Apostle said: Consider your vocation, brethren, that you are not many wise according to the flesh, not many powerful, not many noble, but God chose the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible has God chosen, and things that are not that He might bring to nought the things that are." For because men had not learnt God by wisdom from the order, variety and the settled continuance of creatures, "it pleased God by the folly of preaching to save these that believed," not by wisdom of language, "lest the Cross of Christ should be made of no effect." But, lest he might be thought in this speaking to be preaching of un wisdom, he overthrew, with prophetic mind, a possible objection, saying: "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery which has been concealed, which no one of the princes of this world knew."

(To be Continued.)

The Russian Army.

Some interesting statistics of the recruiting for the Russian army during the past year have just been published at St. Petersburg. The number of recruits inscribed on the lists was 218,000, but only 214,943 actually joined the ranks. Of the 3,000 who did not present themselves 2,656 were Jews. It is still found very difficult to compel Jews to serve in the army. The total number of the recruits, which in previous years was never above 700,000, last year rose to 759,000. This increase is accounted for by the circumstance that those who had been previously called in were born during the Crimean war, when the birth, as usual in time of war, was far below the normal number.

Enormous Undertaking in France.

Talk about the cost of the Pacific railway, why it is a mere flea bite to the colossal schemes of the new French Minister of Public Works, M. de Freycinet, who proposes to expend about £100,000,000 sterling (\$800,000,000) on a vast network of State railways and hydraulic works. His plans, which have almost all been sanctioned, comprise the maintenance of about 23,500 miles of national railways, not much more than half of which are at present in working order, and five thousand miles of which have yet to be built, and the expenditure of \$150,000,000 on new canals and old systems, and about \$50,000,000 on the improvement and deepening of ports and harbours.

British Connection.

(Toronto Mail.) Our King street contemporary is satisfied that the National Policy will tend to destroy British connection. In that case, we fully expect to see Mr. Huntington, Mr. Mills, and other "social Reformers" giving the new tariff their hearty support. But has our new brother ever looked at the trade returns? The annual volume of trade since 1873 has been as follows:

| Year | Imports from Great Britain | Imports from the United States |
|------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1873 | \$217,300,000              | \$16,800,000                   |
| 1874 | 216,800,000                | 17,500,000                     |
| 1875 | 197,500,000                | 17,500,000                     |
| 1876 | 175,700,000                | 17,200,000                     |
| 1877 | 172,200,000                | 17,000,000                     |
| 1878 | 170,600,000                | 17,000,000                     |

Our imports from Great Britain and our United States during the same period were as follows:

| Year | Imports from Great Britain | Imports from the United States |
|------|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1873 | \$68,500,000               | \$47,700,000                   |
| 1874 | 63,100,000                 | 54,300,000                     |
| 1875 | 60,300,000                 | 50,800,000                     |
| 1876 | 40,700,000                 | 46,100,000                     |
| 1877 | 39,600,000                 | 51,300,000                     |
| 1878 | 37,400,000                 | 48,600,000                     |

Hence the percentage of our British and American imports of the annual volume of trade has varied thus:

| Year | British Percentage | United States Percentage |
|------|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1873 | 31.5               | 22                       |
| 1874 | 29                 | 25                       |
| 1875 | 30.5               | 26                       |
| 1876 | 23.10              | 26.24                    |
| 1877 | 23                 | 29.8                     |
| 1878 | 21.9               | 29                       |

Our contemporary seems to think that the British trader has a lien on our markets, and that to disturb him is to fly in the face of British connection. This is simply a contemptible position. If the Manchester cotton-lord or Birmingham manufacturer thought it would suit his book to tax Canadian bread-stuffs or lumber, he would do so without consulting our feelings, or indulging in any sentimental drivel about the old flag. Why should we not exercise the same right? Is this not a free country, or are we the bondsmen of the British and American plutocrats? Our reform friends are true cosmopolitans—they uphold every country but their own.

GENERAL NEWS.

The new bridge in Ay will be completed next month. It is a broad, level, handsome structure.

Pope Leo XIII. has ordered the private chamberlains in the Vatican to leave off the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century and to adopt one more modern.

Since his encyclical, Pope Leo has several times been threatened by Socialists. He forwards their letters to the Governments of the countries to which his threateners appear to belong.

The principal centres for the manufacture of coral ornaments are Naples, Leghorn, and Marseilles, in the former more than 1,000 women are employed in making corals beads for necklaces, &c.

Marshal MacMahon wouldn't hear of a pension, and refused to use the money voted to defray hospitalities at the Elysee during the Exhibition. It was distributed by his wife among the charities of Paris.

Capt. Maxwell has intimated to the tenants on the Terres estate, Dumfriesshire, who had memorialized him for an abatement of rent in consequence of present hard times, that he cannot yield to their request.

A fashionable society of young men in London is called "The Crutch and Toothpick Club." The "crutch" is the new kind of walking stick affected by the youth of the west end; the toothpick is their symbol.

Mr. Langmuir, Inspector of Prisons for Ontario, is paid \$3,000 a year, and his assistants receive \$2,250. Mr. Moyle, Inspector of Dominion Penitentiaries, is paid \$2,250 a year, and his assistants \$1,100. The Ontario inspector, in fact, is a much bigger man than the Dominion official.

Several gentlemen who have been in the city in the oil interest, have devoted some little attention to the geological formation of the Ottawa district, between this city and Buckingham, and they are under the impression that large quantities of gas could be produced for illumination purposes by means of artesian wells.

A London paper announces the marriage of Miss Theodosia Parnell, sister of the eminent Home Rule M. P., to Lieut. Capt. son of Lord Alfred Paget, and brother of Capt. Paget, who married Miss Stevens. Miss Parnell's mother, who resides at Bordenstown, N.J., is a daughter of the late Commodore Stewart of Rhode Island.

Tramps are defined by Michigan law to be persons refusing to work for the usual and common wages given to other persons for like work in the place where they may be. This definition is certainly a lenient one, and does not take in the vast army of unemployed who are willing to work even for less than the wages usually paid.

Experienced female detectives should be assigned to duty at all the places of amusement where ladies are liable to be robbed by female pickpockets. The facilities which are possessed by women over men in this pursuit render them especially dangerous in places of resort where they can operate without suspicion or exposure.

The detectives who have been investigating the Lynn trunk mystery seem on the point of giving the case up in despair, and the theory is now broached, and is supported by considerable evidence, that the whole affair is a ghastly joke, the body of the girl having been placed where it was by medical students, who wanted to get rid of it and to make a sensation.

There is still some hope for our over-worked legislators both in Toronto and at Ottawa. An Austrian engineer named Mayrbauer has invented a machine for voting. A member by pressing a handle, "yes" or "no," on his desk liberates a ball which falls into an urn behind the speaker, and at the same time reveals the number of the voter in a board on the wall.

As full reports from Hungary arrive, it becomes evident that the destruction of life and property by the floods was greater than it was thought. Thousands of persons have been drowned, and the destruction of property is immense. It is estimated that the work of a generation will scarcely replace the losses. The suffering among the survivors is heartrending.

New Zealand, like Australia, grows under the rabbit pest. A Mr. Gowen killed 26,000 on 29,000 acres in four months. The cost of destroying them was three pence each, or over \$1,600, and the skins only fetched half that sum. A member of the Legislature said that they had rendered whole districts worthless. It is estimated that a couple of rabbits will in four years increase to the enormous total of 250,000.

A new photographic light has been exhibited by the Luxograph Apparatus Company in London Eng., by which they are enabled to take portraits quite independent of weather or daylight. The light is produced by burning a chemical composition similar to that of the "Bengal lights" in the focus of a very deep parabolic reflector. The light is extremely white and intense, and by its aid photographs were made and completed in less than half an hour.

A protest is going up from the press of Prince Edward's Island against imprisonment for debt. The Government furnishes the incarcerated debtor with neither food nor drink, and if his family or friends do not supply his needs he runs a chance of starving. The jail is filled with debtor prisoners who can neither earn nor pay anything, and who, in some cases, are supported by struggling wives, who have also children to provide for. Many depend entirely upon what they receive from their fellow prisoners or upon the kindness of the keeper.

The settlers in the districts lying outside the bounds of the Province of Manitoba complain bitterly of the want of post office accommodation. In some sections the nearest post office is ninety miles distant. Many settlers from the States have returned in consequence of this inconvenience; and the incoming settlers from Ontario are also grievously affected. These settlers complain also of want of legislative representation, and would be extremely grateful if the boundaries of Manitoba were extended so as to embrace the settled regions beyond.

From a statement brought down on Wednesday it appears that the total amount of Canada leaf used in the manufacture of tobacco subject to the maximum duty, during the period from 1872 to 31st December, 1878, was 317,089 pounds, the greater part of which was used in 1872-73, viz., 201,782 pounds. In 1876-77, 17,253 pounds, and in 1877-78, 13,412 pounds were the respective amounts, and during the six months ending 31st December, 1877, 2,072 pounds. This tobacco was used partly in the manufacture of plug and cut tobacco, and partly, in combination with imported leaf for cigars, but there is no means of determining in what proportions. From 1872 to 1878 inclusive 312,429 pounds of Canada leaf and Canada twist paid duty, the total amount collected being \$26,701. The rate before 1874 was seven cents per pound, and since then 10 cents.

Army and Navy.

The date fixed for the opening of the camp at Wimbledon is July 14. Owing to the increase in the number of prizes and also in the number of competitors, the meeting will extend beyond the usual fortnight.

Owing to the large number of men being sent out to reinforce the 21th Regiment, recently so terribly cut up in the Cape war, we understand some officers of the Guards will be sent out in command of them, handling the men over to their commanding officer when they arrive.

It is very touching to read letters from officers brought by the last mail from the Cape. In one of these letters, the writer, after giving a careful account of the voyage, adds—"Our troops march for Zululand to-morrow, where we expect to arrive in about five days, and then, dearest, for the meat!"

How can we realize that in the recent disastrous engagement at the Cape we lost more officers and men than at Alma, and nearly equalled the death-roll of Inkerman, as the following figures will show—Battle of Alma, 25 officers—262 total killed; battle of Inkerman, 30 officers—597 total killed; battle of the 22nd of January at the Cape, 30 officers—530 total killed.

Lieutenant Gonville Broward, who held the post of second lieutenant in the 21th Regiment, has received the brevet rank of major in recognition of his gallant conduct. Lieutenant Kell, 88th Foot, or Connaught Rangers, who served as second lieutenant of a company, and was promoted to the rank of captain, owes his promotion to gallantry exhibited in South Africa.

The King's Dragoon Guards are "heavier," tall men of the physique. The troopers are armed with brass helmets, swords (28 inches long in the blade), and breech-loading carbines. The 17thancers are medium cavalry, and are armed with brass helmets, swords (28 inches long), and carbines. The ordinary Henry-Martini and bayonet. The field battery on service should have 7 officers, 18 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 18 horses. It is provided with six muzz, twelve ammunition wagons, a large general service cart and two stone carts. The equipment is similar to the cavalry.

The volunteers are in future to wear a distinction for long service. Having rendered themselves efficient and entitled to the Government grant, a cloth badge is to be worn of a diamond shape, the rays being those of the Australian flag. When the volunteer has further rendered himself efficient for five years, and gained as many certificates, this diamond becomes a star-shaped badge, and the volunteer is entitled to the man of a second star, and he may in like manner earn a third or fourth distinction. One of the reasons for the Government's determination to award this badge has been considering Volunteer regulations is, we hear, to the effect that in future the whole force is to be clothed in one color, and that the national flag.

Woman's Suffrage.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 21.—The House of Representatives was engaged in the woman's suffrage question this morning. Many ladies were present to hear the debates. After considerable discussion it was voted to indefinitely postpone the whole subject, and the women suffragists left the Legislature much chagrined at their defeat.

Rumours About President Hayes.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 24.—The *Albion* publishes this morning says—"The most incredible story is about that President Hayes has informally agreed to accept the emancipation of the National Election Law, as proposed by the Democratic Caucus Committee. It then goes on to mention the circumstances upon which this story is based and adds—"Among Republican leaders these facts or allegations are received with anxiety akin to dismay. It says further that as the story goes Abraham S. Hewitt has acted as negotiator on the part of the Democrats and Secretary Everts on the part of the administration. General Tom Young and General Garfield, both intimate personal friends of the President, are positive there is no truth in the story.

The Murdered Actor.

New York, March 24. The remains of R. C. Porter, the actor who was murdered at Marshall, Texas, arrived in this city yesterday. The funeral takes place on Wednesday, the friends of the family coming forward with assistance. Published accounts of the murder are correct, except that the actress insulted in the bakery of Porter and Barrymore was not Miss Baker, as stated earlier, but Miss Ellen Cummins. At the time of the assault the murderer was in his hotel about fifty feet distant, while John Drew, another member of the company and brother-in-law of Barrymore, was standing on the steps outside the restaurant. When Drew ran into the place Currie aimed his pistols at him, but he begged for his life; and the murderer spared him. After shooting Porter and Barrymore, Currie pointed both his pistols in Miss Cummins' face and said: "I've a mind to shoot you too." She was fairly paralyzed with fear and pleaded for her life. He fired four shots in all, but the first one hit Barrymore and the last one at Porter missed. Though Currie was under the influence of liquor he was not deeply intoxicated. The feeling in Marshall is said to be intense, every man, woman, and child would like to lynch Currie. The insult to Miss Cummins was addressed to the proprietor of the place, and Currie tried to force the proprietor and Barrymore to resent it. When he pulled out his pistol Barrymore rose and said he was unarmed but told Currie if he would lay down his pistols he would give him all the satisfaction he wanted, at the same time he begged to remove his coat. Instantly Currie fired. Next day Currie told his keepers he regretted he did not kill the whole lot of them, so that there would be no witnesses.

Talmage on St. Patrick.

Since last we met, said Mr. Talmage, Irishmen have assembled in churches and at banquets to honor the memory of St. Patrick, the Irish Apostle. Now, let me say that if St. Patrick did half the good that is attributed to him all the churches may well feel proud of such a man. Talk as you will, and say this is superstition, but we all have saints to bless us, like St. Mary, St. John, St. David, St. Catherine and many others. I pity from my heart the man who does not feel the holy loving influence of some dear saint at one time or another. There are men here listening to me who have been kept up by the influence of just such holy beings. Think of the dear good mother, or god-father, who has passed into the blessed world, and say, if you can, you never feel her influence. You cannot do wrong but she chides you; you cannot do right but she blesses you. And here let me say that the Protestants have as many saints as the Catholics, and they revere them. They call on them as fervently, in such endearing, imploring terms as "St. David, my father; St. Catherine, my mother." There is no family here but has an aunt gone to heaven to be a saint. You call the children by her name; she is, when in the world, consulted when the bride's toilet is to be arranged, when the dearest hopes of the family circle are to be gratified.

Mr. Talmage drew a vivid picture of the closing scenes of such a life, when the household is gathered together around the dying bed, and when at last St. Mary passes away from an enchanted sick bed to the "house of many mansions." He closed by saying—"St. Patrick has been a patron saint for more than thirteen hundred years; but the humblest Christian man may become, like him, a saint. Anything well done is done forever. May the ages to come long keep their memories green. They that instruct others to righteousness shall shine like stars through all eternity."



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DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL. 26-29-g

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ELEGANT OVAL-GLASS HEARSE, which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates. WOOD AND IRON COFFINS. All descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice. ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. 47-27-g

The Loretto Convent of Lindsay, Ontario. Classes will be resumed on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd. In addition to its former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the convent a beautiful beech and maple grove, invaluable as a pleasant and healthy resort for the young ladies in attendance. Board and tuition only one hundred dollars a year—including French, Latin, Superior, Address: LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada. 1-16

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Italian Warehouse. T. CARLI, 66 Notre Dame Street. Third door to the right, near Bonsecours Street. Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally, that he will continue the business in his name, and that in his Store will always be found the best assortment of Religious Statuary, Paintings and Decorations, Architectural Ornaments, Rosettes, Cornices, etc. all executed at the shortest notice. Statues made with Cement on which the temperature has no effect. PRICES MODERATE. A visit is respectfully solicited. 4-g

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL. No. 720. Dame Lucie Robert dite Lamouche, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Auguste Bousquet, merchant, of the same place, duly authorized a cetera in justice, Plaintiff; vs. The said Auguste Bousquet, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause, the 15th February instant. ROY & BOUTILLIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, February 17th, 1879. 26-5

PAMPHLETS, DEEDS OF SALE, LAW FORMS, &c. PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "EVENING POST," 761 CRAIG ST., West of Victoria Square. 12-29-g

# PREMIUMS!

## The True Witness For 1879.

### PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY

The TRUE WITNESS is the weekly edition of the EVENING POST. It is now in its twenty-eighth year, and has been recently enlarged and reduced in price from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a year. Being the leading Catholic paper in the Dominion, it will maintain a vigilant and defensive attitude in regard to the rights of the Catholic Church, and will be a paper essentially for the Catholics of the Dominion at large. It is our intention to give prizes to our subscribers, and to our family paper, and particularly interesting to the farmer.

25¢ There is not a Man, Woman or Child anywhere in the Dominion who reads this paper, who cannot easily get two or more others to join him or her in taking the Paper and thus secure, FREE, one, or more than one, of the desirable articles described below.

There are from 25 to 500 families, or more, in the vicinity of each Post Office, every one of whom would be benefited by having this paper for a year at the modest price of 50 cents a week. From one to a dozen Premium Clubs, small or large, may be gathered in the vicinity of each Post Office, and as many premiums be obtained. You may get one or more of them.

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Every subscriber whose name is sent in by those working for premiums or otherwise, will have the choice of the following:

1st—SIX PURE NICKEL-SILVER TEASPOONS, beautifully finished. Nickel Silver is a white metal like silver, and being solid cannot wear down to brass like a silver-plated spoon. They are easier to keep bright than silver, and the six would sell in any retail store for 70 cents.

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The above prizes will be given only to such of our present subscribers as will have their subscription paid for the year 1879.

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Read and Carefully Note the Following Items:

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1st. All subscribers sent by one person, count though from several different Post Offices, 2nd. But, let each name be sent in on each of names sent that it is for a Premium. 3rd. Send the names as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may begin to receive the paper at once. Any order sent, may be cancelled up to next June to complete any list, but every Premium desired will be sent as soon as earned and ordered. 4th. Send the exact money with each list of names, and the person at the Post Office, and money accounts. 5th. No Premium given if less than \$1.50 be sent for one year's subscription. 6th. Old and new subscribers all count in Premium clubs, but a portion of lists should be new names; it is partly to get those that we offer Premiums to canvassers. 7th. One or two Specimen numbers, etc., will be supplied free, as needed by canvassers, and should be used carefully and economically, and where they will tell.

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|--|---------|-----------------------------|
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| 2—Signal Service Barometer.                        | 2.00    | 4                           |
| 3—Powder Watch.                                    | 10.00   | 30                          |
| 4—Challenge and Chain.                             | 10.00   | 30                          |
| 5—Press and Outfit for Printing.                   | 3.50    | 11                          |
| 6—Lloyd Combination Penholder.                     | 0.25    | 1                           |
| 7—Wagner Sewing Machine.                           | 100.00  | 100                         |
| 8—A New Combination Tool.                          | 0.25    | 1                           |
| 9—Canadian Housekeeping Papers.                    | 1.50    | 6                           |
| 10—Scissors.                                       | 1.50    | 6                           |
| 11—Plated Centennial Bells.                        | 5.00    | 10                          |
| 12—Rogers' Saws.                                   | 3.50    | 12                          |
| 13—Eureka Club Skate.                              | 3.00    | 12                          |
| 14—Silver China Gong Sleigh Bells, plated in Gold. | 10.00   | 40                          |
| 15—Patent Steel Bracket Saw.                       | 1.25    | 5                           |
| 16—Patent Tool Holder and Tools.                   | 1.25    | 5                           |
| 17—Canada Club Skate.                              | 3.00    | 10                          |
| 18—New Lawlor Sewing Machine.                      | 100.00  | 100                         |
| 19—The Voice of the Catholic Church.               | 0.25    | 1                           |
| 20—History of the Catholic Church.                 | 3.50    | 10                          |
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| 23—Snider Breechloading Rifle.                     | 50.00   | 100                         |
| 24—Double Barrel Fowling Piece.                    | 50.00   | 100                         |

N.B.—Having secured from Messrs. D. & J. N. B. a large quantity of the Catholic publications, we can now offer them as inducements to subscribers at their list prices, for which see advertisement in another column. We desire any book on the list sent to us in full, allowing twenty-five cents for each subscriber; thus to secure any \$2 book it will require 8 subscribers.

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Established in 1827. Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, and of all sizes, for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms, etc. Also, Cast Iron, Brass, and Gun Metal. Catalogue sent free. Warranted. VANDUEN & TAIT, 102 and 104 West Second St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### NOTICE—AN APPLICATION WILL BE MADE to the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, at the next Session thereof, for an Act to Incorporate "La Societe de Secours Mutuels des Frangais a Montreal."

T. J. HIRZ, President. 26-5

#### FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA.

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1878.

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## SPORTING.

### The Astley Belt.

The champion belt, which for a year has been held by an American, but which now goes back to England, is a heavy chain of eight links, or plates, one of solid gold and seven of sterling silver, fastened to each other by staves and silver bars, and fastened underneath to the real belt, which is of red leather. The total weight of this ornament is not far from five pounds, so that, however desirable the possession of it may be, no pedestrian would wear it while at work. The central link is the golden one; it is irregularly elliptical in shape, and is surrounded by a fancifully cut border in scroll patterns. In the centre of the link or plate is an inscription in raised block letters—large caps—faced with blue enamel. The inscription reads:—"Long distance champion of the world."

The seven silver links are uniform in shape and size, being oblong in shape and about three inches by four and a half in size. On the two next in place to the golden link are raised figures in bas relief—a figure on one being that of a runner, and on the other that of a walker. These figures are carefully finished, and the background of the links are engraved with very sketchy landscapes.

The link exactly opposite to the golden one—the one which would find its place at the back of the golden link in front—is engraved with the following inscription:—"Presented by Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M.P., March, 1878."

The next link to the right, or the third one to the left of the golden one, is inscribed as follows:—"Won Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, U. S. A., March 18, 1878. Distance, 52 1/2 miles in 123 hours, 43 minutes, beating H. Vaughan, Chester, 500 miles; H. Brown, 'Blower,' of Fulham, 47 1/2 miles, and 18 others."

The original cost of the belt was £100.—N. Y. Herald.

### Agastics.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Newcastle Journal is excited over the remarks made by the Sportsman regarding the proposed trip of Elliot to the Antipodes to fetch back the world's championship. The Journal, after some preliminary sparring, says:—"It will be noticed that the Sportsman says that there are at present in England two scullers of high reputation from across the Atlantic, and it is hinted that either one or the other will shortly evince a desire to measure blades with the chief of English scullers." We presume that the two scullers alluded to are Hanlan, of Toronto, who is matched to scull Hawdon for £200 a side on May 5, and Wallace Ross, of New Brunswick. Do these men come and challenge the best scullers in England? Had either of them issued a challenge to either Elliot, Higgins or Boyd, who are in the front rank, they would not have been long waiting for a job. What course do they prefer instead? Why, Hanlan, who is acknowledged the best man in America and Canada, comes here and is matched against a second-class man in Hawdon; and Ross is judged under the wings of our Cockney friends and nursed up for a match against Frank Emmett, of Jarrow, who has yet to be beaten nobly better than Andy Strong, of Barrow. In 1879 and 1878, it will be remembered that the Tyne and Wear representative crews to Canada and America. We did not go about pot-hunting after second-class men or matches, but our men simply said, "Bring out against us the best men you have, and we will row them." Actuated by this gallant, manly and sportsmanlike spirit they met and defeated in sculls, pairs and fours the best men these countries could produce at Saratoga, at Montreal and other places. Our American friends, who seem to have a warm friend and sympathizer in the Sportsman, fail to imitate the example set them by the English oarsmen, among whom we may mention the names of Henforth, Kelley, Sadler, Percy, Winship, Chambers, Bagnall, Martin, and last, but not least, James Taylor. If Hanlan or Ross wish to row Elliot let them challenge him at once, and they will be speedily accommodated with an engagement. It would appear that the Sportsman wishes Elliot to wait until Hanlan beats Hawdon, and Ross beats Emmett. Now, it is not out of reason to suppose that both Hanlan and Emmett will beat their opponents, and if this were to happen would Emmett or Hawdon row Elliot? We have the authority of Hawdon's chief backer for stating that if Hanlan beats Hanlan he will not row Elliot; and we may presume that the Jarrow party will equally as well fight shy, for some time to come at least, of a match against the champion. Hanlan has said that even in the event of his being defeated by Hawdon, he will row Elliot, but we very much doubt this, unless our Canadian friends have more money than brains. From what we can gather of the Sportsman people, it appears that they would like Elliot to wait until Ross and Hanlan row their matches. To say the least of it, this is most unreasonable, for if either of these men wish to row Elliot why do they not enter into a match at once? If they do not wish to tackle the champion, then why interfere with him in his Australian enterprise? From all points of view the attack upon Elliot's claim to the championship is quite contrary to the title of Sportsman, which the aforesaid journal prints in bold letters on its front page, and we would recommend them not to advocate the cause of strangers and their friends, who, as yet, are short, comparatively speaking, in sportsmanlike feeling and enterprise, against those of a man whose friends are willing to support him against any man in the world, and who thus set the visitors an example of true sportsmanlike feeling. To show, however, that Elliot has no desire to quit England before he has proved himself a conqueror, we are requested by Mr. James Taylor to state, on Elliott's behalf, that he will row any man in England within three months for £200 a side. This challenge, at least, shows that Elliot does not wish to leave England until he has established his supremacy. We may further add that we have authority from Mr. James Percy to state that if Hanlan wishes to row Hawdon a month or two sooner, in order that he may have a chance against Elliot, he is willing to change the date so as to suit Hanlan's convenience.

The talk undoubtedly led to the arranging of the match between Elliot and an Unknown, as the champion then had a definite engagement to keep him in England.

#### ELLIOT CHALLENGES THE WORLD.

A slimly-attended meeting was held in Newcastle, on 3rd inst., of those interested in sending Elliot to Australia. Considerable talk was indulged in but nothing definite was done, and an adjournment took place for a month. Elliot said that, as he was Champion of England, he had a great desire to go to Australia to endeavour to bring back the Championship of the World. The Sportsman hinted that there was somebody up the sleeve willing to row him, and he should be only too delighted to know who he was. He was willing and ready to row any man in England or any other country, and his friend, James Taylor and his supporters were

## WARR.

### Horrible Butchery.

(From the Standard's Special Correspondent.)  
We had scarcely reached our tents, however, before news reached us that a terrible tragedy had taken place on the outskirts of the camp, where the prisoners taken on the previous day had to be taken care of by the 21st Regiment. They were arranged in three lines, and made to sit upon the ground. Each line was fastened by one rope, which was passed round each man, and then fixed in the ground by wooden pegs. A guard was placed over the prisoners, with strict orders to prevent any of them from escaping, as it was considered desirable that each man should be identified, so that we might see who among them were Mongols, who Wazirans, and who Khoistswals. It appears that the first two shots which we heard were not fired by our sentries, but had come into the camp of the 21st from the opposite side of the ravine. The prisoners imagined the shots to be the signals for them to attempt an escape. They accordingly jumped up from the ground at one and the same moment, and commenced swaying from side to side, evidently with the object either of breaking the ropes or tearing them from their fastenings in the ground. They were in a state of terrible excitement. The alarm was given and a number of sepoy rushed out to help the guard. The general endeavored to keep the prisoners quiet, and to prevent them from escaping. Several of the prisoners, however, snatched at the titles of the sepoy and tried to get possession of them. They ensued a series of desperate hand-to-hand struggles, in which two or three rifles were broken. One powerful fellow managed to get clear of his rope and the sentry who was over him. As he was running away one of the guards bayoneted him in the leg, but this did not stop him, for he reached the other side of the ravine in safety. He had only, however, run into the arms of the outlying pickets, who fired at and killed him. Another fellow got free of his bonds, but he had only run a few yards when he was met by a native officer, who drew his revolver and

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### Pedestrianism.

The valiant and plucky Ennis is deserving of great credit for his work, and certainly a man hardly ever started on a great undertaking with appearances so strongly against him, and came out so well. Ennis is poor, and has a large family. He was obliged to mortgage his house for \$500 to get on to New York and enter for the contest. Once in New York, he was not very heartily received. His best six days' record was 410 miles, and he had to compete with the famous champion O'Leary with Rowell and with Harriman, a new man, full of great possibilities. The first had made the best score on record, and Rowell had beaten him sixty miles in the six days' walk in London last fall. When he got to New York, it was some time before he could get anyone to back him for enough to insure medical attendance and a nurse. This was finally secured. It will be remembered by the reader that in the early days of the week no mention was made of the name of Ennis, and he appeared to be without friends save his plucky little wife, who stood in the door of his humble little cottage and cheered him on with an encouraging smile every time he passed by on his six days' trip. There was the woman who had stood with him in all his battles since they came of age, ready to cheer him on amidst surroundings many women would have shrunk from. So she stood bravely at her post, hour after hour, day after day, showing a devotion to her husband which indicated that the choice was indeed a happy one which made her Mrs. Ennis in the innocent and blooming days of a happy maidenhood, when he, or perhaps she, and she alone, believed he might secure any measure of success. Day by day he gained friends by his happy, good-natured air of business, and his undaunted pluck and endurance. 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## Curious and Scientific.

Seventy tons of chewing gum were required to keep American jaws moving during the year.

Toads and frogs were originally introduced into the Sandwich Islands to exterminate the snakes.

The water in the Straits of Gibraltar at the depth of 570 fathoms, is four times as salt as at the surface.

Outdoor air is purer than indoor in all climates, countries and seasons, unless in low level, damp localities.

A Prague chemist has invented a motor which reveals the contents of wine casks without removing the heads.

The hexetone regarded, worthless sago barrels of Nevada are found to be excellent pasturage for Cashmere goats. A single herd near Carson has a value of \$3,000.

The human heart is 4 inches in length, 4 inches in diameter, and beats 72 times per minute

A BLOW IN A YARD IN MONTREAL.

History of the Combatants—Crows to the Front.

If a bee-line be drawn from Victoria Square to Viger Garden, and then intersect it by another drawn from Place d'Armes to a point in Fletcher's Field, at not over fifty miles from the point of intersection, will be found a "yard." In this yard there are to be found a great variety of the human family, of all ages, classes and occupations.

Amongst other denizens of the yard is a Mrs. McWhistler, widow of the late Snider McWhistler, formerly of —. This good lady had a great many ups and downs in her somewhat chequered career.

Passionate, the would-be legicide, on hearing his death sentence, said, vehemently, "Kill me immediately." It is thought the sentence will certainly be commuted by King Humbert.

A large mushroom is said to have forced its way through twelve inches of concrete, covered with a thick layer of asphalt, in the floor of the savings bank department of the general Post Office in London.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, M. de Lesseps declared, from his experience of plague in Egypt in 1834, that it is not contagious. The patients may be waited on without danger.

Mrs. McWhistler has for a neighbor a Mrs. Crow. Fortune has been more lavish in its favors to her than it has been to Mrs. McW. She cannot lay claim to having been born under a lucky planet, yet she is blessed with a fair share of this world's goods.

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AGRICULTURAL.

SAVE THE TURKEY FEATHERS.—Seasonable advice with regard to taking care of turkey feathers is given by Robert Skene, of Louisville, Ky., which, as there is a demand for the feathers for making brushes and dusters, is called to the attention of those who have heretofore allowed them to go to waste.

Comparatively nothing has been done in the wholesale trade of our city during the past week. Buyers did not want to purchase, nor did merchants care to sell, until after the announcement of the new duties.

Finance and Commerce.

Weekly Review of Trade—Wholesale Prices.

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There has been little demand on the banks for accommodation paper during the week. Loans are still easy at from 5 to 6 per cent on call money.

The Stock Market at the commencement of our week opened steady, but became weak, and is now somewhat firm and strong.

There is a comparative statement of the condition of Canadian stocks in Montreal on the dates mentioned—

Table with columns: March 14, 1879, March 20, 1879. Rows: Bank of Montreal, Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, etc.

Proverbs in Cookery.

The second of Miss Dod's demonstrative lectures on cookery at Association Hall was given yesterday. Miss Dod's lectures are full of little bits of information that might properly be called culinary proverbs.

There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas-stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour, or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes.

Good flour is not tested by its color. White flour may be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done, put a skewer into the breast and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

A few dried or preserved cherries with stones out, are the very best things possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Single cream is cream has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the egg the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes, and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

You must never attempt to boil the dressing of a clear soup in the stock, for it will always discolor the soup.

In making any sauce put the butter and flour in together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of the pan you may know your flour or corn-starch is done.

Boiled food with sauce, over which grate the yolk of eggs, is a magnificent dish for luncheon.

Tepid water is produced by combining two-thirds cold and one-third boiling.

To make macaroni tender put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water of stewed in milk.

The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed into anything else than a dry mould.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them, wipe in a dry towel.

To brown sugar for sauces or puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry saucepan. If the pan is the least bit wet the sugar will burn, and you will spoil your sauce-pan.

The terrific twinges endured by rheumatism are first soothed and in the end permanently relieved by that beneficent annihilator of pain and preventive of its return, Thomas' Eucoric Oil, a combination of six patent medicinal oils, devoid of alcohol, and consequently non-evaporating when applied.

LEATHER.—Prices are still in buyers' favor, but there is no change in business, which remains quiet. The quotations are: Hemlock Spanish Soles, No. 1, 0 21 .. 0 22

BRONCHITIS—Unless arrested, will terminate in consumption. An almost never-failing cure for this complaint is found in Allen's Lung Balm, which can be had of any Druggist, price one dollar per bottle.

A Marvellous Transformation. Physicians as a general thing are slow to accept any change in medicine or any new remedy.

Special Notice. We print to-day in our advertising columns recommendations of the most celebrated living pianists and musicians in regard to the New York Weber Piano, which, for perfection of tone, action, power and durability, are said to be unapproached by any maker in the world.

DIED. MCKENNA.—In this city, on the 8th instant, Bridget McKenna, relict of the late Hugh McKenna, native of County Wick, Ireland, aged 52 years. May her soul rest in peace.

ADVERTISEMENTS. WEEKLY TEST. Number of Purchasers served week ending March 15th, 1879, 4,994 Same week last year, 4,896 Increase, 998

NEW PRICES. For Chinese Procession in Pekin, 5c. each painting. For Chinese "Ladies Doing the Grand," 5c. each painting.

OLD PRICES. For Black Silk Fringes and Colored Silk Fringe at S. CARLSLEY'S.

NEW PRICES. For Chinese Visiting Niagara, 5c. each painting. For one dozen Frills, 5c., 10c., 12c.

OLD PRICES. For Ladies and Children's Stockings. For Dress Galleons of all kinds.

S. CARLSLEY'S SHOW ROOM. S. CARLSLEY is now showing the correct styles in Ladies' Jackets, Dolmans, Circulars and Ulsters, at the following low prices:— Ladies' Jackets, from \$7.50.

SHOW ROOM. S. CARLSLEY has at the present time the largest and best assorted stock of Shawls ever shown in the Dominion, and all at the old tariff prices.

SHOW ROOM. Costumes at all prices, from \$1.50 to \$40. Wrappers from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Shirts, from 50c.

CAIRLEY'S TWEEDS. ALL-WOOL TWEEDS ONLY 55c. Call at S. CARLSLEY'S and see the variety of all-wool Tweeds in the leading colors and styles for Boys and Gents' Spring Suits, only 65c.

DO NOT MISS THE CHANCE. Just received a fresh lot of Blue-Black and Navy Blue, extra fine quality, all-wool Serges, for Boys' Spring and Summer Suits, to sell at 45c, 55c, 65c and 75c, worth 85c.

FOR GENTS' SUITS. Good all-wool Striped, Checked, and Fancy Mixed Tweeds, for Gents' wear, only 65c per yard. Splendid quality all-wool Tweeds, only 75c. Superior quality all-wool Tweeds, only 85c. Extra quality all-wool Tweeds, only 95c.

S. CARLSLEY, 333 and 335 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT No. 917.

Dame Mary Larnay, of the Town of Lachine, in the District of Montreal, who commences en biens of Charles McNally of the same place, laborer, duly authorized a cetera en Justice, Plaintiff;

versus The said Charles McNally, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens, for separation of property has been instituted in this cause, this day, Montreal, 4th March, 1879.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, 20-5, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 917.

Dame Mary Larnay, of the Town of Lachine, in the District of Montreal, who commences en biens of Charles McNally of the same place, laborer, duly authorized a cetera en Justice, in this cause, Plaintiff;

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

ED. COLLARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Montreal 5th March, 1879.

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

ED. COLLARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Montreal 5th March, 1879.

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

ED. COLLARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Montreal 5th March, 1879.

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

ED. COLLARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Montreal 5th March, 1879.

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

ED. COLLARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Montreal 5th March, 1879.

EDMOND LAFAMME, of the said city of St. Henry, Painter, Defendant.

An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause by said Plaintiff.

The Montreal Horse Market.

The shipping trade has not been so active by land as it has been, although a very fair business has been done. Altogether 175 horses, representing a total value of \$1,335.75, have been exported to the United States during the past week.

The Montreal Horse Market, March 21, 1879.

The shipping trade has not been so active by land as it has been, although a very fair business has been done. Altogether 175 horses, representing a total value of \$1,335.75, have been exported to the United States during the past week.

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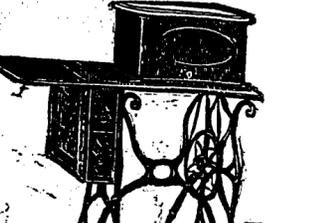
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