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THE LAND WAR

IN IRELAND

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

The LAND BILL

IS ONLY A FARCE!!

"The People's William" Backs Down!!

DANGEROUS TRIUMPH

FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DUBLIN, Aug. 9.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day, Father Cantwell, who presided, said they should be thankful that Dillon was not killed in prison. The Land Bill was nothing to them. The League should continue to resist landlordism.

DUBLIN, Aug. 10.—Two thousand persons with banners and torches to-night marched to Dillon's residence to congratulate him upon his release from imprisonment. American flags were freely displayed. Dillon thanked the gathering.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—In compliance with the request of Mr. Forster, Mr. O'Leary, one of the deputation of Irish farm labourers, has forwarded a statement of their position and grievances. O'Leary travelled extensively in the United States, Canada and Ireland, mostly on foot, to obtain information regarding the working classes. He urges the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the labour question, and advocates the despatch to Ireland of properly qualified lecturers to lecture in the rural districts on matters affecting the welfare of the peasantry.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—The House of Commons, as amended in the House of Lords, came up to-day in the House of Commons. On the Duke of Argyll's amendment, excluding from the right of free sale tenancies on which permanent improvements have been made by the landlord, a trifling modification was made of the proviso inserted in the House of Commons that improvements must be substantially maintained. The Lords' amendment relative to Ulster tenant rights, which was rejected in the House of Commons, was reinstated by a vote of 172 to 46. The amendments of the House of Commons are not being generally accepted.

The House of Lords has finished the debate on the Land Bill. All their important amendments have been restored. Earl Granville said he regretted the decision of the Lords. Marquis of Salisbury objected to Earl Granville's scolding the House. He condemned the invasion of private property which the bill would work, and said he hoped the House would adhere to its decision.

Marquis of Salisbury moved the appointment of a Committee to draw up reasons for disagreeing with the House of Commons. Earl Granville, assenting to the motion, expressed regret, as a private individual, at the manner in which the Opposition had shown how little they were influenced by this great question, and by the declarations of the immense majority of the constituencies of the United Kingdom on the subject.

Marquis of Salisbury replied that his party sought to protect individuals from the hardship threatened against them by the action of the Bill. What they had done must be submitted to the judgment of the country, and he was sure the country would recognize in their action a desire to protect constitutional rights and time-honoured constitutional principles against violent invasion.

The motion was agreed to. Marquis of Salisbury brought in reasons for disagreeing with the Commons, and the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

During the discussion of the Land Bill in the House of Commons, last night, Mr. Healy spoke of the dirty work of the Lords and described them as hereditary enemies of the Irish people. The Speaker called Mr. Healy to order.

Mr. Parnell declared the Government was attempting to carry out the views of the Lords in an underhand manner. The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to draw up reasons for disagreeing with the Lords' amendments consists of Messrs. Gladstone, Forster, Dodson, Shaw, Lefebvre, Law, Attorney-General for Ireland and William Moore Johnson. Three members are to form a quorum. The report issued by the Committee consists principally of arguments used in the debate. Its language is especially firm regarding some of the principal amendments of the House of Lords, in maintaining the House of Commons' decision to retain the direction to the Land Court to have regard in fixing fair rent to landlord and tenants respectively. The Committee says it is expedient to retain these words, as assuring both landlords and tenants that their just interests will be respected. It would be manifestly unjust to make a tenant suffer for an act of waste committed by his predecessor.

Mr. Gladstone said, in consequence of the action of the House of Lords in adhering to its amendments, he did not propose to ask the House to consider the amendments on Saturday, but would ask them to do so on Monday.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—In the House of Commons last night Mr. Ritchie (Conservative) moved an address to the Crown praying the Queen to withhold her consent from any commercial treaty with France which shall substitute a specific for ad valorem duties in any way injuring British manufacturers and which shall bind England more than a year. This is a reconnaissance of the Conservative protectionists intended as a prelude to demonstrations in the provinces during the recess of Parliament. Mr. Ritchie pointed out that free trade had made no progress abroad, and at home there was a growing feeling that much of the present depression of trade was owing to the action of the House of Lords on the Land Bill, was very numerously attended.

Lawson, Monk, Collings, Frith and Barron, members of Parliament, were present. Resolutions were passed declaring that the Lords had mutilated the Land Bill in the interest of land owners so as to render it wholly unacceptable, and urging the Government to adhere firmly to the Bill as it finally left the House of Commons, and to resist the dictation of a class majority in the House of Lords. It was also resolved that the action of the House of Lords raises a constitutional question tending directly to compel the country to consider the possibility of maintaining a system which will enable an irresponsible Chamber to defeat the will of the nation. Gladstone to-day received a hundred messages and letters from Liberal clubs and other organizations urging the Government to remain firm.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The amendment to the Land Bill moved by Lord Cairns, in the House of Lords, to omit that part of clause 19 providing that where the Land Court is satisfied of the act of acceptance by a yearly tenant of a lease containing terms unreasonable or unfair to the tenant, was proposed by the Court might declare the lease void, was rejected by 254 to 125.

Mr. Sullivan moved an adjournment. Mr. Forster objected, saying he could not consent because it would endanger the Bill. The motion was rejected, 168 to 24.

The amendment of the House of Lords to strike out the proviso that the Land Court may stay proceedings for debt when the tenant has applied for fixing of judicial rent, was rejected, 225 to 113.

The House of Commons adjourned at 4:10 a.m.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

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HORRIBLE TRAGEDY AT OTTAWA.

AN AGED BRIDEGROOM MURDERED

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—One of the most horrible murders known in the annals of Ottawa history was committed last night in Mount Sherwood, a southern suburb of the city. The tragedy was enacted about 2 o'clock this morning, but nothing was known of the bloody work until about 7 o'clock, when the disfigured body was discovered on the roadside just outside the city limits by a farmer on the way to market. The particulars are as follows: For some time past James Whethorn, aged 70 years, a widower, and Margaret Dougherty, a widow, aged 50 years, had been keeping company with each other, the outcome of the intimacy being a matrimonial union, which was legalized last night at the residence of a Mrs. Cooper, where the widow had been visiting, by the Rev. Mr. White, Presbyterian minister at Rochester-ville. When it was ascertained that the nuptial knot had been tied, the small boys of the place gathered together and, armed with pots, pans, horns and other instruments calculated to produce discordant sounds, began to demonstrate. They kept up a perfect pandemonium for several hours, after which the leader confronted the aged bridegroom and demanded one dollar. He complied and the crowd, after being treated, dispersed at about a quarter to ten o'clock. Everything remained quiet for a while and the happy couple congratulated themselves on being let off so easily. About 10:30 o'clock, however, a number of grown-up roughs hearing of the success of the boys made a demand for two dollars. This was refused and again the charivari began in real earnest and again, lasting until two o'clock this morning, during which time stones were freely thrown. At 2:10 o'clock the bride says, two men broke in the door and demanded \$2. Her husband told them to leave instantly or he would strike them with a stick, which he had in his hand. They merely laughed at him, and said they were bound to "hold the fort" until the money was forthcoming. At this, Whether, all raised the stick and struck one of them over the shoulders. They both fled, and the old man followed them. Nothing more was seen of him until this morning, when his lifeless form was picked up by a farmer a short distance away from Mrs. Cooper's house on another street. Coroner Robitaille was immediately notified and had the body removed to a suitable place where a jury was empaneled. The inquest is now in progress. Death is supposed to have been produced by a wound on the back of the left ear caused by a blow from a stick or stone. The affair has created the greatest excitement in the suburb and is the general topic of conversation in the city.

The city police are working up the case, as the Carleton County Council being too mercenary to pay a county constable. Recently, on the score of economy, they dispensed with the services of Chief Gordon, an efficient man, and since that time roughs in all the county villages have had things pretty much their own way. No arrests have, as yet, been made, but it is more than probable that the two young men will be in custody ere long.

Chief O'Neill, of the Dominion Police, and Assistant-Detective Cowan, have the case in hand, and are busily engaged in working it up.

Mr. Campbell, of the firm of Campbell & McBride, states that about two o'clock four young men ran past his establishment in Maria street, coming from the direction of Ashburnham Hill; one of them lost his hat, which is now in the possession of Mr. Campbell. It is thought that they possibly have had some connection with the tragedy. Two men are under arrest named O'Hara and Nichols, they are suspected of implication in the charivari business.

The inquest on the body was commenced this evening, the only witness examined being the deceased's wife. No new facts were elicited; but, at the request of the Crown, substantial bail was required from two future witnesses, Hugh McMillan and Ruggles Brunel, and a third one, Potvin, was detained in custody. The inquest was adjourned for a week.

OTTAWA, Aug. 14.—Some startling developments have been made in connection with the brutal murder of James Whethorn on the night of the 10th, and there is now every probability of the cowardly villains being brought to justice. From the moment the Superintendent O'Neill and the members of the Dominion Police force have worked indefatigably to gain a clue to the perpetrators of the foul act, and it is known that not one of them have slept a wink since Friday, when they got something to work on, but it was not until this morning at one o'clock that any definite or reliable information could be gleaned. At that hour the Superintendent marshalled his men in the eastern Parliamentary block, and after explaining the object of the call, called forth in the direction of Ashburnham Hill, a short distance from the scene of the terrible tragedy. On arriving at Mount Sherwood they arrested D. Hollington, Wm. Fraser, McChiff Robinson and Ruggles Brunel, who turns out to be the man who accompanied McMillan to Mrs. Cooper's house as leader of the charivari party, and who demanded the money. After making these arrests on a charge of unlawfully and riotously assembling together to the detriment of public peace, information was obtained which led to the arrest of four other parties, James Kelly, Chris. Berry, Robert McLaren and James O'Brien, who are charged with the more serious offence of manslaughter, and who, with two others, whose names are for the present withheld in the interests of justice, are undoubtedly, the principals in the crime.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Archbishop Taschereau has gone to St Joachim.

The R. C. Bishop of Buffalo will lecture in St. Michael's Church, Toronto, next week. The Roman Catholic clergy of the Diocese of Toronto went into retreat on Monday for one week. The *Osevitore Romano* appeals to Europe to take steps to secure the liberty and safety of the Pope. The Pope has signed a brief appointing Dr. Koruna, who is approved by Germany, to the vacant Bishopric of Troves, Rhenish Prussia. The Catholic Bishop of Richmond, Va., will offer up thanks at the Yorktown Anniversary celebration coming on at the request of the American Government.

PASTORAL VISIT.—Rev. Mr. Guay, of Chicoutimi, has just returned from a pastoral visit to the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the Gulf and Labrador coast. URSULINE CONVENT.—Rev. Mother St. Catherine, sister of Mr. F. D. Tims, of the Treasury Department, has been re-elected Superioress of this institution. After the meeting in favor of the abolition of the Papal guarantee, the Pope declared his *entourage* that he was fully resolved never to leave Rome unless he was compelled to do so. Rev. Mother Mahony, for many years Superioress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Halifax, has been appointed by the Archbishop-General in Paris Visitor and Director of all convents of her Order in the Dominion of Canada. Rev. Mothers St. Raphael, St. Henry, St. Francis of Paul, St. Alexander and Nativity, and Sister St. Joachim and St. Vincent of Paul have been selected to take charge of the Monastery of the Ursulines at Lake St. John.

Speaking of the arrival of the expelled French Jesuits in this city, the *Canadian* says:—Quebec has the honor to possess in its walls eight glorious expelled Jesuits by the Government of the street porters (*crocheteurs*) of France. Here are their names: Revs. Pere Moore, S. J.; Dolanoy, S. J.; Desjardins, S. J.; Santerre, S. J.; Paré, S. J.; Feunly, S. J.; Smeulx, S. J. and Killy, S. J. The very first will go to the United States to establish their health impaired by the numerous persecutions which they have had to endure under the Government of Prussia. Rev. Pere Santerre will remain at Quebec. The five others have received a gracious invitation to find a refuge at the house of the revered Jesuit Fathers of Montreal. We are informed that these noble defenders of the faith were all born in Canada. Rev. Father Desjardins is from Montreal. We extend to them a hearty welcome.

EMIGRATION OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

There is in town at present an English Catholic lady, Mrs. Wain, who brought out by the *Sarmatian* seven children, and who purposes starting in a week some 200 similar to that in which Miss Ryan and others have been successfully engaged. Mrs. Wain comes under the auspices of the Liverpool Catholic Children's Protection Society, of which the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool is president, and which has as one of its most active members the widely-known Father Nugent, who recently visited this country. The society desire to rescue little ones from the misery and, probably, crime of life in such a large seaport city as Liverpool, and place them in respectable homes in this country where they may be trained to useful work and properly cared for. They especially desire to place the younger ones in Catholic families where their religious training may receive proper attention. This is a feeling that we are sure will be respected and appreciated. Mrs. Wain desires to establish a home similar to "Murchmont" in some convenient county town, where these children could be received and cared for until they can be placed, and will within the next few weeks consult the Archbishop of Toronto, and the leading clergy and laity, to several of whom she has letters of introduction. The children brought out on the *Sarmatian* ranged from two to fifteen years of age, and were a fine, bright, intelligent lot of little ones. They have all, with one exception, been placed in this locality by the kindly lady and her wife, and others. Two little twin girls of five years were taken by Mr. John Scully. There are remaining a little colored boy of twelve, an intelligent but rather timid little fellow, and a little boy of two. Mrs. Wain is an English lady who has with commendable self-denial left a comfortable country home in Cheshire to establish this scheme in this country, and if a home can be obtained regular shipments will be made from children gathered by the Society. Many of these homeless ones thrown upon their own resources in a great city would starve or become criminals; if they can be rescued and sent to this country and be brought up to useful and respectable lives a great good will have been accomplished. Mrs. Wain deserves every assistance and encouragement in her praiseworthy scheme, and we commend it to the attention of newspapers in the province.—*Lindsay Post*.

THE NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY, of 226 St. James street, invite, specially, the heads of Convents and educational institutions to examine their list of pianos and organs, and compare prices. They would, specially, call attention to the famous N. Y. Weber and Decker & Sons' pianos, which are so generally used by the leading educational institutions in the United States, and which are sold by Mr. Weber's agents to these institutions at wholesale prices. The wonderful power and sweetness of the Weber pianos, and their endurance under the hardest and most constant usage, make them special favorites, and the cheapest piano in the end.

THE OLD RELIABLE. The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and its testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering to it.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chronos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; and by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed.

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nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labeled—JAMES EPPS & Co. Kemmopole Chemists, London, England.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Stuart rushed in with a scream, and found her husband lying on the floor, the message in his hand, in a fit.

Captain Hammond had made an appointment with Charlie to dine at St. James' Street that evening. Calling upon old friends kept the gallant captain of Scotch Grays occupied all day; and as the shades of evening began to gather over the West End, he stood impatiently awaiting his arrival.

Mr. Stuart was ten minutes late, and it was one thing in his mortal life that upset the young warrior's equanimity; it was being kept ten minutes waiting for his dinner. Five minutes more! Counted the fellow—would he never come? As the impatient adjuration passed the captain's lips, Charlie came in. He was rather pale. Except for that, there was no change in him. Death itself could hardly have wrought much change in Charlie. He had come to apologize; he had not come to dine. He had come to tell the captain some very bad news. There had been terrible commercial disasters of late in New York; they had involved his father. His father had embarked almost every dollar of his fortune in some bubble speculation that had gone up like a rocket and come down like a stick. He had been losing immensely for the past month. This morning he had received a cable message, telling him the crash had come. He was irrevocably, past all hope of redemption, ruined.

All this Charlie told in his quietest voice, looking out through the great bay window at the bustle and whirl of fashionable London life, at the hour of seven in the evening. Captain Hammond, smoking a cigar, listened in gloomy silence, feeling particularly uncomfortable, and not knowing in the least what to say. He took out his cheroot and spoke at last.

"It's a damned bad state of affairs, Charlie. Have you thought of anything?" "I've thought of suicide," Charlie answered, "and made all the preliminary arrangements. I took out my razor-case, examined the edges, found the sharpest, and—put it carefully away again. I loaded all the chambers of my revolver, and locked it up. I sauntered by the classic banks of the Serpentine, sleeping tranquilly in the rays of the sunset (that sounds like poetry). Of the three I think I prefer it, and if the worst comes to the worst, it's there still, and it's pleasant and cool."

"How do your mother and sister take it?" Captain Hammond gloomingly asked. "My mother is one of these happy-go-lucky apathetic sort of people who never break their heart over anything. She said 'O dear me!' several times I believe, and cried a little. Trix hasn't time to 'take it' at all. She is absorbed all day in attending her father. The fit turns out to be stupor, a lethargy from which nothing can rouse him. Of course our first step will be to return to New York immediately. Beggars—and I take it that's about what we are at present—have no business at Langham's."

Captain Hammond opened his bearded lips as though to speak, thought better of it, replaced his cigar again between them in moody silence, and stared hard at nothing out of the window. "I called this afternoon upon the London agent of the Cunard ships," resumed Charlie, "and found that one sails in four days. Presumably two cabins remained unbooked; I secured them at once. In four days, then, we sail. Meantime, old fellow, if you'll drop in and speak a word to mother and Trix, you will be doing a friendly deed. Poor souls! they are awfully cut up."

Captain Hammond started to his feet. He seized Charlie's hand in a grip of iron. "Old boy!" he began—he never got further. The torrent of eloquence dried up suddenly, and a shake of the hand that made Charlie wince finished the sentence. "I shall be fully occupied in the meantime," Charlie said, taking his hat and turning to go, "and they'll be a great deal alone. I can find time I'll run down to Cheshire, and tell my cousin. As we may not meet again, I should like to say 'good-bye.'" He departed.

There was no sleep that night in the Stuart apartments. Mr. Stuart was pronounced out of danger and able to travel, but he still lay in that lethargic trance—not speaking at all, and seemingly not suffering. Next day Charlie started for Cheshire. "She doesn't deserve it," his sister said bitterly; "I wouldn't go if I were you. She has her lover—her fortune. What are we or our misfortunes to her? She has neither heart nor gratitude, nor affection. She isn't worth a thought, and never was—there!" "I wouldn't be too hard upon her, Trix, if I were you," her brother answered coolly. "You would have taken Sir Victor yourself, you know, if you could have got him. I will go."

He went. The long, bright summer day passed; at six he was in Chester. There was some delay in procuring a conveyance to Powys-place, and the drive was a lengthy one. Twilight had entirely fallen, and lamps glimmered in the windows of the old stone mansion as he alighted. The servant started as he ushered him in, at his pale face and dusty garments. "You will tell Miss Darrell I wish to see her at once, and alone," he said, slipping a shilling into the man's hand. He took a seat in the familiar reception room, and waited. Would she keep him long, he wondered—would she come to him—would she come at all? Yes, he knew she would, let him send for her, married or single, when and how he might, he knew she would come.

She entered as the thought crossed his mind, hastily, with a soft silken rustle, a waft of perfume. He rose up and looked at her; so for the space of five seconds they stood silently, face to face. To the last hour of his life Charlie Stuart remembered her, as he saw her then, and all ways with a sharp pang of the same pain. She was dressed for a dinner party. She wore violet silk, trailing far behind her, violet shot with red. Her graceful shoulders rose up exquisitely out of the point lace trimmings, her arms sparkled in the lights. A necklace of amethysts set in clusters, with diamonds between, shone upon her neck; amethysts and diamonds were in her ears, and clasping the arms above the elbows. Her waving dark hair was drawn back off her face, and crowned with an ivy wreath. The soft abundant waxlights showered down upon her. She stood resplendent as a queen, radiant as a goddess. There was a look on

Charlie Stuart's face, a light in his gray eyes very rare to see. He only bowed and stood aloof.

"I have surprised you, I am sure—interrupted you, I greatly fear. You will pardon both, I know, when I tell you what has brought me here."

In very few words he told her the great tragedies of life are always easily told. They were ruined—he had engaged their passage in the next steamer—he had merely run down as they were never likely to meet again—for the sake of old times, to say good-bye.

Old times! Something rose in the girl's throat seemed to choke her. Oh, of all the base, heartless, mercenary, ungrateful wretches on earth, was there another so ungrateful, so heartless as she? Poor—Charlie poor! For one moment—on—the impulse came upon her to give up all—to go with him to beggary if need be. Only for one moment—! Will do Miss Darrell's excellent worldly wisdom this justice—only one.

"I see you are dressed for a party I will not detain you a second longer. I could not do part comfortably, considering that you came over in our care, without informing you why we leave so abruptly. You are safe. Your destiny is happily settled. I can give you your father's good account of my stewardship. You have my sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, and I am sure you will never quite forget us. Good-bye, Miss Darrell!"

He held out his hand. "My congratulations are premature, but let me offer them to the future Lady Catherine."

"Miss Darrell!" When in all the years that were gone, had he ever called her that before? She arose and gave him her hand—proud, pale.

"I thank you," she said coldly. "I will send Lady Helena and Sir Victor to you at once. They will wish to see you, of course. Good-bye Mr. Stuart. Let us hope things will turn out better than you think. Give my dearest love to Trix, if she will accept it. Once more, good-bye."

She swept to the door in her brilliant dress, her perfumed laces, her shining jewels—the glittering flippers for which her womanhood was to be sold. He stood quiet still in the centre of the room, as she had left him, watching her. So beautiful, so cold-blooded, he was thinking; were all her kind like this? And prettiness and novelists' rave of woman's love! A half smile came over his lips as he thought of it. It was very pretty to read of in books; in real life it was—like this!

She laid her hand on the silver handle of the door—then she paused—looked back, all the womanliness, all the passion of her life stirred to its depths. It was good-bye for ever to Charlie. There was a great sob, and pride bowed and fell. She rushed back—two impetuous arms went round his neck; she drew his face down, and kissed him passionately—once—twice.

"Good-bye, Charlie—my darling—forever and ever!" She threw him from her almost violently; and rushed out of the room. Whether she went to tell Lady Helena and Sir Victor of his presence he never knew nor cared. He was in little mood to meet either of them just then.

Five minutes later, and under the blue silvery summer night, he was whirling away back to Chester. When the midnight stars shone in the sky, he was half way up to London with Edith's farewell words in his ears, Edith's first, last kiss on his lips.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUMMONS.

The sun was just rising over the million roofs and spires of the great city, as Charlie's haemoglobin dashed up to the door of Langham's hotel. He ran up to his father's room, and on the threshold encountered Trix, pale and worn with her night's watching, but wearing a peculiarly happy and contented look despite it all. Charlie did not stop to notice the look, he asked after his father.

"Pa's asleep," Trix replied, "so's ma. It's of no use your disturbing either of them. Pa's pretty well; stupid, as you left him; he doesn't care to talk but he's able to eat and sleep. The doctor says there is nothing at all to hinder his travelling to Liverpool to-day. And now, Charlie, look at your brother's pale, looking compassionately at her brother's pale, tired face, "as you look used up after your day and night's travelling, suppose you go to bed; I'll wake you in time for breakfast, and you needn't worry about anything, Captain Hammond has been here," says Trix, blushing in the way, morning light, "and he will attend to everything."

Charlie nodded and turned to go, but his sister detained him. "You—you saw her, I suppose?" she said hesitatingly.

"Edith, do you mean?" Charlie looks at her full. "Yes, I saw her. As I went down for the purpose, I was hardly likely to fail."

"And what has she to say for herself?" Trix asks bitterly.

"Very little; we were not together ten minutes in all. She was dressed for a party of some kind, and I did not detain her."

"A party?" Trix repeats; "and we like this! Did she send no message at all?" "She sent you her dearest love."

"She may keep it—let her give it to Sir Victor Catherine. I don't want her love, or anything else belonging to her!" Trix cries, explosively. "Of all the heartless, ungrateful girls—"

Her brother stops her with a look. These handsome gray eyes of Charlie's can be very stern eyes when he likes.

"As I said before, that will do, Trix. Edith is one of the wise virgins we read of—she has chosen by long odds the better part. What could we do with her now? take her back and return her to her father and step-mother, and the dull life she hated? As for gratitude, I confess I don't see where the gratitude is to come in. We engaged her at a fixed salary; so much cleverness, French, German, and general usefulness on her part; on ours so many hundred dollars per annum. Let me say this, Trix, once and for good, as you don't seem able to say anything pleasant of Edith, suppose you don't speak of her at all."

And then Charlie, with that resolute light in his eyes, that resolute compression of his lips turned and walked upstairs. It was an unusually grave speech for him, and his volatile sister was deeply impressed. She shrugged her shoulders, and went back to her parlor.

"The amount of it is," she thought, "he is as fond of her as ever, and can't bear, as he has lost her, to hear her spoken of. The idea of his scamping down into Chester to see her once more! Ridiculous! She is heartless, and I hate her!"

And then Trix took out her lace pocket-handkerchief, and suddenly burst out crying. O dear, it was bad enough to lose one's fortune, to have one's European tour nipped in the bud, without losing Edith, just as Edith had wound her way most closely round Trix's warm little heart. There was but one drop of honey in all the bitter cup—a drop six feet high and stout in proportion—Captain Angus Hammond.

For Captain Angus Hammond, as though to prove that all the world was not base and mercenary, had come nobly to the front, and

proposed to Trix. And Trix, surprised and grateful and liking him very much, had hesitated, and smiled and dimpled, and blushed and objected, and finally begun to cry, and sobbed out "yes" through her tears.

Charlie slept until twelve—he went to depart for Liverpool by the two o'clock express. Then his sister, attired for travelling, awoke him, and they all breakfasted together; Mr. Stuart, too, looked very limp and miserable, and Captain Hammond, whose state would have been one of idiotic happiness had not the thought that the ocean to-morrow would roll between him and the object of his young affections, thrown a damper upon him. He was going to Liverpool with them, however; it would be a mournful consolation to see them off. They travelled second-class. As Charlie said, "they must let themselves down easily—the sooner they began the better—and third-class to start with might be coming it a little too strong. Let them have a few cushions and comforts still."

Mr. Stuart kept close to his wife. He seemed to cling to her, and depend upon her like a child. It was wonderful, it was pitiful, how utterly shattered he had become. His son looked after him with a solicitous tenderness quite new in all their experience of Charlie. Captain Hammond and Trix kept in a corner together, and talked in saccharine undertones, looking foolish, and guilty, and they reached Liverpool late in the evening, and drove to the Adelphi. At twelve next day they were to get on board the tender, and be conveyed down the Mersey to their ship.

Late that evening, after dinner, and over their cigars, Captain Hammond opened his masculine heart and with vast hesitation and much embarrassment, poured into Charlie's ear the tale of his love.

"I ought to tell the governor, you know," the young officer said, "but he's so deucedly cut up as it is, you know, that I couldn't think of it. And it's no use fidgetting your mother—Trix will tell her. I love your sister, Charlie, and I believe I've been in love with her ever since that day in Ireland. I ain't a lady's man, and I never cared a fig for a girl before in my life; but by George! I'm awfully fond of Trix. I ain't an elder son, and I ain't clever, I know credit the poor young gentleman sadly; but if Trix will consent, by George! I'll go with her to church to-morrow. There's my pay—my habits ain't expensive, like some fellows—we could get along on that for a while, and then I have expectations from my grandmother. I've had expectations from my grandmother for the past twelve years, sir, and every day of those twelve years she's been dying; and, by George! she ain't dead yet, you know. It's wonderful—I give you my word—it's wonderful, the way grandmothers and maiden aunts with money do hold out. As Dundreary says, 'It's something no fellow can understand.' But that ain't what I wanted to say—it's this: if you're willing, and Trix is willing, I'll get leave of absence and come over by the next ship, and we'll be married. I—I'll be the happiest fellow alive, Stuart, the day your sister becomes my wife."

You are not to suppose that Captain Hammond made this speech fluently and eloquently, as I have reported it. The words are his, but the long pauses, the stammerings, the repetitions, the hesitations, I have mercifully withheld. His cigars were quite smoked out by the time he had finished, and with nervous haste he set about lighting another. For Mr. Stuart, tilted back in his chair, his shining boots on the window-sill of the drawing-room, gazing out at the gas-lit highways of Liverpool, he listened in abstracted silence. There was a long pause after the captain concluded—then Charlie opened his lips and spoke.

"This is all nonsense, you know, Hammond," he said gravely, "folly—madness, on your part. A week ago, when we thought Trix an heiress, the case looked very different, you see; then I would have shaken hands with you, and bestowed my blessings upon your virtuous endeavours. But all that is changed now. As far as I can see, we are beggars—literally beggars—without a dollar; and when we get to New York nothing will remain for Trix and me but to roll up our sleeves and go to work. What we are to work at heaven knows; we have come up like the lilies of the field, who to-day, neither do they spin nor do they weave. It is rather late in the day to take lessons in spinning now, but you see there is no help for it. I don't say much, Hammond, but I feel this. I hold a man to be something less than a man who will go through life howling over a loss of this kind. There are worse losses than that of fortune in the world." He passed a moment, and his dreamy eyes looked far out over the crowded city street. "I always thought my father was as rich as Croesus—the rich fellow, you know, they always quote in print. It seemed an impossibility that we ever could be poor. Your family are wealthy, your father has a title; do you think he would listen to this for a moment?"

"My family may go—hang!" burst forth the captain. "Why the deuce have they got to do with it? If Trix is willing."

"Trix will not be willing to enter any family on these terms," Trix's brother said, in that quiet way of his, which could yet be such an obstinate way; and what I mean to say is this: a marriage for the present is totally and absolutely out of the question. You and she may make love to your heart's content, write letters across the ocean by the fastest, be engaged as fast as you please, and remain content as long as you like. But marriage; no, no, no!"

"That was the end of it. Charlie was not to be moved, neither, indeed, on the marriage question was Trix. "Did Angus think her a wretch—a monster—to desert her poor past and just now, when they wanted her most, and go off with him? Not likely. He might take back his ring if he liked—she would not hold him to his engagement—she was ready and willing to set him free—"

"So Jamie an' ye didn't wait Ye canna marry me."

sang Charlie, as Trix broke down here and sobbed. Then with a half smile on his face he went out of the room, and Trix's tears were dried on Angus Hammond's faithful breast.

Next day, a gray, overcast, gloomy day, the ship sailed. Captain Hammond went with them on board, returning in the tender. Trix, leaning on her father's arm, crying behind her veil; Charlie, by his mother's side, stood on deck while the tender steamed back to the dock. And there under the gray sky, with the bleak wind blowing, and the ship tossing on the ugly short chop of the river, they took their parting look at the English shore, with but one friendly face to watch them away, and that the ginger whiskered face of Captain Hammond.

Edith Darrell left Charlie Stuart, and returned to the brilliantly lit drawing-room, where her lover and Lady Helena and their friends sat waiting the announcement of dinner. Sir Victor's watchful eyes saw her enter. Sir Victor's loving glance saw the pallor, like the pallor of death, upon her face. She walked steadily over to a chair in the curtained recess of a window. He was held captive by Lady Portia Hampton, and could not join

her. A second after there was a sort of sobbing gasp—a heavy fall. Every body started, and arose in consternation. Miss Darrell had fallen from her chair, and lay on the floor in a dead faint.

Her lover, as pale almost as herself, lifted her in his arms, the cold, beautiful face, lying like death, on his shoulder. But it was not dead.

They carried her up to her room—restoratives were applied, and presently the great dark eyes opened, and looked up into her lover's face.

She covered her own with her hands and turned away from him, as though the sight was distasteful to her. He bent above her, almost agonized that anything should all his idol.

"What is it? What can I do for you? Tell me."

"Go away," was the dull answer; "only that, go—go away everybody, and leave me alone."

They strove to reason with her—some one sought to stay with her. Lady Helena, Sir Victor—either would give up their place at dinner and remain at the bedside.

"No, no, no!" was her answering cry, "they must not. She was better again—she needed no one, she wanted nothing only to be left alone."

They left her alone—she was trembling with nervous excitement, a little more and hysterics would set in—they dared not disobey. They left her alone, with a watchful attendant on the alert in the dressing-room.

She lay upon the dainty French bed, her dark hair, from which the flowers had been taken, tossed over the white pillows, her hands clasped above her head, her dark, large eyes fixed on the opposite wall. So she lay motionless, neither speaking nor stirring for hours, with a sort of dull, numbing ache at her heart. They stole in softly to her bedside many times through the night, always to find her like that, lying with blank, wide-open eyes, never noticing nor speaking to them. When morning broke she woke from a dull sort of sleep, her head burning, her lips parched, her eyes glittering with fever.

They sent for the doctor. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, asked questions, and shook his head. Overwrought nerves the whole of it. Her mind must have been over-excited for some time, and this was the result. No danger was to be apprehended; careful nursing would restore her in a week or two combined with perfect quiet. Then a change of air and scene would be beneficial—say a trip to Scarborough or Torquay now. They would give her this saline draught just at present and not worry about her. The young lady would be all right, on his word and honor, my dear Sir Victor, in a week or two.

Sir Victor listened very gloomily. He had heard from the hall porter of Mr. Stuart's flying visit, and of his brief interview with Miss Darrell. It was very strange—his hasty coming, his hasty going, without seeing any of them, his interview with Edith, and his fainting fit immediately after. Why had he come? What had transpired at that interview? The green-eyed monster took the baronet's heart by his finger and thumb, and gave it a most terrible twinge.

He watched over her when they let him into that darkened chamber, as a mother may over an only and darling child. If he lost her—"O Heaven!" he cried passionately, rebelliously, "rather let me die than that!"

He asked her no questions—he was afraid. His heart sank within him, she lay so cold, so white, so utterly indifferent whether he came or went. He was nothing to her—nothing. Would he ever be?

Lady Helena, less in love, and consequently less a coward, asked the question her nephew dared not ask. "What had brought Mr. Charles Stuart to Powys-place? What had made her, Edith, faint?"

The dark sombre eyes turned from the twilight prospect, seen through the open window, and met her ladyship's suspicious eyes steadily. "Mr. Stuart had come down to tell her some very bad news. His father had failed—they were ruined. They had to leave England in two days for home—he had only come to bid her a last farewell."

Then the sombre brown eyes went back to the blue-gray sky, the crystal July moon, the velvet, green grass, the dark murmuring trees, the birds twittering in the leafy branches, and she was still again.

Lady Helena was shocked, surprised, grieved. But—why had Edith fainted?

"I don't know," Edith answered. "I never fainted before in my life. I think I have not been very strong lately. I felt well enough when I returned to the drawing-room—a minute after I grew giddy and fell. I remember no more."

"We will take you away my dear," her ladyship said cheerfully. "We will take you to Torquay. Changes of air and scene, as the doctor says, are the tonic you need, to brace your nerves. Ah! old or young, all we poor women are martyrs to nerves."

They took her to Torquay in the second week of July. A pretty little villa near Hesketh Crescent had been hired; four servants from Powys-place preceded them; Sir Victor escorted them, and saw them duly installed. He returned again—partly because the work going on at Catherine Royals needed his presence, partly because Lady Helena gravely and earnestly urged it.

"My dear Victor," she said, "don't force too much of your society upon Edith. I know girls. Even if she were in love with you—the young man wined—she would grow tired of a lover who never left her sight. All women do. If you want her to grow fond of you, go away, write to her every day—not too love-like love-letters; one may have a sensible letter; just cheerful, pleasant, sensible letters—as a young man in love can write. Come down this day three weeks, and I will be ready, take us home."

The young man made a wry face—much as he used to do when his good aunt urged him to swallow a dose of nauseous medicine.

"In three weeks," My dear Lady Helena, what are you thinking of? We are to be married the first week of September."

"October, Victor—October—not a day sooner. You must wait until Edith is completely restored. There is no such desperate haste. You are not likely to lose her."

"I am not so sure of that," he said, half sullenly under his breath; "and a postponed marriage is the most unlucky thing in the world."

"I don't believe in luck; I do in common sense," his aunt retorted, rather sharply. "You are like a spoiled child, Victor, crying for the moon. It is Edith's own request, if you will have it—this postponement. And Edith is right. You don't want a limp, pallid, half-dying bride, I suppose. Give her time to get strong—give her time to learn to like you—your patient waiting will go far towards it. Take my word, it will be the wiser course."

There was nothing for it but obedience he took his leave and went back to Cheshire. It was his first parting from Edith. How he felt it no words can tell. But the fact remained—he went.

She drew a long, deep breath as she said good-bye and watched him away. Ah! what

a different farewell to that other only two short weeks ago. She tried not to think of that—honestly and earnestly; she tried to forget the fact that haunted her, the voice that rang in her ears, the warm hand-clasp, the kisses that sealed their parting. Her love, her duty, her allegiance, her thoughts—all were due to Sir Victor now. In the quiet days that were to be there, she would try to forget the love of her life—try to remember that of all men on earth Sir Victor Catherine was the only man she had any right to think of.

And she succeeded partly. Wandering along the tawny sands, with the blue bright sea spreading away before her, drinking in the soft salt air, Edith grew strong in body and mind once more. Charlie Stuart had passed for ever out of her life—driven hence by her own acts; she would be the most driving of idiots, the basest of traitors, to pine for him now. Her step grew elastic, her eye grew bright, her beauty and bloom returned. She met hosts of pleasant people, and her laugh came sweetly to Lady Helena's ears. Since her nephew must marry—since his heart was set on this girl—Lady Helena wished to see her a healthy and a happy wife.

Sir Victor's letters came daily; the girl smiled as she glanced carelessly over them, love them up, and answered—about half. Love she did not; but she was learning to think very kindly of him. It is quite in the scope of a woman's nature to love one man passionately, and like another very much. It was Edith's case—she liked Sir Victor, and when, at the end of three weeks he came to join them, she could approach and give him her hand with a frank, glad smile of welcome. The three weeks had been as three centuries to this ardent young lover, well, and wholly restored, almost repaid him. And three days after the triad returned together to Powys-place, to part, as he whispered, no more.

It was the middle of August now. In spite of Edith's protest, grand preparations were being made for the wedding—a magnificent trousseau having been ordered.

"Simplicity is all very well," Lady Helena answered Miss Darrell "but Sir Victor Catherine's bride must dress as becomes Sir Victor Catherine's station. In three years from now, if you prefer white muslin and simplicity, prefer it by all means. About the wedding-dress you will kindly let me have my own way."

Edith desisted; she appealed no more, passive to all changes, she let herself drift along.

The third of October was to be the wedding day—my Ladies Gwendoline and Laura Drexel, the two chief bridesmaids—then three others, all daughters of old friends of Lady Helena. The pretty picturesque town of Carnarvon, in North Wales, was to be the nest of the turtle-doves during the honeymoon—then away to the continent, then back for the Christmas festivities at Catherine Royals.

Catherine Royals was fast becoming a palace for a princess—its grounds a sort of enchanted fairy-land. Edith walked through its lofty, echoing halls, its long suites of sumptuous drawing-rooms, libraries, billiard and ball rooms. The suite fitted up for herself was gorgeous in purple and gold—velvet and bullion fringe—in pictures that were wonders of loveliness—in mirrored walls, in all that boundless wealth and love could lavish on its idol. Learning on her proud and happy bridegroom's arm, she walked through them all, half dazed with all the wealth of color and splendor, and wondering if "I be I" Was it a fairy tale, or was all this for Edith Darrell?—Edith Darrell, who, such a brief while gone, used to sweep and dust, sew, and darn, in dull, unlovely Sandypoint, and get a new merino dress twice a year? No, it could not be—such transformation scenes never took place out of a Christmas pantomime or a burlesque Arabian Night—it was all a dream—a fairy fortune that, like fairy gold, would change to dull slate stones at light of day. She would never be Lady Catherine, never be mistress of this glittering Aladdin's Palace. It grew upon her day after day this feeling of vagueness, of unreality. She was just adrift upon a shining river, and one of these days she would go stranded ashore on hidden quicksands and foul ground. Something would happen. The days went by like dreams—it was the middle of September. In a little more than a fortnight would come the third of October and the wedding day. But something would happen. As surely as she lived and saw it all, she felt that something would happen.

Something did. On the eighteenth of September there came from London, late in the evening, a telegram for Lady Helena. Sir Victor was with Edith at the piano in the drawing-room. In hot haste he sent for him; he went to see. He found her pale, terrified, excited; she held out the telegram to him without a word. He read it slowly; "Come at once. Fetch Victor. He is dying—Inez."

CHAPTER XIX.

AT POPULAR LODGE.

Half an hour had passed and Sir Victor did not return, Edith still remained at the piano, the gleam of the candles falling upon her thoughtful face, playing the weird "Moonlight Sonata." She played so softly that the shrill whistling of the wind around the gables, the heavy sighing of the trees, was plainly audible above it. Ten minutes more, her lover did not return. Wondering a little what the telegram could contain, she arose and walked to the window, drew the curtains and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars were numberless, and lit dimly the park. As she stood watching the trees, writing in the autumnal glaze, she heard a step behind her. She glanced over her shoulder with a half smile—a smile that died on her lips as she saw the grave pallor of Sir Victor's face.

"What has happened?" she asked quickly. "Lady Helena's despatch contained bad news. It is nothing—she caught her breath—nothing concerning the Stuarts?"

"Nothing concerning the Stuarts. It is from London—from Inez Catherine. It is—that my father is dying."

She said nothing. She stood looking at him, and waiting for more.

"It seems a strange thing to say," he went on, "that one does not know whether to call one's father's death ill news or not. But considering the living death he has led for twenty-three years, one can hardly call the release a misfortune. The strange thing, the alarming thing about it, is the way Lady Helena takes it. One would think she might be prepared; that, considering his life and suffering, she would rather rejoice than grieve; but, I give you my word, the way in which she takes it honestly frightens me."

Still, Edith made no reply—still her thoughtful eyes were fixed upon his face. "She seems stunned, paralyzed—actually paralyzed with a sort of terror. And that terror seems to be, not for him or herself, but for me. She will explain nothing; she seems unable; all presence of mind seems to have left her. No time is to be lost; there is a train in two hours; we go



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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For August, 1881.
THURSDAY, 18.—Of the Octave of the Assump-
tion. St. Agapitus, Martyr.
FRIDAY, 19.—Of the Octave.
SATURDAY, 20.—St. Bernard, Abbot, Confes-
sor, and Doctor of the Church. Cons.
Bp. McMahon, Hartford, 1879.
SUNDAY, 21.—Eleventh Sunday after Pente-
cost. St. Joachim, Father of the B. V. M.
Less Eccles. xxxi. 8-11; Gosp. Mark vii.
31-37.
MONDAY, 22.—Octave of the Assumption. SS.
Timothy and Companions, Martyrs.
TUESDAY, 23.—St. Philip Beniti, Confessor.
Vigil of St. Bartholomew.
WEDNESDAY, 24.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.

MR. RICHARD WALSH, Richmond street,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., is agent for this
paper and is duly authorized to collect all
amounts due, and to enroll new subscribers.

It now turns out that the Chicago con-
vention was quiet, business like, anti-dynamitic,
and undemonstrative, and the nearest a
Chicago paper could manage to get to it was
the tavern round the corner. All the stories
of dissensions were pure inventions, but, then,
the Chicago correspondents have a reputation
which they naturally enough do not like to
lose.

A crisis has arrived in the condition of the
wounded President, and notwithstanding the
bulletins of the doctors and their hopeful pre-
dictions, it is certain General Garfield's life
hangs on a thread. Indeed we may hear
alarming news at any moment. If he sur-
vives this month of August he may be con-
sidered safe, but public opinion is not hopeful
that he will.

The successful stand made by the Boers
against such overwhelming numbers is a les-
son which should not be forgotten, and it is
one which teaches people having a just cause
that they should never despair, no matter
what the odds are against them. The Boers
are men who practically applied the theory
of Moore:—
'Tis sweeter to bleed for an acre at thy shrine
Than to sleep but one moment in chains.

The commander of the French war steamer
"Corinde" is still master of the situation on
the French shore of Newfoundland. It is
enough to make one's teeth water to read
about the tremendous catches of the French
fishermen in this favored region, and how
Commander De Varenne protects the im-
porters in their rights to refuse to pay duties.
It is all very amusing, but it may not be al-
ways so.

The Dublin correspondent of the New
York Herald thinks the land agitation has
only begun in Ireland, and that nothing less
than the annihilation of landlordism will
satisfy the people. The Land League has
now \$300,000 in the bank, it has purchased
two Dublin Weekly newspapers, one of which
(the Irishman) may soon become a daily, and
it has started a paper in Thurles called the
Tipperary, said to be inspired by Archbishop
Croke.

The New York Herald correspondent at
Paris cables the result of an interview he
had with King Kalakaua. His Majesty told
him (of course) that New York contrasted
favorably with Paris and Vienna, and denied
that he intended selling his kingdom to a
foreign power. "Queen Victoria," suggested
Colonel Armstrong, "might just as reason-
ably barter away British independence," and
His Majesty nodded assent. The Herald cor-
respondent at Paris must have a keen sense
of the ridiculous.

The death of the man Wetherell in Ottawa
at the hands, it is supposed, of a gang of
roughs who came to extract money from him
because he was an old man just married to
an old woman, will, we hope, stir up the au-
thorities to the necessity of adopting such
severe measures against the chivalric nu-
isance as will lead to its discontinuance. It
is a pretty state of things when roughs and
loafers are in a position to annoy people be-
cause, in their opinion, they were too old to
contract a matrimonial alliance, and to de-
mand a bribe for ceasing to insult them.

Two-thirds of the republican party in Vir-
ginia are readjusters or followers of Senator
Mahone. The readjusters have coalesced with
the republicans, so that if the latter win in
the coming state elections, the negroes
will, for the first time, have a chance
of showing what they can do in the
way of governing a country. Without
hesitating a conjecture as regards the good or
evil that may result from this, it must strike
the reader of American history that if George
Washington dreamed that his native state
would yet be governed by the descendants of

his slaves, he would not take the field with
half so much enthusiasm.

THE HON. MR. MACKENZIE has been pre-
sented with the freedom of the burgh of Inver-
ness, the capital of the Scottish Highlands.
In one of his excellent speeches, delivered
after the ceremony, he expatiated on the ad-
vantages of Canada, which enjoyed all the
benefits of a republic and a monarchy. This
is, of course, a time-honored platitude, be-
ing threadbare from constant use, but should
it not strike Mr. Mackenzie that he was by
inference hard upon the people of the United
States because they enjoy none of the benefits
of monarchy, as also upon his audience at
Inverness, who must mourn the absence of
republicanism. It was Artemus Ward who
wept so profusely because his unfortunate
country "ain't got no tower." We in Can-
ada have no tower either, but we have the
advantages, &c.

The retrocession of the Transvaal has taken
place and a South African Republic proclaimed.
Sir Bartle Frere, chief of the original disturbers,
is wroth at this consummation and pitches
freely into Mr. Gladstone, whom he accuses
of having been the sole author of the war and
the shame that resulted therefrom. Civiliza-
tion and religion have been retarded, says
this living Jingo, whose ideas of those
blessings run in a singular groove. What
the Tories chiefly regret is the condition
of the poor natives who will by the re-
trocession be left without a protector,
their kind father, John Bull, having retired
after skiving a few thousand Zulus and
Basutos, whose widows and orphans must
feel exceedingly grateful to him. It is one
of the phenomena of our age how kindly
conquered barbarians take to British rule af-
ter they have once felt its gentle sway.
Doubtless it is more Bibles and less land
which are the primary causes, but, after all,
it must be chiefly due to the absence of
swagger and arrogance in the Christian civil-
izers.

It is complained of by the Irish people of
Quebec, and with much reason, that they are
pretty generally excluded from official posi-
tions, and that when one of them does obtain
one it is of an inferior nature. There is a
tacit understanding to the effect that when an
official dies or retires he will be succeeded by
one of the same nationality. This, it must
be confessed, is an ugly state of things, but it
exists, and if it was contravened to the dis-
favor of the French Canadians we would
hear an unmistakable chorus of dis-
approval. It is extremely difficult for an
Irishman to obtain anything from the Quebec
Government, but when he does every one
seems to be uneasy until he is removed and
his place filled by one of a more fortunate
nationality. The exception to the rule does
not work well for him. We have seen several
instances of this glaring injustice during
the past two years, but we hope that the
Government seeing how near the general elec-
tions are will pause before they fill the position
left vacant by the death of Mr. Quinn
at Quebec in any other way than is agreeable
to the Irish people. This is not asking
much.

AFFAIRS in Afghanistan are still in a
troubled condition. Ayoub Khan, flushed
with victory, is marching to meet his rival at
Khelat-i Ghilzai, and on the results of the
battle which will be fought then will depend
the fate of Afghanistan for some time to
come. The result will be decisive in so far
as Abdurrahman Khan is concerned, for if he
loses he will have to fly the country, and take
refuge either with the British or the Russian
Territory of Turkestan, whereas if Ayoub
be defeated he will still have Herat and per-
haps Candahar to fall back upon. The
British are purely responsible for all the
slaughter and all the misfortunes of this dis-
traced country. The late Shere Ali made
friendly advances to him some years ago, but
they were rejected, and he then turned to
Russia, which sent an embassy to Cabul.
This impudence, as it was styled by the
rulers of India, was not to be borne, and
they sent an ultimatum to Shere Ali,
informing him that the Russian embassy
should be dismissed, that he should receive
a British resident, and that in future the British
should guide his foreign policy. Shere
Ali refused. An Anglo-Indian army entered
his dominions and marched victoriously to
Cabul. Shere Ali fled and died in exile of a
broken heart. Sir Louis Cavagnari was in-
stalled as resident with a ridiculously small
escort; the army of occupation retired, and
soon after Sir Louis and his escort were anni-
hilated in Cabul almost under the eyes
of Yakoub Khan the puppet placed on the
throne of Shere Ali by the British.
Another invasion took place, and Yakoub
placed himself under protection of the in-
vaders and was ultimately held as a prisoner
for complicity in the murder, battles were
fought with varying success, but at length
General Roberts gained a decisive victory
over Ayoub Khan, a younger brother of
Yakoub, and son of Shere Ali, and apparently
the rightful heir to the Crown since Yakoub
had fled to the enemy. Although the Afghans
were beaten, they were not subdued. The
invaders were ordered—under pretence of
justice—to withdraw from a country so fatal
to British prestige, and withdraw they ac-
cordingly did, abandoning the famous scien-
tific frontier and the results of a great ex-
penditure of blood and treasure—not, how-
ever, until they had placed another puppet
on the throne in the person of Abdurrahman
Khan, ex-Russian pensioner, and, indeed,
the legitimate heir to the crown, being son
of the elder brother of Shere Ali, who
was, properly speaking, an usurper. But
the Afghan Crown as a general rule falls to
him with the longest sword and the stoutest
heart, and as Ayoub is more national than his

rival, and as said rival was placed in position
by the hated foreigners who initiated the
troubles, the Sardars were not long in decid-
ing as to which they should follow. Ayoub
marched down from Herat the moment the
English left, Candahar, drove Abdurrahman
before him and now is in possession of the
whole country except that part commanded
by C. B., which he will dispute in a few
days with the Amer. If, as is probable,
Ayoub wins, the British will be in a worse po-
sition than ever. They must either assist
their puppet or lose prestige in India, which
they cannot afford. Meanwhile Russia,
through her astute diplomacy and the ter-
rible bullying of her enemy (or what else
is England) has secured the affections of the
Afghans, and made her influence paramount.
The diplomatic slap in the face she so
lately administered to England will surely
not make Central Asia matters any smoother,
nor delay the time in which the inevitable
conflict for supremacy in that region by the
world will take place. And all this arises
of the ambition of a novelist for a scientific
frontier.

MR. GLADSTONE.

It is now evident, beyond any means of
doubt, that the back-bone of the Right
Honorable William Ewart Gladstone is com-
posed of the worst kind of gutta serena.
Gladstone is a splendid talker, an accom-
plished chatter-box; he possesses the gift
of the gab to an alarming extent, but his
nerve is weak. Poor man, perhaps it is
not his fault, few of us are perfect, and he is
enough of an Englishman to be scared by the
shadow of the majesty of a duke rising calmly
in his place to obsequiate the Land Bill. The
most noble the Marquis of Salisbury is too
many for the windy Prime Minister; he has
a backbone, his nervous system is not out of
repair; he has less respect for the liberties
of the people than for the privileges of the
august assembly of which he is a member.
Of course the points upon which Gladstone
has given way amount to nothing, surely not,
and if he gave way on all points it would
amount to still less, for the whole bill is a
gigantic farce, manufactured to delude the
Irish; it is almost as great a swindle as that
plastic politician, Gladstone; that sham far
beyond any sham of whom Carlyle has ever
written; that prince of mouthing humbugs;
that talking machine whom we are called upon
to fall down and worship. He nails his colors
to the mast! He won't surrender one iota
of the bill! He may be a first rate hand
at rattling off a budget speech, but he has
just now proved to the world that he is good
absolutely for nothing else. But it may be
said he disestablished the beautiful Anglican
Church in Ireland. Not so—it was rotten, and
it fell; he merely chattered as it was falling,
trying to imitate the trumpets that compassed
the fall of Jericho. He did not extend the
franchise; it was the late Beaconsfield
did it; nor will he extend any franchise, the
lords can always frighten him; the only thing
he will ever extend is his reputation as the
most eloquent sham ever called upon to
make laws for smaller shams than he. His
land bill of 1870 was an immense bungle, an
effort of pure Bright-Gladstonism, which
will cause even the most serious reader of
future history to laugh; his compensation for
disturbance bill was kicked unceremoniously
out of the House of Lords (we are beginning
to respect those lords, there is really something
in blood there is courage); his Irish registra-
tion bill followed suit, and still the knave
only whined, and now, after nailing his colors
to the mast, (quotha) he cringes before his
aristocratic masters. Poor Gladstone! Poor
Ireland forced to depend upon him for bills;
poor empire having for Prime Minister a man
without a backbone.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

Rumors reach us from time to time that
Leo XIII. is a prisoner at the Vatican, and,
that seeing no means of rendering his con-
dition bearable, His Holiness is resolved to
leave the Eternal City and establish the Holy
See elsewhere—Malta, for instance. Until
lately much attention was not paid to these
rumors. The enemies of the Catholic Church
said the Pope was not a prisoner at all, that
he could go where he pleased, and have all
the protection he required, and that he was
himself mainly instrumental in propagating
those rumors in order to excite sympathy, in
fact that His Holiness wanted to pose as a
martyr before his time. Catholics, and intel-
ligent Protestants, who took an interest in
such matters, were perfectly well aware that
there was solid truth in the report that the
Head of the Church was a prisoner to all in-
terests and purposes, but it is only within
the past few weeks that the whole world was
made acquainted with the fact, and had to
accept the truth or give up the use of their
reasoning powers. It is true that the Pope is
not under lock and key, quite true that he is
not thrust into a cell by armed guards, but it
is just as true that he is a prisoner to all in-
terests and purposes in the Palace where his
predecessors held sway for fifteen centuries.
This was amply proved by the late dis-
graceful proceedings in connection with the
removal of the body of the late Pope
Pius the Ninth, when three thousand ruffians
(of all classes) invaded the remains, and
essayed to throw them into the Tiber. If the
body of a Pope could arouse so much ferocity
in the hearts of the infidels of Rome it may
be asked to what extent would the brigands
be not prepared to go if Leo XIII. attempted
to parade himself in the city. If an ordinary
man, leaving His Holiness altogether out
of the question, finds that his presence is
the signal for tumult, perhaps for murder,
he leaves and goes elsewhere, except he
thinks a change may take place in the senti-
ments of his persecutors.

But this is not likely to happen in the case
of Leo XIII. except for the worse. It may
seem singular to some how these things can
happen in a Catholic nation. It appears
strange that a Catholic people can stand
tamely by and see the head of their church
so grossly insulted, so shamefully abused.
And it is a fact that, notwithstanding these
insults and abuses, Italy is still a Catholic
nation, and the Italians, or, at least, the
vast majority of them, are Catholic people.
But they might as well ask how it was
that in Catholic Ireland in days gone by a
priest was chased by a wolf, and that at the
present day the Catholic population of that
country is governed by Protestants. The
answer is force in each instance. The result
of the late municipal elections in Rome was
a victory for the Catholic (the English news-
papers call it the clerical) party, and a crushing
defeat for the infidels. If the City of Rome
was not held down by bayonets we can easily
see that the Pope would not be a prisoner.
And so it is all over Italy. The people are
disfranchised and King Humbert and the
Infidels rule at the point of the bayonet.
Besides it is the misfortune, at least in so far
as the world's affairs are concerned, that while
the Catholics, obeying the voice of the
Church remain quiescent under wrong, the
infidels unite in oppression and make them-
selves the rulers. So it is in France, so it is
in Italy, the Government are infidel, the
people are Catholic. How long this state of
things will last is what no one knows
probably a change will come in
God's good time and the Head
of the Church, if he be not restored to the
temporal power, will at least be free to
govern Catholic Christendom in the manner
that suits him best, and to have ingress and
egress to his palace when he pleases. But we
should exceedingly regret to see His Holiness
make Malta even a temporary Holy See. The
English are a people that require a *quid pro
quo*; they seldom give something for nothing,
and if they gave Malta to the Pope as a
temporary residence they would consider them-
selves justified in exercising a pressure, if ne-
cessary. It would be a sad day for the Catho-
lic Church in Ireland, and for the Irish people
if any English Government had it in its
power to influence the head of the Church.

THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

A genuine crisis has arrived in English
affairs, and the excitement throughout the
three kingdoms is intense. Nothing like it
has been witnessed since the period imme-
diately preceding the reform bill of 1832
when Bristol was up in arms and the burges-
ses of Birmingham were preparing to march
upon London. Aristocracy and democracy
stand face to face, and from present appear-
ance neither of them is prepared to give way.
Mr. Gladstone is giving strong symptoms
of being in possession of that great essential in
politics, a back bone, and the Marquis of
Salisbury is poised his lance for the combat.
Birmingham—the heart of Democratic Eng-
land—is ready for the fray, John Bright's old
fire is burning in his bosom, Cowen
of Newcastle is in harness, and, though
the Whig's proper and the stereotyped
Tories are timid, they are surrounded by
forces which will whirl them into the con-
flict. While some are eager, and mostly all
are doubtful, there is one of the Imperial
parties jubilant over the crisis. The Irish
National party—or, as they are called, the
Parnellites—realize that their time has come,
and that the fates are inclined to be
propitious to their cause. It is, of course,
possible that one of the belligerents will
give way, or, that a compromise may be
effected at the last moment, but it is not
probable. Each has gone too far too
recently, Gladstone is as fully committed to
the contest as Salisbury. The Lords were
as defiant on Friday night as they could be,
and Gladstone has declared emphatically that
he will not yield an iota. If, therefore, words
are of any avail, the great crisis has
arrived, and before it is over the aristocracy
will go down in the dust shorn of the
splendor and the privileges which have
appertained to its order for centuries. It is
not Ireland they have to deal with, but the
aroused democracy of three kingdoms. As
may be expected all sorts of rumors are in
circulation, and all kinds of compromise are
hazarded by the timid, who only desire a milk
and water change, or by those who thank
God there is such an institution as the
House of Lords, but who still
would see them unbend a little for the
sake of harmony. After all, think they, the
quarrel is an Irish one, about which steady-
going Anglo-Saxons should not seriously
quarrel. But that is a mistake. The quar-
rel has wider significance, and the issues in-
volved cover the United Kingdom. The
English people have been educated, and they
know that a franchise which takes in but nine
per cent of the people is too narrow; it is not
the freedom of which pensioned writers are
so fond of boasting. Besides, there is an
alarming English land question, there is a
corrupt and tyrannical Church to be dis-
established, a feeder for aristocracy, and there
is the aristocracy itself, the greatest evil of all,
to be wiped out of existence. The Roman
patrician was humility itself compared to
the modern British Lord with his monstrous
privileges. The Lords have for centuries
been oppressing the people, especially the
Irish people. They delayed emancipation
until the head of their order—the King—wept,
but surrendered and advised, they obstructed
every benevolent measure of the Commons;
they acted like those whom the gods wish
to destroy, and now they are waiting on the
threshold of their doom. Such a crisis as
the present has been predicted since the com-
plexion of the present Parliament was known.
Republicans like Dilke, Chamberlain, Bright
and Fawcett did not enter the Cabinet for

nothing. It was seen from time to
time that the Ministry were divided
among themselves, and one by one
did the discontented lords march out.
First it was Lansdowne, then Anglesey, but it
was ominous that the Radicals never stirred.
They were masters of the situation.
And now the great question is, what shall
be done with the House of Lords? Shall it
be abolished, or only modified? Shall it
be an elective chamber, like the
French or American Senates, or be
something like our own lovely institu-
tion here in Canada? These are questions
that demand a categorical answer in the im-
mediate future, but no matter how events de-
velop themselves it is absolutely impossible
that the House of Lords can exist as it is con-
stituted at present. The wave of democracy
is rolling onwards with terrific force, nothing
can stop it, not even the Marquis of Salisbury
with the flashing sword of his ancestors in
his hand.

The duty of Ireland in this crisis is as clear
as crystal. It is simply to pay not one penny
in rents. The people are in a position to adopt
that policy; they have the English democracy
with them in the struggle, and it will be very
extraordinary indeed if the military be
utilized to collect rents for the lords so long
as Gladstone is Prime Minister. He coerced
Ireland last year to please the landlords, but
he is now at war with them and conciliation
is thrown away. But no matter what
political moves even the best of English
Ministers are compelled to make it is none of
their business, let them fight it out between
them, but let Ireland reserve its strength and
its sympathy for its foes and its friends.

HOME MANUFACTURES IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—Mr. Parnell, writing to
the editor of the *United Ireland* newspaper in
the interest of the Land League, says: I am
much pleased that you intend to make the
development of the industrial resources of
the country and the encouragement of
native manufactures the leading features
of your paper. I think the time is
fast approaching when we might do
much to assist the reestablishment of Irish
manufactures by encouraging our people to
use home made, in preference to English
made goods. I am disposed to believe that
in regard to articles not at present
manufactured to any extent at home
we might use the products of American
factories. This would tend as indirect pro-
tection to Irish manufactures as it would
encourage origination of works for the
purpose of manufacturing such articles at home.
The organization which the land movement
has fostered would be very important in assist-
ing such a movement.
Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, also writes
to the same paper urging the editor to en-
courage Irish industries in preference to pa-
tronizing foreign goods.

THE RAILROAD CALAMITY.

FURTHER DETAILS.
PRESCOTT, Aug. 13.—The No. 4 express
from Montreal to Toronto passed here at her
usual time, 2.20 a. m., having a large train of
coaches well filled. After leaving this
station, and when passing the semaphore
west of the station, the cow catcher caught a
cow which was one of three or four, on the
track and carried her along the track about
300 feet to the first crossing west of
the town. The cow was carried over the
cattle guards on the east side
of the public road, but fell partially into that
on the west of the road, lifting the engine off
the track and throwing it over the slight em-
bankment to the south side of the
railway. The engine lies a perfect wreck, with
its smoke stack and all its upper furnishings
twisted off. The engine, named Howarth,
had heroically to his place, and was found a
mangled corpse, partly under the engine with
one arm around the whistle and the escaping
steam pouring forth on his side. The ground
where he lay is saturated with blood. His
body now lies in the baggage room
of the station awaiting an inquest.
The express messengers were also
among the injured but were able to be sent
to their friends. Report says that six passen-
gers were wounded, but as they were trans-
ferred to another train and sent westward
this cannot be positively ascertained. The
tremendous force of the concussion can be
partly understood by one standing at the
scene and seeing the total wreck of cars and
engine. The engine fell on the south side of
the track where it remains, but the tender
passed about 30 feet farther and with its truck
lies a shapeless mass on the north side.
Close by the tender, but farther into the field,
lies the express car, also a total wreck. The
agent of the company at this place promptly
placed a man to guard the goods which were
scattered by the collision. A second-class
car is piled on the tender, while its rear end is
buried in the ground to a considerable depth.
The windows of this car are broken, probably
by the frightened passengers who made
their escape through them. Some of the
seats and windows are covered with the
blood of the wounded. From the point
from where the engine caught the cow to
where it jumped the track, and now lies im-
bedded in the soil, is about 300 feet. The
track was torn up for 60 or 70 feet, which is
being promptly repaired, and will be ready
for the west-bound express at 1.47 p. m. to-
day.

The property damaged is engine and tender,
the mail and baggage and the express cars,
one second-class and three first-class cars.
The loss of life is small when we remember
that a heavy train on a down grade was sud-
denly stopped, and its living freight piled in-
discriminately among the wrecked cars.

RICHMOND ITEMS.

On Thursday morning on arrival of the
mixed train at Kingsley Falls, one of the
brakemen named Letellier was found missing.
On search being made, he was found lying on
top of one of the box cars quite dead. It
is supposed he was struck by a bridge one mile
west of Kingsley, as one side of his head was
found to be very much bruised. Coroner
Woodward was notified and had the body re-
moved to this place, where he intends hold-
ing an inquest to-morrow. Deceased resided at
Point Leve, was a man about 35 years of age,
leaves a wife and three children to mourn his
loss.
The grain crops in these parts look very
promising.
Weather cool and pleasant.

FOR ASTHMA AND PHTHISIS.

Mix
one teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in
three tablespoonfuls of syrup, and take two or
three teaspoonfuls of the mixture every fifteen
minutes, till relief is obtained.

City and Suburban News.

The water in the river is so low as to pre-
vent the loading of steamers to their full
capacity.
The steamer "Corisco" having sprung a
leak while in port, her place has been filled by
the SS "Passport."
ENGINEERING drill is to be practiced every
Saturday during the season by the Montreal
Engineer corps. The island is to be the
scene of their labors.

Messrs. Sidney Miller, H. Flow, and H. S.
Tibbs, members of the Montreal Bicycle Club,
returned from Terrebonne yesterday, whither
they had gone on bicycles. They covered the
space of 19 miles in three hours.

INSPECTORS Gaily and Lapointe, of the
S. P. O. A., scattered a gang of cock-fight-
ers on the morning of last Sunday, not arriv-
ing in time to capture any of the partici-
pators in the brutal sport.

The hearing of the telegraph injunction
case was called for yesterday morning, but on the
defendants declaring they had no evidence to
offer, the *enquete* was closed, and the argu-
ment fixed for to-morrow morning at eleven
o'clock.

St. Ann's Temperance and Benefit Society
intend celebrating the anniversary of the
Apostle of Temperance, Father Matthew, by
a grand musical concert. The committee are
making all the necessary arrangements to
make the event worthy of the occasion.

LAST Friday about noon a lady with two
children arrived in the Bonaventure Depot
from the State of Nebraska. She went to the
ladies dressing room to rest herself. While
there she began to develop symptoms of in-
sanity so much so that it was deemed dan-
gerous for her to be left alone. Constable Ingraham
and another were ordered to take care of her
and see that she wanted for nothing. Man-
while Mr. Kirkham telegraphed to her brother
who resides in Mechanics Falls, Maine, who
came in by the night train and took her to his
home, after thanking the Grand Trunk officials
for their kindness in taking charge of her.

HONOR TO MGR. BOURGET.

A large number of the members of the
clergy and of distinguished citizens assem-
bled on the Jacques Cartier Pier last evening
to witness the departure of His Grace Mgr.
Bourget for Quebec to take the "Parisien,"
on which he had taken passage for Europe.
The venerable prelate was accompanied by
the Rev. Abbés Dumesnil and Perrault and
Dr. Bourque.

His Grace was deeply impressed by this
spontaneous manifestation of respect and
affection, and on withdrawing he gave his
benediction to the assembled crowd of well-
wishers. As the boat steamed down the
river and passed Longueuil, Hochelaga,
Laurie and the other parishes, the inhabi-
tants gathered on the banks and saluted the
passage of His Grace with hearty cheers.
The villages of Yvernes and Laurier were
lit up with large bonfires in his honor.

On arriving at Sorel, the Mayoresse, Madame
Mathieu, presented His Grace, through Dr.
Bondy, with a magnificent bouquet. The
wharf was also crowded with citizens to wish
him "God speed." Mgr. Bourget seems to
enjoy the most vigorous health, and there is
every hope that this long voyage will be made
by the aged prelate without much fatigue or
danger.

THE G. T. R. ACCIDENT.

When the news of the accident on the
Grand Trunk Railway, which occurred early
this morning, spread through town, the
greatest excitement prevailed among
those whose friends had taken pas-
sage by the ill-fated train. The
different telegraph offices were quickly
crowded with anxious enquirers after the
safety of those near and dear to them. When
it at length became known that only one man
had fallen a victim to the disaster the relief
felt was great. At first all kinds of
rumors were the order of the day. One
gentleman informed the reporter
positively that at least one-half of the passen-
gers had been killed, and most of the remain-
der seriously wounded. Private telegrams
at length developed the fact that only one
man had been killed. His name is John
O. Howarth, and he lived at 681 Wellington
street. The friends of the members
of the Young Shamrock Lacrosse Team,
which had gone to Toronto to play the
Dominion of that city, were filled with anxiety
when the first news of the disaster ar-
rived, but it was soon dispelled when a
telegram was received, signed by the whole
team, informing them of their escape. The
following are the names of the lucky twelve:
J. B. Flynn, Captain, and Messrs. Cregan,
Bossiter, Wallace, Miles, Scott, Welch, Aherm,
Belly, Gaffney, Hughes and Green.

A man named Robert Leodet, said to live
on College street, was so seriously injured
that he is not expected to recover.

A MUSICAL CRITIC, writing on the Weber-
Steinway controversy now going on in the
United States, says:—

"The Weber and Steinway pianos are not,
nor have they ever been, strictly speaking,
rivals. In a mechanical sense there is notic-
ably little difference between them. Both
makers have achieved the utmost limits of
perfection so far as durability and good work-
manship are concerned. But in respect to
tone there can be no comparison between them.
The Steinway pianos doubtless possess great
power and sonority, perhaps equal in this re-
spect to Weber, but here the comparison
ends. They cannot approach the Weber for
purity, richness and volubility—three qualifi-
cations which combined give us that distinct
and perfect articulation which only hears in
vocal organs of the highest order and cal-
ibre. Hence the reason why all the prin-
cipal artists of the day prefer the Weber
pianos for their public performances and private use.
They are sympathetic and capable of giving
the various shades of expressions in so re-
markable a manner as to make them incom-
parably superior to any other piano of the
present age."

There is no denying the fact that the Weber
pianos are taking the place of honor, not only
in the concert halls of the leading cities, but
in all the aristocratic families where music is
appreciated.

KING ALFONSO'S SPEECH—A CRY FOR
VENGEANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—The special correspondent
of the *Herald* with King Alfonso telegraphed
here last night as follows:—The King has
just delivered a stirring speech at Ferrol, in
which he expressed the hope that in future
the Spanish navy would play a part as glo-
rious as it once did under the House of Aus-
tria, and trusted that its progress would
coincide with that of the Spanish army. His
Majesty was loudly cheered. The Ferrol
dockyard officials have presented the King
with a copy of verses of the most hellish
and ultra patriotic description, appealing to
him to avenge the unhappy Spaniards who
have been massacred by the African savages.
"The blood of our brethren," says the poet,
"cries for vengeance."



CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness:

Sir,—I have no desire to meddle with those correspondents of the Post who have had a controversy over the constitution of the St. Patrick's Society, but there have been important points raised, upon which I beg to offer an opinion. I maintain that all Irish societies are national—the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society being one of the best among them. Irish nationality is represented and sustained by the action of the various Irish societies, which are not the less national for having adopted some special line of benevolence or usefulness among their fellow-countrymen. If the sole object of a national society was to get up an annual parade, there might be reason for having but one society, broad enough to admit all, but there are other circumstances in which a national society must be prepared to act, and experience has demonstrated that discordant elements are a brake and a damper to the working of any society. I have no doubt the St. Patrick's Society would modify its constitution if necessary, but I am sure Irish Protestants, generally, are satisfied with the present arrangements, and if any of them care it must be only such as have very little nationality to boast of.

There are peculiar circumstances in the Province of Quebec that compel Irish Catholics to unite as a distinct body. When this society was created to Britain it was found expedient to guarantee to the then inhabitants the free exercise of their own language, laws, and religious customs, at the same time securing British institutions for the English Protestants who might thereafter become settlers. This original compact of different languages, laws and religions has ever been, and is still with some necessary modifications, the basis of our system of government, legislation, and charitable and social institutions in this part of Canada. The Irish Catholics, in order to comply with the established rules of the country, and to secure a share of the benefits derived from public institutions which they support in common with others have to act in a body, and must have an organization of some kind to make their action effective. I will illustrate this by referring to Government education, which is either Catholic or Protestant. The Protestant is British and the Catholic is French, but Irish Catholics cannot make use of either French or Protestant schools, and, therefore, to have any footing, must stand up as a distinct body. And it is the same throughout the other departments.

Any attempt to excite ill-feeling amongst Irishmen on religious matters, or to create uneasiness amongst citizens, by dragging out Fenian raids or imaginary Fenian organizations, should be frowned down. Nobody wants to interfere with other people's rights in religious matters, and Fenian raids are played out and ought to be left rest. Prejudice and bigotry will die out much faster by being let alone than any other way. Experience and common sense teach that when people of different languages and religions have to live together, it is pleasant and much wiser to live on friendly terms than to quarrel. Yours truly, AN IRISH CATHOLIC. Epiphany, August 9.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness:

DEAR SIR,—Doing an appreciative reader of your vigorous and popular journal, I have taken a deep interest in the controversy between Mr. Graham and Mr. M. W. Kirwan, and to the constitution of the Irish Society of Montreal, which the latter gentleman excludes our countrymen of the Protestant faith from membership. Such a subject would naturally stir up an interest in the mind of an Irish Canadian; therefore, with kind permission, I will submit my views thereon as briefly and impartially as I can.

The first place, Mr. Kirwan must know purely Irish Catholic Society cannot make such a distinction if its members and down their constitution to suit the belief of every Irish Protestant in the land. Therefore, if Irish Catholics without harboring any prejudice towards Protestantism, find it useful and beneficial to organize such a society, I contend that it is Protestant doctrines and Protestant opinions, and not the constitution of an Irish Catholic Society that excludes them. In such a case it must be that some religious observance gives them offence, and on that account they absent themselves altogether. Even then I cannot see why such circumstances should cause such a bitter controversy, unless Mr. Kirwan has some scruples in his own mind in regard to the religious observances of the organization. Situated, as I am, at a distance from the scene, I can see no other cause for Mr. Kirwan's refusal to become a member. Surely, if a sound Irish Catholic (?) he might become a member, and as such endeavor to have the paths made straight for his Protestant friends. It is said that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I am very much inclined to believe that Mr. Kirwan's feelings towards Protestants and Protestantism are a great deal warmer, at present than they are towards Irishmen and Irish Catholics.

In reference to barriers that exclude Protestants from Irish Societies, let us examine the constitutions of the thousand and one Protestant organizations from the Orange Order down to the Good Templars and see if we could find such an example as Mr. Kirwan has shown. Not one. They frame their constitutions to please themselves, and if the religious belief of Catholics excludes them from such orders, we find none of their members showing such exuberant liberality as Mr. Kirwan professes. At the same time can those organizations be accused of excluding Catholics? or can anybody point to one of their members coming out to champion the cause of Catholics as Mr. Kirwan has done. Not at all. The sum total of the matter is, Mr. Kirwan is unsound, and prefers hob-nobbing with Ireland's enemies to working for the advantage of his fellow-countrymen. In the meantime he will never be missed from the ranks of the latter, and he will be a very small acquisition to any party unless he changes his manners.

The above is the substance of Irish Catholic opinion on the subject among those who read your paper in this Province, and I believe it is the same with true Irishmen everywhere. Yours most truly, HIBERNIOUS. P. E. Island, Aug. 2nd, 1881.

[We have, through courtesy, inserted the above letters as both correspondents live at a distance, though they write over a nom de plume, but in future any communications on this subject must bear the names of the writers for publication, which is nothing but fair seeing that both Captain Kirwan and Father Graham carried on the controversy over their proper signatures.—Ed. Post.]

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness

Sir,—I wrote you a letter some weeks ago complaining of the unfair manner in which Irishmen are treated in this city, and giving as an instance a vacancy in the Custom House, caused by the death of one of our esteemed citizens, Mr. William Lee, Now, Mr. Editor, I then prognosticated what has since come to pass, viz: A French Canadian named Alfred Langevin, and relative of the Minister of Public Works, has been appointed to the situation, with an increase of \$100 per year to that enjoyed by the deceased gentleman. I consider this a gross injustice to our race, and such that should not be overlooked. There is one Irish gentleman named Mr. McHugh, who has been employed in Her Majesty's Customs for the past 35 years, at a salary of \$600 per annum, which has never been increased or advanced in position; he only demanded justice, but it was never accorded him. At present there are two vacancies in the Customs office, caused by the superannuation of Mr. John Rafferty, through ill health, and the other by the death of our highly esteemed citizen, Mr. William Quinn, Supervisor of Customs. I am informed the position is to be given to one Mr. Laquelle of Portneuf. The one entitled to the position is Mr. William Walsh, of this city. But it appears as if no "Irish need apply" under the present Administration. As to the latter position, it is rumored in well informed circles here that the vacancy will be filled by an English Protestant gentleman, lumber merchant, doing business in this city. It looks as if we are to be entirely ostracized from all Government positions.

I would suggest that all the Irish of the Dominion amalgamate and support the party who gives them justice, and vote en masse against the party who slights them or treats them so indignantly. Trusting, Mr. Editor, you will insert the foregoing in the columns of your valuable journal. I remain, Yours, &c. J. O'FLAHERTY. Quebec, 8th Aug., 1881.

CURED OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable desire for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading B. B. Official, Chicago, Ill.—Times.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

Long Live the South African Republic! Guitenu modestly requests to be let out on bail.

Accounts from the Caribon gold fields are encouraging. A Winnipeg contractor has eloped with his step-daughter.

The snow bank in Tuckerman's ravine in the White Mountains, is now ten feet deep.

The circulation of fiction from the Boston Public Library is only 43 per cent of the whole.

It is said that American mosquitoes taken to England, which feed on the aristocracy there, contract the gout.

Major Gossitt has been a widower only three months at Chattanooga before he was sued for breach of promise to marry.

In London it is expected that a small batch of peers will be announced before the close of the present session of Parliament.

A San Francisco trick is to neatly cover a gold silver coin with tin foil, and induce an expert to bet that it is a counterfeit.

The New York Tablet after giving deserved praise to Mr. J. J. Gaiman, of Quebec, thinks that he is about settling in New York.

The Liverpool Courier's London correspondent telegraphs that the Duke of Argyll has instructed the Marquis of Lorne to resign.

Legus English lords and French Counts are as thick as blackberries in the States. They are marrying up all the wealthy heiresses.

Yannor predicts cool weather next week. But he promised the same comfortable temperature for those dreadfully hot days of last week.

There is a girl in Litchfield, Mass. who can see only distant objects with one eye, and with the other only near ones greatly magnified.

The baggage taken by the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their suite to Norris Castle in England weighed nearly eight tons.

Two new wood pulp factories were put in operation in Norway in 1880, and eight of the nineteen old ones were enlarged. Six more are about to be built.

"Here I go," cried Overknecker. "Good morning," and he waved a smiling adieu to his companions on a St. Louis wharf, plunged into the water, and drowned himself.

Private Patrick Maloney, a pensioner with twelve cents a day, is out with a pamphlet that he saved the Queen's life when she was the Princess Victoria, and only obtained a guinea as reward.

The British Government gives a handsome premium to builders of torpedo boats if the speed of their vessels is in excess of the specification, and Messrs. Thornycroft received \$2,500 in this way.

Consul Wilson writes that Palestine is fast asleep. There is only one good wagon road in all the Holy Land, the one leading from Jerusalem to Jaffa; the newspapers are too small, feeble Hebrew sheets; and the railroad improvements are yet to be made.

The Princess Louise was present at an influential London meeting to consider the abatement of the smoke nuisance in London. Dr. Siemens, F. R. S., recommended the use of gas for heating purposes as the most effectual means of preventing smoke, and Sir Henry Thompson and other medical gentlemen concurred.

Said the Prince of Wales to a friend: "I don't care a d—n for Bradlaugh's heresy. I leave all that to Canterbury (the Archbishop); but when it comes to democracy, you, (a titled sympathizer with the member from Northampton) must choose between him and me. You can't be my friend and his too."

A journalist of the Philadelphia Times has been on a fishing trip. "Sometimes," he writes, "a raw-looking country lad, with a hook and a line made fast to a stick cut from a tree, will bring in all the fish he wants, while the tourist, with split bamboo rod and silver-plated reel, will have to buy off the lad, or to go home without fish."

A MATCH.

If I were Anglo-Saxon And you were Japanese, We'd study sticks together, Pluck out the peacock's feather, And lean our languid backs on The stiffest of settees; If I were Anglo-Saxon And you were Japanese.

If you were Della-Cruscan And I were A.—Mooreque, We'd make our limbs look less in Artistic folds and dress in What once were tunics Tuscan In Dante's days grotesque; If you were Della-Cruscan And I were A.—Mooreque.

If I were mock Pompolan And you Belgravian Greek, We'd glide 'mid gapping Vandals In white dress and sandals, Like shades in Tartarean Dim ways remote and bleak; If I were mock Pompolan And you Belgravian Greek.

If you were Culture's scarecrow I'd learn in latest phrases Of either's quaintest crazes To leap and let my hair grow, While you were Culture's scarecrow And I the guy of Art's.

If I'd a Bot'icelli And you'd a new Burne-Jones, We'd dot for days and days on Their mystic hues and grays on With loving looks that felly We'd fix upon their tones; If I'd a Bot'icelli And you'd a new Burne-Jones.

If you were skilled at crows And I a dab at rhymes, I'd write dithyrambs "Patriotic," While you your billions snails Were sticking upon two eels Of oysters and oysters; If you were skilled at crows And I a dab at rhymes.

If I were what's "consummate" And you were quite "too, too," 'T would be our Eldorado To have a yellow dingo, Our happiness to hunt at A tenpot painted blue; If I were what's "consummate" And you were quite "too, too."

If you were what "intense" is, And I were like "deacy," We'd mainly busy our mutts; In terms distinctly "too, too," And find out what the secret: Of the "Tishie" lay; If you were what "intense" is, And I were like "deacy."

If you were wan, my lady, And I the guy of Art's, We'd sit and wrink for hours At languid lily-flowers, Till, faint of all things lady, We'd faintly "too, too!" If you were wan, my lady, And I, your lover, we'd.

LATEST IRISH MAIL NEWS.

INCIDENTS OF THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

THE LOUGHREA GUARDIANS AND THE "SUSPECTS." The correspondent of the Express, writing from Loughrea on Saturday last, says:—

At a weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians held to-day, Major Rogers, J. P., in the chair, applications for relief from the families of prisoners arrested under the Coercion Act were entertained, and grants allowed by the majority of the Board, composed of Land League guardians. The chairman refused to sign the grants, and was called upon to leave the chair. He declined to do so, and the Land League guardians arose and left the boardroom in a body. They afterwards held a meeting in the Temperance Hall, and passed a resolution protesting against the action of the chairman, and proceeded again to the boardroom, where their protest was accepted and forwarded to the Local Government Board.

COLONEL HANE'S EVICTED TENANTS.

The correspondent of the Freeman, writing from Limerick, says:— A most extraordinary sight is to be witnessed at Doon, county Limerick, where a number of evictions, five in all, took place last week on the property of Colonel Hane, of Devonport. Since the five families were evicted by the sheriff, Mr. Hobson, assisted by a large force of military and police, they have remained the day long sitting by the roadside, where they cook their meals, and while away the time as best they can. They sleep in a neighbouring farmer's house, returning to the roadside each morning. They express their determination to continue this mode of existence until they are reinstated in their holdings.

THE BOYCOTTED SHIP AT CORK.

The correspondent of the Evening Telegraph, writing from Cork, says:— The ship "Wave," which has been boycotted on account of bringing materials from England for the building of Dr. Webster's school in Cork, was moved further up the river to day, opposite the Buckingham place police station, where an extra guard is placed, and policemen are watching the vessel at night.

PROSECUTIONS AT BALLYFARNON.

At Ballyfarnon, near Carrick-on-Shannon, on Saturday, 23rd July, forty-eight persons were charged with riot at Keadeu, where 800 persons assembled to cut the turf of Patrick Lynch, a local "suspect," and afterwards made a threatening demonstration. They were bound over to keep the peace.

A "GRAVE-DIGGER" ADMITTING HIS GUILT.

The correspondent of the Express, writing from Loughrea on Thursday week, says:— This morning a young man named Joseph Breheny called at the police barracks of Tyngah, and informed the constable that he was the person who recently dug the grave and posted the notice in a meadow adjacent to Tyngah. The reason he assigned for thus admitting his guilt was that he should be arrested under the Coercion Act, as he preferred to be tried for the offence. In answer to further inquiries he said that no person advised him to dig the grave, but as he was passing through the meadow, returning from a bog, he dug the grave, believing that it was no harm. He was immediately placed under arrest and conveyed to Galway jail.

WEARING OUT EMERGENCY MEN.

The Freeman has the following:— Two Emergency men who, under police protection, were located in Garendenny Castle, Queen's County, to take care of five farms from which the tenants were evicted a few months ago, quietly slipped away last week, leaving the crops to take care of themselves.

"RELIEVING" MR. NOYD.

A Press Association telegram of Tuesday says:— Two hundred men from the North of Ireland arrived yesterday at Waterford, and proceeded by steamer to New Ross, escorted by a large body of police, to cut the hay of Mr. Boyd, who had been boycotted since the acquitted three weeks ago of the two men named Phelan for the murder of his son and the attempt to murder himself.

A LAND LEAGUE SECRETARY CHARGED WITH INCITING TO MURDER.

The daily papers of Tuesday give particulars of a case heard at Dunfanaghy petty sessions, county Donegal, on Saturday last, where Mr. William Harkin, Cresslough, secretary of the Doe branch of the Land League,

was returned for trial at the next assizes on the charge of having used language inciting to murder. Ball was refused. He was charged with having advised the people to "kill the landlords"; but it was stated at the meeting of the Land League on Tuesday by the Rev. Harold Rylet that what he really said was "kill landlordism."

BOYCOTTING A FARMER.

A correspondent of the Cork Examiner, waiting in the issue of that paper for Monday, says:— A large farmer, residing in the Rathkeale branch of the Land League, some time ago bought the cattle of a man who was "boycotted." On Saturday he advertised his mowing for sale, and a large number of the farmers of the surrounding district attended, but not one bid was made for the hay. It was only then that he saw how obnoxious his conduct was. He immediately spoke to some members of the Land League Committee, and expressed his extreme regret for what he had done. Those members said that in consequence of his regret they would use their influence to have him admitted a member of the League. A special meeting was then called on, and he having voluntarily attended and expressed his great regret, after considerable argument, a resolution was adopted admitting him a member of the League. A second resolution was proposed to have him admitted a member of the committee, but had to be withdrawn in consequence of meeting with the disapproval of the greater number present.

BOYCOTTED AUCTIONS.

The correspondent of the Freeman, writing from Thurles on Tuesday night, says:— Yesterday an auction of 100 acres of hay was to take place. When the hour arrived not a single purchaser was to be seen. The only individuals on the land were the agent and auctioneer, and a couple of policemen. An auction of hay was also to take place yesterday, but as no purchasers put in an appearance not a single acre was disposed of. All the Land League branches have made arrangements not to buy hay from landlords who are not settled with their tenants.

BOYCOTTED MONAGHAN LANDLORD.

A correspondent of the Daily Express, writing on Tuesday, says:— Franklet Benny, Esq., a Catholic gentleman who resides at Inniskeen, in the county Monaghan, having recently had occasion to evict some of his tenants for nonpayment of rent, has been so effectually "boycotted" by his neighbours that he has been unable to have his harvest reaped. He applied to the Orange Emergency Committee for men, and Capt. Lloyd promptly despatched five young men, sons of tenants on the Rossmore estate, who left on Monday evening, under the care of Mr. J. W. Johnston, under-agent. On their arrival at Inniskeen the party were met by Sub-inspector McDermott and forty policemen, who escorted the "expeditionists" to the residence of Mr. Benny. Mr. Johnston, finding that five men were not sufficient for the work which required to be done, returned to Monaghan this morning, and left again this evening for Inniskeen with two other men, one of them, who understands the management of a reaping machine, being a servant of Col. Lloyd's. Mr. Johnston also carried with him a supply of provisions for the men, as the local traders have refused to supply them with anything.

BOYCOTTING A LANDLORD.

The Cork Examiner of Tuesday says:— Mr. Spreng, of Broadford, who is in disfavour with the Land League, has been unable to procure men to cut his hay.

MOWING A "SUSPECT'S" HAY.

The Cork Daily Herald of Tuesday says:— About three hundred friends of Mr. James Mannix, a suspect in Limerick jail, assembled on his farm near Mitchellstown on Saturday, and in a short time cut down and spread out to dry 200 acres of hay which was grown on the lands. They then proceeded in good order, with scythes and pikes decorated, through Mitchellstown to another farm belonging to Mr. Mannix, where some additional acres of hay were mown.

MR. BENCE JONES AND HIS TENANTS.

The Cork Examiner of Tuesday says:— At the weekly meeting of the Clonakilly Land League, held on Saturday, it was stated that Mr. Bence Jones had instructed his solicitors to take proceedings against those of his tenants who would not agree to pay their rents without delay. A resolution was passed approving of the laborers' agitation.

TIPPERARY GUARDIANS AND EMIGRATION.

A correspondent of the Express, writing in an issue of the paper, says:— Some of the poor law guardians of the Tipperary Union, in common with many others of a certain class, hold strong views with regard to emigration, but it is seldom that opposition to it is carried to such lengths as at the weekly meeting on Saturday. A widow and her two orphan children, who for eight years have been a burden on the ratepayers as recipients of outdoor relief, came before the board, stating that she had just received a prepaid passage order from her brother in America. He also sent her 10s in cash, but as she was totally destitute of anything in the shape of an outfit she appealed to the guardians for £2. By a majority of ten to six, they decided upon refusing the request rather than accord their sanction to the depopulation of the county as provided for in the new Land Bill.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

During piercing winds and excessive variations of temperature every one is more or less liable to internal and external diseases. Throat, chest, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin all suffer in some degree, and may be relieved by rubbing in this Ointment, aided by proper doses of the Pills, for administering which full directions accompany each box; in truth, any one who thoroughly masters Holloway's "instructions" will, in remedying disease, exchange the labor of an hour for the profit of a lifetime. All bronchial, pulmonary, and throat disorders require that the Ointment should be thoroughly well rubbed upon the skin twice a day with great regularity, considerable briskness, and much persistence.

By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body.

35-2-ws

JABESH SNOW, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes:

"I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., has given notice of his intention, early next session, to call attention to the "undoubted failure of vaccination to prevent epidemics of small-pox," and to move that "it is unjust and impolitic to enforce vaccination under penalties upon those who regard it as unadvisable or dangerous."

EXHIBITION.



CANADA'S GRAND EXHIBITION TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL, FROM 14th to 23rd of SEPTEMBER.

Under the Patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. \$25,000 IN PRIZES

It is divided into three principal departments: AGRICULTURAL! INDUSTRIAL! HORTICULTURAL!

OPEN TO THE WORLD!

With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged. Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, and for the Exhibiting of Processes of Manufacture. Many New and Interesting Features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition. Arrangements are being made for a GRAND EXPOSITION OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES, to be sent direct from Paris to Montreal, for this Exhibition. It is expected that contributions will also be sent from other Foreign Countries. The magnificent and world-renowned SS. "Parisian" will be in the Port during the time of the Exhibition.

GRAND DAIRY EXHIBIT.

Among the numerous Attractions SPECIAL PRIZES On a magnificent scale are offered by the Exhibition Committee and the Produce Merchants of Montreal, for Exhibits of BUTTER and CHEESE!

PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY!

The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition. This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition.

Grand Display of Horses and Cattle!

Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p. m., each day commencing Friday, 10th September.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

Arrangements have been effected to supplement the Exhibition proper by Special Attractions of an extraordinary character, embracing:— TORPEDO DISPLAYS IN THE HARBOR! Demonstrating by a series of thrilling experiments on the River, the destructive effects of Torpedo Warfare, in this instance, against Vessels of a large size provided for the purpose.

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS! In the Evenings, especially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada. Also,

ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION!

HORSE-JUMPING! Grand Athletic Tournaments!!!

FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c.

A PROGRAMME OF ALL THE ATTRACTIONS WILL BE ISSUED AT A LATRE DATE.

Increased Facilities will be provided for Reaching the Grounds, Excursions and to Issue Return Tickets at

REDUCED RATES!

Intending Exhibitors should send in their entries without delay. For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned.

S. C. STEVENSON, Sec. Industrial Dept., 181 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, 6th July, 1881. GEO. LECLERC, Sec. Agr'l Dept., 68 ST. GABRIEL STREET.

EXHIBITION!

THE Montreal Horticultural Society Will hold their usual Annual Exhibition at the VICTORIA SKATING RINK, On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd September next. (During the second week of the Provincial Exhibition.) Competition is open to the entire Province, and a Prize List is offered amounting to \$100. Entries close Tuesday, 13th September. Prize Lists and all further information furnished on application to HENRY S. EVANS, Sec.-Treas.

FIRE-PROOF SAFES

GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES AND VAULTS. Awarded First Prize at Toronto Exhibition. WAREHOUSES AT MONTREAL, No 31 BONAVENTURE STREET, ALFRED BENN, Manager.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

TEACHERS WANTED.—Wanted by the R. C. Trustees, Hemmingford, two Female Teachers holding Elementary Diplomas for English and French, one for 12 months, commencing 1st August, and one for 9 months, commencing 1st September next. Salary \$12 per month. Address, P. CLANCY, Sec.-Treas., Hemmingford, 20th July, 1881.

WANTED.—A TEACHER

holding a First-class Elementary Diploma for the English language and second-class for French, to teach in a Roman Catholic School. For further particulars apply to JOHN HANNA, Sec.-Treas., St. Canale, Co. 622 Mountains, P.Q.

ANOTHER CANADIAN VICTORY.

London, Aug. 9.—Since the commencement of the National Artillery meeting at Shoeburyness, a week ago, a cable message was received by Lieut.-Col. Oswald, commander of the Canadian contingent, from the Marquis of Lorne, instructing him to offer a prize for a special Canadian shift at repository exercise. This was accepted, and in the competition the Canadian detachment tied with the 3rd Kent. The Canadians made the shift in the incredibly short time of a few seconds over six minutes. This afternoon the tie was decided, the Canadians winning by three seconds, proving great admiration by their style of performance. The trophy is an exceedingly handsome centre piece representing a gun on a Canadian sleigh.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The virtues of most of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded lies in the name, but the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters lie in the fact that they cleanse the blood of impurities, and cure dyspepsia, biliousness and indigestion. Price \$1.00, trial bottle 10 cents.

FAILURE.—We regret to hear that the New York firm of Sadtler & Co., the well-known Catholic publishers, have failed, but we are happy to announce that this failure in no wise affects the Montreal firm of that name, which is entirely controlled by Mr. James A. Sadtler, who became sole proprietor twelve years ago. The New York firm which stood the strain and vicissitudes of hard times since 1838, became so flourishing that the proprietors were tempted to invest in outside securities, which are now found to involve their legitimate business, and more is the pity.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

If you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach and bowel complaints of infants or adults. Let its merits be known to all who have not used it.

The Toronto Bank returns to the Government to the 30th July, just published, show liabilities to the stockholders for capital paid up \$2,000,000. The rest, as per last general statement, is \$660,000, equal to 33 per cent on capital. The bank shows unavailable assets as follows: Bills discounted, overdue and not specially secured, \$8,811; notes and bills not secured, overdue and other overdue debts, \$13,852; real estate, \$19,672 mortgages on real estate, \$14,748; bank premises, \$30,000; other assets, \$48,560; making, in all, \$155,441; equal to say not quite 6 per cent., backed up in unavailable, which, if deducted from capital and rest, the working capital is 127 per cent, or 27 per cent above par value. The advances to the public are \$5,204,777. To obtain an interest in the above 155 per cent, must be paid up for the stock.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Cures all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

A bridegroom slapped his bride's face two hours after marriage, as they were about to take a train at Whiteside, Ill, for a honeymoon tour. She stood still in surprise, but only for a moment. Then she seized his case, balanced him well, and went back home with her parents.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail with addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SNEAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. 11-00w-G

TRIED AND TRUE!

How sad to contemplate the fact, that for the sake of gain, would-be philanthropists have introduced patent medicines and drugs (vile compounds) which are advertised to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Verily they have their reward. Thousands are annually sent to their graves through the use of such compounds. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters have come before a discerning public, without any loud trumpeting. They have been tried and have not been found wanting. They are daily gaining in public favor, and for dyspepsia, jaundice, and biliousness have no equal.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heat, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

It is possible to restore the original and natural gloss of the hair, and even its color by paying strict attention to the laws of hygiene, by keeping the scalp clean and free from hateful dandruff. Luby's Parisian Free-Presser assists nature in this respect. No ladies' toilet table should be without it. Sold for 50 cents by all druggists. 32

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe; instructions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address; physicians and sufferers invited to try the instrument at the Doctor's office, Montreal, without charge. Send for particulars to Dr. M. Souville, ex-Inde surgeon French army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

Why should not truth be acknowledged? These wonderful instruments are the discovery of the age, and people need no longer fear chest diseases until its very last stage. Read the following and see the wonderful cures effected by these instruments, which convey medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease:—

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of catarrh and bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies. Yours truly, C. Hill. MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies. Yours respectfully, S. HILTON, Montreal.

Mr. Benj. A. Drake, 162 St. Urban street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured. Mr. Hunter, student at McGill College, who suffered from chest disease, is now cured. Also the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Benoit, 114 Cathedral street, daughter of Dr. David Perrault, who suffered from asthma and bronchitis for over eight years, and who is now perfectly cured. Hundreds of similar authentic testimonials can be seen at Dr. M. Souville's office, 13 Phillips square. Instruments expressed to any address.

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Medical.

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In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so prominently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergymen's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

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