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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1881.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TALK WITH A BISHOP.

What Bishop Nulty Knows About Evictions.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS: DUBLIN, July 28, 1881.

Since I wrote to you a week ago I have visited Kilmaham Jail, and the Immaculate Monastery of the Oblate Fathers near it; I have slept in a dormitory of Maynooth College; I have plucked shamrocks from the site of the Banqueting Hall on Tara's Hill; I have stood by the haunted swamp beneath those luxuriant rushes whose, what remains of the remains, be the same more or less, so to speak, of the last of the heathen kings of Ireland; I have climbed military defences and crept into caves beneath great mounds constructed by a Druidical race eighteen hundred years before the Christian era; I have ascended a round tower; I have crossed the 'Boyne Water,' at the spot where William of Orange won the victory that consecrated the noblest classes of the Irish race for centuries to the task, often seemingly hopeless but never abandoned nor to be abandoned, of annihilating the military and commercial power of England; I have crossed Slane Hill on which St. Patrick lit the fire whose more sacred splendours soon extinguished the sacred fires of the more ancient faith; I have been a guest at the tables of the Nuns of St. Loretto and of the Bishop of Meath; I have puzzled over inscriptions on Celtic crosses that have guarded renowned graves for a thousand years; I have sat beside ivy-clad abbeys and among the ruins of ancient monasteries; I have trod the pavements of a church (not of God, but of England), erected on the site (the stolen site) of the ill-fated Catholic church, within whose walls the stern soldiers of Cromwell, without human pity, but yet in the name of the Lord, massacred the worshipping congregation—reading the words of the Mass, but humbly giving up the Mass, and, all the while, the glory of that devout slaughter which their leader called a "crowning Providence." I have looked at the head of an Irish Catholic prelate-martyr that was cut off two hundred years ago, and it was shown to me reverently by grey-gowned nuns who guarded the relic—less a relic than themselves to transatlantic eyes; and I have seen, in solemn procession, chanting at vesper, in the little chapel of the Dominican monastery near Dublin, among men unknown and nameless, and without one spark of his genius, but he, by the yieldless democratic discipline of his Order, no higher in rank than the humblest amongst them all, the greatest orator of the Irish race, to-day—Father Burke, or as every one calls him in Ireland, "Father Tom."

"So I have no dearth of topics, but I shall confine myself to one only—to a very brief report of one of several interviews with the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Lord Bishop of Meath.

Dr. Nulty, among the Irish Catholic Bishops, has distinguished himself by his brave utterances in behalf of the Irish peasant. He has risen from the people himself, and he has never ceased to sympathize with them. My visit to him was purely accidental. Dispirited from ill-health, I met in Dublin last week my old friend, Canon Ulrick Bourke, of Claremorris, one of the most learned men in Ireland, and he proposed we should visit Maynooth. I gladly accepted his invitation. We started to be absent a few hours only, but I kept a firm grip of my learned guide for several days. We met Bishop Nulty at Navan in the County Meath. He is on a visit to that parish. He is a man of fifty, I should judge; a man of an unassuming but most vigorous personality—who converses as well as he writes, and whose talk convinces because it is thoroughly sincere. We dined with the Bishop thrice, and he drove us in his carriage to Slane. Such notes as I made of these talks I shall content myself with transcribing.

"How large is your diocese, Bishop, I asked?"

In addressing a bishop, etiquette requires you to say, "My Lord;" but although I have conversed with several Irish bishops and Irish lords—lords spiritual and temporal—I never could compel my Republican tongue to utter the words. "Faith, I didn't try. This, true, as well as legal noblemen, laughed heartily when I confessed that if I did not say "My Lord" it was certainly not because I had not the profoundest respect for him; but because I was so intense a Republican that I could not conscientiously address any man as lord. His social absolutism was prompt and cheery!

"My diocese," said the Bishop, "comprises the whole of Meath and Westmeath, the greater part of King's County, and some parishes in Cavan and Longford."

"This country," I said, "around Tara, and from Navan to Maynooth, seems a cultivated desert; rich in bullocks, but poor in men."

"Yes," said the Bishop, "one day last week I rode for five hours through this fertile district, and I only met a herd (hardman) and a dog! From 1851 to 1861, according to Thom's Directory, the decrease of population owing to evictions in the Counties of Meath and Westmeath alone, was 51,000. I believe the decrease was still greater from 1861 to 1871. During the twenty-eight years preceding 1871, out of a total population of 471,385 souls, 200,054 have disappeared; and during the same period out of 83,137 houses, 29,461 are gone!"

"Did you ever witness an eviction?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "I was once an eye-witness to an eviction near Lough Sheelan, about a mile from the village of

Mount Nugent, County Cavan, in my diocese. It occurred in September, 1847. The names of the owners were O'Connor and Malone. The name of the agent was Guinness. He was at that time the member of Parliament for Kinsale. He was shortly after unseated for bribery. I was a missionary priest at the time, temporarily on duty in the locality of the eviction. I knew the place well for many years previous to the eviction, as it is only five miles from my native place.

"On the day of the eviction seven hundred human beings were driven from their homes. I myself counted them. The evicted families were hardworking, honest, industrious people—comfortable in their way. Not one of them, excepting only one man, a sort of bailiff on the estate, owed a shilling of rent. I heard that this man had endeavored to get up a combination among the tenants not to pay their rents, to give some color of excuse for eviction. He was repeatedly charged with this act by numbers of tenants in my presence."

"Did the tenants leave without a show of force?"

"There were a hundred police present," replied the Bishop. "There was also a body of men with crowbars, who worked for two days incessantly at the task of pulling down houses. The unfortunate people, driven out upon the wayside, there passed the night. Their furniture was cast out upon the road. During the night it rained pitilessly.

"Next morning I visited the scene of unfinished work. The appearance of the men, women, and children as they emerged from the ruins of their former homes, saturated with rain, blackened and besmeared with soot, shivering in every member, presented a most appalling spectacle.

"One incident remains indelibly impressed on my memory. The 'Crowbar Brigade' stopped and recoiled with terror from two houses which they were directed to destroy with the rest. They had learned that their inmates were stricken with typhus fever. They supplicated the agent to spare their houses; but he was inexorable and insisted they should come down. He ordered a large winnowing sheet to be secured over the beds in which the fever victims lay delirious; then directed the houses to be unroofed 'cautiously,' because, he said, it disfigured the bower and discomfort of a coroner's inquest!"

"On the next day I administered the last sacrament to four of these fever victims. Save the winnowing sheet there was no roof nearer to me than the canopy of heaven."

"At this eviction, the wailing of women—the screams, terror and consternation of children—wringing tears of grief from all who saw them."

"I saw the officers and men of the police force cry like children at the cruel sufferings of the people. But it was notorious that the landlords for many miles in every direction warned the tenants, under threats of eviction, against extending to any of them a night's shelter."

"What became of the evicted tenants, Bishop?"

"Every landed proprietor for miles around warned the tenants with threats of the direst vengeance against daring to give to any one of these evicted families even a single night's lodging. Many of these poor people were unable to emigrate; while at home, by this heartless policy, every door was closed against them. I lost sight of many of them, as I was only on temporary duty at the parish; but I heard from those who lived there, that after struggling for a time with poverty and disease, they soon graduated from the workhouse to the tomb, and in little more than three years nearly a fourth of them were in their graves."

The Bishop regards the Land Bill, although inadequate to the demands of the situation, as a decided victory won by the Land League agitation—chiefly because it destroys both the arbitrary power and the social prestige of the landed class, in enabling the tenants to appeal from the landlords, who hitherto have had the sole voice in fixing the rent, to a court in which that power has been vested, and also in securing to a considerable extent, not only substantial security of tenure, but tenant's rights in improvements they may create or have created. The tenant-farmers, the Bishop remarked, have been no better than slaves hitherto, because their peace of mind, physical welfare, the very privilege of living in the house built by their own parents, in which they were born—their right to live on the farms that their ancestors had reclaimed by their toil—all depended on the caprice or will of an irresponsible landlord, who could call on the civil power to back him in enforcing his behests.

The Bishop gave me a Pastoral, in which, after describing this scene, he added that it was an exceptional event occurring in a remote locality where public opinion could not reach and expose it. Quite the reverse.

"Every county, barony, poor-law union," writes the Bishop, "and indeed every parish in the diocese, is perfectly familiar with evictions that are oftentimes surrounded by circumstances and distinguished by traits of darker and more disgusting atrocity. Quite near the town in which I write (Mullingar) and in the parish in which I lived, I lately passed through what might be characterized as a wilderness, in which, as far as the eye could reach, not a single human being, nor the vestige of a human habitation, was anywhere discernible. It was only with great difficulty, and much uncertainty, that I was able to distinguish the spot on which, till lately, stood one of the most respectable houses of this parish. A few miles further on I fell in with the scene of another extensive clearance, in which the houses that had sheltered three hundred human beings were razed to the ground some few years ago. That same proprietor desolated, in an adjoining parish, a densely populated district, by batches of so many families in each of a series of successive clearances. Seventeen families formed the first batch."

The Bishop does not favor the plan of migration from Mayo and other western coun-

ties into Meath, as he says that if the present great estates were divided they would give the actual agricultural population of Meath farms of fifty acres each—which is small enough to support a family in comfort. He was emphatic in his eulogies of this class of farmers—the men of fifty acres and thereabouts—describing them as thrifty, industrious and virtuous people.

The Bishop regards peasant proprietorship as the only solution that will be permanently satisfactory to the people of Ireland. While the Land Bill will not tend to break up the large farms and estates, the Bishop thought that this result would be brought about more rapidly than was commonly believed by American competition, which is already making grazing unprofitable in Ireland. He regards the Land Bill as an excellent auxiliary to this American competition in bringing the agrarian agitation to a successful conclusion.

JAMES REDPATH.

MR. PARNELL'S APPEAL TO THE VOTERS.

The following is the letter of Mr. Parnell and the leaders of the Irish Party to the Irish electors of Great Britain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, June 29, 1881.

The approach of the period for the registration of voters induces us to make an appeal to our countrymen in England, in connection with this important subject. Anybody acquainted with the conditions of political and party life in England will know that the Irish vote must always be an important one, sometimes even the balancing factor in the strife of parties. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in ordinary times, and when no great wave of excitement or passion rises to float one of the great English parties into power, the Irish vote can turn the whole political scale. Even at the last general election, when the Liberal party was so well organized and so ably led, and when it had the advantage of a popular cry, the victory of the Liberal party would have been incomplete without the assistance of the Irish electors in England. In many of the most important English constituencies, especially in the north of England, the majority by which the Liberal members were returned consisted of Irish voters. It is notorious, too, that in such exceptional towns as Birmingham and Leeds, the two political parties are so evenly balanced as to make a few votes all important. Indeed, it may well happen that even a score of voters can turn the scale. There is scarcely a town in England in which some of our countrymen have not taken refuge, driven from their homes by unjust and devastating laws; and thus there is scarcely a town in which the Irish exiles may not do something to advance the Irish cause. Recent events have brought out this fact into the strongest relief. Thus at Coventry, with an electorate of some 9,000 voters, a few hundred Irish voters won the seat, and in Knaresborough some thirty-two Irish voters procured the defeat of the candidate of the Ministry.

It is clear from these facts that the Irish vote could be made of importance even in constituencies where there lived comparatively few of the Irish race. The action taken by the present Ministry and the present Liberal representatives makes the organization of the Irish voters more necessary than ever. Several of the Liberal members who were most ardent in the cause of coercion were men who would not be in Parliament were it not for the Irish electors, and the Liberal party generally ought to have remembered that to put them in power many a Irishman went without his dinner, and gave free a half day's wages on the polling day. The Irish electors may have any day an opportunity of repaying the treacherous ingratitude of several Liberal representatives as it deserves, and this can only be done by the thorough organization of the Irish vote.

Finally, there never was a time when every man and woman of the Irish race had a higher call to put forth every exertion in the Irish cause. The people at home are passing a fierce struggle which will decide the great question whether Ireland belongs to the Irish nation or the alien garrison. While our brethren in the United States are supporting us with a boundless generosity which disconcerts the enemy and encourages the highest hopes, the ardent patriotisms by which the Irish in England and Scotland have always been animated, call upon them not to lag behind while their race everywhere else are now striving for the cause of our land.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES S. PARNELL.

NEW BISHOP OF HARBOR GRACE.

CONSECRATION OF MGR. McDONNELL AT PICTOU, N.S.

HALIFAX, N.S., Aug. 21.—Rev. Donald McDonald was consecrated in the Church of the Stella Maria, Pictou, this morning, to the Bishopric of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. Several hours before the opening services, people began to take seats, and by ten o'clock the church was filled with a congregation numbering fully two thousand, whilst many were unable to obtain admittance. Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, conducted the consecration, and solemn and impressive services were participated in by Archbishop Hannan, the Bishops of Newfoundland, St. John, Charlottetown, and Chatham, besides a large number of other clergy from this and the neighboring Provinces.

The letter of commission of appointment from Pope Leo XIII. being read, the new Bishop was invested with the insignia of office. Father Ryan, a Jesuit priest, from Montreal, delivered an eloquent sermon, taking for his text 1 Cor., 4th chap. and 1st v. Bishop McDonald has been stationed in Pictou for the past twenty years, and the separation from his people is keenly felt. The visiting clergy, to the number of about seventy, were entertained at a banquet this evening in the Convent.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT THE LAND BILL

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The World's special says:—The Radical press is aggressive and defiant. The Pall Mall Gazette, Daily News and leading Liberal journals of Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham are urging the Ministry not to negotiate a compromise, but to stand out against the lords and force that body into surrender. Certain London weeklies which have an enormous circulation among the working classes, as Lloyd's Weekly, Reynolds's and Weekly Dispatch, are serious, and leading minor organs such as the Echo and Chronicle, do not mince matters, but call on Mr. Gladstone to follow M. Gambetta's example and begin a crusade against the Upper House without delay. Conservative circles are astonished at the popular excitement, and the last thing the Tory leaders now think of is to force Mr. Gladstone to appeal to the country. There are dissensions in the Tory camp, and Lord Cairns and Sir Stafford Northcote, who are working to bring about a compromise, find that Mr. Gladstone is disposed to meet them on any reasonable basis.

DUBLIN, Aug. 16.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day, Mr. Sexton claimed that the League now ruled the country. It had prevented the celebration of Orange and Catholic anniversaries, which formerly caused bloodshed; it had caused a Parliamentary deadlock, compelled the law to stand at bay, and afterwards brought it in accordance with the principles of justice. Alluding to the hints that the League desired to maintain secrecy respecting its expenditures, Mr. Sexton said that, having to fight an infuriated class and a vindictive Government, capable of any meanness, they must have confidential proceedings. The time would come when the expenditure of every penny would be submitted to the strictest criticism.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—At the weekly meeting of the Land League, at Dublin, Mr. Sexton acknowledged subscriptions amounting to £783, of which sum £500 were from Australia.

The Orangemen have enlisted at Liverpool 400 laborers to reap the crops in "boycotted" districts of Ireland, and sixty of the number started for Dublin to-day.

DUBLIN, Aug. 19.—The popular organs, discussing the refusal of the Government to release the suspects, allude to the act of the American Government after the enfranchisement of the negroes as a precedent, and ask whether the joy of liberated slaves would not have been changed to indignation if they had heard of their champions dying in jail?

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—For, editor of the Irish World, denies the statement made to the House of Commons yesterday by Mr. Forster that the total subscription of the Irish World fund for the Land League was £48,000. Forster says the Irish World has contributed since last of January, 1881, about £30,000 or \$100,000.

THURSDAY, Aug. 20.—Mr. Dillon violently attacked the Government for not releasing the prisoners, and for not enlarging Davoy and Davitt. He urged the people not to forget that the Government insulted Father Sheehy and the rest of the suspects by imprisoning them. The military authorities at Limerick have been ordered to prepare flying detachments to proceed to different parts of Limerick County at a moment's notice. Disturbance is anticipated.

DUBLIN, Aug. 20.—The popular newspapers in Dublin express disappointment at the tone of Mr. Forster's and Mr. Gladstone's speeches during the debate on the Coercion Act on Wednesday, and echo the call made in Parliament for the release of the "suspects."

It is believed that Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, who in 1848 headed the Young Ireland party and subsequently emigrated to Australia, will endeavor to form a party in Ireland favorable to National aspirations but averse to Communistic ideas.

DUBLIN, Aug. 21.—It is probable that before the root crops are dug there will be a general strike of farm laborers in Ireland. They contend, with a good deal of force, that as the Land Bill will greatly benefit the tenant, he ought to pay his labourer better. Their demands are as follows:—First-class labourers who are not getting board and lodging in a farmer's house to have nine shillings per week, a house free, two tons of coal per year, the grazing of two sheep, half an acre of garden free; second-class labourers, who are doted in a farmer's house, to have six shillings per week, a house free, one ton of coal per year, half an acre of garden free and the grazing of two sheep. Any man having no sheep is to be entitled to £2 at the end of the year;—£1 for each sheep. Weekly man who do not get board and lodging to have 15 shillings per week, wet and dry, every man to stop at six o'clock. If a man requires more than half an acre of garden he is to pay the same rent as the farmer pays to the landlord. Any man working two hours overtime is entitled to a quarter of a day's pay. Servant boys to have £9 per year. Servant, £14 per year. No farmer to lend a man to another while he can get a man who is out of employment.

Mr. Parnell is agitating for the protection of Irish manufacturers.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The Times says: "Although there will be no general amnesty of the 'suspects' in Ireland, it is stated that Father

Sheehy, Kettle, and about six others, will be liberated before Parliament rises."

Parnell will issue an address to the Irish electors of Durham, asking them to vote for the Tory candidate and abstain from voting in the election for a member of Parliament to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Joicey (Liberal). There are 900 Irish electors in the constituency.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—On motion for going into Supply, Mr. Parnell moved that the Coercion Act had not been administered in accordance with the pledges Ministers gave when they induced Parliament to suspend the Constitution. He declared the action of the Government regarding coercion prevented gratitude for the Land Bill. It was well-known but for the Land League the whole strength of the Commons would have been unavailing to pass a Bill through the House of Lords. He thought the Irish people, if wise, would continue to rely upon their own exertions, which procured for them such an instalment of just rights.

Messrs. Lawlor, Daly and others followed Mr. Parnell, the principal point made by them all being that the power to arrest under the Coercion Act had been used to crush political agitation, and not against the ruffians whom Mr. Forster had denounced in his speech in introducing the Coercion Bill.

Mr. Johnson, Solicitor-General for Ireland, denied these accusations. He hoped before long, when peace and order has been thoroughly restored, the prison doors might be opened.

Mr. Anderson (advanced Liberal) joined Captain Nolan in the immediate release of the suspects. Captain Nolan said if the Government waited until every one in Ireland was contented with the Land Bill the release of the prisoners would be long deferred.

The debate was adjourned.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—In the House of Commons yesterday the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, during the debate on the motion to go into supply, stated that he had made an analysis of the subscriptions to the fund of the Land League with the following result:—Total receipts this year £10,707, of which the sum of £4,800 was from the Irish World. Other American subscriptions amount to £454, and there were from Great Britain £1, and from Ireland £162. The Daily News in a leading article this morning says:—We regret that the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, does not think the time ripe for discharging the suspects. We can only appeal to the Government to consider the whole question afresh.

Mr. Parnell gave notice to-day that he would to-morrow call attention to the re-arrest of Mr. Davitt, under his ticket-of-leave, and would move that the imprisonment of him has already suffered entitles him to a free pardon.

The Irish estimates have been disposed of, with the exception of five items. Among these is the vote for the constabulary.

The Attorney-General moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into corrupt practices at Wigan. The motion was rejected by a vote of 43 to 37.

Mr. Parnell, in calling attention to the re-arrest of Michael Davitt, and moving for his release from imprisonment, said it was currently believed that Mr. Davitt was arrested because he called Mr. Forster "Mr. Outrage Forster" in a speech. Mr. Parnell said it was the meanest, most contemptible act ever committed by the Government.

Sir William V. Harcourt, Home Secretary, justified the arrest of Mr. Davitt. He said that Mr. Davitt had returned to Ireland as an avowed Fenian, and had used language which no government in the world could tolerate. The Home Secretary incidentally said that he had often vainly tried to obtain a disavowal of Fenianism from Irish members of the House who supported the Land League. He intimated that they could not disavow the views of those who are supplying funds from America.

Mr. Parnell's motion for the release of Mr. Davitt was defeated by a vote of 62 to 19.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—In the House of Commons, last night, during the debate on the vote for the salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Parnell said he thought Mr. Forster was more detested by a large body of the Irish people than any of his predecessors on account of the mode in which he administered the Coercion Act and the general law of the country. He said if the Land Bill brought about a substantial abatement of rent the Irish would make the best of it and use it as an instrument for the attainment of complete land reform.

An angry debate took place this afternoon on Mr. Parnell's motion urging Mr. Davitt's liberation. Sir Wm. Harcourt again distinguished himself by unwise speech. He said that Fenianism was an exotic imported by Davitt from America, whereas it is well known that the latter always counselled constitutional agitation and deplored acts of violence. Only 19 members voted in favor of Mr. Parnell's motion. The generally accepted explanation of Lord Salisbury's sudden resolution to meet the Commons half way is that new elections could only have resulted in giving the balance of power to Mr. Parnell. Sir Gavin Duffy recommended the Irish people to accept the Land Bill. The Home Rulers discredited the rumor that he intends to form a new national party. Mr. Gladstone vaguely hints in private correspondence, that legislation on the English land laws is becoming a necessity.

"THE LAND LAW OF IRELAND, 1881."

LONDON, Aug. 22.—The Irish Land bill has received the Royal assent, and has become law. Its formal title is "The Land Law (Ireland) enacted 1881." The bill, as finally passed and engrossed, is a formidable document, and would fill about nine columns of the London Times. It consists of seven parts and a vast number of sections and sub-sections. It applies to Ireland only.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Father Nugent, of Liverpool, has arrived in Quebec.

The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union is in session at Toronto.

The Italian Government will maintain the law of Papal guarantees.

Cardinals Manning and Newman were among the specially invited mourners to Dean Stanley's funeral.

Pope Leo XIII. is recognized by the Italian law as a spiritual sovereign, and not as a subject of King Humbert.

Meetings in favor of the abolition of the laws of guaranty to the Pope have been held in all the chief cities of Italy.

An Algerian Roman Catholic missionary is in Quebec collecting money for church purposes in that distant locality.

The Polish Cardinal Ledochowski has asked the Pope to accept his resignation on account of his great physical infirmities.

The annual retreat of the Roman Catholic clergy of the Arch-Diocese of Quebec commenced on Tuesday at the Seminary.

The Pope has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor William, thanking him for the nomination of Dr. Korun as Bishop of Treves.

Rev. Father Duhamel, of the Basilica Ottawa, who has been laid up at the General Hospital for some time past, is reported to be in a low state.

The fifth anniversary of Archbishop Connolly's death was celebrated Wednesday last in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax. Archbishop Hannan, Monsignor Power, Canon Woods and all the local clergymen took part in the procession.

The new St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg, Man., will be dedicated on the first Sunday in September. An invitation has been extended by His Grace Archbishop Taché to Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, to preach the inaugural sermon.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, FLUSHING, N. Y.

Crowning one of the fair eminences in the picturesque little town of Flushing, Long Island, stands the Convent of St. Joseph, presenting to the beholder's eye a picture of quiet beauty and serene repose that lingers in the mind long after one has passed beyond its fair and leafy environs. None can approach it without feeling that the site was most happily chosen, for it commands at one side a view of the swelling mounts and rolling meadows of Long Island, and away to the front spread the ample reaches of Flushing Bay, forming a fore-ground of rare beauty, and adding in no measure to the health and salubrity of the favored places along its shores.

On Wednesday morning, the 17th instant, the Convent was the scene of a most interesting and impressive ceremony, when two young ladies made their vows and one received the holy habit of the Order. Solemn High Mass was sung in the beautiful chapel of the Convent, Rev. Father Doherty, who is affectionately remembered by the parishioners of St. Ann's, Montreal, being celebrant, with Rev. Fathers Donnelly and McKenna of Flushing as Deacon and Sub-deacon. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice Miss Emma McConigal was received into the community by the respected pastor of Flushing, Rev. Father McKenna, who gave her as her name in religion Sister Mary Emmeline. Sister St. Roch (Miss Barry) and Sister St. William (Miss Alice Quinlan), daughter of the late Michael Quinlan, and sister of Mr. T. J. Quinlan, of Montreal, then made the vows required by the Order, and received their cross at the hands of Father McKenna, who declared them professed Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph's. The highly edifying ceremony which was then brought to a close was one which shall long be remembered by those who had the happiness of being present.

The Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph was founded over 200 years ago, and in September, 1850, the first house of the community was established in the diocese of Brooklyn. Shortly after the property on which St. Joseph's Convent now stands was purchased, and in time the fair proportions of the present edifice began to rise and rapidly reached completion. To-day it stands a graceful monument of the good Sisters' holy zeal, and the amount of good performed by its pious inmates ever since in training up young ladies to walk along the lofty pathway of Christian dignity and religious duty cannot easily be imagined, such facts described. For the past thirteen years the Convent has been under the direction of the good and kind Rev. Mother Teresa, who has so successfully carried on the good work begun by her predecessors, that St. Joseph's Convent, as it now stands, reflects the highest credit on the diocese to which it belongs. The convent is the pride and boast of the Catholics of Brooklyn and deservedly so, but its merits are not unknown or unappreciated beyond the limits of that diocese. From almost every State in the Union, pupils have come to this calm retreat of learning beside the shores of Flushing Bay; and in many of the most distant homes of the land, there are those who cherish the sweetest and happiest memories of St. Joseph's. That institutions such as this continue to spread, and flourish should be the earnest hope of all who have the welfare of their country at heart, and the first and surest means to effect this end is to tender them a prompt and generous patronage and support. There is no parent that can disdain that does not desire a sound and thorough education for his children, and one that stands out boldly that nowhere can his fact stand out more prominently than in their temporal and eternal welfare than in such establishments as that managed by the good Sisters of St. Joseph at Flushing.

1881

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXII.

She hurried upstairs and disappeared. Neither of the two spoke. Lady Helena's face was still hidden. She knew that she was crying—sighing, miserable tears—tears that were for him. Her good pale, composed, expectant—waiting for the end—

"Come up," Miss Catheron's soft voice at the head of the stairs called. Once more he gave his arm, once more in silence they went in together. A breathless hush seemed to lie upon the house and all within it. Not a sound was to be heard except the soft rustle of the trees, the soft, ceaseless patter of the summer rain. In that silence they entered the chamber where the dying man lay. To the hour of his own death, that moment and all he saw was photographed indelibly upon Sir Victor Catheron's mind. The dim gray light of the room, the great white bed in the centre, and the awfully corpse-like face of the man lying among the pillows, and gazing at him with hollow, spectral eyes. His father—at last!

He advanced to the bedside as though under a spell. The spectral blue eyes were fixed upon him steadfastly, the pallid lips slowly opened and spoke. "Like me—as I was—like me. Ethel's son."

"My father." He was on his knees—a great awe upon him. It was the first time in his young life he had ever been in the presence of death. And the dying was his father, and his father whom he had never seen before.

"Like me," the faint lips repeated; "my face, my height, my name, my age." Like me. O God! will his end be like mine? A thrill of horror ran through all his hearers. His son strove to take his hand; it was withdrawn. Arown wrinkled the pallid brow.

"Wait," he said plaintively; "don't touch me; don't speak to me. Wait. Sit down; don't kneel to me. You don't know what you are about to hear. Inez, tell him now."

She closed the door—still with that changeless face—and looked it. It seemed as though, having suffered so much, nothing had power to move her outwardly now. She placed a chair for Lady Helena away from the bed—Lady Helena, who had stood aloof and not spoken to the dying man yet. She placed a chair for Sir Victor, and motioned him to seat himself, then drew another close to the bedside, stooped, and kissed the dying man. Then in a voice that never faltered, never failed, she began the story she had to tell.

place, was to be Kensal Green, not the Catheron vaults; that the secret of his life and death was still to be kept inviolate, and that (in this part of the note he grew impassioned; earnest) their marriage was not to be postponed. On the third of October, as all had been arranged it was still to take place. No other note followed. If Miss Darrell had been in love with her future husband, this profound silence must have wounded, surprised, grieved her. But she was not in love. He must be very much occupied, she carelessly thought, since he could not find time to drop her a daily bulletin—then dismissed the matter indifferently from her mind.

Late in the evening of the sixth day Sir Victor and Lady Helena returned home. Edith stood alone awaiting them, dressed in black silk, and with soft white lace and ruby ornaments, and looking very hard some.

Her lover rushed in and caught her in his arms with a sort of rapturous, breathless delight. "My love! my life!" he cried, "every hour has been an agony since I said good-bye!"

She drew herself from him. Sir Victor in the calm, courteous character of a perfectly unadventurous suitor, she tolerated. Sir Victor in the role of Romeo was excessively distasteful to her. She drew herself out of his arms coldly and decisively.

"I am glad to see you back Sir Victor." But the stereotyped words of welcome fell chill on his ears. "You are not looking well. I am afraid you have been very much harassed since you left."

Surely he was not looking well. In those six days he had grown more than six years older. He had lost flesh and color; there was an indescribable something in his face and expression she had never seen before. More had happened than the death of the father he had never known, to alter him like this. She looked at him curiously. Would he tell her?

He did not. Not looking at her, with his eyes fixed moodily on the wood fire smouldering on the hearth, he repeated what his letter had already said. His father had died the morning of their arrival in London; they had buried him quietly and unobtrusively, by his request, in Kensal Green Cemetery; no one was to be told, and the wedding was not to be postponed. All this he said as a man repeats a lesson learned by rote—his eyes never once meeting hers.

She stood silently by, looking at him, listening to him. Something lay behind, then, that she was not to know. Well, it made them quits—she didn't care for the Catheron family secrets; if it were something unpleasant, as well not know. If Sir Victor told her, very well; if not, very well also. She cared little either way.

"Miss Catheron remains at St. John's Wood, I suppose?" she inquired indifferently, feeling in the pause that ensued she must say something.

"She remains—yes—with her two old servants for the present. I believe her ultimate intention is to go abroad."

"She will not return to Cheshire?"

A spasm of pain crossed his face; there was a momentary contraction of the muscles of his mouth.

o'clock; the place, Chesholm church. The bridesmaids would arrive at ten—the Earl of Wroamore, the father of the Ladies Gwendoline and Laura Drexel, was to give the bride away. They would return to Powys-place and eat the sumptuous breakfast—then off and away to the pretty town in North Wales. That was the programme. "When to-morrow comes," Edith thinks, "as she wanders about the house "will it be carried out?"

It occurred that on the bridal eve Miss Darrell was attacked with headache and sore throat. She had lingered heedlessly out in the rain the day before (one of her old habits to escape from Sir Victor, if the truth must be told), and paid the natural penalty next day. It would never do to be harassed as a novice on one's wedding-day, so Lady Helena insisted on a wet napkin round the throat, a warm bath, gruel, and early to bed. Willingly enough the girl obeyed—too glad to have this last evening alone. Immediately after dinner she bade her adieu to her bridegroom-elect, and went away to her own room.

The short October day had long ago darkened down, the curtains were drawn, a fire burned, the candles were lit. She took the bath, the gruel, and the wet napkin, and let herself be tucked up in bed.

"Romantic," she thought, with a laugh at herself, "for a bride."

Lady Helena—was it a presentiment of what was so near?—lingered by her side long that evening, and, at parting, for the first time took her in her arms and kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," the tender, tremulous tones said. "I pray you may make him happy—I pray that he may make you."

She lingered yet a little longer—her heart seemed dull, her eyes were shining through tears. Words seemed trembling on her lips—words she had not courage to say. For Edith, surprised and moved, she put her arms round the kind old neck, and hid her face for a moment on the genial old bosom.

"I will try," she whispered, "dear, kind Lady Helena—indeed I will try to be a good and faithful wife."

One last kiss, then they parted; the door closed behind her, and Edith was alone.

She lay as usual, high up among the billowy pillows, her hands clasped above her head, her dark, dreaming eyes fixed on the fire. She looked at though she were thinking, but she was not. Her mind was simply a blank. She was vaguely and idly watching the flickering shadows cast by the firelight on the wall, the gleam of yellow moonlight shimmering through the curtains; listening to the faint sighing of the night wind, the ticking of the little fanciful clock, to the pretty plaintive tunes it played before it struck the hour. Nine, ten, eleven—she heard them all, as she lay there, broad awake, neither thinking nor stirring.

Her maid came in for her last orders; she bade the girl good-night, and told her to go to bed—she wanted nothing more. Then again she was alone. But now a restlessness, as little to be understood as her former listless apathy, took hold of her. She could not lie there and sleep; she could not lie there awake. As the clock chimed twelve, she started up in bed in a sudden panic. Twelve! A new day—her wedding-day!

Impossible to lie there quiet any longer. She sprang up, locked her door, and began, in her long, white night-gown, pacing up and down. So another hour passed. One! One from the little Swiss musical clock; one, solemn and sombre, from the big clock up in the tower. Then she stopped—stopped in thought; then she walked to one of her boxes, and took out a writing-case, always kept locked. With a key attached to her neck she opened it, seated herself before a table, and drew forth a package of letters and a picture. The picture was the handsome photographed face of Charlie Stuart; the letters, the letters he had written her to Sandy-point.

sun, certainly looked much more like it than the quiet bride. She was pale, nervous, agitated beyond anything the girl had ever seen.

"How had Edith slept? How was her cold? How did she feel?"

"Never better," Miss Darrell responded smilingly. "The sore throat and headache are quite gone, and I am ready to do justice to the nice breakfast which I see Emily has brought."

She sat down to it—chocolate, rolls, an omelette and a savory little bird, with excellent and unromantic appetite. The service was cleared away, and the real business of the day began. She was under the hands of her maid, deep in the mysteries of the wedding toilette.

At ten came the bridesmaid, a brilliant berry, in sweeping trains, walking visions of silk, tulle, lace, perfume, and flowers. At half-past ten Miss Darrell, "queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls," stood in their midst ready for the altar.

She looked beautiful. It is an understood thing that all brides, whatever their appearance on the ordinary occasions of life, look beautiful on this day of days. Edith Darrell had never looked so stately, so queenly, so handsome in her life. Just a thought pale, not not unbecomingly so—the rich, glistening white silk sweeping far behind her, set off well the fine figure, which fitted without flaw. The dark, proud face shone like a star from the misty folds of the bridal veil; the legendary orange blossoms crowned the rich, dark hair; on neck, ears, and arms glistened a priceless parure of pearls, the gift, like the dress and veil, of Lady Helena.

A fragrant bouquet of spotless white had been sent up by the bridegroom. At a quarter to eleven she entered the carriage and was driven to the church.

As she lay back, and looked dreamily out, the mellow October sunshine lighting the scene, the joy-bells clashing, the listless apathy of the past few days took her again. She took note of the trifles about her—her maid rejected all else. How yellow were the fields of stubble—how picturesque, gilded in the sunshine, the village of Chesholm looked. How glowing and rosy the faces of the people who looked in their gaily beamed carriages at the bridal pageant. Was it health and happiness, or was it water only? wondered the bride. These were her wandering thoughts—these alone.

They reached the little church. All the way from the carriage to the stone porch the charity children strove her path with flowers, and sang (out of tune) a bridal anthem. She smiled down upon their vulgar, admiring little faces as she went by on the Earl of Wroamore's arm. The church was filled. Was seeing her married worth all this trouble to these good people, she wondered, as she walked up the aisle, still on the arm of the Right Honorable the Earl of Wroamore.

There was of course, a large throng of invited guests. Lady Helena was there in pale, flowing silks, the bridesmaids, a billowy crowd of white-plumaged birds, and the bridegroom, with a face whiter than the white waistcoat, standing waiting for his bride. And there, in surprise, book in hand, stood the rector of Chesholm and his curate, ready to tie the untieable knot.

A low, hushed murmur ran through the church at sight of the silver-shining figure of the bride. How handsome, how stately, how perfectly self-possessed and calm. Truly, if beauty and high-bred repose of manner be any palliation of low birth and obscurity, this American young lady had it.

An instant passes—she is kneeling by Sir Victor Catheron's side. "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" says the urbane tones of the rector of Chesholm, and the Right Honorable the Earl of Wroamore comes forward on two rickety old legs and gives her away. "If any one here present knows any just cause or impediment why this man should not be married to this woman, I charge him, etc.; but no one knows. The solemn words go on. "Will thou take Edith Darrell to be thy wedded wife?" "I will," Sir Victor Catheron responds, but in broken, inarticulate tones. It is the bride's turn. "I will!" The clear, firm voice is perfectly audible in the almost painfully intense stillness. The ring slips over her finger; she watches it curiously. "I pronounce ye man and wife," says the rector. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

landscape, steeped in the amber glitter of the October afternoon sun.

She looks across at the man she has married—did ever mortal man before on his wedding-day wear such a stony face as that? And yet he has married her for love—for love alone. Was ever another bridal journey performed like this—in profound gravity and silence on both sides—she wonders, half inclined to laugh.

They reach, Wales. The sun is setting redly over mountains and sea. The carriage is awaiting them; she enters, and lies back wearily with closed eyes. She is dead tired and depressed; she is beginning to feel the want of last night's sleep, and in a weary way is glad when the Carnarvon cottage is reached. Sir Victor's man, my lady's maid, and two Welsh servants came forth to meet them; and on Sir Victor's arm she enters the house.

She goes at once to her dressing-room, to rest, to bathe her face, and remove her wraps, performing those duties herself, and disengaging her maid. As she and Sir Victor separate, he mutters some half-incoherent words—he will take a walk and smoke a cigar before dinner, while she is resting. He is gone even while he says it, and she is alone.

She removes her gloves, hat, and jacket bathes her face, and descends to the little cottage drawing-room. It is quite deserted—sleepy silence everywhere reigns. She throws herself into an easy-chair beside the open window, and looks listlessly out. Ruby, and purple, and golden, the sun is setting in a radiant sky—the yellow sea creeps up on silver sands—old Carnarvon Castle gleams and glows in the rainbow light, like a fairy palace. It is unutterably beautiful, unutterably dreary and dull. And, while she thinks it, her heavy eyelids waver and fall, her head sinks back, and Edith falls fast asleep.

Fast asleep; and a mile away, Sir Victor Catheron paces up and down a strip of tawny sand the sea lapping softly at his feet, the birds singing in the branches, not a human soul far or near.

He is not smoking that before-dinner cigar—he is striding up and down more like an escaped Badlamite than anything else. His hat is drawn over his eyes, his brows are knit, his lips set tight, his hands are clenched. Presently he pauses, leans against a tree, and looks, with eyes full of some haggard horrible despair, out over the red light on sea and sky. And, as he looks, he falls down suddenly, as though some inspiration had seized him, upon his knees, and lifts his clasped hands to that radiant sky. A prayer, that seems frenzied in its agonized intensity, bursts from his lips—the sleeping sea, the twittering birds, the rustling leaves, and he who made them, alone are to hear. Then he falls forward on his face, and lies like a stone.

Is he mad? Surely no sane man ever acted, or looked, or spoke like this. He lies so—prostrate, motionless—for upward of an hour, then slowly and heavily he rises. His face is calmer now; it is the face of a man who has fought some desperate fight, and gained some desperate victory—one of those victories more cruel than death.

He turns and goes hence. He crushes through the tall, dewy grass, his white face set in a look of iron resolution. He is ghastrly beyond all feeling; dead and in his coffin he will hardly look more dead-like. He reaches the cottage, and the first sight upon which his eyes rest is his bride peacefully asleep in the chair by the still open window. She looks lovely in her slumber, and peaceful as a little child—no very terrible sight surely. But as his eyes fall upon her, he recalls in some great horror, as a man may who has received a blinding blow.

"Asleep," his pale lips whisper; "asleep—so she was!"

He stands spell-bound for a moment—then he breaks away headlong. He makes his way to the dining-room. The table, all bright with damask, silver, crystal and cut flowers, stands spread for dinner. He takes from his pocket a note-book and pencil, and still standing, writes rapidly down one page. Without reading, he folds and seals the sheet, and slowly and with dragging steps returns to the room where Edith sleeps. On the threshold he lingers—he seems afraid—afraid to approach. But he does approach at last. He places the note he has written on a table, he draws near his sleeping bride, he kneels down and kisses her hands, her dress, her hair. His haggard eyes burn on her face, their mesmeric light disturbs her. She murmurs and moves restlessly in her sleep. In an instant he is on his feet; in another, he is out of the room and the house; the deepening twilight takes him, and he is gone.

A train an hour later passes through Carnarvon on its way to London. One passenger alone awaits it at the station—one passenger who enters an empty first-class compartment and disappears. Then it goes shrieking on its way, bearing with it to London the bridegroom, Sir Victor Catheron.

"Sir Victor, my lady—I thought Sir Victor was here, my lady."

"Sir Victor has not been here since half an hour after our arrival." He went out for a walk; as you very well know. I ask you if he has returned."

"Sir Victor returned more than an hour ago, my lady. I saw him myself. You were asleep, my lady, at the window as he came up. He went into the dining-room and wrote a letter; I saw it in his hand. And then, my lady, he came in here."

"The man passed, and again peered around the room. Edith listened in growing surprise.

"I thought he was here still, my lady, so did Hemi, or we would have taken the liberty of entering and closing the window. We were sure he was here. He certainly entered with the letter in his hand. It's odd."

"Again there was a pause. Again Mr. Jamieson—

"If your ladyship will hallow, I will light the candles here, and then go and ascertain whether Sir Victor is in any of the other rooms."

"She made an affirmative gesture, and returned to the window. The man lit the candles; a second after, an exclamation started her.

"The note, my lady! Here it is."

It lay upon the table; she walked over and took it up. In Sir Victor's hand, and addressed to herself! What did this mean? She stood looking at it a moment—then she turned to Jamieson.

"That will do," she said, briefly; "if I want you I will ring."

The man bowed and left the room. She stood still, holding the unopened note, strangely reluctant to break the seal. What did Sir Victor mean by absconding himself and writing her a note? With an effort she unlocked herself at last, and tore it open. It was strangely scrawled, the writing half illegible; slowly and with difficulty she made it out. This was what she read—

Vertical text in the right margin, likely bleed-through or a separate column of text.

LATEST IRISH MAIL NEWS.

(From the Dublin Nation, Aug. 6th.) Mr. Jordan, President of the Enniskillen branch of the Land League, has been unanimously elected chairman of the Enniskillen Town Commissioners.

SCOTCH NEWS.

The following gentlemen have passed their second professional examination at the Glasgow University.—Archd McKenzie (with distinction), J O Jones, A D Macgregor, J B Mackenzie, James Milne, F de V Moll, Arthur R Hood, B J A Moore, G E Morganrood, G H L O'Neil, J B Phillips, Chas O Scott, B Shaw Simpson and Harry Scott.

It was taken to Mavisbank Quay. Deceased was about 27 years of age. At Linlithgow Sheriff Summary Criminal Court, on 23rd July, Daniel Garberry, a miner, was charged—before Sheriff Osborne, with being implicated in the recent riot at Broxburn in which a mob numbering over 300 attacked a police constable when apprehending a prisoner, maltreated that officer, and badly and rescued the prisoner. Garberry pleaded not guilty. From the evidence it appeared that Constable Thom was alone in the town at the time of the riot, his colleague constable, Hodge, being absent on duty.

PROSPECTUS MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE, MONTREAL. This Institution—under the business management of Prof. T. Russell, who was for many years teacher of the Graduating Commercial Class at St. Laurent College, St. Laurent and Mason College, Terrebonne, is intended, mainly, to prepare boys and young men, who may be all themselves of the religious, moral, social and business life, with propriety, to take their places in the front rank of educated Business men.

McGRAIL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRUIT & PROVISIONS. 341 & 343 Commissioner Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. Consignments solicited for the sale of PORK, LARD, HAMS, EGGS, BUTTER, OLIVES, POTATOES, APPLES, STRAWBERRIES, PEACHES, &c. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. 3417

1881. CANADA'S GRAND EXHIBITION! TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL, FROM 14th to 23rd of SEPTEMBER. \$25,000 IN PRIZES. This Exhibition promises to surpass any that has heretofore been held in the Dominion.

CANADIAN CHOLERA.

This terrible disease is but little less fatal than real Asiatic cholera, and requires equally prompt treatment. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will cure it as well as all other forms of bowel complaints of infants or adults if used in proper time.

FEEL MYSELF AS GOOD AS NEW!
 From Mrs. S. B. Bann, of West Fairlee, Vt.
 For seven or eight years I have been in poor health, and for the past year very feeble. My flesh and strength wasted away, until I was unable to work or even to go up stairs without great exhaustion. I suffered from frequent and distressing attacks of palpitation of the heart, my feet distressed me, causing aching and pain in the stomach; and I suffered from extreme nervousness, constipation and debility of the system generally, my weight being thin and poor and sluggish in all respects. I was for years suffering all the symptoms of a confirmed dyspeptic. About six months since I concluded I would try a bottle of **PARVIAN SYRUP**, and received so much benefit from it that I purchased five bottles more, and have continued the use of the Syrup until quite recently. It has renewed my health to such an extent that I feel myself as good as new. My digestion is good and my weight has increased in the past four months from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty-eight pounds; my strength has returned, and my general health is thus wonderfully improved, and I can truly say I owe it all to the use of your **PARVIAN SYRUP**.
 Sold by all druggists.

FRAGMENTS.

It is expected that fifty miles of the South Western Railway, Manitoba, will be ready for traffic by Nov. 1st.
 An association of coal owners and managers has been formed at Cape Breton, with a capital of \$50,000.
 A private still in operation has been discovered in a house on Queen street east, Ottawa. Two men were arrested.
 The Imperial family of Russia, since their return to St. Petersburg, have been paying particular attention to military matters.
 The Czar is endeavoring to create better relations between himself and the army, as the nihilists aim at winning over the sympathies of the army.
 Coxswain O'Dowd, while handling a pistol on board the police steam launch, yesterday morning, at Quebec, accidentally shot a comrade named Dailis.
 Owing to the large number of desertions from the Department of the Interior have found it necessary to secure additional recruits for the N. W. mounted police force.
 O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn., writes: "I was suffering the most excruciating pain from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' **ELECTRIC OIL** afforded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure."
 With the exception of being addressed on parade as "gentlemen," the English household cavalry has now been placed on a footing with the rest of the service (one privilege after another having been gradually withdrawn), and is to be supplied with ordinary equipments.
 The creditors of the Glasgow Bank have now received 90 per cent of their claims. Of 1,819 shareholders, only 289 remain. The others are ruined. Nearly 600 gave up all they had, and began the world again. To the trustees of the relief fund, which exceeded \$1,950,000, there were 800 applications for aid.
 Here is a description of Henry Irving, the famous London actor, not in accord with the general praise: "The American tourist sees only a very ugly and very painstaking, but weak and insufficient actor, with an unpleasant voice and an artificial and staid delivery, and the most atrocious pair of legs that an eminent tragedian was ever afflicted with."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS. Sudden changes of temperature sorely try all persons prone to rheumatism, sciatica, tic doloureux, and many maladies scarcely less painful, though of shorter duration. On the first attack of stiffness or suffering in any muscle, joint, or nerve, recourse should immediately be had to fomenting the seat of disease with hot brine and rubbing in this remarkable Ointment, which will assuage the uneasiness of the part, subdue inflammation, and reduce the swelling. The Pills, simultaneously taken, will rectify constitutional disturbances and renew the strength. No remedy heretofore discovered has proved so effective as the Ointment and Pills for removing gouty, rheumatic, and scrofulous attacks, which afflict all ages, and are commonly called hereditary.

TRIED AND TRUE!
 How sad to contemplate the fact, that for the sake of gain, would-be philanthropists have introduced patent medicines and drugs (vile compounds) which are advertised to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Verily they have their reward. Thousands are annually sent to their graves through the use of such compounds. **Baxter's Mandrake Bitters** have come before a discerning public, without any loud trumpeting. They have been tried and have not been found wanting. They are daily gaining in public favor, and for dyspepsia, jaundice, and biliousness have no equal.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.
 "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the Great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G28]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!
 Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever read it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G28]

People look round after a nice head of hair in the street so rare has that beautiful ornament become at the present day. Why, is this? It certainly is not the fault of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer which is an almost infallible remedy against prematurely gray hair or dull hair which has lost its natural gloss. Sold by all chemists.

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.
 Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souvielle's spirometer, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe; instructions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address; physicians and sufferers invited to try the instrument at the Doctor's office, Montreal, without charge. Send for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-aided surgeon French army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

Why should not truth be acknowledged? These wonderful instruments are the discovery of the age, and people need no longer fear chest diseases until its very last stage. Read the following and see the wonderful cures effected by these instruments, which convey medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease:—
 MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881.
 DEAR DOCTOR,—I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of catarrh and bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.
 Yours truly,
 C. HILL.

MONTREAL, January, 1881.
 Dr. M. Souvielle, Montreal.
 DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with my catarrh in the head and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies.
 Yours, respectfully,
 S. HILTON,
 Montreal.

Mr. Benj. A. Drake, 162 St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.
 Mr. Hunter, student at McGill College, who suffered from chest disease, is now cured. Also the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Benoit, 114 Cathedral street, daughter of Mr. David Perrault, who suffered from asthma and bronchitis for over eight years, and who is now perfectly cured. Hundreds of similar authentic testimonials can be seen at Dr. M. Souvielle's office, 13 Phillips square. Instruments expressed to any address.

POND'S EXTRACT FOR PAIN.—You seldom see much allusion to it in the public prints, yet its sale has extended to all parts of the world.

Farms For Sale.
FOR SALE.
 SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS.
 AND ALSO
 City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.
 Apply to **TRUST & LOAN CO.** of Canada, 14 St. James Street.

Undertakers.
CASKETS AND COFFINS.
 The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drew, has been bought out by the undersigned. A large assortment is now on hand and will be sold at moderate prices. Those requiring the like will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere. Burial Boxes and Plates always on hand. Hearses always on hand.
 DANIEL SHANKS,
 349 Huntingdon, P.Q.

Church Ornaments.
Surgical Friction & Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF CHURCH ORNAMENTS STATUES &c.
 252 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.
 Nov 17, 80 14 G

Dye Works.
THE WEALTH OF NATIONS
 consists in the individual economy of the people. Therefore all the people of Montreal should have their Dresses, Coats, Pants, Shawls, Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, &c. &c. cleaned or dyed at the **ROYAL DYE WORKS**, the place where good work and satisfaction is guaranteed.
ROYAL DYE WORKS,
 706 CRAIG STREET,
 JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.
 Established 1870.

Books For Sale.
THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED,
 Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00
 Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c
 Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 figures, 9x11. \$1.00
 Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24 60c
SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
LANE & CO.,
 361 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

Bells, &c.
CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO.,
 SUCCESSOR TO
MENEELY & KIMBERLY.
 Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y.
 Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.
 Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request.
 20 Feb, 78-79

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY
 Sole of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent free.
WANDUZEN & TIFF, Cincinnati, O.
 Nov. 3, 80. 12-3

Miscellaneous.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & CO.** Portland, Maine. 7-6
\$7 a WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address **TRACY & CO.** Augusta, Maine. 7-6
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address **H. HALLISTON & CO.** Portland, Maine. 7-6

NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency.
 No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager. I am authorized to receive advertisements for this Paper. 14

Medical.
N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAEMIC ELIXIR
 Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season. People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once.
Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no cough remedy has stood the test like **Downs' Elixir**.
 Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.
Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS
 Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliousness. Price 25 cents per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.
HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT
 For Man and Beast. The most perfect Liniment ever compounded. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. For Sale Everywhere.
 Sept 8, '80. 4-17

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.
CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder and certain.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Is the greatest Blood Purifier in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Regulates the Bowels and Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Is not a cheap Rum Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS
 Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c PER BOTTLE.

Is sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally and if they have not got it and have not energy enough to order it, write us and we will tell you where you can get it.
 F. M. CARPENTER,
 Waterloo, Ont.

International Banking Co.,
 No. 160 Broadway, New York City.
 ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
 N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the TRUE WITNESS.
 The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

Professional Cards.
DR. J. L. LEPROHON.
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
 237 ST. ANTOINE STREET.
 45 G

DR. KANNON,
 C.M.M.D., M.C.P.S.
 Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, &c. 200 St. Joseph Street, (over McGill's Drug Store.) 18 G

J. N. ROUSSEL,
 NOTARY PUBLIC,
 Huntingdon, P.Q.

Musical Instruments.
THE "WEBER."
 "All Artists give them the Preference."
 —New York Herald.
 "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."
 —Centennial Judges.

Used in all the Leading Convents of the United States.
 "There is an extraordinary richness and purity of tone—a capacity of porting feeling, and a wonderful power of expression in the Weber Piano."—TRIALO COMPANY, Tenor of H. M.'s Opera.
 "The wealth and fashion of the mezzopiano call it their piano, and not to have a Weber Piano in the drawing-room would argue lack of musical taste or deficiency of the requisite amount of greenbacks."—New York Tribune.
 "Weber's Pianos were undoubtedly the best on exhibition at the Weber Grand Piano was the finest we ever touched or heard. His places are undoubtedly the best in America—probably in the world."—CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR CANADA,
NEW YORK PIANO CO.,
 226 & 228 St. James Street, Montreal.

NOTICE!
 We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our large and varied stock of **MARBLE MONUMENTS,** HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c., &c., which for neatness, beauty of design and prices defy competition.
MARBLE AND LimestONE POSTS, for enclosing lots, always on hand.
 Terms easy. The trade supplied. All work guaranteed.
CUNNINGHAM BROS.,
 91 BLEURY STREET.

Stove Polish.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
 For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Cheapness, Unequalled.
MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.
 Each package of the genuine bears our Trade Mark—a out of the Rising Sun.
 Trade Mark Copyrighted in U. S. in 1878 Registered in U. S. Patent Office 1879. Registered in Canada 1879.
LYMAN, BONS & CO.,
 Montreal Agents.
 Registered in Great Britain in 1880

Musical Instruments.
BEATTY
 Pianos Another battle on high priced Ragging War on the monopolist renewed.
 See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying. Put Cash Down. Ready Cash War Circular. Lowest prices ever given. Organ Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

Finance.
WITH FIVE DOLLARS
 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
Imperial Austrian 1000. Government Bond
 IS-USED IN 1884.

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings **FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY.**
 Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no BLANKS.
 The Three Highest Prizes Amount to
200,000 Florins,
20,000 Florins,
15,000 Florins,

Any bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 200 Florins. The next drawing takes place on the 1st of September, and every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of September, is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.
 Out-of-town orders sent in Registered Letters and inclosing Five Dollars will secure one of these Bonds for the next Drawing.
 For orders, circulars, and any other information address:

International Banking Co.,
 No. 160 Broadway, New York City.
 ESTABLISHED IN 1874.
 N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the TRUE WITNESS.
 The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

Fruit.
PEACHES FOR PIES.
 In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe that are rather too soft to use for table fruit, which we put in gallon cans without sugar, expressly for pies. As they are pared, they make very nice Peach Pies.
RICHARD & ROBBINS,
 DOVER, DELAWARE.
 A small consignment of above received by N. & R.'s Sole Consignees, and now ready for delivery to the trade.
W.M. JOHNSON & CO.,
 77 St. James Street - - MONTREAL.

Baking Powder.
THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER!
 Absolutely pure; is the best in the world. Try it and be convinced. Patronized by Her Royal Highness—Princess Louise. Send 6c in postage stamps for sample, and the Princess Baking Powder letters from Princess Louise, receipts, etc., or 30c for a Half-Pound Can; post free. Address: **WM. LUNAN & SON,** Proprietors, St. John, N.B.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:
 Tees, Costigan & Wilson, 100 St. Peter Street, Montreal.
 Wm. Johnson & Co., 77 St. James St., Montreal.
 Jas. Rowson, 14 King St. West, Toronto.
 F. R. Butcher, St. John, N.B.
 W. L. Mackenzie, Winnipeg, Manitoba. 5017

Musical Instruments.
THE "WEBER."
 "All Artists give them the Preference."
 —New York Herald.
 "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."
 —Centennial Judges.

Used in all the Leading Convents of the United States.
 "There is an extraordinary richness and purity of tone—a capacity of porting feeling, and a wonderful power of expression in the Weber Piano."—TRIALO COMPANY, Tenor of H. M.'s Opera.
 "The wealth and fashion of the mezzopiano call it their piano, and not to have a Weber Piano in the drawing-room would argue lack of musical taste or deficiency of the requisite amount of greenbacks."—New York Tribune.
 "Weber's Pianos were undoubtedly the best on exhibition at the Weber Grand Piano was the finest we ever touched or heard. His places are undoubtedly the best in America—probably in the world."—CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR CANADA,
NEW YORK PIANO CO.,
 226 & 228 St. James Street, Montreal.

Medical.
LUBY'S
 A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was disconsolate, but fortunately found out in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic, and beside served as a rich perfume. The remedy was **LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.** Sold by all druggists.

FOR
 Semiramis, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects. It continued beautiful, flowing and glossy to the end of her life never as much as a grey hair daring to peep through it. It is probable she was acquainted with some remedy afterwards lost; but we have **LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.** Sold by all chemists.

THE
 On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!" Blank who is a young man and somewhat of a beau, felt annoyed at the fact of having his grey hairs discovered, but went immediately and procured a bottle of **LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER** for fifty cents. The result was amazing. It is sold by all chemists.

HAIR!
 How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends. The question is, how can these things be remedied? We answer by using **LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.** Sold by all chemists.

HOP BITTERS.
 (A Medicine, not a Drink.)
 CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.
 AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
 All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, especially Female Complaints.
\$1000 IN GOLD.
 Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything injurious or dangerous found in them.
 Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you decide. Take no other.
 D. J. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Brankness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
 SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
 All above sold by druggists.
 Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

RUPTURE!
THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO., 334 Bowers, N.Y., and 9 South 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa., cure Rupture in from 30 to 90 days, and will pay \$1,000 for a Rupture they can't cure. Send 25c for Book to Dr. C. C. HENNINGHAM, General Superintendent, at either Office, and be cured. 22 G

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNES
 Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's use of **DR. GULLARD'S** Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, most pain a free Trial Box. An Dr. Gullard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund you all money expended. All our bottles should state this Powders are early tried, and be convinced of their curative powers.
 Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by a trial, as they will surely cure you. Can not on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,
ASH & ROBBINS,
 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION Positively Cured.
 All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try **DR. HENNINGHAM'S** Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, all cases of our Cures in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will reward every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box, containing these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.
 Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by a trial, as they will surely cure you. Can not on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,
ASH & ROBBINS,
 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
 This Great Household Medicine Banks Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.
 These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels, giving tone, energy and vigor to those great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
 Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.
 FOR THE CURE OF
 Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!
 It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt in meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
 Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 588 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and tins, at 1s. 1d., 2s., 3s., 6s., 12s., 24s. and 48s. and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world.
 N. B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

IRISH MEMBERS AND THE HOLY FATHER.

Indignant at the outrage to the remains of the late Pontiff, the following address has been drawn up and signed by the Catholic members of Parliament representing Ireland:—

"MOST HOLY FATHER.—We, the undersigned Irish Catholic members of Parliament, desire to give expression to the feelings of grief and indignation with which we have heard of the outrage and insult offered to the remains of your illustrious predecessor, Pope Pius IX., in the streets of Rome.

"MY LORD CARDINAL.—We have the honor to forward to you, for presentation to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., an address from the Catholic representatives of Ireland, called forth by the recent outrages in Rome.

THE POPE AND THE IRISH MEMBERS. (By Freeman Special Wire.) LONDON, Tuesday Night.

A reply to the address recently sent by a number of Irish Catholic members to Pope Leo XIII., deploring the regrettable scenes which took place on the 12th of July on the burial of his lamented predecessor, Pius IX., was received last night from Cardinal Jacobini by Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P., whose name headed the list.

"To the Most Illustrious Charles Dawson, Esq., Lord Mayor-Elect of Dublin, and Member of Parliament for Carlrow.

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR.—The address which you and the other Irish Catholic members of Parliament have sent to the Holy Father expressing the sentiments of sorrow and indignation which pervaded your minds on learning the outrages committed at the removal of the remains of Pius IX., is an act which his Holiness could only receive with the liveliest sense of pleasure, feeling that it would in some way tend to alleviate the bitter pangs which that unfortunate occurrence has caused him.

"The number of signatories and their important position in the State give to the address itself the stamp of a special value. Therefore the august Pontiff has directed me to convey to you and your honorable colleagues his warmest thanks for the comfort which has been conferred on him, and to say that he blesses from the bottom of his heart every one of you and of his beloved Irish Catholics.

"The most illustrious Charles Dawson, Esq., Lord Mayor-Elect of Dublin, and Member of Parliament for Carlrow. Signed, JACOBINI, Secretary."

OFFICERS OF IRISH BIRTH AND ORIGIN IN FRANCE. COLONEL SWINEY, of the 3d Zouaves, has recently taken the command of the Brigade in pursuit of Bon Amens, Algeria, and is supposed to be in action at present.

It is bidding very highly for them while the race is spreading over the country where the Indians, until very lately, have been almost exclusively occupants. The vast territory which once belonged to the Hudson Bay Company and has now passed into the hands of the Canadian Government, is fast changing its natural products.

THE EFFORTS OF DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC SPEAKERS and performers are often impaired by hoarseness. No specific for throat and lung affections has been found to remedy this trouble with such certainty and promptitude as THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, August 23, 1881. The money market was quiet at 4 per cent on call and 5 to 6 on time, and the discount rate was unaltered at 6 to 7 per cent.

The local stock market this a.m. was generally stronger. At noon Bank of Montreal exhibited a gain of 1/4 per cent, since yesterday, standing at 201 bid, 20 1/2 asked.

MORNING STOCK SALES.—160 Montreal 200; 50 do 200 1/2; 75 do 200 3/4; 230 do 201; 100 Merchants' 126 1/2; 8 do 126 1/2; 175 Ontario 70; 100 Commerce 145; 14 Toronto 155 1/2; 50 Montreal Telegraph 13 1/2; 50 do 13 1/2; 25 do 13 1/2; 100 do 13 1/2; 290 Gas 148 1/2; 2 City Passenger 136; 25 Dundas Cotton 128; 45 Richardson 65.

THE GENERAL STOCK MARKET—WEEKLY REVIEW. The stability of bank stocks from the Bankers' standpoint in this market, argued from the thriving state of the hardware trade and the prosperity attending the sugar manufacture, the state of trade generally, good harvest, increase of exports and imports, are considered by them the best of reasons why bank stocks should "boom" daily throughout the autumn, regardless of present prices.

THE "TIMES" ON CANADA. LONDON, Aug. 18.—A Times editorial to-day on the Canadian Census says it is one established fact that the whole west is growing very fast.

paid, the spasmodic nature of the advance became apparent, and after the close of the afternoon session of the Board on Thursday many of the buyers of the day previous noticed that their little margin was nearly exhausted.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

A visit to the leading wholesale city warehouses reveals the fact that business is in large volume for the season, and the distribution of general merchandise keeps considerably in excess of the movement in progress at this date last August.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Nails plates and bar iron have been in demand, and several lots of pig iron have been placed within the week.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Most of the leading houses have enough orders to keep them fully engaged up to the close of September, and do not look for a dearth of business at any time during this year, as new business is all the time calling for their attention.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—As will be seen by reference to the accompanying quotations both opium and morphia are weaker.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS—Aug. 23. The markets to-day were well supplied with kitchen stuff, but the attendance of buyers was only an average one on account of the unseasonable weather.

GRAIN.—Superior Extra, \$8.25; Extra Superior, \$8.15; Sprina Extra, \$8.10 to \$8.05; Superior, \$8.00 to \$7.95; Strong Barley, \$8.00 to \$7.95; Fine, \$8.45 to \$8.00; Middling, \$8.00 to \$7.75; Pollards, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Ontario Beans, \$2.85 to \$2.95; Oats, 42c; Rye, nominal; Oatmeal, Ontario, \$4.75 to \$4.80; Barley, nominal; Corn, 7c in bulk; Peas, 9c; Cornmeal, \$3.25 to \$3.40.

\$2.00 to \$3.00; Potatoes, new, 45c to 50c per bush; carrots, 40c per doz bunches; onions, 40c per doz bunches; cabbage, new, per doz, 25c to 50c; Montreal tomatoes, \$1.00 per bushel; cucumbers, 20c per dozen; nutmeg melons, \$4 to \$7 per dozen.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET—Aug. 20. A large number of American traders were in town this week, and a fair, although not large, business resulted, farmers being busy with their steeds in the fields.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKETS—Aug. 22. The receipts of live stock in Montreal by G.T.R. for week ending August 21st were: Cattle, 2,620; sheep, 3,080; hogs, 334, and 3 horses.

THE FOLLOWING BUYERS WERE HERE.—James Frey, Couttsville, Penn.; John Ryan, Boston; M. Phillips, Croton, N. C.; P. Beauregard, Holyoke, Mass.; J. M. Miller, Manchester, S. LaVale, New Haven Conn.; Charles Clapp, Lowell, Mass.; H. A. Chapman, Morrisville, N. Y.; S. W. Whitney, Amherst, N. Y.; A. Langvign, Bridgeport, Conn.; E. Cooper, Boston; M. Lefebvre, Fall River, Mass.

Messrs Noonan, McLaughan and Kennedy, of Perth, one load of cattle each. Mr Devlin from Brockville, S. Chute from the Townships, Robt Cochran from Guelph, Miller from Peterboro, Lunan from Toronto, and Dennis from Gladstone, had also one load each.

DIED.

O'CONNOR.—At Peterborough, Ont., on the 19th inst., Mrs. Julia O'Connor, mother of the Rev. John S. O'Connor, Parish Priest of Perth, Ont., aged 71 years.—R.I.P.

New Advertisements.

GENERAL INFORMATION RESPECTING THE MINES AND MINING LAW OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

The chief provisions of the Quebec General Mining Act of 1880 are: 1. The declaration of the ownership by the Crown and reserve of all mines not specially granted.

2. For the sale of mining rights on patented or unpatented lands to mine for gold or silver for agricultural purposes. Secs 4 to 10.

3. For imposition of Royalty under Order in Council if deemed advisable. Secs. 18 & 22.

4. For granting licenses to mine for gold or silver on public lands and on conceded portions of Seigneurial, Vaudreuil, and other private lands. Secs. 14, 30, & 31.

5. For the sale of lands as mining locations. Sec. 24, et seq.

6. For imposition of penalties for contravention of Act. Secs. 11 et seq.

Under this Act parties holding Letters Patent for lands granted for agricultural purposes may acquire the right to work any mines of gold or silver on their lands by paying the fee to the Commissioner of Crown Lands a sum sufficient to make up, with the amount paid before issue of patent, the price of two dollars per acre. In the case of "free grants" the whole price of two dollars per acre must be paid. Candidates in the seigneuries in which the Crown holds mining rights may acquire these rights by paying one dollar and a half per acre for the whole of the land, or at least one hundred acres; and the seignor or proprietor of the unconceded portion of a seignory may do the same on paying two dollars per acre for the extent over which such rights can be acquired being, however, limited to four hundred acres, or, in special cases, eight hundred acres.

If a mine of any kind be discovered and worked on land sold for settlement but not patented, the settlement duties not being performed, the sale may be cancelled unless the land be paid for in full as a mining location. Sec. 12.

Mining locations, which may be of any extent up to four hundred acres, may be obtained by depositing a letter to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, specifying the lot or lots required, and containing a declaration of the value of the land to be paid for in full as a mining location. Sec. 12.

1. The full price of the location at the rate of three dollars per acre. If it is to be mined for gold or silver, it is to be mined for gold or silver (price fixed by O.C. of 7th Oct. 1880); one dollar per acre, if it is to be mined for inferior metals or other minerals, or deposits of any substance of appreciable value.

2. A specimen of the mineral for which the land is to be worked, with an affidavit identifying it as having been taken from the land applied for.

Mines of gold or silver on public or private lands may be worked by parties taking out licenses for themselves and their employees, costing two dollars for each person for three months, if the mining is to be done on private lands, and four dollars if on public lands.

The size and position of claims on public lands worked under such licenses are regulated by the Act or determined by the mining inspector according to circumstances.

The localities in the Province of Quebec in which minerals are chiefly found are as follows:—GOLD.—Eastern Townships, especially the counties of Beauce and Compton.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.—Counties of Ottawa and Argenteuil. ASSAYS.—Counties of Megantic and Wolfe. MINING.—Counties of Ottawa (Lake Temiscamingue), Gaspé and Rimouski. FURNACE.—County of Ottawa. MICA.—Counties of Berthier, Ottawa and Megantic. E. J. FLYNN, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Department of the Interior, Quebec, 1st June, 1881.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PREMIUM BOOKS.

The Subscribers request the attention of the TRUSTEES of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools, Directors of Colleges, Convents, Catholic Institutions and Catholic Classes, to the complete assortment of Catholic Books, suitable for Premiums, at prices from TEN CENTS upwards.

CATHOLIC SERIES OF PREMIUM BOOKS.

Beautifully Bound in Imitation Cloth, with Full Gilt Edges and Back. The want of presentable books as School Premiums, at a moderate price, has been so long felt that we have made up this line of Family Bound Books expressly for the PREMIUM SEASON, and we are now in a position to supply good and useful books at a reasonable figure.

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