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FATHER BURKE

HIS LATEST SERMON.

At Liverpool, on the 8th of September, Father Burke delivered the following sermon, taking his text from the eighth chapter of St. Matthew:

"And a certain Scribe came and said to Him: 'Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou shalt go. And Jesus said to Him: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

He had, he said, chosen these words for his text, because he intended to remind them that he had come there to plead, and that they had assembled to listen to his pleading, in order that they might one and all assist the clergy attached to St. Joseph's Church, so as to give them the means to lessen somewhat the enormous pressure of debt which was on them, to free them from the constant anxiety which this debt naturally and necessarily brought with it, and to enable our Divine Lord to dwell upon an altar and in a house which He might call His own. And when the Son of God spoke the words quoted, it was the only time He ever condescended to complain of the treatment which He received from men. Many were the outrages and injuries that were put upon Him. All of them He bore with silence, like God as He was; but this one thing did He complain of—that men refused Him a dwelling-place among them—refused to build Him a house.

CHRIST HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

The Scribe came and said, "Master, whithersoever Thou goest I will follow Thee," and he acted wisely, but the son of God wanted that he knew at once what awaited him. "See how they treated me," He said; "the very foxes have their holes, and the birds who have their nests, I alone have no place whereon to lay My head."

How true this was? His Virgin Mother went from house to house on a dreary Christmas Eve as the midnight hour was approaching; and she the Mother of God, bearing God in her bosom, sought in vain for one who would show her hospitality and give her a place whereon to lay her head. And when the Saviour came into the world, He was cold in the wretched stable in which His mother brought Him forth. During His public life no man labored as He did. He preached the living God; He recalled the dead to life; He opened the eyes of the blind; He made the paralyzed and the lame and the crippled to walk. And when the day's toil was over, no house in Jerusalem would receive Him. He had to go out of the city evening after evening, to seek a place whereon to lay His head. When He died on the Cross, naked, bleeding and heart-broken, and gave forth His great soul to God, and in that giving forth redeemed the world, it was still true of Him that He had no place whereon to lay His head. And when the Virgin Mother held His dead body in her hands, she had to disturb her own sorrow and turn round to see if there was any one who would let her Divine Son rest in his grave, for He had no grave of His own. For all this the Son of God was indignant and of all this He complained. And why did He complain of this only of all His sufferings? Because God loved dearly His own dwelling place.

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Next to the love that He had for Himself and for His own adorable Name, was God's love for the beauty and decorum of the house which the hands of men built for Him, and the loveliness of the altar on which He vouchsafed to dwell.

Secondly, Christ complained because He well knew there was but one man necessary unto this world, and that man was Himself—Jesus Christ; that there was but one house necessary in this world, and that this was the house in which He would dwell. There was no other name under heaven by which man could be saved but His saving name. Whither could they go to receive strength to bear their sorrows, if He were not awaiting them in His house and on His altar. Whither could they go to sanctify their joy, if He had not His arm outstretched to bless that joy, which in His excess might become sin? Whither should they go to weep over the recollection of their country and of those who were near and dear to them, but who had been suddenly taken away, leaving a blank in their aching hearts, if they had not Jesus the Consoler near them to bear their sorrows and to lighten the burden of their grief? If He had not come all generations of men would have been lost, and lost forever. If He had not come, what would saint or sinner do without Him? What would Magdalen have done on that evening when the grace of God first smote her and broke her heart, if she knew that the Lord was not in the house of Simon the Leper, and could not go to that house and find him? What would the widow of Naim have done when her very heart was shed forth in tears on the death of her only child if He were not present, had not said, "Woman, weep no more," and had not raised her son from the dead and given him to his mother?

He knew, therefore, how necessary His presence was, and He marvelled at the blindness and incredulity of men who would not afford Him a place to lay His head. How dearly He loved the beauty of His house they gathered first of all from the first temple the Lord God created for Himself in the world when He came to dwell amongst men. How noble, how grand He made it! He was Himself the architect that conceived and the builder that erected that stately and glorious temple, the very threshold of which was more precious than all the palaces and tabernacles of Juda—the immaculate heart of the surpassingly holy Virgin mother who conceived Him. By

her side the archangels of God in heaven were obliged to veil their faces, for they were human beings who were without stain. "Thou art all fair, my beloved, and there is no spot or stain in thee." And why was she thus stainless? because God created her in order that she might be the living temple in which His glory would vouchsafe to dwell.

THE CHURCH'S ZEAL FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

And as God loved the beauty of His own house, and as, on the other hand, He grieved and complained that man refused to build a house for Him or to give Him a place whereon to lay His head, so the holy Church of God, that Church for which He shed His blood on the cross, that Church which He endowed with unfailing faith, infallible truth and stainless morality, that Church, catching up the spirit of Jesus Christ, because she was His Spouse, had ever been zealous and burning with zeal for the honor and the glory, and the majesty of the house of God. The Catholic Church in all its ages and amongst all nations had always set herself to work, first of all, to take her place out of her Divine Spouse, to remove that opprobrium, to take away that shock, that scandal that he received, so that He might no longer be able to say, "I, the Son of Man, have no place whereon to lay My head." The Catholic Church in all its ages and at all times, burning with zeal, set to work, in every land, to multiply the temples and houses of her God, and to multiply her altars, in order that the Lord might dwell in the midst of her people. And in proportion as any people were gathered into the very heart of the Church of God, in proportion as the Church's Divine faith entered into their blood and the very marrow of their bones, in proportion as they were animated and penetrated with the Church's divine spirit, in the same proportion would that people, that race, that nation, that individual, be zealous for the honor and the glory of the house of God. David was a man after God's own heart—a man of whom the Eternal Father said, "I have chosen him, David, my servant, a man according to My own heart." How did David prove that he was a man after God's own heart? It was shown by his own words. "Lord," he said, "I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Elsewhere he said, "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts! My soul hath longed and fainted away for the court of My God." Again elsewhere he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; let my tongue cleave to my mouth if I make thee not the beginning of my joy"—and why?—because of the house of the Lord My God that is in thee." Therefore was he a man after God's own heart, and hence, when dying in Jerusalem, he wept because the Lord God said to him, "Thou art a man of blood, and I will not allow thee to build Me a house."

THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TRACED IN HER CHURCHES.

Passing from the evidences supplied by David to those of that time of grace when all the shadows of the first dispensation were changed into the substantial glories of the second, when the temple was to be no longer merely a house of prayer but a house of the Divine Presence, a fountain of eternal welling forth unto the cleansing of the temple, we found that as soon as the days of that fulfillment came, nation after nation bowed down unto the words and preaching of the Church, and took to themselves for their glory the shame of the cross; and that each nation, in precise proportion to the strength of its faith and the ardor of its love, made itself famous for the zeal and the energy with which the temples of the living God were erected throughout the land. Hence the history of the Catholic Church, wherever she had existed once and existed no longer, was to be traced in her churches. Far away on the slopes of the southern Andes, where those mighty mountains of South America incline to the shores of the Pacific, where the Indian had become a savage once again, where the cross was no longer seen, and the voice of the preacher no longer heard, where once Spanish missionaries made the air resonant with the glories of Jesus and Mary, though the knowledge and influence of Christianity had departed, the churches in their ruins testified that the Catholic Church of Christ had once been there. The churches in every valley and on every hill testified that there was once a nation, civilized in the highest form of civilization, and full of faith and hope, and love, that dwelt on the rugged slopes of that land.

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SCOTCH LANDLORD TYRANNY.

Some of the Scotch farmers are experiencing what the Irish farmers have suffered for centuries. The Catholic Union of Buffalo has the following on late evictions in that country:

"It would appear that the poor Scotch Highlanders too, are doomed to expatriation some of the blessings of British landlordism. The 'Locks' evictions have been vigorously discussed in Scotch journals, and ever brought to the attention of Parliament; but as yet with no beneficial result to the Scotch tenant at all, for the Scotch landlord—like his Irish cousin—must have his pound of flesh. There was a time when 'landlord blood would stain the heather,' and the Scotch tenant was reported, residing on Highland fern. But the days of Wallace and Bruce are done, and the thistle now bends beneath the tread of British soldiers—'but old in tartan plaid'—from the hills of Lammormor to Orkney Isles. We pray God that this outcry against tyrant landlordism may continue in Scotland until it wells like the Solway. Who knows but the fierce utterals of the enraged Scotch tenant may help us to enkindle the wrath of his English brother, who also has grievances. And the roll of the three counties once aroused, what power of lords or throne or army could resist their united demand for justice? May the land agitation go on in Scotland and its Scotch tenant's justice, though tardy, still approaches. The dream of landlordism is sealed, the handwriting on the wall grows more legible. There is yet hope for those who plough and plant in the soil."

Jones complained of a bad smell about the Post Office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be the 'dead letters.'

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY FATHER GRAHAM AT ALEXANDRIA, GLENGARRY.

(Continued from TRUE WITNESS of Oct. 6.)

Montalembert justly remarks that Irish legends are always distinguished by a high and pure morality. O'Donnell, in his life of Columba (Vita Quinta Sti Columba), relates another charming legend of the saint. He often, when a child, saw and conversed with his guardian angel. His heavenly protector one day asked the youthful Columba to choose from amongst all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. "I choose," said the youth, "chastity and wisdom," and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty appeared to him and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned and repulsed them with indignation. "What," they exclaimed, "then, thou dost not know us?" "No, not the least in the world," he replied. "We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides." "Who, then, is your father?" demanded Columba. "Our father is God; He is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world." "Ah! you have indeed an illustrious father, but what are your names?" "Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy, and we come to leave thee no more; to love thee with an incorruptible love."

While Columba was studying in the monastery of Clonard an old Christian bard named Germain arrived. The saint had a passionate love of poetry, and hence became a treasured companion of Germain. One day while the two friends were seated under the trees at a distance from the monastery interpreting some ancient ballad of their country, a young girl appeared in the distance pursued by a robber. The old bard rushed toward the advancing fugitive to save her, but the wretch who pursued her struck her dead at Germain's feet, and then, with a laugh of triumph, turned and fled towards the forest. Germain, shocked and horrified, cried to Columba: "How long will God leave unpunished this crime, which dishonors us?" "No longer," at this very hour, when the soul of this innocent creature ascends to heaven, the soul of the murderer shall go down to hell!" At the instant, like Avianias at the words of Peter, the assassin fell dead.

The circumstance which led to Columba's exile from his beloved Ireland, which, saint though he was, he never ceased to bewail in verse whose mournful inspiration touches us even at this day, are altogether extraordinary, and out of harmony with his whole life. Hitherto he had been rather a wandering bard and book-worm, attracted from monastery to monastery by rare books, national annals and poetry, than an active monk. But all was to be changed now, and this is how it came about:

While visiting his old master, the Abbot Finian, Columba secretly copied the abbot's psalter, sitting up all night in the church where the psalter was kept. A certain curious person, observing a light in the chapel, looked through the keyhole and saw the visitor at his work, a light from his left hand falling upon his clandestine pages. Now, as this curious spy told the abbot what he had discovered, I may here relate how he was paid for acting the informer. It appears, then, that Abbot Finian tolerated the presence of cranes in his abbatical church. The informer clasped his eye to the keyhole to take a further survey of the situation, when behold! a convenient crane darted his long beak through the keyhole and plucked out the curious man's eye, which, I think, was a very proper bit of retribution.

The Abbot Finian, holding that a transcription is a son of the original, demanded the copy, which Columba refused to deliver up to him. Then, the abbot determined to appeal to King Dhiarmid or Dermot, monarch of Ireland, at Tara. The king, though a cousin of Columba, decided against him with the pithy remark: "The calf to the cow," which, in this case, I am free to observe, was without parity or sophistical. "It is an unjust sentence!" exclaimed Columba, "and I will have revenge!" Shortly afterwards, a young prince, who had somehow incurred the wrath of the king, fled for protection to Columba, but the monarch's satellites dragged him from Columba's arms and put him to death. "I will appeal to my kindred," cried Columba, "the immunities of the church have been violated in my person!" He passed safely north, although the roads were covered with armed pursuers, and presently excited the northern Nialls, with their allies, against the monarch. A great battle was fought at Tul-Drichane or Coal-Drumy, on the borders of Ulster and Connaught. The Ard-Bright Dermot was completely defeated and fled with a few followers to Tara. The dispersed psalter, consisted of fifty-eight sheets of parchment, and, enclosed in a precious casket, became afterwards the banner or paludamentum of the Nialls, and was called the psalter of battle.

At first, Columba not only rejoiced at the victory of his friends, but even took upon himself the whole responsibility of the affair. But, the royal monk had honest friends, who were not afraid to speak the truth like men and christians. They had laid clearly before him the utter incompatibility of his conduct with the profession of a monk. They compared the trifling cause and the terrible result; churches devastated, abbays burnt, widows and orphans weeping, death, desolation and wounds. And for what? A few pages of scripture, easily obtainable at any other monastery. Columba was untouched. He went about restlessly seeking advice and direction from those whom he esteemed wisest and holiest in the land. At length a holy monk, Molaise by name, told him that

he should leave Ireland forever and strive to save as many souls of barbarians as there had fallen victims in the war he had provoked, "What you have commanded shall be done," replied Columba, humbly and sadly.

But, I must not dwell too long on these details, however fascinating. It is sufficient to say that Columba left his native land, and headed his lonely carraoch for the storm-beaten, iron-bound coast of Caledonia. Under the shadow of Mull's Mountains there stretched almost level with the waters, an island, three miles long by two broad. It was called Iona and afterwards Colmkillie, or the Island of the Dore of the churches. Wonderful the power of sanctity! That little isle, hidden upon a barbarous coast, and hardly noticed from the main shore half a mile distant, became so renowned that seventy kings and princes were buried there, and its fame filled up all christendom. Since John enwrapped Adamos with the glory of Heaven, no island has seen the glory of Iona.

Columba found near the coast a King of the Scots, (that is the Irish colony) named Conal, who was a kinsman of his own. This ruler received the saint kindly, and readily allowed him to occupy Iona. There Columba built his monastery, trained his monks in holiness and the missionary spirit, and was soon enabled to send the glad tidings of the gospel far away through sterile isles and dark northern seas, whose foam ran fiercely upon hidden shoals and dreadful reefs, even to the ice-enclosed coasts of Iceland. The intrepid heralds of God in their curries, or osier-twisted hide covered boats, raised the cross at their prows, and dared not only the tempestuous eddies of the northern isles, but fearlessly passed the limit of storms and sailed far upon those seas where the life seems dead in the grasp of frigid death.

What a day of benediction it was my friends, when Columba full of confidence in God, with legitimate mission from the successor of Peter at Rome, his crucifix in one hand and staff in the other, the materials for the holy sacrifice of the mass carried by his disciples, the scrolls of the holy gospels among them, led the way over the Grampians by paths never trodden before by Christian foot! The saint's personal appearance as St. Adamnan, his biographer and successor in the monastery of Iona, informs us was very noble. He was at this time about forty-four years old, tall, spare, of an exceedingly handsome countenance, dignified and kindly, as became his royal race, with the beauty of holiness beaming from his large grey eyes, and a certain firmness united with sweetness upon his lips. His voice was so loud, sonorous, yet melodious, so exquisitely modulated and sympathetic, that Adamnan does not hesitate to place it among the greatest gifts Almighty God had bestowed upon him.

Continued on third page.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A Glance at the Personnel of the Upper Chamber.

An American correspondent writes—The most important bill before the House this day was the second reading originally introduced by Lord Nelson in reference to the better educational facilities which should, in the opinion of the worthy lord, be offered by a Government to females of the middle classes. A worthy subject surely, but the present Earl Nelson is by no means as eloquent a speaker as his grandfather was valiant a fighter, and so I felt to musing over the lives and peculiarities of some of the well-known men in the body below me. On the foremost seat of the Government side sat the Duke of Argyll, or, as he is known in the House, Baron Strathmore. Small in stature and attired in a plain suit of grey, he looked more a shopkeeper than a Scottish peer. Immediately back of the duke yonder sits the Earl of Lonsdale, the young peer who "moved the Queen's speech" at the opening of Parliament last spring—an honor usually accorded by courtesy to a new member. By his side is Baron Wimborne, an old and paley-stricken man whom Beaconsfield created a peer but six years since. Next him is Earl Granville, a Government member, and, physically, as fine looking as any man I ever saw. Observe with what delicateness his hands and features are formed, and yet to what grand proportions his form approaches now that he is rising in his place to speak. And his voice and language. Mark with what exactness the one is inflected, and in what wealth of ideas and correctness the other abounds. Surely it were not difficult to believe that this man is of noble blood. Sitting over there in the corner, reading, is the Duke of Devonshire. He is a great scholar, is Chancellor of Oxford, but seldom takes any part in a House debate. One would suppose he would prefer the gayety of Hyde Park or the quiet of his legislative halls. But he takes great interest in his gifted son, the Marquis of Hartington, and tries therefore to linger here. You wander who that nervous old man is who is walking about and talking with so many different members, both Government and Opposition. He is a quaker one. His name is Robert Lowe, and gossip says he was sent to this House to get rid of him as he was troublesome in the body at the other end of the palace. Verily some are born to greatness, while others have it thrust upon them. That foppish-looking little fellow with whom he is now talking is Montague Corry, that was; he no longer bears so humble a name, however. He had the good fortune to be Disraeli's private secretary, and "copied all the letters in a band so free," that that astute old gentleman made him a peer. It seems to make a difference in the world whose private secretary one is. This eloquent and logical speaker on the left, who is now replying to Earl Spencer, is the Duke of Richmond-Gordon, and a great personal friend of the Prince of Wales, one of the foremost men in the realm in a social point of view,

and whose peerage dates from the time of Charles II. He is one of the most honorable Knights of the Garter, and was Lord President in Beaconsfield's late Ministry. Earl Spencer, the man to whom the duke is replying, is that small man with full sandy beard on the Government side near the Woolpack. He looks like a veritable Irishman, but he is not. He is a great favorite with the Queen, and was out at Windsor the other day to dine with her. He is only a subordinate in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, but he gets honors in that quarter that his chief cannot. However, Americans think no less of the learned "chief" on that account. Observe that dark-complexioned, faultlessly-attired young man sitting on the steps of the throne yonder. He is Viscount Trafalgar, great-grandson of the man whose monument adorns Trafalgar Square, and whose effigies are legion throughout the Kingdom. Indeed, I heard a "Young America" declare one day on a Rhine steamer to a Church of England clergyman, with whom he was in conversation, that "Nelson, Wellington, and twenty-shilling sovereigns, formed the English 'Trinity.'" The members' sons are allowed to come upon the floor of the House and occupy the space in front of the throne, but never to sit upon any of the benches, during a session. That middle-aged man now in earnest conversation with the Duke of Buccleuch is Lord Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who has managed to eke out an existence during the last few years on a pittance of \$100,000 a year, as Lord-Lieutenant of famine-stricken Ireland. He seldom comes to a sitting of the House, but is evidently here to-day by way of diversion. His peerage dates from 1702, and he owes his fortune and ancient lineage to the whim of Queen Anne, whose first work at making a Duke was the bestowing of that honor upon John Churchill, the present Marlborough's ancestor in the sixth generation back.

Lord Leigh, the generous-hearted owner of Stoneleigh Abbey, Kentworth, has just finished speaking, and then there is a slight rustle caused by the entrance of a member from the Prince's chamber. The new comer advances to a front bench on the left with a dramatic bearing and sits down with an impatient restraint. He is of slender build, of medium height, attired in faultless broadcloth, and his shoulders are slightly bent forward as though bearing up with difficulty the small but restless head. The swarthy skin, the full dark eyes, and those jet-black locks of hair which fall in wavy curls over his forehead and collar, plainly indicate his Jewish origin. It is Lord Beaconsfield. Seldom, since the Earl retired from the Premiership, does he come into Parliament; but when he does it is with the same dramatic air that he bears to-day. Never quite at his ease, he nervously casts his keen eyes about the room, recognizing no one in particular but every one in a general way, and brings them back again with a look of confidence to the gold-colored rose in the carpet—for Beaconsfield is popular here in the city of London, and he is well aware of it. That man at the desk on the extreme left is his brother. His full brother, and yet mark the difference between them. The one plain Ralph Disraeli, a clerk, wearing the "index" wig, and receiving therefor a salary of eighteen hundred pounds a year; the other a Knight of the Garter, a Peer of the Realm, an ex-Premier, and one of the foremost men of his time!

The pianist Von Bulow, who performed in this country in the season of 1875-6, has had a stroke of paralysis, and the newspapers of Hanover report that the use of his right hand is gone.

Beethoven's piano is in the market, and two noted dealers in artistic relics have gone from London as rivals in the bidding, which takes place at Klausenberg, where the owner of the piano lives.

Suicides are on the increase in France. The number in 1870 was 4,157; in 1872, 5,275; in 1874, 5,617; in 1876, 5,804; in 1877, 5,922; and in 1878—to which only statistics have been made up—5,424. A great number of cases too are lushed up and never appear.

Among the languages of civilized nations English is the most widespread. It is the mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people; French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; German, of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; Italian, of 28,000,000; and Russian, of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

It has been estimated that of the horses in the world Austria has 1,367,000; Hungary, 2,178,000; France, about 3,000,000; Russia, 2,170,000; Germany, 3,352,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 2,255,000; Turkey, about 1,000,000; the United States, 9,504,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Canada, 2,634,000; Uruguay, 1,609,000.

Mr. DROLET, of Montreal, a capitalist who has had much interest in the recent financial negotiations at Paris, returned to the city on Saturday. It appears that the new Franco-Canadian Credit Foncier, which has a subscribed capital of 25,000,000 francs, is now quoted at 3 per cent premium upon the Paris market, so great is the popularity of Canadian investments. Mr. Drolet is a director of the new company. Another piece of news is that the Syndicate that took up Mr. Chapleau's Provincial loan of \$4,000,000 at 93 has placed it upon the market at that figure as a four and a half per cent stock, thus pocketing for themselves 10 per cent of the interest for thirty years, beside their other gains. It is believed the Syndicate will clear two million dollars upon this loan. It seems that Paris capitalists were very eager to have a large share of the Pacific Railway Syndicate, but took the advice of those who would rather see them invest their francs in Province of Quebec loans. The reason given by their advisers for such a course was that they wanted their friends to invest only in the best and most profitable loans, believing that Quebec Province was the place for French capital. Montreal Correspondent of the Globe.

The Present State of Ireland.

RUINOUS ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE LAND LEAGUE AND NATIONAL PARTY.

THE YOUNG MEN OF LURGAN TO BE RELIED UPON.

MEETING OF LANDLORDS.

DUBLIN, October 6.—As indicated in previous despatches, Mr. Parnell has formed an alliance with the physical force party. The Land League and Nationalists, or Fenians, must hereafter be considered friendly organizations, working side by side for a common object. The agitation is no longer merely a land movement, it is becoming more factious and reaching and it would be difficult to conjecture the result. The Fenians hope to obtain Home Rule and it would be idle to deny that if a general strike is made against rent, which becomes more and more possible every day, the movement will be well nigh irresistible for the entire army of England could not evict the people, and if they could, the landlords would be still deprived of rents and would be obliged to pay the cost of enforcing the law. What with land leaguers on one side to keep the people inflamed, and secret societies on the other to intimidate, and occasionally an assassination, such a state of affairs would be created which no Irish rebel ever before contemplated. No Englishman at present realizes the direction which affairs are taking. It is beginning to be realized in the North, where the idea gains ground that the Southern agitation threatens to become a Separatist movement. Colonel Waring made a speech at Lurgan this week, saying: "I do not wish to be a prophet of evil; it is useless to conceal from ourselves that we are on the eve of a crisis such as has not occurred for three quarters of a century. The state of a large part of this island at present is neither creditable to the Government nor satisfactory to its peaceful inhabitants. It behooves all organizations of Protestants, in the face of the difficulties and dangers that threaten us, to close their ranks, and sinking all minor differences, to stand shoulder to shoulder in front of the common line. In all civilized communities the duty of protecting life and property is delegated to the State, and to the State while that duty is duly and effectually performed all loyal men are bound to leave it; but should the state fail to afford that protection which it is its duty to do, and should anarchy and rebellion be permitted to stalk unchecked throughout the land, then indeed more primitive methods of self-protection may have to be resorted to, and the great cause of civil and religious liberty, for which our fathers fought and fell in many bloody fields at home and abroad, may again call for the support of the strong arms and stout hearts of their children. God forbid that such a position should be forced upon us, but if it is I am sure that the young men of Lurgan whom I see before me will not be wanting either in will or power to do their duty to their God, their Queen and their country." The speech has excited much attention.

Northern papers are talking in the most serious tone in regard to the outrages, which are now so numerous that they fail to attract more than passing notice. Two or three murders have been committed within the past few days. A report published to-day, says: "It is the intention of the Government to shortly increase the military establishment in Ireland, but the horse guard authorities report that there is at present a difficulty in providing reinforcements in consequence of the despatch of troops to India. Several battalions will, however, be available for Irish service at the end of the year."

DUBLIN, October 7.—A private conference of leading Irish landowners was held in this city to-day, Earl Dunmore presiding. The consensus of opinion was that Ireland is under a reign of terror. A deputation proceeded to the Castle and had an interview with the Lord-Lieutenant and Mr. Forster, and demanded that the Government deal with the crisis. Earl Cowper, Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr. Forster each expressed sympathy, and declared that they would maintain the law, if possible, within the land, but would adopt other measures if it was necessary. Mr. Forster stated that Government was still collecting all necessary information. The conference was earnest and unanimous in its action. Her Majesty has expressed sympathy to Lady Mountmorris for the murder of her husband.

DUBLIN, October 7.—A number of armed and disguised men maltreated and out of the ears of a farmer named Brown, at Scarlestown, near Karkurk, county of Cork.

LONDON, October 12.—A Dublin correspondent says the military authorities in the West of Ireland are making extensive preparations in view of apprehended disturbances. Houses are being hired at Tuam and Headford in Galway and at Balla in Mayo for immediate occupation by the military. A detachment of troops will also leave the Curragh of Kildare for Castlebar and Westport in Mayo.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals ate their food if any lady would lend him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother that she had found out where they made horses. (She had seen a man, in a shop, just finishing one of them, for he was nailing his last foot.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

'The next time he comes, tell him I want to see him—that I must see him,' says Dolly. The nurse promises, and goes, and Dolly lies and thinks and thinks. Softened and subdued thoughts they must be; for by and by tears well up in the hard black eyes and roll silently over the wasted cheeks. Touched by kindness, weakened by pain, Dolly will rise from that bed a better little woman than she lay down. He does not come that day; but the next Saturday brings him. He comes early in the afternoon, and Dolly's message is delivered. For a moment he hesitates in irresolute thought; she can have nothing to say that it will not be intensely painful for him to hear. He bears her no ill-will, has never done so, for the part of informant she played. Since the truth was as it was, it is much better it should be known; but the sight of her recalls memories that are the slow torture of his life. But he will not refuse. Self sacrifice grows easy by practice. He goes to her bedside and looks down kindly upon her. 'You are better Dolly,' he says. 'I am glad of that.' She waves the hand he holds out—she has ever been a creature of impulse—and covers it with passionately grateful kisses. 'Lewis Nolan,' she says, 'you are a good man. I have not deserved this from you.' 'Hush, Dolly,' he answers, in a troubled voice. 'I have done nothing. When will you be up, and about?' 'I don't know; I don't care! The best thing I can do is to die. I am of no use in the world; nobody wants me; nobody cares for me. I am not going to talk of myself. I want to hear something about you. When did you come to San Francisco?' 'Over a year ago.'

'Well, I was stunned, I turned so dead sick, that for a while I could neither move nor open my mouth. You looked stunned, too—such a face as you had in the moonlight! Then you turned and walked away. That roused me up, and I started out and made for the edge of the cliff. You might have seen me easy if you had looked back, but you kept straight on as if you didn't care. I can't tell you how I felt as I looked over that horrid place expecting to see him all mashed to a jelly down on the rocks. 'Bless you, no! The Old Boy's good to his own. There was Bertie, half way down, and clinging for dear life to a cedar bush, and not staring up, frozen stiff with terror, and not able to say a word. 'Well, I gave a gasp at that, and nearly went over myself, so glad was I at the sight. 'Dolly,' I said, 'don't be afraid, it's me, it's Dolly, and I'll save you if I break my own neck doing it.' 'Dolly!' he cried in oh! such a voice of agony and fear. 'Dolly, save me, and I'll never leave you again as long as I live.' 'You see he was a coward, and all traitors are, and was pretty well scared to death. All my wits came back at once. 'Wait, I said; 'let me think. I can't go down to you, and you can't reach the bottom without killing yourself. I have it, I'll make a rope. I'll fasten it up here to this rock, and I'll throw the other end to you. Wait, Bertie—wait.' 'Hurry, then,' he says, in that same dreadful voice, 'for this bush is breaking, and won't hold my weight five minutes more. Dolly, save me, and I swear I'll marry you before morning.' 'I didn't need that to make me work, but I worked as I never did before. I had a pen-knife in my pocket, and a brooch shawl around me. These brooch things are strong, you know; and I set to work and cut it into seven arcs, and I knotted them together, and stood on every knot, and pulled with all my might. I threw it down and it was just long enough. Then I twisted one end around the rock, and braced myself, and held on with both hands. If the knots had slipped, Lord a mercy on him—his brains would have been dashed out—but they didn't. He caught it, and it held, and when he got to the top, he just fell down, all in a heap, and, if you'll believe it, fainted away like a frightened girl. 'Well, I didn't mind that; I rubbed him with snow, and loosened his collar, and slapped his hands, and by-and-by he came to. But he was as white as a corpse, and so weak at first with scars he could hardly stand. He just let me do as I pleased with him; he had no more pluck left than a chicken. We went to the station, but the train was gone, and you with it, I suppose, in a fine state, thinking you had killed him. I can't say I was angry with you, for you had made matters smooth and easy for me; but Bertie was furious. His face and hands were all scratched and bleeding, and after awhile, as we walked along, he got silent and sulky. He must go with me, he knew; but you and the Owen-son family, and everybody else, must believe he was killed; that was better than they should know he had run away with me—no, that I had run away with him. We could walk to the next station and take a later train there for New York. He would change his name, and he would have the satisfaction of making the ruffian who threw him over think himself a murderer. I encouraged him in all this. Well, the end of it is, we got to New York unnoticed and were married the very next day. Dolly pauses. Retrospective memories recall for a moment too many for her, but she rallies and goes on. 'We kept quiet for a while. He called himself Hamilton, and did not stay with mother and me. How we both enjoyed it when the detectives came to pump me about the murder. For my part, I was glad you were out of the way, Lewis, and that no one suspected you. If you had been arrested, you may be sure I would have come forward and told the truth. I think Bertie felt the death of Captain Owen-son and the loss of his fortune, but it was too late now; and I did my best to make up to him, he was sullen and dissatisfied from the very first. I worked for both. I got an engagement with a company going to Texas, and Bertie, of course, went along. All that winter and the following summer we spent in Galveston; then we returned to New York, and made our next trip to Cuba. The succeeding summer we spent in Canada, the last we ever passed any where together. All this time Bertie was getting more and more surly, and cross, and dissatisfied—it wasn't what he used to—and he kept nag, nag, nagging at me until I was nearly wild. Actresses like me don't make fortunes. What I did make we spent faster than it was earned. He was sick of our strolling life, he wished a dozen times a day I had never saved his life, any death was better than this sort of existence; he hated being pinched, and forever with low company and a vulgar uneducated wife—that is what he called me. After that, I got reckless, too, nothing I did could please him, and after a while I stopped trying. We led a regular cat-and-dog life of it; but all the while, mind you, there was this difference—I was fond of him as ever, while he got fairly to hate me. He took to drink and to gamble; things went on from worse to worse, until at last jealousy was added, and then all was over between us. 'We were playing that third year in Northern Indiana, and it was there he fell in with Mrs. Morgan, a widow, who had two husbands, and buried 'em and was ready for a third. She was very rich—Morgan had been an army contractor—she was fifteen years older than Bertie, she was fat and ugly, and coarse, and common, she was called a Tartar by every one who knew her; she had jawed the army contractor to death, but she fell in love with my husband. She saw him on the stage—he went on in minor parts—and that he had a wife already made no difference to a woman like Mrs. Morgan, nor a State like Indiana. She let him know it, too, and he began to go to her house, and escort her to places as if he was a single man. You may guess the sort of row I raised when I first found it out, but he only laughed in my face; and all at once, before I knew it, he had instituted a suit for divorce, and she gave him the money to carry it on, and the compatibility of temper—the devil couldn't live with me!—was what he told them, and he got his divorce, for he had no trouble in proving what sort of life we led. Before the decree was granted they had left the place; and two weeks after their marriage was in the papers. He had taken back his own name, and there it was 'Albert Vaughan, Esq., and Caroline, relict of the late Peter Morgan, of this city.' 'After that, I don't care to tell or think how I felt or how I went on. I was reckless and mad, and didn't care for anything. But I kept decent looks and decent clothes and by a fluke of fortune got an engagement in the theatre where I saw you with your wife. It was only temporarily to fill the place of an actress that had suddenly been taken ill. I think the devil got into me at the sight. The world prospered with everybody but me. Bertie Vaughan was rolling in riches—so

were you. I had made up my mind to shoot him if I ever met him, and that night I made up my mind to do you all the mischief I could. I was struck of a heat to see that you had married Miss Sydney Owen-son of all women, and I felt sure she couldn't know what you had done to Bertie. I had found out that he was in California—I wanted money to come after and hunt him down; you would give me that money to keep you secret, I was sure. So I went to your house to see you, and saw her instead. You know what I told her—a little truth, and a little lie. Between both the work was done, and you and she parted. I heard you wanted to the war, and guessed the reason. But I never went back. There was something in your wife's look that, bad as I was, I couldn't face again. I stayed away, and left her all alone. 'All this time I kept track of Bertie Vaughan. He and the Morgan woman went to Europe; tremendous swells, both of them, and he was proud of her money, if he was ashamed of her. When they came back—and with a French nurse and a baby, if you please—they went off to California before I could set eyes on them. If I had, the Morgan woman would have been looking out for number four by this time. I followed them here as soon as I could, and I was here only two days when the house I boarded in took fire, and I jumped from the window, and smashed myself. You've been good to me, and I've told you this story to pay you back. Bertie Vaughan's alive and well, and in this city, if he hasn't left it since I came here. 'She stoops, and clasping closely the hand that has grown cold in hers. He has not spoken a word; he has sat and listened to all his face rigid with surprise, and perfectly colorless. 'You ain't angry, Lewis?' she asks, fretfully. 'I know it was horrid mean of me, but I'm awful sorry now. I can't say any more than that.' 'Angry, Dolly? No. You have done me the greatest service to-day any human being could do. I never was a murderer in intention; I find I am not one in fact. No words of mine can tell how grateful, how thankful I am.' 'Well, I am glad,' says Dolly. 'I've done mischief enough; it is pleasant to help to make somebody happy. I had just got Bertie's address that afternoon. He and the Morgan woman were stopping at the—' 'At the—'House!' exclaims Nolan, in amazement. 'That is my hotel for the past six months.' 'It is odd, then, you never saw him; for that's where he was with his caravan, three weeks ago.' 'No, not so odd either; I always leave early in the morning, before most people are up, and do not return, as a rule, until late. But I shall ascertain at once. Let me thank you once more, Dolly; and believe me, I will remember you with gratitude and affection forever. 'So he goes, and Dolly's heathen heart is full of the after-glow that comes from a good deed done. And Lewis Nolan, like a man who walks in a dream, as Atlas with the load of a world lifted off his shoulders, with a soul full of thanksgiving and great joy, walks back to his hotel. 'Excepting Sundays, he had hardly ever been in it, during his sojourn, at this time of day. Half the States might come and go, and he be none the wiser. Bertie Vaughan might be his next door neighbor for all he knew. Alive! thank Heaven! thank Heaven for that! His first act is to examine the hotel register. Yes! it is there. 'Albert Vaughan, Esquire, lady, nurse, and child! His heart gives a great leap at the confirmation; but his quiet face, excepting that it flushes slightly under his dark skin, tells nothing. 'How long have this family been here?' he asks. 'Well, off and on, nine months or more. They travel about, and make their headquarters in San Francisco. Know Mr. Vaughan, sir?' 'I think I have met him. A very blonde, British-looking young fellow?' 'With a drawl and an eye-glass, a half a quarter of an inch of brains,' says the smart clerk, throwing himself into an attitude and mimicking Mr. Vaughan. 'A very, my good fellow, just mix me a sherry cobbler will you—it's so blasted hot to-day!' Uncommon fond of croaking his elbow, is Mr. Vaughan. And he ain't henpecked either. Oh, no, not at all. 'Mr. Nolan does not wait for the conclusion of these sarcastic remarks, but springs with elastic lightness up the stairs to his own room on the third floor. He will write to his wife and tell her all. No, he will send her a telegram; he cannot wait. A telegram just to apprise her that Bertie Vaughan is alive, and a letter afterward to explain how he comes to know. Nothing need stand between them now. Such a flash of hope and joy comes over him as he realizes it that he can do nothing but sit, the pen idle in his hand, in a happy dream. He begins his letter at last: SAN FRANCISCO, August 10th. 'MY DEAR WIFE,' Again he pauses, the words he has written seem to hold his hand by some charmed spell, and he can get no further. 'My dear wife.' With what different feelings he wrote these few words last, sitting in his mother's cottage, while the dull dawn broke, beginning that letter of saddest farewell. He has never written them since, never sent her word, or note, or line. Between them stood the red shadow of murder, the dead, menacing face of Bertie Vaughan. But Bertie Vaughan is alive and well, and beneath this very roof—how strange, how strange—once more the sweet familiar address, so long unwritten, looks up at him from the paper. He can see her as she received this letter, the tears, the joy, the prayer of almost speechless gratitude, the loving eager reply. 'My dear wife!—what shall he say—how begin? He is not usually at a loss for words, either in writing or speaking, but this is the supreme moment of a life, and it is not so easy either to break the news of great sorrow or joy. He sits so absorbed that a faint tap at the door fails to reach him. He neither hears nor knows, when the handle is gently turned and some one comes in. Five minutes previously, here had been an arrival. A lady, youthful and elegant, though travel-worn, has driven up to the hotel and inquired for Mr. Nolan. Yes, Mr. Nolan is there, and up in his room, says the smart clerk, with a look of mingled surprise, curiosity and admiration. In the six months of his stay, Mr. Nolan has had no ladies to ask after him before. This young lady, despite her gray veil, the clerk can see is exceptionally handsome and 'high toned.' The sort of misses I should like to swell down Montgomery street any day in the week with, and I ain't easy to please neither, I ain't; is what the clerk says afterward, relating the occurrence. 'Shall I send for Mr. Nolan, madame?' in his most suave manner, says the smart clerk. 'I am Mrs. Nolan, the young lady answers with quiet dignity and a vivid blush.

'If you will show me his room I will not trouble you.' 'You Pete,' calls the clerk, and 'You Pete,' a colored boy, bows forward. 'Show this lady to room three and look sharp.' The lady follows 'You Pete,' and the sprightly clerk blows after her an enthusiastic kiss. 'Bounteous creature! She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine; but her heart it is another's, and it never can be mine.' Didn't know that Nolan had a wife. Close mouthed fellow, Nolan. Such a stunner, too. Just from the States. Steamer in an hour ago. Wonder if he expects her? Never went to the pier. But then she's his own wife. If she was any other fellow's—' Pete escorts her to No. 73—points it out with a grin, ducks his woolly head, and disappears. She taps lightly, her heart beating so fast that she grows faint. There is no response; she opens and goes in. He is seated, his back to her, writing. She throws off her veil, clasps her hands, and looks at him for a moment—the husband unseen so long. Then there is a wait of perfume, the flutter of a woman's dress, and she is kneeling before him, her face bowed on his knee. 'Lewis!' He starts with a violent recoil, and looks at her. She has been so vividly before him, that for a moment he thinks it is a hallucination, conjured up by his own intense longing. But she speaks again brokenly, in Sydney's own soft voice. 'Lewis—husband—I have come to you! I could not stay away longer. Oh! Lewis, say you are glad I am here.' 'Sydney!' he says in a dazed voice, and sits and looks at her, almost afraid to touch this kneeling figure, lest it should vanish, 'is it Sydney, or am I dreaming?' She lifts her face, all pale and wet with passionate tears, and throws her arms about him. 'Lewis! Lewis! Lewis!' 'It is real then! It is Sydney!' While he sat here trying to get beyond the words that charmed him, she was on her way to him. Once more he looks on Sydney's fair, sweet face; once more Sydney's tender arms clasp him. 'My wife! my wife!' He holds her for a little, and no words are spoken. She still kneels, and he makes no attempt to raise her. To be concluded in next number.

THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED HEART.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A YOUNG LADY JOINING THE ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART IN MONTREAL IN 1879.

See the white-robed, radiant maiden, With a thousand beauties laden, Standing in the pretty chapel at the holy altar's— The lovely wall. Bridal garments all around her, Bless'd the bridegroom who has found her, See her fond affections glowing, flashing 'neath the snowy veil. I. She is standing, standing only, Are her feelings sad and lonely? Where is he that one who won her to her youth and bloom and pride? Where is he that is to take her For his life-time, for his life-time, His beloved, charming bride? II. Why is he not standing near her? Why is he not there to cheer her, And to bless her and to take her by that white, extended hand? Where is he that was to wed her? Can it be that he has fled her? Where is he that she should kiss her—kiss those lips so smiling bland? III. Ah! then fear not, He is waiting, And her soul with joy exalting, He is hoping that his fair one will not leave Him; And altho' the bridegroom seemeth, Far, far from her, as she dreameth, Speaking low in accents tender His eternal sacred vow. IV. In her hand a Cross is gleaming, Round her brilliant lights are beaming, And she holds that Sacred Figure, gazing on it with hope and love. Ah, her hand she thus is taking, And the mystic spell is breaking, And she swears to him to keep his faith to prove! V. While the chanting chorus praiseth, Now the Cross she slowly raiseth, And upon that holy Figure she impressed a loving kiss. Thus the Bridegroom has embraced her, How the smile of joy has graced her! One would think her soul was gazing on the scenes of constant bliss! VI. Now her worldly ties are broken, Now her vow of Faith is spoken, And the beauteous, radiant maiden and her Bridegroom now are one: But as yet we have not seen Him? What is there on his soul that is so dazzling mid-day sun? VII. Yes, the veil that hides His beaming, Even for this loved-one's dreaming, For a time shall hang impervious, keeping Him from her apart. She will wait, she will hope and loving, For He yet requires a proving, For this youthful bride is wedded, wedded to The Sacred Heart! VIII. JOSEPH K. FORAN, LAWYER, QUEBEC.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND HIS CRITICS.

The following letter appears in the London Daily Telegraph. 'The issue of your paper you refer to me and say that I was "ready to put forth a mischievous letter, giving the sanction of Scripture to the theory that a landlord is only entitled to what a tenant can spare." Am I, then, to understand it to be the teaching of the Daily Telegraph that when a tenant has handed over to his landlord all that he can possibly spare after his reasonable support, he is still to be held indebted to him for something more? There is not here question, let it be observed, as to what a tenant may think he can spare, for, as we all know, a tenant may easily persuade himself that he can spare little or nothing; but the question has reference to a tenant who honestly delivers up to the landlord all that he can afford to spare, and I desire to know whether the Daily Telegraph really believes it to be a mischievous "theory" that such a one has, in so far, thoroughly done his duty. Again, does the Daily Telegraph dissent from St. Paul, who in his Epistle (2nd) to Timothy, clearly says it down that the man who is "stuffed to the brim" on the fruits of the earth? And if St. Paul's teaching be correct, how can a "theory" founded on it be mischievous? W. G. O'Connell, Archbishop of Cashel, The Palace, Thurles, Sept. 18. Savants and experts are continually employed discovering a remedy for the restoration of hair to its natural color. They want an article that will preserve the scalp, purify and clean, and remove that destroyer—dandruff. It is now acknowledged that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer answers the purpose marvellously. Sold by all druggists; price 50 cts. the bottle. Try this unfailing remedy.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR, LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE. CHAPTER I. KATHERINE.

The large, loud-voiced clock over the stables struck nine, and announced to all whom it might concern that the breakfast-hour of Sir John Dangerfield, Baronet, of Scarwood Park, Sussex, had arrived. Scarwood Park! A glorious old place, lying deep down in the green heart of a Sussex woodland! A glorious old place, where the rare red deer sported amid the emerald glades, and dusky, leaty aisles of the oak and beech! A vast and stately park, sloping down to the tawny sea-shore, and a vast and stately mansion, its echoing turrets rising high above the towering oak and copper beeches, and its eastern windows sparkling in the red sunlight of this bright September morning like sparks of fire. Within and without the great house was very still; a breakfast-table, sparkling with crystal, rich with rough old silver, gay with tall glasses of September roses, and snowy with napery, stood ready and waiting in a spacious room. Through the open windows the sweet, hazy-scented morning wind blew, and far off you caught in the summer stillness the soft wash of the waves on the yellow sands, more than a mile away. At the last chime of the loud-voiced clock the door opened, and Sir John Dangerfield came into the room. A silver-toned French time-piece on the marble mantel began a tinkling waltz, preparatory to repeating the hour; the birds, in their gilded cages, sang blithely their welcome; but the baronet glanced impatiently around in search of something or somebody else. 'Not down yet,' he said. 'That's not like Katherine! She is not used to dissipation, and I suppose last night's concert has made her lazy this morning. Thomas!—to a footman, appearing like a tall plush spectre in the doorway—'tell Miss Katherine's maid that I am waiting breakfast. Has the Times arrived?' 'Yes, Sir John.' Thomas presented the folded Thunderer to his master, and it vanished. Sir John Dangerfield flung himself into an easy-chair, that groaned in every joint with his three hundred pounds of manhood, and opened the damp London paper, perfuming the room with the smell of printers' ink. He was a tall, portly gentleman, this Sussex baronet, with a handsome, florid face, and an upright, military bearing. For three months only had he reigned master of Scarwood; three lives had stood between him and the baronetcy, and a colonel in the Honorable East India Company's Service, he had, four months before this sunny September morning, about as much idea of ever lording it in Scarwood Hall as he had of ever sitting on the throne of England. Suddenly, and as if a fatality were at work, these three lives had been removed, and Colonel Dangerfield, of her Majesty's H. E. I. C. S., became Sir John Dangerfield, of Scarwood Park, and with his daughter and heiress, came back to England for the first time in fifteen years. He was a widower, and Miss Dangerfield, his daughter, his heiress, his idol, had been born in England, and was two years old when her father had first gone out to India, and grown up to be nearly seventeen before she ever set foot upon English soil again. He unfolded his paper, but he did not read. The loud singing of the birds, the dazzling brightness of the summer morning, disturbed him, perhaps. It dropped on his knee, and his eyes turned on the emerald lawn, on the tangled depths of fern and bracken, on the dark expanse of waving woodland—torraces, lawn, and coppice, all bathed in the glorious golden light. 'A fair prospect,' he said—'a princely inheritance! And to think that four months ago I was grilling alive in Calcutta, with no earthly hope but that of retiring one day from the Company's service with chronic liver complaint, and a colonel's half-pay. For myself it would not matter; but for Katherine! His face changed suddenly. 'If I only could be certain she were dead! If I only could be certain my secret was buried with her! It never mattered before—we were out of her reach; but since my accession to Scarwood, since my return to England, the wretch's memory has haunted me like an evil spirit. Only last night I dreamed of her—dreamed I saw her evil black eyes gleaming upon me in this room. Psauh!' A shudder of disgust—a look of abhorrence; then he lifted the paper again—and again he dropped it. A door far above closed with a bang; a fresh young voice carolling like a bird; the quick patter, patter, of little female feet down stairs—the last three cleared with a jump; and then the door of the breakfast-room was flung wide open, and the heiress of Scarwood Park flashed into the room. 'Flashed—I use the words advisedly—flashed in like a burst of sunshine—like a hillside breeze—and stood before her father in fluttering white muslin, pink ribbons waving, brown hair flying, gray eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room. 'Good morning, papa!' Miss Dangerfield cried, panting, 'out of breath.' 'I'm perfectly famished, and would have starved to death in bed if Ninoon had not come and roused me out. And how is your appetite, papa?—and I hope I have not kept you waiting too long—and, oh! wasn't the concert perfectly de-licious last night?' And then two white arms went impetuously around the neck of the Indian officer, and two fresh rosy lips gave him a kiss that exploded like a torpedo. Sir John disengaged himself laughingly from this impulsive embrace. 'Gently, gently, Katie! don't quite garrote me with those long arms of yours! Stand off and let me see how you look after last night's dissipation. A perfect wreck, I'll be bound.' 'Dissipation! A perfect wreck! Oh, papa, it was heavenly!—just that! I shall never forget that tenor singer—who sang Fortunio's song, you know, papa, with his splendid eyes, and the face of a Greek god. And his name—Gaston Dantree—beautiful as himself. I don't talk to me of dissipation and a wreck; I mean to go again to-night, and to-morrow night, and all the to-morrow nights while those concerts are given by the Talbots.' She stood before him, gesticulating rapidly, with the golden morning light pouring full on her face. And Miss Katherine Dangerfield, heiress and heroine, was beautiful, you say, as an actress and heroine should be? I am sorry to say so. The young ladies of the neighborhood, otherwise English misses with pink and white complexion, and perfect manners, would have told you Katherine Dangerfield was lanky and overgrown, had sunburnt hands and complexion, too small a nose, and too large a mouth and chin. Would have told you her forehead was low, her complexion

sallow, and her manners perfectly horrible. She was bolterous, she was hoyden, she said whatever came uppermost in her mind, was utterly spoiled by a doting father, and had the temper of a very terrapin. They would probably have forgotten to mention those young ladies—that the sallow complexion was lit up by a pair of loveliest dark-gray eyes, that the tall, supple figure of the girl of seventeen gave rare promise of stately and majestic womanhood, that the ever-ready smile, which parted the rosy lips, displayed a set of teeth flashing like jewels. They would have forgotten to mention the wonderful fall of bright brown hair, dark in the shadow, red-gold in the light, and the sweet freshness of a voice so silver-toned that all who heard it paused to listen. Not handsome—you would never have called her that—but bright, bright and blithe as the summer sunshine itself. 'Well, papa, and how do I look? Not very much uglier than usual, I hope. Oh, papa,' the girl cried, suddenly clasping her hands, 'why, why, why wasn't I born handsome? I adore beauty—pictures, music, sunshine, flowers, and—handsome men! I hate women—I hate girls—vain, malicious magpies—spiteful and spiritless. Why don't I look like you, papa—you handsome, splendid old soldier! Why was I born with a yellow skin, an angular figure, and more arms and hands than I ever know what to do with? Whom do I take after to be so ugly, papa? Not after you, that's clear. Then it must be after mamma.' Miss Dangerfield had danced over to the great mirror on the mantel, and stood gazing discontentedly at her own image in the glass. Sir John, in his sunny window-seat, had been listening with an indulgent smile, folding his crackling paper. The crackling suddenly ceased at his daughter's last words, the smile died wholly away. 'Say, papa,' Katherine cried, impatiently, 'do I look like mamma? I never saw her, you know, nor her picture, nor anything. If I do, you couldn't have been over and above particular during the period of love's young dream. Do I inherit my tawny complexion, and square chin, and snub nose, and low forehead from the late Mrs. Colonel Dangerfield?' Her father laid down his paper, and arose. 'Come to breakfast, Katherine,' he said, more coldly than he had ever spoken to her before in his life, 'and be kind enough to drop the subject. Your fippant manner of speaking of—of your mother, is positively shocking. I am afraid it is true what they say of you here—Indian nurses—the lack of a mother's care—and my indulgence, have spoiled you.' 'Very well, papa; then the fault's yours, and you shouldn't blame me. The what's-his-name cannot change his spots, and I can't change my irreverent nature any more than I can my looks. But really and truly, papa, do I look like mamma?' 'No—yes—I don't know.' 'No—yes—I don't know. Intelligible, perhaps, but not at all satisfactory. When I am left a widow, I hope I shall remember how the dear departed partner of my existence looked, even after thirteen years. Have you no portrait of mamma, then?' 'No! In Heaven's name, Katherine, eat your breakfast, and let me eat mine!' 'I am eating my breakfast,' responded his daughter, testily. 'I suppose a person can talk and eat at the same time. Haven't you rather got a pain in your temper this morning, papa? And I must say I think it a little too hard that I can't be told who I take my ugliness from. I'm much obliged to them for the inheritance, whoever they were.' Sir John again laid down his paper with a resigned sigh. He knew of old how useless it was to try and stem the torrent of his daughter's eloquence. 'What nonsense you talk, my dear,' he said. 'You're not ugly—don't want your father to pay you compliments, do you, Katherine? I thought your cousin Peter ever you enough last night to satisfy even your vanity for a month.' Katherine shook her head impatiently until all its red-brown tresses flashed again. 'Peter Dangerfield—wretched little bore! Yes, he paid me compliments, with his hideous little weazen face close to my ear until I told him for goodness sake to hold his tongue, and not drive me frantic with his idiotic remarks! He let me alone after that, and sulked! I tell you what it is, papa—if something is not done to prevent him, that little grinning imbecile will be asking me to marry him one of these days—mark my words!' 'Very well—suppose he does?' The baronet leaned back in his chair and raised his paper nervously before his face. 'Suppose he does, Katie—what then?' 'What then?' The young lady could but just repeat the words in her amazement and indignation. 'What then! Sir John Dangerfield—do you mean to insult me, sir? Put down that paper this instant, and look the person you're talking to full in the face, and repeat "what then if you dare!"' 'Well, Katie,' the baronet said, still fighting with his paper, screen and not looking his excited little commanding officer in the face, 'Peter's not handsome, I know, nor dashing, but he's a clever little fellow, and my nephew, and a lover with you, and will make you a much better husband, my dear, than a much better-looking man. Handsome men are always vain as peacocks, and so deeply in love with themselves that they never have room in their conceited hearts and empty heads to love any one else. Don't be romantic, my dear—you'll not find heroes anywhere now except in Mudie's novels. Peter's a clever little fellow, as I said, and over head and ears in love with you.' 'A clever little fellow! A clever little fellow,' repeated Miss Dangerfield, with intense concentrated scorn. 'Papa, with dignity, a few minutes ago you told me to change the subject. I make the same remark now. I wouldn't marry your clever little fellow now to save my own head from the gallows or his soul from perdition. Sir John, I consider myself doubly insulted this morning! I don't wonder you sit there execrating my nerves with that horrid rattling paper and ashamed to look me in the face. I think you have reason to be ashamed! Telling your only child and heiress she couldn't do better than throw herself away on a pitiful little country lawyer, only five feet high, and with the countenance of a rat. If it were that adorable little Gaston Dantree now. Oh, here's the post. Papa! papa! give me the key.' Miss Dangerfield forgetting in a second the late outrage offered her by her cruel parent seized the key, unlocked the bag, and plunged in after its contents. 'One—two—three—four! two for me from India—one for you from ditto, in Major Trevanion's big slap-dash coat, and this—Why, papa, what lady correspondent can you have in Paris? What an elegant Indian hand! What thick yellow perfumed paper, and what a sentimental seal and motto! Blue wax and "pensez a moi!" Now, papa, who can this be from?' (To be continued.)

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland

The King of the Scots, James VI., is painted in the middle of the page, as I have mentioned before.

The King of the Scots, James VI., is painted in the middle of the page, as I have mentioned before. He dwelt in the midst of a magnificent in a strong castle or palace deep buried among the stern, sombre Highlands.

Then the Druid chief and Columba met face to face, Heathenism and Christianity looked upon one another, not for the first time. Through mournful ages of confusion and mortal death Druidism had come down the offspring of human pride, passion and ingratitude.

Columba represented light, life, moral regeneration, truth, authority, Peter, God. And, though the struggle was long and the suffering great, the issue was never doubtful. Thirty-two years passed; the end came for Columba; his death crowned with the smile of heaven, and the ministry of angel myriads sealed the labors of a noble life.

By degrees, the different people of Caledonia became Christian, and consequently Catholic. The unmeaning forms of paganism passed away, for no form can exist without a real substance to perpetuate it. The church of God having converted, began to elevate, civilize and enlighten the people of Scotland.

Scotland's most glorious era. Will any man dare assert in the face of truth and honest history, that Scotland, since the so-called reformation, can be favorably compared with the Scotland of pre-Calvinist times?

Some will say: "Why, if you want material prosperity, look at Scotland's manufactures! Look at her big cities! Her ship-building! Surely, you will not compare modern with medieval Scotland as far as material advancement is concerned?"

Now, Catholic Scotland was prosperous according to the proper signification of the term. No immense fortunes, but every man had the means of gaining a livelihood. Ever man had a chance. So, all were comfortable and prosperous.

Tradition points to the days of the Alexanders as a time of great well-being. There had been peace with England more than a hundred years—a blessing never again enjoyed until the Union. The burghs had risen into affluence and importance.

luxuries in which the inhabitants were enabled to indulge, and a country which at that time imported such things as pepper, almonds, figs, bear or sable skins, and which carefully provided for the regulation of taverns, would have been pretty well to do in the world.

Let me furnish some further authority on this subject, and mind you, it is Protestant authority. Tylter says: "Oats, wheat, barley, peas and beans were all raised in abundance. In the innumerable mills that are mentioned in the cartularies (monastic lists or schedules) great quantities of oats and wheat were ground."

In the reign of David the first, we are told the Frith of Forth was frequently covered with boats, manned by English, Scotch and Belgian fishermen, attracted by the great abundance of fish. In this, as in all other branches of national wealth, the monks were the great improvers, and by their skill and enterprise, taught the great barons and landed proprietors, their vassals and servants and the people, how much wealth and comfort might be extracted from the seas, the lakes and the rivers of their country.

Chalmers says of those times: "The people were well fed, and the lower classes had a much larger supply of animal food than they partake of at present; cattle, swine and poultry were raised by them in great abundance, and were all consumed at home, along with plenty of bread, cheese and beer."

But, I have said enough, my friends, touching this point of material well-being. The Scotch people had plenty to eat in the old Catholic times and sufficient raiment. And, thus being well fed and well clad, they were naturally prepared to lead an attentive ear to the instructions of their benefactors, the monks.

On account of the new measure law, which compels us to sell by the Imperial measure, the price of our Altar Wine will be \$1.80 per Imperial gallon, which is one-fifth larger than the old measure. The price remains the same, as 1-5 colonial gallons, at \$1.50, is equal to one Imperial gallon, at \$1.80.

The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution. This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best.

IRISH NEWS.

An evicted farmer named Walsh was on the 21st September re-instated in his farm, at Lisnasno, Ennis, by a crowd of several hundred persons. He was threatened with death should he again leave.

The Sarsfield Memorial Committee met on September 19th in Limerick and authorized Mr. Ambrose Hall to proceed to London and obtain professional assistance with the object of inspecting the east of the pedestrian statue, which is now ready to be sent to the foundry.

M. de Molinari, a correspondent of the Journal des Debats, who has been visiting Ireland, gives in that paper his impressions of Cork. He praises Cork city, but deems it an irony of chance that so many public houses should degrade the neighborhood of the statue of Father Matthew. M. de Molinari more than insists that Ireland sadly wants at present another Apostle of Temperance.

The register of Kilshannig, Mallow, reports the death of Cornelius McC— at 111 years of age, and says the age is well authenticated, it being well known in the family that he was born in the year in which his father took a lease of a farm, and that was in 1793.

A Land League demonstration was held in Loughrea on 20th September to celebrate the discomfiture of a farmer named Murty Hynes, who had had the temerity to occupy a farm on Lord Dunand's estate from which a previous tenant had been evicted, and who had consequently been made the object of a visitation, and had consented to give up the farm.

Intelligence has reached town on September 22nd of the burning of about fifty tons of hay near Kildorrey, the property of Mr. Daniel Quirk, of Castletown, which is suspected to be the work of an incendiary. Reports current in reference to the deplorable affair are to the effect that the owner recently purchased the farm of an evicted relative of the same name.

A determined attempt to hold the harvest was made on Sunday, 19th September, at Ballinvoche, a village about two miles from Swinford. The case of an evicted tenant named Foy was out and put into the haggard by the landlord. Mrs. Foy, whose husband is in England, accompanied by about a score of her friends, male and female, proceeded to rake the oats, when a most exciting scene occurred.

The Right Hon. Mr. Childers was presented with an address of welcome from the townspeople of Donegal. The hon. Gentleman, in replying, said, as regards the important questions which so intimately touch the interests of the Irish people, he could not promise more than to assure them that nothing was so strongly and so firmly impressed on the mind of the present Cabinet as to give the Irish every means and facility of developing the latent resources of the country.

On the 23rd September, the anniversary of Colonel Patrick Leonard, a leading figure of the late Fenian movement, and the chief officer in this district, was commemorated in Monknewtown Cemetery, where, beneath a massive and excellently carved Celtic cross, his ashes lie. When the procession started only three bands and a couple hundred people composed the demonstration.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well.

The Montreal Catholic Club.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The usual annual meeting of the above Club was held on Wednesday last, the 6th of October, at which several changes were made in the executive. The following address was delivered by the President, F. A. Quinn, advocate:—

It is, I am sure, an occasion of satisfaction to us all to meet again after our summer vacation. We are united in a great and holy work, that of mutual improvement, the study of science and religion, and the acquisition of all the knowledge which can be grouped under these comprehensive headings. To find ourselves again assembled within these walls, in order to continue the work so auspiciously begun last year, should be to us not only a source of satisfaction, but a reminder that our object is not pleasure but study.

In looking over the list of our members we find still the same names, and we rejoice to think that they with whom we inaugurated this work will continue it with us, striving after knowledge, the knowledge of the good and the beautiful. One name alone will we miss—fortunately it is replaced by that of another whom we are confident we will respect and love as we did his predecessor.

The Revd. Father Ryan has been removed from our midst to another sphere of duty. The soldier, enrolled in the ranks of the grand army which St. Ignatius founded, knows not what his morrow may bring forth; his orders may call him from the midst of the brightest civilization to that of the darkest barbarism; for between the two there is no choice for him; he follows the Cross; his mission is to introduce civilization into barbarism, and to remove, by education and example, from civilization itself any remnants of barbarism which, like sin, cannot be crushed out, but ever crops up. Science and religion are his great weapons, the Cross his standard, the truth his aim—that truth which makes men free.

Our first Moderator, the Rev. F. Ryan, has heard the call and obeyed; may God's blessings follow him, as surely they will; our respect and gratitude will accompany him wherever he may go; and we trust that he too will remember us. Our regrets are tempered with the thought that he leaves behind him a successor animated by the same zeal as was his; pleasure and hope follow in the footsteps of sorrow.

The culture we seek is that culture which the Rev. Father Ryan, in his thoughtful and magnificent lecture given here last spring, has so well defined as the "Development of the intellectual and moral faculties, according to well-regulated reason, for the purpose of enabling man to do well his part in the constant fight on earth between good and evil."

In this field are comprised all the sciences which men boast of so much in our day, all the knowledge and power which they glorify so consistently and much more. For with that culture we learn how to perform well our parts as members of society, as intelligences to whom Nature ever presents an open book for their study, as moral beings, responsible to a higher power, and as destined to greater knowledge than the perishable wisdom of this earth, to greater pleasure than the fleeting pleasures of the flesh, to greater glory than the vague renown of history, to a more lasting happiness than the transient and uncertain joys of this mortal existence.

To cultivate our intellectual faculties, to stimulate our moral faculties, by example and study, we have before us the whole history of mankind, the birth and struggles of peoples, their triumphs and defeats, their laws and their customs, their trade and their commerce. We will learn to see in all history, in every age and every country, one mighty struggle for liberty on the part of the multitude and one constant effort on the parts of the few to restrain that spirit; this struggle was old thousands of years ago and it still goes on.

Truth and error, vice and virtue have ever contended and ever will contend—if we rise above names and places, details and dates, one will see that the history of every people is that of its neighbor, that the same lines will draw out the leading facts, that the same few colors and the same few touches of the brush will give a tableau of history, common to all countries and to all times.

where no more expected than in our times; the Bismarcks and Gambettas, the Czars and the Emperors of the past were as those of the present; the peoples were their victims as now, their war were as cruel and no more needless than the wars which have desolated contemporary countries. From the pages of history, we will learn how hollow is the fond hope, how vain the belief of the perfectibility of man and mankind.

The earth opens up her bosom to our enquiring eyes; geology and mineralogy now lead us back to pre-historic times, tell us when and where and how were formed the minerals, the rocks and the clays upon which we tread. Botany will display to our admiration the laws of the growth of the trees, the grasses, the flowers and fruits which, while they give food to our bodies, fall not to give delectation to all our senses.

The sea will give up its secrets to our search; ichthyology, like zoology for the earth, will render familiar to us the forms of life which in myriads fill the depths of the waters, and conchology will whisper to our ears the music of the shells lying in endless variety on the sea shore and in the bosom of the ocean.

Astronomy, most sublime of natural sciences, will present to our delighted view an eternity of wonder and miracle. Chemistry will reveal the thousand laws of affinity and repulsion, which have opened, and still operate, through all existing things and beings, these laws which have rendered possible all the wonders shown by the other natural sciences, laws which have plunged into the depths of the earth and have worked upon its surface, which, from the bed of the ocean to the highest altitudes of the heavens, have governed matter, its union and formation and permanence.

Things are immaterial by mere abstraction of the mind, such as the notion of a being, the idea of quantity, quality and other ideas which are inherent to existing things, but which we consider in a purely mental operation, independent of all idea of actual existence, and only as creations of the mind; here, we have the science of ontology. Things may be immaterial by themselves, such as the idea of God of the human soul.

The pursuit of wealth has ever been and shall ever be one of the principal, if not the principal of the aims of mankind on earth. How to regulate this fierce striving for riches so that it may tend to the benefit of the whole people, has ever been a question of gravest moment to thinkers and statesmen. If we cannot throw light upon the subject, and add something towards the solution of this mighty problem, we can at least see what has been said by the great thinkers who have preceded us and learn wisdom at their feet.

Political law will lead him as a member of the smaller communities. Civil and commercial law will guide him in his daily life at home and abroad, whether as a private individual in the midst of his family, as a son, a brother, a husband or father, or whether abroad as a workman, a merchant, an employee or employer, the law will surround him with its safeguards. At his birth it will register his name and establish his legitimacy; in his youth it will see to his education, and protect those rights which his inexperience might imperil; in his manhood it will walk before him at every step; when old age comes upon him it will be a staff to his weakness; and when weary of strife he lays him down, the law will endow him with a species of immortality, and make his wishes be fulfilled from beyond the grave.

The county of nations has, especially in modern times, formed and recognized a new code of laws, regulating the conduct of nations between themselves. This international law will present ample matter to our meditations. But law regulates the outward man; in as far as he comes in contact with others; it can only concern him in what our French friends so aptly call "Le for exterieur," the law made before which law can bring him is man-made, fallible, uncertain.

Ethics and theology supply the laws, which will be the standard, according to which man will be judged by himself and by his creator; it is the duty of each of us to know these laws, and to see that they are not broken. Ethics and theology supply the laws, which will be the standard, according to which man will be judged by himself and by his creator; it is the duty of each of us to know these laws, and to see that they are not broken.

they are of all the sciences the most exalted and the most beautiful. Designed not for time merely, but for eternity, they deserve and have received at the hand of genius in all times, the most careful consideration; and of all sciences of ethics and theology are those which have attracted the greatest number of minds, and the most intense study on their part.

These evenings will be over a pleasant memory to us all, for "We spend them not in toys, in lust or wine, But search of deep philosophy Wit, eloquence, and poetry."

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED IN THE CASE OF A MAN FOUND IN THE RIVER.

OTTAWA, Oct. 7.—An inquest was held last night by Coroner Corbet, at the St. Lawrence Hotel, on the body of Ignace Petchant, who was found dead in the Ottawa River Tuesday morning. Some evidence was taken, showing that the deceased's life had been threatened by a man named Larivore, on account of the latter having succeeded him in the affections of a respectable character named Grace Baldwin. There were no marks of external violence on the body and the jury ordered a post-mortem, and then adjourned until to-night. It is supposed that the deceased was struck in the body with a slab, and immediately afterwards thrown in the river, in which case the body would neither show marks of violence nor present the appearance of having been drowned. This supposition is based upon the remark of a Frenchman who, in conversation with several men, stated that it was very likely the cause of death. When questioned about the matter he said other parties had told him that such a result would follow from a blow in the stomach. A number of witnesses are to be examined.

The easy manner in which Scotch paper vilify their neighbors at the expense of truth has had a very striking illustration. Of all other papers in Scotland, the Scotsman would be expected to be the least desecrated to the task of lying in regard to a subject not collateral in order to disprove an adverse proposition. This is what the Scotsman has done in a recent issue. Professor Blackie and others complained the other day of the sad relations between landlord and tenant in his country, quoting as a proof the depopulation of the Highlands. The argument, of course, was not palatable to the Scotsman. In order to prove that the Highlands were not depopulated it proceeded to show why, after all, it did not matter whether they were depopulated or not. It did it in this wise: "A numerous half-troved, wholly wretched population is not strong, but weakness. Would any one dream of regarding the West of Ireland at this time as a source of natural strength? Yet it is to such a state of things as exists there that all the wild talk about depopulation and the rest of it leads. Perhaps it may not be amiss in this connection to call the attention of Dr. Begg and the Rev. Mr. McMillan to an interesting fact and a possible corollary. The over-population and the attendant misery of many parts of Ireland is due in part to Roman Catholic priests. They have discouraged emigration, encouraged early marriages, and done their best to keep the people on the land. The only means by which the priests could eke out a living was by the contributions they got from the miserable creatures who belonged to their fold, and the more they had, the stronger did they seem to be against Protestantism. It is not meant that there was any general prevalence of selfish motives in what was thus done. The Roman Catholic priests, doubtless, believed that they were acting for the best for the people; but their religious views blinded them to the evil of what they were doing."—Ulster Examiner.

As a Liniment for horses Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is unequalled. It cures Sprains, Bruises, and Lameness, at once.

The Irish Government have been seriously considering the grave step of a very extensive series of State prosecutions in connection with the Land League proceedings in Ireland. A decision is withheld solely because of Mr. Forster's positive objection to any such course until all at events he has personally perused the formidable reports said to have been laid before the law officers of the Crown. It is not for seditious language the prosecutions are contemplated or rather suggested, but conspiracy to prevent the letting of land. Seven of the Dublin leaders and no less than forty-two provincial Land League members are incriminated.

A newly-married couple riding in a carriage were overturned; whereupon a bystander said it was a shocking sight. "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded fall out so soon."

Probably by one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state is scientifically treated, recommended by the highest medical authorities as the most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Rock Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has passed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyst, and is certified by him to be pure, and to contain no starch, farina, arrow-root, or any of the deleterious ingredients commonly used to adulterate cocoa. When buying be particular and secure Rowntree's. Other kinds are often substituted for the sake of larger profits.

"But I pass," said a minister recently, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then, I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery, who was dressing the happy hours away in an imaginary game of Napoleon.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's a precious thing.

For cleansing the system of all morbid matter and warding off diseases, no medicine possesses such efficacy as Baxter's Malted Drake Bitters.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS. Announcements under these headings will be charged 50c. for the first and 25c. for subsequent insertions.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13.

ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING.

The Adjourned Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY will be held in TOUPIN'S BLOCK, McGill Street, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 13th INST., at EIGHT O'CLOCK (Sharp). Every Shareholder is earnestly requested to attend, as the Auditors' Report will be submitted and a new Board of Directors elected for the ensuing year.

Also, the question of the reconstitution of the DAILY PAPER will be brought before the Meeting.

JNO. P. WHELAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For October, 1880. THURSDAY, 14.—St. Callista, Pope and Martyr. FRIDAY, 15.—St. Theresa, Virgin. SATURDAY, 16.—Office of the Immaculate Conception. SUNDAY, 17.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. Matins of St. Vincent Ferrer. Eucharist. Matins of St. Luke. Last Gospel. Matins of St. Luke. MONDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist. Fr. Jogues put to death, 1646. TUESDAY, 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor. Abp. Whitefield, Baltimore, died, 1834. WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.

A MEETING of those interested in the proposed testimonial to the Reverend Father Brown will be held on Friday evening (7.30) at St. Ann's School-house. It is to be hoped the attendance will be large.

We call the attention of our readers to the commencement, in this week's issue of the TRUE WITNESS, of one of the most thrilling stories of modern times, which the Irish *Leas saibeur*, Redmond O'Donnell, is the hero. It is pronounced a finished romance, and is pure and chaste in tone and sentiment.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the following named gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents in their respective districts for the True Witness:—Charles O'Donnell, Esq., Woodstock, New Brunswick; D. J. Cantwell, Esq., St. Johns, Newfoundland; Messrs. T. O'Brien & Co., St. John, New Brunswick.

The 10th Royals of Toronto are divided into two such bitterly by hostile factions as to render the battalion a positive nuisance. There are rumours afloat of its early disbandment. It is, perhaps, the most invidious battalion in Canada, and it is safe to say each of the ten companies contains a body either of young Britons or Orangemen.

A MEETING of the Shareholders of the Post Printing & Publishing Company will be held this (Wednesday) evening, at 7.30 p.m., in Toupin's Block, McGill street. It is requested the Shareholders will attend in their full strength, as business of paramount importance will be transacted, a statement of accounts published, and a directory elected.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL BAZAAR for the benefit of the St. Patrick Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's refuge, will be opened in the Long Room of the Mechanics Hall on Thursday (to-morrow evening) at 8 o'clock sharp. Entrance tickets, are 10 cents, two for 15, three for 20, and four for twenty-five. A new feature of this bazaar will be that no one on entering will be asked to part with his money until he has seen the articles on hand, which on this occasion are to be unusually fine.

NOTWITHSTANDING the denials of those directly concerned, the New York Herald's European correspondent, an angry Englishman no doubt, repeats the intelligence that the Pope is displeased with Cardinal McCloskey for participating in the reception to Parnell. He now adds that the displeasure will be manifested when his eminence goes to Rome, but he does not tell us in what manner. The most likely thing about it is that it is the correspondent himself who is displeased.

SENATOR BLAINE, thinking he had the State of Maine in his vest pocket, was very much astonished at the result of the late elections, and commenced casting about for causes. Amongst others he found, or fancied he found, that the French Canadian "villagers," of whom there are a good many thousands in

Maine, could not vote honestly. Our own opinion is, that they are among the honestest, and most disinterested voters in the state, and we believe Senator Blaine will be yet sorry he so grossly insulted them. There is a good deal of the spirit of Know-nothingism yet lingering in republican minds.

La Patrie of Saturday says it is rumored that the following changes will shortly take place:—Messrs. Baby and Masson will be replaced by Messrs. Chapleau and Caron.—Hon. John O'Connor will be succeeded by the Hon. Frank Smith.—Sir Charles Tupper will resign and accept the presidency of the Canada Pacific syndicate.—Mr. John McGee will succeed Mr. Patrick as clerk of the House of Commons.—Mr. Bourinot will replace Mr. Todd, and Messrs. Todd and Patrick will be superannuated. These are doubtless but first and second class rumors.

The Toronto Mail in a late terrific article on Ireland says:—"But there must be no quarter given to professional agitators like Parnell, who thrive only on the country's misfortunes." We have sent a copy of the Mail containing this sublime effort to Mr. Gladstone, and hence our readers need not be surprised if there shall be an entire change of government policy towards Ireland in the very near future. Too long has the Mail allowed the present state of affairs to exist, but that one of the three famous tailors of Tooley street, has evidently become editor, it shall exist no more.

THE HARP, for October, contains a portrait of Dr. Hingston, of Montreal, and a well written sketch. Dr. Hingston is one of the most accomplished gentlemen, and perhaps the leading surgeon in all Canada, and were he a citizen of any other country would long ere this have received some mark of distinction. But he is not a politician, and as none but such obtain the honor of being created Knights of St. Michael and St. George, Dr. Hingston will have to be content with the esteem of his fellow-Canadian countrymen and their appreciation of his sterling worth and great ability, not only as a physician, but as a ruler of men as well.

We hear a good deal of the Indian summer, but it is rarely we get a chance of seeing it. If a spell of fine weather comes along this time of the year it is immediately pounced upon and christened the Indian summer, as if fine weather is not due in October, as well as any other month. The Indian summer about which poets rave, as well as a good many who are not poets, is so shy and sensitive that it will not be induced to visit cities or places where civilization has changed the face of nature. If you want therefore to enjoy the delicious weather you must go to the plains where it loves to linger five or six weeks at a stretch; at all events you must leave Montreal, where there is a good deal of fraudulent talk of what people know nothing.

The citizens of Montreal gave a dinner at the Windsor Hotel, on Thursday night, in honor of Mr. Frechette who, on a late occasion, had the distinguished honor conferred on himself and Canada, his country, of having his poetical works crowned by the French Academy. This was an honor never before conferred on a Canadian, and it was besides an honor well earned, for if it were not so a Canadian would not have been given it. It is not everyone the French Academy thus delights to honor. One would naturally, therefore, suppose that, under the circumstances, Canadians of every religion, class, nationality, and shade of politics, would be proud of this great distinction, and express themselves to that effect. But no, the demon of politics steps in to forbid it, and La Minerve, formerly the leading French Canadian paper, and still a poor pretender to leadership, throws cold water on the whole affair. It gives what the printers call a few "sticks" of its space to the Frechette banquet—and that is all. No editorial comment, no congratulations. Everyone knows that Mr. Frechette is not a Conservative, but who cares about politics when the honor of a country is at stake. It is evident that Messrs. DeCelles and Dansereau, brilliant writers that they are, have left La Minerve, and that the paper has degenerated into hands like those of Mr. Tasse, M.P. Perhaps Mr. Tasse is jealous of the literary fame of Mr. Frechette. Poor pretender; he has no occasion, because there is no comparison. One represents classical French and poetry, the other the language of the habitant and bathos. Or can it be that Mr. Tasse is too occupied running down Ireland and Irishmen and their rights, to give justice to a compatriot? While editing the Ottawa sheet, Le Canada, he took every opportunity of maligning the Irish, copying lying diatribes against them from the English papers, and calling them rebels. Ignoramus that he is. Unworthy parliamentary representative of an ill-judging constituency, which, let us hope, will judge better in future. Let us advise the "eloquent" Tasse to go to school for a few short years, and then, if he can, come forward and criticize his betters.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

The elections in Ohio and Indiana were held yesterday, the 12th inst., but the results up to this are not known, though it is claimed that Ohio has gone Republican, while Indiana gives a Democratic majority. The true and final result will not be known until about Saturday, but it will be known on which side the majority lies to-morrow evening. The Republicans claim both States, and they may be right in doing so, but even then it will not elect them their President. If the South casts a solid vote for Hancock, and if the Democrats carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, three recognized Democratic States, they will have a majority of the Electoral College votes. The solid South has 188

electoral votes, and the North 231, making in all 399. If, therefore, the three States mentioned, which have 50 votes, throw them in the Democratic scale it will give Hancock 188 votes, or a majority of seven over Garfield. These are the chances at present discussed, but of course it is possible the unexpected may happen, that New York will go Republican as well as Connecticut, and that the solid South may turn out a Democratic detusion, or again, it may happen that Ohio, Indiana and Maine, doubtful States that they are, may fall into line with the Democracy, and that New York, Connecticut and New Jersey may not disappoint the Democrats. In that case Hancock is pretty sure to win. Taking a disinterested view of the situation it must be admitted that the Democrats, now that New York is united, have the better chance of electing their President, though it would be either a very wealthy, a very zealous or a very foolish partizan who would give odds in any shape. We shall have to wait till the 2nd of November for reliable information.

BACKED DOWN.

His Sublime Highness the Sultan of Turkey has backed down, and Dulcigno has been peacefully occupied by the Montenegrins. The Sultan felt that though the policy of resistance was spirited, it would not, in the end, be successful, and so he yielded at the last moment, when, by holding out, he might have held the village in dispute, but would have been precipitated across the Hellespont, bag and baggage, all the sooner. Even now, his going is only a question of time, for go he certainly will, and must. What forced the Sultan to such a hasty and peaceable determination as the surrender of Dulcigno was the declaration of England, that she would "go it alone," even if the powers deserted her, as undoubtedly, she would, and perhaps have been beaten from before Constantinople as she was in 1807, when she made a like attempt. It is, however, more likely that her terrible iron clads would knock the dilapidated forts along the Bosphorus into small pieces. The next difficulty is the cession of territory to Greece. This last straw may break the camel's back and he may once more take to resisting the powers and proclaim a religious war, a war which would end by the entire dismemberment of the Turkish empire in Asia as well as in Europe. The terrors of a Moslem invasion, which once were powerful enough to make the heart of Europe quake, have lost their force. The Mussulmans are now degraded, effete, corrupt and divided; they will trouble Europe no more, but Europe will trouble them sadly or we mistake, for the Slavonic element now rising into power thinks itself entitled to revenge for the cruel persecution of centuries. It is said that England has requested France to take the initiative in the Greek affair, but that France has firmly but respectfully declined. She is not now the France that went to war for an idea, she is not the France which sent an army to Syria in 1866 to protect the Christians, and to Mexico some years earlier to found a latin empire on this continent. Those were Napoleonic ideas, and the Napoleons all are dead and gone never, never to return. France is determined she will not fire a gun or lose a man until her account is settled with Germany; all her energies are pent up for that grand quarrel, and they are all required. Let the concert of Europe help itself as it may in the way of getting Turkey to cede Janina to Greece, France pursues a policy of masterly inactivity.

THE NEW FRENCH ARMY.

The autumn manoeuvres of the French and the German armies are now over, and the criticisms of the military correspondents who reported upon them to their respective journals have been made and digested. Some of the correspondents give the credit to the German, indeed the majority of them, while others think the French troops and their movements deserve the palm for general excellence. All, however, agree that the French have made vast strides towards perfection since the fatal campaign of exactly ten years ago, and while still as a general rule not of opinion, that they have caught up to the Germans, believe the fortunes of war, if the inevitable conflict were to come next spring would not be all on the side of the Teuton. Since 1872 France has spent vast sums of money improving her military system and increasing her army, until now it is, as the Pall Mall Gazette correspondent says, more formidably efficient than at any former period of French history. The announcement, however, does not say the French army is equal to the German. The Times correspondent, while admitting the great improvements manifested during the autumn manoeuvres, saw many abuses to be remedied and many reforms to be effected before the machine could be perfect. France is at this moment in a position to mass 400,000 men on her eastern frontier in one week, and it is doubtful if the Germans could do any more. She has ready for immediate active service over a million men, armed with the most superior weapons of the day, and under the present system can add to the force 100,000 more every year. She is besides, for aggressive war purposes, a perfectly homogeneous nation, which cannot be truthfully said of Germany where jealousies still exist. She has abolished all the fanfarons and display of the Empire—drums, bugles, noise and glitter, and she has abolished the chateaux for good and for aye, formidable cavalry that they were, but far too difficult to prepare for service to be thoroughly efficient when the tug of war arrived. The French soldiers themselves have lost their imperial swagger, are more obedient to their officers, more serious, and not, in a word, like men who see a great task before them and can appreciate its greatness. The army corps are

perfect in themselves and capable of any amount of expansion, and the promoters of the system of revenging have so arranged that all its component parts, down to the squad, shall act intelligently and independently if necessary, no matter how isolated or situated. The War Office has done away with the *tents d'abri*, so cumbersome during a march, as well as the immense baggage trains that impeded the movements of the army of 1870. It will be no longer a reproach that the head of the army will have 15,000 men to take charge of his baggage, as was the case with Napoleon the Third when he moved from Paris to march to Berlin. In fine, France is preparing for the struggle with Germany, which she expects will one day be forced upon her, but which, if not, she may force herself in her own good way. As for generals, we hear of none. McMahon is growing old and carries with him besides the shadow of defeat; Bazaine is an exile traitor; Vinoy, Ducrot, and Trochu proved themselves deficient in the hour of trial, and neither Faidherbe nor Bourbaki is recognized as a great commander. But now, as in 1793, France may find military geniuses spring from the earth when they are required at the command of the Republic. If the machine is perfect it is easily handled. If the defeated McMahon is old, Von Moltke is older yet, and as for Fritz and Prince Charles it remains to be seen if they shall be as victorious when they find forces opposed to them as numerous as their own.

THE BIDDULPH MASSACRE.

After seven days hearing of evidence and argument the jury empanelled to try James Carroll for the murder of Mrs. Susan Donnelly at Biddulph, on the night of the 3rd of last February, have disagreed, and the prisoner has been acquitted of the charge. The numbers stood: Four for conviction of wilful murder, seven for acquittal, and one whose mind would not allow him to decide one way or the other. It does not of course follow that Carroll and others of the Vigilance Committee will not be tried again for the murder of others of the Donnelly family, but the probabilities at present are that they will not, and that the prosecution has broken down. It may, of course, happen that from new developments may arise fresh evidence, but it is doubtful. The Donnelly family went to live in Lucan over twenty years ago, and soon established for themselves reputations of a desperate nature. Men shunned them, and were afraid of them, so much afraid indeed that they preferred to put up with injuries rather than prosecute the Donnellys, who never failed in revenging themselves. After a while, every crime committed within a radius of ten miles was set down to the Donnellys, and their names carried with it positive terror. Then it was that the settlers and farmers of the neighborhood formed themselves into a vigilance committee and perpetrated a deed which has no parallel in the criminal records of Canada. A number of men with blackened faces and dressed in women's clothes appeared before the House of Donnelly, murdered all the inmates except the boy O'Connor who escaped, and then set fire to the house. But there were other Donnellys in the neighborhood, and it was evidently the intention of the murderers to let none of them live, to exterminate the family root and branch. They therefore proceeded on the same night of February the third to the house of William Donnelly, with whom her brother John was staying, although they were not aware of it, called him to the door to notify him of the fire, and shot him, John Donnelly, dead when he presented himself. William Donnelly therefore escaped the massacre. When the party went to the elder Donnelly's house it contained a boy named Johnny O'Connor, who was to have taken care of the establishment next day while the family went to Granton to stand their trial for burning Patrick Ryder's barn. The boy on hearing the news at the door ran up stairs after Bridget Donnelly, who fled for refuge, but in her terror barred him out. She was ultimately discovered in her hiding place and slaughtered, but the young O'Connor concealed himself under the old man's bed and escaped when the murderers threw coal oil on it and set fire to it. He was therefore the principal witness for the prosecution. He swore that he recognized James Carroll, the prisoner on trial for the murder of Judith Donnelly, present at the scene of the murder, and from his evidence it would appear that Carroll was constable, that he was the only man not disguised, that he came ostensibly to arrest Donnelly, that he had a warrant for that purpose, and handcuffs, and that if it were not for his presence in his official capacity, the Donnellys would not have opened their door, but would have resisted to the death. The boy's testimony was, on the whole, delivered in a straightforward manner. William Donnelly, who also gave evidence, and swore positively to having recognized Carroll, Kennedy, and Ryder at the murder of his brother John. For the defence a large number of witnesses were called, who proved an alibi in favor of the prisoner, in so far as their testimony went; but it was shown by the prosecution that all those witnesses were members of the Vigilance Committee, who are alleged to be themselves the masked murderers, and hence His Lordship, Judge Armon, instructed the jury that their evidence should have no weight. His Lordship also drew attention to the singular fact that none of the neighbors seemed to pay any attention to the fire of the Donnelly's house, some of them even ironically protesting that they thought the glare was caused by the light of the moon. It may be mentioned that the venue of the trial was changed from Lucan to London, and that no Catholic was allowed on the jury, and also that one of the Vigilance

Committee (Casey) was a Justice of the Peace, appointed in answer to the petition of the Vigilance Committee, as was also Carroll as constable. It is altogether a strange and sanguinary case. There can be no doubt whatever that, notwithstanding the terrible nature of the wholesale murder, very strong sympathy is felt throughout the district which was the scene of it for the murderers, but then those good folk who so sympathize do not call it by that name. It is, in their opinion, but retaliation. It should be recollected however that although the Donnellys were beyond all manner a very bad lot, yet none of them were ever accused of murder, and certainly not the two women, Judith and Bridget, who were as mercilessly butchered as their husband, and brother. It is true that Donnelly senior served seven years in the penitentiary for killing a man in a quarrel with a handspike, but it was not murder, or, if it was, the law called it by another name, and sentenced him for manslaughter. It is altogether a sad and terrible case, is that of the Donnelly's, and shows strongly what the passions of men are capable of when not controlled by religion and its softening influences, in the absence of which they degenerate into something worse than savage beasts.

THE DREADFUL NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Intelligence of the most alarming and dreadful nature has come across the Atlantic from Europe this week, which is to the effect that Parnell has succeeded in uniting the Irish factions, and that, consequently, England, in the near future, will have to confront an united Irish nation demanding, or not demanding, but proclaiming, that a new era in Irish history has begun. News of a like nature as regards France would be sweet to Frenchmen, as regards Germany would be music to the ears of the Teuton; but to some Irishmen it is the harbinger of woe, because of its unusualness, if we be permitted to coin a word for the occasion. This news is especially alarming to Irishmen of weak nerves, men of business, who have come to imagine that their trade will suffer by such a fearful catastrophe as the union of Irishmen; men who would, or fancy they would, prefer to hear of faction fights, in which the three-year-olds smashed the heads of the four-year-olds at a Munster fair. It seems, according to the cablegram, that the Nationalists have joined the Home Rulers, which means in fact that one half of Ireland has combined with the other, and this piece of news makes one of our evening contemporaries head the cablegram "Unhappy Ireland." Why it should do so we cannot well understand, as the same journal was delighted beyond measure in 1859 when Italy united, and in 1867 when the Germans kicked the principalities aside and went in for the Fatherland. For our part we say happy Ireland, thou hast at length realized the dream of the poets and the patriots, thou hast thrown sectional prejudices and bigotry aside, and has said to the chosen chief, "thou art honest, thou meanest well, thou has stood by us in our agony of travail, and now that we know thy advice is good we unite to strengthen those glorious hands of thine which have formed an united nation out of discordant elements." And this is as it should be, and must even be agreeable to English public opinion, whose apostles have within the past hundred years asked "what can you do for such a people, who are split into a dozen factions? where is the Irish nation, and what does it require? we only hear the voice of a section." The cablegrams which reach us come from the Associated Press, of which Englishmen are the agents, and we must therefore expect that the Anglo-Saxon tone will be given to the despatches, and that Ireland is in a terrible state. And so it is, if we wear the Anglo-Saxon spectacles necessary to enable us to understand that the union of the Home Rulers and Nationalists is a frightful thing to behold. But why should it be so? Was the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster a sad epoch in England's history? Most assuredly not, but of the brightest. It is, indeed, true that the union of Irish parties is not good for Beaconsfield Imperialism, but what does that matter. Julius Caesar is dead and so is Beaconsfield, except that he is writing a new novel called "Eudymion," of which a Jew is most likely the hero. Ireland is then united, and the resolves of its people (except the unhappy faction in the North) is, that come what may, they will seek for happiness in the manner they think best and in the way that suits them. They have adopted a new plan which is passive resistance, and if they persist in it all the powers of earth cannot conquer them. They have resolved to abolish landlordism, and as a beginning they have refused to pay rents. There are 600,000 tenant farmers leagued for this object, and it is a nice question how any English army can coerce them, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. If the English powers proceed to extreme measures all they can do is to force on and then crush out an rebellion, but after that what will happen? If Ireland is successful, which is by no means impossible, she can govern her children according to her good pleasure; if she fail, she can absolutely be no worse than she is. But will the governing party of England have recourse to physical force, for in our opinion that is the proper way of putting the question? Not to please its enemies, the landlords; not to perpetrate a hateful, grinding oligarchy; not to please its bitterest enemies; not to give cause for laughter to Europe and America. No, the Liberal Government do not want the Irish to rebel. It is prepared to give them all they want, provided it finds them united in their demands. And it is united; and it is time it were united; for, of a surety, there has never yet existed a nation

which has created for itself so much misery by disunion. It was only last week a cablegram informed us that Patrio O'Bryan was Captain-General of Madrid, while this week we are told Colonel Patrick Lynch is leaving contributions on a Peruvian city. Both these men are Irish Catholics of the ancient English-prescribed race. Have we heard since the time of Roderick O'Connor, that any Irish Catholic has commanded Dublin, except an appointee of Tyrconnell, in the time of James the Second? Have we ever seen an Irish Catholic General or Admiral in the British service? None. And yet we are told the union of Irishmen under the Protestant Parnell, who would do away with such an atrocious state of affairs, is terrible, dreadful, alarming! So it is to tyrants. We would then ask of Irishmen in Canada, not to be alarmed. The new regime will add to their dignity in Canada, and will not take from their profits or custom as business men. We would like to see the English, Irish, French or Scotch man who would withdraw their custom from, let us say, J. J. Curran, Q.C., because his countrymen at home had united, gained Home Rule, and crushed the landlord system, which is the upas tree of Ireland.

Personal.

Joe Emmet, the actor, is ill of *del. trem.*—Ayoub Khan is raising a new army at Herat.—The Princess Louise is under treatment for deafness.—Mr. Manson is the Conservative candidate for Bromo County.—Lord Beaconsfield is writing a new novel called "Eudymion."—It is rumored that the Hon. Mr. Angers is to be made a judge.—Mr. Gladstone is brooding over the Irish difficulty at Hawarden.—Offenbach, the famous musical composer died in Paris last week.—The Donnelly murder case is at present up for hearing in London.—The secretary of state has decreed 3rd November, a day of thanksgiving.—Mr. Blake wants to abolish the senate, Mr. McKenzie merely to reform it.—Joseph Williams has resigned the chieftainship of the Caughnawaga tribe.—Colonel Macpherson will succeed Colonel Wiley as director of military stores.—The Irish Canadian is mistaken in thinking Lord Mountmorris was a Catholic.—It is said that Mr. Daly, of Halifax, will succeed Sir Charles Tupper in the Cabinet.—The New Zealand Legislature has legalized marriage with a deceased wife's sister.—Mr. Frechette was fined by his literary admirers at the Windsor on Thursday night last.—\$40,000 worth of tickets have been sold in New York for the Sara Bernhardt concert already.—Goldwin Smith comes out squarely for independence. His policy is endorsed by the Toronto Telegram.—John Kelly, the Tammany chief and comptroller, of New York, was once an office boy on the New York Herald.—Mr. S. E. St. O'Chapleau is out in the Mail with a letter describing his acceptance of \$4,000 from contractors.—It is believed the police have made an important discovery in connection with the murder of Lord Mountmorris.—Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, chairman of the British House of Commons in committee, is travelling in New Brunswick.—The London World suggests that the question of Baroness Coutt's marriage should be submitted to the people at the polls.—Dr. Hingston took a tumor, weighing 49 pounds, from a woman at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, on Saturday. The patient is convalescent.—The Ottawa Free Press is angry because the conservative papers do not denounce Golden Smith for preaching annexation. Mr. Smith please consider yourself denounced.—Forbes, the war correspondent, says the only and military service he has seen as a soldier, was in Ireland, where he was knocked off his horse with a brick during an election riot.—The City Council has entered an action for \$1,000 damages against McElaanaghan for refusing to comply with the by-law in respect to removing his house after it was expropriated.

Review of Books.

THE HARP is bright and cheerful as usual, and its articles, most of them written by Canadians, are of an entertaining and versatile nature, covering all points of interest. THE CELTIC MONTHLY for October has reached us. It is a first-class periodical, and second to none on the continent. It has for contributors some of the best writers in the United States. LACON. This is a cheap edition of a celebrated work by the Revd. C. C. Colton, A. M. It contains short articles on most of the subjects which interest mankind, written in a philosophical style. Published by I. & J. Funk, Dry street, New York. Price 20 cents. THE MONTH OR CATHOLIC REVIEW for October contains:—When George the Fourth was King; The Butler of Rowcliffe; The National Schools of Ireland; An Archbishop of Paris; Creature Worship, etc. The first article is most interesting, giving as it does some of the correspondence that passed between George the Fourth of happy memory and his beautiful ministers. THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS is the title of a paper bound volume of 560 pages, published by the New York American News Company, and written by "a professor of Theology." It is an answer to, or rather a refutation of "faith of our forefathers," and a vindication of Archbishop Gibbon's work "Faith of our fathers." It goes over Catholic dogmas and doctrines point by point, defending and explaining them seriatim. It is a valuable work especially for controversialists or those desiring an intimate knowledge of Catholic theology. FATHER MATTHEW ANNIVERSARY.—Under the auspices of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, in St. Ann's Hall, the Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church, delivered a most instructive and interesting lecture, Monday evening, on the life and times of the great apostle of temperance, Father Matthew. As a matter of course there was a large attendance.

Letter from Ottawa.

ADVENTURES OF MYLES O'BEGAN, ESQ.

Mr. Editor.—The wind-blowed mournfully among the trees, the sun set in solemn splendor, magnificent grins threw themselves on their cold couches and gnashed their teeth at things pertaining to the syndicate. During many moons past the grins have had no occasion for teeth, as they are on the shady side of the treasury bones. It is the patriotic Conservative who is in possession of the two and thirty, the Mackintoshes and folks of that ilk. All grit nature was therefore hushed, but, hark! What lights are those which burn so brightly in the chief hotel of Duncansville? What music is it which pierces the air and thrills the heart of tories within hearing? Whose forms are those who pass hither and thither throwing their majestic shadows on the pavement beneath? The lights, the music, the shadows, exuberance of full and grateful hearts, are they not all dyed in the wool tories, and are they not there to commemorate a great victory achieved by them over the men of red the rouges? And now the revelry is at its height, and the warriors are regaling themselves with champagne or rye as the case may be, or as their tastes direct? But once more hush! hark, what noise is that? It is certainly neither the wind, nor the car rattling o'er the stony street, nor yet is it the cannon's opening roar. After a moment of terrible anxiety, of profound silence we all rushed into the banquet hall and there discovered a great spectacle. The Hon. John O'Connor, Postmaster-General of Canada, was lying on the floor in a pool of champagne, while over him strode the musician, Dolan, with his pipes playing away like one possessed by a demon. "Mercy, mercy," shrieked the Cabinet minister, "or I die; here, take my portfolio, my law office, my watch, everything, but spare my life and stop that infernal music." But still the infuriated musician ground away, the tones of the pipes growing shriller and shriller each moment until we all fairly screamed and thought the ground would open and swallow us alive.

"Alas," cried O'Connor, "will no one save me; am I then to be murdered in cold blood? Come, a first-class place in my department to any one who comes to the rescue."

Ere the statesman had finished his appeal the crowd had fled shrieking in agony from the hall, all except your humble correspondent, Myles O'Began. "The offer of a better place decided me. You are aware, Mr. Editor, that the O'Regans have always been famous for their astonishing presence of mind. You doubtless remember the feat of my respected uncle, who, when his head was cut off in the policeman (had luck to him), went out in the chilly air and had it frozen again. With the rapidity of lightning I, in order to protect myself, stuffed a *pate de foie gras* into each of my ears until the howling of the pipes waned down to the sighing of a distant river, and, thus fortified, I sprang upon Dolan. The struggle was short but terrific. I wrested the pipes from his grasp, and the prostrate statesman arose, like another James Fitz James, from the struggle. The foregoing Mr. Editor is the true story of the attempted assassination at Duncansville what the vile newspapers say to the contrary notwithstanding. It is quite true that Dolan's designs were murderous in the greatest degree; his intention was to play the O'Connor to death to the air of the "Campbells are coming." There was no knife in the quarrel, no pistol, nothing but strains of martial music which might be played to a Scotchman but certain death to an Irishman. The Campbells of course represented the Grits. I became the hero of the hour, and the hour only, for next morning the Messrs O'Connor and Dolan made it up and trumped up a cock and a bull story for the papers. Nevertheless I thought a Cabinet minister would keep his word, but in this I was disappointed.

"Mr. O'Connor" said I, next morning, "I hope you have got over your fright of last night. It was lucky I was present to render you a slight service."

"What difficulty do you refer to pray? I see you have been drinking; go and throw a bucket of water on your head and report yourself to the deputy of your department at once. Subordinates, no matter how enthusiastic tories they may be, should not attend political dinners." I was thunderstruck, Mr. Editor, at the base ingratitude of mankind. But wait. If ever again the Hon. John O'Connor gets into such a difficulty I know one at least, who will not stuff pins into his ears.

I am surprised at your pertinacity in endorsing the views of the Land League in Ireland. I sometimes imagine you must be only joking or writing in the ironic vein for you know the thing does not pay. I writing as an aristocrat at the first water and the bluest blood, am of the opinion that it is wrong to stir up bad passions between two classes so intimately connected as the landlords and tenants; the former are the natural protectors of the latter. When the harvest is good, the landlord gives a share to the tenant, when it is bad he has enough to do to keep the wolf from his own door. Look at the expenses the landlord is subject to. He has to send his sons to college, to keep a stud of hunters, a wine cellar, perhaps a few mistresses who are expensive creatures; he has to wear diamonds, to drink champagne, to keep up his club, and to do a thousand other things involving the expenditure of money which the tenant is fortunately exempt from. You will argue of course, that it is the tenant who tills the soil, and works from sunrise till sunset to keep his family from starving. But why should he have a family at all? And besides the landlord, though he does not take a spade or plough in his hand, performs a tremendous amount of brain work, before which the manual labor of the tenant sinks into utter insignificance. Just put yourself in his place, Mr. Editor, and fancy his mental agony while working his brains to find out how much he can increase the rents before Michaelmas. Poor landlords, I sympathize with them from my heart, though I am free to confess that I think the movement now going on, will result in disestablishing them *en bloc* before twenty years roll over, if the Irishmen give them a chance to live long. Affairs have now arrived at that pass that the lords will soon be only too glad to give up their estates, though it is not long since they held a different opinion. There is an estate in the county of Limerick called Ballinagar, and a sweeter, lovelier spot the sun does not shine down upon. It is owned by the O'rokers, the founders of whose family and fortunes obtained the deeds of it from a Cromwellian trooper for half a crown and a three-bladed pen-knife, by representing to him that Ballinagar was nothing but a stupendous bog-hole. When the last Oroker, but one, lay dying, he sent for his eldest son and heir, the Reverend Tom, to Trinity College, Dublin. When he felt his end drawing nigh, he caused himself to be propped up in his bed so that he could feast his eyes on his beautiful property, before he left this here world for that there.

"Sweet Ballinagar," said the old sinner, "am I going to leave thee?"

"Never mind, father," said the reverend Tom;

"you're going to a better place. The old man scrutinized Tom pretty closely, took another glance at his broad acres, shook his head, and replied with a sigh, "Tom my boy, I doubt if you're much" and then he turned up the whites of his eyes, and expired, as the Limerick *Chronicle* had it, full of deep religious feeling and faith on the life to come." For mine own part, I have left my estates at home, to flee from the west to come, and sought a home in the new world. \$1,000 a year is not much, but it is better than having a steve with your body. Still my sympathies are with my class, and in order to show it, I have ground out some "poetry," as I always do when my motions overpower me. It takes the reader forward twenty years and introduces him to a poor lord, sweeping a London crossing after the revolution had been accomplished by the fierce democracy. If this poem is ever put to music, I hope it will be credited to me and called

THE LANDLORD'S LAMENT.

Oh, where are the splendid days of old When the gales of rent came pouring in, In bright crisp notes and in brighter gold? They are gone alas, and I shiver and grin. For my only gale is the sharp north wind, And the rents are all in my pants behind.

Oh, those were the halcyon days when I "Pinner'd" at a Baden-Baden Spa And smashed the bank, or went tearing by In my four-in-hand to the opera With a prima donna by my side, The broomstick now is the horse I ride.

I lost ten thousand upon "Parole" The very season the famine scourged My Irish tenants, nor thought I dull, In answer to what their pastor urged, To write: "Let the debtors pay or die, The fates are pitiless—so am I."

I dined and dined with the Prince of Wales, Poor man! he's now on the grand Shaughraun—I rode to hounds over hills and dales; I dashed in champagne till the rosy dawn, I lived the life of a Sybarite, And scornful laughed at the tenants' rights.

But Parnell came with his rebel crew, Scolded all—contemptible, mean— And broached the theory strange and new, Which brought new actors upon the scene, "The land," he said, "is the land of all, Keep firm and the Uxas tree will fall."

Faith and so it did, and here am I Sweeping a crossing in London town, While my brother George (poor Dr. D. M. D.) Led a lieutenant once of County Down, Now carries a hot near Temple Bar Up towards the sky, oh, ever so far.

What, you a tenant on my estate! Well sling us a bob to get some beer, The rain is falling, 'tis getting late, Mercet, no 74, 'tis mighty queer, For I am best in a tickle jade, And sweeping crossings a thrifty trade.

MYLES O'BEGAN.

CITY NEWS.

The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Christian Brothers' Order, was held in the Parish Church of Notre Dame, on Tuesday, and was a very impressive ceremony.

Autumn, the time most propitious for planting the vine, has arrived, and Messrs. Gallagher & Gauthier believe it to be their duty to advise the public of the fact, with a view to induce those who are disposed to encourage the growth of native wine not to delay their orders any longer. Do not be mistaken but address your orders to Messrs. Gallagher & Gauthier, Beaconsfield, near Pointe Claire, or at the office, No. 57 St. Gabriel street, Montreal.

Something brilliant and unusual in the dramatic line will be witnessed in Nordheim's Hall on Thursday, the 21st inst, when Mr. Shaw will exhibit illuminated views of the world's scenery, including scenes from Dublin, Limerick, Paris, Rome, Russia, Canada, Ireland and in fact all the principal countries in the world famous for sublime scenery. The Lakes of Killarney, the Falls of Niagara, Montmorency, the Giant's Causeway, Yosemite Valley, the Swiss Lakes and other places of romantic and historic interest will be shown, with explanatory lectures attending. The proceeds will go to the St. Patricks Orphan and St. Bridget's Refuge fund. There will be a matinee for children at 2 p.m., tickets ten cents, and the general exhibition will be at 7.30, tickets 25 cents. Mr. Shaw, a well known and able lecturer and dramatist, will be in charge.

I would appear that Professor Johnson, at present engaged in organizing classes in this city, has discovered what may be termed a royal road to grammar, a study that has heretofore been of the driest and most forbidding to youthful minds. Mr. Johnson's system is a philosophical one and entirely divested of the formidable surrounding which so scare children, and it has the additional attribute that it can be taught to grown up people, who have come to imagine that it is almost too late for them to learn an abstruse science. Under the new "Delineator" system, the study is a positive pleasure instead of a task. It receives unbounded praise from clergymen, teachers, pupils themselves, and by all in Canada who are in anyway interested in teaching the grammar of the English language to the youth of the country. When Mr. Johnson has organized his classes he will at once commence expounding and popularizing his system in Montreal.

Mr. EPHRAIM CHEVRIER, a well known dry goods merchant in Ottawa, came to this city on Tuesday last to lay in his season's stock of goods. It was noticed by those he dealt with that he acted strangely and purchased goods of a different character to what he was accustomed to do in former years. He bought in over \$20,000 worth and left for home. On the first consignment arriving it was discovered that the goods were not suitable for the trade the house was doing, and Mr. Chevrier's father came here to make enquiries. He soon found there was scarcely an article ordered for the special line in which his son's business lay. The orders were countermanded and a history of Mr. Chevrier's eccentric conduct while here was given to his father. The latter then returned to Ottawa, and was at once accused by his son of coming here to stop the goods. After exhibiting a good deal of excitement, the son left by train for Montreal, and was followed by his father and some other relatives. On arriving here they stopped at the house of Mr. Chalet, an uncle of the young man. Chevrier manifested all the symptoms of a maniac. He became rapidly worse and threatened to murder all within his reach. The police had to be finally called in, and with great difficulty he was taken to the station and locked up. He was subsequently committed to goal for safe keeping. It appears that about a year ago he had a severe illness which ended in an attack of paralysis. Since then signs of mental derangement were noticed, but latterly he appeared much better, and no apprehensions were entertained about his state, and his previous eccentric movements were forgotten. While here buying goods he acted so violently one evening that he was arrested and brought before the court, but discharged on promising to go home. Mr. Chevrier has been a successful business man, is married, and has a family of three children. His mind seems to be disturbed by religious hallucinations. He

has always been temperate and correct in his conduct. His frenzy comes on intermittently, when he breaks out into paroxysms of the utmost violence.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LONDON, October 9.—A despatch from Constantinople says the Sultan has sent for Hobsart Pasha, and said that he would abdicate rather than yield to the demands of the Powers. Admiral Seymour has called the commanders of the combined squadrons aboard the Alexandria, and communicated his last instructions. It is reported in Paris that Germany and Austria will re-establish Poland under the Hapsburg dynasty if the Eastern complications lead to a European war.

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 8.—What has been for some time feared as possible now seems to be imminent. The dilatory policy of the Porte has not been without an adequate motive. The Porte has held in reserve its strong cards, and these are now about to be played. The purpose of the Porte is to call into play the religious fanaticism of the whole Mahometan race, and to use this as a means of exciting the people to resistance to the death agony of the demands made by the united Powers of Europe. To this end there has been put in circulation among the people a report that a prophecy has been discovered which points out the exact present condition of affairs between the Mahometans and the Christians, and predicts that at this moment the Mahometans will come to the defence of their temporal and spiritual head, the Sultan, and not only drive back the Christian hosts who are assailing him, but enable him to carry an aggressive war into their territory. The prophecy in some respects resembles that of Mother Shipton in England. It sets forth that the time has now arrived when the faithful disciples of Mahomet must fight for their religion and country, and that complete victory will crown their efforts. The Sheiks from all the Moslem centres are now hastening to the Sultan's palace, urging him to proclaim a religious war, and to call on his people to drive the infidel dogs from Turkish soil. The situation is very critical.

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 9.—At a conference to-day Mr. Goschen, the English, and M. Novikoff, the Russian ambassador, informed the Porte that the Governments they represented considered the Porte's recent proposal to withdraw the Turkish troops behind the Bagna now to be too late. It is expected that the ambassadors will soon quit Constantinople. When this step is taken and diplomatic relations cease between the Porte and the Powers, another move will have been made leading to the war which seems to be the only possible solution of the vexed Eastern question in its present form. The consuls of Prizrend having been threatened, the ambassadors have cautioned the Porte that the consequence will inevitably be serious should any outrage occur.

It is now understood that the British Government will not recede from its position in reference to Turkey in any event, no matter what the other powers may do. The next step taken by her will probably be to take measures for seizing the custom houses of the Turkish Empire, in the hope of thus reducing the Sultan to financial extremities, and exciting a revolt among the Turkish people and army. Some arrangements might then be made to meet a portion of the claims of the creditors of Turkey throughout Europe. In anticipation of such action, there have been increased purchases yesterday and to-day of Turkish bonds. It is now believed that Mr. Goschen is selected as ambassador to Constantinople in view of some such contingency. The idea is that if the interest on the Turkish bonds should be paid again, public opinion in France as well as in England would be won over to the vigorous measures now contemplated. These measures include the deposition of the Sultan and the establishment of a Prince, to be chosen by the great Powers. Some of the Cabinet are said to be in favor of an immediate advance on Constantinople, but France is unwilling to go to this extremity, and there are great doubts in some quarters as to the good faith of Russia. Russia, in fact, is believed in some quarters to have secretly inspired the defiant note recently sent by the Sultan's Government in reply to the summons concerning Dulcigno. There are those who fear that when England is brought to an open rupture with the Sultan, the other powers will desert her and leave her to pursue her own policy alone. Mr. Gladstone's idea is believed to be that Turkey can be coerced without cost of any risk of war, by a blockade of her ports and the sequestration of her revenues. The Spectator and other papers to-day express a preference for an immediate advance on Constantinople.

PSA, October 12.—The Sultan last night signed the irade, in which he orders the surrender of Dulcigno.

NEW YORK, October 7.—James Stephens, the founder of Fenianism, and for whose person the Government offered a reward of \$25,000 was discovered here yesterday, destitute and starving. His immediate needs were supplied by a newspaper reporter.

The New York Herald's London special says there is great dissatisfaction both in London and Paris concerning the result of the naval demonstration which the Sultan laughed at so long as the fleet threatened him. The foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government is also condemned everywhere, and its leader generally held to have shown himself quite incapable of dealing with the Eastern question.

CHICAGO, October 12.—Emmett's Academy of Music was burned to-day. One fireman was killed and five injured. It is reported 12 firemen were buried by the falling wall of the burning Academy of Music and six bodies recovered.

ANOTHER COLLIERY CATASTROPHE.

HALIFAX, N. S., October 12.—The water burst into the Ford pit at the Albion Mines, this morning, and ten miners were drowned, including Fraser and Conway, two of the underground bosses.

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, October 11.—The annual Requiem service for the repose of the soul of the venerated founder of St. Patrick's Church, the late Rev. Father MacMahon, took place in St. Patrick's Church this morning before a large congregation. All the altars of the church were dressed in mourning. A richly decorated catafalque, upon which reposed the priestly vestments of the lamented deceased, was placed immediately above his grave in the body of the sacred edifice.

A curious misprint in the Paris *Rappel* has led to the announcement far and wide that M. Victor Hugo is about to publish a new poem entitled "L'Amé" (The As). The great poet had not, however, selected this humble quadruped as the subject for his verse. He has chosen a loftier and more immortal theme and the true title of his latest contribution is "L'Amé" (The Soul).

TELEGRAMS CONDENSED.

Garibaldi is to return again to the Italian Chambers.

Sarah Bernhardt leaves Harve on Saturday for America.

France has declined to take the initiative on the Greek Question.

Importation of cattle from Ontario is assuming large dimensions.

King Humbert has annulled Garibaldi's son-in-law, imprisoned at Genoa.

The Credit Foncier will open in Quebec for the transaction of business next January.

Trouble amongst the flag officers of the allied fleet in Turkish waters is reported.

Laycock, the Australian sculler, beat Blackman, of Dulwich, over the Thames course.

An anti-Land League movement is being organized among the Orangemen in the north of Ireland.

Lord Beaconsfield has returned 20 per cent. of their rents for the past year to his Hughenden tenants.

France has declined England's offer to allow France to take the initiative on the Greek question.

Barracks in the west of Ireland have been ordered to be prepared to take full complements of troops.

The police are supposed to have an important clue in connection with the murder of Lord Mountmorris.

£1,000 to £200 was laid against Trickett on Monday, and £5,000 offered on Hanlan by the same party at a trifle longer odds.

General Primrose has been recalled, and will likely have to defend his conduct in connection with General Burrows' reverse.

General Biddulph, Commander-in-Chief in Cyprus, has said that the British Government has no intention of relinquishing the island.

The Sultan decided on Monday to surrender Dulcigno immediately and unconditionally, and the Montenegrins thereupon took possession.

The detectives have "located" one of the gang supposed to have been implicated in the dynamite plot on the London & North-western Railway.

Large orders for Austrian rifles are received from France, the Argentine Republic, Roumania, Chili, China, Montenegro and Greece.

Later reports seem to confirm the statement that a serious fight took place between Canadian and American Indians near Fort Ellice, in the North-West.

It is reported that a Mohammedan fanatic savagely assaulted the Italian Consul-General at Smyrna, doing him some bodily harm. The assailant has been arrested.

D. B. Woodworth's candidature for the Local seat for Winnipeg is endorsed by the Conservative Club, Captain Scott, and Dr. Schultz, but it is objected to by the Selkirk Club.

Mr. John Ryan has been relieved of his contract for the first hundred miles of the Pacific Railway west of Winnipeg, and will superintend its construction for the Government.

The Emperor of Germany has sent an autograph letter to the Queen, protesting against unduly forcing the Porte to comply with the wishes of the Powers, and especially against the disembarkment of troops.

The Jesuits who took up their abode with the students of the American College, at Villa Sangeriano, near Leretto, have received an intimation from the police to quit, and will have to go home.

A special train from Amherst containing a brass band en route for Londonderry, collided with a train of cars near the latter station on Saturday. The engine was badly smashed, the engineer scalded and musical instruments damaged.

The cricket match at Philadelphia between twelve Englishmen and twelve Americans resulted in a draw. The Americans made 98 and 86 in their two innings, the Englishmen scoring 120 in their first innings and 15 for five wickets in their second innings.

Earl Granville, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has just received important despatches and communicated them to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright is now conferring with the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for India.

A despatch from Rome to Reuter's Telegram Co. says:—"According to clerical journals, the Papal Nuncio at Paris will continue to negotiate with the French Government, with the object of mitigating the application of the religious decrees, and it will depend on the result of these efforts whether the Pope will intervene or not."

The Government has determined to reinforce its troops in Ireland, in view of the increasing disturbance among the people growing out of the Land League agitation, but the Duke of Cambridge, who is Commander-in-Chief of the army, has notified the Government that no troops are at present available for service in Ireland, on account of the demands of India.

Johnny Mullens was an industrious highwayman in Nevada. He saved up \$8,000 from his booty, and retired from business. Going to Colorado, where he was unknown, he married Eleanor Perkins, the daughter of a barber, and settled down for a quiet life. His only fear was that his wife would learn what he had been, and leave him in disgust. The fact was that she had known the source of the fortune, and had married him for the sole purpose of getting it. Having attained this object, she lately hired a man to murder him. Such, at least, is the charge on which he has been put in jail.

BREVITIES.

An Englishman asked a Cincinnati belle if there was much refinement and culture in that city, and she replied, "You just bet your boots we're a cultured crowd!"

A stranger asked a resident in Milford, Delaware, "Are you always troubled with mosquitoes here?" "Mosquitoes?" was the answer. "Swing a pint measure around all day, and you'll catch a quart of them."

A poet asks: "When I am dead and lowly laid, and clouds fall heavy from the spade, who'll think of me?" Don't worry. Tailors and shoemakers have retentive memories, you'll not be forgotten. —*Norristown Herald*.

No one knows who invented the fashion in society of turning down the corner of a visiting card; but the fashion of turning down the corner of a street was first thought of by the man who owed a small bill to the tradesman he saw coming.

Correspondence.

THE FRENCH PAPERS ON IRELAND.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to thank the editor of *Le Courrier de Montreal* for the very fine editorial on the state of Ireland which appeared in that paper on the 8th inst. With the exception of the *True Witness*, I have seen no other paper take up the cudgels in favor of the wretched peasants of our unfortunate country. *Le Courrier* lays before its readers, and I hope they are numerous, a lengthy article on the miserable state of the small farmers, their grievances and hopeless struggles, and if it does not approve of their "modus belli," at least it palliates it and sympathizes with them. This article will do much to inform our French-Canadian fellow citizens of the condition of Ireland, for they are very much in the dark as to the real state of the case, and the great majority not knowing the horrible misery endured by the peasantry, thanks to the feudal laws by which they are governed, fail to see the object or the good to be obtained by resistance to authority. The world is accustomed to regard England as the best ideal of a free and liberal Government, as the home of persecuted sects and nationalities, and holds up its institutions as the outgrowth of a perfect constitution. This perfection and the boasted superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race are the two greatest humbugs of this enlightened century. The absurdity of the first has been well demonstrated in the conclusion of the article in question, I will quote the passage: "England boasts of being the first to abolish slavery and of planting the tree of liberty wherever her flag floats. In the East, Russia has lately delivered the Christians from the Mussulman's yoke. Yet these nations trample under their feet Ireland and Poland, countries once as free as themselves, thus giving the lie to the hypocritical words liberty and civilization, which these two great nations are constantly throwing into the face of the civilized world." I repeat again that I thank the *Courrier* for having written the above in the defence of my countrymen, I do so the more heartily as I have read in another French paper, the *Minerve*, an article stating that the legislation of England has been of late very favorable to Ireland. I am at a loss to know in what way it has been so. I hope other French papers will follow in the footsteps of the *Courrier*, and prove to our enemies that we do not stand alone in this struggle for our just rights.

Yours truly, CASSIA.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

LONDON, October 11.—The Irish priests throughout Ireland yesterday appealed to their congregations, deploring the continuation of the outrages, and also the condition of the peasantry. Numerous titled landlords are fleeing from their estates in fear of their lives. The Government has resolved to arrest the first agitator violating the law.

DUBLIN, October 11.—The Orangemen threaten a series of anti-Land League demonstrations in the North of Ireland. A number of agricultural laborers forcibly prevented a farmers' Land League meeting at Shanagary and denounced the farmers for being tyrannical as the landlords.

Archbishop McCabe, of Dublin, has written a pastoral letter, deploring the silence of those Irish leaders in whose presence threats of violence to landlords have been uttered.

At a meeting of the Land League, held in Roscommon yesterday, the members of many branches of the organization in the neighborhood attended. Parnell promised to be present, and was to receive a great ovation, but did not appear.

LONDON, October 11.—Mr. P. J. Smythe, member of Parliament for Westmeath, again writes emphatically condemning the Land League and its practice of circulating murderous and blasphemous publications calculated to incite the people of Ireland to outrage and crime. Mr. Smythe quotes from a pamphlet which was recently distributed in thousands at a Land League meeting, in which a scheme to destroy the public building in London by dynamite was advocated. He holds the League to be responsible for the disturbed condition of Ireland, and intimates that the heads should be arrested and dealt with according to law.

DUBLIN, October 11.—At a large meeting held yesterday under the auspices of the Land League at Ballyduff, the greatest excitement prevailed. During a speech in which the Government was denounced on account of the existence and continuance of the land system, some Government reporters were detected upon the platform. The cry of "Pitch them off!" was at once raised and taken up by the crowd near the stand, and a number of men leaped upon the structure, seized the reporters and threw them to the ground. Attempts were made by their friends to rescue them, and a riot ensued, in which all semblance of order was lost. The speaker ceased his address, but neither he nor the officers of the meeting made any serious effort to restore order or to prevent bloodshed. Miscellaneous shots were fired, but it was not ascertained that any person was killed. The constabulary finally rescued the reporters from the hands of the people, and formed a ring around them, with fixed bayonets, in the centre of which they continued to take notes. The members of the League who were present deny that the assault was prearranged.

LONDON, October 8.—Gason, an Irish landlord, has been shot at in Barrisokane, and Lord Annesley has received threatening letters and left Ireland. The peasantry do not as yet seem to fear for the proposed addition to the troops in the west of Ireland, and the Land League is evidently determined to resist the Government to the utmost. Landlords do not place much faith in the Lord Lieutenant's promises of protection, as complete protection will be impossible until more thorough preparations are made.

The condition of Ireland causes daily greater anxiety and uneasiness. The Government have officially announced that Galway and Mayo are in a state of disturbance, and require an additional police force. The proclamation made to this effect throws the expense of this extra force upon the two Irish counties. The antagonism between the landlords and the Land League increases. The deputation of more than a hundred landlords that called on the Viceroy to urge coercive measures, is deemed significant, and many believe that the Government regard it as a justification for imposing repressive legislation. The landlords' complaints are expected to result in greater violence and tumult, which will afford further warrant for fresh legislation. I know that little is required to induce the Government to call a special session of Parliament to discuss the affairs of Ireland. The chief obstacle is not the attitude of the Irish, but the Eastern question. If Mr. Gladstone's plans in regard to the latter go smoothly, he will not hesitate to summon Parliament, but if the Eastern pro-

ject fares badly, Mr. Gladstone will not care to expose the failure of his policy to such criticism as would arise, if Parliament were summoned to discuss Irish questions. Many members are in town, as the expectation of a winter session increases. Mr. Parnell talks of another tour to the United States, to replenish his exchequer for agitation. He wants to start a League newspaper. If the landlords perform their threats to refuse to discharge their public duties, and to arm men on whom they can rely, the Irish chaos will rapidly increase, and the Government compelled to interfere. There is a noteworthy increase in the number of the Irish priesthood who are awakening to the teachings of the Land League. In Clonay, the Bishop, the Archdeacon, and 100 of the clergy rejected the plan of the League for getting rid of all the landlords.

A letter from Bishop Moran was read at a recent meeting of the Land League affirming that all rack-rents extracted from the people during the last twenty years should be restored to them.

ROUND THE WORLD.

—Count Von Armine is in a dying state.

—Russia and China are coming to an understanding.

—It is reported that the Russians are advancing upon Merv.

—Wexford has come to the front in the Irish land movement. This looks ominous to those who remember '98.

—The *Saturday Review*, English organ of culture, calls the Irish emigrants "departing demons of assassination and murder."

—It is thought in Ireland that the late attempt to destroy the Irish mail train was the work of an Englishman panting for revenge on the Irish.

—The Cincinnati Musical Festival Association have offered a prize of \$1,000 for an original musical composition to be played at their festival in 1887.

—The London, Sovenoske, Tubridge Wells and Brighton coach horses, eight in number, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, on Sept. 20, and realized \$18,500.

—Prince Roland Bonaparte, who is to be married to Mlle. Blanc early this month, holds a commission in the army of the French Republic as sub-lieutenant of artillery.

—The municipality of Paris levies a duty on almost everything which enters the city; that of London on scarcely anything but coals, which furnish a large revenue.

—An angry man at Leticia, Ohio drove his family out of the house and set fire to the premises. He neglected to provide a means of escape, and perished in the flames.

—Garibaldi says that \$100,000 a day could be saved by cutting down the Italian army to 100,000. He looks for nothing good from the present Ministry and Parliament, however.

—Emigration from the Neapolitan provinces to America was never so great as at present; the streets of Naples are encumbered with peasants waiting for transportation across the Atlantic.

—The latest newspaper rumor is that the Pacific Railway syndicate has purchased a controlling interest in the Montreal *Herald*, and that some important changes will shortly be made in the management of that paper.

—The English Bank of San Francisco, with a capital of three millions, has returned one million of dollars to its shareholders. The great falling of '01 in business does not afford profitable employment for their former capital.

—The Duke of Argyll, by a recent speech at Bellinchish, has thrown the religious world of Scotland into a ferment. The Duke stated that Episcopalianism in Scotland is "an exotic," and the phrase seems to have been generally interpreted as a term of vituperation.

—The Rev. Louis H. Fayot, of Laval University, has recently been created an officer of public instruction by the French Government. The diploma and insignia of his new dignity have been transmitted to the rev. gentleman by M. Lafavre, Consul-General for France in Quebec.

—Two and a half millions of tropical oranges were received in the past six months at San Francisco from the French islands of Tahiti. They have come in about equal numbers every month from March to September, showing that the trees are in perpetual bearing.

—The following notice was posted by the President of Wooster (Ohio) University: "No female student is expected to receive more than one male visitor per week, and he must not stay later than 9 o'clock." An indignation meeting was held by the girls, and rebellious resolutions passed.

—Of the last lots of Mormons embarking from Liverpool and Glasgow for Utah, 1,500 have been Welsh miners. It is a striking fact that a Mormon has never yet got a recruit in Ireland, and have hardly yet got one anywhere who was a member of the Protestant Episcopal or Roman Catholic churches.

—Ball Run Russell, in his army journal, gives a statement of a recent march of a Russian force which throws into the shade the fifteen or sixteen miles a day of the Candahar march. The Russian column accomplished one thousand miles from Tashkent to Kuldja in sixty days. Inclusive of halts, it may be assumed that the Russians covered this ground at the rate of eighteen miles a day, as they generally give a day's rest out of every seven. In one day the Russians made a march of thirty-six miles.

—There are several hundred physicians in this country and

For the TRUE WITNESS REVERIE.

At eve, as the sun sinks low in the west, And his beams are fading each hill...

FATHER BURKE.

HIS LATEST SERMON.

IRELAND'S GREATEST GLORY HAS BEEN HER CHURCHES. He might take them from nation to nation throughout the peoples of Christendom...

WHAT THE HISTORY OF IRELAND'S CATHOLICITY TELLS US.

What did this history of Ireland's Catholicity tell them? Preaching in another land, and addressing many who were, no doubt, of a different race...

IRELAND DURING THE DAYS OF PERSECUTION.

And these groups of seven churches were to be found in all parts of the country. The Ivy had crept over their walls, and had sustained and kept together many of them until the present day...

PALE CHEEKS IN CHILDREN OFTEN RESULT FROM THE PRESENCE OF WORMS IN THE STOMACH...

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the most formidable and chronic characters have been cured by Holloway's remedies...

HER NEW CHURCH BUILDING PERIOD

And when the hand of prosecution was raised somewhat, what wondrous churches arose under the hands of this people

began at home. Churches, monasteries, and houses of God, grander than ever were seen in the glorious time of old, were erected as if by magic in every diocese and every parish throughout the land...

THE MOST GLORIOUS PERIOD OF IRELAND'S HISTORY.

Fifteen hundred years ago Ireland was the wonder of the world because of her sanctity, and they called her the Island of Saints...

THE GRATITUDE OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

All this proved that no matter what God in His wisdom might have deprived the Irish people of no matter what trials or crosses His chastening hand, in His inscrutable wisdom, might have laid upon them, no matter how the stranger may scoff or jeer to-day at their incomprehensible ways and strange faith...

RELIABLE—NO REMEDY HAS BEEN MORE EARNESTLY DESIRED AND MORE DILIGENTLY SOUGHT FOR BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—EACH year finds "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" in new localities in various parts of the world.

THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY IN THE world for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

MANY PEOPLE SUFFER TERRIBLY BY CRAMPS IN THE LIMBS.

PALE CHEEKS IN CHILDREN OFTEN RESULT FROM THE PRESENCE OF WORMS IN THE STOMACH, but a few of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS, or Worm Lozenges, will expel the intruders, and restore the bloom of health to the countenance.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the most formidable and chronic characters have been cured by Holloway's remedies.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is, make of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c.

DRUNKEN STUFF.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is, make of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c.

Death of Lord Mountmorres.

We take the following from the London Universe:

Unlike most Irish noblemen and landlords, he was, we believe, a constant resident on his property, which was, however, not very extensive, but lay along the mountain side...

THE INQUEST.

The inquest, which was held in Ebor Hall, lasted three hours. The head constable deposed to finding the body on the road at about 10 o'clock...

THE FUNERAL.

Cong was on Wednesday the scene of considerable excitement in consequence of the funeral of the late Lord Mountmorres...

SCOTCH NEWS.

A spirit dealer named James Blues, and whose premises are in Victoria Road, Dundee, committed suicide while on a boating excursion down the river Tay...

SCOTCH NEWS.

A large and brilliant audience assembled in the Cabaret Lecture Parloir, Quebec, on the occasion of the opening of the Academic year...

SCOTCH NEWS.

On September 18th, in the Corporation Galleries, the 10th annual meeting of the Laval University team, was formally handed over by Captain Johnston, the captain of the team...

SCOTCH NEWS.

A dull old lady being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "My graces! Wont even death stop that man's lying!"

SCOTCH NEWS.

Two females have been arrested in the vicinity of the Lakes of Killarney for the manufacture of illicit whiskey.

SCOTCH NEWS.

Good Advice. We advise every family to keep Down's Emul always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

FATAL STABBING AFFRAY.

Quebec, October 8.—Two sailors of the ship Bosphorus, lying at the Foundry wharf, got into a quarrel last night, when one drew his knife and stabbed the other fatally.

FATAL STABBING AFFRAY.

The prisoner has retained the services of Mr. John O'Farrell, who was present, and interrogated several witnesses. Deceased was 24 years of age, and apparently in a sound state of health.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

THE Pope threatens to break off diplomatic relations with France in the event of the enforcement of the desrees against unauthorized religious corporations.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

ABOUT three months ago the municipal council of Anxerze dismissed twenty-three Sisters of Charity from the city hospital, and substituted lay infirmarians in their stead.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

AN analysis of the census of the United States discloses some interesting facts as to the religious affiliations of the population.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A large and brilliant audience assembled in the Cabaret Lecture Parloir, Quebec, on the occasion of the opening of the Academic year.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

At the formal opening session of the Laval University, the rector, Rev. Mr. Methot delivered the fifth inaugural address of which the following is an extract.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Another storm seems to be gathering over the head of the University itself, which is directly attacked, but a work of its creation, which is not an extension of itself.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A dull old lady being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "My graces! Wont even death stop that man's lying!"

CATHOLIC NEWS.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Good Advice. We advise every family to keep Down's Emul always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

WROUGHT IRON COOKING RANGES, THE LORNE RANGE! THE IMPERIAL FRENCH RANGE! BURNS & GORMLEY, MANUFACTURERS, NO. 876 CRAIG STREET.

HULL'S COMPENSATING SPRING BED (Patented in Canada, 13th April, 1860.) \$1.25 MANUFACTURED BY DALY & TOMBYLL, Nos. 426 & 428 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

1880 SUMMER SEASON 1880 SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY, THE ONLY DIRECT AND SHORTEST ROUTE TO Lake Memphremagog, WHITE MOUNTAINS, PORTLAND And at the SEA BATHING Resorts of Maine and New Hampshire.

BEATTY Pianos Another battle on high prices Raging War on the monopolist renewed. For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Cheapness, Unequaled.

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

Boston and Montreal Air Line. SHORTEST ROUTE VIA CENTRAL VERMONT R.R. LINE. Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. for New York, and 7.15 a.m. and 6 p.m. for Boston.

CANADA Fire & Marine Insurance Co. CAPITAL \$1,000,000. GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT 50,000. Montreal Board of Directors: Edward Murphy, Esq., Hon. Judge Berthelot, John Lewis, Esq., D. J. Rees, Esq., Hon. Judge Doberty, Sheriff.

Q.M.O. & O. RAILWAY. CHANGE OF TIME COMMENCING ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1880. Trains will run as follows:

HENRY J. KAVANAGH, B.C.L. ADVOCATE, 117 St. FRANCIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal. COYLE & LEBLANC, ADVOCATES, No 54 St. James Street. D. A. O'SULLIVAN, LL.B., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC. Offices: No 1 Masonic Hall, Toronto street, Toronto, Ont.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal. T. J. Doherty, B.C.L., C. J. L. Cherty, A.B., B.C.L. 57-11. General Superintendent.

Agricultural.

CORN SUGAR REFUSE.—The refuse from the corn or glucose sugar works is worth very little as feed.

LIME FOR MANURE.—There is no value in ground limestone as a fertilizer.

SHEEP FOR WOOL AND MUTTON.—For a light pasture the common native sheep should be chosen.

DOCKING LAMBS.—Lambs should be docked when two weeks old.

EFFECTS OF DISTEMPER.—A horse that coughs should not be left out at night this season.

SWELLING OF THE LEGS.—A dropsical condition of the legs is often caused by some unhealthy state of the blood.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF STABLES.—It is not surprising that the horses employed in cities and kept in city stables are in danger of occasional attacks of diseases of the respiratory organs.

EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition.

brushed over the stone and dry sand is thrown over it until the stones are evenly covered.

The height of a stable should be at least eight feet. This provides good ventilation, and if windows are well arranged the ventilation may be made perfect.

The drains from a stable should be connected with the gutters, and be carried into the yard or to the manure heap.

It might be well to mention the necessity for watching very closely the first approach of any trouble with the respiratory organs of our farm animals.

"So," said a lady to a strong minded friend, "so you and Mr. B. are soon to become man and wife, I hear."

EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition.

It is not surprising that the horses employed in cities and kept in city stables are in danger of occasional attacks of diseases of the respiratory organs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. E. DORAN, ARCHITECT AND VALUATOR, 19 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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

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

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT. The most perfect liniment ever compounded.

ARLINGTON HOUSE. A FEW DOORS WEST OF VICTORIA SQUARE.

Table Board, \$3.00 per week. Seven Dinner Tickets, \$1.00. Transients, \$1.00 per day.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEACHER WANTED. WANTED.—A teacher, for a Roman Catholic School, possessing first-class diploma, and capable of teaching both the French and English languages.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. Department of Crown Lands. Woods and Forests, QUEBEC, 14th August, 1880.

Notice is hereby given that conformably to the classes of the Act 30th May, Cap. 9, the following timber limits will be offered for sale at public auction.

Table with columns: First Range, Block A, Limit No., Square miles. Lists various timber limits and their areas.

Table with columns: Second Range, Block A, Limit No., Square miles. Lists various timber limits and their areas.

Table with columns: Third Range, Block A, Limit No., Square miles. Lists various timber limits and their areas.

Table with columns: Lower Ottawa Agency, Limit Township, Square miles. Lists various timber limits and their areas.

Table with columns: Lower Ottawa Agency, River, Limit, Square miles. Lists various timber limits and their areas.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HALLE'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER. Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable.

It will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

LYMAN BROS. & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents.

THE LOCK-SPRING MATTRESS. The attention of the public is respectfully called to the new Improved Lock-Spring Mattress.

Agents Wanted in all parts of the Dominion. For particulars apply to JOHN SULLIVAN.

SOLE AGENT AND MANUFACTURER, 122 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

H. J. BEEMER, PATENTEE, Feb. 9, 77. 50-17.

JUST OPENED. JAMES FOLEY'S New Dry Goods Store.

NO. 223 ST. JOSEPH STREET, OPPOSITE COLBORNE. With a Complete Stock of Dress Goods, Black Lustres.

PRINTS! In Endless Variety. Splendid Value in SHIRTINGS!

Together with a Full Assortment of Millinery Goods!

WILLIAM H. HODSON & SON ARCHITECTS, NO. 458 NOTRE DAME STREET, Near McGill.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS. Between Victoria Square and St. Peter Street. Parcels called for in the city.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS 91 BLEURY STREET. GUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Legal Notices. NOTICE. IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session for an Act to Incorporate "The Wrecking and Salvage Company of Canada."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF Montreal, Superior Court, No. 48. DAME HONORABLE GEORGE GAUDRY, wife of WILLIAM WISEMAN, Trader, of Montreal, Wild District, hereby gives notice that she has instituted against her said husband an action for separation as to property.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bell of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO., SUCCESSOR TO MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y.

Medical. DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES. Approved of by the Medical Faculty.

TAPEWORM! ONE DOSE OF DEVIN'S TAPEWORM REMEDY. Will Drive this Parasite from the System.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS! This Great Household Medicine Restores the Leading Necessaries of Life.

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. It effectually rubs on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMS FOR SALE AT STE. THERESE. A Splendid Farm on the Banks of the River St. Rose.

Also at GRAND LINE, Three Miles from Ste. Therese. A Farm containing seventy acres, twenty-five acres under cultivation.

THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER! Absolutely pure; is the best in the world.

GO TO DOLAN'S FOR CARPETS! CARPETS! GO TO DOLAN'S FOR BLACK CASHMERE!

GO TO DOLAN'S FOR BLACK SILKS! 458 & 460 Notre Dame St.

L. P. A. GAREAU, The Cheapest and Best Clothing Store, 246 St. Joseph Street.

Spring and Summer Suits, 1 50. Men's Spring and Summer Suits, 1 25.

1500 All-wool Pants for, 1 25. All-wool Half-hat Suits, 5 00.

WANTED—A First-class Cutter, one who can speak both languages. Apply to L. P. A. GAREAU, 246 St. Joseph Street.

D. MURPHY, Saddler and Harness Maker, No. 76 St. Joseph St., Montreal.

HAVING GREATLY ENLARGED OUR PREMISES, our facilities are now unequalled for DYING or CLEANING SILK, SATIN and other dresses.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Notice to Correspondents

Communications on all matters concerning Catholic interests are respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully inserted, when written in conformity with the spirit of this journal.

Another Railway Collision

TWENTY-FOUR PERSONS FATALLY CRUSHED, SCALDED OR BURNED

Pittsburg, October 10.—The frightful collision last night at midnight on the Pennsylvania road near Twenty-eighth street crossing, was more disastrous than at first reported.

The engineer and fireman of the second locomotive escaped uninjured, notwithstanding that they stuck to the engine when it ploughed through the rear car of the first section.

ROBBED OF \$20,000

New York, October 6.—This afternoon James McDowell, messenger of the Marine Bank, was robbed of checks, notes and money to the amount of \$20,000 while riding in a Broadway stage.

FROM TORONTO

Toronto October 5.—A case of cruelty to a convict in the Central Prison has just been made public. A prisoner named James Montgomery complained of being unwell, and on being brought before Capt. Prince, the warden, called him a drunken sot.

hours. Montgomery is an American citizen, and there is a probability of the United States Consul interfering.

Finance and Commerce

TUESDAY, October 12.

FINANCIAL

At the Stock Exchange on Monday business was quiet, with the market steady to firm in the morning, but weak all round in the afternoon.

The Stock market to-day was very weak. Montreal sold down to 151 1/2, or 1 1/2 per cent lower than at the close yesterday.

Morning sales: 25 Montreal at 152 1/2; 25 Ontario at 85; 50 at 85 1/2; 9 Jacques Cartier at 92 1/2; 2 Merchants at 105 1/2; 15 at 105 1/2; 12 at 105 1/2; 5 Commerce at 128 1/2; 25 Telegraph at 130; 25 at 130 1/2; 250 at 130 1/2; 25 Richelleu at 56; 35 at 55; 25 at 55; 25 at 55; 25 at 54 1/2; 25 at 54; 25 at 53 1/2; 30 City Passenger at 115 1/2; 7 at 114 1/2; 68 at 114 1/2; 50 City Gas at 145 1/2; 50 at 144; 50 at 144.

COMMERCIAL

WHOLESALE PRICES

Flour, receipts 9,655 bbls. The market has settled down somewhat after the unwarranted excitement yesterday, and values are decidedly lower.

MEATS.—Ontario oatmeal, \$4.30 to \$4.35 per bushel. Cornmeal, \$2.75 to \$2.80 per bushel.

GRAIN

Wheat.—There is a good demand from millers for Spring grades, and prices have ruled steady. Sales have been made almost daily from one to five cars of No. 1 Spring at \$1.10 and No. 2 at \$1.08.

CUT NAILS

10d. to 80d. Hot Cut. \$2.80 per 100 lbs. 8d. and 9d. " " " 2.85 " " " " " 3.10 " " " " " 3.35 " " " " " 3.40 " " " " " 3.40 " " " " " 3.10 " " " " " 3.60 " " " " " 3.60 " " " " " 3.60

WHOLESALE PROVISION MARKET

The market displays little animation, and outside of jobbing enquiry nothing of importance is doing. The butter trade bears a good aspect, and were it not for accumulations of medium qualities and summer makes, would doubtless exhibit as strong a tone as it has yet done this season.

to 65c. Little of No. 3 extra offering sales were made at 59c. No. 1 sold at 71c, and No. 2 at 64c.

HOES AND SKINS.—The market is firm; trade good, partly owing to continued high prices in the United States, and dealers are paying 9 1/2c for cows, 10c for steers.

HARDWARE.—Trade moderately active, but the bulk of the business being done is in general shelf goods, axes, saws, etc., receiving the greatest demand as the lumbering season approaches.

IRON.—Trade good during the past week, and sales of rendered have been made at 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c, dealers paying 3 1/2c for rough and 5 1/2c for rendered.

RAILROADS.—Trade good during the past week, and sales of rendered have been made at 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c, dealers paying 3 1/2c for rough and 5 1/2c for rendered.

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reported during the week, and the disposition among home buyers to abandon shopping around, when they find quality to exactly suit them, gives hope that the force of the depression was checked.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES.—Oct. 12. The attendance at these markets to-day was rather below the average in consequence of rain showers, still dealers were kept fairly employed.

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DIED

MCMAMARA.—In the parish of St. Ann of Danville, Shipton, P. Q., Canada, on the second of October, the age of 68, John McManara, formerly of Halifax, parish of Quinte, County Clare, Ireland.

MCDONELL.—On October 7th, 1880, at Allumette Island, County Pontiac, P. Q., Alexander Hugo McDonnell, in his 84th year.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HOPE FOR THE DEAF. Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums. RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the Natural Drum.

WANTED

A Female School Teacher, with good references and an elementary diploma. None but a Roman Catholic may apply.

WANTED

General Servants, Plain Cooks, Nurse Girls. Miss Neville, 67 Jervis St.

GRAND BAZAAR

WILL BE HELD

AT CARILLON

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM,

St. ANDREW'S,

ON

October 18th and the Following Days.

73

MACMASTER & GREENSHIELDS, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

BAGUENAUD DE PUGHESSE (P.)—Le Catholicisme presente dans l'ensemble de ses premisses, 2 vol. in 12 m., \$1.30.

BOURGEOIS (M.)—Les principes de la morale, 1 vol. in 12 m., \$1.30.

BOWEN (P. J. E.)—Vie et lettres du Rev. Pere T. W. Fisher, 2 in 12 m., \$1.30.

BRIN (P. M.)—Philosophia Scholastica, 3 vol. in 12 m., \$2.50.

BRYDANCE (LE PERE)—Sermons, 8 vol. in 12 m., \$1.30.

CERDAS (J. P. R.)—Tractatus de Gratia Christi, 1 vol. in 80 m., \$1.30.

Commentarius in epistolam Sancti Pauli ad Romanos, in 80 m., \$1.30.

CORNOLDI (J. M.)—Institutiones philosophicae speculative ad mentem Sancti Thomae Aquinatis, in 80 m., \$1.30.

DROUX (M. L'ABBE)—La sainte Bible, 8 vol. in 80 m., \$1.30.

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