

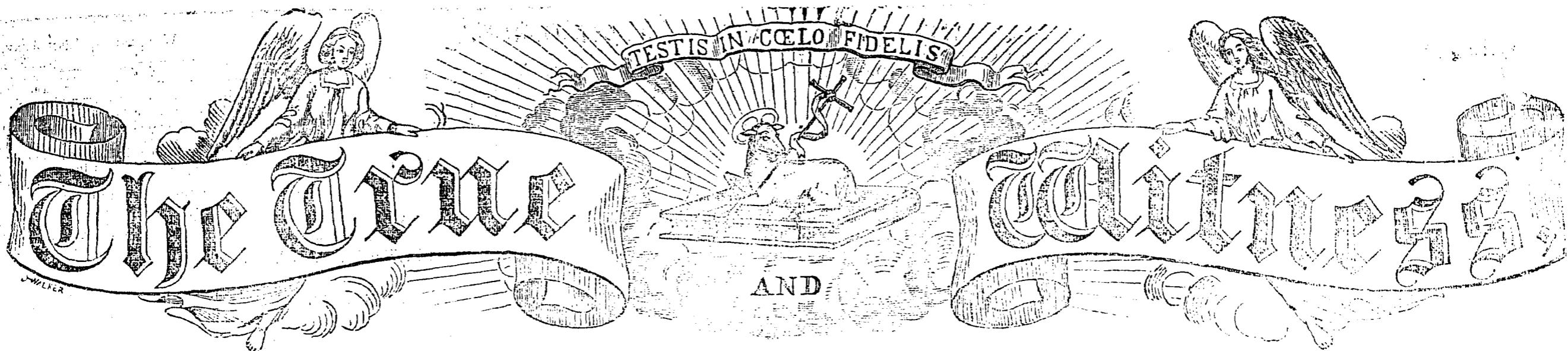
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VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 44

CHEAPSIDE

(ESTABLISHED 1810.)

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

—660—

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OOTTON, MERINO, LAMBS WOOL.

Infants White Sox, No. 1 to 6.

“ Colored,” 10c up to 16c.

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Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy,

Seamless, no lumps in the toes or heels,

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ing reasons:

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Gloves—Blind Gloves—Dress Goods.

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An extra brilliant in 36 in. White Cotton for

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Twilled Cotton, a good mink, for 30c, worth 50c;

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Table Linens, in all makes, from 30c to \$2.50 per

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ment, from 7c to \$1.00 each.

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We believe in the best goods always!

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ed in the finest evening dress.

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75c to \$1.25 each.

Our White Shirt is the best value in the

trade.

Regatta Shirts, assorted.

Oxford Shirts, assorted, for \$1.50 each, two col-

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A good 44 Quilt for 50c.

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Gents’ Collars and Cuff-links.

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The best assortment of Gloves, all kinds and

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Best Makers.

Silk Thread Gloves, all colours, 5c up.

Plated Silk Gloves, all colours.

Umbrellas.

Ladies’ Silk Scarfs and Ties.

A magnificent assortment.

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FOR BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN

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A. A. MURPHY,

PROPRIETOR.

(ESTABLISHED 1810.)

Wilber's Cod-Liver Oil and Linseed—

Persons who have been taking Cod-Liver Oil

will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilber has suc-

ceeded, from directions of several professional

gentlemen, in combining the pure Oil and Lime

in a manner that it is pleasant to the taste,

and its effects are completed are truly

wonderful. Very many persons who were

were pronounced hopeless, and had taken

the clear Oil for a long time and without marked

effect, have been entirely cured by using this

preparation. Be sure and get the genuine

Wilber's Oil by all druggists.

LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

which the bloodiest records of human strife

are marked upon the pages of warfare; and

who knew but we were marching to another

combat that would live in history to add one

more record to the bloody calendar? We

knew that 100,000 men were in our front, and

out of that number Death could reap a sufficient

harvest to immortalize the day. The vil-

lage was soon gained, and as we reached its

high position the boom of the guns became

more constant and somewhat louder. Beside

the route the old people of the village

were gathered in their houses in prayer,

and like Moses upon the rock of Horeb, they

said to the young man, pointing in the direction

of his home, "Come hither, I will bless you."

He insisted upon remaining true to his

Companie le long du dragon Céleste, and bring-

ing her and their two papas to live with him

in civilization.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The Cologne *Gazette* estimates the army

which Russia can place in the field at present

at 600,000 men. This strength may be main-

tained, but cannot be increased. The Russian

forces now in European Turkey and Romania

amount to twelve and a half army corps—

312,000 men. About ten thousand must be em-

ployed for the occupation of Asiatic Turkey;

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH,
Author of "Nathalie," "dele," "Queen Mab," &c

CHAPTER I.

The autumn wind swept with long wail over the broad bay of Dublin; then went and died, still moaning, and lamenting, amongst the distant mountains. In its occasional intervals of silence, gusts of rain came and beat against the window-panes with a pitiful, impatient sound, as if claiming to be heard, till the clamorous wind rose again and drowned every voice save its own tempestuous roar. Dusk was gathering in Mrs. Courtenay's bare parlor, and very chill and cheerless as well as bare it would have looked on this evening, if Dom Courtenay had not been standing by the window with her work hanging loosely in her hand, and her eyes fastened on the prospect of sea and mist and cloudy mountains, which was all that she could see through the slanting rain.

Mrs. Courtenay's parlor was, as we said, a very bare one. The chairs, the table, the black hearth, the low ceiling, sadly in need of whitewash, the dull grey paper on the walls, gave it a desolate look; but you forgot that when you saw Dora. No room with a sunbeam, or a Titian, or a Giorgione in it would seem cold and desolate to you were it a garret; and no room in which this girl appeared could fail being brightened by her gay young presence. She was not beautiful, she was not handsome, she was not even very pretty—but she was bright, wonderfully bright. If there were such a thing as brown gold, Dora's hair might be said to be of that color. If roses ever bloomed on a maiden's cheek, they were to be found on hers. If joy ever beamed in mortal eyes, it shone in Dora's. When you looked at her you forgot her half-shabby black dress, her mother's cold parlor—you forgot even that Dora was young, and had a charming figure—you forgot all save the shining hair and the happy eyes, and the genial smile and the young warm voice which matched with them so well; and these you remembered for evermore.

"I can't stand this, you know," suddenly said Dora, flinging down her work; "I must see if Paul is coming."

Mrs. Courtenay, who was gently falling asleep in her arm-chair, awoke with a start; but before her remonstrative, "Don't get wet," was fairly uttered, the bright head and the brighter face of Dora had passed through the parlor door, and the parlor itself looked very much like a cellar whence a sunbeam has descended.

"She is so quick," said Mrs. Courtenay, still amazed and a little plaintive. "I always do feel for him who hatches duck's eggs!"

This remark was directed to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Luan. Very different of aspect were these two ladies. Mrs. Courtenay was a charming lady of sixty. She had the whitest hair, the mildest blue eyes, the pleasantest smile, and the softest plump hands a lady of sixty ever had. She was French by birth and Irish by marriage; and she spoke English with a pretty French accent, and French with an equally pretty English accent; and was innocent and delightful in either language.

Mrs. Luan, her late husband's sister, was a square, low-built woman. She had a dull, commonplace face, dingy in color, a dull brown eye with a heavy lid, a low narrow forehead and a thick indistinct utterance. Nature had been very niggardly to this lady, and Fortune had been very stingy to both sisters-in-law. The little cottage in which they resided was one of the plainest near Dublin; their cook and maid-of-all-work was a diminutive girl of thirteen called Peggy, their furniture would not have fetched twenty pounds at an auction. They dressed very simply, made fires at the latest extremity, and, when they were alone, never burned more than one tallow candle.

They were widows, and we dare not say how slender was their joint income. Mrs. Luan had a son whom she had penitentially brought up to his present position of medical student, and Mrs. Courtenay's step-son Paul was an embryo barrister; and then there was Dora to dress and educate. How all this was done, nor yet how far it was done, was one of the miracles which mothers daily accomplish, whilst the world looks on, and takes it all as a matter of course.

Brightness of intellect was not Mrs. Luan's gift. She took time to ponder over Mrs. Courtenay's proposition concerning hens and ducks' eggs, then she said in her thick, hesitating voice,

"Do you think so?"

After having uttered this profound and original remark, she seemed startled at her own daring, and relapsed into sudden silence.

Mrs. Courtenay sighed, turned up her eyes, expanded her hands, and shook her head helplessly.

"It's no use arguing with her, poor soul," she said, half aloud. "She's so—so you know."

This speech Mrs. Luan so far understood, that she made no comment upon it. She took her intellectual inferiority, as she took her poverty and her plainness, for granted. So she remained very quiet in her shady part of the room, thinking of and brooding over her life, after her own fashion.

"I should like a light, Mrs. Luan," said Mrs. Courtenay.

Mrs. Luan replied calmly,

"Candles are a halfpenny dearer in the month this week."

Mrs. Courtenay sighed—nature had given her a liberal prodigal heart—but she did not attempt a remonstrance; she remembered, however, her youth in a gay French home, where wax lights were of no account, and where the satin mirrors flushed like a sheet of light in their brilliant glow, and she sighed again. Mrs. Luan thought, in the meantime:

"We burn a candle a night, eight a week, Sundays included. Four times eight thirty-two; five pounds of candles, and two over every month; that's more than twopence half-penny a month dearer than last autumn. We must light the candle later."

And made happy by this mental calculation, she sat with her hands folded on her lap, content to remain thus, spite the increasing darkness, for the sake of saving an inch of tail.

"That child will be quite wet," said Mrs. Courtenay, plaintively, after another while; "you should have told her not to go, Mrs. Luan."

Mrs. Luan did not answer, she was accustomed to that too. She was House of Commons in this little household, perhaps because, thanks to her power of management, she held the strings of the purse. Mrs. Courtenay, her constitutional sovereign, snubbed and condescended by turns, and blamed her not ill-naturedly, but as a matter of course, for everything; Dora, her prime minister, tried every now and then to carry it with a high hand; and had on John, and her nephew Paul, twisted and bowed her like saucy young members, and were as helpless as any brilliant minority at the mercy of a stubborn majority ever will be. Mrs. Luan was impenetrable to blame, and

coaxing, and ridicule. She was thick-skinned; made armor-proof against all such shafts by provident Nature. With perfect equanimity she now heard herself blamed for Dora's sin, and after awhile she even said, very calmly: "How hard it is raining!"

"Just like her I!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, with gentle exasperation. "She lets the child go out, and then she says, 'How hard it is raining!' You would not let John go, then."

He sat and ate through a plateful of bread and butter, and drank through seven cups of tea—looking all the time at that bright girl before him, and mockingly enduring such shafts as it pleased her saucy little tongue to pierce him with.

He could not help being aware of her cousin's intellectual inferiority, and she was not so perfect as not to take advantage of it now and then. To make up for this, indeed, she gifted him, like a kind fairy, with some imaginary graces. He was good-natured, she made him high-hearted; he was careless of danger, she made him brave; but unluckily she forgot to feel more than a moderate regard for the owner of these virtues. The crown-gift of her affection was wanting.

John had begun buzzing, who could stop her? Mrs. Courtenay, folding her hands in her lap, let Mrs. Luan go on. This lady from the rain diverged into her husband's last illness; then, having buzzed through that, she made a pleasant diversion into the world of fancy by wondering how people felt when they were dead. Thence she went off to butcher's meat, and having worried her lively little sister-in-law for ten minutes, she kindly dropped her much the worse for the infliction, and rolled herself back into her habitual citadel of silence, feeling with the same instinct which had suggested her system of defense, that she was safe there for the rest of the evening.

In the meanwhile, Dora was standing in a dilapidated summer-house at the end of the garden, watching for her brother's return. The cottage rented by Mrs. Courtenay stood on a narrow promontory of earth, with a road on either side. The front door faced the Dublin road, and the apex of the triangular garden gave egress on another road, long and winding, which looked as if it passed forever through heath and mountain, but in reality was within five minutes of the railway station. With a shawl around her, and standing within the shelter of the summer-house, Dora, whose look could command the whole sweep of the road through the grated door, watched and waited. But the wind moaned, the rain drizzled gustily, the hour at which the train was due went by, and still Paul came not. Night darkened around the mountains, the rain ceased, the wind cleared away a few clouds from the sky, and here and there a star glimmered, and still the grey road showed no tall figure approaching, and echoed no young firm step. Had anything happened to him? Had there been a railway collision? Had he been waylaid and murdered? But not in vain had Dora bright hair, and happy eyes, and a genial smile. These gloomy, morbid fancies only passed athwart her mind like clouds across a clear sky. She shook her head defiantly at them, and bade them begone.

"I will not believe you," she told them. "Paul has gone, like the knight or the prince in the fairy tale, to the dangerous castle or the perilous wood, and, like him, he will return triumphant. There is no trial Paul cannot overcome; there is no heart Paul cannot win. He was made to prevail and to king. Since he stays so long, 'tis sure proof of victory, and if he comes by the night-train, why, I shall let him in, and none shall be the wiser."

The wind might blow, the rain might fall—Dora, whilst she had such thoughts, could not help feeling happy. She was ambitious, not for herself, but for her brother. She could sit and dream about him, with the tender folly of the young, and never feel that it was folly. There was no success Paul was not to achieve, no destiny was too great for Paul, and thus little by little it came to pass that he was the hero of his sister's life.

That life had been such as most girls lead: a still, narrow path, with a boundless world around it, dangerously alluring. Such as it was, it contented her. She was satisfied with the seclusion which her poverty commanded, with the society of her friends, with studies which to her were no pastimes, but serious pursuits, and with such relaxations as an old cracked snuffet and her flowers afforded. All this snuffed her, for she had Paul—Paul who was to be so great a man, the honor and the stay of his family. When a young girl has such a thought as this, it matters little what dresses she wears, or what sort of a house she lives in. She loves an enchanted tower, whence she views the nether world with calm indifference. Who dare pity, and who would not envy her, till truth comes and knocks at the door, claiming admittance in a voice that will not be denied?

CHAPTER II.

But Paul's journey was a secret as yet, so, with another look up the road, Dora went back to the cottage through the wet garden. As she reached the parlor she heard the voice of her cousin, John Luan, talking within. At once she broke in, bright and joyous.

"Oh, you faultless John, where have you been till this hour?" she cried. "Tell me directly."

A very good-looking young man, with a good-natured face, very like Dora's in all save his slow mind, she imagined a poor lodger somewhere, and John and Dora were in it, fighting the great battle of respectability versus poverty, with half-a-dozen children around them. This was the real point at issue, and it was frugal. Mrs. Luan liked Dora very well—as well as she could like a being who was not John. She felt no material jealousy of a daughter-in-law. It would not have gripped her to see John worship Dora with the romantic fancy of a lover, or the yearning tenderness of the fondest husband. Her objection to the first consignment was of that slenderest sort. She was a woman of few feelings, as well as of few ideas. But the cruel truth was that, if John was poor, Dora was poorer. This was terrible, and nothing could overcome it in Mrs. Luan's mind. The beauty of Helen, the mind of a De Stael, the heart of a Mrs. Fry, the piety of a saint, would have left her alienated, indifferent, and cold. Poverty had early taken and stamped her, and the mark was indelible. She woke to think of money, as she slept to dream of it, not exactly for her own sake, but for John's. She could not give him wealth, not possessing it herself, but she could try and make him acquire it; above all, she could try and not let him fall into such a snare as that of a poor marriage. That he should love Dora, and think of marrying her, was something awful in her creed. Save him she must, no matter how—no matter at what cost. She had no plans as yet; her mind was not an inventive one, but she had a hard, stubborn will, and on that she relied, not without cause. That will had borne her up all her life, and it had borne her successfully through many a trouble. She now resolved that her son should never marry Dom Courtenay. She was prepared to use any means that might prevent him from doing so, and being irreducibly narrow minded, it never occurred to her that Dora might not be in love with John. This narrowness, this inability to take in more than one idea at a time, was the weak point of a character to which the tenacity of purpose, and recklessness of all save its own ends, gave dangerous

strength, all the more dangerous that it was unsuspected, and was accompanied with marked intellectual inferiority.

In the meanwhile, the pleasant little war went on between Dora and John. Dora had a skein of wool to wind, and she made John hold it for her. Very meek and awkward looked this Hercules, whilst his Omphale stamped her foot, or shook her bright head at him with an encouraging "Don't be stupid, or a flattering 'Oh! dear, if you would but try and be useful, John, and not make me snap my wool so!'"

"I do my best, Dora," was the good-humored reply.

Upon which Dora pensively rejoined—

"I wonder what your worst would be like, John?"

Not a word, not a breath, not a motion, not a turn of these two did Mrs. Luan lose. She watched them till all her senses were strained with the effort, and her mind felt so bewildered and confused, that she heard without hearing it the pleasant little chat of her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Courtenay was doing a patience, and though she knit her brows, and looked pensively at the cards spread on the table, she was able to talk.

"I wish you had a new dress, Dora," she said; "you could give this to Peggy."

"Peggy must wait, mamma. When Paul is Demosthenes, he will give me a velvet robe. John, do mind my wool?"

John, who was innocently thinking that velvet could scarcely improve Dora, shook his head like a good faithful dog under the reproof. He did not think of marriage. They were first cousins, to begin with, and were by right of birth supposed impenetrable to love. Then they were both as poor as Job; and best reason of all, marriage was not in the least necessary to John's happiness. To see Dora and look at her bright face, to hear Dora and be worried by her to obey Dora and cut bread and butter, or do any humble office for the pleasure of that haughty little sovereign, was all John Luan cared for; and as he had but to come to the cottage to secure these blessings, that crown of all bliss, the wedded, was not in his thoughts.

Now this disinterested adoration had been going on five years—his mother, his aunt, Paul, Dora herself, looked upon it as a matter of course, and never gave it a second thought. But a drop will overflow the full cup, and a remark which Dora now darted at her cousin across the table made him blush a little, and caused Mrs. Luan to look first bewildered, then to turn pale as her dingy complexion would let her. With a deeply-troubled mien she put down her cup of tea unthirsted, then looked from her son to Dora, and from Dora to her son again. Yet all Dora had said was: "I wish you would not stare, John."

She spoke with a pretty little pettish toss of her head, but something in John's thoughts made him color up to the eyes, and dull though she was, Mrs. Luan was a mother. In a moment she saw that these were no longer children, and whilst she was measuring the extent of the calamity, Mrs. Courtenay, who had an awkward and inelegant habit of thinking aloud, said with her pleasant smile:

"Let me, my dear, John does not stare; he looks at you and he looks because he admires you, I suppose."

Which was the exact truth, and precisely because it was the truth, made John look foolish, brought a sudden glow to Dora's face, and caused Mrs. Luan to pour the contents of her tea-cup into the sugar-basin. This domestic calamity sobered them all save Mrs. Luan herself. But long after the little excitement she thus caused had subsided, John's mother, though outwardly as dull and as calm as ever, was brooding over her discovery.

She was habitually taciturn, and no one saw any change in her this evening. She took out her patchwork, and proceeded with it as usual. This patchwork, which was literally hideous, was however the only concession to fancy which Mrs. Luan had ever made. It was to her what music is to some, and poetry to others. These lozenges of faded silks, three of which being put together formed by their different shades a cube with a very light top, and a very dark side to it, were the only relaxation Mrs. Luan's mind knew or took from domestic cares. She loved them, she was proud of them, she admired them, and felt pleased when they were praised by some polite stranger. She never read books or newspapers; she took no pleasure in news, national or local. The ruin of an empire, or the scandalous elopement of a near neighbor, found her equally indifferent. She could not help this to a certain extent, for she was partly born so; but she had likewise partly made herself so. She had assisted Nature, as we all do, and had not assisted her very wisely—too frequent a case. Thus she had grown into a timid, apathetic-looking woman, whose concentrated depth of purpose no one expected.

Whilst Dora teased John Luan this evening, and Mrs. Courtenay made little innocent speeches, Mrs. Luan, whom no one heeded, and who seemed absorbed in her patchwork, felt in a strange tumult. Her thoughts, unaccustomed to wander far, centred around this great fact: "John is in love with her."

She was a plain, simple creature, and the eye of the law and the constitution, and all of them are—and must be—equally interested in the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the country; for if it be prosperous and progressive, all must enjoy their proportionate share of the prosperity; while, on the other hand, if stagnation be the order of things, all in their respective degrees or stations must proportionately suffer. Now, these being the facts, it is a plain proposition, easily established, that it is not only in the interest of those eighteen nationalities whose lot is cast together in this happy land, but in the interest of this their native or adopted country, that peace and unity should prevail amongst them, and that they should live together in friendship and harmony, and as far as practicable all pull together for the general good. (Applause.) The soundness of this proposition, I take it, can hardly be denied. I am sure in asserting that the who-ever acts in opposition to these sentiments, and counsels an opposite course of conduct, is an evil genius in the country, whose advice, in so far as it clashes with the principles laid down, is not safe to follow, and whose influence for mischief, as far as possible, should be counteracted by the wise, the prudent, and the good. (Applause.) A house divided against itself cannot stand. A house or family is but a nation in miniature, and no more can a divided nation prosper and progress than can the members of a family who seriously disagree. It is not, therefore, in the broad interest of this country or its people, in its social or political concerns, that national or sectional feelings should be unnecessarily appealed to or aroused; and where there are so many nationalities associated together in one great partnership, as it were, for a common object, if any

ONE OF THOSE NATIONALITIES

singles itself out from all the rest to create national prejudices and keep alive sectarian issues, a natural consequence of the operation of human nature will be that nationality or sect will inherit in a great degree the hostility of all the rest, and will certainly be a sufferer, and no gainer, to the full extent of its indiscretion in this respect. This being admitted, and it cannot well be denied, it is obvious to the least reflecting that the true interests of the Irish in Canada—whether Protestant or Catholic—lie in avoiding the occupation of so anomalous and unprofitable a position: and, in every way in their power, to disown and disapprove of the conduct of unauthorized individuals who, devoid of a broad patriotism, to answer selfish ends and purposes, continually deal and dabble in national and sectarian issues. (Applause.) In my address on St. Patrick's Day last, which is pleasing to me to know, met with so extensive an approval from the leading and thinking Catholic men of the Dominion, I pointed out that in trade and commerce, and in the matter of public contracts, the Irishmen of Canada were in no way behind their neighbours of other nationalities in either enterprise or success. This cannot be denied—no one pretends to contradict the assertion—and on this head, we hear no complaint from the constitutional grumblers and agitators, who profess to have so much at heart the welfare of their countrymen and co-religionists. It may be taken for granted, then, that on these heads there is no room for complaint; although to my mind, if thousands of our countrymen who drag out a miserable existence in large towns and cities, both in Canada and elsewhere, were to make an effort to settle themselves on a farm—however humble their beginning—they would be far more comfortable, far more independent, far happier, more contented, and better off in every way than they can ever possibly hope to be depending on the precarious subsistence of a day's labor. Much better would it be for them—

"Why don't you ask for news?" said Paul.

"No, you must eat first. There, hold your plate, and no leave it morsel."

Paul obeyed implicitly. He ate and drank heartily, and soon looked much the better for the meal his thoughtful little sister had provided.

"And now," said Dora, sitting down at his feet on his moccasin which she had brought down for that purpose—"now you may tell me all."

Her bright eyes were fastened on his in eager expectation; her parted lips expressed the very keenness of desire.

"Well, imagine a wild landscape with mountains around it, a grassy park with noble trees, the smoke of waterfall on your right hand, and on your left a little gray lake with a patch of blue sky; in the distance a plain white house—that is Deenah. When I reached the house an old servant in sober livery showed me into the room where Mr. Courtenay was sitting. I saw a little pale old man, blind of one eye, on whom I should have been afraid to blow, so weak did he seem. He held out his hand, a cold weak hand, and told me in a whisper—I am glad to see you; but I had a wretched night—I woke at two—sleeplessness is constitutional with me. I had a fall three months back, and some nerve got injured, for when the weather changes I feel a great throbbing and cannot sleep."

"Did he ask after mamma or aunt Luan?"

FATHER BURKE.

HIS SERMON IN LIMERICK.

"THE GLORY OF THE HOUSE OF GOD."

A most interesting ceremony took place on the 5th inst., in the Dominican church of St. Saviour, Glenworth street, Limerick, on the occasion of the dedication of a magnificent new pulpit, which has recently been erected in the church. The structure of the pulpit is octagonal, supported on clustered pillars of polished granite; the body is of carved Caen stone. The figures in full relief are the four Evangelists, placed in niches in the corners; the intermediate panels are supplied with slate frontals containing beautiful artistic paintings by (Mr. Westlake, of London,) of St. Thomas of Aquin, O. P.; St. Hyacinth, O. P. St. Peter Martyr, O. P.; and St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. The figure of St. Dominicus surrounds the baldachino, which is of carved oak admirably executed by Boyd & Son, of Dublin. The body of the pulpit is ascended by a flight of ponderous oaken stairs. The cost of this magnificient addition to the ornamentation of this exquisite church is about £300; and nothing can add more to the grandeur of one of the most beautiful of the Irish churches.

On the occasion of the dedication, solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which the Very Rev. Dr. Carbery, Provincial General, presided; the Very Rev. C. H. Condon, O. P., Prior of St. Saviour's, was celebrant; the Rev. Father Kenny, O.R. Prior of Boulagh (Portumna), deacon; Rev. Father O'Flaherty, O. P., sub-deacon; Rev. Father Duhig, O. P., master of ceremonies.

At the gospel, the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., who spoke as follows:—

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House and the place where Thy Glory dwelteth."—Words taken from the book of Psalms.

As we are assembled here to-day, dearly beloved brethren, to make our offering to the Almighty God, and to dedicate in its own especial form to His service the beautiful pulpit in which I am unworthy to stand, it is well that we should consider largely and deeply the thoughts to which this subject invites us. "I have loved," inspired one said, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House and the place where Thy glory dwelteth;" and you also have loved the beauty of the House of God. Your love for that beauty is attested by this stately temple in which we are assembled—by the beauty of those altars and by the loveliness of all the things you have brought here to day to surround our Lord Jesus Christ and to give Him honor. But the crowning beauty of the House of God is in the pulpit from which I preach. When we consider the purpose for which it is erected the word which will resound through it in the future generations—the awfulness of the sanctity and significance of that word—it is a crowning beauty of the temple of God. My beloved, the Almighty God, the Scripture tells us made all things for Himself. Everything that His hand created was made for an especial purpose, and that was that all creation might speak the praise and announce the glory of its Creator. He made the universe so vast that even science finds itself kneeling upon the threshold of those mighty systems that revolve around us, and far away from us, in the limitless ocean of space. The ancients had a theory that the movements of all those bodies corresponded to a living voice of sweet music,—that they moved to sounds of harmony, which seemed to have its sanction in the Scriptures, for describing the first day of the Creation, Holy Job explains:—"the morning stars praised the Lord, and all sons of God made together a sweet melody." The beauty of the vast universe, according to St. Thomas, consists in the admirable order of its movements. That beauty of the universe proves the existence of an order and law which guide and influence mighty spheres almost infinite in their greatness and almost limitless in their numbers. The law that guides them speaks of God. And, dearly beloved, the Scriptures say that "the heavens tell the glory of God," that "the firmament proclaims the work of His power," and the voices of knowledge of heaven and earth speak as the voice of order. The day proclaims the heart of the succeeding day, and the night reveals the knowledge of the night which is to come. Thus it was discovered that Almighty God created all things for Himself, and that all nature might be, as it were, the pulpit through which the living voice goes forth to proclaim His works.

But, dearly beloved, the voice of nature—resonant though it be—yet only tells us a few of the truths concerning Almighty God. These truths were speculated upon and discovered even by some of the greatest Pagan philosophers,—and we find Didactus reasoning upon the immortality of the soul; yet although the material creation around them spoke to them, so far, of God, a better time was approaching—this time was coming when the light which nature only so imperfectly revealed—when the light which was so dimly foreseen, even by the prophets and the patriarchs and the priests of old—when that light was to burst forth upon the earth in all the fullness and majesty of its glory, and when the voice that spoke before a few words, would reveal not merely the stars in heaven—not merely the silent though eloquent testimony of the admirable beauty and order of earth—not merely the music of the spheres; which proclaimed the law and order, were to speak to God; but when God Himself was to speak Himself;—when the Son of the Father was to tell to man all things of heaven—when earth was to respond to the voice of God incarnate—when all hearts were to rejoice at the mercy, peace, truth and love which He brought to them. When that time came, the Eternal Son of God, "consubstantial to the Father, the very figures of His substance and the splendor of His glory, became inanimate of the Holy Ghost and Virgin Mary;" when He mingled Himself with our nature and became man, the true Son of a human mother—but that mother was the purest of Virgins, even when she was a mother; a true man, put to the sad test of all the sorrow and all the suffering and all the agony which the sin of man placed upon Him,—yet, true man as He was in the integrity of His nature, He was God and man, united in one person, and that person was not only human but Divine;—and so He came and lifted up his voice, and He spoke among men and He who spoke was the Son of God, and the words that fell from His blessed mouth were the voice and teaching of God. Now, behold! the very earth was transformed; new secrets are revealed; mysteries are unfolded, that neither nature nor prophecy had ever clearly spoken to man; now, the hidden things of God's power are heard emanating from God, speaking Himself; the very heavens themselves are transformed; the sun, the moon and the stars, which from the first day of the Creation looked down upon the earth, pour rays of light upon the feet of the blessed Son of God—Himself made man. He sat upon the mountain-side and taught a multitude, and in the very voice of His teaching He re-

vealed to them that beautiful hidden mystery that we were all—in virtue of His Incarnation—and by the assimilation of His Incarnation—made children of God; the Eternal Father had adopted us, and that as far as moral union would effect it the very nature of God mingled itself with our nature by the divine grace; and that we are entitled to look up to Heaven and say to Him who created us, "Our Father!"—not merely our Creator—not merely our Providence Preserver—not merely our Judge, but our Father. What words more full of tenderness and lovingness could come from the lips of a child and fall upon His ears? And this was the very first word which He taught them upon that blessed mountain near Jerusalem. He lifted His voice and spoke with all the authority of God—with all the truth of God. Those mountains might have caught before the prophet's voice, but it was the feeble voice of man; those mountains might have witnessed the preaching of baptists, who proclaimed that the Almighty God was in the midst of His people; but now those mountain glens ring back with gladness the echo of the voice of God, speaking in the midst of them.

At another time He spoke from a boat, out upon the waters of Lake Genassareth; and that boat was the pulpit. And from these waters a voice resounded. It was the voice of Eternal Truth. At another time the temple of Jerusalem responded to the voice of His preaching. The very sacrifices for which that temple was built found their fulfillment in Him. All the mysteries of the Old Law for which the temple was erected, were all accomplished in Him. And so it was fitting that those very walls which responded to the teaching of the prophets, foretelling His coming, should respond at last with the voice of the Son of God. And the Temple of Jerusalem became the witness of the teaching of God, and of the fulfillment of all its ancient rites.

Thus, for three years did the Son of God make use of this earth as His place of preaching. He made use of the mountains, and of the sea, and of the dwellings of men as the pulpits from which He spoke to His people; until the blessed day came when death was swallowed up in victory, and the glory of the Resurrection asserted its triumph over the tomb. He then returned to Heaven, and the Apostles, looking after the bright figure of their Maker, saw the clouds reverently divide, and His glory pass up in the midst of them; and a voice spoke:—"Open wide, ye eternal gates, ye everlasting portals, that the King of Glory may enter in." Then that voice died away, and never resounded more upon the earth; that voice was never heard again by the ears of man.

Jesus Christ enlightened and regenerated man. He shed His blood and made atonement for our sins. But did we require nothing else? Was the work of Calvary all-sufficient? No. Man required much more. He had his intelligence, his heart, and his will. These could only be reached by Divine Grace in the form of the Word of God; and therefore our Divine Lord painfully, patiently, laboriously, spent three years enlightening humanity, driving faith into the souls of men, dispelling the darkness and softening the hardness of their hearts, and bending, not breaking, their hitherto inflexible will, in order that He might prepare them, and that, having effected His Holy purpose, He might immolate Himself upon the cross and take away their sins. But His word went before Heaven; and that word was as necessary to all future generations of men as it was unto those who heard it from the very lips of Jesus Christ; the Word of God—the one great redeeming and regenerating power. "In Him was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; and the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us;" and as the Word Incarnate came to redeem man, so He made use of the spoken word of His own eternal truth in order to prepare men for that redemption; to make men understand; to make them capable of feeling the importance of the grace which our Divine Lord purchased for us by His death.

Now I ask again is this saying and life giving word to depart? Is this word which brought light, and in bringing light brought His love to man,—is it to be heard no longer? Rising from the dead and ascending into Heaven He disappears, to be seen no more. But, before He left us, recognizing all the future wants of man, knowing well that unto the end of time generation would succeed generation, and that the wants of all would be the same, and that He only could supply them, He left Himself upon this earth, invisible indeed, but in the reality of His presence upon the altar of the Catholic Church, speaking as He spoke of old, yet by the lips of other men—men consecrated—men commissioned—men conceived in sin, yet speaking the self-same word that He spoke in the days of His mortal life. Behold then the two-fold purpose for which the Catholic Church is built. First of all, directly and immediately for the Real Presence of the Son of God. Within the golden gates of the tabernacle He dwelleth. At the morning call of the sacrificing priest He opens the gates of Heaven and descends from His throne of infinite glory and mingles Himself with the priest on the altar, and in the priest's hands, as really, as truly, and as substantially as when the Virgin of Nazareth opened her hands and said, "Be it done according to the word," and He did come. It is because He is really present, that the Catholic Church at all times endeavors to surround the altar with every thing that the skilled workman and the genius of the artist can devise, to bespeak His presence and announce it by the objects of His surroundings. What is fairest and rarest—ever that which is hidden under the hills—the Church will gather. She will search the mountains until she comes upon the precious marble to adorn the altars of her God. The fairest and most fragrant products of the earth, the Church calls, with a loving of the earth, the Church calls, with a loving in, order that the flowers and fruits which He Himself created may spend themselves before Him. She plucks from the olive tree its rich fruit in order that it may be used in the form of oil in the lamps which burn before the Blessed Sacrament, and there die out in adoration of God. All this is for His real presence. But there is another presence in the Catholic Church; and it is a presence not only of the real body but of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. Now the Scriptures of the New Law, especially the writings of St. Paul, teach with evidence that Our Lord is not only present in His real body, but in His mystical body, "He is the head of the Church, says St. Paul, and He dwelleth in the midst of us, taking care of us, anticipating our wants and strengthening our paths with favors—with the highest favors in the word of Christ,—and loving His Church as the tenderest bridegroom loves his bride, for this is the simile which the Apostle St. Paul has used to describe the love of Jesus Christ for His Church. For the wants of that mystical body the Church provides as for the wants of the dignity of the real body of her Lord the stately altar and rich tabernacle, so for the mystical body she provides the pulpit of the Church—the place in which the accredited speaker proclaims the glory of Jesus and His claim to the faith of men. It is the Royal Throne wherein the loving heart of God is enshrined, and from which is sent forth, like a two-edged sword, the message from God to man. It is the place

from which comes every emotion of sorrow or of love, or of joy, as they pass from the heart of Christ, through the Virgin mind of the beloved spouse of God—His Church. He tells us of the sufferings and of the glories of the Son of God—speaking to-day of His infinite mercy and love, to-morrow announcing with equal truth the terrors of eternity and the anger of His judgment. Behold then this pulpit. It is a dwelling place of the word of God, speaking of His mystical body, as the tabernacle is the dwelling place of Jesus Christ enclosing and enthroning His real body. Well, such being the purpose for which this edifice of preaching is erected, I ask you to consider next how beautiful is the word which shall resound from it through all future generations. And the Eternal Word, the Holy Ghost tells us, is the figure of the Father substantial, the splendor of his glory; and the same Eternal Word, the inspired Apostle tells us was the image of God crucified. That same word which will resound from this pulpit to you and your children, and their children's children unto succeeding generations, also the image of God, inasmuch as it is one that is unchangeable and unchanged: that it is eternal; that it is to last forever; and that it is the reflection of God because it is His sanctity. First then, the word that shall resound from the pulpit of this church is one. If it is not one it cannot be the truth; if it is not the truth it cannot be the word of God. If it is not one it cannot be the truth. God has given us by the light of human reason sufficient reason to know that that which is divided and contradictory cannot be true. Two statements, one contradicting the other, one way or the other, must be false. They might both be false, but one being true establishes the falsehood of the other which contradicts it. Therefore, wherever truth is, it must be one. But Christ our Lord promised the Church that He would leave to her the legacy of truth. He tells us that the special purpose for which He sent the Holy Ghost was to lead them into the truth and keep them in the truth." He calls Him the Spirit of Truth, and "I will send my Spirit upon you and lead you into all truth;" and His last prayer to His Heavenly Father at the last Supper was for His Church. He says: "I have taught them the truth; keep them and make them one in that truth." What wonder then, dearly beloved, that all else, outside the Catholic Church—who ever preaches or speaks in the name of God—is sure to be contradicted, is sure to get the lie in his teeth from others equally unauthorized with himself. All is confusion; all is contradiction and breaking up into daily multiplying sects, which are daily repudiating each other as teachers of falsehood. But in the voice of this great Church of God—a Church spreading over the whole earth—speaking in every nation and language, and for every race of men—speaking in every state; speaking at all times and on all subjects, with a voice which never yet contradicted itself—never yet belied one of its previous dogmatic utterances—never spoke in one truth, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be unto the end of time. Have you ever heard in the experience of your lives one word of teaching—or of dogmatic teaching in the Church—in one Catholic Church ever takes the form of doctrinal or dogmatic teaching, in which the Church reveals the mysteries of God and explains them as far as they can be explained, or as far as God wishes them to be explained. There is witnessed the holy Scripture and its truth. We instruct not only in what we believe but also as to how we should regulate our lives—what should be done and what should be avoided in our daily intercourse with each other. And in teaching the mysteries—the dogmatic practices of the Church—we are bound to believe that they are as holy as God, as holy in truth—noting more or less than the revelation of God Himself. Oh, how grand, how lofty the standard, how splendid the law, how grand the deductions from that law that form the pith and substance of the morality of the religion of Jesus Christ taught in the Catholic Church. First of all consider the standard of holiness put before us, and which shall be put before us and our children to all time. The world of moral teaching takes in every sanctity of God. Jesus Christ Himself is our standard. We are bound to believe that they are as holy as God, as holy in truth—noting more or less than the revelation of God Himself. Oh, how grand, how lofty the standard, how splendid the law, how grand the deductions from that law that form the pith and substance of the morality of the religion of Jesus Christ taught in the Catholic Church. First of all consider the standard of holiness put before us, and which shall be put before us and our children to all time. The world of moral teaching takes in every sanctity of God. Jesus Christ Himself is our standard.

It would be well if that rock sent forth a stream that was forever flowing with equal clearness—with equal volume—with equal rapidity—flowing unto the last day. But it is not a transitory word that shall resound from here—it is no mere passing out of the waters of salvation, that shall rush from this rock; but from this rock, as from all such places in every Catholic Church in the world, shall ever, ever, flow a pure and limpid doctrine, unsullied by even the slightest speck of error—untainted by the poison of even a false phrase or suggestion as to the truth of God—flowing on into the river of the earth, unto the enlightenment of souls, unto the vivifying of the sons of men, unto the last days of the world's doom.

The Church, being the image of God, is undying and imperishable. Whatever partakes of the nature of God has essential life and can never perish, but must go on living for ever. Therefore we call Him the living God. But more than this: God is infinitely holy—God is more than this: God is holiness itself. Whatever there is in Heaven or in earth that is holy, it is only holy in so much as God glorified upon it and gave it some slight participation in His own holiness. Let us contemplate the Immaculate Mother of God. All the angels and saints fade before her, just as the stars in the heavens fade away when the sun rises in the morning. Let us contemplate the glory and sanctity of that mighty Archangel, to whom the Lord said: "Go forth, O Michael! and destroy my enemies." And he spoke in a voice of thunder, because he had received power from God; and he drove the demons forth. When we contemplate the martyrs and angels who form the court of God in Heaven, we are astonished at their grace and sanctity, and we are blinded by the brightness of their glory; and speaking only of one of them—St. Paul—St. John Chrysostom says:—Whenever I contemplate the Apostle I feel my very soul blinded by the brightness of his sanctity." Yet, the sanctity of Mary, the Mother of God, was greater than the holiness of all the angels and saints of God that are in Heaven or ever shall be to the last day. When all shall be gathered into their places on the last day, their sanctity shall no more merit to that of Mary than a drop of water upon your little finger is compared with the mighty ocean, or as the faintest ray of light penetrating through a chink in the wall, and falling upon the dark floor of a prison; a dungeon, as compared with the glorious sun that illuminates the earth! Therefore, the sanctity or holiness of anything is so much greater or less in proportion as God permits it to partake of His own sanctity and holiness. The word that shall resound from this pulpit to the end of time is, therefore, holy in itself and is intended to produce the same holiness in all who hear it—holier in itself for the teaching that goes forth from the pulpits of the Catholic Church ever takes the form of doctrinal or dogmatic teaching, in which the Church reveals the mysteries of God and explains them as far as they can be explained, or as far as God wishes them to be explained. There is witnessed the holy Scripture and its truth. We instruct not only in what we believe but also as to how we should regulate our lives—what should be done and what should be avoided in our daily intercourse with each other. And in teaching the mysteries—the dogmatic practices of the Church—we are bound to believe that they are as holy as God, as holy in truth—noting more or less than the revelation of God Himself. Oh, how grand, how lofty the standard, how splendid the law, how grand the deductions from that law that form the pith and substance of the morality of the religion of Jesus Christ taught in the Catholic Church. First of all consider the standard of holiness put before us, and which shall be put before us and our children to all time. The world of moral teaching takes in every sanctity of God. Jesus Christ Himself is our standard.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

CALENDAR—JUNE 1878.

THURSDAY, 13—Octave. Dr. Esmonde hung in Dublin, 1798.
FRIDAY, 14—U. S. Flag adopted.
SATURDAY, 15—S.S. Vitus, Modestus and Crescentia.
SUNDAY, 16—Trinity Sunday.
MONDAY, 17—St. Barnabas. Battle of Bunker Hill.
TUESDAY, 18—U. S. declared war against England.
WEDNESDAY, 19—Henry VIII. Crowned King of England.

POLITICS IN CANADA.

With the closing scene of the House of Commons—fresh in our memories—with a Speaker electing himself in our Local Legislature by his own casting vote, and an M.P.P., it is alleged, drugged and kidnapped in order to keep him out of the way, we have no reason to congratulate ourselves upon the state of politics in Canada. The report we publish of the kidnapping of Mr. Peltier is, if true, a startling evidence of the laxity of honorable dealings in political affairs. Sheridan once said that "conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics," and some of our Canadian politicians are furnishing us with evidences of the truth of the remark.

PARTY PROCESSIONS.

The Star is bidding for the support of the Orangemen. Having lost the good will of one section of the people, it is trying to make up for it by courting the assistance of another. It openly champions the cause of the Orangemen, and thinks that they alone should not be singled out for legislative restrictions. It says that all party processions, religious and otherwise, should be embraced in the proposed Party Processions Act, which it is hoped the Joly Administration will pass. We fail to see how "religious" processions can be included in the word "party," and an attempt to do so would be a gross breach of administrative justice. If religious processions are to cease, they should cease by the voluntary abandonment of them by the people, and not by Act of Parliament. Some people may say that the Orange processions are religious, being founded on the "Word of God"; but experience has taught us that Orange processions cause more strife and ill-feeling than brotherly love. However, the Star is bidding for their support.

SOCIALISM.

When Voltaire started mankind with his creed of individualism, he planted the seeds of social chaos in the void he made in men's hearts, when they blasphemously heard "there is no God but man." It was no new idea, indeed, that individualism of Voltaire's, for it existed in many forms ages before his time, and it has, in some form or other, convulsed Europe for many a decade. Louis Philippe fled from it; Lombardy rose against the Austrians; Sicily rebelled; Austria was torn with agitators; and the King of Prussia accepted the situation, and was weak enough to wear the colors of the Socialists of his day. At last the Commune opened the eyes of a surprised world, and it was then seen by men who would not believe before, that Socialism was the enemy of order and the antagonist of constituted society. From Europe it is not to be wondered that Socialism should travel to America, and threaten there to establish its ideal republic. From the United States we hear that the well-disposed citizens are arming against the threatened outbreak of the Socialists. In Europe society is honey-combed with socialistic ideas, and thus far, Canada appears to be safe from the contagion. Let us hope it will continue so.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

An effort is being made to re-organize the 4th Battalion of Volunteers in the 6th Military District. It is not to be a new corps, but a transfer of the headquarters of inefficient independent companies to Montreal. We are all aware that the Government is sternly opposed to any increase of the Volunteer Militia, but it cannot be opposed to a measure which will make an efficient battalion from inefficient independent companies. Besides, the 6th Military District is not fairly treated in the number of men now allowed to it in the Active Militia. It has far below its quota, and there is neither a piece of artillery nor a cavalry horse in the district. On active service it is expected that each district would turn out an efficient brigade, or perhaps division, but in the case of the 6th District this would be impossible. The fact that the district is treated thus makes people say that it is because it is the Catholic and French-Canadian district, a statement we would be very slow to credit. However, the Government can do some good to the service, and stop unpleasant rumors, by granting permission to have the headquarters of the companies we refer to transferred to Montreal. The General has reported against independent companies and this is a favorable opportunity of carrying his ideas into effect.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

We publish a letter which appeared in this morning's *Herald*, and signed by "David Grant, County Master, and Abraham Mackey, District Master," of the Orange Order in this locality. The letter is a compromise. It declares that the Orangemen have resolved to walk, but that they will, on certain conditions, abstain from inviting "certain persons from a distance," to take part in their demonstration; that is, if they are "protected" by the authorities. They declare, that if so protected, they will not carry arms. Why should they? In the event of being "protected" there would be no necessity to go armed. Besides, men cannot openly defy the law. But the authorities cannot protect the Orangemen. It is an illegal society, as anyone who reads the Act passed during the time Sir John Colborne was in office can plainly see. The Act itself was passed in 1839, and it was consolidated in 1860. We have the opinions of some of the leading lawyers in the Province for saying that that Act, clearly and unmistakably, makes Orangeism an illegal society. The Freemasons are specially mentioned as not coming under the provisions of the Act, but all other secret societies, where oaths are administered, or where there are different branches or lodges, are plainly marked out, and it makes them all illegal, and the members of them guilty of a misdemeanor. In face of that Act the authorities cannot protect the Orangemen. It is true that no body of men, not legally constituted for the purpose and acting under magisterial control, has the right to interfere with even an illegal procession; but it is equally true that such procession cannot be protected, unless the authorities choose to set the laws of the Province at open defiance. Again, the letter blandly expresses a desire to see all processions done away with. Do Messrs. Grant and Mackey mean all processions in Canada, or only in the Province of Quebec? The doing away with all processions within the limits of the Dominion is a fairly debatable question; but the doing away with all processions within the Province of Quebec alone would be a great injustice. We wish both Orangemen and Catholic Union could be induced to loyalty not within the provisions of the law, and at least abstain from carrying deadly weapons. All good citizens should support the authorities in their efforts to enforce the Blake Act, and then if there is disturbance on the 12th, it will not do very much harm if the question is fought out in true Irish fashion with the traditional shillelagh, and we may be all the best of friends for it too.

OUR VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

Canada has about 40,000 apparently efficient volunteers. In physique, in battalion drill, in discipline, and in love of country, these 40,000 men are equal to a similar number of militia in any country in the world. To all outward appearances, they could hold their own if subjected to the rude test of war. They are hardy and patriotic, and they have outlived a period of unpopularity, and are now looked upon with favor by the country at large. No one doubts their fidelity, no one questions their courage; but with all that we question their efficiency. Passing in review order before a saluting point, wheeling "like a gate," skirmishing "like a ladder," or standing "like a wall," no more prove the complete efficiency of a battalion than firing at a target is a proof that the target will be hit. Let us take the review that took place on May 24th in Montreal. It was, on the whole, a display of which Canadians might well be proud. Perhaps we have no right to expect much better, and, no doubt, the gallant soldier who commands the volunteer militia had to make great efforts to secure the outward semblance of efficiency which that review displayed. But still the troops were not efficient. And why? Because there was an absence of even an attempt at organization, such as troops in the field require. There was not an ammunition wagon—except those attached to the field-pieces—on the ground: there was not a pack-horse, to supply ammunition to the troops, to be seen: there was not a commissariat man attached to any of the corps: there was no evidence of a medical staff or ambulance men in the entire line: and very few, if any, of the four thousand men who looked so well and marched so steadily past the saluting point, knew anything of internal economy, or could relieve a guard or pitch a tent, if required to do so. No doubt people will say, "Very true, but those duties and this knowledge would be acquired in a short time in real warfare." This is true and it is not true—besides no man is really efficient unless he is acquainted with the duties which fall to his lot if called out for active service. A sergeant who could not relieve a guard could scarcely be considered "efficient," and an officer who knows nothing of the routine of the orderly-room is not likely to be regarded as "promising." Besides, there is no branch of the service so difficult to manage, or so hard to learn, as the commissariat, and we can never look upon the volunteer militia as efficient, until some effort is made to supply us with a staff whose duties it shall be to study the art of obtaining and distributing supplies. If we are to have a thoroughly efficient force, this is a necessity: if we are to be satisfied with an apparently efficient force, then we can go on as we have been going—day, go day: God send Sunday,—until the sudden thunder-clap of war finds us unprepared, and, consequently, partly demoralized. No man who has ever gone through a campaign but knows that nothing destroys the *esprit de corps* more than a disorganized commissariat. It paralyzes the Generals, incapacitates the men, and it causes more casualties than the bullets of the enemy. In our Canadian battalions, our quartermasters and our quartermasters' ser-

geants are, if they exist at all, simply sinecures. They take no special pains to learn their duties, nor are there any opportunities of doing so afforded them. We know that it is the custom to make little of this branch of the service, but food, at the right time, and in the right place, is just as necessary as rifles, and a hundred times harder to obtain. If any of our readers have ever seen, and no doubt many have, an efficiency army corps, with its pontoon bridges, ambulances, pack-mules, its commissariat, and all the necessary adjuncts to a corps prepared for active service, they will realize the difference between the efficiency of a Canadian volunteer battalion and a battalion of men prepared in every detail to take the field. And instead of being reduced, as some people may fancy, the *impedimenta* of a modern army corps, is vastly greater than it was before the days of arms of precision. Then large masses of troops concentrated together more closely in action than they do at present, and the baggage train generally kept together. Now the troops are scattered, ammunition is quickly expended and the necessity for keeping the supplies for a battalion, near the battalion itself, is more difficult than ever. More ammunition is required and consequently more horses. Not only should each battalion, but we think that each company, as in Germany, should have a baggage supply of its own. We grant that it would be a waste of money to supply these waggons in time of peace, but we would like to see the men whose duty it would be to look after the supplies—the quarter-masters and the quarter-master's sergeants, taught something of their duties. The Engineers might too be furnished with a pontoon or two, and at our next review some effort should be made to muster a commissariat and a hospital staff. Ordinary waggon could be covered for the occasion, the troops could be supplied with rations on the ground, and thus they would learn something of the duties which would be required of them in the event of active employment. Meanwhile there is nothing to prevent the commanders of battalions having their men instructed in guard mounting, and the officers and the non-commissioned officers in the theory of internal economy. We hope our Volunteer Militia, will accept this criticism in the spirit in which it is tendered—for the good of the service—and that we shall hear no more of the whispered calumnies, or the mischievous inferences which sometimes since nearly caused a rupture in a certain corps. We are the friend of the Volunteer Militia; we take a hearty interest in its welfare, and we shall forward its interest in every way in our power—if we are allowed.

ORANGEISM.

There was an Orange concert in Montreal on Wednesday evening. The platform was crowded with L. O. L.s. and O. Y. P.s., and as we read in Job, "Satan came also," for Chiniquy the moral was there. Mr. D. Grant, County Master of the Orange Order, "clothed in the brilliant-colored robes and crimson hat appertaining to his office," was in the chair. Mr. Grant is not an orator, nor is he the Orange order particular as to its leaders. It does not pretend to be aristocratic; in fact, it is decidedly plebeian in its tastes. Anyone will answer for a "Grand" or a "First Grand," and so Mr. D. Grant occupied the chair. His speech reads pretty well, but it was obviously delivered. He assured his audience that it was the "weak-kneed Protestants" who were to blame for the position the Order held in Montreal, and he plausibly told his readers that "Orangeism is founded upon the Word of God." No doubt of it. We have always known that Orangeism was founded "on the Word of God." Nay, more, we can give the text. Orangeism is founded on the 68th Psalm, 24th verse, which says: "That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and that the tongues of thy dogs may be red through the same." Of course, people will doubt this, but it was believed in by Daniel O'Connell, who obtained the passwords from an informer. The "Word of God" answers the purpose of the devil, for Mormonism is founded upon its interpretation, and there is no reason why the "Word of God" should not answer Orangeism as well. But let us follow Mr. Grant. He said that the Orangemen were tolerant, and in proof of this referred to Mr. Kirwan's visit to Kingston, and that Mr. Kirwan was disappointed in finding the Orangemen so tolerant. Now, about this visit to Kingston, let us tell something that has not been hitherto made public. Mr. Kirwan was invited to lecture at Kingston, and he selected for his subject "Irish Soldiers in Foreign Lands." It is a neutral subject, and one to which no one can take exception. The same lecture was given in Montreal, and the *Witness* wrote of it as "impartial." If Mr. Kirwan went to Kingston to lecture upon "Orangeism," there would be some reason to threaten disturbance, but even upon such a subject as "Irish Soldiers in Foreign Lands" the Young Britons threatened to interfere. When Mr. Kirwan heard that his presence in Kingston was likely to cause a row, he wrote to the Mayor, expressing his willingness to abandon his visit rather than be the cause of riot or bloodshed. Mr. Kirwan preferred to have the imputation of "coward" flung at him rather than be the cause of trouble. This the Mayor of Kingston can prove. Now, let the Orangemen from Ontario act in a similar spirit of citizenship. Mr. Kirwan was giving no earthly cause for disturbance. He did not go to defy the Orangemen. He did not go to insult or to annoy them, and he was courteously treated by the Orange leaders. But the Ontario Orangemen are coming here to defy and insult the Catholics, and they would prove that they were acting more in harmony with the Word of God if they remain away. After Mr. Grant we had Chiniquy and Beau-

dry, who bellowed abuse as usual. One phrase of Chiniquy's deserves notice. He said something about Equal Rights being written in "letters of blood." Will some one, anyone, tell us of a single measure—one single measure—or half a measure, or one idea, that was ever put forward to grant Catholics "Equal Rights," and which the Orangemen did not oppose? But the Orangemen, "with devotion's visage and pious action, sugar o'er the devil himself," and talk of Equal Rights! To quote Catholic authority against them would be useless, but here is what *Protestants* said of them. Lord Gosford, the Governor of Armagh, an anti-Catholic nobleman, spoke of the outrages of Orange men thus:—

"Resolved, That it appears to this meeting that the county of Armagh is, at this moment, in a state of uncommon disorder; that the Roman Catholic inhabitants are grievously oppressed, by lawless persons unknown, who attack and plunder their houses by night, and threaten them with instant destruction unless they abandon, immediately, their lands and habitations."

This was the first of six resolutions proposed by Lord Gosford, whilst governor of the county, to a general meeting of magistrates, for the purpose, as the third of those resolutions expresses, of stopping the progress of the persecution then carrying on by an ungovernable mob against the Roman Catholic inhabitants of that county. On that occasion the noble Lord spoke a written address to the meeting, in which he told them that he was as true a Protestant as any in that place, and that from holding the situation he did in the county, he was called upon, and would declare his sentiments without fear and without disguise. That meeting consisted of the whole body of the magistracy of the county of Armagh, and being convened for the purpose I have mentioned—to concert measures to check the disgraceful enormities that were likely to reduce it to the deepest distress—his Lordship's words to them on that occasion are the most unimpeachable evidence that can be resorted to of the nature, spirit and extent of Orangeism at that time, when only the first quarterly return of the success of that dangerous society was made. In part of his address his Lordship said:—

"It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that calamity, is now raging in this county. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, as to any guilt in the late disturbances, is sufficient to excite mercy or afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is a crime indeed of easy proof: *It is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing that faith.* A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is equally concise and terrible! It is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and an immediate banishment. It would be extremely painful, and surely unnecessary, to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription. A proscription that certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient and modern history can supply: for where we have heard, or in what story of human cruelty have we read of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means, as well as of the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them? This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this country. Yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting with impunity. The spirit of impartial justice (without which law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in the county, and the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom."

Such is the account given by a peer of the realm, the governor of a county, and a loyal Protestant, of Orange cruelty!!!

Henry Grattan, speaking in the Irish House of Commons, in 1796, condemned the "Orangemen or Protestant Boys" of his time as "a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of Liberty;" who, in the perpetration of their outrages, "had met with impunity, success and triumph. They had triumphed over the law, they had triumphed over the magistrates, and they had triumphed over the people. There, (in Armagh) persecution, rebellion, inquisition, murder, robbery, devastation and extermination had been entirely victorious."

The whole history of Orangeism in Ireland justifies this emphatic censure of the institution.

The Rt. Hon. George Ponsonby, in the same place, adopting the language of Lord Gosford, denounced the enormities of the Orangemen in Armagh, as having "exceeded any that ever disgraced any country." The reproach—just as it then was—would be even more applicable to the entire history of Orange enormities in Ireland.

Arthur O'Connor, himself a Protestant, in his examination before the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, August 16th, 1798, in response to a question put by Lord Castlereagh, explicitly charged the Irish Government with persistently laboring to foment and extend the Orange Institution, with the express purpose of dividing the people of Ireland, by inciting them to hostile collision about religious differences, so as to make the work of destroying the Irish Parliament all the more easy and certain. He positively stated that it had come to his knowledge that considerable sums of money had been expended, in the interest and with the approbation of the Irish Government, in endeavoring to extend the Orange system, and that the oath of extermination was administered. He further declared it impossible, from what he knew of the facts of the case, to exculpate the Irish Government "from being the parent and protector of these sworn extirpators," whose fanaticism would not permit them to see that they were enlisted under the banners of religion to fight for political usurpation.

Eminent Englishmen, as well as Irishmen,

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE PROGRESS OF THE EXHIBITION.—WANDERINGS AMONG THE EXHIBITS OF FISHES—INSECTS AND TUNISIANS.—THE PARIS DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO THE AMERICAN DEPARTMENT.

(FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, MAY 22, 1878.

We are not far from the leavy month of June, and the Exhibition will not be completed before the close of May. Yesterday an immense train of exhibits for the French groups entered the building, and the last may find themselves first. England, the most advanced, has yet to complete her colonial trophy. The Canadian section, very rich, will soon be ready. New Zealand is conspicuous by her absence, and the Cape of Good Hope just puts in an appearance—chiefly in wool, ostrich feathers, and diamonds. Australia is nearly settled down to business, and is fully represented, not only by natural products, but by manufactures of a really high order. Each colony has its separate court, and as the Turk perhaps, likes to have no rival near its throne. It is fair to say that the Queensland section looks remarkably bright and fair; the walls are covered with excellent local colored photos, whose effect is heightened by their brilliant, but not garish, coating of eucalyptus oil. Some mohair, good twelve inches long, is very much admired, also specimens of dark malachite, that Russia has nothing to match. By more careful cultivation of her tobacco, Queensland could become a famous "weed" producing soil. America is actively fixing herself up; the visitor is struck by these facts connected with the States: the smallness of the section, the quantity of surgical instruments, and the abundance of patent medicines. Are people ever ill, or always sick, in the Far West? Her machinery, agricultural especially, is excellent, and so is that from England. Ploughshares are polished like rifle barrels. The jurors must be Solomons to award the medals to these competitors.

The continued absence of catalogues renders all comparative study impossible. However, this does not prevent the building from being visited by 40,000 to 100,000 persons daily—a mere overture of the coming crowds. In the way of receipts it will prove a veritable Big Bonanza. Visitors still indulge in wanderings, rather than special inspections; they want to take the whole idea in before looking up details. Yet not a general excursion you make but you discover something new, and re-visiting of the old is equivalent to an original peep. The aquarium, a subterranean marvel, is far from affording a miraculous draught of fishes; quite a legion of eels, pike, eels, carp, &c., are in depot, to be sent abroad when the water ceases to be troubled. The underground alleys, when choke full of visitors, become as oppressive as a mine before an explosion; in July next the water in the tanks must be raised to such a temperature that the fish may be cooked, if not in their own juice, at least in their own element. The Trocadero is still closed; persons sensitive to suffocation will avoid it, as immense stoves are employed day and night to dry the walls for coloring. The big organ will give its first blow on the 15th of June. On passing the hut appropriated to useful and destructive insects, a notice prays the visitor to draw the guardian's attention to any exhibits desiring to indulge in French leave. As the Shah is to open his own pavilion, pass to that of the Bey of Tunis, whose kingdom cannot be so savage, to judge by the specimens of artistic industry in sword blades and hammer cloths. But a Tunisian passes most of his life in the saddle, and his most trusty companion is a sword with a razor edge, that would make the mouth of a Bedouin water. The Tunisians have an alphabet, some very nice jeweller, and fair pottery; they exhibit a curious candle with five twisted branches, destined not to shed light—for Tunisian castles resemble that owned by Cadet Roussel—but to protect against the Evil Eye: just as Indians wear a bit of coral on their watch chains. There is a mosaic table in marble, dating from the foundation of Carthage. Perhaps Queen Dido drank palm wine on it, or cut up the bull's hide into strips to measure the site for the city. There is a man with a necklace of human teeth, said to be a dentist, that produces the same effect on clients as laughing gas. Tunis is evidently behind in musical instruments: crackery-ware does duty for drums, and hollow vessels with skin cords for banjos. The music, however, has a different kind of weirdness from the Zigeunes, and the perfumed coffee, served with a "divine hookah," is the real moka.

WAR PREPARATIONS.

A general stoppage of the leaves usually granted to officers has taken place at Aldershot, an intimation being given that officers are to consider themselves as awaiting orders for foreign service. Although the work of preparation has lost its novelty, there is little apparent decrease in the activity which has prevailed in the Government works at Woolwich for some time past. The chief attention is at the present time devoted to the question of transport; and an order which Colonel Fraser, the superintendent of the Laboratory, has received for 13,000 biscuit casks is taxing the utmost energies of his department. These casks are made to contain 48 lbs. each, and are intended to be carried on pack-saddles. No less than 1,500 tons of preserved meat have been brought from America.

BRECHLOADERS v. TACTICS.

At the United Service Institution Colonel Clive has delivered a second lecture upon the influence of breech-loading arms upon tactics. He advocated the employment of pack mules for the supply of ammunition in the field. The discussion which followed turned, however, chiefly, on the special point of the first lecture, the relative value of large and small companies. Sir Garnet Wolseley, who presided, said the balance of opinion agreed with his own, and was in favour of small companies; and he showed that the large company system in Prussia arose before the breech-loader was invented, and was due to the large number of men provided by conscription, and the small number of officers.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Russians are retreating at various points. The Bulgarians continue atrocities in the plain of Arda. The Mussulmans are fleeing to the mountains. It is said that nineteen villages have been burned, several men crucified, and many women violated.

In consequence of a storm, the departure of the Ottoman plenipotentiaries to the Congress has been delayed.

It is announced that six divisions of the Austrian army will be placed soon on a war footing.

The *Herald's* Berlin despatch states that it is rumored Bismarck has elaborated a complete programme for the solution of the Eastern imbroglio, and intends submitting it to Congress, insisting upon its adoption *en bloc*.

A Bucharest despatch reports that it is feared the Russians intend to interrupt the march of the Roumanian troops, and occupy Bucharest.

The Chamber of Deputies has decided that Roumanian representatives at the Congress should inflexibly protest against the retrocession of Bessarabia.

Carathoeori Efendi is now appointed first Ottoman delegate to the Berlin Congress. Mehmet Ali second, and Sadullah Bey third. They started on Saturday. Carathoeori Efendi is also appointed Minister of Public Works. Samie Pasha Prefect of Police, and Said Pasha Governor of Angora. Mehmet Ali has been replaced in command of the troops by Fuad Pasha.

A St. Petersburg despatch says it is believed that Russia will set more importance on the guarantees for the state of things to be established by the Congress than on the question of frontiers.

Correspondents at St. Petersburg and Vienna report a sanguine feeling as to the peaceful result of the Congress.

A Vienna despatch says the Russians lately occupied Djuma and Eskiostamboul, south and south-west of Shumla. These places being beyond the line of demarcation, Fazeli Pasha threatened forcibly to expel the Russians, being apparently ignorant of the reported arrangements for the surrender of Shumla.

Carathoeori Efendi, first plenipotentiary of Turkey to the Congress, is a Christian.

The *Daily News* publishes sensational despatches from Constantinople, stating that the Sultan has completely lost his head; that a change of Sovereign, and possibly of dynasty, is imminent; that the party which wants to make Midhat Pasha dictator is the strongest; that the Turkish army shows a mutinous spirit; and that great excitement exists in Istanbul.

A Paris special says it is stated that a recent council of Ministers decided not to surrender any fortresses pending debates in Congress. A correspondent at Bucharest declares that there is nothing in the movements of Russian troops in Roumania to give ground for apprehension of a conflict.

A despatch from Constantinople says great uneasiness continues to prevail.

Osmann Pasha has been appointed Governor of the Palace, but still retains command of the army.

The appointment of Carathoeuri, a pure Greek, and a Christian, as the first, and a Prussian, Mehmet Ali, as the second plenipotentiary, is unprecedented in the history of the Porte, and is regarded as a clever move on the part of the Turks to demonstrate the equality of all Ottoman subjects under the new constitution. Pressing demands reach Constantinople from Pomak camp, in Rhodope mountains, for aid in behalf of over a hundred thousand refugees, who fled thither from the Russians and Bulgarians.

A Berlin correspondent says:—At the first sitting of the Congress will decide whether Greece is to be invited to take part. The only points expected to cause grave difficulties are the war indemnity and the annexation of Antirrio by Montenegro.

Said Efendi, chief of the military houses held of the Sultan, has been appointed Minister of the Interior.

A Vienna correspondent says a meeting of the three Emperors is expected after the recovery of the Emperor William.

A Berlin correspondent says the Grand Duke Nicholas is disgusted with the pacific turn of affairs, and intends to retire to his estates.

The Marquis of Salisbury, accompanied by his eldest son and Gen. Linton Simons, left for Berlin to-night.

Gortschakoff accompanied by Baron Jomini and Fredericks, and several secretaries, has started for Berlin.

A Berlin despatch the appointment of Rosset, President of the Chamber of Deputies, as acting Premier during Bratianu's absence at the Berlin Congress, has created a bitter feeling against Roumania and Prince Charles, because Rosset is a well known Socialist and Democrat agitator.

Count Corbi, Italian Plenipotentiary to the Congress, has started for Berlin.

TELEGRAPH DESPATCHES.

FOREIGN.

A despatch from Vienna says:—M. Ristic, who is en route to Berlin, urges the claims of Servia upon the Congress, and will stop at Vienna to confer with and induce Count Andras to waive his objections to Servia retaining territory now actually occupied by her.

St. Petersberg, June 10.

The Czar's physicians have ordered him to go to Kissingen for his health.

London, June 10.

A despatch from Constantinople says that great uneasiness continues to prevail there.

UNITED STATES.

A special from Washington to the *Tribune* says, some of the Republicans who take an interest in matters, expect to prove to Potter that the investigation originated directly with Tilden. Among other stories about is one that Mr. Sypher, acting for Anderson, visited New York last fall, and offered to sell him documents which recently had been presented to the committee.

The interest which Tilden and his friends take in the progress of the investigation is believed to be manifested by the presence here of some of his most intimate advisers. Among them is Munton Marlow, who, in his conversation is reported to express the hope that the present investigation will result in creating such public excitement that it will prepare the way for the easy removal of Hayes. He is said to maintain that the 44th congress had no right to surrender its constitutional duty of counting electoral votes, that it did not do so, and that it is still within the power of Congress to count votes.

The Potter Committee has been informed, through the newspapers, that George Alfred Townsend received a letter from Secretary Sherman, dated Treasury Department, Feb. 19th, 1878, containing the following paragraph:

You are mistaken in one thing, and that is, that I ever wrote a letter to Anderson, or ever did anything in Louisiana which could

be misconstrued into wrong. I believe the element in Louisiana that is endeavoring to stir up these prosecutions now acknowledge that they cannot assail me except by forgery or perjury; they sought to do this through Anderson and Jenks, but it utterly failed. I have now letters from each of them that no such letter was received, or was ever written. The committee has summoned, or will summon, Townsend as witness to testify whether he received such letter, and will ask him to produce it.

Everts received a telegram yesterday afternoon signifying acceptance of invitations for international monetary congress by both France and Italy. Everts said in a conversation last evening, that the acceptance of those two great powers makes the holding of congress a fact.

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, June 10.

Special to the Post.

His Excellency the Governor-General, the Countess of Dufferin and family, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Littleton and Captain Hamilton, A.D.C., arrived by the steamer "Quebec" on Saturday morning from Montreal. The steamer was gaily decorated from bow to stern with bunting. Their Excellencies were accompanied on board the ship S.S. "Scandinavian" by the following members of their family, who sailed for Liverpool:—Lady Helen Blackwood, Lady Heroine Blackwood, Lady Victoria Blackwood, Hon. Basil Blackwood, and Hon. Fred. Blackwood. Having left on the steamship shortly before she sailed out of port, their Excellencies and party embarked on board the Government steamship "Druitt," which had been fitted up for their reception, and sailed at 11.30 a.m. for Gaspe and Tadoussac.

Mr. Howells, the former American Consul at this port, left for his new appointment at Toronto on Friday night.

The Coroner held an inquest on the body of a servant man, lately employed by Mr. Botteler, of the St. Foye road, who died from injuries sustained by him a kick from a horse. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

A Mrs. Rochette, of St. Johns suburbs, had her pocket picked of \$22 on the Finlay market on Saturday, while doing her marketing.

Detective Flynn of the Grand Trunk, arrested a man named Hall at Levis on Friday on suspicion of his being the author of the accident to the train some time since at Somerset.

A grand ceremonial was held in the Basilica yesterday. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, who gave the Papal Benediction accorded by the new Pope, Leo XIII.

The sermon was preached by the distinguished pulpit orator, the Rev. Louis Paquet. A large number of members of the Legislature were present, and also students of Law, wearing their gowns.

The strike on the Government works is not yet ended. The men are peaceable, but determined.

It is rumored that Mr. Irvine will enter the Ministry.

Mr. St. Jacques, from Ste. Hyacinthe, won the Dufferin gold medal at the Law examination in the Laval University on Saturday. The silver medal was taken by Mr. Frement.

The election at Portneuf is contested; a counter charge will be brought.

The City Council is working hard to reduce the expenditure, so that the civic credit may be restored. In this work Councillor McWilliam is most prominent.

Mr. Watson, the new American Consul, assumed charge here on Saturday.

Bishop Williams is now on a confirmation tour.

It is said in high places that the Government will not resign if the vote on Mr. Molloy's amendment be adverse. The pretension is that they have no reason to resign unless beaten on a measure introduced by them. Excitement on the vote is increasing, but no one can tell what the exact result will be.

Rowdyism prevailed here on Saturday night. In St. John street there was a good deal of fighting, the parties in most cases being strong political party ones.

Business is very dull in the lumber trade; there is a complete stagnation, and crowds of ship carpenters are idle.

Rev. Mr. Henning, C.S.S.R., lectures this evening on Total Abstinence.

Captain James of the ship "Amoor," from Rotterdam, April 25th, which arrived in this port at 10 a.m. on Saturday, reports on Wednesday, May 22nd, an ordinary seaman named John Todd, a native of Scotland, aged 20 years, fell on deck from the foretopgallant yard, while unfurling the sail, and died instantly. He was buried at sea the same night.

Captain Pier of the barque "Lulu," from Barbadoes, April 26th, at this port on Saturday, reports, on May 10th, strong breeze from the west, in latitude 35.50 north, longitude 61.40 west, saw a vessel at some distance, apparently in distress; bore down and found her to be the fore-and-aft schooner "Louisa Birdsell," of Thomas River, Maine; her matmann was gone twenty feet above the deck, waterlogged and abandoned; the boats were gone and no one was on board.

A LUCKY MAN—THE O'KEEFE LEGACY.

(From the London Correspondent of the *Globe*)

A romantic case seems to be that of Mr. McCarthy, an Irish architect, who has just made five times a millionaire by having five millions sterling and much other property left him by the will of his first cousin, Mr. Charles Robert O'Keefe. These magnificent windfalls occur so seldom to mortals that they deserve to be recorded over and over again, and so handied down in all their splendor of glittering detail to an admiring posterity. It is twenty five years ago since Lionel Hawkins was the keeper of a small public house in Westmorland, from which he was just on the point of being ejected for non-payment of rent, when the news reached him through a firm of solicitors that he was the lucky heir to £1,500,000, besides a life interest in a large amount of real property. Another case of comparatively recent date is that of Daniel Lettridge, of Dundee, a chimney sweep, who earned on an average seventeen shillings a week the year round. One morning Mr. Lettridge was astonished to hear that an old lady named Ronald had left him her whole fortune of £400,000, in acknowledgment of her gratitude to him for having always swept and cleaned her chimneys so well." We have heard, too, of the case of Mr. Josiah Wells, of Fife, who left his immense fortune of four millions sterling to the "Baptist" Minister who could be proved to have preached the shortest sermons all the year round."

Again, a few months ago a family named Buckley, in the county of Limerick, received as heirs a sum of £250,000 left by a relative who, many years before, had in very indigent circumstances emigrated to Australia. And about the same time a poor shoemaker to be in the town of Clare was discovered to be heir to £100,000 under somewhat similar circumstances.

But all these cases seem of small weight when considered by the side of Mr. McCarthy's! he had been ordained if that awful disposition of his

good fortune. A few days ago Mr. D. P. McCarthy, a native of Cork, architect, of Barrington-street, received a letter signed G. A. Stanley, New square, Lincoln's Inn, informing him as follows:—"I am directed to apprise you that the first instalment of the O'Keefe legacy has come to hand in your favour for £500,000. The whole of the greater portion of the five millions left by the deceased will come to you, except the portion allotted to your brothers, about which the Crown will decide." Mr. McCarthy has furnished the following brief account of the history of the cousin who has left him this colossal fortune in cash, and about \$150,000 a year, it is said, in other property. Charles Robert O'Keefe, the maker of this fortune, was the son of a merchant in Cork. His parents both died before he came of age, and his constitution being delicate, he was recommended to go to a warmer climate. Accordingly he proceeded to India, engaged in the opium traffic and other branches of trade connected with native produce, and by his ability and good luck made one of the greatest fortunes of modern times. Mr. O'Keefe died unmarried in February, 1876, when Messrs. Carrington & Whigley, solicitors at Calcutta, advertised for heirs, of which apparently there was no lack, no fewer than 175 applicants putting in claims as the next of kin; but they were all put aside on investigation in favour of Mr. McCarthy, of Limerick, who has four brothers, each of whom will come in for a 25th part of the five millions and estate, but Mr. McCarthy will be the recipient of the great bulk of the fortune. This gigantic windfall of Mr. McCarthy's shares with the Bagot case the attention and interest of Irish society at the present moment.

THE SOCIALISTS.

A week before he attempted to assassinate the Emperor, Hodel had his photograph taken at Berlin. He advised the photographer to make as many copies as possible, for in a week he would be dead, but his name would be known all over the world, and his likeness in request wherever men took an interest in current events. His father is dead, his mother now married to one Heinrich Lehmann, shoemaker, at Leipzig. Hodel was frequently called Lehmann, though he had no right to assume that name. As a boy, he was flogged at Leipzig for theft. Two prosecutions, one for forgery and another for coupling the Emperor's name with insulting language, are pending against him at Naumburg. He was a journeyman tinsmith, and began his Socialistic career as a constant frequenter of meetings. Attracting the attention of Socialistic leaders, he was subsequently employed as a member of the official clique, and did wonders in crying "Good!" or "Hear, hear!" as circumstances seemed to demand. He then rose to be a hawker of pamphlets, and led an easy life in taverns, beer-gardens and meeting-rooms. The leaders of the party, as he took pains to inform a friend, had once been poor devils of compositors, glaziers, and locksmiths, but were then gentlemen at large, with handsome incomes and nothing to do. They had certainly to undergo imprisonment every now and then; but what did that matter? Terms of imprisonment were very lenient, and the more persecutions the greater the stipends paid the victim from party funds. He was employed in the great Socialistic printing-house at Leipzig, where the *Vorwärts*, the leading organ of the party, is published. Three months ago he quarrelled with the foreman of the printing-house, and was expelled from the party. His difference with the Red Socialists seems to have induced him to go to Berlin and attend the meetings of the Christian Socialists, a new sect endeavoring to combine Protestantism and loyalty with strikes and other less defined attempts at modifying the existing property laws. The scene of his attempt upon the Emperor's life was almost exactly the same as that of young Blind's pistol-practice in 1866, which nearly brought the life of Prince Bismarck to an end.

Two enraged duellists meet upon the dark and bloody ground. Just as their swords are about to be handed to them the first enraged duellist, in a voice trembling with suppressed bravado, says:

"One of us two must remain on this field."

"You're talking," said the second enraged duellist.

"And it shall be you," says the first enraged duellist, "for I'm going." (Goes with the velocity of a quarter-horse.)

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH JUNE, 1878.

THE IRISH IN CANADA.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.

1872 was 979, or 129 over what they were entitled to on the basis sought for by the demagogues. And if to these we were to add the large number of Irish appointments that have been made within the last five years, the figures would be still more increased. So that, so far as appointments to the civil service Government are concerned it will be seen no injustice has been done the Irish, and there is no room for complaint on this head. (Applause.) Of those 975 Irish employees, 461 were Protestants, and 482 Catholics, leaving the Irish Protestants having 11 over their due, on the basis of representation by population, and the Irish Catholics 83. The total annual salaries of these 975 employees, annually, was about \$430,000, the proportion of the Irish Protestants being about \$224,000 and that of the Catholics about \$206,000. In the case of these indissoluble facts, deduced from the statistics of the country, carefully gone into and ascertained by myself, I think it must be very plain, to everyone, that there is no room whatever, for the disturbing cry of unrepresented individuals, that Irishmen, and Catholics in particular, do not get their fair share of the public patronage.

In the Senate, or House of Lords, the Irish are entitled to 18 members. At the present time they have 13, leaving them short five of their number in that body. Of these 18 members, the Protestants are entitled to 10 and the Catholics to 8. The complexion of the 13 members now in the Senate is 6 Irish Protestants and 7 Irish Catholics, leaving the Protestants four short of their proportions, and the Irish Catholics one. So that, in so far as the Senate is concerned,

IRISH EXTRADITION

have no reason to complain of want of justice being done them there. Now, as to the Cabinet, I have shown you that the Irish are entitled to only three members on the principle we have been considering—two of those three Irish Protestant, one Irish Catholic. As it is, there are two Irishmen in the Ministry, one a Protestant, the Hon. Edward Blake, one of the ablest men in the Dominion; a gentleman whose great mental powers and force of character not only constitute him an ornament to the House of Commons, but a credit to the nationality to which he belongs, and of whom for these qualities his countrymen in Canada have just reason to feel proud. (Applause.) The other member is an Irish Catholic—the Hon. W. R. Scott. (Applause.)

—a gentleman of refinement and ability, well qualified to fill the responsible position he has the honour to occupy, and to whom also for these reasons his countrymen and coreligionists may look up with a degree of justifiable pride. Here again, it will be seen that the Irish Catholics of Canada have their full number allowed them in the Cabinet, thus giving the most emphatic refutation to the stock-in-trade cry of the grumbler, that Irish Catholics are not sufficiently represented in the Cabinet.

I would ask you now to note particularly this fact, that in the three Departments I have referred to—the Civil Service, the Senate, and the Cabinet—to none of those Departments are the appointments elective—they are not made by the popular vote—but by the act of members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown; and when we also make a note of the fact, that the

MAJORITY IN PARLIAMENT

and in the Cabinet is largely Protestant, we have a very good evidence—a clear proof—in the facts adduced, that the disposition is to deal fairly with all creeds and nationalities, and that there is no room in this country for creating ill-feeling and division among the people, by stirring up false issues of a national character. In the words of His Grace Archbishop Lynch, "Any attempt to cause dissension and distrust amongst our citizens, and especially amongst the Catholics of this Province by stirring up national prejudices and personal antagonisms is injurious to Catholic interests as well as to the community at large, and should be strictly avoided." In these facts I have just laid before you, I have, as you perceive, made my calculations on the basis of representation according to population, as this is what our disinterested advocates only ask for, and the result is that if we are to be satisfied with this we must have 129 Irishmen dismissed from the service of the Dominion—46 Protestants and 83 Catholics—we can get only one more representative in the Senate—and he, it would appear, is about to be appointed—and no more in the Cabinet, as there we have our full quota. (Applause.) But I do not believe in this arrangement. I do not believe in limiting ourselves to what we can get on the basis of representation according to numbers. I do not believe that the establishment of such a system would be in the interest of the country. I believe that

FITNESS AND ABILITY FOR THE POSITIONS, irrespective of national or religious considerations, should be the recommendation to office or position, and that these qualifications should be the only passport to preference in public life. (Applause.)

While in the Civil Service of the Dominion, in the Senate and the Cabinet, as I have shown you, there is little room for Irishmen to complain, there is some ground for dissatisfaction as to Irish and Catholic representation in the House of Commons. On the principle of representation by population, we are entitled to 40 members in that assembly—23 Catholic and 16 Protestants; but, as now constituted we have only 28 representatives out of the 260 of these being Protestant and eight Catholic thus leaving the former short six of their number and the latter fifteen. Here, I say, there is room perhaps for some complaint. The present complexion of the House of Commons is 66 Scotchmen, 54 Englishmen, 48 Frenchmen, 26 Irishmen, two Germans, and eight members of other nationalities, returned from the different provinces in the following proportion:

	Scotch	Englist	Irish	French	German	Others
Quebec.....	3	10	3	45	..	4
Ontario.....	40	28	15	1	2	2
Nova Scotia.....	13	5	2	1
New Brunswick.....	7	4
Prince E.I.....	4	1	..	1
British Col.....	3	3
Manitoba.....	1	..	1	1	1	..

Of the 28 Irish representatives in the House of Commons, it will be seen, gives 15, Quebec 3, Nova Scotia 2, New Brunswick 4, British Columbia 3, and Manitoba 1. Of the 21 members that the Irish are short of their number in the House of Commons, Ontario should furnish 15, Quebec, 4, New Brunswick 2, Nova Scotia 1, and Prince Edward Island 1—deducting 2 from British Columbia, which gives that number over its proportion. Now, if there was a law by which, according to numbers, members

THE DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES

were to be nominated for Parliament and elected in the different Provinces, every nationality would have its full quota of members, good, bad, or indifferent, and no nationality would have any more than its due. But

there is no such law in the Dominion, nor is there ever likely to be such a law—not would it, perhaps, be in the interest of the people of the country that any such law should be enacted, as the operation of such a system would have an enervating mental tendency, and it would under such a mode of selection Parliament might become degenerate, and the country suffer in the after effects of legislation in consequence. At the present time, as I have already shown, the position of Ireland is made up of no less than eighteen nationalities. There are the descendants of the wise and prudent Archbishop of Toulouse, the world of wisdom and virtue in his intercourse in the interest of his country and his countrymen, and in his central place with the whole nation of unfeignedly democratic, who desire the Irish in Canada as a down-trodden people, under the iron heel of a despotic ascendancy, and who fanaticism will upon them to unite—to organize—in some undefinable form to emancipate themselves from an imaginary thralldom! (Applause.) For months past.

SEARCH ASSEMBLY

At Quebec, June 8.

The House met to-day at 2 p.m.

Mr. Lafontaine, of Naperville, said the question under debate was simply whether the Queen's representative had power to dismember colonies. He argued the question was not so much a question of power, but of justice even, his wife, but in the present instance the Lieutenant-Governor was more than justified in the course he had adopted by the constitutional infelicities of the late Ministry.

Mr. Blaikie thought the Ministry were entitled to a trial from both sides of the House.

HON. MR. IRVINE

Mr. Irvine congratulated the House on the manner in which the debate was conducted. He made a long and elaborate review of the unwritten constitutional law and usage as it existed in England, and cited instances analogous to the action of the Lieutenant-Governor during the administration of Lord Melbourne, and, as a celebrated case in point, mentioned that Minister's dismissal by the King, because Lord Althorp did not have a seat in his Cabinet. He contended that the King was right, and that consequently the Lieutenant-Governor was right also. He trusted some of those who accused him, gentlemen of deserting the Conservative party, would at least give them credit for having around the rights of the Crown. He said, it to the credit of those gentlemen in the House who called themselves after the name of the party of popular rights, that they had exerted themselves to preserve the rights of the Monarchy. As to the grounds upon which the Lieutenant-Governor had put the dismissal of his Ministers, he had said, at least two of the measures presented to the House by the ex-Treasurer were unconstitutional, not having been previously submitted to him.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Mr. Blaikie thought the House of Industry and Refuge for the week ending June 18, 1878—Number of inmates: Males, 78; females, 38; total, 116. Number of night's lodgings in Night Refuge: Males, 43; females, 29; boys, 7; total, 79. Number of quarts of soup and extra meals distributed: Night Refuge poor, 122; Outdoor poor, 160; total, 352.

DRY BEEF

DRY BEEF

SMOKED TONGUES

PICKLED TONGUES

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M. FERON, Undertaker,

21 St. Antoine Street.

Montreal, July 25.

P. DORAN, Undertaker and Cabinet Maker,

186 & 188 St. Joseph Street.

Begs to inform his friends and the public that he has secured several

ELEGANT OVAL-GLASS MEARSSES,

Which he offers for the use of the public at extremely moderate rates.

WOOD AND IRON COFFINS

Of all descriptions constantly in hand and supplied on the shortest notice.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY AT HOME. Samples worth \$5 free. ADDISON & CO., Portland, Maine.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

333 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

A Large and Well-assorted Stock constantly on hand.

May 2, '77.

1-38-y

\$10 REWARD.

LOST, on or near the MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS, on SATURDAY, the 1st instant, a GOLD WATCH. The same will receive the above reward by leaving June 10.

1-1 DW

W. STAFFORD & CO., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 6 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

May 23, '77.

D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE,

12 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

D. OHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c.

No. 50 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

T. J. Doherty, B.C.L., C. J. Doherty, A.B., B.C.L.

MULLARKY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 8 St. Helen Street, MONTREAL.

May 2, '77.

1-38-y

FOGARTY & BRO., PAINTERS, GLAZERS, Paper-Hanging, White-Washing, Colouring.

Done on shortest notice at moderate prices.

Leave your orders for HOUSE CLEANING early.

[March 27, '78.] 3mos.

6-m

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE.

CANAD