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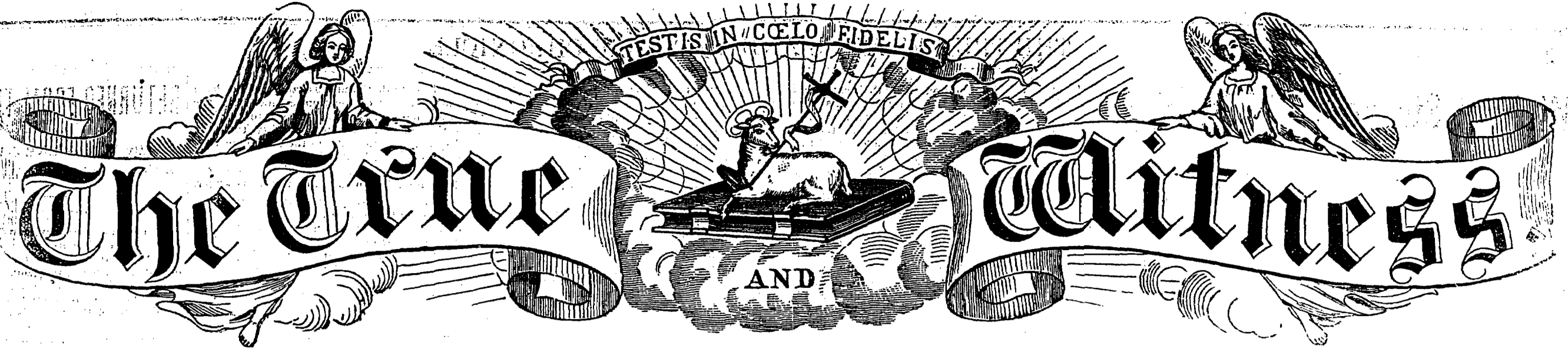
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1879.

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For the TRUE WITNESS.

Life's Teachings.

There was never a flower too lowly For the sun or rain to kiss; There was never a life, tho' humble, But had its chance of bliss. Over all the sun is shining, If we take for gold the dust, Or let passion cloud the heavens, Still the Master He is just. There is beauty in the desert, Desolation hath its spring; There is beauty in the storm, Wisdom lies in everything. At the dawn, two roads before us, Gifted men reach the breaking day, There was never yet a mortal, But could choose the narrow way. Down the dusty road the shadows Gather slowly, softly blown, Tho' the journey looketh darksome, Yet the longer one must end. We are toilers in life's garden, 'Tis our hands that sow the seed, Can we murmur when the autumn Giveth every one his meed. Ottawa, 1878.

THE QUEBEC RIOTS

Something Like a War of Races—Champlain street Fortified—An Incapable Mayor—Peace Retaining.

Quebec, August 16.

The trouble that has been brewing for a month past broke out yesterday with a repetition of the bloodshed and disorder that have made Quebec a by-word. There has been great scarcity of work for the ship laborers all this season, and much suffering in consequence. There are about five thousand of them in all, French and English-speaking together, and hitherto they have been regularly organized in five sections of one society. The usual rate of wages has been four dollars per day of ten hours, and of eight hours after the first of October. The society regulated, through its officers, the distribution of work among its members. The French requested the English to arrange for their having one-third of the work given them, and complained that they were excluded, and had only one or two stevedores. This was refused, the society contending that the work was equitably distributed under their rules. In consequence of this, the French formed a separate society, called L'Union Canadienne. The numbers of English and French were respectively about one thousand five hundred and three thousand five hundred, the former living principally at the cove, west of the town, at the end of Champlain street, the latter at St. Rochs, St. Sauveur and Point Levi, with a small detachment at Cap Blanc, west again of the English. Of recent years there has been always more or less trouble between the two races. In spite of the scarcity of work—there are only twenty ships in port just now—and the idleness of business, the members of the society have been unwilling to reduce the rate of wages. This led to disagreement, and the day before yesterday the French issued an advertisement that they would march in procession to show the merchants their numbers. The French did march yesterday morning, unarmed, it is said, with banners, but without music. They went through the leading streets quietly enough, but with the most right recklessness and foolhardiness, went right into the French mouth, and attempted to pass through Champlain street. For some distance it is flanked on each side by tall houses, and then by the river and the lofty cliffs, under which Montgomery met his fate. Certain that they would be attacked, and desiring the bravado that had brought the French down to insult them at their own doors, and the Champlain street men were ready, most of them armed. The windows were full of

the entrances, and everything was made ready for the threatened attack, with no small degree of military skill. In the meantime the mayor had been begged to get THE TROOPS READY posted, but he chose to leave affairs in the hands of a board of magistrates, which had met at five o'clock to set to work promptly. Mr. W. D. Campbell and Mr. Owen Murphy, who took the chair, being the leading spirits. By six o'clock the whole force was requisitioned, armed and beginning to assemble. B battery had been ready to turn out all day, and Colonel Montzambert seeing the state of affairs at a glance, had his men working hard all day getting some guns in convenient position on the south side of the citadel to treat any large mob fighting below with a DOSE OF CASE-SHOT. By half-past eight the whole force was ready, and was being marched off to quarters for the night.

The cavalry (two troops), the garrison artillery and the field battery are in the citadel, the 8th royal rifles in the skating rink, and the 9th in the drill shed. B battery remains in the citadel, where Mr. W. D. Campbell remains ready to have out the troops if they are wanted. They can be got down to any point in twenty minutes, and it has been determined, in view of past experience, not to bring them until they are needed, and then to use them. There has been a big meeting in St. Rochs' tonight, enormously exaggerated, of course, it being stated that no less than 15,000 men were present.

SWEARING VENGEANCE ON THE ENGLISH, and threatening to clear out the town.

Up to midnight there has nothing turned up. As usual, much alarm has been caused in the suburbs by the appearance of rougs on the lookout for chances of burglary, and neighbors have formed small patrols to look after these gentry. The worst feature to be dreaded is the arousing of a general national animosity, which is apprehended from the threats of the St. Rochs men, and their desire to add to their number. The provincial government was asked to call out the troops, but refused to do so on the ground that it was a purely municipal matter, and in this case acted wisely. When Quebec learns that she is to foot her own bills, and to depend upon herself for keeping order, a much-needed lesson will have been learned. There has been too much pampering of her wishes, and not the least responsibility of it rests on the government of the day. Two or three days ago the authorities were begged to call upon the 9th rifles, most of them St. Rochs men, and thus to get in their rifles and put any hot-headed partisans on their honor or in the citadel, where they would be out of mischief. As it is, a good many of their rifles, I am told, are in the

POSSESSION OF THE RIOTERS, and it is unsafe for the men to come through St. Rochs and St. Sauveur in uniform.

Nothing yet has been said about getting military assistance from Montreal. Riots are easily provoked here; they are short, sharp and decisive. A great many persons blame the mayor for the present state of affairs, and heap opprobrium on him.

THE LIST OF CASUALTIES, so far as known, is as follows:—Pierre Giroux, dead; Jos. Bourget, shot in left arm; Norbert Bourbeau, seriously wounded; Jos. Morin, shot in leg; Jos. Bouchette, shot in groin; Ang. Gosselin, shot in hip and head; —Morissette, seriously wounded; J. B. Doin, two bullet holes in side; —Jobin, shot in the neck; O'Gallegan, flesh wound in the hand; Jos. Mallet, wounded, not fatally; —Foley, flesh wound, a triangular gash over the temple; thirty names unknown, wounded; Peter Brennan and Redmond, and widows Caulfield and Maloney driven from their houses.

Quebec, August 16.—Giroux's death was not caused by a pistol wound; there was no ball found in his head. The wound was caused by a stone. The body has just been recognized by his brother. His name was Edward Giroux, the father of seven children, and resides in St. John suburbs. The body has been sent to his house. He was employed on board a barge and was frequently absent from home, which accounts for his family not suspecting anything wrong. A large crowd of French Canadians, most of them armed, have just crossed the plains of Abraham, and it is feared there will be bloodshed in Cap Blanc before dark. Trudel, a carter, was badly beaten in Diamond Harbor.

Quebec, August 16.—Rumors are current that during the night a number of St. Sauveur people made a raid upon the armory at Lorette and robbed it of its contents. The military authorities are unable to confirm the report, so far, but it is certain that the bull-generals on either side are well armed. A carter named Trudel has been knocked down in Champlain street by steel knuckles and seriously cut about the face. The houses in Champlain street are all provided to-day with stones and other missiles on every flat, and death will surely be meted out to any attacking party which essays to proceed up the cove. Cannons still remain planted across the street. B battery, the 8th battalion and cavalry remain under arms in case of emergency.

Quebec, August 16.—A general feeling of uneasiness possesses Quebec. The rioting is at an end, but occasional sorties by both parties render it impossible to quell the disturbance.

Any English-speaking person who ventures into St. Rochs is severely beaten. Narrow escapes from death are frequently reported. About four o'clock Saturday afternoon a number of French took possession of Durham terrace, the fashionable promenade of the city, this afternoon, and

TUMBLED DOWN LARGE ROCKS upon the Irish in Champlain street, 240 feet below. The latter ran up by Mountain hill, 100 strong, and chased the French with swords and pistols through the streets to Mountain ward. This affray caused general

alarm, and at one time it was reported that the citadel was held by the rioters.

All day supplies have been taken by armed parties across the cove fields to the French colony at Cap Blanc, which lies between the main Irish settlement. A carter, it is said, made a bet that he would drive through Champlain street and take a message to Cap Blanc, which he did, being allowed to pass without harm. On his way back he undertook to curse everybody in his way, and to fire off a pistol. This was, naturally enough, resented, and the speed of his horse alone saved him. As it was, he was nearly hauled out of his cab by a boat-hook, which, luckily for him, did not stick deep enough into his ankle.

All along the St. Louis road, as far as Cap Rouge, pickets of the Champlain street party were posted. At the roads leading down to the cove they scrutinize passers-by closely, but are civil enough, though not at all inclined to be communicative. In Champlain street there are sentries, regularly relieved, who stop every one, and then back all carriages. Looking down from Dufferin terrace at one o'clock to-day, a cab would be seen coming along. Just outside the water police station were two sentries. They came into the middle of the street, ported arms, and waved the driver to stop. After an examination, he was allowed to take his fare through the steps of the station and chatted with a policeman at the window. This sort of thing went on all day. Thousands of people must have seen similar scenes. Nobody seems to think there is anything out of the way in them, or that it is strange that the Irish should be obliged to defend themselves. That such a state of affairs should be tolerated is incomprehensible to the outsider. There are men among the rioters who can draw inferences as well as can the authorities of Quebec, and they are not slow in doing so. A hardware merchant saw his store sacked before his eyes. He at once lodged a complaint at the police station, and offered to point out the robbers. He was referred to the magistrates. They told him, "We have called out the troops." No further excuse was tendered.

Quebec, August 19.—A meeting convened by private circular was held last night at the city hall; Mayor Chambers presided. There were present Archbishop Taschereau, Rev. Fathers Godbout of the church at Cap Blanc; Henning and Wynn, of St. Patrick's church; Restere, of St. Sauveur; Cleric Basilica; Messrs Owen Murphy, A H Murphy, M P P, Hon M Hagens, Dr Sewell, and many other prominent citizens, and a delegation of 5 members of No. 1 section, and 5 of the Union Canadienne. After a lengthy discussion, during which the mayor's pusillanimous conduct was severely criticised, Rev. Mr. Henning suggested that a committee be named to discuss the points of difference between the societies and endeavor to arrive at an amicable adjustment. The committee to be formed as follows:—Each society to name two representatives from its ranks, and also two outside merchants in addition to which Mr. Owen Murphy, ex-mayor, and Rev. Father Henning and Sir Narcisse Belleau and Rev. Father Godbout will form the committee, (the committee to be presided over by the mayor. This suggestion was embodied in the form of a motion by Mr. John O'Farrell, seconded by the cure of St. Sauveur, and unanimously adopted. The delegations will submit this proposition to the societies, and should it be adopted, the committee will be formed, and will meet to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the city hall.

The inquest on the body of Giroux was resumed this morning. The funeral of the unfortunate man took place this afternoon and, notwithstanding the rain, was largely attended.

The Eighth royal rifles patrol Champlain street as far as the toll bar, with headquarters at the Queen's store. The Ninth patrol Grand Allee with headquarters at the drill shed, and the cavalry from the tollgate to Bergeville.

Mr. E. Gauthier, advocate, was brutally beaten by a gang of rowdies in St. John street about 9 o'clock last night. It is reported that one of his legs is broken and he is otherwise maimed.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

Resignation of the Manager and Cashier. At a meeting of the board of directors of the Montreal bank to-day, Mr. R. E. Angus, cashier and general manager of the head office of the institution in this city, tendered his resignation of the high and responsible office, which he has so creditably filled for a period of between five and six years, at least. The announcement caused a little temporary excitement in financial circles in the city, but we understand from unquestionable authority that Mr. Angus is retiring from purely personal motives, and that nothing but perfect harmony prevails between him and the board of directors. This is evident almost from the fact that he is going to join Mr. George Stephens, president of the board of directors, in the business of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway. He will, however, remain in charge, and be responsible for the working of the bank until the 31st October next, the end of the present half-year. His resignation will cause no change in the general policy of the bank or conduct of its business. His successor will be announced next Tuesday. Mr. Charles F. Smithers, first agent of the bank in New York, is the oldest of the superior officers, and it would no doubt afford great gratification to the directors if he would accept the appointment, but his health has been somewhat impaired of late, and it is doubtful whether or not he will accept the position. Next in order to Mr. Smithers, suitable for the appointment, is Mr. Walter Watson, second agent of the bank in New York.

TIPPERARY'S TRIUMPH.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THURLES.

(From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

Only those who can call up before their memories the miracles of continental architecture can form much idea of what the new metropolitan cathedral of Cashel is like, without seeing it. We cannot hope to reflect in words much more than a dim shadow of its exquisite symmetry, its shadowy majesty, its glowing and so to speak, impassioned warmth. It is always to the last once applied to a work of human genius of another kind, that while it obtains the admiration of the most fastidious critics it is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. It is equally satisfying to the cognoscente from his high æsthetic pulpit, and to the ragged worshiper who bows his forehead before the awful, conscious, speaking presence of Divinity. Among Irish churches it has a distinct individuality. The splendor and regal amplitude of the Roman basilica is its pervading inspiration. Its facade is after the model of the renowned cathedral of Pisa. It presents three grand openings to the eye—the front elevation of the nave, its apices crowned with colossal statues, its rose window, its tiers of niches divided by little marble pilasters, and its three elliptical-arched doorways with their curve tympana; upon the right the shapely square campanile tower, rising in graceful lines to the dwelling-place of its silvery pen of bells 130 feet in the air; and upon the left the parabolic cupola, blazing out with Byzantine wealth of color. Seen from any one of a dozen points at the rear or sides, the graceful masses of bluish white limestone, broken by the double tier of multilobed windows and rounded with the finely-drawn finish of the ange, are almost equally stamped with genius. Whoever saw the interior in its undamaged condition must have inevitably experienced some sense of chill incompleteness, some longing that those white spaces should spring into picture life and speak. The style is peculiarly susceptible of warmth or ornamentation. Every inch of its walls might be alive with painting and sculptures without violating artistic propriety. The ornamentation has been supplied; and, what with the old work and the new, as the eye now ranges through the vast extent of the nave the chancel bathed in mysterious light, it feeds upon a scene which to the eye of taste alone, not to say to the informed eye of faith, is ravishing. The ground-plan embraces nave, apsidal chancel, lateral transepts and eyes. Its noble dimensions may be estimated from the fact that there is a clear length within of 212 feet, with a width of 120 feet across the transepts, and of 75 feet across the aisles. The nave and chancel are enclosed within a continuous colonnade of twenty-two great pillars of Cork red marble, with black marble plinths, and Caen stone capitals, from which spring elliptical arches, with pierced spandrels above which again rise the clerestory windows. The circular walls of the sanctuary are pierced by no less than one hundred and three windows, all of which are now filled with storied stained glass. Between these windows and the bays of the encircling colonnade (the pillars of which surrounding the sanctuary are of Galway green, Kilkenny black, and pure white marble) runs a broad paved ambulatory. The chancel forms a majestic space, in the outer division of which are ranged the bishop's and prebendaries' stalls. In the centre of the inner sanctuary, under a lofty and glittering roof, in the misty light of the painted windows, against the background of massive marble pillars, rises the high altar, its tabernacle, antependium, and candle-benches bedecked all over with the largest foreign marbles and many colored inlays of Egyptian alabaster, porphyry and agate. Eighteen hundred years ago these precious stones were gleaming in Egyptian mines. They were hewn as presents for the Emperor Nero, whose marbles and alabasters are now jewelling an Irish altar. Pope Pius the Ninth took them from the storehouse of the Vatican to send them to Thurles. Then there are the lateral altars of the Sacred Heart in the transepts, with their colossal images of Parian statuary under baldachinos of white Sicilian fretwork. Every spandril and wall space up to the azure vault of the roof is suffused with rosy colors, melting now into faintest green or purple tints, and anon bursting into shining gold—all harmonized with such perfection as to seem only the varying nuances of one beautiful color, and all bathed in a chastè light that never was on sea or land, like some mystic effusion from on high. It is impossible to exaggerate the impression of beauty, of awe, of majesty, that steals over the senses under the sacred influence of the place. Perhaps there is but one thing in Ireland more wonderful than its material loveliness—it is the array of prelates, priests and people, moving as one man, warmed with the same wondrous faith—that thronged its bright pavements to-day. Let us try to distinguish briefly these parts of the new cathedral which are altogether new from those which entered into the original undertaking. The transformation begins to strike one from the first vision of the exterior. The rude and somewhat sordid surroundings which it was beyond the means of its first founder to cope with appear no more. They have vanished at the touch of the vigorous hands whose tracés are visible upon all the majestic ring of edifices around. The immediate preloins have been rendered worthy of the architectural jewel of which they are the setting. In place of the old makeshift boundary wall which separated the cathedral close from the street, there has arisen a line of light wrought-iron railings, tipped with gold. You pass through entrance gates whose piers of chiseled limestone, carved with the ancient arms of the archdiocese (which have gleamed in the front of the battle as well as shone in the sanctuary before now) are surrounded by brass standards

and gaslamps. The straggling and uneven mound which used to slope up to the great entrance door of the cathedral has been excavated and faced. In its place a flight of easy stone steps leads you upon a flagged terrace extending across the full width of the western front. The blank space in the tympana of the door bands has been sculptured in relief and the empty niches which diversify the inter-spaces have been peopled with statues.

The first indication of sweeping changes you enter is the warmth and color and dim luxuriant light in which the exquisite curves and outlines of the arcades, clerestory, and vaulted ceiling are steeped. A dado of dark color is carried round the walls of the aisles and transepts, with a cresting of colored decoration. Ornamental borderings are run round all the windows. Portions of the wall, spaces are diapered, and the nave and transept arches richly decorated in neutral tints and colors. The spandril spaces between the arches of the nave arcade are filled with medallions containing heads of the saints and emblems of evangelists. The nave and transept ceilings are ornamented with bands, borderings, medallions, and scrolls in tints and colors, the panels being powered on a neutral ground. Similar decorations are showered thick all over the arches and clerestory of the chancel, whose ceiling is a ground of heavenly blue studded with stars. The baptistry in similarly adorned, though it seems almost like painting the lily to add one touch to its delicate beauty. The carving of the exquisite Corinthian capitals of the arcades with designs of fern-branches and grape leaves has been completed. Outside the chancel a magnificent new communion railing, executed in white and foreign marble, enriched with carvings, and opening by gilt metal gates, runs across the whole width of the nave. The floor of the grandly-curving ambulatory round the chancel has been paved with mosaic tiling. An arch supported on marble pilasters, with moulded bases and curved capitals of Portland stone, has been thrown across the chancel at the termination of the nave. The chancel itself has been richly furnished with archiepiscopal throne, sedile, prebendaries' stalls, and benches for the college students, all wrought in oak. The carving of the throne is a superb piece of art in wood. Its lofty back is figured with the archiepiscopal arms—with the proud Irish Catholic motto, itself a little history of Ireland, "Nunquam mergemur." We shall never be sunk!" A scroll twined up the pillars supporting the canopy is carved with the names of all the illustrious dynasty of the archbishops of Cashel, since in the bloody days of the "reformation" its heroic martyr-precursor, O'Hurley, endured his horrible martyrdom upon St. Stephen's-green. On the canopy's stalls are inscribed the titles of the various prebendaries, and an open oak screen, carried from column to column, separates the chancel from the ambulatory. The whole 103 windows of the church have been filled with stained glass. The new pulpit, erected as a memorial of the late Father Laurence Hayes, O. C., is one of the most striking features of the renovation. The marble body of the pulpit is hexagonal, and is supported on a central shaft of Middleton red marble with marble stone basis, and terminating in a curved capital and cornice of Caen stone. Five of the six panels contain white marble relief of our Lord and of the evangelists, and the angle shafts are of rough royal marble. Each of the baldachinos raised over the lateral altars, 25 feet high, is formed by white Sicilian marble resting on black marble base, with curved capitals of statuary marble and canopies of Caen stone richly carved and inlaid with foreign marbles. The massive silver lamp before the tabernacle is the gift of Archbishop Kinona and his people. Every detail is provided for with masterful grasp. The stair-case to the organ gallery has been remodelled, the entrance porches re-arranged and enlarged, the gallery front curved, a cloistered connection with the baptistry formed, new carved oak confessionals provided, and colored sculptures of the Stations of the Cross hung around the aisle walls. Even to a boasting apparatus upon an entirely new plan, the far-seeing mind that planned great things has not overlooked the smallest.

"SOGGARTH ABOON."

The Irish Priests and the Irish People.

(Letter of the Rev. John Ryan of New Inn, Tipperary.)

I am sorry to perceive that some of your conservative contemporaries are acting the same unwise part that they did in '46 and '47—denouncing the prudent, thoughtful, far-seeing conduct of the priests in calling the attention of the landlords of this country to the depressed state of their tenantry and the necessity that exists for them to give their tenants a timely helping hand to save them, and themselves ultimately, from being brazed in the mortar of the Incumbered Estates court. They call

THIS HUMAN EFFORT OF THE PRIESTS

"anti-rent agitation," and try to make it look criminal for them to exert themselves as they now are for the landlords really as much as the tenant. Some of them, too, are trying to persuade their readers that it is owing to extravagance in dress, furniture, and general housekeeping of our Irish farmer his present depressed state arises. Something, too, of this sort was attempted at a late meeting of the Clonmel board of guardians in a timid, suggestive sort of way by persons who will speak in a different key at the next general election. Well, I thought that this class of talk was shut out into the refuse heap behind the Incumbered court, with the title-deeds of the men who formerly used it. Yes, I remember well the men who, if a tenant appeared before them well dressed and asked for any little indulgence, would reply, "Begone out of my sight, you robber."

"YOU HAVE MY RENT ON YOUR BACK."

A tenant could not appear before them with safety on a gala day unless in the borrowed tatters of some neighboring beggarman; and

I could give the names, too, of many of those worthless, but they are gone to their place, and let their deeds go with them. It may be that this line of writing on the part of the journals referred to proceeds from ignorance of the facts. Hoping so, I wish to apprise them of the real facts of the case. Why, the priests of Ireland are the best—the real practical friends of the landlords, as far as the rent receiving is concerned. It is they who have enabled the tenantry these past years to pay their rents by becoming their securities in the banks, for it is by means of the banks that most of the landlords got their rents these four years. The crops did not grow, the prices did not pay, and the cry to the "Sogarth aboon" was, "The landlord is looking for his rent; I haven't it, and unless your reverence get it for me in the bank I will be shamed out." The priest raised the money, and the landlord was paid, and the evil day was ended for that time. Such is the amount of substantial benefit the landlord has derived in years past from the sympathy of the priests for the Irish tenant. This, of course, was an unnatural state of things. But what to blame? It has run its rotten course, and ended in proximate beggary and misery for the whole community. Oh, if the same cost expended in

FINDING SHADOWS ON THE HILLS IN IRELAND

and elsewhere were bestowed on the solid land and its products, that God gave our people at home, how different would be the position now of landlord and tenant—of all. I am quite certain that, the landlords of my parishes, who, with two exceptions, are good men, have thus, for the past four years, received more of their rents. The true Catholic bishops in the synod of Thurles, a law forbidding priests to become bailiffs in banks; but they made one humane and wise exception in these words—"Nisi proper gravem causam." Now, we all know that there is no cause so grave, so important as to save our devoted flocks from ruin, and, therefore, our bishops, high as they are raised above our people, still have not forgotten that they themselves have sprung from among the people, and should protect that people, as the "Venerated archbishop" of the South said recently on a memorable occasion—"What would we all be but for the people?" This was the saying of a good-hearted man and a wise bishop. And to ascend still higher, that truly great man, the present Pope Leo XIII. in delivering his charge to the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Arundel, and others—after their consecration—reminded them that they were bound to labor earnestly for their flocks, first for their spiritual, and next for their temporal welfare. Thus those journalists who have alluded to will see, if they only look about honestly, that the Catholic churchman is the Irish landlord's best friend, not merely from choice, but as a matter of duty.—Catholic Review.

At Lurgan, Ireland, on Saturday last, 200 police charged the mob with fixed bayonets. The police were beaten back, and twenty injured. Then the rival mobs fired at each other with rifles.

A BOOKKEEPER'S MARRIAGE.—Miss Julia McEvers, daughter of Dr. John Francis McEvers, for many years a leading physician of Cork, has brought suit for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. William Lane O'Neill, who was for many years accountant in the office of her uncle. Mr. O'Neill relieved the annals of bookkeeping by the composition of amorous and poetic effusions to Miss McEvers. For example, on October 31, 1878, he wrote as follows:—

"I travelled nearly the whole way to London quite alone—that is, without entering or wishing to enter into conversation with any one, and I was heartily glad to be least alone with my own thoughts—and and love me—and all concerning some one you must know who, I now find myself, humming a familiar refrain—"

"Oh, may the angels, when wakin' or sleeping, watch" over you, when your last kiss still lingers on my lips. The memory of that parting kiss, with those deep blue eyes of yours gazing on me, and your fair arms twining round my neck, is inexpressibly sweet to me; but I must not continue, though my heart is full. "Be still, and heart, and cease repining, Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

And at present writing the jury are setting a commercial value on Mr. O'Neill's poetry and Miss McEvers' kiss.

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Michael Strogoff,

THE COURIER OF THE Czar.

By Jules Verne.

PART II. CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Ten minutes afterwards the lower border of the barrier was reached. There the waters of the Angara again became free. A few large blocks of ice, becoming by degrees detached from the field, and floating with the current, descended towards the town.

Nadia understood what Michael Strogoff wished to attempt. She saw one of those blocks of ice that was only held by a narrow tongue.

"Come," said Nadia.

And both lay down on this morsel of ice, which a slight rocking loosened from the barrier.

The block began to make its way down the river. The river itself became wider, and the route was free.

Michael Strogoff and Nadia could hear the firing of guns, the cries of distress, the shouts of the Tartars that made themselves heard up the river. Then little by little those cries of deep anguish and of ferocious joy were lost in the distance.

"Oh! those poor companions!" whispered Nadia.

For half an hour the current quickly carried along the block of ice which was bearing Michael Strogoff and Nadia. At every moment they feared that they might sink under the water. Being caught in the stream, it followed the middle of the river, and it would not be necessary to give it an oblique direction until there was a question of making for the quays of Irkutsk.

Michael Strogoff, with his teeth set, and his ears ready to catch the least sound, did not utter a single word. Never was he so near attaining his end. He felt that he was about to succeed!

Towards two o'clock in the morning, a double row of lights lit up the sombre horizon on the two banks of the Angara.

On the right was the glare from the lights of Irkutsk. On the left the fires of the Tartar camp.

Michael Strogoff was not more than half a verst from the city.

"At last!" whispered he.

But, suddenly, Nadia gave a cry.

At that cry, Michael Strogoff rose up from the block, which became very wobbly. His hand stretched out toward the head of the Angara. His face, all lit up with the reflection of blue lights, became terrible to look at, and then, as though his eyes had been reopened to the light:

"Ah!" cried he, "God himself is against us!"

CHAPTER XII.

Irkutsk, capital of Eastern Siberia, has, in ordinary times, a population of thirty thousand souls. A high hill of solid rock, skirting the right bank of the Angara, serves as a splendid position for its churches, crowned by a high cathedral, and for its houses, built in picturesque order along its slopes.

Seen from a certain distance, from the top of the mountain which runs along the great Siberian route at a distance of some twenty versts, with its domes and belfries, its graceful spires, like those of minarets, its spiral domes, it has a somewhat Oriental appearance. But that Oriental appearance vanishes from the eyes of the traveler from the moment he enters the town. The town, half Byzantine, half Chinese, becomes more European by its macadamized streets, bordered with sidewalks, with their rows of gigantic birch trees and its brick and wooden houses, some of which have several stories, by its many splendid edifices, in fine, by the whole body of its inhabitants being very advanced in the progress of civilization, and to which the latest fashions of Paris are not at all strangers.

At that epoch Irkutsk, refuge for the Siberians of the province, was crowded. It abounded in resources of every kind. Irkutsk is the emporium for all that countless merchandise which is exchanged between China, Central Asia, and Europe. They did not fear to draw there the peasants from the valley of the Angara, the Mongol Khatkas, people from Toungouze and Bourai, and to allow the wilderness to stretch out between the invaders and the town.

Irkutsk is the residence of the governor-general of Eastern Siberia. Under him is a civil governor, in whose hands is concentrated the administration of the province, a head of the police, who has a great deal to do in a town where exiles abound, and lastly, a mayor, one of the leading merchants, an important personage by his immense fortune, and by the influence which he has over his fellow-citizens.

The garrison of Irkutsk was then composed of a regiment of foot Cossacks, which numbered about two thousand men, a body of foot "gendarmes," who wore the helmet and blue uniforms striped with silver.

Besides, it is known that on account of particular circumstances, the brother of the czar had been shut up in the town since the commencement of the invasion.

That situation must be given in detail. It was a journey of political importance that had led the grand duke into those distant provinces of Eastern Asia.

The grand duke, after having visited the principal cities of Siberia, traveling in militia rather than princely style, without any retinue, escorted by a detachment of Cossacks, had gone even as far as the mountains beyond the Balkan range. Nicolaelevsk, the last Russian town which is situated on the shores of the sea of Okhotsk, had been honored by his visit.

Having reached the boundaries of the immense Muscovite empire, the grand duke was returning to Irkutsk, from whence he would soon return to Europe, when the news reached him of that invasion, which was as sudden as a lightning bolt.

He hastened to re-enter the capital, but when he arrived there, communication with Russia had been cut off. He still received a few telegrams from Petersburg and Moscow he could even answer them. Afterwards, the wire was cut under the circumstances already known to the reader.

Irkutsk was isolated from the rest of the world.

The grand duke could do nothing but organize resistance, a thing which he did with that firmness and coolness which he had given, under other circumstances, incontestable proofs.

News of the taking of Ichim, of Omak, of Tomsk, came successively to Irkutsk. They could not count on being soon relieved, but they must prevent, at all prices, the occupation of the capital of Siberia.

The few troops scattered over the province of Amour, and those in the government of Irkutsk, could not arrive in sufficient numbers to arrest the

could not help admiring their courage. I trust, the chief of the merchants bears my words, and I beg him to report them as such."

"I thank your highness, in the name of the town," answered the chief of the merchants. "May I dare to ask you what you expect at latest the arrival of the army of relief?"

"In six days at most," answered the grand duke. "A sharp and courageous emissary has been able to penetrate into the town this morning, and he has informed me that fifty thousand Russians are advancing by forced marches under the orders of General Kissely. They were two days ago on the banks of the Lena, at Kirensk, and now, neither cold nor snow will prevent their arrival. Fifty thousand good troops, taking the Tartars on the flank, would soon relieve us."

"I would add," said the chief of the merchants, "that the day on which your highness shall order a sortie we shall be ready to execute your orders."

"Very well, sir," answered the grand duke. "Let us wait until the leading columns appear on the heights, and we will crush the invaders."

Then, turning to General Voranzoff: "We will visit to-morrow," said he, "the works on the right hand. The Angara will soon become ice-bound, and perhaps the Tartars will be able to cross it."

"Will your highness permit me to make an observation?" said the chief of the merchants.

"Make it, sir."

"I have seen the temperature fall many a time to thirty and forty below zero, and the river has been filled with floating pieces of ice, without being entirely frozen. This is owing, no doubt, to the rapidity of the current. If, then, the Tartars have no other means of crossing the river, I can assure your highness they cannot possibly cross in that manner." The governor-general confirmed the assertion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance," answered the grand duke. "Nevertheless, let us be prepared for every emergency."

Then, turning to the head of the police:

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked him.

"I have to place before your highness," said the head of the police, "a petition which has been addressed to you."

"By whom?"

"By the exiles of Siberia, who, as your highness knows, are, to the number of five hundred, in this city."

The political exiles, scattered all over the province, had indeed been concentrated at Irkutsk from the commencement of the invasion. They had obeyed the order to rally at the town, and to abandon the villages where they exercised different professions. Some were doctors, others professors, either at the Japanese school or at the school of navigation. From the beginning the grand duke, like the czar, trusting to their patriotism, had armed them, and he had found in them brave defenders.

"What do the exiles ask for?" said the grand duke.

"They ask your highness' permission," answered the head of the police, "to form a special corps, and to lead the sortie."

"Yes," said the grand duke, with an emotion which he did not seek to conceal, "these exiles are Russians and it is indeed their right to fight for their country."

"I can assure your highness," said the governor-general, "that we have no better soldiers."

"But they must have a leader," said the grand duke. "Who shall he be?"

"Would your highness like to have one?" said the head of the police, "who has distinguished himself on many occasions?"

"Is he a Russian?"

"Yes, a Russian of the Baltic provinces."

"What is his name?"

"Wassili Feodor."

That exile was the father of Nadia.

Wassili Feodor, as is known, exercised at Irkutsk the profession of a doctor. He was an educated and charitable man, and at the same time a man of the greatest courage and patriotism. When he was not occupied with the sick, he was engaged in organizing resistance. It was he who had united his companions in exile in common action. The exiles, up to that time scattered among the population, had borne themselves in battle in such manner as to draw the attention of the grand duke. In several sorties they had paid with their blood their debt to holy Russia—holy indeed, and adored by her children! Wassili Feodor had conducted himself heroically. On several occasions his name had been mentioned as the bravest of the brave, but he had asked neither for graces or favors, and when the exiles formed a special corps he had no idea they would choose him as their leader. When the head of the police had pronounced that name before the grand duke, the latter replied that it was not unknown to him.

"Indeed," answered General Voranzoff. "Wassili Feodor is a man of valor and courage. His influence over his companions has always been very great."

"How long has he been at Irkutsk?" asked the grand duke.

"Two years."

"And his conduct?"

"His conduct," answered the head of the police, "is that of a man who submits to the special laws under which he lives."

"General," answered the grand duke, "have the goodness to present him immediately."

The orders of the grand duke were executed, and a half hour had not passed before Wassili Feodor was introduced into his presence.

He was a man some forty years old or more, tall, and with a sad and severe countenance. One felt that all his life was summed up in this one word: struggle; and that he had struggled and suffered all his life. His traits reminded one remarkably of those of his daughter, Nadia Feodor.

More than any other thing the Tartar invasion had cut him in his dearest affection, and ruined the last hope of that father, exiled to a distance of more than eight thousand versts from his native place. A letter had informed him of the death of his wife, and, at the same time, of the departure of his daughter, who had obtained from the government permission to re-join him at Irkutsk.

Nadia had to leave Riga on the 10th of July. The invasion was on the 15th. If, at that time, Nadia had crossed the frontier, what had become of her in the midst of the invaders? One can conceive how this unhappy father must have been devoured with anxiety, since, from that time, he had received no news of his daughter.

Wassili Feodor, in the presence of the grand duke, bowed, and waited to be interrogated.

"Wassili Feodor," said to him the grand duke, "your companions have asked to form a picket corps. Do they know that in that corps they must fight to the last man?"

"They know it," answered Wassili Feodor.

"They wish you for leader."

"I, your highness?"

"Do you consent to put yourself at their head?"

"Yes, if the good of Russia requires it."

"Captain Feodor," said the grand duke, "you are no longer an exile."

"I thank your highness; but am I to command those who still are exiles?"

"They are no longer."

It was the pardon of all his companions in exile, now his companions in arms, which the brother of the czar granted to him!

Wassili Feodor pressed with emotion the hand which the grand duke held out to him, and he left the room.

The latter turning then towards the officers:

"The czar will not refuse to accept the letter of pardon which I am drawing upon him!" said he, smiling. "We need heroes to defend the capital of Siberia, and I have just now made some."

This pardon of the exiles of Irkutsk was indeed an act of wise justice and wise policy.

Night had now come on. Across the windows of the palace shone the fires of the Tartar camp, and far beyond the Angara. The river was full of floating blocks of ice, some of which were stopped by the first piles of the ancient wooden bridges. Those which the current held in the channel floated down with great rapidity. Thus it was evident, as the chief of the merchants had observed, that the Angara could scarcely freeze along the whole of its surface. Thus the defenders of Irkutsk need not fear the danger of being assailed on that side.

Ten o'clock had just struck. The grand duke was about to dismiss his officers and retire to his apartments, when a kind of uproar was heard outside the palace.

Almost immediately the door of the room opened, an aide-de-camp appeared, and advancing toward the grand duke:

"Your highness," said he, "a courier from the czar!"

A simultaneous movement brought all the members of the council towards the half-open door. A courier from the czar, arrived at Irkutsk. If the officers had reflected for an instant on the improbability of that fact, they would have certainly considered it impossible.

The grand duke had quickly moved towards his aide-de-camp.

"That courier" said he.

A man entered. He wore the costume of a Siberian peasant, much worn, even torn, and on which one could see bullet-holes. A Russian bonnet covered his head. A scar, badly healed, crossed his face. The man had evidently followed a long and trying route. His shoes and stockings, in a bad state, even proved that he had made part of his journey on foot.

"His highness the grand duke?" said he on entering.

The grand duke went up to him.

"Are you a courier from the czar?" he asked him.

"Yes, your highness."

"You come from—?"

"Moscow."

"You left Moscow—?"

"The 15th of July."

"You are called—?"

"Michael Strogoff."

It was Ivan Ogareff. He had taken the name and position of the man whom he believed to be powerless. Neither the grand duke nor any other person in Irkutsk knew him; he had not even needed to disguise his features. As he had the means of proving his pretended identity, no one could doubt him. He came then, sustained by a will of iron, to hasten by treason and assassination the conclusion of the drama of invasion.

After the answer of Ivan Ogareff, the grand duke made a sign, and all his officers retired.

The fictitious Michael Strogoff and he remained alone in the room.

The grand duke looked at Ivan Ogareff for some seconds, and with the greatest attention. Then:

"You were, the 15th of July, at Moscow?" he asked him.

"Yes, your highness, and on the night from the 14th to the 15th, I saw his majesty the Czar at the new palace."

"You have a letter from the Czar?"

"Here it is."

And Ivan Ogareff handed to the grand duke the imperial letter, reduced to the dimensions almost microscopic.

"Was that letter given to you in that state?" asked the grand duke.

"No, your highness, but I was compelled to tear open the envelope, in order to better conceal it from the Tartar soldiers."

"Have you then been a prisoner of the Tartars?"

"Yes, your highness, during a few days," answered Ivan Ogareff. "It is on that account that, having set out from Moscow on the 15th of July, I only arrived at Irkutsk on the 2d of October, after a journey of sixty-nine days."

The grand duke took the letter. He unfolded it and recognized the signature of the czar, preceded by the sacramental formula, written with his own hand. Hence, there was no possible doubt concerning the authenticity of that letter, nor indeed concerning the identity of the courier. If his fierce look at first inspired mistrust, the grand duke did not allow it to be seen, and soon the mistrust disappeared altogether.

The grand duke remained some moments without speaking. He was reading slowly the letter, in order to thoroughly gather the sense of it.

Taking up again the speech:

"Michael Strogoff, do you know the contents of this letter?" he asked.

"Yes, your highness. I might have been compelled to destroy it to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Tartars, and, if that should happen, I wished to bring its contents to your highness."

"Do you know that this letter enjoins us to die at Irkutsk rather than surrender the city?"

"I know it."

"Do you also know that it points out the movements of the troops who have combined to check the invasion?"

"Yes, your highness, but those movements have not succeeded."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish to tell you that Ichim, Omak, Tomsk, two to speak of other important towns of the two Siberias, have been one after another occupied by the soldiers of Feodor-Khann."

"But has there been a battle? Have our Cossacks never met the Tartars?"

"Several times, your highness."

"And they were repulsed?"

"They were not in sufficient strength."

"Where have the encounters taken place of which you speak?"

"At Kolyvan, at Tomak."

Up to this time, Ivan Ogareff had only told the truth; but with the object of fighting the defenders of Irkutsk by exaggerating the advantages obtained by the troops of the emir, he added:

"And a third time before Krasnoyarsk."

"And that last engagement?" asked the grand duke, those firmly set lips scarcely allowed the words to pass.

"It was more than an engagement, your highness," answered Ivan Ogareff, "it was a battle."

"A battle?"

"Twenty thousand Russians, coming from the provinces of the frontier and from the governments of Tobolsk, came into collision with a force of a hundred and fifty thousand Tartars, and in spite of their courage they have been annihilated."

"You lie!" cried the grand duke, who endeavored, but in vain, to master his anger.

"I tell the truth, your highness," coolly replied Ivan Ogareff. "I was present at that battle of Krasnoyarsk, and it is there where I was made prisoner."

The grand duke became calm, and, by a sign he gave Ivan Ogareff to understand that he did not doubt his veracity.

"On what day did this battle of Krasnoyarsk take place?" he asked.

"On the 2nd of September."

"And now all the Tartar forces are concentrated around Irkutsk?"

"All."

"And you would number them at—?"

"Four hundred thousand men!"

A new aggregation of the Tartar army, and tending always to the same end.

"And I must not expect any succor from the provinces of the west?" asked the grand duke.

"None, your highness, at least before the end of winter."

"Very well, listen to this, Michael Strogoff. Should I not relieve you, either from the west or the east, and were there six hundred thousand Tartars, I would not give up Irkutsk!"

The wicked eyes of Ivan Ogareff lightly blinked. The traitor seemed to say that the brother of the czar was reckoning without treason.

The grand duke, of a nervous temperament, had great difficulty in preserving his calmness on learning this disastrous news. He walked up and down the room, under the eyes of Ivan Ogareff, who covered him as a prey reserved for his vengeance. He stopped at the windows, he looked out upon the Tartar fires, he was trying to find out the noise, the greater part of which was caused by the grating of the ice on the river.

A quarter of an hour passed without his putting another question. Then, again taking up the letter, he read a passage of it and said:

"You know, Michael Strogoff, that there is a question in this letter of a traitor against whom I have to be on my guard."

"Yes, your highness."

"He is to attempt to enter Irkutsk disguised, to win my confidence; then, at the proper time, to deliver up the town to the Tartars."

"I know all that, your highness, and I also know that Ivan Ogareff has sworn personal vengeance on the brother of the czar."

"Why?"

"They say that that officer had been condemned by the grand duke to a most humiliating degradation."

"Yes—I remember. But he deserved it, that wretch, who was afterwards to serve against his country, and to lead there an invasion of barbarians!"

"His majesty the czar," answered Ivan Ogareff, "relied especially on the fact that you were aware of the criminal projects of Ivan Ogareff against your person."

"Yes; the letter informs me of it. And his majesty told it to me himself, while warning me to distrust that traitor above all during my journey across Siberia."

"Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, your highness, after the battle of Krasnoyarsk. Could he have suspected that I was the bearer of a letter addressed to your highness, and in which all his projects were divulged, I should not now be standing before you."

"Yes, you would have been lost," answered the grand duke. "And how did you escape?"

"By throwing myself into the Irtysh."

"And how did you enter Irkutsk?"

"During a sortie that was made this very night to repel a Tartar detachment, I joined it with the defenders of the town. I was able to make myself known, and they at once conducted me before your highness."

"Will done, Michael Strogoff," answered the grand duke. "You have shown courage and zeal during this difficult mission. I shall not forget you. Have you any favor to ask me?"

"None, if it be not that of fighting by the side of your highness," answered Ivan Ogareff.

"Let it be so, Michael Strogoff. From this day I attach you to my person, and you shall be lodged in this palace."

"And if in conformity with the intention which is attributed to him, Ivan Ogareff should present himself before your highness under a false name—?"

"We would unmask him, thanks to you who know him, and by my order he should die under the knot. Go!"

Ivan Ogareff gave the military salute to the grand duke, not forgetting that he was captain in the corps of the couriers of the czar, and he withdrew.

Ivan Ogareff had just now played, with success, his base role. The grand duke's confidence had been accorded him full and entire. He could abuse it when and where he thought proper. He would even live in that palace; he would know all the secrets of the defense.

He held, therefore, to begin the work without more delay.

Ivan Ogareff, having every facility for seeing, and acting, spent the next day in visiting the fortifications. Everywhere he was received with congratulations by the officers, soldiers, and citizens. This courier of the czar, was like a lie which bound them to the empire. Ivan Ogareff therefore recounted to them all the details of his journey. And this with a vivacity that was never wanting. Then, abruptly, without at first insisting on it too much, he spoke of the gravity of the situation, exaggerating as he had done while addressing the grand duke, both the successes of the Tartars, and the forces at their disposal. To listen to him, the succor would be insufficient, should it even come, and it was to be feared that a battle fought under the walls of Irkutsk would be as disastrous as the battles of Kolyvan, of Tomak, and of Krasnoyarsk.

Ivan Ogareff was not at first lavish in these sinister insinuations. He took care they should penetrate by degrees into the minds of the defenders of Irkutsk. He seemed to answer only when a great many questions were put to him, and then as though with regret. In any case, he added always that they must defend it themselves to the last man, and they must blow it up rather than surrender it!

If the defenders of Irkutsk could have been discouraged, Ivan Ogareff had chosen an efficient means. But the garrison and population of Irkutsk were too patriotic to allow themselves to be frightened. Of those soldiers, of those citizens, shut up in an isolated town at the furthest end of the Asiatic world, not one had dreamed of speaking of capitulation. The disdain of Russia for those barbarians was without limit.

In any case, no one for a moment suspected the hateful role which Ivan Ogareff was playing; no one could have imagined that the pretended courier of the czar was nothing else than a traitor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:
Author of "East Lynne," "Oswald Gray," &c.

CHAPTER I.

In a somewhat wild part of the coast of England, at least a hundred and fifty miles distant from the metropolis, is situated a small town or village, called Danesheld. The land on either side rises above and overlooks the sea, higher in some spots than in others, and the descent of the rocks is in places perpendicular. There are parts, however, where they slope so gradually, that a sure foot may descend easily, and in these the hard nature of the rock appears to have softened with time, for grass grows upon the sides, and even wild flowers. In ancient times it was a settlement of the Danes, and there is no doubt that the name, now corrupted into Danesheld, was formerly written Danes' Hold. Outside the village, toward the east, a colony of straggling huts and cottages is built not close to the edge of the heights, but some little distance from them; beyond, may be seen some scattered mansions; and again, beyond, these rise the stately walls of Dane Castle, the castle and the village being about a mile apart. The castle is low, but not high building; its red bricks dark with age; a turret rises at either end, and a high square turret ascends over the gateway in the middle, from which latter turret a flag may be seen waving, whenever the castle's chief, Lord Dane, is sojourning at it. The castle faces the sea, being about a quarter of a mile distant from it, and the grass-land stretches out smooth and broad and flat between it and the edge of the heights. The high-road from the village winds up past the castle gates, and behind it is an inclosed garden. A little further on, and almost close to the brow of the heights, are the ruins of what was the chapel in the days of the monks; its walls stand yet, and its casements, from which the glass has long since gone, are sheltered around the clustering ivy; traces of its altar, and of once-inscribed gravestones may still be seen inside, but no roof is there, and it is open alike to the calm sky and the stormy one. A picturesque sight does old ruin present to the eye of the strolling beholder of the setting sun, or in the pale, weird beauty of a moonlight night.

On the other side of the winding road, opposite the castle, might be seen all the signs of husbandry, ploughed fields, grass-lands with here and there a farm house, surrounded by its substantial ricks and barns. And one sunny day in spring, perched upon a gate leading to a clover-field, and doing something to a fishing rod, was a young man in the careless attire favored by country gentlemen. He looked about eight-and-twenty, was tall and slender; his features were thin and sharp, and his eyes dark, but they had not a very open expression. His velvetene sporting coat was thrown back from his shoulders, for the day was really warm. Hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes, and saw approaching, from the direction of the village, a middle-aged man, who wore the dress of a gentleman sailor. The latter lifted his glazed hat from his head as he neared the gate, but whether in courtesy, or whether merely to wipe his brow, which he proceeded to do, was uncertain.

"Is that Dane Castle?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"I thought it must be," was the comment of the sailor, spoken in an undertone. "Perhaps you have no objection to tell me a little of the present history of its inmates," he continued; "I made acquaintance with one of the sons abroad."

"With all the pleasure in life," carelessly replied the young gentleman, still intent upon his fishing-rod. "The family are at the castle now, Lord and Lady Dane, and one of the sons. Lord Dane more helpless than ever."

"Lord Dane helpless!"

"He fell from his horse last autumn, hunting, and the spine was injured, paralysis of the spine, I believe, they call it. The effect is, that the entire use of his lower limbs has left him, and he is nearly as helpless as a baby."

"The sailor looked at him.

"No power in his legs, I suppose?"

"None. Lady Dane retains power in hers, though, and in her tongue, too," said the young gentleman, breaking into a whistle. "She rules the roast, now the baron's lady by."

"Which of the sons is at home?"

"The younger one, the captain. The heir is in Paris. He is a fast man, and a Parisian life suits him."

"There was a young lady at the castle. I forget her name—"

"Adelaide Errol. A wild Scotch girl. I dare say you may have heard, for that is what she is styled here by the gossips."

"I have heard her called an angel," returned the sailor, with an imperturbable countenance; "nothing less laudatory."

The other lifted his eyes from the fishing-rod and fixed them on his face.

"Then, if you have heard that, I'll wager it was from no other than Harry Dane."

"From William Dane?"

"William Henry; it's all one; we dub him Harry here. The old peer is fond of the name of Harry, and rarely called his son anything else. Geoffrey is the name of the eldest."

"I know. Is William to marry Adelaide Errol?"

"The young gentleman raised his eyebrows. "People profess to say so. The captain, gallant son of Mars though he is, has slugged his wings in the brightness of her fascinations. He—"

"I wish you'd talk plain English, sir," testily interrupted the stranger.

"The other accorded him a prolonged stare. "Why what else am I talking? Dutch?"

"Rhapsody—and I don't understand it. Is Captain Dane to marry the young lady, or is he not?"

"What a very unreasonable person you seem to be!" was the equable rejoinder. "Don't I tell you that it is said he will? He is now after her if you understand the French term in all its force; worships the very ground she treads on. If that's not English, I don't know what it is."

"And she?"

"The young man shrugged his shoulders. "There's no answering for women. Perhaps she returns his love; perhaps she does not. My lady impresses on her the fact that the Honourable William Henry Dane is no bad match for a portionless damsel."

"Captain Dane is rich?"

"I wish I were a title as rich. Some arrangement exists in the Dane family by which the younger sons step into their fortune when they become age, and the captain took possession of his; fifty thousand pounds."

"A large portion," remarked the sailor.

"It's not to be sneezed at. But he comprised all the younger children in himself, remember; sons and daughters too. Had there been ten, the fifty thousand would have been divided among them. His uncle, William Henry, whom he was named after, left him his fortune also, for he had never married; and that was at least fifty thousand more. It is thought, too, that the gallant

captain saves, does not live half up to his in- come. Of course, now that he is in England, come. How long has he been at home? It is two years since he quitted the States."

little beauty, and plays fast and loose. Sometime before the year is out, I suppose. "And when are we to see you over in the new country again? Never?"

curious, and peace about at leisure under cover of his walls. "They are a couple of treacherous serpents!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird, in a hoarse, Sophie laughed.

Quartette for Confederate Brigadiers. Prepared to be sung by Generals Hampton, Hill, Lamar, and Chalmers. You've signed up the Federal war? Well, did it pay you what it cost?

well acquainted with foreign parts. He had been a hunter in Ireland, and it seems, acted as steward aboard the ship. He was perpetually quarrelling, often drunk, and was well acquainted with the virtues of a shillelagh, a weapon much dreaded by the Northmen.

and a heavy loss ultimately resulted to the selling firm. Notwithstanding all this gloomy foreboding, business was expected to "pick up" in the fall, when an opportunity may present itself whereby the dry goods trade could regain the amounts lost during this season.

WHOLESALE PROVISIONS.

Merchants engaged in this trade are firmly convinced that their business has reached its lowest ebb. There was no demand for bread-stuffs. "The people seemed to eat less and drink more."

RAILROADS.

Mr. William Wright, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk railway, was interviewed respecting railroad traffic. This gentleman stated that as he had just returned from a trip through the west he was in a good position to furnish information on the subject required.

PAPER MAKING.

Mr. Macfarlane, of the Canada Paper company, could not report much improvement in his line of business, but spoke hopefully of the immediate future. The volume of trade at the present time was greater than at the same time last year, but as prices were lower neither the receipts nor profits were increased.

HARDWARE.

Messrs. Frothingham and Workman find a perceptible improvement in the sales of hardware and mechanical implements. They are in receipt of favorable reports from the country with reference to the harvest.

BUILDING.

The prospects for the builders are unfavorable. At the present time this class of trade has never experienced such a lack of work. The formerly extravagant style of house-building has been replaced by a plan founded on a system of economic management.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Mr. Lorenzen, Monticello, Iowa, is the inventor of a process by which cream can be canned and kept sweet and pure for an indefinite length of time.

A French parliamentary committee has reported favorably on a bill requiring all contractors for public works to be natives, and all material to be employed to be French.

A statue mania has of late raged in France. Babelais is to be thus honored at Chinon, and Beranger and Theophile Gautier are also put forward for this species of commemoration.

Zing-U-King, the Chinese giant, who is over eight feet high, and 28 years old, is now on exhibition at the St. Petersburg Zoological garden. He attracts as much attention as the Zulus did who were lately exhibited at the same place.

The Popo has intrusted Cardinal Hergenrother with the reorganization of the Papal archives at the Vatican, so as to make them more accessible for historical research. The cardinal has also been authorized to prepare interesting documents for publication.

The force of imagination nearly killed a man who had drunk a draught from a Swiss lake, and consulting his guide book read: "Leau du lac est bien poisonneux." Fortunately a friend, coming up, informed him of the distinction between poisonneux (fishy) and poisonneux (poisonous), and the ignominious was saved.

A Child's Opinion—A Fact.

STANLEY had recovered from a very serious illness, brought on by too close application to his books, in his earnest endeavor to outstrip his little schoolmates in the race after knowledge. His little brother, Percy, a youth of three summers, was quite natural, and had a very high opinion of the medicine Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lecithin Phosphate of Lime had produced.

IS TRADE REVIVING?

Our reporters have lately interviewed a few of the representative branches of industry in our midst to glean intelligence as to the state of trade and the prospects of an early revival. The report in the aggregate is slightly favorable, though of course the late bank failures have tended to cause despondency in hearts that were beginning to perceive the silver fringe of the cloud of depression.

DRY GOODS.

The principal of the dry goods house of Messrs. Stirling, McCall & Co., was interviewed by a Post reporter and in answer to questions the following information was given.—Business was dull and discouraging. The present state of affairs in the city was terrible, banks failing on all sides and cheques manifest everywhere. The mercantile agencies were another source of trouble. They were not worth a snap of the finger. There can be no doubt that the numerous bankruptcies are doing all the damage.

(To be Continued.)

Sir Henry Bessemer has in his time taken out 160 patents. Three of the Munich clubs have resolved not to admit Jews, and a Jewish judge has been excluded from a club at Ulm.

A bill before the Hungarian parliament proposes that after six years the Magyar language shall be obligatory in all schools.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. By M. G. MULLIN & CO., Proprietors.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office.

Special Notice.

Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS, and thereby save us much time and trouble in attending to their correspondence.

Our Converts, Colleges, &c.

As the season is now approaching, when all of our educational institutions will be reopened for the instructions of our youth, the time is appropriate for us to call the attention of the Rev. Superiors to the advantages the TRUE WITNESS offers for making the fact known to parents and guardians.

The Quebec Riots.

Through what cause we cannot say, but Quebec has certainly more troubles of her own than any other city in the Dominion of Canada; and these troubles, when they occur, are more or less connected with labor.

The English Land Question.

The question that most agitates the people of England at the present time and the question most asked is, "How long can the country afford to pay out annually the sum of \$500,000,000 for food before it is ruined?"

sequently obviate the necessity of importing such large quantities of grain. But this would not altogether eradicate the evil, and hence John Bright, the veteran statesman, points to France, and declares her example must be followed, and the land divided among tenant proprietors before the ruin on the bank of prosperity is stayed, and the first step in this direction will be the abolition of the law of entail and primogeniture.

Independent Journalism.

The Post has a good many readers and subscribers, and the great majority of them are intelligent and generous enough to take it for, what we may term, its face value, without trying to penetrate the surface to discover motives which have no existence; without perceiving a certain bias in this, and a concealed political meaning in that article which the writer never intended.

The New Austrian Premier.

The intelligence that Count Taaffe is Premier of the new Austrian Government throws the mind irresistibly back on the history of the race from which he has sprung, for that the illustrious statesman is of Irish origin his name sufficiently attests.

worth and genius rose to the surface, and then it was that the Irish exiles showed to the world what manner of race it was from which they were descended, and made it understand that if they had been vanquished after a strife of centuries it was not for lack of courage, but through a freak of unworthy fortune.

"In far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade." But without travelling back a hundred years we see the descendants of those illustrious exiles—aye, even within the past twenty years—manage the affairs, and in some instances guide the destinies, of three of the great nations of the old world.

What's the Reason?

That Canada is as old a country as the American Republic, and was settled at an earlier date, is beyond question, and yet it may be asked why it is that to-day our neighbor over the way has a population approaching fifty millions, while Canada is limited to a twelfth of the number.

of the great nations of the earth. Canada did not fall in for her share of the influx of immigrants, simply because her existence was almost unknown in Europe, or if faintly recognized it was as a Crown colony of the English Kings, the Georges and the Williams, an hyperborean region somewhere between New York and the North Pole, where the miserable inhabitants, dressed in the skins of animals, eked out a miserable existence, hunting, trapping and fishing through holes in the ice.

"But a brighter vision breaks O'er Canadian woods and lakes." But Canada is not even now as well advanced as it should, though, it may be hoped, that this complaint will not long be a just one, now that the long night of commercial depression is drawing to a close, and that Canada is a nation almost independent, and with untold resources in and on her broad bosom.

A National Currency.

Now that the late little financial unpleasantness has passed away it may not be out of place to speculate on its cause, and at the same time to try and discover a remedy against its periodical recurrence amongst us, consoling ourselves in the meanwhile with the knowledge that it is not quite so bad as the yellow fever.

William Hassan, Sec'y for the Committee. Huntingdon, August 12, 1879.

sciously and handle it delicately, for in a month it may not be worth half its face value. This is all the difference between a legal tender and a note on some mushroom bank. We at present behold the spectacle—not by any means an enjoyable one—of a circulation of something like \$70,000,000 representing \$10,000,000 in specie.

CORRESPONDENCE.

White Eagle and the Shamrock. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

Sir,—A game of lacrosse was played in this village on Saturday last, between White Eagle's team and the Shamrocks, of Montreal; proceeds to be applied to educational purposes in Huntingdon convent.

William Hassan, Sec'y for the Committee. Huntingdon, August 12, 1879.

A Visit to Hochelaga Convent. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

One of the last days of June I went to the depot to see a few friends off. While there I noticed a number of young ladies approaching, whom, from the sisters that accompanied them, I judged to be convent girls.

Having arrived ahead of time, they had a little leisure to converse with their teachers, the conversation, though, at intervals gay and sprightly, was seemingly overshadowed by the sad thought of parting, it was evident their hearts were too full for words.

Another Belleville Letter. To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

DEAR SIR,—The Post of the 11th inst. contains a letter purporting to be from Belleville, over the signature of "Independent," which I left unchallenged might be very misleading, as to the political leanings of the Catholics of the county.

you have lately assumed towards his two highly electrified fancy pets, Sir John and McKenzie Bowell, with whose private character we have nothing to do, but of whose public career every taxpayer, and more particularly every journalist who does his duty, has very much to do, and it does appear the height of impudence for "Independent" to attempt to muzzle the Post.

To some, tory Catholics in Ontario are a riddle, and scarcely ever looked upon by the opposite party but with suspicion. This comes from the very strange alliance formed in voting with the followers of the Prince of Orange, and always to the advantage of the order—a vote hard to reconcile with principle and Catholic interest.

Yours truly, SCUBSCRIBER. Belleville, August 13th, 1879.

ST. BRIDGET'S SOCIETY PIC-NIC.

Oration by Mr. W. J. O'Hara.

Men of the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society: Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I am sensible of more than an ordinary gratification in assuming the part you have honored me with in this day's splendid proceedings. Standing before this magnificent gathering, assembled here to-day in aid of a noble object (cheers), I enjoy at this moment what is to me one of the sweetest pleasures of memory, for I am reminded that just ten years ago, at the request, under the auspices, and in aid of the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society of Montreal, I made my first attempt at oratorical effort on a public platform, in furtherance of the great principles it represents.

Ladies and gentlemen—I know you wish me to speak to you to-day on an Irish subject (laughter and applause), and, therefore, I shall endeavor to please you by paying a tribute to the greatest subject Ireland ever produced—the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Irish apostle of temperance (great cheering). I have called the great Father Mathew a subject—I apologize to you—(laughter)—he was a conqueror—conqueror of a great vice, and liberator of men and women who were slaves to it. He was a king! (cheers) and a protector over millions of people, who wore his medal on their breast, and held his principles at their heart, and acted them in their lives (Applause). No theme seems to me more fitting on this occasion, and I wish to improve the occasion by suggesting to the St. Bridget's Temperance Society that, as other associations of this city have taken the initiative in the celebration of the centenary of the Irish liberator O'Connell and the Irish poet Moore, the St. Bridget's society should assume the privilege of celebrating the anniversary and hereafter the centenary of the great Irish apostle of temperance, so that his memory may be honored, and his great and noble work may not be forgotten. (Loud applause.) Gallant Tipperary had the honor of being the birthplace of Father Mathew. He was born on the 10th October, 1790, at Thomastown, the family seat of George Mathew, the first Earl of Llandaff, from a branch of which family he was descended. His father dying when he was quite young, he was, through the kindness of the earl's family, sent to a Catholic college at Kilkenny, whence he afterwards went to Maynooth, in 1807, at the age of 17. He did not, it seems, remain long at Maynooth. The affability and geniality of his disposition led him into some slight breach of the strict seminary discipline, and, chagrined thereat, he withdrew from Maynooth in 1808 and entered the Franciscan friary at Kilkenny. Father Mathew came into the world at a critical and troublesome period of Irish history. Grattan, Curran and Fitzgerald were using their magnificent powers—the earnestness of

honesty, the enthusiasm of patriotism, the vigor of genius... bringing about the happiness and prosperity of their country...

1842, Father Mathew visited Glasgow. Thirty-seven years ago this day he was received in that great commercial city of Scotland by a monster procession...

ROUND THE WORLD. Paul Cassagnac hates Pion-Pion. Hon. Mr. Joly is a handsome man. Hon. Mr. J. C. Abbott is an Orangeman...

IRISH NEWS. The Catholic members of parliament number 51. They all sit for Irish constituencies. The following were the votes cast at the late Clare election...

SCOTCH NEWS. The Scotch papers contain a report or address delivered by Professor Blackie, the well-known Greek and Celtic scholar... FATAL ACCIDENT AT PAISLEY...

CATHOLIC NEWS. COADJUTOR FOR CARDINAL MANNING. I hear that arrangements are likely to be made for securing for the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster the assistance and services of a very energetic and eloquent prelate...

By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified...

JOHN PORTER, of Ripley, Ohio, writes: I have given the Pain Killer to horses for Colic, and found it the best remedy I ever tried...

Allen's Lung Balm is warranted to break up the most troublesome Cough in an incredible short time. There is no remedy that can show more evidence of real merit than this Balm...

Worms infest the upper part of the bowels and feed on chyle. They produce a voracious appetite and great emaciation of flesh...

Going to Meet Her Brother. A sad and touching incident of the scarlet fever epidemic occurred on Thursday. A little sister and brother lay sick...

Fashion Notes. Long sailor neckties in loose knots are worn in Paris by ladies. A wreath of deep red roses without leaves encircling the neck is the latest device for decorating a parol.

TELEGRAMS.

AUSTRIA.
Andrassy's Resignation Accepted—The New Ministry.
BRUSSELS, August 14.—The Independence

FRANCE.
A Democratic Tendency—Panama Canal Shares.
PARIS, August 14.—M. Rouher's organ, the

SPAIN.
Incendiaries—Indemnity from Mexico.
MADRID, August 14.—Several fires, some

ENGLAND.
Reduction in Wages—American demand for

THE ZULU WAR.
Cetywayo Wants to Surrender.
PORT DURBAND, July 24.—Cetywayo has

Sir John Macdonald Dines with the Queen and is sworn in as a Member of the Imperial Privy Council.

Pond's Extract.—The Household Remedy for

MANY YOUNG PERSONS FROM 16 TO 20 YEARS OF AGE are greatly annoyed with

It is noticed that some of our farmers in

London, August 14.—This afternoon the

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.
Honored by the United States Warship

His excellency replied as follows:—
To the Mayor and Council of the Town of

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen.—You assume

can often be procured for the taking away, at

Experience proves, every season, the

Root crops and field cabbages need frequent

Clover that was mown early for hay may

In horses and cattle should be washed

found to serve a useful purpose for mankind

AGRICULTURAL.
The Farmer.
We call the following from the American

Where the soil is not good enough for

can often be procured for the taking away, at

No better time than the present offers for

Experience proves, every season, the

Root crops and field cabbages need frequent

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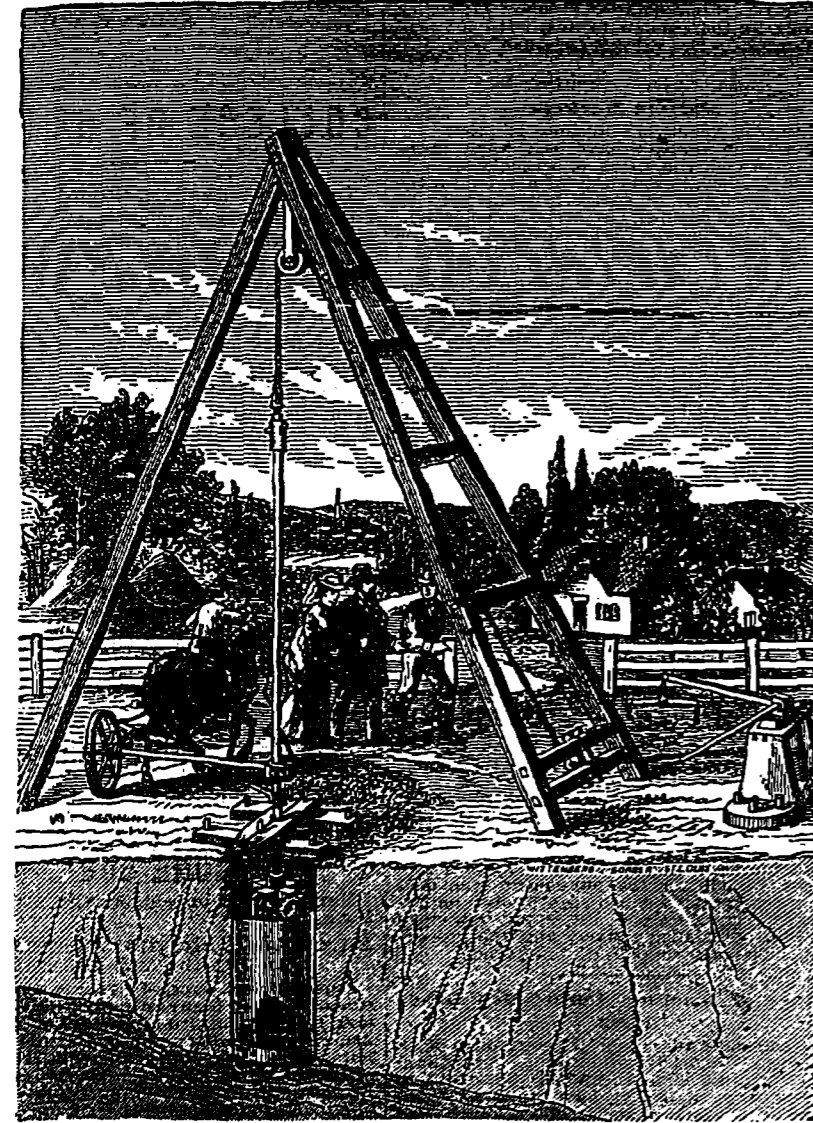
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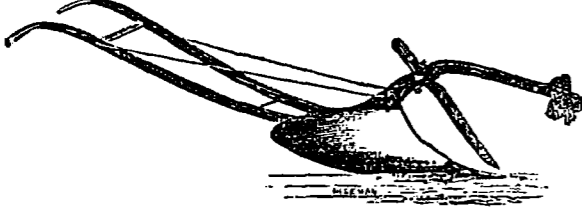
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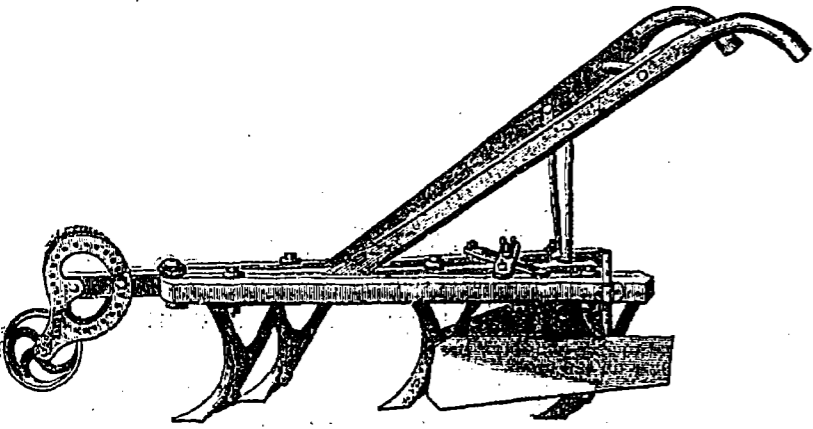


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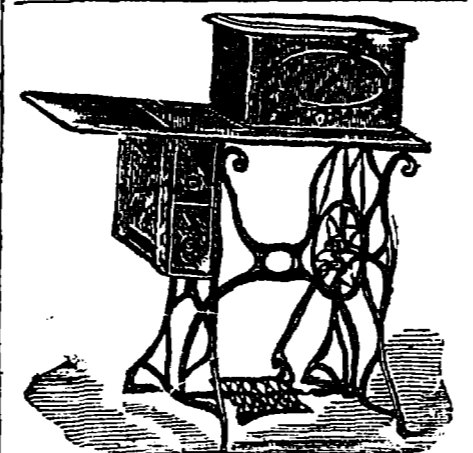
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"In Heaven We'll Know Our Own."

There is a time when thought unbidden rushes, words into the air, and some hurried tones, some look of joy, at which the pure cheek blushes.

And in that moment, sweet and brief in passing, Ourselves, lost treasures visit us from off the crystal shores of memory.

We never to think, that joy like this can vanish, floating away on life's restless stream.

Give, give to me, tho' it were but in sadness, The dim remembrance, of loved ones long since flown.

When life was one long summer's day of gladness, Ere death had stilled the heart, I then thought of my own.

And still my own, tho' yawns the grave beyond, And all of them on earth lie beneath the church-yard stone.

Catarrh. The Extract is the only specific for this disease. It is a sure cure.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is a healing, cooling and cleansing agent.

Burns and Scalds. For allaying the pain, and should be kept in every family.

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

Earache, Toothache and Faceache. When the Extract is used according to directions, its effect is simply wonderful.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding, or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy for this disease.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is so clean and efficacious that mothers who have once used it will be without it.

Female Complaints. No physician should be called in for the majority of female diseases if the Extract be used.

CAUTION. Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine is the only one that is sold in this country.

Price of Pond's Extract, Toilet Articles and Specialties. Pond's Extract, 50c. Pond's Toilet Cream, 50c.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Orders for \$3 worth, carriage free, on receipt of \$2 in advance.

THE REMAINS OF A. T. STEWART. The base of Operations in Montreal—The Mysterious Romances—Judge Hilton Indefatigable.

It was in the month of January last that on a certain Monday morning a messenger of the American Express company delivered a small package at the office of a Nassau street lawyer.

With the same mysterious and curious letter from Montreal, signed "Romance," written in a style that defied all efforts to detect any particular handwriting.

The lawyer was asked what he thought of the letter, and he answered that he thought it was a forgery.

But the lawyer was not satisfied with this answer, and he decided to investigate the matter further.

He called on the messenger of the American Express company, and he asked him for the name of the person who had sent the package.

The messenger told him that he did not know the name of the person, but he would try to find out for him.

The lawyer was not satisfied with this answer, and he decided to investigate the matter further.

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THE STATE OF THE BODY.

From other sources it was ascertained that Judge Hilton had been informed by the representative of the body-snatchers that the remains of the late A. T. Stewart were in an excellent state of preservation.

It was also ascertained that the body was even to-day readily recognizable by any one who had been acquainted with the merchant prince during his lifetime.

The body was found in a coffin, and it was in a state of perfect preservation.

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