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### DEATH OF BISHOP O'BRIEN.

We take most of the following extracts from "G" in the *Harp* for November, 1878—

The right reverend Bishop O'Brien, whose portrait we present to the readers of the Post, was born at Loughborough township, twelve miles from Kingston, a little over fifty years ago, and was found dead in his bed at Quebec this morning, thus closing a life that was highly useful, and yet full of promise.

His contemporaries of thirty-five years ago speak to-day of his assiduity, his high moral qualities, and that intellectual force which put him in the first place in the village schools. When the young scholar had exhausted the modest curriculum of the country academy, his good parents—people of industry, irreproachable character and sterling worth—wisely determined to give him every opportunity for distinguishing himself in the career of learning for which he had already manifested so great a taste. Moreover, they had detected in their son's grave, amiable and religious character, certain marks which pointed toward the sanctuary. Hence, whatever sacrifice a higher course of education involved was cheerfully made by those good parents, who hoped one day to see him offer the adorable sacrifice of the mass for the living and the dead.

Bishop O'Brien made his theological course at the grand seminary of Quebec, and showed remarkable versatility and love of classic literature. His knowledge of the fathers of the church was very great. He was director of Regiopolis college for many years. As a preacher, Bishop O'Brien was logical, profound, well-ordered, not over imaginative, nor passionate, but very telling and forcible. His statement of a dogmatic question was admirable. He never indulged in flights of fancy, but used occasionally as much metaphor as illustrated without highly coloring his discourse. As to his manner, it was calm and judicial, never displaying that hurried excitement and nervousness which detract so much from the effect of some good speakers. His voice was good and well under control. In a word, he was one of those rare speakers whose longest sermons are considered too short by the most intelligent hearers, and this is the most favorable of all criticisms.

Dr. O'Brien, as is well known, succeeded the lamented Bishop Horan, one of the best prelates, the largest hearted, most accomplished gentleman that ever wore a mitre. A certain unerring instinct in the successor pointed Father O'Brien as the man who would have been the best to succeed him. His qualifications were so manifestly superior to all others that there was no room for competition or the phantom of a dissenting brain. But, of course, there was no such thing as ambitious intrigues for the "bonum onis." Such a spirit would of itself render the aspirant unworthy. The accession of Mousigneur O'Brien frustrated nobody's foolish hopes, for ecclesiastical dignity should seek instead of being sought.

As an administrator, Dr. O'Brien is unexcelled. The fine church of Brockville, commenced by Father Burns, we believe was finished and paid for by Bishop O'Brien.

His proverbial amiability, his kindness, his boundless charity, his devotion to duty are known to all. No man living ever heard from his lips an uncharitable word against his neighbor. He never gave the slightest cause to any one to say an ill word against himself. We feel certain that we have done but scant justice to the character of one who possesses the love and esteem of every one whom he honored with his acquaintance. A true man—a profound scholar—an able preacher—a trusty friend—a virtuous prelate and a worthy bishop—Dr. O'Brien was an honor to the hierarchy of the Dominion and an ornament to the church. Dignities could not disturb the beautiful simplicity of a character, so humble, yet so strong.

He is now no more, but his name will be carefully and lovingly preserved in the hearts of those who knew him, and we may add that many an eye is moist to-day in Canada, and many a heart is sore because of the premature death of the illustrious prelate who lies wrapped in the slumber of death in the old fortress of Quebec. May his soul rest in peace.

#### The Funeral Arrangements.

[From the Kingston Daily News Saturday, August 2nd.]

It was at first expected that the remains of the late lamented Bishop O'Brien would reach Kingston by train at an early hour this morning, and many citizens were prepared to go down to meet the body. But after the issue of the papers last evening a change had been made in the arrangements. A telegram from Rev. Father McCarthy, of Brockville, stated that the deceased's old parishioners would like to detain the body if it could possibly be done, so as to testify their respect to His Lordship's memory. The telegram was at once put in motion along the line of the North Shore Railway telling Fathers Brown and Lynch, the Bishop's travelling companions, to comply with the request of Father McCarthy. Fortunately the telegram reached the travellers, and the connection between Quebec and Montreal being made, the body arrived at Brockville about two o'clock this morning. During the night the Very Rev. Vicar-General Farrelly, and several of the priests went down to Brockville to take part in the service which was to be held there this morning. The funeral party will leave Brockville about two o'clock. It is expected that there will be a very large number of people down at the depot to accompany the body to the Cathedral, where a short service will be held. The body will be taken into the sanctuary, where it will lie in state until Wednesday morning, when the funeral proper will take place. This is likely to be attended by all the Bishops of Ontario who are at home, and probably representative Bishops from Quebec, and a very large number of the priests of the diocese and elsewhere. The Cathedral

is heavily draped in black and presents a very sombre appearance, suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. No special services will be observed to-morrow, everything being left till Wednesday next.

#### THE BISHOP'S WORK.

We were unable to give anything like a complete statement of His Lordship's work during the period of his episcopate. The number confirmed during the four years which he presided over the diocese must be counted in thousands. On his last trip west he confirmed some 1,200 young people, besides preaching and lecturing.

The following gentlemen have been ordained by His Lordship: Revs. Fathers Larkin, Grafton; Father Hogan, late of Lindsay, now of the Cathedral; Father Walsh, Kitley, who was ordained at Loughborough on which occasion the late Father Leonard preached the sermon which opened the controversy between himself and Dr. Snodgrass; Father Fitzpatrick, Curate, Father Cicohari, curate, Peterboro; Father Kelly, Gananoque; Father Macdonald, curate at Perth, and Father D. Farrelly, curate at his uncle at Belleville.

The Bishop dedicated about a dozen churches during his episcopate including two in the mission of Hangerford, one each at Fenelon Falls, Carden, Trenton and other

places. All these edifices were, we believe, the direct result of His Lordship's administration.

Just previous to his leaving for the east, His Lordship appointed Father Twomey as his commissary in the diocese, Vicar-General Farrelly being at the same time appointed administrator. Father Farrelly, therefore, assumes all the charge until a new appointment is made.

#### PREVIOUS BISHOPS.

Bishop O'Brien was the fifth Bishop of Kingston and the second consecrated in St. Mary's Cathedral—the first being the late Bishop Farrelly of Hamilton. The previous Bishops were the celebrated Bishop John Macdonald, soldier, senator, patriot and priest. Bishop Golin, Bishop Phalen and Bishop Horan. These prelates are all interred in the vault underneath the Cathedral, and here will be placed on Wednesday next the mortal remains of one whose fame will be less than theirs.

#### CONDOLENCES.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Society, Y.I.C.B.U., V.M.S.B.A., and St. Vincent de Paul's Society, last evening at St. Patrick's hall, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, that we, the members of the

follow-citizen, J. J. Curran, Q.C., all former students of St. Joseph's, were such as to make the occasion a memorable one indeed. We shall give in next week's *Time Witness*, a portrait of the Very Rev. Doctor Tabaret, a biographical sketch of whom, as well as a report of the speeches referred to, may be found in the *Harper*. We congratulate the reverend Oblate fathers on the success of their institution, which we hope to see progressing and prospering, not only as a reward of their sacrifices and devotion, but in the interest of the cause of sound and solid education amongst the Catholic youth of our young Dominion.

#### Address to Father Fox.

The parishioners of the Rev. Father Fox presented him with the following address on a late occasion—

Rev. FATHER—We, the undersigned, in behalf of the congregation of St. Andrew's parish, wish to express our deep regret at your departure after having sojourned nearly four years in our midst, and gained the esteem and respect of all amongst whom you have so assiduously labored, and beg of you to accept this small purse in token of our regard towards you.

Rev. Father, it grieves us to be obliged to say farewell, but knowing you must leave us, we say farewell, yet not forever, as we will meet one day in Heaven, enjoying the glory of God and the reward you have merited for your care and attention of rich and poor, old and young.

We hope and humbly ask you to often remember us in your prayers at the altar of God, and in return we will not forget you, and pray God to protect and prosper our good priest, whom we loved so dearly.

(Signed)

F. McEneaney, D. R. Macdonell, D. A. Macdonald, John B. McDonald, John McIntosh, Donald McDunnell, Joseph A. McDonald, Angus McPhail and many others.

#### REPLY.

I accept your expressions in my regard with many thanks; also the valuable accompaniment. I accept them from you, gentlemen, as men possessing the soul of Catholics, yielding to the voice of your church and the voice of your priest. While you have this blessing—I may say obedience; yes, concord and charity—even my successor will not regret that he came amongst you. What I have performed as to my duty during the time you have mentioned was done with pleasure, even in the hour of midnight, to attend any of you, my good people, and not on one but many occasions, and I may say not you alone, but your neighboring parish. I leave you to testify that no priestly duty was neglected by me, even though I expected every day to be ordered elsewhere. I leave you in peace and concord, not as you were when I undertook to take charge of the parish at the death of your old worthy pastor. You have mentioned my labors, esteem and respect; well, gentlemen, it is the duty of a priest to labor; my endeavors were to gather old and young, blind and lame, to the fold. I leave this parish with the assurance that I have not always been idle, but that little I have done I could have done much more. With regard to esteem and respect, these qualities were not gained by me, but only kindness returned for so much you have invariably shown towards me. Farewell my dear people; I will ever remember the affectionate friends and neighbors I have made in St. Andrew's parish. My constant prayers during Divine service at the altar of God will be that His choicest favours may continue to fall upon you in this life and in the next.

Such will be the prayer of your devoted priest,  
Wm. Fox,  
St. Andrew's, Ont., July 24, 1879.

#### Father Stafford on Temperance and Home Rule.

We copy, with much pleasure, the following communication on the above subject from the *Wexford People* of June 28th ultimo—

CANADA, Sunday, June 5th, '79.

Sir,—It was not my intention to decry home rule in my short letter to you of the 12th April. I said total abstinence would bring home rule to us, and more than home rule. I think so, and have thought so for years. Statistics published in the report of the board of health for the state of Massachusetts for 1872, say you are spending \$41,000,000 yearly for liquor. I say if you stop spending money in this way, and use it for sanitary, social, educational and religious purposes, you will get up faster than by anything I have seen in the home rule movement. This is my opinion. With money you can do anything you like in these times. England cannot interfere in this temperance reform. You can do as you like here. You can stop spending your money in liquor, and invest it in something more solid and permanent. You can by means of money become masters of the situation, and wrest home rule from England with ease. You say rightly I discover no evils in home rule in Canada. We make all our own laws out here, and because we make them we like them. They are our laws made by us for ourselves. Men like what they make—they do not like what is thrust on them. What right have one section of men to make laws for another? It is enough for men to make laws for themselves by themselves or by their representatives.

England is very great and her statesmen are very wise, no doubt. Still we would not allow her to make laws for us any more, I suppose, then she would allow us to impose our laws on her. It would not suit. We would not understand how to do it, no more than she would understand how to do it for us, and no more than she understands how to do it for you. If she attempted to force laws on us, be they ever so wise, we would resist and fight her with even you at her back. We are democrats. I am sorry you have not the making of your own laws,



THE DECEASED PRELATE,  
His Lordship Bishop O'Brien.

several Catholic societies of the city, having heard with deep regret of the sudden demise of our beloved Bishop, do hereby express our profound sorrow at the sad bereavement which we, in common with the whole diocese, have sustained in the loss of so revered and distinguished a prelate. We will long remember his earnest and energetic labours as a priest and as a prince of the church, and bear in memory his untiring zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the diocese.

Brockville, Aug. 2.—The remains of the late Bishop O'Brien arrived here at 3:12 this morning by the Grand Trunk train, and was met at the station by about fifty of the most prominent citizens of the town, as well as a number of clergymen and laymen from Kingston, who arrived by the morning express. The remains were conveyed to the Roman Catholic Church, where they lie in state until the arrival of the train this afternoon. A solemn Requiem Mass was held at eight this morning. The Church, which was heavily draped with mourning, was filled to its utmost capacity, and large numbers were going and coming all forenoon.

At 12:45 a solemn *Libera* was sung by the choir and clergy, after which the remains were conveyed to the station. The Roman Catholic Literary Society, of which the deceased was the founder, marched in procession as well as an immense number of citizens of all denominations. The sorrow of the people of Brockville, irrespective of creed, was universal, as his Lordship was very much beloved here by all classes.

#### Progress of Catholic Education.

We have just received the August number of the *Harper*, which, as usual, arrives laden with good things for the instruction and delectation of its readers. The main feature of the present number and that which gives evidence of the indefatigable energy of its publisher and proprietor, that veteran, and we almost say, pioneer in Catholic journalism in this city, Mr. John Gillies, is the detailed account given of the proceedings at reunion of past and present students at St. Joseph's college, Ottawa, which has now grown to the proportions of a regularly chartered university. To those who would wish to know all about the past and present, as well as anticipate the future of this flourishing institution, as well as the career of its venerable, learned and zealous president, the Very Rev. Doctor Tabaret, we most cordially say, read the *Harper* for the month of August; but we should feel ourselves wanting in our duty to our readers as Catholic journalists were we to

refrain from giving a brief notice of an event which will, to some extent at least, mark an era in the progress of Catholic education in our Dominion. St. Joseph's college was founded in 1848 by the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Gigues, bishop of the diocese of Ottawa, who confided it to the care and supervision of that noble order of self-sacrificing priests, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Soon the largely increasing number of students necessitated a change of locale, and a new building was erected on Sussex street, which was placed under the direction of that distinguished scholar, Doctor Tabaret, whose reputation for learning is a household word in the Dominion, and whose name must ever be identified with the institution, which, under his fostering care, has grown to its present magnificent proportions and acknowledged prominence. In 1850 the present vast buildings were erected on the site formerly known as Sandy Hill, and the college transferred thereto. The curriculum of studies in this institution is certainly calculated to inspire confidence to the parents of the rising generation. Based on the solid foundation of religious training, it is thoroughly practical as well as classical, and at the cost of enormous sacrifices on the part of its president and his fellow laborers, has been adapted in the highest degree to the requirements of the times and circumstances in which we now placed. A perusal of the prospectus will amply repay the reader. And now a few words as to the grand reunion of the 17th and 18th of June last. Truly it was a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." There the old and the young met. The beloved bishop of Ottawa, Rt. Rev. Thomas Duhamel, an old pupil of the college, and a host of learned and pious priests, skilled physicians, eloquent lawyers, civil engineers who had explored our new territories in the west, and successful merchants, all proclaiming allegiance to the college and their debt of gratitude to its founders, and renewing once more the friendships of by-gone days.

The grand ceremony of conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity by special favor of his holiness Pope Leo XIII by his lordship of Ottawa on his former professor, the Very Rev. Doctor Tabaret, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. The banquet, where over eight hundred pupils, past and present, sat down to toast the memory of the late Pope Pius IX., the health of his present holiness, of her majesty the queen, the president of the United States, the prosperity of this university, was really a grand sight, and the closing exercises, which called forth speeches from the graduating class, from Mr. T. P. Folan, a well known Montreal barrister, Dr. Dalmeida, M.P.P., Mr. Joseph Tasse, M.P., and our own eloquent

because then you would love them and be happier than you are, and more attached to your own institutions, or rather to the institutions of your country. If you had home rule, you would have a university. We are only a few Catholics in Ontario, say about 250,000, and we have two university charters, one for Ottawa and one for Kingston, not in operation, but ready to be used when we are able to use them. In Quebec, there is Laval university, doing good work.

Scotland had 5,008 university students last year, and the Catholics of Ireland only 334, and then people say "Oh! those Scotch are so greedy and clammy they swallow up everything." No wonder. It is a shame for England to use you as she is doing in this matter. She prevents your equality with your Protestant fellow-countrymen, and then she reproaches you for your inferiority. I wonder will she ever do with you as she has done with us—let you manage your own local Irish affairs, and all of you manage your imperial affairs together, letting us out here also have a say.

I hope this will come round yet.  
Yours faithfully,  
M. STAFFORD, Priest.

#### A BIG FIRE IN HAMILTON.

Banking Institutions Burnt Down—Aid Asked From Toronto.

HAMILTON, Ont., August 1.—The worst fire that ever occurred here is now in progress. McInnes' block is totally destroyed. The Bank of Hamilton, Farmer, Livingstone & Co., D. McInnes & Co., and the Hamilton Provident Loan association are all burnt out. The fire has crossed the street, and the Merchants' bank is now in flames. It is feared the whole block east will go. Aid is asked from Toronto. The heat is so intense that one is scorched a block away.

Later—The fire originated in Farmer, Livingstone & Co.'s, in a room in rear of the board room of the bank of Hamilton. The cashier gave the alarm, and all hands speedily proceeded to secure the funds and books. The flames spread upwards through the opening in the buildings. Farmer's, McInnes', and the Provident Loan office speedily took fire, and the fire intense was the heat, that the stone facings flew off and the firemen were scorched. At six o'clock the Merchants' bank across John street, took fire, and Sandford's warehouse above took fire; the inside of the building is now burning, and spreading up John street and along King street. The Sandford and McInnes' warehouse can hardly be saved. The Western Female college is next, and, after a few more stores, Warner's sewing machine factory is the next prominent building. The wind is from the southwest, and apparently dying down, though at one time it appeared to be increasing. At 7 o'clock the McInnes' building was gutted, and the flames not so intense from the smaller buildings, yet the fire is spreading through the cinders, which are flying in vast quantities. The cupola of Sandford's building fell, and it is feared some one was hurt. Assistance is asked from Toronto and St. Catharines brigades. At 7:30 fires are taking northeast of the fire from sparks. Gurney's foundry is considered in danger.

LATEST.—The fire which occurred here to-day was the most disastrous that ever took place in Hamilton, and it will be a long time before there will be a full recovery from its effect. The fire broke out in the premises occupied by Farmer, Livingstone & Co., wholesale and retail dry goods, and in a short time the whole of the McInnes' block, the finest in the city, was one mass of flames. It, with its contents, was entirely destroyed.

In the same structure were the Hamilton bank head office and the Hamilton Provident and Loan company's offices. These were also destroyed, of course. The fire crossed John street to Sandford, Vail and Brickley's large wholesale clothing house, a portion of which is occupied by the Merchants' bank and by Dixon Brothers, fruit and fire works store, was consumed. Immense volumes of smoke and lighted cinders were blown around the city, and these set fire to the new Larkin block, which, however, only suffered some considerable damage in the roof and upper flat. The B. M. E. church, on Rebecca street, also took fire, and was entirely consumed. The total loss by the fire is estimated at \$750,000. McInnes Brothers have an insurance of \$250,000; Sandford, Vail and Brickley, \$257,000; B. M. E. church, \$2,000; others not reported.

THE CONJUROR BOZ AND MR. TERRY.—The following is one of the many stories told of the conjuror Boz, who is rather fond of practical jokes in connection with his art. One day last summer Mr. Edward Terry, the celebrated comedian, spent a guinea for a pine apple at a noted fruiterer's in London. On leaving the shop a heavy shower of rain came on and the actor had to scuttle away for the nearest shelter like a humble man. The cafe into which he was driven contained the conjuror, and being well acquainted with each other, a conversation naturally ensued, during which the freer and easier performer observed, "I shall not be considered impertinent in inquiring what you are hiding under your coat?" "Not at all," was the reply; "it's a fine pine from the Antilles." "Dear me! Now, from the glimpse I had of it I really took it to be a splendid specimen of red cabbage." Smilingly the actor drew it forth to satisfy his friend, when lo! to his astonishment he found, in the place of the cherished pine apple, a large red cabbage. Excitable like most of his profession, Terry started with amazement and anger. How came it to pass that, after buying a superb pine apple at a respectable tradesman's common-place vegetable should have been carried away by him in his own hands? It was enough to make him doubt his sanity. However, after ten or fifteen minutes more spent by the victim in anxiety and bewilderment a Boz solemnly drew the pine apple out of a coffee pot carried past by a waiter, and took back the cabbage, which he had "annexed" from the counter.

St. Mary's Bells.

Bells that crown St. Mary's shrine. Bright draped and decked with summer flowers. Ring out your homilies divine. Like messengers from Eden's bowers. Girt by the saints whose names ye bear. Behold the vision of the world's end. And her, the Queen our souls reverse, The centre of the shining band.

Michael Strogoff,

OR, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

By Jules Verne.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Still it was necessary to continue to follow this route until it should be manifestly impossible to do so, without falling into the hands of the invaders. There was therefore, no change of route, although traces of ruin and devastation accumulated as they passed through each village. All those little towns whose names tell us that they have been founded by Polish exiles, had been given up to all the horrors of pillage and fire. The blood of the victims had not, as yet completely dried up. They could not learn anything of the circumstances that had brought about these sad events, for there was not a living soul there to tell them.

That very day, towards four o'clock in the afternoon Nicholas descried on the horizon the high bell-towers of the churches of Nijni-Oudinsk. They were crowned with thick columns of vapor which could not be clouds. Nicholas and Nadia looked, and communicated to Michael Strogoff the result of their observations. They must decide their course of action at once. If the town had been abandoned, they could pass through it without any risk, but it, by a movement that they could not explain, the Tartars already occupied it, they must turn it at any price.

"Let us advance prudently," said Michael Strogoff, "but let us advance."

Another yet was made. "Those are not clouds, it is smoke!" cried Nadia. "Brother, they are burning the town!"

And indeed, it was only too visible. Bright flames shot up above the smoke, and whirlwinds of flame mounted thicker and thicker into the sky. Besides, there were no fugitives. It was probable that the incendiaries had found the city abandoned, and had set it on fire. But were the Tartars doing this, or were the Russians the authors of it, in obedience to the orders of the Grand Duke? Had the government of the Czar wished that from Krasnoyarsk, from the Yenisei, not a town, not a village should offer refuge to the soldiers of the Emir? But what most concerned Michael Strogoff, was as to whether he should stop here, or continue his journey.

He was undecided. Nevertheless, after having well thought over it, he considered that whatever might be the fatigues of a journey across the steppe, he must not risk the chance of falling a second time into the hands of the Tartars. He was about to propose to Nicholas to leave the route, and, in case of necessity, only to regain it after having turned Nijni-Oudinsk, when the sound of a gun was heard on the right. A ball hissed, and the horse in the kibitka, struck in the head, fell dead.

At the same instant a dozen horsemen threw them on the road, and the kibitka was surrounded. Michael Strogoff, Nadia and Nicholas, without having had time to recover themselves, were prisoners, and being led rapidly towards Nijni-Oudinsk.

Michael Strogoff in this sudden attack, had lost none of his sang-froid. Not having been able to see his enemies, he had not dreamed of defending himself. Had he had the use of his eyes, he would not have attempted it. He would have only caused the massacre of the three. But if he could not see, he could hear what they said, and understand it.

And, indeed, by their language he recognized, that these soldiers were Tartars, and by their conversation that they were preceding the main army of the invaders.

Here are a few of the things he learnt, both from their discourse at the moment before him, and from some items of conversation which he afterwards picked up. These soldiers were not directly under the orders of the Emir, who was still detained beyond the Yenisei. They were a portion of a third column, more especially composed of Tartars from the khans of Kibitka and Kondouze, with which the army of Feofar had shortly to form a junction in the neighborhood of Irkutsk.

It was by the advice of Ivan Orareff, and in order to insure the success of the invasion in the provinces in the east, that this column, after having crossed the frontier of the government of Semipalatinsk, and passed to the south of Lake Balkhab, had skirted the base of the Altai Mountains. Pillaging and ravaging under the leadership of an officer of the Khan of Kondouze, it had gained the high water-courses of the Yenisei. There, foreseeing what had been done at Krasnoyarsk by order of the czar, and in order to facilitate the passage over the river for the troops of the Emir, this officer had thrown across the current a bridge of boats, which would allow Feofar to retake on the right bank the route to Irkutsk. Afterwards this third column, having traversed the foot of the mountain, had marched down the valley of the Yenisei, and rejoined that route on the heights of Alskewek. From there, from that little town, there was that terrible accumulation of ruins, which is the special mark of Tartar wars. Nijni-Oudinsk had just suffered the common

fate, and the Tartars, to the number of fifty thousand had already left it, in order to go to take up their first positions before Irkutsk. Before long they were to be joined by the Emir's troops.

Such was the situation at this date—a most grave situation for that part of Eastern Siberia, completely isolated, and for the defenders, relatively, few of its capital.

These are the things of which Michael Strogoff was informed: arrival before Irkutsk of a third column of Tartars, early junction of the Emir and Ivan Orareff with the main body of their forces. Consequently, the investment of Irkutsk and the surrender which must follow would only be an affair of time, perhaps of a time very short.

One can understand what thoughts must have besieged Michael Strogoff! Who could be astonished if, in this situation, he had at last lost all courage, all hope? He was nothing of the kind, and his lips murmured no other words than these:

"I shall arrive!"

In a half hour after the attack of the Tartar horsemen Michael Strogoff, Nicholas, and Nadia entered Nijni-Oudinsk. The faithful dog had followed them, but at a distance. They could not stay in the city, which was in flames, and which the last marauders were just quitting.

The prisoners were then thrown upon horses and led quickly away. Nicholas, resigned as ever, Nadia not at all shaken in her faith in Michael Strogoff; Michael Strogoff indifferent in appearance, but ready to seize upon every occasion of escaping.

The Tartars had soon perceived that one of their prisoners was blind, and their natural barbarity led them to make jest of their misfortune. They marched quickly. The horse of Michael Strogoff, having no other guide but his blind rider, and going by chance, stepped very often aside, and caused disorder in the detachment. On this account injuries, brutalities, quickly crushed the heart of Nadia and filled Nicholas with indignation. But what could they do? They did not speak the same language as these Tartars, and their intervention was mercilessly rejected.

And even soon, these soldiers, by a refinement of cruelty, had the idea of changing the horse on which Michael Strogoff was mounted for another that was blind. When brought about this change was this reflection by one of the horsemen, which had been heard by Michael Strogoff:

"But, perhaps, after all, this Russian can see."

This took place at sixty versts from Nijni-Oudinsk, between the towns of Tatan and Chibariinskoe. They had then placed Michael Strogoff on this horse, at the same time ironically placing the reins in his hands; then, by thrashing it with the whip, and by blows from stones, while making it wild with shouts, they sent it forward at a gallop.

As the animal could not be kept in a right line by its rider, blind like itself, at one time it would strike against a tree, at another it would be thrown out of the route, hence collisions, and even falls, which might have been fatal.

Michael Strogoff did not protest. Not a complaint was heard from him. If his horse fell he waited until they came to raise it; and indeed, they would make it raise, and the cruel game was continued.

Nicholas, at the sight of such treatment, could not contain himself. He wished to run to the protection of his companion. They stopped him and treated him like a brute.

At length this game would have been prolonged for a long time, without doubt, and to the great amusement of the Tartars, if not a serious accident had not put a stop to it. At a certain moment, on the 10th day of September, the blind horse ran away and made direct for a quagmire, thirty or forty feet deep, and which skirted the road for some distance.

Nicholas wished to run after it! They withheld him. The horse, not being guided, precipitated itself and rider into the morass.

Nadia and Nicholas gave a fearful cry! They felt that their unhappy companion must have perished in that fall!

When they went to his relief, Michael Strogoff, having been able to throw himself out of the saddle, had received no wound, but the poor horse had both his legs broken and was no longer fit for use.

They left it to die there, without even putting it out of its misery, and Michael Strogoff, attached to the saddle of a Tartar, was compelled on foot to follow the detachment.

And not even yet a complaint; not any protestation! He walked with a rapid pace scarcely drawn by the cord with which he was tied. He was always "the man of iron," of whom General Kissoff had spoken to the Czar!

The next day, 11th of September, the detachment passed through the town of Chibariinskoe.

At that time an accident occurred which was to have very serious consequences. The night had come. The Tartar horsemen, having had a halt, were more or less drunk. They were about to continue their journey.

Nadia, who up to that time, as though by a miracle, had been respected by those soldiers, was insulted by one of them.

Michael Strogoff had been able to see neither the insult nor the insulting person, but Nicholas had seen for him.

Then, quietly, without having reflected, without perhaps having any consciousness of his action, Nicholas made straight for the soldier, and, before the latter could make any movement to stop him, snatching a pistol from the pom-pom of his saddle, he discharged it full at his breast.

The officer, who had command of the detachment ran up immediately at the sound of the pistol.

The horsemen were about to cut Nicholas in pieces, but, at a sign from the officer, they bound him fast with cords, then slung him across a horse, and the detachment set off at a gallop.

The cord which tied Michael Strogoff, gnawed by him, broke at an unexpected dash of the horse, and its rider, half drunk, carried away in a quick run, did not even perceive it.

Michael Strogoff and Nadia found themselves alone on the road.

CHAPTER IX.

MICHAEL STROGOFF and Nadia were once more free, as they had been during the journey from Perm to the banks of the Irtysh, but how changed were the circumstances of the journey. Then, a comfortable vehicle, teams often renewed, well-provided post-houses, secured for them a quick journey. Now, they were on foot, with an impossibility of procuring for themselves any means of locomotion, without resources, not knowing even how to procure the least wants of life, and they had still to make four hundred versts! And, moreover, Michael Strogoff now only saw through the eyes of Nadia.

As to the friend whom chance had given them, they had just lost him under the most affecting circumstances.

the word from him to again continue their weary march.

"It was ten o'clock at night. For the last three hours and a half the sun had disappeared below the horizon. There was not a house, not a hut in sight. The last Tartars were lost in the distance. Michael Strogoff and Nadia were indeed alone."

"What do they want to do with our friend?" cried the young girl. "Poor Nicholas! Our meeting will be fatal to him!"

Michael Strogoff did not answer her. "Michael," continued Nadia, "do you not know that he has defended you when you were the sport of the Tartars, that he has risked his life for me?"

Michael Strogoff still continued silent. Immobile, his head resting on his hands, what were his thoughts! Well, if he did not answer her, did he even hear Nadia speaking to him?

Yes! he heard her, for, when the young girl added:

"To what place shall I lead you Michael?" "To Irkutsk!" he answered.

"By the high-road?" "Yes, Nadia."

Michael Strogoff still remained the man who had sworn to attain his end, cost what it might. To follow the high-road, was to go there by the shortest route. If the advance-guard of the troops of Feofar-Khan should appear, it would then be time to throw themselves on some by-road.

Nadia took again the hand of Michael Strogoff, and they once more set out on their journey.

Next morning, 12th September, twenty versts farther, at the town of Toulounovska, he halted for a short time. The town was burnt down, and was deserted. During all the night, Nadia had sought to discover the dead body of Nicholas, thinking that it might have been abandoned on the road, but it was in vain that she searched the ruins, and looked among the dead. So far, Nicholas appeared to have been spared. But were they not reserving him for some cruel death, when he should arrive at the camp of Irkutsk?

Nadia worn out with hunger, from which her companion also suffered dreadfully, was happy enough to find in one of the houses of the town a certain quantity of dried meat and "soukharis," piece of bread, which, dried by evaporation, preserved indefinitely their nutritive qualities. Michael Strogoff and Nadia loaded themselves with as much as they could carry. Their nourishment was thus secured for several days, and, as regards water, that could not fail them in a country furrowed by a thousand little tributaries of the Angara.

And they continued their journey. Michael Strogoff walked along with a firm step, and never sickened except for his companion. Nadia, not wishing to remain behind, forced herself to march on. Happily, her companion could not see to what a miserable state fatigue had reduced her.

However, Michael Strogoff felt it. "You are at the end of your strength, poor child," he said to her sometimes.

"No," she answered. "When you cannot walk any farther, I will carry you, Nadia."

"Yes, Michael."

During that day, they had to pass the little stream of the Oka, but it was fordable, and that passage offered no difficulty.

The sky was cloudy, the temperature supportable. They had reason to fear, however, that the weather would change to rain, and that would increase their misery. There were even a few showers, but they did not last.

Thus they kept going on, hand in hand, speaking little, Nadia ever and anon looking before and behind them. They had halted twice each day. They reposed six hours at night. In some cabins, Nadia again found a little of that mutton, so plentiful in that country that it only costs two kopecks the pound.

But, contrary to what Michael Strogoff had perhaps hoped, there was not any longer a single beast of burden in the country. Every horse, every camel had been either killed or taken away. It was, therefore, on foot they must cross the never-ending steppe.

Traces of the third Tartar column, which was marching on Irkutsk, were not wanting. Here was a dead horse, there an abandoned wagon. The bodies of unfortunate Siberians marked out the road, especially at the entrance to the different villages. Nadia, conquering her repugnance, looked well at all the corpses!

In short the danger was not in front, it was behind them. The advance guard of the principal army of the Emir, which was led by Ivan Orareff, might make its appearance from one moment to the other. The boats forwarded from the lower Yenisei, must have arrived at Krasnoyarsk and been at once used for crossing the river. The road was then free for the invaders. No Russian corps could bar it between Krasnoyarsk and Lake Baikal. Michael Strogoff was thus expecting the arrival of Tartar scouts.

Likewise, at each halt, Nadia climbed some eminence and looked attentively toward the west, but no whirlwind of dust as yet signalled the appearance of a troop of horse. Then the march would be continued, and when Michael Strogoff felt that he was dragging along poor Nadia, he would walk with a less rapid pace. They spoke little, and only of Nicholas. The young girl kept repeating all that their companion of a few days had done for them.

In answering her, Michael Strogoff sought to give Nadia some hope, of which one could not have found any trace in him, for he knew well that the unfortunate man would not escape death.

One day, Michael Strogoff said to the young girl:

"You never speak to me of my mother, Nadia?"

"His mother!" Nadia had not wished to do so. Why should she renew all his grief? Was not the old Siberian dead? Had not her son given the last kiss to that corpse as it lay stretched on the plateau of Toinsk?"

"Speak to me of her, Nadia," said, however, Michael Strogoff. "Speak! You will give me pleasure!"

And then Nadia did what she had never done up to that time. Then she recounted to him all that had passed between Marfa and herself, from their meeting at Om-k, where they had seen each other for the first time. She told him an unexplainable instinct drew her towards the old Siberian without previously knowing her, what attention she had shown her, and what encouragement she had received from her. At that time Michael Strogoff was no more for her than Nicholas Korpanoff.

"What I ought always to have been!" answered Michael Strogoff, whose face became serious.

Then, a little later, he added:

"I have failed to keep my oath, Nadia. I had sworn not to see my mother?"

lash raised over Marfa, could you resist? No! There is no oath which can hinder a son from succoring his mother!"

"I have broken my oath," Nadia answered Michael Strogoff. "May God, my father, forgive me!"

"Michael," said the young girl, "I have a question to ask you. Do not answer me, if you believe that you ought not. Concerning yourself, nothing would wound me."

"Speak, Nadia."

"Why, now that the letter of the czar has been taken from you, are you in such a hurry to reach Irkutsk?"

Michael Strogoff clasped more firmly the hand of his companion, but he did not answer.

"Did you know the contents of that letter before leaving Moscow?" continued Nadia.

"No, I did not."

"Must I think, Michael, that the desire of restoring me safely to my father alone draws you to Irkutsk?"

"No, Nadia," answered gravely Michael Strogoff. "I should deceive you, were I to allow you to believe that such is the case. I go there because my duty bids me! As for conducting you to Irkutsk, are you not now rather leading me? Is it not by means of your eyes that I see? Is it not your hand which guides me? Have you not rendered me a hundred-fold the services which I was at first able to render to you? I do not know if fate will cease to crush us, but the day on which you will thank me for having restored you to the hands of your father, on that day I shall thank you for having conducted me to Irkutsk!"

"Poor Michael!" answered Nadia, with great emotion. "Do not speak thus! This is not the answer I ask from you. Michael, why, at present, are you so anxious to arrive at Irkutsk?"

"Because I must be there before Ivan Orareff!" cried Michael Strogoff.

"Even yet?"

"Even yet, and I shall be there!"

And in pronouncing these words, Michael Strogoff did not speak only through hatred of the traitor. But Nadia understood that her companion had not told her all, and that he could not tell her everything.

On the 15th of September, three days later, both reached the town of Kouitounskoe, which is sixty versts from Toulounovskae. The young girl could walk no longer without great pain. Her swollen feet could with difficulty support her. But she resisted, she strove against fatigue, and her only thought was this:

"Since he cannot see me, I shall go on until I fall!"

Besides, there was no obstacle on this portion of the route, nor even any danger since the departure of the Tartars. Only great fatigue.

And thus they walked on for three days. It could be seen that the third column of invaders was gaining rapidly eastward. They could see this from the ruins which they left behind, from the embers that had ceased to burn, from the already decomposed bodies that were lying on the ground.

Westward nothing could be seen; the advance-guard of the Emir did not make its appearance. Michael Strogoff, to explain this delay, formed the most unlikely suppositions. Did the Russians, in sufficient force, directly menace Toinsk or Krasnoyarsk? Would the third column, isolated from the other two, risk being cut off? If so, it would be easy for the grand duke to defend Irkutsk, and to gain time would be the means of repelling the invasion.

Michael Strogoff allowed himself at times to entertain these hopes, but soon he understood how chimerical they were, and he was only dependent on himself, as if the safety of the grand duke were placed in his hands alone.

Sixty versts separated Kouitounskoe from Kimiteiskoe, a little town situated a short distance from the Dinka, a tributary of the Angara. Michael Strogoff could not reflect without apprehension on the obstacle which this somewhat important stream placed in his journey. Without any question it would be impossible to find any rafts or boats, and he remembered it was difficult to ford from having crossed it in happier times. But this stream once crossed, no river broke the road to Irkutsk, which was two hundred and thirty miles from that place.

They required no less than three days to reach Kimiteiskoe. Nadia began to creep slowly along. Whatever may have been the nature of her moral energy, physical strength was about to fail. Michael Strogoff knew it only too well.

Had he not been blind, without doubt Nadia would have said to him:

"Go, Michael, leave me in some hut! Reach Irkutsk! Accomplish your mission! See my father! Tell him where I am! Tell him I am waiting for him, and together you will know well where to find me! Set out at once! I have no fear! I will hide myself from the Tartars! I will preserve myself for him, for you! Go, Michael! I cannot go any farther!"

Several times Nadia was obliged to stop. Michael Strogoff then took her in his arms, and for the moment, not having to think of Nadia's fatigue, while carrying her he marched more quickly and with his untiring pace.

On the 18th of September at ten o'clock at night, both reached at length Kimiteiskoe. From the top of the hill Nadia perceived a line a little less dark on the horizon. It was the Dinka.

Some flashes of lightning were reflected in its waters, flashes without thunder, which at times lit up the distant country.

Nadia conducted her companion through the ruined town. The ashes left from the different fires were now cold. It must have been five or six days since the last Tartars had passed through.

Having come to the last houses of the town, Nadia allowed herself to fall on a stone seat.

"Do we halt now?" Michael Strogoff asked her.

"Night has come, Michael," answered Nadia. "Do you wish to rest a few hours?"

spair, like the last appeal of a human being who is about to die.

"Nicholas! Nicholas!" cried the young girl, urged on by some evil foreboding.

Michael Strogoff, who listened, hung down his head.

"Come, Michael, come," said Nadia. "And she, who just before could scarcely drag herself along, suddenly recovered her strength under the sway of violent excitement."

"Have we left the road?" said Michael Strogoff, feeling that he was treading no longer the dusty road, but the open grass field.

"Yes! it is necessary," answered Nadia. "It is from over there, on the right, that the cry came!"

Some minutes, afterwards, the two were only half a verst from the river.

A second bark was heard, and, although more feeble, it was certainly nearer.

Nadia stopped.

"Yes!" said Michael, "it is Serko who is barking—he has followed his master."

"Nicholas!" cried the young girl.

Her call remained unanswered. Only some birds of prey rose up and disappeared amid the high clouds of heaven.

Michael Strogoff listened. Nadia looked at the plain, lit up with flashes of lightning in rapid succession, but she saw nothing.

And yet a voice came again, which this time murmured in a plaintive tone "Michael!"

Then a dog, all bleeding, came bounding up to Nadia. It was Serko.

Nicholas could not be far away! He alone could murmur that name Michael! Where was he? Nadia had not even the strength to call out to him.

Michael Strogoff, lying down on the ground, searched with his hand.

Suddenly Serko gave a fresh bark, and rushed toward a gigantic bird which was clawing the ground.

It was a vulture. When Serko precipitated himself upon it, it rose up; but, returning to the charge, it struck the dog! He again renewed the attack. But he received a blow on the head from that terrible beast, and this time, Serko fell back dead on the ground.

At the same time a cry of horror escaped from Nadia.

"There! there!" said she.

A head rose just above the ground! It would have struck against their feet had it not been for the intense brightness that the heavens cast upon the steppe.

Nadia fell on her knees near that head.

Nicholas buried up to the neck, according to the atrocious customs of the Tartars, had been abandoned on the steppe to there die of hunger and thirst, and perhaps torn into pieces by the fangs of wolves or the beaks of birds of prey. A most horrible punishment for the victim thus imprisoned in the earth, who presses the earth without being able to cast it off, having his arms tied and fastened to his body like those of a corpse in a coffin! The victim, living in this clay mold, which he is unable to break, can do nothing but implore death, which is too slow in coming!

It was there the Tartars had interred their prisoner for three days. For three days Nicholas had been waiting for success, which had come at last too late.

The vultures had perceived that head exposed to the sun's rays, and for some hours, the dog defended his master against these ferocious birds.

Michael Strogoff dug the earth with his clay knife to release from it that imprisoned body.

The eyes of Nicholas, closed until then, once more opened themselves.

He recognized Michael and Nadia. Then! "Adieu, friends," he murmured, "I am happy to have seen you once more! Pray for me!"

And these words were the last.

Michael Strogoff continued to dig the soil, which being strongly trodden down, had the hardness of a rock, and at length he succeeded in drawing from it the body of the unfortunate man. He listened if his heart still beat! It beat no more!

He wished them to bury it, that it might not remain exposed on the steppe, and that hole, in which Nicholas had been buried alive, he enlarged and deepened in such a manner as to be able to lay him there when dead! The faithful Serko was placed near his master!

bosomed in a magnificent circle of volcanic mountains. It has no other outlet but the Angara, which, after having passed Irkutsk, throws itself into the Yenisei, a little above the town of Yeniseisk. As regards the mountains which encircle it, they form a branch of the Tougouzes, and spring from the vast system of the Altai Mountains.

It is about four hundred miles in length, by about sixty miles in breadth, and is on the route of trade between Russia and China.

Already, at this time, the colds of winter made themselves felt. Thus it happens in this land, which is subject to peculiar climatic conditions, autumn no sooner appears than it is absorbed in an early winter.

From November to May the lake is traversed upon the ice. Nature then forms a great level, firm highway, such as man can not hope to equal, and free from toll and charges for repairs and renewal.

It would be no trifling matter to be overtaken by the severe cold of winter.

No one who has not experienced it can imagine the intensity of Russian cold. The sentinels on duty are compelled to constantly keep in motion to prevent freezing to death.

The instant a man left the house his mouth-stache became frozen into a solid block of ice, and if his nose were exposed for a minute or so, it turned blue and then white; white as to touching anything in the shape of metal with the bare hand, you might as well have taken hold of red hot iron.

The party of fugitives gathered upon the shores of Lake Baikal were ill provided against cold so intense. Hence it behooved them to make as little delay as possible in reaching their destination.

The first days of October had come. The sun now sank below the horizon a few flocks, and the long nights allowed the temperature to fall to zero in the thermometers. The first snow, which was to remain until summer, already whitened the neighboring heights of Baikal. During the Siberian winter, this interior sea, with its ice several feet thick, is dotted with trains of couriers and caravans.

The Baikal is subject to violent storms. Its seas, short like all Mediterranean waters, are much shrouded by the skiffs, rafts, stumps, etc., which plow it during summer.

It was at the southwest point of the lake that Michael Strogoff had just arrived, carrying Nadia whose whole life, so to speak, was concentrated in her eyes. What could they both expect in this wild part of the province, but to die there of want and destitution? And, yet, how many still remained to be made of those six thousand versts that the courier of the Czar should attain his end? Only sixty versts along the shore of the lake as far as the mouth of the River Angara, and thirty versts from the mouth of the Angara to Irkutsk in all, a hundred a forty versts, say a three days journey for a strong and vigorous man even on foot.

His courage and energy, his fortitude and perseverance, were yet unimpaired. But his physical body had suffered from the hardships and privations he had undergone, and was no longer capable of resisting the fatigues that once would have been scarcely felt.

Besides, his sightless eyes—there, indeed, was Michael Strogoff's power crippled.

If he could still retain his physical strength, he would only be as a powerful machine, depending upon others to guide it aright.

Such was the man who had just a journey of a hundred and forty versts before him—a three days' journey for

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

The Home Rulers a Formidable Party—Obstructive Tactics—Defended—The English Beginnings to a Clearer Prospects of a General Election.

The English correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from London, 17th July, says: We are evidently approaching a crisis in political affairs in England in more respects than one. A short review, therefore, of things as they stand and their bearing on the near future may not be uninteresting.

The more intelligent portion of the electors in both countries take a sober and more reasonable view of the matter. Those in Ireland think the power to obstruct might be used more judiciously, and this opinion is supported by no less an authority than the Dublin Freeman, the proprietor of which, Mr. Gray, M. P., is one of the staunchest and most consistent friends of Ireland.

The more intelligent of the English (and Scotch) constituencies are beginning to lean to the opinion that conciliation rather than repression is the course that ought to be adopted towards them. There are not a few, indeed, who see in the government Irish university bill an attempt to throw a sop of conciliation. But it is doubtful whether they will be able to put kernel enough into it.

Well, this is one of the ticklish questions the government have to face, and they have to meet it with the recollection that it was on the rock of Irish university education that Mr. Gladstone's government foundered. But this, though a different question, is not the most difficult one which looms in the future.

I was at a meeting in furtherance of the agitation for a permissive bill, at which Mr. Sullivan was the chief speaker, and an accepted candidate for parliamentary honours the chairman. Mr. Sullivan made a magnificent speech, incidentally, though very briefly, touching on home rule.

But taking home rule as it stands at present—that is, as a demand for a certain amount of self-government in Ireland—what, it may be asked, are the chances of success? It has every chance of success. There is a growing opinion in liberal, and in moderately conservative ranks, that the Irish right to have the chief legislative control of matters that concern themselves and themselves only, and that it would be to the benefit of the whole country—that is, of the three kingdoms—that they should have some control, subject, of course, to an imperial referendum.

In this attempted forecast I have not space to speak of what has been called the "republican tail" of the liberal party, represented by Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Cowen, Sir Charles Dilke and others, and which has been credited with the intention of wanting to split the party.

NO LONGER AN IRISH PARTY CRY. I was just on the point of venturing on a prophecy when the wise advice of Hosea Biglow occurred to my mind:— Never don't prophesy unless you know.

So I won't; but I will quote instead the words of an Irish member, not in the house, but in the lobby, the other day. He said the time would come, and that shortly, when "home rule" would not be an Irish party cry, but an English one, and a Scotch one also. Well, we shall see. I can personally testify, however, to a growing feeling among Englishmen that the demand for home rule is not only a legitimate one on the part of the Irish, but that it is one of the necessities of which is being more and more manifested throughout the three kingdoms.

The government, with a great flourish of trumpets, two sessions ago promised a county boards bill, which should give to the counties a representative system, similar to that enjoyed by municipalities, and early this year a bill was, indeed, introduced into the commons, but it was like Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog"—it was heavy in the stomach and would not go.

ers reckoned a great deal on that bill—that is, on the promise of it; but when they saw what a puny thing it was—well, they wished it where it speedily went—into the limbo of undesired births. But they have not forgotten the promise, and in the coming parliament we shall probably see farmers' representatives on the liberal side of the house for a change; for even farmers at times will forget to be faithful to the old love, and try a frisk in "pastures new," especially when the old love and the old pastures have not been what they should. And certainly the farmer's old love, conservatism, has deluded him to the full of his bent. That his only refuge and stay now is to try those whom he has hitherto regarded as his foes, the liberals, is patent even to foreign observers.

That we shall see ere long a change of front of the kind, with the alio-t revolutionary effect it will bring about, is evident from the formation of and the opinions expressed by members of the Farmers' Alliance. The change of front may be gradual, but it will nevertheless be an influence that will have to be taken into account by politicians in the near future. And if the tenant farmers throw in their influence with those who have done most for the interest which touches them nearest they will not be far from the platform on which their friends, the home rulers, stand.

WILL IT BE REPUBLICANISM?

I was at a meeting in furtherance of the agitation for a permissive bill, at which Mr. Sullivan was the chief speaker, and an accepted candidate for parliamentary honours the chairman. Mr. Sullivan made a magnificent speech, incidentally, though very briefly, touching on home rule. The chairman, following him with a few remarks, said he thoroughly supported Mr. Sullivan in the cause he so ably advocated in parliament and elsewhere; and the audience taking him to refer to home rule, applauded to the echo. The chairman thereupon became confused, and when a gentleman behind him told him his words had led to a misapprehension, he jumped up again and said he did not mean to endorse any home rule doctrine, but merely the permissive bill. The audience was evidently disappointed, and one man sang out, "What is that but home rule?" to which there were several responsive "Hear, hear's."

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

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THE REPUBLICAN TAIL.

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NEW YORK SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Sixty years ago a shrewd observer landed here from England, and wrote the inevitable description of the town. It was but two generations ago, yet the moderate proportions of the seaport had kindled no sense of rivalry. Indeed, in Rhode Island, was as commercially important. It is a pleasant, opulent, and airy city, with the good natured observer, for which nature has done everything and art nothing. The only public building worth noticing—here it, urbane wilderness of architectural triumphs—is the city hall. Poor old city hall, with its rest of dark stone, because according to tradition, it was supposed that the growth of the city was not likely to bring the rear into much observation! The simple economy assumed in this touching tradition casts a fair glow over the municipal story. It suggests a public spirit, a civic virtue, a political conscience which would not waste money even upon a public work. It is a beautiful legend of fable. The new court house is now immediately behind the city hall—the flouting monument of enormous public thefts and unpeppable contempt for civic honesty. But as the observer saw no splendor she also saw no poverty. Within cannon shot of the new court-house the mine of our vulgar Sardanapalus, are now dens of a poverty and squalor and crime as wretched and repulsive as those of any great city; but our observer found only streets of comfortable private dwellings in that New York of the golden age—no dark alleys, no hovels, no dark and gloomy cellars, with noisome atmosphere and suffering population. Successful industry, she exclaims, has everywhere fixed its abode. Before she died the observer had gained much notoriety in the happy land and town that she celebrated. For our observer was Miss Fanny Wright, a familiar name in the angry social, political, and religious contests of forty and fifty years ago.

A MODEST POET. And the Young Editor who had His Little Joke.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sauntering knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at the sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all around the room, when every man on the staff roared out in a terrible chorus, "Come in!" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed at the youngest and newest man in the office and veiled, "That's him!" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript he knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed round the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the editor. "Yes sir," said the poet; "a couple of triplets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend, male or female, young man?" asked the editor, severely. "Male, sir," said the young man. "He said 'sir' every time, and every time he said so all the young gentlemen who personated the governor, sneered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?" he asked. "Yes sir," replied the infant Tennyson; "a kind of idyle and ode, inscribed, 'To my lost love.'"

"Love been lost very long, young man?" asked a journalist, very critically. "Well, it's immaterial, that is," stammered the young man, "it's indefinite—it's—"

"Ever advertised for it?" asked the reporter, who was writing a puff for Slah's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down. "Anything more?" asked the principal interlocutor; "anything more young man?" "Yes, sir," was the hopeful response, "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagetown, sir?" "Dead, sir?" "Your own brother?" "No sir. I never had a real brother; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the Hawkeys, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for these others?" And he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn't know. He had never published before; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published before; he had hardly dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them, he was sure—

"Oh, no, sir; can't do that; we don't do business that way; if a poem or a sketch is worth publishing it is worth paying for. Would \$15 pay you for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet. "Take that to the court house," he said, "and the auditor's clerk will give you the money." The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merit the journalist burned his poems and reviewed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so the clerk owed the poet \$15 for subscriptions and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man in the mid-west man in America are living in Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unoppressed-up young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, down-the-world, get-up-and-just young journalist, who is already a rival Horace Greeley in some of the vital departments of journalism.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Mercantile failures in England. The mercantile failures in England during the first half of 1879 numbered 8,990. During the whole of 1878 the failures numbered 15,059, and during 1877 14,022. Commenting on the reports of these failures, the London Times says that in two chief industries, there are signs that the suffering has been severe. The failures in the cotton and in the iron trades during the past six months have been in excess of their due proportion. In both of them the failures for 1879 were more numerous than for 1877. In spite of these clearances the failures for 1879 have been more numerous still. The weak firms which had been swept away left others standing, which have been swept away after them. The destruction has been terrible. The one favorable sign is that the losses of June have been far less than those of the previous months. The turning point may possibly have been reached, but the evidence as to this is not yet convincing.

BRIGANDS.

The brigands in Thessaly are not only, it is stated, more numerous than ever, but conduct their operations with a coolness and daring hitherto unknown. A merchant of Volo was captured the other day almost in sight of his own house, and was actually taken through a main street of the town. As a party of gypsies were a short time ago proceeding to Trikala with a performing bear, which they intended to exhibit, they were attacked by a band of brigands, and in the confusion the bear got loose. Whether he really intended to defend his master, or merely followed his natural instinct the moment he felt himself at liberty is not clear, but he killed one brigand and severely injured another. The gypsies, while the bear was fighting with the brigands, made off as fast as they could, and reached Trikala in safety, but deeply grieved at the loss of the friend. Later, however, the bear arrived at the town.

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

All the Cunard and other steamships possess a good library for light reading, besides which there are usually many little amusements for relieving the tedium of the first-class passengers. When the weather is fine there are games of shuttle-board on the deck that draw a number of players and onlookers. The pieces of wood are flat disks, easily hauled in showing them along to a goal, as in the case of bowls. This forms an agreeable recreation and affords good exercise. When outdoor amusement is impracticable the saloon has its clusters of passengers busy at something or other. One party will be playing whist; another is eagerly watching a game at chess; a third party will be listening to a thrilling tale of the sea by an old salt; a fourth party is attending to a game of backgammon. In the evening, when lamps are lighted, there is sometimes a kind of musical concert, for which an obliging young lady, or perhaps a musically inclined purser, presides at the piano. Often in ships of this description there is a good deal of heavy betting. The bets will be as to the day and hour of arrival at port, what

will be the number of the first pilot boat that presents itself, and so on; some of the bets being sufficiently ridiculous and the cause of much fun, and also the loss of a good deal of money. In all the well regulated vessels the ship officers are strictly excluded from gaming or betting. The youngsters who happen to be on board have their own amusements in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle boxes. There, well bedded and tied up in cow fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity, although a thousand miles from home and sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For air it has a door with the upper part left open. Stretching over the lower half-door, the children look in and make their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of the hay and wonder if the cow is ever sick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to look at the cow. This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern traveling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life that for a cow. Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic one hundred and fifty times and seen a good deal of the world.

A Flood of Comment.

Following is the substance of some of the letters addressed to the New York Herald upon the subject of the Corbin charges:— An admonition from "An Israelite" is to the effect that Judge Hilton and the Corbins will some day or other regret that they have roused an undying feeling of hatred and revenge on the part of a people that never yet has been injured without being avenged in some form or other.

"S. R." predicts trouble and says that this persecution will not stop at the Jews. "A and the tempered steel that is to fortify the United States treasury will soon prove as brittle as glass." He concludes as follows:—"The great bard, who so long has honored this city by his presence, as he turns in his grave, matterly repeats the withering words he had once spoken upon a like occasion, 'Upstart! thou disgracest thy country!'"

Another correspondent writes, "With such men as Montefiore, Cremieux, Goldsmith, Rothschild, Beaconsfield, Nathan Bennett and many others too numerous to mention to our credit we can well afford to spit at reptiles who wish to stop our progress."

"A daughter of Israel" insists that it is a case of "sour grapes" with Mr. Corbin, as she and a great many of her friends have never yet visited Manhattan beach, for the reason that they (as Jews) do not wish to associate with some of the people who go there. This correspondent would like to know if Mr. Corbin will be able to distinguish Jews from Gentiles.

"A Christian" protests against the proscription of the Jews by this "over-blown aristocrat, Mr. Corbin," and says if he has cause to complain in single instances let him specify them, but not proscribe a whole race of people of which the American nation has shown itself to be proud.

"A Hebrew" says that Mr. Corbin has thrown himself into a pit where honor and reputation are unknown, and there he leaves him to his fate.

Mr. Lauterbach, one of the prominent Hebrews in this city, said to a Herald reporter yesterday that in the statement he made some days ago he was misunderstood as saying that his wife was a Christian. In order to illustrate a point he was arguing he said, when he was interviewed, "Supposing my wife was a Christian," &c. As for his having "tears in his eyes" when he spoke of his children, he laughingly remarked yesterday that he is not easily brought to the weeping mood.

After scathingly criticizing Mr. Corbin's language, "A Jewish widow" says:—"Loud noises in public should be condemned. The wide circulation of the Herald renders it a fit means of culture in that direction. The Jew is far better than he appears to be, and I hope the Christian in comparison with him will not suffer. One definition of true politeness is kindness kindly returned. Let us do our part and see if the Jews will not return it."

"One who is not a Jew" says Judge Hilton if the vacation of the "white elephant" at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway is an indication of an "increase of patronage." Before he made his assault on the Jews he had several mills running; now he has but one in operation, at Utica, and the correspondent adds that he wants the Judge to publish a statement showing the actual increase or decrease in his business.

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT THE POPE.

When Charles Lever, the novelist, resided at Brussels, the Rev. Samuel Hayman writes, his house was near the Ambassador's, Sir Hamilton Seymour. Receptions at the Embassy closed for the public at 8 P. M., and none remained later, save on special invitations, which constituted his private guests. Lever always opened his house on the reception evening at 8 P. M., when all who could not remain at the embassy's poured in on him. Straggling meetings were the consequence. Doctor Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no other near him for the evening but the Pope Nuncio. Strayer still, this nuncio was no other than the present Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., better known, perhaps, as the genial Cardinal Pecci, whose relations with a Protestant king were so cordial and conciliatory. He sat beside Queen Victoria one day at dinner and afterwards attended her drawing-room, presented by Lord Palmerston—the only Pope of whom such things can be told. Some of these conversations have been recorded, from which it is clear that Cardinal Pecci adored the grace of the courier to the culture of the ecclesiastic. Leopold said: "I often forget Pecci is an Italian, and his French is so fluent that, if I were not a German, I should certainly find myself some day converted by the charm of his diction as well as by the logic of his reasoning." Leopold one day said to him at Leuken, "I am sorry I cannot suffer myself to be converted by you, but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a cardinal's hat." "Ah," replied the nuncio, "a hundred times more grateful than the hat would it be to me to make some impression on your heart." "Oh, I have no heart," exclaimed the king laughing. "Then, better still, on your Majesty's mind."

—That Mr. Corbin dislikes the Jews leads the Philadelphia Times to say: "So did Pharaoh, whose remains were last heard from were at the bottom of the Red sea."

California.

California exports not far from 600,000 tons of wheat annually to Great Britain. It is essential to this exportation that California shippers should be able to sell more cheaply at Liverpool than those of any other country; and in order to sell for lower prices, it is indispensable that the grain should be produced at a lower cost. Heretofore this has been possible, owing to the superiority of American machinery and to the cheapness and fertility of California land, much of which need only be stirred with a plough to produce abundant harvests. But this state of things will not continue permanently, and even now, according to the San Francisco Bulletin, there must be large crops if there is to be any profit. "The greater part of the wheat farming of California," it says, "which falls below a production of twelve bushels an acre, brings little or no profit. Now the average production, we apprehend is not much above fifteen bushels an acre, and the profits of wheat growing are confined, in a great measure, to the large landholders whose harvest fields measure from one thousand to ten thousand acres. If it were not for the new land which is every year brought under cultivation, there would be a more rapid decline in the aggregate productions of the grain lands of California. A large part of California is now devoted to wheat growing. When that ceases to be profitable, it is not at all clear what will take its place; but whatever it is there can be no doubt that the farmers of the state will, sooner or later, have to abandon reckless and wasteful methods of cultivation that savor of Pacific coast ways of business and modes of life. The sooner they come to see this the better will it be for them. And here, probably, the German, Swede, and other European land cultivators who have settled in California, being accustomed to the economical farming necessary where land is divided up into small tracts, will have the advantage of them.

Submarine Balloons.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made in raising sunken vessels or other submerged objects by a plan invented by a Viennese engineer. The Berlin Tribune says that the agent employed to lift the sunken objects is carbonic acid gas, generated below the surface of the water. In an otherwise empty balloon a bottle of sulphuric acid is placed, imbedded in a quantity of Buller's salts, and an arrangement is provided by which the bottle can be broken at pleasure. The balloon, empty with the exception of the bottle and salts, is taken down by a diver and securely attached to the object to be raised. The bottle is then broken, and the sulphuric acid thus set free percolates the salts and generates carbonic acid gas, which inflates the balloon, and after a time causes it to rise to the surface, bringing with it the object attached to it. The trials which have been made with this new apparatus have as yet been only on a comparative by small scale, but they are stated to have been so far eminently successful. A small vessel, weighing several hundred weight was sunk in sixty feet of water, a diver was sent down and attached the balloon to it, and in a very short time the machine appeared on the surface of the water bringing the vessel with it. On another occasion five sacks filled with sand were thrown overboard in fifty feet of water, and in a few minutes were similarly recovered.

Sewerage.

[By a Sanitary Engineer.] Sir,—When we consider the amount of ink and paper wasted on the subject of sewerage in Montreal we are led to conclude that the citizens take a greater interest in this subject than they do in any other municipal work; yet it is the worst attended to of all the works of the corporation. Our streets are laid out with some care, and our public squares have been laid out with lavish expenditure and ornamented with taste; but the sewers seem to have been conceived in ignorance and now remain in neglect notwithstanding the numerous protests of the citizens from time to time through the press and otherwise. If the sewers were open to view as the streets and squares are, the citizens would be able to comprehend the state of the case by actually witnessing in these horrible underground laboratories the manufacture of our deadly poisons which announce themselves to our senses of smell as we pass on the sidewalk in the vicinity of those grated openings in the street gutters. But the sewers being under ground and out of sight, the public do not think of them, and although sickened by the effects of the gas emitted into the streets through the open gratings and into the houses through the untrapped house drains, they seldom suppose the sewerage to have been the cause of the sickness. It is not long ago that Mr. Tully, who was on the staff of one of the newspapers here, published his experience of the Montreal sewerage by relating how he had been brought to death's door, and had to remain in hospital for several weeks in consequence of having inhaled some of the gas pulled into his face from one of those gratings in the gutter in Craig street while he was passing on the sidewalk. He published the whole story after his recovery, and pointed out the particular grating through which he got poisoned. One would suppose that this fact alone would be sufficient to induce the corporation authorities to do something to those gutters so as to save the public from being poisoned; but, up to date, nothing has been done, and the same gully in Craig street, which proved almost fatal to the life of Mr. Tully, remains still in the same state, belching up the most deadly portions of the contents of the Craig street tunnel into the faces of the citizens who approach its vicinity.

The professor of hygiene in University college, London, in one of his lectures lately before the society of arts, insists on all connection with the sewer being cut off by efficiently trapping or otherwise. He says he has traced many cases of diphtheria and other sickness to the bringing of rain pipes through rooms from the front to the back of the house. He says that bits of leaves and rubbish fall into those pipes in spite of the wire guards with which they are protected, and these get decomposed. If the air emitted from the decomposition of the matter which finds its way into the rain pipe is capable of such mischief, how much more necessary is it to guard against all contact with the air emitted from the sewer? Surely these facts ought to overcome the *res inertia* of the authorities of Montreal so as to remind them that their negligence in this matter of protection from sewer air is culpable enough to involve manslaughter. It is to be hoped they will be aroused to a sense of duty. The chairman of the road committee is a new man in his present capacity; he is supposed by those who know him to be possessed of high professional attainments as an architect; intelligent action is, therefore, expected from him during the present season.

The sewerage of a city is a scientific problem whose solution requires high attainments on the part of him to whom it is entrusted to be solved. It is the most important, most serious portion of the corporation work. The lives and health of the

citizens are in a great measure dependent on the satisfactory execution, and it is worse than criminal to treat it with the negligence which has hitherto characterized its progress in the city of Montreal. The present state of the sewerage plainly exposes the abortive attempts that have been made on the city sewerage in the past, notwithstanding that the facilities for the construction of an efficient system of sewers exist here in an eminent degree.

The worst feature of things is that here, the sewerage, not being a separate department, did not command much attention in the past, for the reason, perhaps, that being underground the citizens did not know what was going on, and everything was accepted as satisfactory; but now that the whole system has become so great a nuisance as to render the city dangerous to live in, it is time that something should be immediately done to ameliorate the present condition of things. It is manifest that the sewerage should form a separate department of the corporation. Let it be governed by the chairman of the road committee if you will, but by all means let there be a separate engineering staff, whose whole ability shall be devoted to the sewerage, and whose attainments are such as to ensure satisfaction.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the grain trade, says:—"The ground is still sodden from the violent storms at the commencement of the week, but since Tuesday the weather has been bright and fine. The condition of the potato crop will almost certainly be disappointing, and even under favorable circumstances a loss may be expected equal to millions of pounds sterling. The ears of wheat are generally small, but mostly satisfactory and free from blight and vermin. The state of the ground, however, is evidently unfavorable to the maturing of the grain. In the south of Scotland and north of England the harvest is not likely to commence before September, and there is thus time during which improved weather may do much for wheat and something for barley. In other parts of the country there is less time for recovery, and more injury has been suffered. Oats appear to be in better condition than wheat and barley. The markets, which were active early in the week, became comparatively sluggish with finer weather. The wheat trade has not been seriously affected by advice of foreign business and shipments, for if American exports for the United Kingdom are rather heavy, the quantities of grain now at sea and the supply of American here are somewhat reduced. The imports during July were good, but not at all above the country's wants. Wheat is about 18 p per quarter higher than in the previous week, but with this improvement the market is in favor of a rise appears to be exhausted. English white wheat ranges from 50s to 56s per quarter at a large number of country markets, compared with 45s to 52s per quarter before the improvement commenced. Samples of red wheat, which were valued offered at 40s per quarter a month ago, have recently sold at 48s. The finest lots of red have not made so great an improvement; samples, which were quoted at 48s per quarter at the beginning of July, are now quoted at 52s. Trade in foreign wheat has been fairly brisk at many of the markets, though the total absence of excitement caused the advance to be confined within moderate limits. Grinding barley has been firmly held and a slight advance has usually occurred. Oats have been saleable at about six pence improvement, and the inquiry has been fairly active. There has been a good steady demand for maize, and it generally improved sixpence on the week. The imports into the United Kingdom during the week ending July 19 were 865,533 hundred weights of wheat and 153,070 hundred weights of flour. In Mark Lane to-day (Monday) English wheat was held for full prices, but the inquiry was inert. Foreign wheat was rather depressed, owing to a large supply. New Zealand and Australian wheat heavy. Merchants were willing to accept a shilling per quarter decline. American red winter wheat held for full prices. Barley was in fair request at sixpence to ninepence advance. Oats were firm. Maize was fairly active at a shilling per quarter advance. Trade in flour was quiet, but prices were well supported.

The Hop Trade.

The recent sharp advance in prices for hops in New York has been followed by a further advance of 1c on all grades, and under an active demand, stocks have been largely reduced. Several lots have changed hands in New York state during the past week or so and 15c to 15 1/2c per lb. Extra fine lots of state, 1878 growth, were held firmly at 20c, and a few contracts have been made already for the new crop of state hops at 20c per lb, but growers are now asking 23c to 25c. These figures, of course, represent the value of the finest description of hops grown on the continent. Numerous cable enquiries are received from Great Britain, asking shippers on this continent to name lower prices. Canadian hops compare favorably with the eastern and Western kinds at from 6c to 11c, as to quality. Prices here are unsettled, now ranging from 5c to 7c per lb for choice qualities. A fair enquiry is experienced from shippers here and at the interior points. Many of last year's crop, and some have even part of the 1877 growth yet; and should they not ask too high prices they will likely be able to dispose of them all this fall. Latest advices from Bavaria, a noted hop-growing country, report the present prospects very unfavorable, the black blight having already appeared in several districts; fine seasonable weather would improve the plantations and ensure a fair crop, but a large crop is out of the question. The duty on Canadian hops entering the States being 5c per lb gold, there does not seem much chance for a market there; the chief outlet will doubtless be Great Britain.

The West India Fruit Trade.

The steamship Acadia, of 600 tons burden, has arrived at Philadelphia from Port Antonio, Jamaica, with 6,320 bunches bananas and 33,000 coconuts. The Acadia is the second steamer of the new West India fruit line, and will be succeeded by the Tropic, which will bring 100,000 coconuts and 4,000 bunches of bananas. Of the cargo of the Acadia, 1,300 bunches of bananas have already been shipped to western cities. Since last week the arrivals of bananas have included the schooners S. Wackinal, with 4,000 bunches, and the Currie C. Miles with 3,000 bunches, making a total import for the season of about 12,000 bunches.

The trial of a wife murderer was postponed at Athens, Ala., and the disappointed assemblage followed the prisoner to jail, put a rope around his neck, and would have hanged him if the sheriff and deputies had not fought them off with pistols.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. By M. C. MULLIN & CO. Proprietors. Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per Annum in advance City (Delivered) \$2.00

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6.

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The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent, and those who desire the Latest News, Market Reports and Current Events daily should subscribe for it.

The Minister of Customs.

The Hon. McKenzie Bowell is one of the most fortunate men of our time. He is a man to be envied no matter what may happen him between this and the end of his career, for of him it may be said that without natural or acquired eloquence, with a voice like that of a screech-owl sounding the language of Mrs. Malaprop, without ability and without a capacity for governing, he has managed to lift himself into one of the nicest seats on the treasury bench.

Reconstruction of the Cabinet.

The belief that a reconstruction of the Dominion Cabinet will take place at no distant day is gaining ground, though, singularly enough, the Ministerial papers, which were among the first to start the report, are now loud and eager in their expressions of denial.

nel of his cabinet, as almost to dazzle people, so much so, indeed, that when he retired from office in October last, he did not take half the original thirteen away with him, the residue having been nicely provided for.

English Precedent.

While admiring the energy and zeal for the good of the Province displayed by the Hon. Mr. Joly during his short tenure of power, it cannot be denied that it was only by the putting in practice of those virtues he could at all make a show in favor of his party, and that from the outset they carried him beyond the limits of the constitution.

The Budget.

Several days have now elapsed since Mr. Langelier introduced his financial statement before the Legislature of the Province, and the debate still continues with unabated vigor, displaying, we are happy to say, no small amount of ability on the part of the representatives of the people.

Mr. Robertson's criticism of the financial statement was extremely severe. He went on to show that the alleged economies of the honorable Treasurer and his alleged savings to the Province had no actual existence.

The Informers and the Grocers.

Our Provincial Government requires to be reminded from time to time of an abuse which exists in our midst, and which is growing and increasing every day. We refer to the manner of fining grocers for contravening the revenue laws and the demoralization attending it, notwithstanding the repeated complaints of the grocers themselves as well as of outside parties who, though having no special interest in revenue or license affairs one way or the other, yet desire to see fair play, and, above all, unswerving courts of justice.

The Anglo-Saxon.

In these days of newspapers, telegraphy, and rapid means of communication generally let an idea be once hammered into the minds of the masses, no matter how absurd it may be, and there it remains fixed, if not for ever, at least for a long period of time.

England's Commercial Depression.

It is a fact, the importance of which is every day growing more and more apparent and assuming a more gloomy aspect every hour, that the trade of England is departing from her and with it her prosperity.

Provincial Finances.

The debate on the provincial budget still drags along and with no immediate prospect of being brought to a speedy close. The Hon. Treasurer seems to us to have got himself into a very uncomfortable position by his attempt to gerrymander the public accounts in such a way as to impress the people of the Province favorably to the working of the Administration.

people take it for granted that the expression is not a generic one, but in a loose sort of way includes all men of the white or Caucasian race. If that be the case it would be better to say so. It is to be feared, however, that writers and speakers generally are sufficiently posted in ethnology to know what they are talking about and use the celebrated compound word in a dominant, and therefore offensive, sense.

Higher Education for Our Irish Catholic Youth.

DEAR SIR,—During the last week of June and the first of July the Irish Catholic parents of Montreal, and the friends of education are annually called upon to attend the closing exercises of the scholastic year.

from pain, curas wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and during the process of teething it is invaluable.

CHILLS AND FEVER, THE CURSE OF NEW NEIGHBORHOODS, can be effectually cured only by BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.

DEAR SIR,—In my last letter (for the publication of which I beg to thank you) I stated that the policy of Irish Catholics in going en masse with one or other of our contending political parties, was open to debate, but I think sir, your own trite and well expressed opinions are opposed to such a policy, and to my mind, reason and common sense endorse your views.

There is, sir, a strong feeling among our people in favor of doing away with our provincial governments, and forming a legislative union. I am sure this is but the forced utterance of irritation, and entirely foreign to the natural and national instincts of the Irish.

They imagine that from a government at Ottawa, where English speaking nationalities would be in a majority, the Irish of this province would receive more justice.

Why not give the liberals a trial before imitating Castlereagh, and taking the first step towards morally cutting our throats? So far the liberal party has shown itself disposed to see justice done to all races.

How much more undignified, then, is the conduct of the Irishman who thinks he is bound, through good and ill, to support a party that has hitherto looked upon him as unworthy of consideration.

Quebec, August 2, 1879.

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To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.

DEAR SIR,—During the last week of June and the first of July the Irish Catholic parents of Montreal, and the friends of education are annually called upon to attend the closing exercises of the scholastic year.

But of those many fountains of learning, at which our Irish Catholic youth have been satisfying their thirst of knowledge, none has so fully and so effectively supplied their eager minds with such a constant stream of scientific light as St. Ann's school.

It would be simply marvellous in the eyes of our grandfathers, and it is sweetly gratifying to ourselves to see such youthful intellects waste to bear such copious fruits, and their knowledge and information to extend so widely over the most difficult and useful of the arts and sciences.

But it is here, Irish Catholic parents, that those sons whose talents are your pride, and whose challenge the admiration of your fellow-citizens, begin to experience a fate which they do not deserve, and which is directly detrimental to the high standing of our people.

If my readers reflected upon this and studied the course of the lives of these young men who quitted school, crowned with laurels and laden with honors, they would need but little argument to convince them of this sad truth.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, having proved their efficiency by a test of many years.

A FEW OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMPLITS or Worm Lozenges, will remove the worms which are apt to accumulate in the stomach, and restore the patient to health.

RELIABLE.—No remedy has been more earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the medical profession throughout the world, than a reliable, efficient and at the same time safe and certain purgative.

NIGHTS OF PAINFUL WATCHING with poor, sick, crying children, can be avoided by the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It relieves the little sufferer

but a common member of society? That such is the case is not altogether their fault; on the contrary, they have been the sufferers of more or less culpable neglect on the part of their parents.

They suffer not from the instruction which they have so liberally received, but from the want of education which unfortunately failed on their youthful and ambitious path. For education is nothing but the formation of the mind, the regulation of the heart and the establishment of solid and true principles.

Now, without this boon, the talented youth cannot be truly great in, or highly useful to society; and it is exactly this which our Irish Catholic youths sorely lack, and it is on account of this that our people look around in vain for a choice of men standing high in literary and scientific fame to watch over their interests and guide their destinies; and we can remain assured that without this we will figure more or less brilliantly in the foremost ranks.

Then, Irish Catholic parents, cease to do injustice to the talents, to the genius of your children. Save them from devoting their youthful energies, their hard earned knowledge, to the measurement of tape, or the counting up of a few odd numbers in the art of bookkeeping, or to the learning of some unedifying trade! Save them from becoming figure heads at street corners or at dangerous amusements. "But what," will you say, "can I do with my boy? Though young, he has successfully terminated his school days. Surely he cannot remain idle at home."

Certainly not! But do you need a few weekly dollars he might earn, if at work, to support your family? If not, and if able, send him to college, or prepare him for a course in a university. Bestow on him the benefit and advantages of a classical education. Allow his mind to be correctly formed, his heart to be rightly regulated, and his principles to be firmly established.

Do this and you will probably have a son at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two capable of doing you honor and of becoming much more useful to society than if his young days were spent behind a counter or in a dancing academy.

Mr. Editor, I have been actuated to leave these views before your readers by a sense of deep regret at seeing the talents of the Irish Catholic youth of the Dominion left to decay uncultivated and unboned, and by the fact that at the present moment, in the various colleges and universities throughout the country, scarcely one in a thousand of our boys enjoys the incalculable privileges and advantages of a classic or higher education.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,  
Your obedient servant,  
H. C.  
Montreal, 28th July, 1879.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.  
Imperial Critics—Opinions of Men and Parties in the Imperial House of Commons—The Home and the Most Brilliant Men.

We extract the following from the London (Out) Advertiser's English correspondence: Mr. Gladstone is declared by some of the liberals to be the most brilliant financier that England ever produced, his budget speeches, when chancellor of the exchequer, being regarded as masterpieces. He certainly has, for the last quarter of a century taken a very active and controlling part in English politics and in procuring for the people many precious concessions.

In addition to his high political status, he is a distinguished author and stands second to none as a classical scholar. He is a man 69 years old, of about medium height, with a stern, handsome face and quick, bright eyes. One of the chief figures at the Royal Academy this year is his portrait by the great painter Millais. True to nature it delineates a rugged face with a broad intellectual forehead and a decidedly Roman nose, altogether, features denoting great mental strength. Gladstone is a worthy leader of the liberal party in England. Unlike Disraeli, he does not aim at dazzling theatrical effects for his personal glory, but I believe places his country's interests before self or party. He was first returned to parliament in 1832 in the conservative interest, but like Sir Robert Peel, his true, independent spirit found it quite impossible to continue in the ranks of that party. When he announced his conviction that he could no longer follow his Tory leader he was assailed by a servile press with the coarsest abuse and branded as a traitor and a renegade. The people, however, who are always in the long run the best judges have thought differently of him, and at the present moment no public man in England has such a well-earned reputation in the hearts of the British nation for unswerving integrity and an entire devotion to the true interests of the people.

John Bright, who was for some time in earnest conversation with Mr. Gladstone, is acknowledged to be the greatest orator in England. He has always been foremost in the ranks contending for the many reforms through which the country has passed during his parliamentary career. Although now 67 years of age, and with hair quite white, he is still a vigorous and energetic man, and apparently in the best of health. He is about the same height as Mr. Gladstone, but has much broader shoulders and a deeper chest. When he got up to speak he rose so deliberately that another member, and on the government side, had the floor before him; however, when the latter perceived that John Bright was also on his feet he immediately bowed and gave way. All were anxious to hear him, and when a moment before there was a fearful hubbub of voices, he now in a moment became as quiet as a church, and all bent forward to hear the silver-tongued orator. He commenced to speak very slowly, but in a clear distinct voice, which rang over the house in decided contrast to the comparatively imperfect speaking which had preceded him. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour on the barbarity of flogging with the "cat" in the army, and drew a stirring picture of the great injustice which sometimes occurs through this beastly system of punishment. His persuasive and convincing eloquence reminded me of the lines "experienced Nestor in persuasion skilled, words sweet as honey from his lips distilled." On the left of Mr. Bright, a little further from the speaker, sat the Marquis of Hartington. He is the eldest son and heir apparent of the Duke of Devonshire, and is leader of her majesty's loyal opposition in the commons. The marquis is forty-five years of age, and up to this time is a happy bachelor. When he rose to speak he was received with warm applause cheering, and listened to with attention by the whole house. He is not at all a clear or impressive speaker, and his elocution is careless, hesitating and defective, but he appeared to be an honest sort of a man, and to mean what he said. I was informed that he is popular in the house, and when in Mr. Gladstone's late

government showed excellent administrative qualities.

On the same side of the house, but below the gangway, are seated a compact body of men, who for eloquence and wit, and a determination to make their influence felt, surpass any other equal number of members in the house. In vain do the government try to annihilate them by cold indifference or direct snubbing. Every session day these home rulers are to be found in their places always ready to contend for a principle which they believe to be right. They all speak with a strong Irish accent, and those that I heard address the house spoke with unusual force and brilliancy. They are the life of the whole assembly, and though often extremely amusing in their quick repartee and in relating an occasional anecdote, they are thoroughly earnest in all times advocating their darling scheme, "Home Rule for Ireland." Since the death of the late much lamented Isaac Butt, M. P. for Limerick, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P. for Meath, has been chosen leader of this remarkable clique. Below the gangway is also seated Sir Charles Dilke, M. P. for Chelsea. He is a young man, thirty-five years of age, and a distinguished member of the house. In appearance he is tall and slight, and has a dark complexion and prominent features. He is an agreeable speaker, but like most of the other members, talks in a conversational sort of a way, and makes no attempt at excellence of elocution. Those members who sit below the gangway, on either side of the speaker, are supposed to be independent, and not to be the absolute property in fee simple of either party.

THE ZULU WAR.  
Surrender of Cetewayo's Chiefs—British Troops Leave for Home—The Zulus Annihilated.

London, August 3.—A Cape Town despatch of July 15 says that Major-General Crealock's cavalry burnt Oudini and Mugwenze, on the eastern line of the British advances. Dabunauzi, Cetewayo's brother, and several other important chiefs, have surrendered to Lord Chelmsford.

The movement of troops retiring from the neighbourhood of Ulundi was expected to be delayed by heavy rains and increasing transportation difficulties, which would prevent any re-advance this season, even if such a movement was necessary. Ekowe is to be re-occupied. The naval brigade has been re-embarked for England. The volunteers originally raised for the campaign against Secocoeni have been ordered into positions between Fort Weber and Durban to the north of Zululand so as to cut off Cetewayo's retreat northward and prevent raids by the Zulus in the neighbourhood of the Intombi and Asegesis rivers. Putladder, an important chief on the northern border of Cape Colony, has been captured. The colonial minister informed the assembly that they consider the present an inopportune time for giving effect to the recommendation of the home government in favor of confederation, but they would take steps to carry them out as soon as peace was restored. The action of the Cape government is generally approved.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatch to the war office says:—I propose to form a brigade of artillery and engineers, and a squadron of cavalry for the Transvaal. I am reducing the expenditure. I have given permission to Lord Chelmsford to return to England. I am disbanding some of the expensive irregular cavalry. Cetewayo is said to be in the Ingome forest. A despatch from Kwatuzwa, July 11th, states that the colonial cavalry corps has been ordered to be disbanded.

Europe's Next War.

The continued concentration of large bodies of troops in the north of Italy, and especially towards the Austrian frontier, is beginning to be viewed with some suspicion in Austria and to be much commented upon by the Austrian newspapers. From a table lately published in Vienna it appears that, while Austria has only 9,000 infantry, 840 cavalry, 1,400 field artillery, 700 garrison artillery, and 200 engineers, or altogether a force of 12,740 men, quartered in the neighbourhood of her Italian frontier, Italy, on the other hand, has now assembled 49,700 infantry, 10,300 cavalry, 7,200 field artillery, 2,700 garrison artillery, and 3,750 engineers, or a total force of 73,700 men of all arms of the service, near the Austrian frontier, the four fortresses forming the famous quadrilateral being especially strongly garrisoned. It is also well known that much attention has been lately given by the Italian military authorities to perfecting the organization of the so-called Alpine troops—the force which permanently quarters in the mountains on the northern frontier of Italy, and in the event of the latter country becoming involved in hostilities with either of her neighbors on the north, be called upon to cover the mobilization and concentration of the Italian forces or act as an advanced guard to any forward movement made by them in the prosecution of an offensive campaign. All the units of this Alpine force are always kept on a war footing, and arrangements have been lately made which are designed to insure that the several battalions and batteries shall be ready to take the field at the shortest possible notice. As the Italian Irregulars party in Italy is daily becoming more clamorous, it is not surprising that the strength of the armed forces in the north of Italy should excite some uneasiness in Austria, although it is generally believed in the latter country that, unless aided by allies, the Italian army would be altogether unable to cope with that of Austria.

Opinions of the French-Canadian Press.

The Evening News says:—The government is credited with the intention of abandoning the principal measures proposed in a speech from the throne, amongst others the leasing of the railways and the abolition of the school inspectors. In that case the session would not amount to much in so far as legislation is concerned; the only genuine legislator would be Mr. Wortice. Although the rumors pan credence we can hardly believe them, because it is not a usual thing for a government to abandon measures announced in the speech from the throne, and it is hardly probable that the present government will inaugurate the system. Such a weakness could hardly be explained in view of the approval of these two articles of the ministerial programme by the county of St. Hyacinthe, and more directly by Chambly, Rouville and Vercheres. The personal honor of the minister is engaged in the matter of the North Shore railway. It is hardly possible that on the one hand they should back down before the attitude of the council of public instruction, after having joined issue with them; and, on the other that they should turn tail on the railway syndicate after having confided to it the management of the elections, in the interest of liberal ideas, in a crisis when the existence of the government was at stake.

Leclairer says:—The Dominion government has, up to the present time, been in the habit of granting licenses for fishing in the different rivers of the provinces. It appears that, in acting thus, they have exceeded their jurisdiction. This right belongs to the local governments, and the Dominion government has no authority except where the tide makes itself felt. The question will in all probability be submitted to the decision of the Supreme court.

The Wicked Street Boy.

When a boy sees a nice round smooth stone lying on the ground he always thinks it rather mean that there isn't a yellow dog in the vicinity.

Miscellaneous Reading.

New York has not been so active since the war. There are a great many retired kings living in Naples. The last is the ex-king of Egypt. One touch of humor makes the whole world grin.—Yonkers Gazette. CLAWS.—The police force of Zululand have numerous clues to Prince Napoleon's murderer. SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT.—When he comes invidiously up to you and says, "Is this not enough for you?" then is the time to kill him. THE WICKED STREET BOY.—When a boy sees a nice round smooth stone lying on the ground he always thinks it rather mean that there isn't a yellow dog in the vicinity. THE MIGHTY FLY.—It is a little singular, although no less true, that one small but well-constructed fly will do more toward breaking up a man's afternoon nap than the out-door racket of a full brass band. A SAD MOMENT.—It must be a sad moment for a man to stand around in newspaper office, and reflect that he is innocently furnishing the editor with a subject for some foolish remarks.—Modern Argosy. HE WAS A DISGUISED BOY.—He had exercised great caution and had finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus, but a revival meeting in progress.—Boston Post.

ROUND THE WORLD.

—Work on the Georgian Bay canal is suspended. —Mr. A. Davis, contractor, of Montreal, is in Ottawa. —It is dangerous to eat cold pigeon pie say the doctors. —Mr. Tilden's only organ at present is a barrel organ. —The Prince of Wales will visit the Melbourne exhibition. —The 14th of August will be the St. Thomas civic holiday. —The Russian march to Merv is once more exciting the English. —It is proposed to unite the Black and Caspian seas by canals. —The Guelph Mercury now heads itself the City of Guelph Mercury. —Talmage is just now the lion of London, and Sarah Bernhardt the lioness. —L'Evenement's "last war" on the dismissal occupied two-and-a-half columns. Lady de Clifford, not yet 16, but married, is one of the belles of the season in London. —Courtney and Frenchy Johnson are to row a race at Charlotte on the 19th of August. —A Japanese student has succeeded in carrying off the highest medical honors in England. —Herbert Spencer's health is so far recruited that he is able to return to his literary labors. —An electrical railway, working at the speed of about seven miles an hour, is on exhibition at Berlin. —Capt. Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, now in this country, is in his 41st year. —France is about to seize the group of islands in the South Pacific known as the New Hebrides. —The King of Burmah has not yet over his long drink. Let Recorder Sexton only get hold of him. —Sir John told a friend before he left that his sole business in England is to avoid office seekers. —In the entire city of Portland, Me., with its 45,000 inhabitants, one cannot find a bar-room or a saloon. —Owing to the fear of the phylloxera vine planting has fallen off two-thirds its usual acreage in France. —Her medical attendants believe that the ex-Empress Eugenie will not long survive the death of her son. —As a sop to the obstructionists the government intends conferring pensions on the Irish national school teachers. —De Lesseppe, who is now in his 75th year, has eight small children, all born to him within the last ten years. —Edwin Booth, great tragedian as he is, and man of spotless character, is unread and has no taste for literature. —As a rule the Irish shoot better than the English, notwithstanding the latter are not prohibited the use of arms. —It is agreed that the prince imperial died fighting bravely. —Mechanics get \$2 50 per day in Manitoba salesmen and storemen from \$50 to \$100 per month; laborers \$1.25 to \$1.50. —Recent investigations show that the Jewish population in the United States numbers 250,000; and not a pauper among them. —The swiftest railroad trains are run in England, 50 miles an hour being the nominal rate of speed on many of the principal lines. —The uniform worn by the late prince imperial at his "baptism of fire" at Sarbruck has been added to Mme. Tausand's celebrated collection. —Forty-six letters by Shelley are for sale at Florence. A Bostonian has bid \$800 for them, but the British museum goes higher, and is likely to get them. —The Buffalo Express says the Duke of Argyll has not created a sensation in Hanhan because he is only a relative of the governor-general and not of Hanhan. —Protestant missionaries in Turkey say that young Turks who are sent to America to be educated, in order that they may return and labor for Christianity among their countrymen, aim to obtain a medical rather than a religious education, so as to practice medicine profitably when they get home.

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On reading over the list of shareholders, we find that the stock is distributed in all parts of the Dominion, chiefly, however, in Ontario and in this city; it is also held in England, Scotland, Ireland, Newfoundland, France, and a few shares even in India. The total number of shareholders is about 1,600;

and as many widows and orphans, besides other poor families, have their all invested in the shares of the bank, the distress is sure to be widespread, and many who had looked forward to comparative ease in their declining days may now be compelled to submit to the pangs of poverty in which they begin life. One hundred and six persons hold 2,924 shares, representing \$292,400, as trustees, or in trust for others, as minor children, charitable and other societies. Seventeen hundred and forty-two shares were held by 75 executors of estates. Three hundred and seventy-six shareholders are women, the great majority of whom are widows or unmarried. Forty-one clergymen hold shares to the extent of \$53,700, or an average of \$1,060 each. The Church of Scotland is down for \$8,800. The Temporaries board for \$1,700. James Croil, Treasurer Widows' Fund, \$5,000, and the Presbyterian Church for \$29,600. There is a great number of names down for small lots of from 2 to 10 shares, but the largest shareholders on May 5th, 1879, were Sir Hugh Allan, 196 shares; James Anstey, Toronto, 150 shares; W. J. Buchanan, in trust, 286 shares; G. B. Burland, 175 shares; D. Campbell, Cobourg, 176 shares; John T. Carter, England, 165 shares; J. P. Cushing Sherbrooke, 100 shares; Wm. Donahue, Montreal, 106 shares; Thomas Elliott, Chateaugay, 121 shares; Estate Hon Joseph Masson, 120; executors late Wm Workman, 251; executors late Sir G. E. Cartier, Bart, 100; executors late H. O. Barritt, Ottawa, 170; Allan Gilmore, Ottawa, 500; Sir Francis Hincks, 50; C. G. Hill, Montreal, 120; J. H. Joseph, 267; J. H. Joseph (No 2), 490; B. Jacobs, 100; Mrs Margaret Lumdy, Peterborough, 105; D. Mers Maguire, 100; Mrs James Mason, Sunnyside, Ayr, Scotland, 100; James Michie, Toronto, 189; Hanna Mill, Norwood, England, 125; R. J. Moat, Montreal, 232; J. H. R. Molson, 170; John Monk, Montreal, 327; City and District Savings Bank, 980; James Macdonald St. Johns, 125; Joseph Mackay, 125; W. C. McLeod, Woodstock, 208; W. W. Ogilvie, 180; Charles Pitt, Quebec, 250; Presbyterian Church, Montreal, 296; Amable Prepost, (late) 348; Quebec, 350; Acemie, 220; John Rankin, 465; R. J. Reekie, 380; J. J. Robson, Newcastle, 100; Jos Rowntree, Thimbleton, 120; Alex Saunders, 433; Mrs E. Shannon, 112; H. S. Strathly (in trust), 115; Robert Thompson, Toronto, 128; Joseph Tiffin, 165; H. J. Tiffin, 115; Mrs E. Turahall, Quebec, 104; Western Assurance company, Toronto, 250; Geo Whitfield, Berwick, 110; Thomas Workman, 1,000; Henry Yates, Brantford, 250.

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and as many widows and orphans, besides other poor families, have their all invested in the shares of the bank, the distress is sure to be widespread, and many who had looked forward to comparative ease in their declining days may now be compelled to submit to the pangs of poverty in which they begin life. One hundred and six persons hold 2,924 shares, representing \$292,400, as trustees, or in trust for others, as minor children, charitable and other societies. Seventeen hundred and forty-two shares were held by 75 executors of estates. Three hundred and seventy-six shareholders are women, the great majority of whom are widows or unmarried. Forty-one clergymen hold shares to the extent of \$53,700, or an average of \$1,060 each. The Church of Scotland is down for \$8,800. The Temporaries board for \$1,700. James Croil, Treasurer Widows' Fund, \$5,000, and the Presbyterian Church for \$29,600. There is a great number of names down for small lots of from 2 to 10 shares, but the largest shareholders on May 5th, 1879, were Sir Hugh Allan, 196 shares; James Anstey, Toronto, 150 shares; W. J. Buchanan, in trust, 286 shares; G. B. Burland, 175 shares; D. Campbell, Cobourg, 176 shares; John T. Carter, England, 165 shares; J. P. Cushing Sherbrooke, 100 shares; Wm. Donahue, Montreal, 106 shares; Thomas Elliott, Chateaugay, 121 shares; Estate Hon Joseph Masson, 120; executors late Wm Workman, 251; executors late Sir G. E. Cartier, Bart, 100; executors late H. O. Barritt, Ottawa, 170; Allan Gilmore, Ottawa, 500; Sir Francis Hincks, 50; C. G. Hill, Montreal, 120; J. H. Joseph, 267; J. H. Joseph (No 2), 490; B. Jacobs, 100; Mrs Margaret Lumdy, Peterborough, 105; D. Mers Maguire, 100; Mrs James Mason, Sunnyside, Ayr, Scotland, 100; James Michie, Toronto, 189; Hanna Mill, Norwood, England, 125; R. J. Moat, Montreal, 232; J. H. R. Molson, 170; John Monk, Montreal, 327; City and District Savings Bank, 980; James Macdonald St. Johns, 125; Joseph Mackay, 125; W. C. McLeod, Woodstock, 208; W. W. Ogilvie, 180; Charles Pitt, Quebec, 250; Presbyterian Church, Montreal, 296; Amable Prepost, (late) 348; Quebec, 350; Acemie, 220; John Rankin, 465; R. J. Reekie, 380; J. J. Robson, Newcastle, 100; Jos Rowntree, Thimbleton, 120; Alex Saunders, 433; Mrs E. Shannon, 112; H. S. Strathly (in trust), 115; Robert Thompson, Toronto, 128; Joseph Tiffin, 165; H. J. Tiffin, 115; Mrs E. Turahall, Quebec, 104; Western Assurance company, Toronto, 250; Geo Whitfield, Berwick, 110; Thomas Workman, 1,000; Henry Yates, Brantford, 250.

Under the title of "Spencer Wood," the Courier says:—"We consider it the superfluous of bad taste that Spencer Wood should be made to serve as a rallying point for a demonstration in favor of Mr. Letellier. Thanks to the courtesy of his honor Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, Mr. Letellier has been allowed to remain at Spencer Wood after the date on which he should have quitted the premises. We maintain that the Lieutenant-governor should not allow Mr. Letellier to occupy Spencer Wood any longer, and to convert it into a place wherefrom to fling insult at the federal authorities. If Mr. Letellier wishes to receive his friends, let him entertain them in his own establishment. Every man in his own home."

In a late issue the Quebec correspondent of La Minerve says:—"A witty individual wishing to amuse himself, took occasion to pay a visit to each member of the Joly government. He always closed his conversation by alluding to the appointment of some member of the minister's family to a government billet. The first minister he met was Mr. Trepanier Langelier. "It appears to me, Mr. Langelier, that you have appointed your brother to fill the position lately occupied by Dr. Meilleur." "Yes, that is so, it annoyed me very much, Mr. Joly played a trick on me, and appointed my brother during my absence." Our witty friend next called on Mr. Marchand of the crown lands. After a little he said "I am happy to see, Mr. Marchand, that you have appointed your brother as colonization agent at St. Jerome." "Don't distress me, my friend, on the subject. Mr. Joly assumed himself by appointing my brother whilst I was away. But the thing is done now, and amongst colleagues, and more particularly out of consideration for my leader, the appointment cannot be disturbed." "Good day, Mr. Joly," continued our inquisitive friend, "I am happy to see you in good health, despite that little business of your brother-in-law Gowan?" "Oh! don't mention it," replies the leader of the government, "Langelier and Marchand perpetrated that little joke for the benefit of my brother-in-law whilst I was absent from the country." Going towards the restaurant our friend meets the Hon. Mr. Starnes, and the conversation turns on the railway question. "As for that matter," says Mr. Starnes, "I have nothing to say about it." True, my son was appointed ticket agent of the government railway, but I never heard a word about it for two months after the appointment. Joly wanted to give me a surprise. A good-hearted fellow is Joly. Just imagine! He thought it would gratify me were he to purchase the Gale farm, and off he started and bought it. Well, I could not help it. I felt amazed, you know, but then the whole affair was concocted and carried out during my absence." Our friend next called on Speaker Turcotte, and, with the Official Gazette in his hand, he thus apostrophized him:—"Allow me to congratulate you on the appointment of your brother Gustave as first registrar of Nicolet." The speaker flew into a passion and said, "At first I thought it was for fun that Joly appointed my brother-in-law prothonotary at Three Rivers and my agent Kierman registrar. When he fixed the loop line on me I felt like kicking over the traces, but the idea that he should have gone and appointed my other brother to so lucrative a post without even mentioning the matter to me is taking too much liberty; I shall never forgive him." The correspondent adds that despite these little misunderstandings there is a cordial heartiness feeling between Joly and his colleagues and their relations.

THE CONSOLIDATED BANK Is at Last Compelled to Suspend Payment, and Close the Doors.—Comparative Statement of Liabilities.

It has been more than once intimated in our financial columns during the past fortnight that it was more than probable that the management of the Consolidated bank would be unable much longer to resist the increasing demands on the part of depositors and note-holders. The announcement, therefore, of the suspension of payment by the bank, which took place Thursday afternoon, the last day of the month, will not be surprising to our readers. A constant drain has been made upon the resources of the bank for weeks past, and on the management becoming satisfied that all public confidence in the stability of the institution were lost, strenuous efforts were made to reduce the liabilities to the public by disposing of as many agencies as possible, and no fewer than nine agencies have been closed, other banks having assumed the deposits; while at the head office and outstanding agencies the deposits have been also materially reduced. Yesterday the City and District Savings bank took over the Chabouffe square branch of the Consolidated, and a circular was issued to the depositors notifying them of the fact, and informing them if they desired their money it would be paid at once. About one-half of the depositors applied for "bad" obtained their money. The amount so paid aggregating some \$15,000. There were 10 agencies altogether. During the afternoon some of the demands made on the head office were so heavy that they could not be met, and hence the suspension. The managers of the bank submit to the public a comparative statement of the liabilities on the 8th June and on July 29th, which shows an aggregate reduction of liabilities between those dates of \$1,861,984.69, the figures being as follows: Deposits, 8th June, 1879, \$3,234,766.59 29th July, 1879, 1,492,781.00 \$1,741,984.69 Circulation reduced about, 120,700.90 Aggregate reduction of liabilities, \$2,861,984.69

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IRISH NEWS.

A Cork paper says:—"The lovers of good music had a treat in Paris, and one that they rarely enjoyed even in the queen of cities. Three young ladies, the Miss O'Briens, of Cork, who created such a sensation last year in Brussels, have just had their reputation as "

Man Must be Just.

[By S. McM.] A rich man lived all that life could know, Of peace and plenty in our lot below; His wealth was ready and his mind was kind, Where friends might see or right duty blind...

HOME READING.

Naturalist's Portfolio. THE MOCKING BIRD.—This bird may be taught to imitate any sound, from the note of a nightingale to the squeak of a wheel barrow.

THE STAGE DRIVER AND THE NATURALISTS.—On one occasion, while journeying through the White Mountain region, Professor Agassiz and his scientific companion, seated on the top of the stage, irritated the driver by repeatedly calling to him to stop when they noticed anything botanically interesting on the road.

THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE.—The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon.

PIRENDIE SPARKS. THE LAST WORDS OF JUNE.—Après moi le déluge.

THE ENGLISH HOME RULER.—The lady of the house. CETSWAYO A COMPOSER.—Hain't he sent in to the camp at Tuzela overtures of peace?

wife and children to Madame Tussaud's instead, to see the Guilloitine! Faithless Monsieur de Paris!! Poor Mrs P. T.!!)

Whenever lightning begins to play it raises thunder.—Philadelphia Sunday Item. Delaware is a better state for peaches than for presidents.—New Orleans Picayune.

One hundred and sixty-seven dogs go to the pound," was the heading of an article in the paper the other morning. "Sakes alive," exclaimed Mrs. de Flukey, when she read this, "no wonder dogs can swim, if they're as light as that!"

A Fort Madison, Iowa, man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

When a notorious bad character is played out of the army to the tune of the "Rogue's March," may he be said to have adjourned or to have been pro-rogued?

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.—Mary (reading); "And thus we see that history repeats itself." Tom (with animation); "Oh, does it? I wish it did, and geography and tables and the whole lot, and save us the trouble."

NEWS, INDEED!—A contemporary states as an item of news that Mr. Gladstone has written a letter on the subject of "disestablishment." If the paper would inform us of a subject on which the x-premier has not written we think that that would indeed be news.

A REASON WHY.—First little girl: "I loike the Church." Second ditto: "I don't! I loike the Methodists: for if you go to their school twice on Sundays they give you a half-penny."

FLY PAPERS.—The members of the Aeronautical society held a meeting on Monday, to discuss and read papers on "The Problem of Flight." We shall, however, give no report of their proceedings, for we consider the tendency of the present age is already too flighty.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.—"Negotiations for peace!" said Mrs. Muddler, reading a content bill outside a news-vendor's. "Why, I thought they hanged him long ago." "But there, he's that clever he's been and tricked them again."

What Hurt Burglar Dobbs. "Something pains me here," said John Dobbs, the alleged Manhattan bank burglar, to his keeper in the city prison yesterday morning.

"Here," said Dobbs, indicating the fleshy part of his left arm between the shoulder and elbow. The keeper put his finger on the spot and, pressing, felt something hard and round. The outside skin was very dark and tender, and Dobbs winced as the turkey applied his thumb to it.

"Why, where did you get this, Dubbs?" asked Warden Fium, in surprise. The warden had just come up and was looking at the bullet as it lay in the doctor's palm. "It was all along of a mistake, sir," said Dobbs, passing his hand across his mouth apologetically, and clearing his throat. "You see, I was travelling through Jersey a year ago, and I met a farmer who mistook me for some one else. He ups with his Smith & Wesson's revolver, and plugs me right in the arm. I ought to have had him arrested, but I didn't."

"Have you ever been shot accidentally before?" asked the warden. "Well, yes: I received several bullets in my legs from persons who didn't know who I was. Two or three of 'em are in there now. It's extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that all those people should have fired at me by mistake."

The doctor and warden both coughed simultaneously. They asked Dobbs if there were any more of these metallic souvenirs which he wished to be relieved of, Dobbs said "No," and was locked up again. He is a plump, heavy person of middle height, with rosy cheeks and a good appetite, and is confident that he can convince the courts that his arrest, like the pistol shooting at him, was an unfortunate mistake.—New York Sun.

The Arabs. A political and social movement of importance is in progress among the Arabs. Since 1875 they have looked upon events in the Turkish empire as a sure sign of its downfall; and in that year the Arabian Messiah, as the Sheik of Deraiah calls himself, issued an appeal urging his people to take steps for their preservation.

The relations at present subsisting between the Vatican and the Porte seem to be very cordial. The Turkish government recently took no small part in extinguishing the Armenian schism, and the holy father has now required that service by conferring the grand cross of the order of St. Sava on the grand Vizier and on the ministers of war, foreign affairs and justice.

AGRICULTURAL.

Stacking and Stacking.

Stacking hay and grain is a cheap and safe practice. It is cheap because it avoids the cost of barns, sheds, and barracks. It is safe, or may be made as safe, as putting a crop away in a mow under a roof. There are some remarkable new ideas prevalent. One is, that to pack green grass in an air-tight barn will preserve it fresh and green and without mold or damage.

Stacking grain is the English custom, and is almost a necessity in the large grain-growing districts of our country, but it should be housed wherever practicable—certainly where bright straw is appreciated. If we were compelled to choose between stacking grain and hay, we should consign the former to the stack, but we should want a skillful Englishman to do the stacking.

Certainly, Mr. Hyde has not been in England, or he would greatly qualify his last sentence. I have spent some time in that country, and have seen some lopsided stacks that would shame even a Yankee farmer who never built a stack, and I have seen some stacks of hay and grain built in America, and as handsomely finished as those in any English stacker's show-yard.

There are show places in England where everything is a sham; where the laborer's cottages are built with ornamental gables and stacks of chimneys that have no connection with the cottages whatever, except that the latter hold them up; and the stacks are sometimes made on the same principle, finished off with straw bands or ropes laid on diagonally, so as to cover the stack with rhombic figures, and a straw effigy of a horse or cock tops off the whole.

This is the season for fall planting strawberries. Every garden should have at least a square rod or two of strawberries. Never mind the variety, but plant some kind. Of course, they are some varieties better or more suitable to some soils than others.

Put-grown plants. Plants are now rooted in pots by setting the runners in small thumb-pots buried in the soil. A substitute for home use may be made of small paste-board cups filled with rich soil and sunk in the ground near the plants. The runners are placed in these, and when rooted the cups may be taken up and moved to the new plantation in baskets, when the plants are set out without any risk.

Soak Staking. A not uncommon mistake in selecting the foundation of a breeding stud or herd or flock, is in paying undue attention to some one feature which strikes the fancy. The fact that an animal had a noted sire, or possessed a fine head and neck, is not conclusive evidence of a good pedigree or a good animal.

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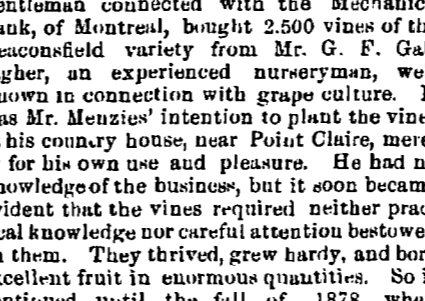
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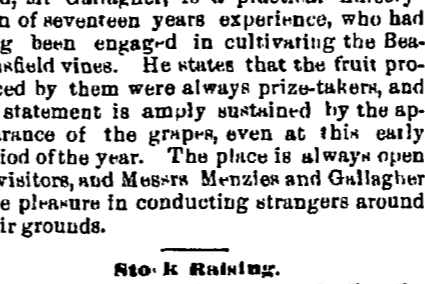
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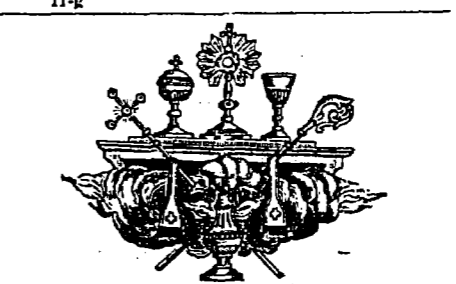
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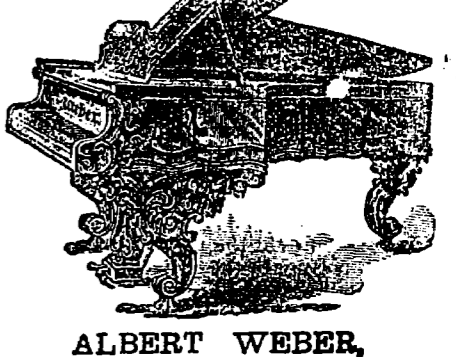
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