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The True AND Faithful Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 15.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1878.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum
In advance.

LETTER FROM VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

What the Crown Colonists Think.

THEY DO NOT CARE FOR CANADIANS.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND,
October 28, 1878.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.

DEAR SIR—From the extreme western limit of our vast Dominion allow me to send you greetings, and to felicitate the Post upon its success and usefulness, thus far, as a daily. I have pleasing recollections of the True Witness for well nigh a quarter of a century, and I earnestly hope that a journal which has done so much service hitherto in the cause of truth, education and religion will, with its evening converse, continue the good work for many a year to come.

The idea occurred to me that a leisure hour which rarely happens for me—could not be better disposed of than in jotting down a few inklings of this distant region, *corrente calamo*. The small world of politics, as well here as on the mainland, has been in a whirl of excitement since the result of the general elections became known. The most sanguine friends of Sir John Macdonald could not have anticipated a victory in his favor so overwhelming. The *furor* culminated on the 21st instant in the triumphant return of the Conservative chieftain for this city and district, along with the gentleman who exchanged the rare patronymic of Smith for that of Amor De Cosmos!

The Victorians, Canadians here say, are a peculiar people, by the way. They are alleged to have strange notions of their precedence and importance, arising out of their former "Crown colony" connection. Even still there is what may be called the tail of a "family compact," similar to that existed in Ontario previous to the "troublesome times" of 1837-38. Those quondam "Crown Colony" folk, they say, are exceedingly jealous of any and all Canadians who come to abide among them, more especially if the new-comer happens to hold an official position under the Dominion Government. A gentleman, who fills an important public appointment, informed me that the Victorians seriously contemplated preventing the vessel, on which he was a passenger, entering the port of Esquimaux and were diverted from their purpose only out of consideration for the ladies who happened to be on board. They look upon and actually designated Canadians as "North American Chinese." Except those from the older Provinces who have settled on the island or the main land since British Columbia was admitted into the confederation, the bulk of the people of this country do not identify themselves with the Dominion, nor do they care a rush about anything in common with it outside their own special and exclusive interests. No doubt this selfish old feogism will tone down and utterly disappear when closer communication with the sister Provinces, than now obtains, who pride themselves so much upon their "Crown Colony" belongings shall have learned to appreciate the benefits and privileges conferred upon them by their union with Canada.

I have adverted to these peculiarities and weaknesses of those who claim to be British Columbians, in order to show that, in their anxiety to elect Sir John for some constituency in this Province, they were to no small extent, actuated by motives not altogether unselfish. Indeed, the cardinal object in so eagerly seizing the opportunity of returning the late member for Kingston, was the promotion of the railway project. And, *apropos* of the railway, conflicting interests of the most antagonistic nature present themselves. The Victorians are clamorous that Bute Inlet should be the main land terminus, whence connection should be made by bridges with Nanaimo and Esquimaux, which may be regarded as the *entrepot* of Victoria. It would involve the outlay, it is said by competent judges, of many millions of dollars additional, in view of such an event, a large number of Victorians, I am told, have speculated extensively in purchasing property in that locality, among others Mr. DeCosmos, and hence the preference so loudly expressed by the Islanders for the more northerly objective point on the main land. On the other hand, the mainlanders contend for what is known as the Fraser Valley route, as far as Yale, thence to branch off to Burrard Inlet. They hold that, if this route be followed, the line will pass through the settled and fertile districts, whereas, that to Bute Inlet would traverse an uninhabited and barren region. From what I have seen of Burrard Inlet, it may be stated, in all truth, that the proposed terminus has all the necessary advantages. It furnishes a land-locked roadstead, of greater extent than Bedford Basin—that splendid sheet of water near Halifax; excellent anchorage; and access from the ocean easy and safe.

Although the Islanders so strenuously insist upon the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad being fixed at Esquimaux, the large majority of them would forego their objections to whatsoever other route may be determined by the Government, upon the recommendation of the Chief Engineer, rather than have the work delayed any longer. That the railway is an indispensable necessity can be readily seen and understood by any one who spends a week in this Province. The fact is, without it, British Columbia bears the same relation, and is quite as disadvantageous to the Canadian Confederation as the "fifth wheel is to a coach." It is incumbent, therefore, upon the new administration to enter upon the great enterprise, with promptitude and earnestness in order to remove the discontent and dissatisfaction caused by the halting and do-nothing policy

of the late Government. Were the work commenced at Yale next spring, and the road constructed to Kamloops, all parties here would be satisfied for some time to come. This would open up a rich agricultural and mineral country, and it would prove that the Dominion Government are in earnest as to the undertaking concerning which very many people, in these parts, entertain graver doubts. It cannot be denied that, already the patience of the most confiding has been sorely tried; and it is, therefore, full time that some tangible proof should be given of an earnest intention to carry into execution the terms proposed and guaranteed to British Columbia when joining the confederation. The wealth of this country cannot be exaggerated. Hence, it is an imperative duty which the Government owe to the whole Dominion, to adopt speedy and efficacious means for its opening and development.

While the Islanders are somewhat men with the exclusive and know-nothing spirit which obtained in 1854, through certain States of the Union, I would be very sorry to convey the impression in what I have stated, that such feelings extend to the transient visitor or tourist. Quite the contrary, their courtesy, attention and hospitality know no bounds. A brief sojourn in Victoria would make one almost fancy himself in the Ireland of fifty years ago, such are the kindness and cordiality exhibited on both sides.

The city contains about 6,000 inhabitants and exhibits marked signs of progress and prosperity. A line of steamers, owned by the Pacific Mail Co., ply between this port and San Francisco, leaving each point on the 10th, 20th and 30th of every month. They are subsidized by the Dominion Government for the carrying of the Canadian mails. I have been informed that in the terms of agreement it was stipulated, Victoria should be the terminus of the route at this end, and that coal and all other supplies would be procured here. If such conditions were made they are not observed, as the steamers, after a brief stay at Esquimaux—seldom extending over ten hours—proceed to Fort Townsend and Seattle, in Washington Territory, where they obtain coal and provisions. It is to be hoped a Canadian Company will be formed, at no distant day, to oppose successfully a monopoly, which presses severely upon every one who patronizes it, under the compulsion of existing circumstances. Only small steamers which run to Nanaimo, New Westminster, and other ports, and schooners of light draught and tonnage come into Victoria. The larger craft, including, of course, ships of war, anchor at Esquimaux. The city is delightfully situated, and, before many years, must become a large centre of trade and commerce. The climate is all that could be desired, being very moderate all the year round. Violets and pansies are in bloom now, and roses are gathered at Christmas. Fruit is abundant, especially apples, pears and grapes, which are of the largest size and of delicious flavor. Game is in great plenty, and comprises wild geese, duck, teal, wildcat, and seven species of grouse, snipe, quail and venison. The fresh salmon abounds with salmon, a sturgeon, sea trout, bass and other fish. A very large amount of capital is annually employed at New Westminster in the canning of salmon. The fish are caught by the Indians, to whom nets are supplied by the proprietors of the canneries. There are day and night gangs while the run continues in the spring and fall. They are paid, on the average, about \$2.50 per day and night. The annual exportation of canned salmon from New Westminster is enormous. The principal markets for it are England, China, New Zealand and Australia.

In the interior, cattle and sheep are beginning to be raised in large numbers. This enterprise is only in its infancy. The beef, however, of "the bunch grass country" is now famed far and wide. And such beef! It would make the teeth of an epicure water, to see a sirloin or rib of this meat, so justly praised by Lord Dufferin, when here. I was always under the impression that the Irish, of Ormond Market, or Hodgins, of William street, Dublin, supplied beef that could not be excelled in the world; but, in all candour, and despite my predilection for the Irish article, I must admit that the "bunch grass" is the most tender, juicy and toothsome morsel I ever ate, in the shape of beef. In yielding the palm, thus, to British Columbia it is some solace to know that the herds of the "bunch grass country," so much prized, are almost exclusively, if not wholly, owned by Irishmen. Among those who are mentioned the Messrs. Vernon Bros., halling from Clontarf Castle, Patrick Kilroy, Haynes and Ellis. The Vernons are owners of about three thousand acres of the choicest land under cultivation and in pasture. Their name is proverbial throughout British Columbia for that amiability and courtesy which characterizes the men of prominence in public life. Among the men of prominence in public life are Sir Matthew Baillie Bibeis, K.C.B., the Chief Justice of British Columbia, who was appointed Judge of the Colony about a year ago by the Imperial Government. At that time the gold excitement was at its

height and the country was overrun by a set of roughs and ruffians from the United States of the most desperate character. Their acts of violence and lawlessness were of daily occurrence and filled the peaceable and law-abiding with terror. In a short time Sir Matthew, by the courage and firmness with which he meted out justice, cleared the country of these desperadoes. They have not ventured to find their way back again, having a wholesome dread of the inflexible Chief Justice, who is a terror to evil-doers. Sir Matthew is an able jurist, an accomplished scholar, a great lover of music, a keen sportsman, and a bachelor on the shady side of forty.

Judge Gray, formerly known from the period of Confederation till 1872, as Colonel

Gray, a member from New Brunswick in the Commons, holds also a seat on the Bench. He was engaged, it may be remembered, in the codification of the laws and, as one of the arbiters to decide the claims of Ontario and Quebec in connection with Confederation. His decision in favor of Ontario excited the hostility and opposition of the Quebec members to so great an extent, as to induce his retirement from political life, and to lead to his appointment to the Bench of British Columbia; yet, singularly enough, the decision rendered by him has been sustained in its integrity by the Privy Council of England. Judge Gray has earned a high reputation in his official capacity. His decisions are clear, judicious and legal. His judgments are, arguable and exciting much attention. Some fossils of the "Crown Colony" days are envious of the Judge and cannot afford him a good word; but they are few and insignificant. The object of their petty spleen and malice will survive it. There is, however, a serious disadvantage under which Judge Gray labors, and which, I have no doubt, you will agree with me in saying the Dominion Government should lose no time in remedying. I refer to the fact of his salary, since his appointment, having been \$1,000 less per annum than Mr. Justice Crease, his *confrère quineque*. This is neither fair nor just, the more so, as a large share of Judge Crease's duties—owing to his ill-health—devolves upon Judge Gray. The present Administration will enhance their popularity among a large number, both on the island and the mainland, by not only placing Judge Gray on the same footing as his colleague above named, but by making good the arrears since his appointment. In this connection, I may remark that the judges in British Columbia should be on the same level, as to salary and allowances, as those of Ontario and Quebec. True, they have not the same continuous routine of duty; but they undergo more hardship and privation in one circuit than their brethren in the East have to endure in a *lustrum*. Before closing my notice of Mr. Justice Gray, I merely express an opinion, largely shared here and over the Province, in stating that it would promote the welfare and interests of British Columbia immensely were he appointed Lieutenant-Governor. He is well qualified for the office, being a man of large experience, broad views, refined manners, hospitable, and well acquainted with the condition of affairs here, and with the character and disposition alike of Canadian and British Columbians. These are qualifications indispensably essential to the successful administration of this Province, and, outside of Judge Gray, possessed by very few of our public men.

The Premier, George Anthony Walkem, a County of Down man, is, as you know, gifted with talent of a very high order, and has made his mark, as well in England as in the Dominion. It rests with himself to secure a continuance of that support and confidence which have raised him to the foremost position in the Legislature of British Columbia. By the exercise of prudence, discretion and uprightiness, together with his ability and tact, he may look forward to a long career of usefulness and distinction.

I presume you know already that this is a most expensive country to live in. The extravagance of the gold-finders, who squandered their hard-earned treasures with a most lavish hand, initiated the exorbitant prices that are paid for manual and mechanical labor, and for most of the necessaries of life. Beef, mutton and fish are exceptional, being sold at eight, ten and four cents per pound, respectively. Any salary less than \$100 per month is regarded

as "a white man" here as almost beneath his notice. The only hotel in this city at which you can put up with any degree of comfort rates from \$8.50 to \$6 per day, according to the room occupied; and he remembered that the "best rooms" are inferior to those of a fourth class Montreal hotel. In justice I must say the table and cooking are unexceptionable. A cabin does not think it worth his while to mount his box under \$3. Without any approach to a blush one of the fraternity charged \$2.50 for a drive that occupied *eleven minutes* precisely! The waiter who attends upon you at table for a few days, or the porter who handles your luggage, will turn up his nose at any "tip" less than a V. "A cut, shave and shampoo, all for one dollar!" announced by an enterprising bar-

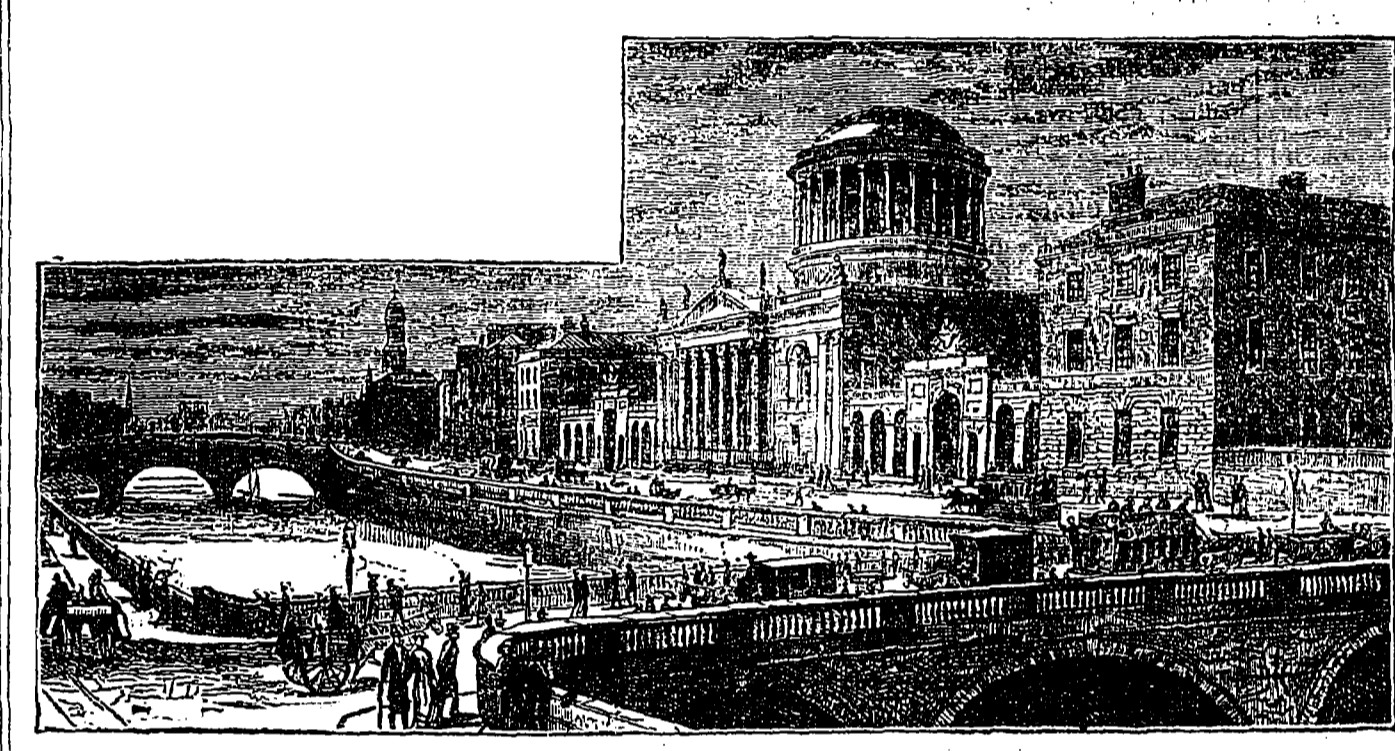
by degrees and beautifully less, and it would have been difficult, even for the famous Harvey himself, to have discovered the circulation of *The Dawn*. But the directors still maintained the high moral standard which they had at first enunciated, even, perhaps to a Quixotic degree. At the time the *New Jerusalem Gazette* secured the first trial of Edison's patent flying machine for its representative, thereby giving him an opportunity of getting nearer Heaven than he had ever been before, or was likely to be afterwards, it was not so well understood as it ought to have been that the action of *The Dawn* in the matter was not owing to its lack of enterprise, but to its thorough dislike of all clap-trap and merry-Andrewism. Nor was *The Dawn* conducted on the principle by which certain papers were managed to increase their notoriety and advertise their otherwise obscure titles.

It did not make a practice of publishing sensational libels in the first place, and afterwards apologizing abjectly for their insertion, when threatened with any serious consequences. On the fourth day of publication a meeting of shareholders was called, and the managing director—the eloquent gentleman before alluded to—of course occupied the chair. His opening speech created a decided impression. "Gentlemen," said he, "it has been demonstrated that to run a model newspaper we must have, as readers, a model community. A journal may act

as the rudder to the ship of public opinion, but it can never be the tug which shall lead her into the proper haven. We have endeavored—and what more can mortal do?—to regenerate our country. We have given to Canada a newspaper at once fearless and impartial, devoted to the interest of no sect or party, careless of abuse on the one hand, or adulation on the other. And to say, gentlemen, the country is not yet ripe for such a periodical; sad to say, our disinterested efforts have been coldly repelled on every side. But, gentlemen, hope, though dormant, is not yet dead in our hearts.

DE HUMANITY.
the great entity for which we have all been laboring, lives and progresses. (Applause.) What, gentlemen, in the face of this consideration, matters to us the loss of a paltry \$500,000,25. (Here the poor but pious door-keeper gave a convulsive sob. *The Dawn* is only obscured by a temporary mist, and yet shall break more gloriously than ever. (Applause.) But (continued the eloquent gentleman) at the present moment I am sorry to be obliged to declare the publication of *The Dawn* suspended. (Sensation.) According to agreement every gentleman will call at my office tomorrow, when the remaining value of his shares will be refunded to him." This speech created quite a mingled sensation. Some of the shareholders, who had subscribed in the enthusiasm of the moment, were very indignant at such a termination of affairs, but the greater part regretted, not their loss,

in the suspension of *The Dawn*. The matter, at any rate, soon became public, and at night *The Dawn* Publishing House was besieged by a crowd of creditors eager for their money, and rowdies eager for any description of fun at all. All the windows were broken, and what remained of the staff had to take refuge in an adjoining fruit store. But



FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

and would have none of him. The *Boomerang* still existed, and appeared sublimely unconscious of its rival. The *New Jerusalem Gazette* ceased even to abuse it. Party strife, religious discussions, muddy streets and an inefficient police force were unaffected by its diatribes. All remained the same, and alas! there seemed little chance of the hoped-for revolution being effected by means of *The Dawn*. The highly moral editor threw up his situation and died in the hospital shortly afterwards from consumption of whiskey. The advertisements grew small

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AFGHANISTAN.

LONDON, November 22.—A proclamation of the Viceroy of India recounts the history of the relations between India and Afghanistan for the last ten years. It says: "In return for the kindness of our actions and intentions, we gained only ill-will and discourtesy. The Ameer openly and audaciously attempted to stir up religious hatred, and bring about war upon the British Empire in India, and, although he repelled all efforts for amicable intercourse by the Indian Government, he formally received the Russian Embassy; and finally, while the Russian Mission was still at Cabul, he forcibly repulsed the English envoy, whose coming had been duly notified to him, and met our attempts to promote friendly relations with open indignity and defiance. The Ameer, mistaking for weakness the long forbearance of the British Government, has deliberately incurred its just re-shipment. With the Scidas and people of Afghanistan the Indian Government has no quarrel, as they have given no offence. The independence of Afghanistan will be respected, but the Government of India cannot tolerate that any other power should interfere in the internal affairs of Afghanistan." The proclamation concludes:—"Upon the Ameer, Sher Ali, rests the responsibility of having exchanged the friendship for the hostility of the Empress of India."

LONDON, November 22.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* is informed that the Cabinet Council to-day, decided to summon the Parliament to meet in December, in order to produce the Afghan papers.

Lord Lawrence's Afghan Committee have resolved to organize themselves on a permanent basis, and publish a statement of their views.

The *Advertiser* says:—A private telegram received in London estimates the number of killed and wounded in operations in the Khyber Pass at 300. The number is probably exaggerated.

The *Standard's* despatch from Hulla reports the Kharem column having formed a great camp at Fort Kapizanga. The cavalry and a portion of the infantry and artillery pushed forward eight miles further to Hozarupin. The inhabitants of the valley are friendly, and are bringing in supplies freely.

A despatch, dated Jumrood, Friday, says the garrison of Almusjid has bolted precipitately, leaving arms, food, twenty-one cannon and forty or fifty wounded. Considerable numbers of prisoners have been taken, and it is reported that the Afghan commander is among them. Considerable firing was heard up the Pass on Friday morning in the direction of Tylter's turning force. It is believed the Afghans are not in a condition to make any further resistance.

KHYBER PASS, Thursday night.—The advanced detachment of the Third Brigade moved forward until they found themselves confronted by successive lines of entrenchments. At dusk, when retiring in accordance with orders, they were severely wounded. Major Birch, who commanded, and Lieutenant Fitzgerald were killed, and over 30 sappers and four artillerymen wounded.

LONDON, November 22.—A Berlin despatch says General Kaufmann delivered a costly sword to Mundeha Mohammed Passan, chief of the Afghan Legation at Tashkend, to be transmitted through him to the Ameer at Cabul. When presenting the sword Kaufmann said: "My illustrious sovereign, in whose empire the sun never sets, and whose naked finger causes millions of soldiers to take up arms, sends this pledge of friendship and unchanging affection to his friend and ally, the noble and chivalrous ruler of the Afghans and Beloochis. History teaches that Russia ever espouses the just cause; that she has always known how to protect her allies from attacks from any enemy, however powerful. Whoever sides with Russia need not fear that a hair of his head will be injured. The power of the Russian sword is great. This is a fact known to the enemies of Russia as well as to her allies. May God protect and preserve two powerful sovereigns—the Czar and the Ameer. May God promote the welfare of two allied countries to the benefit of the Afghans, Russians and humanity at large. May the echo of these words awaken consolidation and hope where oppression is prominent." The blade of the sword has the following inscription in Persian: "May God give thee victory over the infidels."

CONSTANTINOPLE, November 22.—The Turkish Ambassador to Russia will take to St. Petersburg a letter from the Sultan, thanking the Czar for his promise to observe the Berlin treaty stipulations and begging him to stop the Macedonian insurrection.

A despatch from Philippopolis says the words of General Todleben during his recent visit here made a deep impression. He told the Bulgarian-Russian authorities that they must conform to the treaty of Berlin, adding that, on his recent visit to Livadia, the Czar expressed his firm intention to execute that treaty.

One of the most reliable medicines for headache is Dr. Harvey's anti-bilious and Purgative Pills.

A terrible thing is a pain in the small of the back; it may come from disordered kidneys, from a cold or a wrench. But in all cases BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment, well rubbed in, will afford instantaneous relief, and ultimately remove the cause of the trouble.

COAL MINE EXPLOSION.

New York, November 22.—The *Herald's* Sullivan (Indiana) special gives the particulars of the coal mine explosion. It says nine persons were killed outright; two fatally injured; eight have been brought up unharmed, six men are still below at this hour (Monday night), and some are certainly alive, as an occasional cry can be heard. The gas is sickening, and some of them must perish before they can be brought to the surface.

OUR ANSWER.

AIR—"Paddles Evermore."

You say our land grows rich and strong;
You say she plies her trade;
That wealth and comfort dwell among
Her homes from shore to shore.

You kept black rind while you might
Upon our stricken land;
Our sorrowing people's wearied sight
To you was sweet and grand.

No lapse of time, as on it rolls,
Shall make these hopes decay;
The light that cheered our father's souls
Shines full on us to-day.

Yes, we shall see this land of ours
What it was meant to be;
With all its honors, rights, and powers,
A nation proud and free.

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With all its honors, rights, and powers,
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DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH

Author of "Nathalie, Adele, Queen Mat, &c."

CHAPTER LIII.—CONTINUED.

"And how dare you forget that the child is mine?" asked Dora, with a quivering lip.

"I asked him for her, and I got her. He gave himself too on that day, but if he has withdrawn one gift," she added, in a falling voice, "as I dare say you know, Florence, he has not yet taken back the other." She said, pointing to the little locket.

"For once Mrs. Logan was affected: for once Dora had found the way to her heart. Paul Courtenay's name brought the tears to her eyes.

"Poor Paul!" she said, taking out her handkerchief—"Poor Paul! I was very sorry for him, and it made Mrs. Logan in such a way with me. But then you know, Dora, it is me—Mrs. Logan did not care much for grammar—"

"She never liked him—never," thought Dora, looking at her in wonder, "or she could not stand there talking to me, his wife."

"But she did not think it needful to answer Mrs. Logan's strange remark. She had sat down by Eva's cot, and she was looking at the child. Eva's dark eyes glittered with fever, but she did not recognize her former governess.

And how you can take the frightful responsibility you are now taking with Eva is more than I can imagine," petulantly resumed Florence; "besides, you really have behaved abominably to Doctor Petit. I am quite certain Mr. Templemore will be angry."

"You are very welcome," replied Dora, with such evident weariness of this conversation that Mrs. Logan became scarlet, and giving her an indignant glance, darted out of the room.

CHAPTER LIV.

This door had scarcely closed on Mrs. Logan, when Doctor Leroux was announced, and shown in by Jacques. Dora's face lit on seeing him. It was a relief to escape from the bitter thoughts Florence had left after her. She went up to him and said eagerly:

"Eva is ill again; but Doctor Petit, who was attending upon her—"

"Then why did you send for me?" sharply interrupted Doctor Leroux.

"Because I know Mr. Templemore has no faith in him, and every faith in you; he has left me affronted, but I cannot help that; and where the child's life may be the cost, I cannot mind courtesy—nor will you, I trust, mind professional etiquette."

"She spoke with some unconsciousness, but it was causeless. Doctor Leroux was a rich man, and for etiquette of any kind he cared naught. His wealth placed him above the suspicion of wishing to secure a patient by unworthy means; and as he entertained a profound contempt for Doctor Petit's skill, and a high respect for his own, he made no scruple of talking a patient from him in the hour of peril.

Fearful, indeed, is this power over life which the ignorant and unskillful possess, as well as the learned and the gifted, all the more fearful that the guilty man is generally unconscious of his guilt.

Doctor Petit, whatever may be his name or his country—whether he command a ship, a forlorn hope, a company, or rule by a sick-bed, is our greatest enemy, if we but knew it. Ask the soldiers whose bones bleach on the battle-field, the sailors who have gone down with a despairing cry, the men and women whose homes are ruined, the mourners whose hearts are broken by the death of a loved one—ask them how they have fared through their trust in him, and he is warned. The thief, the murderer, even, are less dangerous than the man whose claims to knowledge you cannot control, and whose ignorance you can only learn at your bitter cost.

"At first Dora felt stunned; but rallying at length, she said: "It is impossible! You cannot mean to say that the child must die, Doctor Leroux?"

"Not that she must, but that she may," he replied, somewhat sharply.

Dora looked at Eva. It was not and it could not be mother's love she felt for that poor little sufferer, and therefore hers was not a mother's bitter agony. But the knowledge that this little creature, motherless and for the time, too, fatherless, was dying, pierced her heart. She had loved the child, and the child, too, had loved her. Eva had been a tie between her and her husband. She had brought Dora back to his home when nothing else, it seemed to her, could have done it—and now that gentle and tender bond must soon be broken. They would stand apart without that loving link, and they could not even meet by Eva's grave.

"He would not believe my grief," thought Dora; "and he shall not see it to do it. When Eva is dead—if she must die, indeed—I shall leave this house again, and this time all will be surely ever forever!"

But must the child die? It seemed so hard. Doctor Leroux was gone, and Dora sat by Eva's cot, holding Eva's little wasted hand in her own, and she could not believe it. Oh! if there were but power in love to keep those loved beings who go away from us so suddenly, whether their leaving-taking be swift or slow!

"Stay with me," Dora longed to say—stay with me, my darling! I never can tell you my trouble, but still you will comfort it. There is more consolation in a child's loving kiss than in all men and women can say; to prove that one ought not to mourn. Oh! if I could but keep you—if I could! And then to think that this tender little being must really die and be put in the cold damp earth, to moulder away, with all its beauty prematurely destroyed, and the sweet promise of youth forever unfulfilled!

The thought filled Dora's heart with pity as well as with sorrow. Every creature she had received from the child—every fond, endearing word which had been exchanged between them in those hours when Dora was no longer governess and Eva pupil, came back and inflicted its pang upon her. "I never could have left this house if she had been in it," she thought—"I never—I never came the thought of what it would be when the child was gone—how empty, how silent, how cold! And so vivid were these images—so painfully real did imagination make them—that Dora gasped. Eva's hand till the child opened her heavy eyes and looked wonderingly at her step-mother. She had no knowledge of death, and no fear of the destroyer. He might come and steal her away, and she would yield to him with the meek unconsciousness of her years. She would never suspect or know that there was a power stronger by far than that of the kind hand which now held hers.

"Cousin Dora," she said, with a suddenness that startled Dora, "when is Doctor Petit coming back?"

"What do you want him for, Eva?" "I don't like Doctor Leroux."

But the words were spoken faintly, and she fell back into her old languor.

"The very child is against me," thought Dora. Her heart sickened within her as remembering the strife she had already gone through, she foresaw another trial more cruel still. What if, seeing matters through the bitterness of his altered feelings, Mr. Templemore should lay the death of his child to her door? He might not say it, indeed, but she would read it in his eyes, and would not that be hard indeed! Since Doctor Leroux cannot promise to save the child," she thought, "would it not be better for me that I had never come here, or had left her to the other man's care? He said he could save her: and who knows—oh! who knows, perhaps he could!—perhaps it is true I am killing her!"

"The thought was so exquisitely painful, that Dora dropped Eva's hand and left the side of the little cot. She went to the window, leaned against the glass-pane, and cried as if her heart would break. Two thoughts were with her, and either was very hard to bear. One, that there was little or no hope of saving Eva; the other, that believing her to be dead, Mrs. Logan and her husband had indulged in hopes, felt or spoken—it mattered not—which her return must needs dispel.

"He believes me to be dead, and he will find me to be living," thought Dora. "He hopes to marry Florence, and he will learn that he is still bound to me. I am the bitterness and the clog of his life." "The dark cloud, which ever comes between the sun of happiness and him!" As this secret voice spoke to her in such bitter language, Dora asked herself, with something like passion, why she was tried so cruelly. Why was her life a double burden—to herself first, then to him? And she felt so strong, so free from disease, so full of vitality! It seemed to her as if she could live forever. "I dare say I shall survive them both," she thought; "they will die, and I shall live on into dreary old age, forgotten by death, as I have been forgotten by love."

my best, you see, but I cannot help myself." Indeed, Miss Moore's next remark was to that purpose.

"Well, Mrs. Templemore," she said, "I am not able to save poor Eva from you and that Doctor Leroux; but, remember," she added, weeping, "remember, that if I lose my sister's child, I shall hold you guilty."

"I cannot accept that guilt, Miss Moore; life and death are not in my power, and I have still hope that Eva may be saved."

Miss Moore tossed restlessly in her bed; Mrs. Logan looked indignant, and, after a brief pause, Dora withdrew and went back to Eva. She had left Josephine with the child, and she found the girl inclined to remain and be communicative, especially on the subject of Fanny.

"Madame may believe me," she said, confidently, "but I never believed in the demoiselle with her blue eyes. I always told Jacques she was deceitful; and when she came back and said Madame Courtenay was dead, and took away all madame's letters and things, I said to Jacques, 'I do not like that; and I do not believe madame sent that Made-moiselle Fanny back! Jacques will not grant it now, but I said it; and I never believed madame was really dead, for you see, Monsieur never went into mourning, nor never said a word. Only Madame Logan's maid said it to Jacques, who told me; but no one told Monsieur, who went about looking so grave and so stern; but servants must be careful, as madame knows, and not repeat every word they hear. And I have always been discreet," continued Josephine, adding, with an abrupt transition, "I can make dresses too, and trim caps quite prettily. Mademoiselle Fanny took many a hint from me. For being English, you know, she had not the right knack which we French have."

"Josephine wants to be my maid," thought Dora, with a sigh; "poor girl, she does not know my reign is over. I am still queen, of course, but where is my kingdom? And who and what shall I be in this house if poor little Eva dies?"

"She is thinking over it," conjectured Josephine, watching Dora's pensive face: "I did well to tell her about trimming caps. Madame Courtenay always was particular about her caps."

And Dora, whose thoughts were far away, saw a sad image of herself going back alone to the poor house where Mrs. Courtenay was waiting; whilst Eva slept in her little grave, and Mr. Templemore brooded over grief his in Les Roches.

CHAPTER LIV.

The concierge in the Hotel Rue de Rivoli was leaning back in his chair, and looking pensively at a telegram which lay on the table before him. It had been lying there seven days, and had not been claimed as yet by Mr. Templemore. Was this a second edition of that gentleman's mysterious disappearance? The concierge thought so, and was rounding off a period, when again Mr. Templemore spoiled his story by suddenly coming forward. A clow to the truth which he had not ceased to seek had taken him suddenly from Les Roches to a place beyond Paris, but it had proved vain, and he was coming to the Hotel to spend the night there on his way home, when the concierge, recognizing him, rose, and said with much alacrity:

"We were afraid something had happened to monsieur. This dispatch has been lying here for monsieur no less than seven days."

Mr. Templemore's color fled as he heard him. Who could send a dispatch to this place, save Miss Moore, and what could she send it for but to give evil tidings of Eva? He tore the paper open with a trembling hand; but his heart sickened as he read it. The telegram was sent by Doctor Petit, and that gentleman informed him that Miss Moore and her niece were both ill of scarlatina; that he, Doctor Petit, was attending upon them; and that though there was no danger, he hoped to get them through.

Mr. Templemore stood with the paper in his hand, stummed with a grief so unexpected, that Eva should be ill was ever possible, but that she should fall into the hands he most dreaded had always seemed out of the question; and now this dreadful evil had come to pass; and for seven days his child had been in the power of Doctor Petit. All might be well, or all might he over by this. Mr. Templemore asked for a railway guide. The last train left for Rouen at seven, and it was half-past six now. There was no time to send a telegram to Les Roches and receive the answer before the departure of the train. He must go at once, go with the agony of that doubt upon him, or wait till the following day to save Eva from Dr. Petit's ruthless hands.

Within ten minutes to seven Mr. Templemore was in the waiting-room of the Havre station, and whilst his eager eyes sought the hand of the railway clerk, and his heart sickened with impatience, very bitter were Mr. Templemore's thoughts. Yes, all might be over now. Eva might be dead by this. The disease which he had dreaded most of all for her might have robbed him of his last child, as it had of her two little sisters. The enemy had come while he was away seeking for one who had all but replaced his child in his heart. "If I had been with Eva I should at least have saved her from Petit!" he thought. "Oh! Dora! Dora! must you cost me so dear as this?"

There was a double agony in the feeling. Then swiftly other thoughts rushed through his mind. The mother whom he had given to his little girl had proved faithless. Alas! they had both been faithless, father and adopted mother too. Love and wrath had been fatal alike to Eva, and the innocent child's life must pay for a passion of which childhood has no conception.

Only a few people were waiting for the express-train, but amongst them was a young English matron with children, a nursery-maid, and a whole array of small baskets, and boys, and worrying parcels. Mr. Templemore walked to the other end of the waiting-room, in order not to see this happy group. That woman had four children, and he, who had but one, might soon be childless. There would be joy in her home for many years, while his might be hushed and silent. He was not envious, he wished her no evil, but he could not look on her happiness. The sight was one, however, which he could not escape. One of the children, a little girl, ran past him, to jump into the arms of a gentleman, who kissed her and joined the group. He was evidently the father and husband. "Why did I not meet Dora years ago?" thought Mr. Templemore, in the bitterness of his heart. She would have been Eva's mother, and all would have been well! There never could have been unkindness between us with such a tie. And Dora would never have left her child's home as she left her husband's—never!"

These travellers made themselves at home, English fashion, and spoke loud and freely together. Tiny—such was the little girl's name—made daring attempts on one of the baskets holding biscuits. The nurse scolded, but Tiny, defiant sinner, only laughed, and throwing back her golden curls, got up on her smiling mother's knee and hugged her. The child was young and fair, wholly unlike the

dark-eyed Eva; but many a time Mr. Templemore had seen his little daughter thus in Dora's arms, caressing and fond, and now, looking at this strange mother and child, he also remembered something that had occurred during his hurried journey from Deenhah to Les Roches with Dora. Conquered by fatigue, he had fallen asleep one night in the railway carriage. When he woke in the gray morning Dora was sleeping too, and he found that unconsciously, he had laid his head upon her shoulder. Then, as the carriage still moved on, and he saw the deep purple plains in the faint light of dawn, the thought came to him how often his child's innocent head had rested where his now lay, and how often again, as he hoped, he should see her clasped to that kind heart. It had been one of his troubles to know that Eva would never love Florence, and now it was a joy to feel that he could hold these two, Dora and the child, in one love, undivided. He gently moved away, and Dora awaking, asked what was the next station. He told her, but he did not say how this little incident seemed to have given his brief married life some of the sweetness which only comes with years; and how this girl, who had been his wife but a fortnight, was already to him as the mother of his child.

Again Mr. Templemore felt he could not look on, and he turned his head away. He could not help loving Dora, whatever happened; but if Eva died, grief, remorse, and a child's grave would be between him and Dora, ay, even though she never left his side again. Could he forget that if he had not been within call in the hour of danger, she was the cause; could he forget that some strange woman, and not his wife, was now with his sick and dying child?

At last the wooden barrier was opened, and the travellers hastened to the row of carriages with the loud impatient hissing engine at the head. Five minutes more, and they were in motion, first panting, then flying through the country. The suburbs melted away into a green landscape. The Seine gleamed, then disappeared, then came again to sight, villages were seen, then towns, then fields and orchards. Then towns once more in the autumn sunset, and still they went on, and Mr. Templemore thought they would never reach their goal. At length the hills which surrounded Rouen came in view, then the spires of the old Gothic city rose in the darkness of the night, and Mr. Templemore felt he must prepare for the worst.

There were two ways of reaching Les Roches. Mr. Templemore chose the shortest. A carriage took him up a steeper path than the winding road which led to the chateau and being unable to proceed any further, left him within fifty yards of the wooden door in the boundary wall. Mr. Templemore paid and dismissed the cabman without a word. The man looked after him curiously. He saw him take out a key, and heard him open the door and enter, locking the door after him.

"They have their troubles too," he thought, making his horses turn. "They have trees and gardens, and houses, but they have their troubles too."

Swiftly, yet with the fear of death at his heart, Mr. Templemore went on through the dark paths. At length the house stood before him. It looked strangely quiet and solemn. Not a light burned in the windows, not one human being was visible. He stood for a moment waiting for some token of life, but none came from that silent dwelling. Suddenly, and as Mr. Templemore was walking quickly through the flower-garden, Jacques appeared with a lantern in his hand. In a moment Mr. Templemore stood by the man.

"Well!" he said. He could utter no more. His lips were parched and dry, and fever-sickened his very heart. Jacques was slightly startled at his master's unexpected appearance, and there was just a moment's pause, an eternity of torment and doubt, ere he answered.

"Mademoiselle Eva is very low."

Mr. Templemore had tried to prepare himself for a worse reply than this, but by the agony it gave him he could not test the vanity of all such preparation.

Doctor Petit thought she was getting better," resumed Jacques, "and he cured Mademoiselle Moore; but that was in the beginning, and Mademoiselle Eva is not so well now."

Mr. Templemore was standing perfectly still, like one incapable of sense or motion; but his eyes flashed when he heard Doctor Petit's fatal name, he started, as if that name had stung him back from torpor into life.

"My God!" he cried, "who brought that man—who brought him?"

There was something so desperate in his look and tone, that Jacques stepped back, and forgot his partisanship for Doctor Petit, which he shared with the whole household, in personal uneasiness. So hastily evading Mr. Templemore's question, he answered: "Doctor Petit cured Mademoiselle Moore, and attended Mademoiselle Eva at first; but Doctor Leroux has the care of her now."

"When has he been here?" "He left five minutes ago."

Mr. Templemore put no further questions, but walked on. The fatal thought, "Petit has murdered her, and Leroux himself cannot save her—I have come too late!" rang through his brain, and again like a knife. He entered the house, turned into the school-room, thence into Dora's sitting-room, and went up the private staircase which led to the apartment Eva had once shared with her governess.

He pushed the door of the child's room open very softly. He did not wish her to be startled by his sudden appearance. The night lamp shed a dull faint light on the sick-room, a low wood fire smouldered on the hearth, but Mr. Templemore could see Eva's little white cot at the other end of the apartment. He approached it gently. A calm, regular breathing told him the child was sleeping. He bent over her very cautiously. Long, keen, and attentive was the look. Suddenly Eva's eyes opened. Mr. Templemore remained perfectly still. She looked at him with a half-wondering gaze, in which sleep contended; then her lids fluttered and fell, her eyes closed, and she was sleeping soundly. With a relieved sigh Mr. Templemore turned away. Eva was saved, and he knew it.

"Thank God!" he said, half aloud—"thank God!"

He walked towards the fireplace, then stood still. A flickering ray of the firelight shot up from the hearth; and pale, worn, and altered though she was, he saw and knew her. This was his wife who stood before him! For a moment his heart seemed to cease to beat. For a moment he stood, pale as death, and as silent. For a moment she too, was mute and still, looking at him as he looked at her. But she had been expecting him days, and she recovered first. She raised a warning hand. "Do not waken her," she said in the lowest whisper—but low though it was, her voice shook; "she is saved—she will live!"

He took her in his arms. The word "wife" was a sesame. No term of endearment had ever sounded half so sweet as this, when he had spoken it, in the past; and as he uttered it now her whole heart seemed to go forth to meet him. When he opened his arms to receive her, she threw her arms around his neck, and all was forgiven and forgotten forever between these two.

"Then you are glad I am not dead," she said, smiling through her happy tears; "you never had that cruel 'Dora Courtenay' put on poor aunt's grave?—you never wished to marry Mrs. Logan? You need not tell me so. I know it—I know it!"

Yes, this was truly Dora—Dora jealous and fond, and Dora joyous and light-hearted. Dora who had fled from him in hasty resentment, and had come back on the first token of the child's peril. But great joy is incredulous. The cruel fear of Eva's danger was but a few hours old. It had not taken upon him the hard grasp of reality. He could bid it begone like an evil nightmare; but the doubts, the fears, the anguish he had gone through in seeking the woman whose voice he heard, whose hand he held, all came back to him now, and seemed to say, "Do not be too sure—you may be dreaming, and when you waken she may be gone."

"I cannot believe it!" he exclaimed vehemently—"I cannot believe I have got you back!"

"And yet I am no ghost!" she answered joyously.

"Ah! but how pale and worn she looked! She had been watching many nights, surely?" "Four," she answered simply. "I did not dare to leave Eva for fear they should bring back Doctor Petit."

"You brought Leroux, then?" "I did. I had a hard battle, but I won."

"And Petit would have killed her. She is now your child, indeed!"

"There are some sweet drops in this bitter cup of life, as the poets call it."

"I am sure of him now," thought Dora—"a sure savor."

Eva moved slightly. At once Dora was by her side; but Eva was only dreaming. Dora raised the curtain and bent over the sleeping child to make sure of her slumber; and Mr. Templemore looked at them both, and never forgot that picture—the poor little head on its white pillow, and the faithful tender face above it.

CHAPTER LVI.

MR. TEMPLEMORE had sent Dora to her room to rest and sleep, and Dora had obeyed him. It was sweet to go and rest after fatigue, and to sleep after watching, and sweeter than all to know she was doing both in her husband's house, and under her husband's care.

She looked around her with a delicious sense of home. How pleasant to sit down in that large arm-chair, and rest a while, and think of her husband, surrounded as she was with tokens of her husband's affection! How pleasant, after the vexing storms of the past, to rejoice in the sweet peace of the present! The same sense of repose followed her when she laid herself to sleep.

"Adieu to care," she thought. "If our love has survived such bitter trials, surely we need not fear for it. We are mortal, and, therefore, may suffer again, for we cannot conquer sickness and death; but for all that, adieu to care! Now I can fall asleep and not dread wakening. And to-morrow I can waken, and not feel in my heart, 'Another bitter day lies before me.' I know that Eva will live—I know that she sits with her thinking of me—I know that the delightful days are all coming back like spring after winter."

Yes, she knew it, and when she ceased to know it—when thought folded her wings, and a gentle torpor crept over her—when fatigue and happiness both wrapped her in a delightful heaviness, and made her close her eyes—she felt it still. It was the last consciousness she carried with her into the world of sleep—it was the meaning of all her dreams, and her bright welcome when she woke.

Whilst Dora slept, Mr. Templemore sat up and watched in Eva's room. He had sat down in Dora's vacant chair by the fire-place, and looking at the red embers, he threw off the weary burden of the past, and indulged in some bright dreams. But suddenly the image of Florence, pale and reproachful—Florence, who had wronged him, but whom he had abetted too willingly, came back like an up-braiding. How completely he had given up the old love, and how eagerly he had turned to the new! Was not this vehement affection the justification of Mrs. Logan's jealousy?"

"Yes," he thought, with something like remorse, "she was right enough. I was always too fond of Dora. I always gave her too much, and now she has all, and she has a right to all. The folly of a silly woman and the guilt of a mad one have made it too late for repentance or regret. Then why perplex myself with what might have been, but never can be?—why grieve myself the happiness of what it is, when that 'is' happens to be a girl I love, and a young wife like Dora?"

Thus spoke Reason, and Conscience lent her a willing ear, and Remorse retreated discomfited, and in some disorder. An unexpected ally, moreover, came to Reason's aid, and made her mistress of the field.

Dora had not long been gone for thought travels fast when the door through which she had left opened gently. Mr. Templemore looked quickly round. He had scarcely time to recognize Miss Moore's square figure, when he heard her lock the door, and take out the key; then, crossing the room swiftly, she went to another door and locked that too. He stared at her in silent amazement. But it was plain Miss Moore did not see him. She went to Eva's bed, peeped cautiously at the child, then walked away on tiptoe, took a large, old-fashioned arm-chair, shook the cushion upon it, wheeled it to Eva's cot, then sat down, with a gentle sigh of relief, took off her curls, filled in her pocket, brought out a white-furred night-cap and put it on. She was lying the strings, when, to her mingled terror and confusion, Mr. Templemore appeared before her. Miss Moore felt petrified, and so she did not scream; but when Mr. Templemore, who did not want to waken the child, made a sign that she was to rise, Miss Moore mechanically obeyed, and found strength to do so. He took a light, and she followed him to the neighboring room.

"Miss Moore," he inquired, when they were out of Eva's hearing, "may I ask the meaning of this?"

"Miss Moore turned traitor without remorse."

"It was Mrs. Logan," she said.

"Mrs. Logan! Good Heavens! what could be her motive? What could make her wish to insult my wife in her own house? And, Miss Moore, how could you abet her?"

"I have a right over Eva," jealously replied Miss Moore; "she is my sister's child after all, and I have no faith in Doctor Leroux; and Doctor Petit cured me, Mr. Templemore."

Mr. Templemore felt too indignant to argue that point; but he said again:

"But Mrs. Logan has no right—how dare she meddle?—how dare she advise you so, Miss Moore?"

"I suppose it vexed her that Mrs. Templemore should be alive," composedly said Miss Moore; "you see, she thought that you were a widow; I suppose, when she came to mind Eva and me."

Mr. Templemore heard her with mingled anger and shame. Not a shadow of remorse or regret could remain in his heart after this. "And I have loved this small, silly, selfish creature," he thought, in mute indignation; "this ruthless little thing, who would have sacrificed my child's life as well as her own pride to indulge a moment's revenge!"

He could not speak at once, so bitter were his feelings; and that bitterness showed itself in the first words he uttered:

Miss Moore, Dora must never know this—never, mind you. She must never know that this insult was contemplated."

"Miss Moore was quite willing to vow that she would never tell Mr. Templemore's wife the little plot that had been concocted against her. And though she had been faithful to Mrs. Logan, she was strictly faithful to herself. Dora never did know it. She never knew why, when her husband spoke of Florence, which was but rarely, he spoke of her with such bitter emphasis and such resentful looks. She never knew why, when a year after this, Mr. Templemore heard of Mrs. Logan's marriage with a learned Judge, he uttered so serious and earnest a 'poor fellow!'"

"But you might have been that 'poor fellow,'" gayly said Dora.

"Never," he rather sharply answered. "I have committed some mistakes, but they have never been fatal ones. Either reason resumed her sway at the critical moment, or," he added, smiling, "some good fairy came to the rescue when all seemed lost. So you see that I never could have been that 'poor fellow!'"

"I see," thought Dora; "there is something I have never known; but I am not Blue-Beard's wife—I can bear it."

But all this was yet to come. When Dora entered Eva's room the next morning, so bright and joyous that Mr. Templemore told her she looked like the sunbeam whom the alchemist caught and imprisoned:

"Then mind you lock me up, or I shall escape," replied Dora; "do not trust me—do not trust me!"

Alas! Mrs. Courtenay's worst presentations were being fulfilled. Mr. Templemore wanted to keep her, and Dora wanted to stay. "Yes," thought Mrs. Courtenay, as she sat alone and sad, and looked out at the village street, "I know how it would be."

This time Mrs. Courtenay was not frowning. Dora's mother was weeping, gently, indeed, not with a bitter or passionate flow, but still with sorrow and heartache. Dora had been gone, oh! so long, and she was not returning. She wrote frequently, almost daily; but she did not come back. Mrs. Courtenay knew how ill Eva had been, and how well she was getting. She knew that Mr. Templemore had come back, and that Dora was, as she said, happier than ever; but when Dora would come to her, or if ever she would come, Mrs. Courtenay did not know. And thus, though the cards lay before her, though the favorite patience of his majesty Louis XVIII. had come out beautifully, Mrs. Courtenay was gloomy, and indulged in some reflections more philosophic than cheerful. "I have always read in history," sadly thought the poor lady, "that when two contending powers made peace, it was at the expense of a third, some poor little weak kingdom or dukedom, or republic, which they either divided or sacrificed in some dreadful way or other. And that is how Dora and Mr. Templemore are now acting. Of course I cannot be divided, or made three pieces of, like poor Poland, but then I can be excluded from the confederation, as it were, and told to mind my own business, and let the mighty people settle their own affairs. Dora is a good daughter, and she loves me very dearly, but then she is crazy about her husband, and, of course, he is desperately fond of her, and they are making a new honeymoon of it. And, of course, too, I must be sacrificed. I always thought Doctor Richard looked like a jealous man, and I do believe he will lock her up rather than let her be out of his sight. And if he does, how can she help herself, poor dear!"

Yet it was a hard case, a very hard case, but it was of a piece with that carrying off of the Sabines which Mr. Templemore had emulated on his wedding. "It began then, and it is ending now," thought the poor lady. "I have lost my Dora!"

Mrs. Courtenay was sitting in the parlour, looking disconsolately at the sunburst through the green screen of vine-leaves which framed her window, as she came to this lamentable conclusion. The cards lay before her, and a red glow from the west stole in and filled the plain room with warmth and light Mrs. Courtenay was dazzled as well as miserable, and leaning back in her chair with a sigh, she closed her wearied eyes with the dismal reflection, "Where is the use of looking?"

"Mamma! mamma!" said a pleasant voice, which sounded in her ear. Mrs. Courtenay started and looked round. She was alone in the room. "I am here," said the voice again; and this time Mrs. Courtenay, turning in the direction whence the voice came, saw Dora's bright face looking at her laughingly through the vine-leaves. "You have been crying," said Dora, putting on a frown. "I see it. I am very angry!"

"Don't!" implored Mrs. Courtenay, deprecatingly.

Dora shook her head, then vanished. The next moment she was in the room, and she stood before her mother with a grave face and a threatening frowning.

"I told you I would come back, but you did not believe it, and yet here I am," she said, and Mrs. Courtenay, admiringly, "and how well and how pretty you look, Dora! How did you get away?" she asked, as Dora sat down by her, and kissed her tenderly.

"Did I not tell you I would get out through the window?" Dora replied. "Oh! but I hope you

wide open, but Dora was so unwilling to come that I had to bring her to you. "That is pure slander, you know, mamma," composedly said Dora, "and you know better."

"We are ready," she said to her husband. "The carriage which had brought them from the railway-station was at the door waiting. Mrs. Courtney allowed her daughter to put on her bonnet and shawl without a word. Still meek and silent she entered the carriage and she scarcely opened her lips during the journey to Les Roches. Dora noticed this, and she said a little jealously as they went up the stone steps that led to the house:

"Well, are you not pleased to be home again?" "Yes, my dear, very much pleased," meekly replied Mrs. Courtney; but night had set in, and it was well that Dora did not see her mother's face. Mrs. Courtney said she was tired, and she went up to her room.

"Mr. Templemore will want Dora all to himself," she thought, with a swelling heart; "I must not be in the way."

The room was a pleasant room, and Mrs. Courtney looked around it with pleasure. She felt chill, and she had asked for a fire; but though the legs burned and crackled cheerfully on the hearth, Mrs. Courtney felt miserable.

"I shall soon be ready," she replied meekly. "Let me pack up for you," gayly said Dora. She rose and went up-stairs, and her first act was to look for and burn Mr. Templemore's letter. As it shriveled up before her she smiled triumphantly. Thus all bitterness, all unkindness would perish and pass away from their two lives. She soon came down again.

did not want them—pray, do they want us?" "Perhaps they do, and perhaps they do not," saucily replied Dora; and to herself she thought with a bright, happy smile, "I do believe we are all going to be so happy!" But happiness is silent, not spoken; and not one word of this did Dora say.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Canon Higgins, P.P., Charlestown, diocese of Achonry. Three new nunnies have just been opened in Misia by refuge nuns from other localities.

The New York Cathedral Fair.—The Bishop of Halifax, and a number of distinguished people, visited the Cathedral Fair last week. The Catholic school building in Chatham, Ont., was burned on the 12th inst. Loss \$10,000; insured for \$6,000 in the Queen's Company.

A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH DEDICATED.—The new Catholic church of Our Lady of Grace, costing \$150,000, was dedicated at Hoboken, N. J., on the 10th inst. AN APPROPRIATE CELEBRATION.—All Saints' Day was celebrated in New Orleans by Protestants and Catholics alike, by a decoration of the many thousand new-made graves.

The Catholic Record.—The Catholic Record, published at Ontario, Canada, is making a good start. It has been in the field scarcely two months, yet it shows signs of able journalism. We wish it every success.

MISSIONS IN INDIA.—The Holy Father has given *motu proprio*, to the Society of Jesus the charge of the mission on the Malabar Coast, where St. Francis Xavier laboured with such great success. The Father General has confided it to the Lombardo-Venetian province, which will shortly despatch to India the first party of missionaries.

ST. STANISLAUS, Nov. 20.—This am. took place in St. Stanislaus de Batiscon (Quebec) the benediction of three new bells. Mons. Lefebvre was present. Among the god-fathers of the bells were G. H. Dufresne, Registrar of the County of Champlain, Mr. Hypolite, Montplaisir, member of same county for the Federal Parliament, and Mr. D. N. St. Cyr, member for the Local Parliament.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM.—The Rev. Orley Shipley, B.A., of Cambridge University, England, and his wife, were received into the Catholic Church recently, by the Very Rev. Mgr. Capel. Mr. Shipley is the author of the essays on "The Church and the World," and many other treatises on ecclesiastical subjects. It is also stated that two Oxford undergraduates have lately become members of the Catholic Church.

A new covered market is to be built at Belfast at a cost of \$20,000. Serious disturbances, have been caused in Belfast in connection with services held by the Plymouth brethren.

IRISH NEWS.

A Baptist Minister, speaking at Leeds, stated that he had visited five towns in Ireland, and could not find a bookseller's shop in one of them. A party riot took place in Gifford on the 5th ult. A Roman Catholic named McVeigh was shot. The local police were powerless to quell the disturbance.

Mr. Robert Harkness, Professor of Natural History, in the Queen's college, Cork, dropped dead while walking in the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, on the 5th ult. Medical opinion points to disease of the heart as the cause.

His many friends will hear with pleasure that Canon Bourke has been promoted from the presidency of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, to the pastoral charge of the important parish of Clonmore, and that steps have already been taken in Tuam to commemorate the event by the presentation of an address and testimonial to the very rev. gentleman.

Ballinasloe was the scene of a most encouraging demonstration on Sunday, the 3rd instant. About three thousand persons from the town and the surrounding districts of Roscommon and Galway, headed by the local Catholic clergy, and acting under the auspices of the local Tenants' Defence Association, met to declare, and did most emphatically declare, in favor of the popular demand for a reform of the land laws, and for "the policy of action initiated by Mr. Parnell and the advanced section of the Home Rule party."

WILL OF THE LATE EARL OF LEITCH.—The will of the late Earl of Leitrim has been lodged in the Probate Court by the executors. The assets of his lordship are sworn to be under £200,000. The deceased left all his real and personal estate to Colonel Clements for life, with remainder to his issue. And in the event of Colonel Clements failing issue the property should go to Mr. John Madden of Hilltown, Clones, who is married to his niece, and his children in succession. The bequests in the will were only a few, amounting to about £5,000. The present Earl of Leitrim, who was not left anything, has entered a caveat against the will being proved.

A motion has been made by the Government for the police outrage on the Catholics of Galway. The County Inspector and the Sub-Inspector of the district have both been removed. This result is due to the spirited action of the Bishop of Galway, as will be seen from the correspondence between that eminent prelate and the Lord-Lieutenant. It was intended at first merely to administer a private reprimand to the offending officials, but Dr. McEvilly insisted on proper punishment being administered, and it was only then that the authorities in Dublin Castle resolved on offering the satisfaction we have mentioned, and which was decidedly the least that justice demanded. As to the reason for sending the police to act as spies in the September, it appears that the inspectors were "merely anxious to ascertain whether any unfavorable comments would be made at the chapels affecting the discipline of the force or the conduct of the officers."

This end, however, as the Bishop remarks, might have been as easily attained by sending the police in uniform. From Dr. McEvilly's account of the matter the fact would seem to be that the whole affair was dictated by religious bigotry, and, if it be so, it may possibly become a question whether some Home Rule member of Parliament should not see more about it in the House of Commons.

ENGLAND. BRISTOL, November 22.—In consequence of the continued inactivity in emigration, the Great Western Steamship Company will discontinue their line to New York during the winter.

Mr. Thomas Cheney, editor of the London Times has resigned Oxford's Professorship of Arabic. Italians are very anxious to revive two great branches of trade which France derived originally from them—silk and wine.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone has been paying a visit to Cambridge University. His daughter is a pupil at Newham Hall, one of the lady colleges. Mr. Albert du Boys, the intimate friend of Mr. Dupontou, who died at his house, has received from Cardinal Nina a letter of condolence of the death of the Bishop.

A march composed by Rossini, but never published or performed, has been officially distributed to the military bands at Rome, and promises to become very popular; the maestro presented it to the Italian Government in return for the order of San Maurizio bestowed on him by Victor Emanuel.

The will of the late Mr. Justice Keogh has been proved by the executors, Captain Henry Keogh, R.M., brother, and Mr. David Ferguson, solicitor, and Registrar to the late judge. The personality was sworn under £12,000. The bequests are entirely of a personal and family nature.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.—The oldest pensioner in the Hotel des Invalides has just died. His name was Darro, and he was the soldier who stood as sentinel in the public square at Cairo when Suleiman, the assassin of Kleber, was dying impaled and with his right hand and wrist burnt to the bone. Darro had pity on him and gave him a glass of water. Suleiman drank it, and expired almost immediately.

GERMANY WATCHING ENGLAND.—The Berlin Post says:—Eight weeks ago, when the treaty of Berlin was in danger, Bismarck appealed to the signatories to defend it, and England, who then rejected the request, now appeals to Austria and France, the supposed adversaries of Russia, for the purpose of reviving the Crimean alliance. Such attempts are useless. Furthermore, England, by fostering jealousies, certainly will not succeed in preventing friendly relations between Bulgaria and Greece.

CANADIAN TOURISTS.—A letter from Liverpool to *La Canadienne* from a passenger by the "Sardinian" on the 12th ult. when their Lordships Bishops Duhame and Moran, and Rev. P. Antoine, Provincial of the Oblat Fathers and three or four more Canadian priests also took passage for Europe, mentions that during the voyage, another fellow passenger, Mr. A. Itho, artist of Beaucaire, who was proceeding home to perfect himself in his art, painted an admirable portrait of the vessel's popular commander, Captain Dutton, which he very disinterestedly presented to that gentleman, with a complimentary address, prepared by the Bishop of Ottawa and signed by all the cabin passengers, to which, the Captain, who was considerably surprised, returned an appropriate and feeling reply, in which he declared that so signed a mark of attention was particularly grateful to him, emanating as it did from Canadians, who he had long since learned to respect and appreciate.

HALIFAX FISHERY AWARD. WASHINGTON, November 21.—In pursuance of instructions from the Secretary of State, Minister Welsh to-day tendered to the British Government \$5,500,000 gold, accompanying the payment with the following communication and receipt of payment, acknowledged by Lord Salisbury in due form:—

Lebanon, November 21.—In consequence of the continued inactivity in emigration, the Great Western Steamship Company will discontinue their line to New York during the winter. NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, November 22.—Representatives of mine owners and miners have compromised the dispute about rules and hours, and the miners accepted 7 1/2 per cent. reduction, thereby averting their intended great strike.

Mr. Gladstone has been paying a visit to Cambridge University. His daughter is a pupil at Newham Hall, one of the lady colleges. Mr. Albert du Boys, the intimate friend of Mr. Dupontou, who died at his house, has received from Cardinal Nina a letter of condolence of the death of the Bishop.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Lake Manitoba is frozen hard enough for teams. The majority of the Ottawa mills have closed down. Cock fighting takes place at Point St. Charles on Sundays.

The Tilley contested election case is postponed till December 13th. The fog horn erected at Port Colborne cost over two thousand dollars. The great mining stock panic still continues to excite San Francisco.

A grand commercial convention will be held at New Orleans on December 3rd. A Chatham firm of auctioneers last week sold live stock to the value of \$7,000. The Dominion Telegraph Company has opened an office in Florenceville, N.B.

Amid quite a flurry of snow, a plowing match took place at Truro on Tuesday. There are 6,645 bunks, with an aggregate capital of \$675,775,000, in the United States. The Mennonites have applied to place their school under the Board of Education.

Wm. Long, of Peterboro', was killed by the falling of a tree at Bobaygon on Saturday. It is said that a New York boat builder wants Hanlan to go into business with him there. Bidgetown has a second weekly paper. It is called the Telephone, and is independent in politics.

Sweet potatoes, weighing from four to five and a half pounds, have been raised in Gloucester this season. A chicken social is the latest species of entertainment. One was held at Springfield an evening or two ago. An opposition ferry to be run at later hours than the present boats, is to be started between Windsor and Detroit.

The St. John's, N. B., temperance people are agitating to have the Canada Temperance Act put into operation there. The editor of the St. John's Star promises to marry the young lady who brings the largest number of subscribers for the next two months. A seizure was made at Port Colborne, on Monday last, by the Custom officials of a small boat loaded with six barrels of smuggled oil.

A new Roman Catholic Cathedral is to be erected at Chatham, N. B. A thousand dollars towards it has been subscribed in St. John. Messrs. King and Dennis, surveyors, have arrived at Winnipeg from Battleford with their parties. Their operations are concluded. The Texan train robbers have been tracked north to Pembina. A detective and one of them shot each other dead in the post office there. The Austrian official report charges Turkey with having in various ways promoted insurrection and resisted the Austrian occupation of Bosnia.

All the nice young men in Windsor are in a flutter of excitement. A gold-headed cane is shortly to be voted on there for the handsomest man in the town. A cat belonging to William Duman, of Bluevale, last week gave birth to a kitten with two heads, two tails, and eight feet, all perfectly formed on one body. The Government have published a long despatch to Lord Lytton, in which they throw the blame of the Afghanistan affair on the shoulders of the Gladstone Government.

LONDON, November 19.—While the relations between England and Russia have during the past week assumed a more pacific complexion, and events have given reason for hope that European peace will be preserved, it is understood that the Afghan war will be prosecuted and that the first advance of English troops will be made within a few days. The advice of some of the best military authorities is strongly against this advance being made until next spring, but political considerations and the urgent appeals of the Indian Government have overridden these opinions.

The Times, in its leader, says: "The ultimatum has been refused. The result, we believe, is that the issue has now been left in Lord Lytton's hands. We may expect to hear in a few hours what action he intends to take. He will probably occupy the Khyber and Kharum Passes, and make some advances with the Quetta column."

LONDON, November 21.—The Post, in its leading editorial, says: "When it became evident some days ago that the Ameer intended to persevere in his disdainful reticence, frontier commanders received orders to be in readiness to commence operations this morning. The simple duty of yesterday's Cabinet Council was to learn whether any change in the Ameer's attitude would necessitate an alteration in these instructions. If the Ameer has sent no reply, it only remains for the troops to execute the original orders. The advance has probably begun."

LONDON, November 20.—The Telegraph's correspondent in a despatch dated Peshawar, November 20, says: "Travelling from Thali yesterday past the Kharum force, advancing 30 miles of road was covered with troops, elephants, camels and cattle. The Peshawar force is marching into Jamrood to-day. The Ameer is again spreading a report that the Russians will defend Candahar.

A despatch from Lahore on Thursday says: "If the attack on Fort Ali Musjid is successful, the advanced brigade will press forward, and encamp outside the Pass. It is only intended to push the advance of this column to Dikka, near Lalpura, this year. The Quetta column will halt at Hishan until it is gained by Gen. Stewart. The Kharum column has occupied Fort Ahmedshams. Up to eight o'clock last evening no news had been received concerning the attack on Fort Ali Musjid."

LONDON, November 21.—The Standard's correspondent telegraphs from the camp of the Khyber column, Thursday, at day-break, as follows: "The first and second brigades have long since started. The first intends to turn Fort Ali Musjid by the mountain road, whilst the second attacks the mountain Khabuskos, commanding the fort on which the Afghans have placed a battery. The third and fourth brigades are just about to start by the main road up the pass, but this latter movement is only intended as a demonstration, as it is thought the turning movement will compel the Afghans to abandon their defences."

LONDON, November 21.—The British force advancing from Quetta has arrived at Khabak, ten miles distant. The cold is intense. About 100 men are sick in each regiment. Warm clothes are urgently required. Anxiety is felt regarding the weather. The proclamation of the victory has been read to the British Chiefs, stating that war will only be waged against the Ameer, and advising the people to remain at their homes. The Quetta column numbers 5,200 men. A division commanded by Lieut-General Donald Stewart, numbering 6,350 men has left Multan for Quetta.

RUSSIAN, November 21.—The Russian organ, *Le Nord*, in a leading article on the Afghanistan war, says: "Reports which would doubtless be propagated relative to complications between England and Russia, may be characterized beforehand as false. All prospect of such eventually may be put out of question with perfect assurance."

A despatch from Berlin reports that Gen. Kanfinan, in presenting a sword to the Afghan Envoy at Tashkent for transmission to the Ameer, declared that whoever sided with Russia need not fear that a hair of his head would be injured.

A despatch from Thali says it is reported that the garrison of the first fortress in Kharum Valley is prepared to capitulate when summoned. The column is in splendid spirits, and eager for the advance. No answer has been received from the Ameer and the British troops have been ordered to advance. From all sources it seems clear that war has actually begun. The Ameer spreads a report that the Russians will defend Candahar.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES. LONDON, November 21.—The Austrian Red Book comprises documents showing that Turkey officially organized and fostered resistance to Austrian occupation; Turkey sent regular troops, disguised as Bash-i-Bazouks into Bosnia, organized the Albanian League, and after these preparations for insurrection, broke off negotiations regarding the convention.

The True Witness.

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NOTICE.

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

Subscribers who do not receive the True Witness regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once.

Subscribers, when requesting their addresses to be changed, will please state the name of the Post Office at which they have been receiving their papers, as well as their new address.

NEW AGENTS.

NEW AGENT.—Mr. J. M. Duff has kindly consented to act as our agent in West Frampton and vicinity.

Mr. J. P. Kelly, of Brockville, has kindly consented to act as our agent in the above place. He will receive subscriptions for the Evening Post and True Witness.

Mr. T. R. LEMAY is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the Evening Post and True Witness.

Mr. THOMAS MALONE is our special and only agent for Kingston and Portsmouth. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the Evening Post and True Witness.

Mr. THOMAS SHEEHAN, of Quebec, is our authorized agent in that city for the sale of the Evening Post and the collection of subscriptions for the Evening Post and True Witness.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As the expenses attending the issue of such an enterprise as the Evening Post are necessarily large, and as for a while we shall rely upon the True Witness for a part, we trust those of our subscribers in arrears will forward their indebtedness, or pay it over to our agent, who will shortly visit them.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Eastern Question looks warlike again. The British troops are marching against the Ameer, and the Ameer is said to have boasted that some of his territory, if not all, will be defended by Russian troops.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Long distance walking has of late occupied much attention in the world. Of this class of pedestrians there are now three before the public: O'Leary, the champion walker of the world; Corkey, the champion walker of Great Britain; and a fruit-vendor named Campana, who, at Bridgeport, Conn., has just walked 521 miles in 141 hours 40 minutes.

TRAMPS.

A contemporary of ours was too hard on tramps the other day when it advised the people, if asked for assistance by tramps, to offer them work, and if the tramps refused to work to turn them from the door.

COL. GEORGE SMITH.

The readers of the True Witness will remember a Col. Smith, who last year gave information to the authorities about the "Popish plot," concocted, conspired and to be carried out by the St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company against the Orangemen.

MR. TILLEY'S MISSION.

The Reform papers appear to be doing all in their power to discredit Mr. Tilley's mission to England. It appears to us that the Reform press would rejoice if the mission was a failure.

ORANGEMEN.

We learn from the Herald of the 25th inst., that an Ottawa despatch to a Western paper says that it is understood in this city that the Minister of Customs will next year head the Orange procession in Montreal.

Hon. Mr. McKenzie Dowell is the enemy of Canada, then he will head, or attempt to head, the procession. If he is the enemy of the Conservative party he may do the same, but with all our antagonism to himself and his political surroundings, we do not think him such a fool as the "Ottawa despatch" took him to be.

PARTY.

It is a pity that the Hon. Mr. Joly and Sir John A. Macdonald are not in the same boat. They would make an admirable team. They are both perfect gentlemen, only the one swears a little, and the other is, perhaps, too nervous for English taste.

OUR POLICY.

The St. John Freeman cannot understand why the Post supports the policy of the present Government on the Protection question, while we must, at the same time, support Sir John A. Macdonald.

PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

There are indications that before long the question of Protection vs. Free Trade will be the question of the day in England. Ten years ago no one heard of Protection in Great Britain, and very few politicians could give an intelligent definition of what was meant by it.

can branch of the British Iron trade are even more suggestive. In 1872 Great Britain sent the States \$5,814,000 worth of bar, rod and hoop iron; in 1877, only \$1,584,000 worth.

Table with 2 columns: Exports, 1872 and Exports, 1877. Rows include Clothing, Cotton manufactures, Earthenware, etc.

These figures must set thoughtful people thinking. There can be no doubt that the stagnation in English trade is attributed to foreign competition. The United States, Belgium and France, are pushing England to the wall, and unless measures are taken to stop the movement before long England will experience the fate of Athens and of Rome.

SOME ERRORS.

It is an error to suppose that the Irish people are "Britishers." The Imperial Crown is of "Great Britain and Ireland," and the Irish people are Irish and not Britons. In fact, there is no word which embraces Ireland except "Empire" and "Imperial."

FOREST TIMBER.

We publish to-day an important letter from a well informed correspondent on the destruction of forest timber. The question is, no doubt, one that will at some time engage the attention of Parliament, but when that time will be a question we are not prepared to answer.

"A FAMOUS FENIAN."

An evening contemporary, noted for its "historical" statement on the "mythical St. Patrick," gave a long and somewhat graphic account of an interview between one of its correspondents and "A Famous Fenian."

THE AYLWARDS.

The latest story started by the now responsible journal of Montreal, in order to hoodwink the public, is a denial that the Honorable Minister of Customs ever said, "If the Aylwards are not hanged, I'll bring 5,000 Orangemen to Belleville and hang them myself."

News and the now responsible journal of Montreal, but neither give one particle of proof. It may be said that the onus of proof rests upon us, but our case is already proven, for it was generally believed in Ontario that Mr. Mackenzie Bowell did use the language.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Scotland is in the ascendant, and plaid and tartans are all the rage. The jubilant descendants of the Highland clans in Canada are furnishing up the memories of Auld Lang Syne, and all the characteristics of Gaelic glory appear to inspire them as they prepare for the jubilee.

A MIDDLE.

There is a great row in the Department of Finance. The present Administration charges the late Administration with wilfully neglecting the finances of the country and in placing the Finance Department in an embarrassing position.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

There is no reason why Canada cannot produce the material and make all the machinery necessary to build the Pacific Railway from ocean to ocean. We have the coal, iron, brain and muscle, and we see no reason why obstacles to our monopoly of the work should not be removed.

to make what they can and then leave. It will make labour dearer, say the Reformers; so much the better, say we, for dear labour is synonymous with good times the world over.

STIRRING UP RELIGIOUS ANIMOSITIES.

What do some of our contemporaries mean by "stirring up religious animosities"? Is it "stirring up religious animosities" to draw attention to the neglect shown to one portion of the people by those in power?

THE SPECTATOR.

The Spectator—excuse us the Rev. Mr. Bray—is an independent man. He slashes at everybody, and everybody slashes at him. In the columns of his newspaper he writes as if singing the merry lay, "I care for nobody no, not I, and nobody cares for me."

did not think that "the people on the spot" were the best judges of their own business. It is a pity that the Rev. Gentleman was not more precise and tell us to whom he referred, himself or the lunatics.

THE LOTTERY.

Many a youth and maiden, many a lady fair and gallant gentleman reared in the lap of luxury had in their old age to eat the bitter bread of poverty, and to shiver on the streets through no fault of their own.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL.—THE AYLAWARDS.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post. Sir.—I am one of the party who brought the lurid murder of the poor Aylwards before the Montreal public, and had the subject discussed before the St. Patrick's Society in this city.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FOREST.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post. Sir.—In the issue of the Evening Post of the 2nd instant, under the above heading, you briefly referred to that very important subject, "What will become of Canada when all the timber is gone?"

the lumber trade, for the last few years; consequently the danger is increased, that even these timber limits will be pillaged in the winter season by trespassers without much advantage, either to the trespassers themselves or to the revenue of the country.

THE CELTIC RACE.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post. DEAR SIR—I read with much pleasure the castigation you gave the Quebec Mercury in yesterday's issue of your valuable journal. As you very justly remarked, the Mercury, instead of boldly and honestly producing original attacks of its own against the Irish element and against Irish nationality at home and abroad, has recourse to extracts and clippings from other journals.

But if this scribbler in the Review or the Quebec seissors man would infer that Irish Catholic Celts did not all the time furnish statesmen, philosophers, soldiers and orators to the world outside the British Empire, he is egregiously mistaken. True, we have not heard of Irish Catholic Celts leading British armies to victory, guiding English navies to further conquests, thundering with their rare eloquence in imperial senates and simply because England would not let them.

THE GREAT FATHER IN WATERLOO.

On Sunday, October 27, Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., preached in the Cathedral, Bartram street, Waterloo, the object of his appeal being the collection of a fund for the erection of a spire and the purchase of a peal of bells for the Cathedral. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity.

There is A. M. Sullivan, whom all the English papers style the only genuine orator in the English House of Commons, and yet it was with extreme difficulty he was allowed to practice at the English bar let alone out a figure as an English statesman.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT FATHER IN WATERLOO.

HIS SERMON IN THE CATHEDRAL.

On Sunday, October 27, Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., preached in the Cathedral, Bartram street, Waterloo, the object of his appeal being the collection of a fund for the erection of a spire and the purchase of a peal of bells for the Cathedral. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity.

plied to the Spouse of Jesus Christ on earth, the Holy Catholic Church. They have said of thee, "O Queen by Him who has made thee His own spouse, the Bride of Jesus Christ, thou wast made beautiful, so that all nations wondered at thee, and thy renown went abroad amongst them; but thy beauty was not thine own, but Mine, which I gave thee," saith the Lord God of Hosts. Here, my dearly beloved brethren, we have a promise from on high that the church shall be exceedingly beautiful, and then, again, that her beauty shall be none other than the beauty of God alone.

fourteen hundred years ago under the benediction of the Pope at Rome. The Gospel that Patrick spoke to our forefathers, to Prince and Druid on Tara's Hill, and which made them call out "this is the Word of God, and we will sing the praises of St. Patrick's God," is the same word that I preach to-day, for with her message from God the Church cannot change in her teaching. I am always glad—I am delighted, in fact, when I can meet an assembly of Irish Catholics like this which I see before me at this moment, composed of men who have not only the great gift of intelligence, but who have also the instincts of the faith that never apostatized, with the traditions of the great Church of Ireland. Consider the moral teaching of the Catholic Church. What does it tell us? It gives us the ten commandments of God, imposed by God Himself. By Her moral law she then imposes upon the duty of prayer, the frequenting of the Sacraments of Confession and of Communion; she tells us to fast; she binds us to purity, exhorting us to be pure in word, in thought and in act; and to make every well-living Catholic the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, to make every Catholic man to be as if he were born by the Divine Grace of a virgin mother like Jesus Christ, and to make every Catholic woman like to His mother, who combined within herself all the virtues of purity and grace of which human nature is capable.

SHALL THERE BE LIGHT AT SUNSET!

I saw the morning in great beauty rise, Crowned with a golden haze...

But, ah! the beauty vanished like a dream Which makes babes sleeping smile...

And youth had risen like a beautiful flower, Fresh from great Nature's hand...

But, like a widow, Nature dropped her veil Of sombre mourning down...

"SACK OF BALTIMORE."

Probably not more than one American in five thousand is aware that there is a city of Baltimore in Ireland...

"This two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody hand. And all around his trampled hearth a larger concourse stand..."

SUNBEAMS.

The smooth working of the French republic has hitherto warmed up the Italian Republicans...

Pope Leo delights in the Italian sport of lark catching, and when Archbishop of Perugia had a roccolo...

RULES FOR SPOILING A CHILD

- 1. Begin young by giving him whatever he craves for. 2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable...

PRESERVED MELON RINDS.—Cut the rinds into small strips or squares; tade equal weight of sugar and rinds...

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

COMMON MAT.—The nicest mat for common use is made of No. 4 six-thread Dexter's crochet cotton.

TO DRIVE AWAY INSECTS.—Scatter dry powdered borax for all kinds of insects.

COOKIES.—One teacup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, and a small pinch of salt.

CORN CAKE.—One quart flour, two-thirds quart Indian meal, cup and a half white sugar...

TO PROTECT STEEL WARE FROM RUST.—If all steel or tin ware is well rubbed with lard...

MARBLE STAINS.—An equal quantity of fresh spirits of vitriol and lemon juice will take stains out of marble.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Wash good sized potatoes; bake them out, and with a fork carefully remove the insides...

HOMINY MUFFINS.—Take two cups of very fine hominy, boiled and cold; beat it smooth and stir in three cups of sour milk...

MASHED POTATOES.—Mash some boiled potatoes, and then whip them with the white of an egg until frothy...

FAIRY CAKE.—One pound of brown sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour...

TO MAKE MATS FOR THE TABLE.—Take small sticks of black walnut and pine; place them down to one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness...

CRAB OR LOBSTER SOUP.—Boil and pick six crabs or one large lobster, pound the shell and small claws in a mortar...

TO FRY EGG-PLANT.—Cut the egg-plant in thin slices, removing the purple rim; sprinkle salt between the slices and pile on a dish...

SCIENTIFIC NOTES. A good bell-metal consists of copper 100, tin 20 parts.

Formerly, all American locomotives were jacketed with Russian sheet-iron. Now America makes its own planished iron...

Dr. Erasmus Wilson, an authority in England on cutaneous disorders, has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head...

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AGRICULTURAL.

In England forty bushels of wheat per acre is not an unusual yield, and fifty to sixty bushels per acre is often realized...

W. J. F. tells the Country Gentleman that some of our best farmers intend to sow only four or five pecks of wheat per acre.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The man who shall devise a system of trade between farm producers on the one hand, and consumers of farm productions on the other...

THE LATTER HARVEST.—The gathering in of the latter harvest is nearly done, and quite by some. Like the former harvest, the crops have been abundant...

TO SHOE OR NOT TO SHOE.—Horse-shoeing is just now much discussed in agricultural papers, some writers protesting against shoeing at all...

WHITE OAK FOR BUTTER TUBS.—Prof. Arnold said at the last meeting of the American Dairymen's Association: "There is no timber like white oak for butter tubs..."

THE HOP YIELD. In 1866, stimulated by the high prices, the farmers of Wisconsin went largely into hop raising...

ROSES IN WINTER. To grow and bloom roses in the winter they must be planted in clean pots, with good rich soil mellow and friable.

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NO MAUDLIN PHILOSOPHY THIS TIME.

BUSINESS! BUSINESS! BUSINESS!

Read the following. YEA! READ! Hosiery—Lamb's Wool.

Underclothing. Men's Wear. Shirts and Drawers, heavy make, 40c each; better makes ranging in price as follows: 50c, 60c, 75c, and \$1 each.

Blankets, in White and Grey, from \$1 to \$10 per pair. Underclothing, Children's Shirts and Drawers, in two qualities all sizes, ranging in price from 50c to \$1.50.

Merino Goods. An exquisite assortment of lined Kid Gloves and Mitts. Examine the Stock at once.

Gloves. A large Stock of Cloth Gloves. A large assortment of Knitted and Crochet Mitts for school boys, just the thing, 20c to 35c per pair.

CHEAPSIDE FOR KID GLOVES. Small Wares. Pins, 3c per paper; Needles, Tapes, Crochets, Trimmings, Tassels, Knitting Cotton, Braided Cotton, Fringe, Silk and Worsted, Buttons of all kinds...

THE HOP YIELD. In 1866, stimulated by the high prices, the farmers of Wisconsin went largely into hop raising, the yield of that state for that year being from 80,000 to 100,000 bales.

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AGENTS.

- The EVENING POST is for sale at the following places: QUEBEC. Arpin E., St. Johns; Charbonnel L., Island Pond, Vt.; Cleveland M., North Conitocoke; Cosgrove, John, Buckingham; Green John, South Quebec; Duffey J., Adamsville; Dorlan L. N., Hull; Duffey C., Sherbrooke; Holmes E. E., East Sherbrooke; Jannard & Co., Q. M. O. R. R.; Jutra L., Richmond Station; Kitchin Miss, Burlington on bank; Major N. A., Montebello; Menager A., Windsor Mills; Murphy P., Waterloo; O'Brien J., Fairbairnville; O'Leary, Thos., Thuroso; Pridham A., Grenville; Pyles James, Lacina Locks; Quinn C. E., Massonville; Phillips Geo. H., Valleyfield; Sheehan T., Quebec; Sax M., West Farrahban; Williams C., ONTARIO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Loretto Convent of Lindsay, Ontario. Classes will be resumed on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd. In addition to its former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the Convent a beautiful beech and maple grove, invaluable as a pleasing and healthy resort for the young ladies in attendance.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, DUKE STREET, Toronto, Ont. DIRECTED BY THE BROTHERS of the CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

FREDERIC BRAIS, of the same place, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause on the 18th November instant.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT FOR LOWER CANADA. No. 1467. The sixth November, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of G. Mireault, Esquire, of Counsel for the Plaintiffs, in as much as it appears by the return of F. A. Mireault, one of the Bailiffs of this Court, that the said Defendants, by an advertisement...

BUCKLEY BELL FOUNDRY. Established in 1811. Electrotype Belts of Copper and Tin, Gunmetal Belts with Steel and Brass Linings, for Churches, Schools, Public Buildings, etc.

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COME ALL! COME ALL!

Never has such a cheap sale been witnessed in Montreal. Considering that the season is far advanced and that we have a large stock of Fall and Winter Ready-made Clothing, we are selling them under cost, rather than keep them on our shelves.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Blue, Black and Brown. President Cloth, with or without velvet collar, with or without trimming, stitched and made up in the latest style, quite a new thing which we offer for sale at \$5.00.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Blue, Black and Grey. Nap, well made, fancy trimmings, and fancy velvet collar, \$7.25.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Fancy Nap, nothing newer, just received, latest styles, velvet collar, \$7.75.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Grey and Brown. Serge, good that cannot be found elsewhere, well cut, \$8.25.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Blue, Black and Grey. Nap, heavy, well lined and well finished, \$5.50.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Fancy Nap, all shades, just received, extra heavy, \$7.00.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Irish Frieze, lined with checked and plain tweed, \$7.50.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Brown and Grey Serge, the newest and nicest goods out, fancy trimming, finished in the latest styles, \$8.00.

WINTER OVERCOATS in Blue, Black and Grey. Nap, heavy, well lined and well finished, \$5.50.

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OFFICE OF THE FRENCH CANADIAN BUILDING SOCIETY OF MONTREAL. 28 ST. GABRIEL STREET. MONTREAL, 26th November, 1878. NOTICE! Agreeably to a resolution, dated on the first day of October, and signed by a large majority of the members of the said Society, addressed to the Directors of the same, asking for the convocation of a special meeting of the members of the said Society, for the purpose of abrogating and annulling the By-Laws now in force, if the members agree to it, by substituting therefor such others, with or without amendments; and whereas, in the opinion of the Directors of this Society, it is expedient that the By-Laws and Regulations thereof and also the amendments thereto should be abrogated and replaced by those following. I give you notice, therefore, that a general meeting for the purposes aforesaid is hereby convened and that the same will be held in the office of the Society, on the twentieth day of December next, at 7 o'clock p.m. (By order) T. LAPALME, Sec.-Treas.

BY-LAWS OF THE French Canadian Building Society OF MONTREAL. ART. I.—This Society is called "THE FRENCH CANADIAN BUILDING SOCIETY OF MONTREAL." It is incorporated by virtue of Chapter 60 of the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, entitled "An Act relating to Building Societies."

ART. II.—The object of this Society is to offer to its members the means of acquiring real estate. ART. III.—The duration of the Society is undetermined. We shall dissolve so soon as all its members shall have received the amount of their shares.

ART. IV.—The capital of the Society is divided into shares of Two hundred dollars each. These shares are subdivided into Books (Livres), the number of which is fixed at Four hundred and fifty, each having no less than five shares, nor more than ten.

ART. V.—The moneys of the Society are appropriated: 1. For the payment of the necessary expenses of management. 2. For the payment of the debts of the Society. 3. For the granting of appropriations to members.

ART. VI.—It shall, however, be lawful for the Directors to purchase books of the Society, or to loan upon the book guarantee of the Society, at such rates and conditions as they may seem fit. ART. VII.—The shares are payable at the office of the Society by weekly instalments of ten cents per share, without interruption, until the said weekly payments shall have reached the sum of sixty-two dollars and forty cents per share.

ART. VIII.—All members in arrears shall be charged, and they shall pay a fine of two cents per share per week, until they are paid in arrears, and when they are paid in arrears, they shall be free from the fine, by paying in advance for as many weeks as he shall be in arrears.

ART. IX.—At the expiration of such delay as the Directors may consider sufficient, the Society may sue any shareholder in arrears, for the payment of his arrears, or for all such other obligations or conditions as the said shareholder may be liable to.

ART. X.—Whenever any shareholder shall be in arrears for twelve months with the payment of his weekly instalments, the Directors shall, upon resolution of the majority of their members, transfer his instalments, reimbursements and fines, to the profit of the Society.

ART. XI.—All shareholders owning more than one share are thereby authorized to transfer the same to any other person, and such transfer shall be valid and binding on the Society, if the same be made in writing, and if the transferee shall be a resident of the same place as the transferor.

ART. XXV.—Any member entitled to an appropriation, who desires to leave the amount thereof in the hands of the Society during a certain time, shall have a right to an interest equal to that received by the Society from its own business. But he shall not be entitled to make payments regularly in the same manner as if he had received the amount of his appropriations.

ART. XXVI.—The affairs of the Society are managed and controlled by eleven Directors, who elect themselves their President and Vice-President. Five Directors shall be a quorum. The Directors are elected by a direct majority of the votes of the members present.

ART. XXVII.—The Directors may arrange with one or more Incorporated Banks in Montreal, for the deposit therein of the funds and notes of the Society, or in connection with any other financial matter.

ART. XXVIII.—The Directors in charge shall remain in office until they are replaced in a regular manner, unless they cease to be Directors in fact, by reason of any of the following causes: 1. Resignation, resignation, in writing, to the Secretary, or by the Board of Directors. 2. Bankruptcy, conviction of crime or misdemeanor, or the possession of less than ten shares.

ART. XXIX.—When any Director has failed to attend the meetings of the Society during three consecutive months, or when he is owing three months of arrears, his office may be declared vacant by a resolution of the majority of the quorum of the other Directors.

ART. XXX.—The replacing of any Director whose office has become vacant by reason of one or any of the causes herebefore mentioned, is made by the Directors remaining in office at the time being, and the new Directors so elected shall be entitled to the same rights as the Directors elected at a general meeting.

ART. XXXI.—The President (or in his absence, the Vice-President) and the Secretary-Treasurer, on being authorized to that effect by a resolution of the Board of Directors, may contract for the purchase of real estate necessary or useful by the Directors, and on the conditions and restrictions approved by them. They may likewise, on the same authority, and for the same purposes, buy, sell, lease, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of real estate, and all such other rights as the Society is empowered to accept, acquire, possess, sell, alienate, transfer, or otherwise dispose of, in fact, and in law, and all such other rights as the Society is empowered to accept, acquire, possess, sell, alienate, transfer, or otherwise dispose of, in fact, and in law.

ART. XXXII.—The Secretary-Treasurer is authorized to receive all sums due to the Society, and to disburse the same for the purposes of the Society, and he is also authorized to pay over all sums due by the Society, upon a resolution of the Board of Directors, to any person or persons, and to deposit in any bank, with the least delay possible, all the moneys received on behalf of the Society.

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ART. XXXIV.—The annual general meeting of the members of the Society shall be held at its office, at such time and place in the city of Montreal, as may be determined by the Board of Directors, on the first Monday of February, or the following judicial day.

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FINANCIAL. MONTREAL, November 25. The money market remains very quiet. Good mercantile paper is discounted by the Banks at from 4 to 4 1/2 per cent. and a loan on collateral made at 4 3/4 per cent. on call and about 7 on time.

COMMERCIAL. MONTREAL, November 25, 1878. The flour market is quiet, prices unchanged. Superior Extra... 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Fancy... 4 1/2 @ 4 1/2. Superfine... 4 1/2 @ 4 1/2. Superfine... 4 1/2 @ 4 1/2. Superfine... 4 1/2 @ 4 1/2.

CHEESE MARKET. At the Cleeve cheese market the sales were 2,000 cheese; 2,000 commission, average price, 7 1/2; leading factories, 8c.

WEEKLY REVIEW. Wholesale business has been very quiet this week, and there are no new features to notice in any department. The harbour is now almost clear of ships, and the wharves are left the wharves on Wednesday night, so that trade may be considered to have entered into the winter dullness.

WEEKLY RETURNS. ROMAN CATHOLIC.—During the week ending Saturday last 69 interments were made in the Cote des Neiges cemetery of persons dying outside the city limits. Of this number 38 were boys, 5 married men, and 1 widower; 20 girls, 7 married women, 3 widows, and 3 spinsters.

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City Retail Markets. Owing to the heavy rains and muddy roads our city retail markets were not largely attended on Saturday, and farmers, and prices are somewhat higher.

GRAIN AND WHEAT.—Flour is selling at \$2.00 to 2.10 per barrel. Grain, 75c to 85c per bushel. Oats, 50c to 55c per bushel. Corn, 40c to 45c per bushel. Beans, 80c to 85c per bushel. Buckwheat, 80c per bag.

FRUIT.—The market still remains glutted with apples, and the prices asked are still very low. American apples are selling at \$1.50 per barrel; Canadian Apples, Lemons, \$2.00 per box, or \$1.00 per case. Oranges, \$7.00 per case.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes were plentiful, being largely brought to the city on the market boats. The general price of pretty good potatoes is 30c per bushel, very fine ones being 35c per bushel. Carrots are selling at 10c to 15c per bushel. Interior kinds sold at from 7c to 8c.

LOCAL NEWS. THE ST. BRIGID'S BAZAAR.—This bazaar commences on the 10th of December, next door west from Donegan's Hotel, Notre Dame street. Judge Berthelot has kindly allowed the use of the shop for the good work. Rev. Father Lonergan, No. 30 Seaton street, will gratefully receive any offering for the bazaar.

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GRAND LOTTERY! To aid in the completion of the HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL, Under the patronage of His Lordship the R. C. Bishop of Montreal.

COMMITTEE OF DIRECTION: W. H. HINGSTON, M.D.; H. JUDGH, Q.C.; J. W. MCGAVRAN, R. BELLEMEAR, R. J. DEVINS, AIF. LAPOEQUE, A. W. OGDIVIE, C. S. RODIER, N. VALOIS, Rev. N. BONASSANT.

WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1879. NAZARETH ASYLUM, 1095 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

\$10,400 Value in Prizes as follows: 1—1 lot of ground, near the Village of Chateaugay, south-east side of the river, 35 ft. x 120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at \$1,200.

NOTICE.—All coupons belonging to the Tickets sold in the hands of the Agents, or other parties interested must be returned to the Committee of Management on or before the 31st January, 1879, otherwise they will be void and cancelled.

WEEKLY TEST. Number of Purchasers served during week ending Nov. 23rd, 1878... 4,167 Same week last year... 3,875 Increase... 194

BRIGHT AND MERRY! TO FEEL BRIGHT AND MERRY. Nothing else will do it but a good night's rest. TO REST WELL. Your bed must be well supplied with good Blankets.

S. CARSLY'S IS THE PLACE FOR GOOD BLANKETS. At S. Carsley's you can buy a good pair of Blankets for \$2.95. At S. Carsley's you can buy a splendid quality, extra size pair of Blankets for \$3.50.

Woolen Mufflers. Boys' Woolen Mufflers, at 5c, 8c and 10c. Men's Fancy Woolen Mufflers for 18c and 30c. Men's standard Grey Mufflers from 30c to 50c.

CLOUDS! CLOUDS! Our assortment of Clouds is complete. We can show Clouds in all the styles, colors and prices. We sell a good Cloud for 5c.

COCOA MATTING. Two or three steps on it will clean your feet. Every one ought to have some in their passages or on their stairs; it is a great saving to carpets.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79. The Metropolitan Primer, Speller and Reader, Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader, Do Speller, Do Catechism of Sacred History, Do Illustrated Bible History, Do English Grammar, Do Key.

Murray's Grammar abridged by Putnam Murray's do revised by Kearney Murray's Large Grammar, Do Metropolitan do with analysis, Do Stepping Stone to do, Do Butler's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec, Do do for the Diocese of Toronto, Do Keenan's Doctrinal Catechism, Do Catechism of Perseverance, Do Boy's Elements of Rhetoric, Do Quackenbush' First Lesson in Composition, Do Do Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric, Do Bridges' Algebra, Do A Treatise on Mensuration for the use of Schools, Do Sangster's Elementary Arithmetic, Do Sangster's National Arithmetic, Do Packard's Complete Course of Business Training, Do do with Key for Teachers and Private Students, Do Suddler's New Book Keeping Blanks, Do Day Book, Do Journal, Do Cash Book, Do Ledger, Do National Pocket Dictionary, Do do Large do, Do Worcester's Primary do, Do Nugent's Improved French and English, English and French Dictionary, Do Spiers' and Surrenre's French and English Dictionary, Do Chambers' Dictionary of the Latin Language, Do Chambers' Latin and English, English and Latin, by W. R. Chambers, Do Introduction to English History, Do History of England for the young, Do do do for the advanced Classes, Do Fredes' Modern History, Do do Ancient History, Do The Child's History of Canada, by Miles, Do The School's History of Canada, Do Northey's History of the Catholic Church, with Questions adapted to the use of Schools, Do Mitchell's New Series of Geographies, Do First Lessons in Geography, Do New Primary do, Do New Intermediate do, Do New Physical do, Do Plumock's Catechism of Geography, Do Stepping Stone to Geography, Do Lovell's Easy Lessons in Geography, Do do General Lessons in do, Do Guy's Elements of Astronomy, Do Smith's Illustrated do, Do Poet's Edition of the New Testament, Do Large Type Edition of the New Testament, Do Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holydays, Do Catholic Youth's History Book, paper covers, Do Bound and set to Music, Do Westlake's How to Write Letters—A Manual of Correspondence, Do Jenkins' French and Book of British and American Literature, Do Botany—How Plants Grow, Do Parker's Familiar Science—School Edition, Do Parker's Juvenile Philosophy—Part I, Do Parker's Natural Philosophy—Part II, Do Parker's Complete Philosophy, Do Miller's Elements of do, Do Guy's Moral do, Do Holmes' Criticor, or How to Detect Error and Arrive at Truth, Do Baldwin's Elements of Logic, Do Doublet's Logic for Young Ladies, Do Pasquell's Introductory French Course, Complete Course, Do Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French, Do Dimsore's Spelling Blanks in three numbers, Do Sadler's Headline Copies in eleven numbers, Do Payson, Dutton and Scribner's International Advanced Course in Penmanship in 15 numbers, Do New York Edition of Payson, Dutton and Scribner's System of Penmanship, Do Primary Course in seven numbers, Do Advanced Course in Penmanship in 15 numbers, Do Patent Cover and Blotter for Copy Books with Oblique Lines indicating the Slant of the Penmanship, Do Small for Primary Course, Do Large for advanced Course, Do Bryant and Stratton's High School Book Keeping, Do Dryden and Stratton's Counting House Book Keeping, Do We have also a very large and complete assortment of Exercise Books, Composition Books, Writing Books, Note Books, Postage, Note and Letter Papers, Stationery, Pens, Pencils, Penholders, Lead Pencils, Ink, Chalk, Ink and Pencil Erasers, Blackboard Cleaners, Rubbers, Blotting Paper, Covering Paper, School Pocket Penknives, etc.

D. J. SABLIER & CO., Catholic Publishers and Booksellers, 275 NOTRE DAME STREET, Montreal.

REPAIRS OF REFRIGERATORS. Now is the time to leave your orders, which will be properly attended by

MELLEUR & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 653 CRAIG STREET, Near Beury, 38-41

BURY & MCINTOSH, ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSONS' BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Streets. (Entrance on St. Peter Street.) GEORGE BURY, JOHN MCINTOSH, Official Assignees, Accountant, 52-57-g

Italian Warehouse. T. CARLI, SUCCESOR OF C. CAPELLI ET CARLI, 66 Notre Dame Street, Third door to the right, near Bonsecours Street.

Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally, that he will continue the business in his name and that his stock will always be found the best assortment of Religious Statuary, Paintings and Decorations, Architectural Ornaments, Rosettes, Cornices and all executed at the shortest notice. Statues made with Cement on which the temperature has no effect. PRICES MODERATE. A visit is respectfully solicited. 4-g

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