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Be Content. It may not be our lot to lead The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to bear, on summer eves, The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Archbishop Lynch's Visit to the Pope. The following letter was recently received from His Grace the Archbishop by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney:—

I cannot, of course, repeat all that passed in that time. He asked me if I had much debt. I could answer him satisfactorily. He deplored the debts of the Church in America, and spoke of the Gospel narrative of sitting down and making the calculation before commencing the work.

an anti-Catholic spirit I cannot at all find where the sedition comes in. Whenever an Irish question agitates the atmosphere beyond the Green Isle, this Mercury of ours smells sedition.

THE CHAMPIONS. Record of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club During the Past Season. The winding up of the season leaves the Shamrocks in a position which, in a financial point of view, has not been surpassed in the history of the club since the date of its formation.

The Maple and Shamrock. (Gratefully dedicated to J. K. FORAN, Esq., Laval University, Quebec.) Let's sing of the Maple—the broad, generous Maple—

GENERAL NEWS. —Many of the people of Afghanistan are as fair as Englishmen. The boys are noted as being particularly handsome. —New Orleans is considering a thorough system of sewerage, which will cost, according to the plans, \$1,500,000.

After a long conversation I introduced Fathers Bergin and Herold. He blessed them and gave them all the favours they asked, plenary indulgence for themselves, friends, etc.

THE LANDLORD SYSTEM. Mr. John Murdoch, of the Inverness "Highlander," on the Question. (From the Toronto Globe.) Last evening an interesting lecture was delivered in St. Lawrence Hall by Mr. John Murdoch, editor of the Inverness Highlander, on "The Landlord System of Great Britain and Ireland."

OUR QUEBEC LETTERS. Politics in Quebec—What is the Corporation Doing—The Elections. (From our own Correspondent.) QUEBEC, November 7th, 1879. The contest in Levis promises to be an exciting one. The ball has already been opened, and the rival candidates are being flattered or blackguarded according to our electoral tactics.

THE SCIENCE OF CHIROMANCY. How the Hand Betrays the Individual Character. Calista Halsey in Washington Republic. This conical-fingered hand is, of all the seven types, the least practical. It is the hand of the poet; the artist; the intuitional hand which has marvelous insight, dreams vividly, and has more perceptions than executive ability in everyday affairs.

Shipping of War Material—General Roberts' Proclamation. CALCUTTA, November 9.—Preparations continue to be pushed forward in India with undiminished vigour. The Sukkar and Dadur Railway is open for engines nearly to Jaicobad, and is being constructed at the rate of over a mile per day.

—The Rev. E. E. Bayliss, who eloped from Maple River, Mich., with a neighbor's wife, has returned without her, made a public speech confessing his error, and asked to be reinstated as pastor of the Baptist Church. —Cityway says there were only ten of his men present when the Prince Imperial was killed.

—Then when I came to the Societies and Confraternities he made the sign of the cross at each name, and stopped several times to thank God that we had so many good souls, and to express the same with his lips. He asked me about the St. Aloysius Society for teaching catechism and visiting the prisons, and sent an especial blessing to these young men, also to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and to the Temperance Association.

—The Duke of Argyll on Leases. The following letter is published in the London Spectator:—"Sir,—The reply to my letter of 'A Scotch Farmer,' and your own observations on it, indicate much misunderstanding of the propositions I had advanced.

—A new edition of the works of Ivan Tourgenieff, in ten volumes, has just appeared in Russia.

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Which shall it be.

A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor...

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John, John looked at me...

A house and land while you shall live, if in return, from out your pocket...

I looked at John's old garments worn; I thought of all that he had borne...

"Come John," said I, "I'll choose among them as they like Asbury..."

We stooped beside the trundle bed And one long ray of twilight shed...

Then stole we softly up above, And kneel by Mary's coffin of love...

Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful as a glad...

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "East Lynne," "Orsward Grey," &c.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED.

While they converse, let us turn for an instant to Miss Bordillon, where Mr. Lydney was presenting himself for a morning call...

"Not at home," said the servant; but at that very unkind moment who should present her unconscious self at the window...

"I thank you for admitting me," he began, as he entered. "I find, Miss Bordillon, that within the last day or two some strange rumors...

"I must acknowledge that I did." "And you have given orders to be denied to me. Well, now, Miss Bordillon, would it not be fair to acquaint me with the grounds for that line of conduct?"

"It might be fair, Mr. Lydney, but it would be a task by no means agreeable. That there are tales abroad to your prejudice, it would be folly to deny; but I think the removing of them rests with yourself."

"It appears to me that you should declare who you are. You have said that you are of good family—a family of some note in England. I am sure I received the assertion with perfect reliance on its truth, as I make no doubt others did."

"I suppose, since the prejudice has spread, people have been searching through the peerage and baronetage, and all your other red books, to find the name of Lydney," said he.

"Something like amusement twinkled in his eye as he listened." "I suppose, since the prejudice has spread, people have been searching through the peerage and baronetage, and all your other red books, to find the name of Lydney," said he.

"I—I could not do otherwise," she answered, quite distressed at having to give the explanation, yet desiring it better to speak...

freely, now it was entered upon. "Squire Lester insisted upon it; or else Maria's visit here must be ceased."

"I am accused; I hear, among other heinous sins," he proceeded, dropping his voice to a lower key, "of entertaining covetous designs on the fortune of Miss Lester."

"Who could have told you that?" uttered Miss Bordillon. "It is patent to all Danesheld. You may hear it as you pass along the street. I am supposed to be doing my best to delude Miss Lester into a Gretna-Green escapade, or some such unorthodox marriage, for the sake of touching her fourteen thousand pounds."

"I wish you would mention these things, Mr. Lydney, for they only pain me to hear them. For myself, I cannot but have confidence in you; there is something about you that I have trusted from the first, and trust still. But, put yourself in my position, and reflect how impossible it is that I can act against the stream, and continue to receive you here—especially with Miss Lester visiting me as usual. If you would be more open as to yourself, and declare who you are, it might be different."

"The fact is," said Lydney, but in a good-natured tone, "that you do doubt me. You like me personally, you have a sort of faith in me, at least you had; but you cannot over the budget of innuendoes against me, now opened. I do not know that I blame you for it, Miss Bordillon; in your position, as you observe, I might judge as you do. I will not intrude longer on you," he added, as he arose, "but I must express my hope that as the time will shortly come when you will welcome me to your house again."

"Miss Bordillon held out her hand in token of adieu. "Were I you, Mr. Lydney, I would no longer remain in Danesheld; it cannot be a pleasant spot of abode to you now."

"That proves how you share in the general prejudice," he laughed, as he released her hand. "Farewell."

"Not a word about his family—or who he is," thought Miss Bordillon, as she turned to ring the bell. "I don't know what to think."

The servant had the street door open as he approached it, admitting Maria Lester. Mr. Lydney caught her hand, and drew her into a small room or study, where in past days she and Edith used to do their lessons.

"Maria," he began, calling her, in his agitation, by her Christian name, "I am going to put your friendship your confidence to me, to the proof. Dark tales are abroad to my prejudice, insinuations that I am not what I appear to be, that I am no gentleman; nay, worse, that I am a bad character. Do you believe them?"

"No," she quietly said, lifting her trusting eyes to his.

"I will not thank you; it appears to me that if you could believe such accusations, cast on me, would not be worth my thanks. Bold you will say. Yes I am bold in this moment. It is not convenient to me—you shall know why, sometime—to declare anything more of myself than people know at present. The tales of my nefarious doings will right themselves; I do not fear them, or cast a word to them; but when you hear it said that I am no gentleman, that I am an adventurer, believe it not. Will you trust me?"

"With my whole heart and faith," she answered, the tears rising to her eyes.

"I do thank you now," and somehow he contrived to possess himself of both her hands. Holding them between his, he looked her earnestly in the face. "It has been brought against me that I have been striving to gain the affections of Miss Lester for the sake of securing her fortune. Upon the state of Miss Lester's affections I will not enter, but I will honestly avow that she has gained mine. I say no more; I must leave it to the future; to the time when I can present myself before Mr. Lester and ask that his daughter may be given to me for my own. In that hour Mr. Lester will find that fortune is certainly no object to me, and that he is heartily welcome to retain any she may possess. I have not offended you in saying this," he added in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

No, he had not offended her; far from it: her heart only beat more responsively to the avowal. It was an instant of agitation; her feelings were nearly beyond control, and her wet eyelashes rested on her crimsoned cheeks.

"It has been told to me," he whispered, "that another covets the prize for his—one whom I suspect to be my enemy—and that Mr. Lester favors his suit."

"But not I," she answered, in a moment's impulse. "I never can be his, though he has made it a condition of placing Wilfred beyond reach of want. Papa would like it. Lord Dane is rich and a man of rank."

"I will take care of Wilfred," said Mr. Lydney, so far as any one can take care of him. "And it may be in my power to offer Mr. Lester a position for his daughter not inferior to that of Lord Dane. Only trust me, Maria," he concluded, as he fingeringly released her and turned away.

"As the maid was showing him out a stranger passed the door and looked keenly at him—very keenly, Lydney thought. It was not, however, an offensive stare; but the eyes that gave it appeared to have a peculiar power of their own for taking in all points of any object on which they rested.

"I hope he will know me again," said Mr. Lydney, good-humoredly. "I wonder who he is?"

"The windows were shaken, and Lord Dane rose hastily, pulled aside the white blind, the curtains not being closed, and found himself face to face with Mr. Shad, the glass only between them. He had mounted the iron railings outside, and was standing on the spikes leaning forward, and holding on by the frame of the window."

"You young imp!" uttered Lord Dane as he drew back the window, which opened in the middle, after the manner of the French, "what the deuce brings you here?"

"They're a-comeing on this very night, my lord—I know they is!" cried Shad, his face working with excitement. "They're in the wood now, and a-tying black craps to their hats; I see 'em a-tying of 'em on, and I thought I'd come and tell ye."

"Mr. Blair was by the side of Lord Dane, and he seized the boy and deposited him inside the room. "See the lumination in this here parlor," proceeded Shad, "and made bold to get up and look if it was your lordship was in it, but the blind hindered me. I was afeared to go to the big gates, for the servants would 'n'y ha' drew me back again."

"How many did you see?" asked Mr. Blair. "See four. Two tall, and two short," answered Shad. "There was the three what I heered a-planning of the thing days back, and the tother, the tallest of all was like—"

"He was a-sitting down all the time, and the black hang afore his nose." "How can you tell that he was tall, if he were sitting down?" demanded Mr. Blair. "Cause he was," was Shad's reply. "I twiggid his long legs."

"Who were you going to say he was like?" "Well, I never heered him speak, and I never seen him get up—but he was like Will Lester."

"Nonsense!" angrily interposed Lord Dane. "What should Wilfred Lester want breaking into my house? The boy's a fool, Blair, and has always been deemed one. Do you think it was Lydney?" he sharply added, turning to Shad.

Now the boy was not a fool; he had a vast deal too much cunning to be a fool, and that cunning he was incessantly calling into requisition. It did not in the least matter to Shad whether the silent gentleman in the disguising craps might be Mr. Lydney or Mr. Wilfred Lester; his opinion was that it was the latter; but as the suggestion appeared to give offense to Lord Dane, who would evidently be better pleased to hear that it was Lydney, Shad's cunning prompted to veer around.

"Well, I dunno," said he, with admirable simplicity. "Lydney's tall, too, he is; and I think the man was broad here," touching his chest, "like Lydney's is. Yes, I does think he looked more like Lydney. 'Twas the leggins made me think o' Will Lester; but I see Lydney with a pair on one day."

"Safe to be Lydney," murmured Lord Dane in the ear of Mr. Blair. And the latter nodded.

"What did you hear?" he asked of Shad. "I didn't hear nothing, sir. They war'n't a talking, above a odd word 'bout the walls; and I cut off, and left 'em, to tell his lordship."

Mr. Blair spoke for a moment in an undertone with Lord Dane, and then gingerly lifted Shad out of the window again, on to the spikes, telling him to jump down. Lord Dane addressed the boy:

"You go home at once, to bed, Shad. You are not wanted, and there might be a danger you know of your getting shot, in mistake for one of the thieves, if you linger near the castle. If these men get dropped upon through your information, you shall have such a reward as you have never seen in your life. Make the best of your way home."

Away tore Shad, as if in a hurry of obedience. But the moment he was beyond view of the castle, he stopped dead, threw up his arms, capered with his feet; performed, in a short, all sorts of antics, and spoke out with his tongue:

"Go home to bed, my lord says! Not I; I hain't a-going to bed; I'd like to see the fun. And as if I didn't know Will Lester, though he have got the black craps over his face! He—"

Shad found himself pincioned. Strolling about and smoking a cigar, was Mr. Lydney close to whom Shad had unconsciously been dancing, and who had heard his words.

"What is that about Will Lester and black craps, Shad?" "Shad began to howl. He was a-going home to his granny's to bed, he was."

"You little hypocrite!" exclaimed Mr. Lydney, "do I want to hurt you, do you suppose? Look here Shad, you cannot play the simpleton with me, so just put off that idiotic folly. I ask you what you meant, when you alluded to Wilfred Lester's having black craps over his face, and I ask to know, if you don't choose to tell me, I will take you off now to the police-station, and you shall tell them. What fun is going on to-night? I heard all you said, and that Lord Dane had ordered you home to bed. Did you ever see a sovereign, Shad?"

"Was it Mr. Lydney?" asked Mr. Lydney. "No, it was Will Lester," said both as they talked. "I could not speak to neither of 'em for certain, when I see 'em ankered him. As if I didn't know Will Lester?"

After some further colloquy, Shad was dismissed, and Mr. Lydney remained in a state of the utmost perplexity and discomposure. That Wilfred Lester had joined in certain night expeditions of the poachers, touching game, he had made himself only too sure; but that he would rush madly into crime, and be incomprehensible. One of two things was certain; he must, have lost his senses, to become utterly reckless.

How could he Lydney, prevent his taking place? at any rate prevent Lester's joining in it? It was indispensable he should be prevented, not only for his own sake, but for his family's, and a deep flush rose to Mr. Lydney's brow, as he thought of the terrible disgrace it would reflect on Maria, should her brother be taken and tried for housebreaking. As he thus mused, he became conscious that several policemen were passing him, not together, but singly, and at different times, as if not to attract observation; the connection of their errand flashed into his mind—they were going up to guard the castle? All that he could do was to follow them, place himself in a position that would command the approach to the castle, watch for the appearance of the robbers, and intercept Wilfred Lester.

The only retainer of Lord Dane's who had been made privy to the expected attack, was Bruff. The rest had been suffered to retire quietly to rest, night after night, unconscious that any armed force was at watch in the castle. Suffer it to be known to them, and it would no longer be a secret in Danesheld, was the argument of Mr. Blair; in which case the attack would not take place. On this Sunday night the police were admitted privately as usual; the household went to bed; but Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, and Bruff remained up. Mr. Blair told the officers that the attack was expected.

They waited and waited; the men at their appointed posts, Mr. Blair anywhere and everywhere, Lord Dane and Bruff in excitement; they waited, and waited on. The clock struck one.

"It is very strange they don't come!" muttered Mr. Blair. Suddenly shots were heard in the wood at a distance, and the men came stealthily out of their hiding-places; Lord Dane and Bruff also rushed into the hall.

"Back every one of you!" was the stern order of Mr. Blair. "It is coming now." "They have met with some obstacle, and are fighting it out in the wood," exclaimed Lord Dane. "Hark at the shots."

"Back, I say, all of you," was the reiterated order of the detective. "Those shots are a ruse to draw the attention of the keepers from the castle should any be near it. I expected something of the sort. They'll be here directly, now. Back; and silence; and whatever you may hear or see, let none stir forth till I give the signal."

Back they covered, and the castle returned to silence. And still they waited and waited on. Lydney also waited in his place of ambush. Like those within, he wondered what was keeping the villains.

He heard the town-clock strike one; and, not long after, he heard the shots in the wood. It did not occur to him to take the view of them that the detective had done, and they disturbed him much; but he could not quit his present post. It was a muggy disagreeable, damp night; the early part of it had been clear, but the weather was changing—anything but a pleasant night to remain on the watch in the open air.

Suddenly, a noise stole on his ear; not, however, a sound of the covert footsteps of more than one, as he was expecting, but of one pair of boy's feet scampering over the ground with all possible haste and noise. Mr. Lydney looked out and encountered Shad.

"So you are here! instead of having gone home to bed." "Don't hold on me then, please sir," panted Shad, who was out of breath. "I'm a-going to the castle to tell Lord Dane. I know he's up waiting."

"To tell him what?" "Taint the castle they be on to. It's the hall."

"What?" screamed Lydney. "They're a-broke into it; they be in it now. I've been a dodging on 'em all the night, and they be gone right into the hall, 'stead o' coming here. They took a pane out at one of the winders."

All that had been dark grew clear to Lydney. Wilfred Lester was after the deed—the deed relating to his property which his father withheld from him. He had persuaded these men into the expedition, and they, no doubt, were after doing a little private business on their own account, touching the plate-chest. And this was correct. When Shad had heard, or partially heard, the planning, he had mistakenly concluded that the castle was the object, never giving a thought to the hall. The castle, however, had never been threatened. And Wilfred Lester (but this need scarcely be observed) was not cognizant of the men's intention to steal. He purposed and believed that the abstraction would be confined to the deed. He looked upon that as his own, and deemed he was committing no sin to take it, under the circumstances of its being unjustly and unlawfully denied him.

With a half cry of dismay, Lydney sped toward the hall; but ere he had gone a yard, he stopped and grasped Shad. "You must not go to the castle, Shad; there's no need to acquaint Lord Dane with this. I will not have you go there."

Shad lifted his cunning and covetous eyes. "They be on the watch, they be; and if I goes and tells his lordship as that lot hain't a coming, maybe he'll give me half-a-crown."

"And a pretty thing you'd do!" returned Mr. Lydney, meeting cunning with cunning. "You would put them off their guard at the castle; and how do you know 'that lot,' as you call them, may not take a turn up there, after they have done with the hall? Would Lord Dane reward you for that?"

Shad opened his eyes. The notion had not struck him. "You be quiet, Shad, that is all you have to do. Be entirely silent as to the things of this night; and especially as to Wilfred Lester; if I find that you are, I will do something better for you even than the sovereign."

Shad had not used deceit. The men were in. Drake had entered by means of the window, had then opened the back-door and admitted the rest. They waited and listened when they were fairly in; but not a mouse seemed stirring—nothing but the beating of their own hearts.

Silently Wilfred Lester to his father's study, the others with him; and silently, he applied himself to open the safe, where his father had told him the deed was deposited. He had come armed with a key, to unlock it harmlessly, so that no discovery should be made of its having been opened by unfair means. Drake kept the room-door against surprise, Ben Beecher held the light, and Nicholson did nothing. It may be wondered that Wilfred Lester should enlist three men in the expedition, when plunder was not the object, and there would be no booty to carry off; but the men had obstinately refused to go with him singly; all would risk it and stand by each other if surprised, or none. Young Lester yielded in his recklessness.

Strange objects they looked there on that dark, midnight expedition, the black craps disguising their faces. The safe was soon opened; but there appeared a mass of papers within, and Wilfred could not get at the deed without search. Other deeds were there; other papers; some tied with red tape, some sealed, some unfastened. They were disposed of in order, and there was no difficulty in looking them over—only it took time. He came to one: "Templation of George Lester, Esquire," and the temptations to tear it open and read it was great; he felt sure he was disinherited; that he, the heir by right of birth, had been discarded for Lady Adelaide's children; but he resisted the impulse and threw it aside with an angry and hasty word. Presently he came to the one he wanted; his own name on the back guided him to the right parchment, and he clutched it with a suppressed shout of joy.

"All right, boys! I have it at last." There was a murmur of congratulation given under their breath; and Wilfred began putting in order again the papers he had disturbed. While doing this, Robertson and Drake attempted to steal out of the room. Wilfred turned to them.

"Where are you going? Stop where you are!" "Why, you'd never go to begrudge us a snack of bread-and-cheese, and a draught of beer?" returned Drake. "We shall find it in the pantry, and 'twill be missed."

"You know the bargain," said Wilfred Lester, in suppressed anger. "Nothing must be touched in the house; no; not a crust of bread; they shall not have it to say that we came in like thieves, for common plunder."

"I'll take a stroll through it, at any rate," answered Drake, hardly. "And as to not touching a bit and a sup, if I see it—"

"I will shoot the first man who lays his finger upon anything in my father's house, no matter what it may be," was the stern interruption of young Lester, as he drew his pistol. "Drake! Nicholson! you know the agreement, I say. I have promised you a reward for helping me; and having secured the deed, I shall be able to pay you; but the house and its contents must remain intact."

They were callous, bold men, and not to be balked in that way. Having entered on the expedition with their own views of self-interest, it was little likely they would be turned from them. A low whisper of conversation went on between Drake and Nicholson; so to the effect that they must accomplish their purpose by stratagem, rather than come to an open broil with Wilfred Lester were and then: and they debated how best to work it. Wilfred, meanwhile, continued to arrange the papers in the safe; it was soon done, and he closed the door again and locked it.

"Now then," said he, "to get out as cleverly as we came in." That was easier said than done, for more reasons than one. Wilfred Lester quitted the study, with his companions, and locked the door, leaving the key in the lock as he had found it.

"Well, go out at the hall-door," he whispered, pointing to it; "it is more handy and I know the fastenings."

Stealing over the oil-chest, he gained it, undid the bolts, drew it cautiously open about an inch, and looked around. The men stood as he had left them; not one following him, and Beecher was putting the candle on a bracket that rested against the wall.

"I tell you what it is, Master Lester," whispered Drake, who appeared to be more ready with the tongue than the others, "we have helped you on to your ends, and you must help us on to ours; or if you won't help, you must wink at 'em. We come into this house with a resolve to pay ourselves, or we shouldn't have come in at all, and you may as well hear the truth, and make no bones over it. If we take away but a spoon a-piece, we will take it, for we don't go empty handed."

Wilfred Lester's reply was to raise his pistol and cock it—not to fire upon them, but to coerce them to withdraw under fear that he would. Ben Beecher, believing life was in danger, stepped close and threw up Lester's arm. The pistol went off; the bullet shattering the glass of a door at the back of the hall.

"Fools!" bitterly exclaimed Wilfred Lester; "save yourselves, and be quick over it. Fools! Fools!"

He sped through the hall-door, leaving it open for them to follow, and darted through the shrubs, on his right hand, whence he could readily gain the road by scaling the iron rails. Nicholson and Beecher would have escaped with him, but Drake seized hold of both.

"Don't show yourselves what he called ye—fools," cried he in a hoarse whisper. "We may get the forks yet; if they be sleeping sound, that shot mayn't roused 'em. Wait and see; plenty of time to get off then."

But an interruption took place at that moment that they did not bargain for. The hall-door was pushed wider, and in rushed a tall man. But that there was no crane on his face, they might have thought it young Lester come back again. He came close up to them, and they saw it was Lydney.

"You misguided, miserable men!" he uttered in agitation. "Where's Wilfred Lester? Before they could frame an answer—whether it would have been one of civility, repulsion, or attack—Nicholson's eye caught sight of something white on the stair-case, and a human face staring at them through the balustrades. It was in a crouching position, and might have been there some time. The sound of the pistol had also done its work; doors were opened and shut in consternation. "It's all over! stamped Drake. "A race for it now, boys."

the figure on the stairs a female, by her voice—began screaming and shrieking fearfully. The men rushed through the door; and Lydney rushed after them, in his pursuit of Wilfred Lester.

"What in the name of confusion is the matter?" was heard above the hubbub in the voice of Squire Lester, as he descended in pantaloons, and slippers, while a crowd of timid ones aroused out of their sleep—ladies, domestic children—covered in the rear. And the female on the stairs, who was no other than Tiffie, sobbed out in answer:

"It's a crowd of villyans with blackened faces, broke in to murder us."

"With all possible speed, Squire Lester and his men-servants made search. But the 'villyans' were gone.

Exceedingly surprised, not to say discomfited, was the great London detective, Mr. Blair, to find that while he had snugly made all preparations for the defence of the castle, that edifice had been left to repose in security, and the hall had suffered the attack. Lord Dane was far more confounded to hear of it; for he sent all his calculations out to sea: What could Lydney want at the hall? he could not expect to find his box there; and it was hardly to be supposed he broke in to steal Miss Lester. Nothing had been missed, nothing displaced in the house; Squire Lester testified that he did not believe a thing had been touched; therefore robbery had scarcely been the object. But of course the outrage must be investigated.

It is the custom in some parts of England for country magistrates to hold examinations of prisoners, when in a preliminary stage, at their own houses. Whether it be in strict accordance with law is another matter. Country justices, especially in remote districts, pay more attention to convenience than law.

About eleven o'clock on Monday morning, there was a gathering at Squire Lester's to inquire into the night's outrage. Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, a neighboring magistrate or two, and the squire himself, were present; Lady Adelaide and Maria, the latter with a face of emotion, now crimson, now white; Inspector Young and a policeman; Mr. Apperly, who had been sent for; and—having obeyed the mandate to attend, half request, half command, borne from Mr. Lester by Inspector Young—William Lydney. That it was not a strictly official inquiry, only an irregular one, the reader will understand, by the ladies being present. There was no appearance of a court; they came in as morning guests might do, and took their seats anywhere; some stood. Maria held some embroidery in her hand and made a show of working at it; Lady Adelaide did nothing, save hold a screen between the fire and her delicate face. Mr. Blair appeared merely as a friend of Lord Dane's. He took no part in the proceedings, and his real character was unsuspected. The last to enter was Lydney, accompanied by Inspector Young; he looked exceedingly grave, not to say troubled, as he approached Mr. Lester, though as little like a housebreaker as it was possible to conceive. His elegant form, in its plain, gentlemanly morning-costume, was drawn to its full height; it would seem that he might suspect the accusation to be made against him, and would not abate one jot of his dignity; very attractive did his high, pale features look that morning.

"I have been favored with a message from you Mr. Lester, desiring my attendance here," he began, after saluting Lady Adelaide and Maria, and the rest of the company generally. "May I request to know for what purpose?"

"Yes, sir," dryly replied Mr. Lester. "You may be aware that my house was broken into early this morning. I am about—in conjunction with my Lord Dane, and some of my brother magistrates—to make some inquiry into it; and, from circumstances which have transpired, we deem it right that you should be present at the sitting. Are you ready to be so, of your own free will?"

"Perfectly ready," replied Mr. Lydney. "Good!" said the squire. "Otherwise we must have compelled your attendance."

Now, it must be remembered that none save those in the secret knew of the suspected attack on Dane Castle. Mr. Lester and his brother magistrates were in ignorance of it; the police, receiving their orders from Mr. Blair, did not mention it—Mr. Blair forbidding it at the earnest request of Lord Dane. Certainly the preparations for defence, and the posting of the police inside, could have had nothing to do with the attack on the hall. Lord Dane strongly urged on Mr. Blair that the three men, spoken of by Shad, should not be told upon, and he spoke with all the high authority vested in the county's lord-lieutenant; to such authority the officer could do little else but bow.

In the first place, urged Lord Dane, nobody was sure that they were the men, they had only the word of that little liar, Shad, for it. In the second place, even if they were the men, they had beyond doubt, been disguised by that traitor Lydney—whom it would be much more in accordance with justice to punish for the whole. Thus, it occurred that nothing was likely to transpire beyond the fact of the actual entrance into the hall. Shad was not alluded to in the business, and the only person who appeared likely to give evidence was Tiffie.

Tiffie was introduced to the drawing-room, curtseyed, ambling, and shuffling. Squire Lester desired her to speak out what she knew to Lord Dane and the magistrates.

"I retired to rest last night, my lord," began Tiffie, choosing to address his lordship particularly; "and what the reason was, I am unable to say; but the more I tried to get asleep, the more pertineously I lay awake. Well, my lord, it was getting on, I'm sure, for two o'clock, when I started up in bed, a-thinking I heard something down stairs. The flurry it put me in is undiscussible, and I went out of my room, to listen. If ever I heered voices in the hall, I heered 'em then; I thought some of the household had gone down stairs at their pranks—for a tight hand I'm obligated to keep over the servants in this house—and I crept to the last light and peeped through the bannisters. I never could have done it if I had known, but I no more thought of bulgarius robbers being in the hall than—"

"What did you see or hear?" interposed Lord Dane. "My lord, I saw this. I saw three horrid murderers with their faces blackened, and I saw another which I couldn't distinguish nothing of but his coat-tails—a-whisking out at the hall door. Then, or whether, it was just before I can't be sure, a dreadful pistol went off, and I nearly fainted. I wouldn't faint, however; I come too; knowing the family's lives were at stake, and I looked down again, and there I saw a man whisk into the hall again, and I'm sorry to say—Tiffie coughed and dropped her voice—that it was Mr. Lydney."

There was a dead pause. "What next?" said Lord Dane. "My lord, nothing. Except that they all four, him, and the black bulgarians, talked together for a minute, and then they blew out the candle which had been flaring, level with their heads, and tore away, one trying to get off faster than another."

Mr. Lydney glanced around at Maria. She

It was Sunday evening and several days subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Blair. In the large dining-room at Dane Castle he sat, Lord Dane with him. Both gentlemen had finished their wine, but the decanters and dessert remained on the table. They were in earnest conversation, when suddenly one of

"I see 'em; they be a-tying the black craps over their faces at this very time," was Shad's eager rejoinder. "There's Drake, and Nicholson, and Ben Beecher; and Will Lester was a-sitting down, ready. My lord broke out upon me sharp, a-saying it warn't him; he said it was you."

set there with a white face, her hands clasped. He smiled at her; it did not look like the smile of a guilty man.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the invalid's room—for so they called that at the sailor's rest, tenanted by the stranger, Mr. Home—there was great bustle.

Annexation.

Mr. Peter Mitchell fell into the hands of a New York reporter, who immediately proceeded to propound questions among other things, the ex-Minister of Marine and Fisheries was asked whether there was any feeling in Canada in favour of annexation.

Science has at last given us an article of yeast free from the impurities of the varieties heretofore in use.

Yeast free from the impurities of the varieties heretofore in use—Lieberts' Prepared German Compressed Yeast principle purified and compressed.

JOHN KEATS. [DIED 1820 AT ROME.] Soft fell the dew on thy early tomb, O bard of many muses, and thy doom, Day of thy life was one of gloom.

The Land Agitation in Ireland.

FATHER RYAN'S LECTURE.

A Masterly Summing up of the Situation—Rights of the Tenant and Rights of the Landlord.

The St. Patrick's Society having secured the consent of the Rev. Father Ryan to deliver a course of lectures on the principal Irish subjects of the day, advertised for the 3rd inst. a lecture on a subject which is at present absorbing the interest of the entire enlightened world, and which they were almost sure would gather together the Irish Catholics of the city as an audience.

NOT PROPERLY ADVERTISED.

which was beyond a doubt the true facts of the case. The interest of such a subject and the ability of the lecturer would have assuredly drawn a better house if it had been properly advertised.

A COURSE OF LECTURES.

he felt very much harrowed, and not a little afraid. He considered it an honor to be asked to speak before the oldest Irish society in Montreal, and before such an audience as the St. Patrick's Society was sure to attract.

THE IRISH MIND.

but more especially to the Irish heart. He would speak as an Irish priest to Irish people, and he was sure that he would get a kind and considerate hearing.

PROCLAIM TREMPET-TONGUED

to our rulers the nature, as well as the number, of our grievances, and our fixed determination to have them redressed.

rary should come forward, and calmly, soberly, but resolutely say what it wants. The voice of a determined people is now raised in Ireland, and if I do not mistake the character of the men, or some at least of the Irish representatives who are, about to meet on the historic hills of Tipperary, they know right well what they are entitled to ask, and how best they may enforce their demand.

A CANADIAN AUDIENCE.

with the question? To this he would answer: first, that the subject of land in Ireland was not merely an Irish question; it was fast becoming an English question, and was in its very nature an universal question.

MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell is not a priest or a Catholic; he is a Protestant landed proprietor, and a member of the British Parliament, and whatever be his personal merits he certainly seems just now to have the full confidence of the Irish people.

1st. The time has come for a just, wise and generous settlement of the Irish land question.

2nd. Such a settlement can be secured only by the legal formation of a tenant proprietary.

3rd. The Irish all over the world, and as the question concerns us, the Irish in Canada may, by their sympathy and moral support, effectively contribute to the speedy securing such a satisfactory settlement for Ireland's wrongs.

OR NORMAN OR SAXON INVASION.

her population was more numerous and more prosperous than it has ever been since. Edmund Burke says very well that the history of Ireland is told in her ruins.

THE TENANT AS HE IS.

and takes that for the definition of the tenant as he ought to be. According to him the tenant hires the land as a man hires a ship. This I altogether deny. There is an essential difference in the articles hired with regard both to the person who hires and the person who owns.

SUPPORT HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY.

it may be, from it. The end, say philosophers, specifies the act, and here the end specifies the contract. Now, I say tenantry at will is against the very essence of a just contract between landlord and tenant.

A TENANT-AT-WILL.

is a compound contradiction, an anomaly in civilized society, and an outrage on natural right and justice. I may be told if a tenant-at-will is a compound contradiction, what is a tenant-proprietor. Now, as this proposition is about tenant proprietors, I am bound to answer the question. A proprietor is

letter to his son, 1793, "like all legislatures, ought to frame laws to suit the people and the circumstances of the country." This is, then, WHAT ENGLAND OUGHT TO HAVE DONE.

THE BREHON LAW.

was declared illegal, but in the meantime other laws had been made, and continued to be made, till that infamous code, that would go down to posterity branded as penal, was completed.

FOR EITHER THEIR LABOR OR THEIR LAND.

As to the large farmers and those who have leases or some satisfactory security, I do not at present speak. My proposition extends only to a peasant proprietary, and this I think explains itself.

8,000 LANDLORDS HOLD THE LANDS OF 5,000,000

and can, when they please, hunt at least half of those millions from their homes. This, he said, should cease and now is the time. All Governments, Whig and Tory, have admitted it for at least the past 30 years.

THE PRUSSIAN AND AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENTS HAVE

done in parts of their provinces; the landlords of course objected at first, but as they do in Ireland, but Lord Brougham tells us in his "Political Economy" that even the landlords themselves were soon perfectly satisfied, because they were much benefited by the change.

1. This is what the people ask for.

2. This is what the State can and ought to grant.

To proceed philosophically we must define terms. What is a tenant? What a proprietor? Here is Lord Dufferin's definition of a tenant: "A tenant is a person who does not possess land, but who hires the use of it."

THE LAND MAY BE YOURS HERE IF YOU ONLY WISH TO WORK

and knowledge if you wish to learn; money will be yours, too, and power, political and social, if you are sober and saving, and faithfully follow the advice of your prelates and pastors.

THE SPEAKER WAS FREQUENTLY INTERRUPTED

by bursts of applause. He paused in his remarks to allow the performance of a musical programme which had been previously arranged.

THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN QUOTED MILL ON THE QUESTION

Lord Dufferin defines a tenant-at-will. But I say it is a compound contradiction, an anomaly in civilized society, and an outrage on natural right and justice.

a person who owns, who has dominion of things. Three sorts of dominion—Perfect, imperfect, eminent. Ways of acquiring dominion—Occupation, invention, prescription, accession, contract.

SCOTCH NEWS.

CONTRACTS FOR THE CLYDE.—The Clyde Shipping Company have just accepted the tender of Messrs. William Simons & Co., Renfrew, for a steamer of about 1,000 tons.

THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR NORTH AYRSHIRE.

Mr. J. B. Balfour, who is to contest North Ayrshire in the Liberal interest at the forthcoming general election, held meetings of his supporters on Tuesday at Kilmarnock, Newmilns and Darvel.

THE CLYDE SHIPPING TRADE.

A healthy spirit of inquiry continues to prevail in the Clyde shipping trade, and the work on hand is being steadily increased.

FORMATION OF NEW STREETS.

Under the powers granted the Greenock authorities by their Police Bill of 1877, the Streets Committee, under the chairmanship of Bailie Wilson, have been most energetic in laying out new streets and constructing public sewers in the town.

CRISIS LANDLORD AND TENANT CASE.

Roger Mulholland, residing at the lodge or cottage at the entrance to Duchenals, Craiglands, Kilmacdoon, recently presented a petition in the Greenock Sheriff Court to prevent William Scott, residing at Craiglands, from ejecting him from his house without legal authority.

THE PETITIONER IN ASKING FOR AN INTERDICT, AND THAT THE PRESENT LITIGATION

with its needless cost had been evidently forced upon him by the legal adviser whom he had consulted in Glasgow.

THE SPEAKER WAS FREQUENTLY INTERRUPTED

by bursts of applause. He paused in his remarks to allow the performance of a musical programme which had been previously arranged.

A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN HAVING GREY HAIR,

but in every other respect unexceptionable, for a long time wooed a fair lady in vain. He knew the cause of her refusal but was unable to remove it until a friend informed him of the existence of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company.

MONTEAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12.

CALENDAR

THURSDAY 13—St. Didacus, Confessor. Ep. Van de Velde, Naichez, died, 1855.

NOTICE

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

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

Notice to Farmers

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS—a paper which has a large circulation among the farmers of the Dominion—are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter.

Publishers' Notice

Mr. W. E. McLELLAN, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest. We recommend him to the kind consideration of our friends and subscribers, and trust they will aid him in every possible way to push the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Local Agents

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as local agents for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS in their several districts.—Mr. John Doyle, Franpton and St. Malachy, Co. Dorchester, P.Q.; Mr. Phillip Colligan, Cranbourne, Co. Dorchester, P.Q.; Mr. James Mooney, Ulverton and L'Avenir, P.Q.; Mr. Michael Cahill, St. George, County Beauce.

The Jingo Government of England has taken a fit of piety and generosity. They have become suddenly indignant at the atrocities practiced upon the Christians of Turkey in Asia, and peremptorily demand reform. This conduct is all the more to be appreciated when it is considered the same Jingos were on the point of going to war with Russia when that power forced the Sultan to let go his hold on the Bulgarian Christians. Perhaps there may be a difference between Christians in Europe and Christians in Asia; perhaps a meridian of longitude gives a peculiar complexion to religion, which entitles it to more protection; perhaps England looks more after Asian than European affairs; but, at all events, the surprising fact is seen of England following in the wake of Russia, and becoming generous at the eleventh hour. Another significant fact in this pretty tempest is the threat of the British fleet to enter the Bosphorus and occupy Stamboul if her ultimatum was despised. And she would do it, too, without any hesitation, if all the Turks in Turkey, with their fortifications, stood to bar her passage, at least she would make the attempt. Herein she shows her old haughty spirit and stern resolve. While Russia plans and negotiates, halts or retires, England swoops down like an eagle, and carries off the prize. If she obtains possession of Constantinople, and if the Austrians throw themselves in the path of Russia, the Muscovite will have been baffled and delayed another half century.

Mr. MURDOCH, of the Inverness Highlander, must not read the Toronto Daily Telegram or he would not waste his time travelling through Canada and the United States informing people that there is a certain class of people in Scotland who have wrongs which should be redressed. The Telegram says the Scotch being Presbyterians, are consequently prosperous and happy, while the editor of the Highlander, who should know at least a little about Scotland, says the tenantry are oppressed in a most grievous way. Not only that, but Mr. Murdoch, whose soul—and a Scottish soul loves freedom and justice—rose against the oppression, has got into trouble with the landlords and has now to seek for aid to carry him through a heavy suit entered against his paper for having dared to champion the cause of the tenantry. The picture drawn in the Highlander of the state of those tenantry is appalling, and we have no doubt truthful as well, for, if fame speaks correctly, Mr. Murdoch is one of the men who scorns to exaggerate in order to gain a point. If the Telegram waits a little longer it will find that landlords, in their search after rents, make little distinction between Protestant and

Catholic tenants. They want money to enable them to live in style, and money they must have, whether it be wrung from the Presbyterians of Scotland, the Catholics of Ireland, or the Hindus of Bengal. In the meantime, we trust the readers of the Post and True Witness, amongst whom there are thousands of Scotch, will give Mr. Murdoch the generous reception which we shall claim for Charles Stuart Farnell, when he pleads the cause of Ireland in Canada.

The Ottawa "Herald."

We cannot too severely condemn the Ottawa Herald for the line of policy it has adopted in maligning the Catholic Church. Under the guise of a Catholic newspaper the Herald launched its shafts right and left with force, ability and utter recklessness. We could excuse the Protestant press proper for its attacks on Catholicity; coming from the Montreal Witness or Toronto Telegram it would seem only natural, but that a paper pretending to be Catholic could bring itself to write in such a strain as to call for a commendatory letter from the mild Bishop of Ottawa, is too bad. The Herald should be the last paper to presume to say what is Christianity and what is not, and if it does not like the Catholic religion or its customs it knows well what to do. We are among the most fervid advocates for freedom of the press, but think there may be causes which deserve censure. The action of the Herald looks very like treachery.

Newspaper Rivalry

The Toronto Mail made a flourish of trumpets lately, informing the world that something like a partnership had been established between itself and the Globe, and at the same time promised a great many magnificent things in the near future. At this the Globe grows mad, and hotly asserts that in the future, as in the past, it will be the leading journal in British North America. For our part we are happy to see Canadian journalism taking a higher flight, and although taking the Mail's announcement for merely what it is worth, we must say its progress has been very great, and we believe it is about to become the leading journal of Canada, which it certainly is not at present. We admire the Globe, and would admire it more but for its intolerably narrow spirit, which can see nothing but what is vile in a political opponent. Indeed, the Globe is in a great measure accountable for the low state of political morality in Canada. It has in this respect corrupted the rising generation, and made a good many of our politicians religious as well as political bigots. It has improved, but the trail of the serpent is over it still. Many an Irish Catholic in the West remembers with indignation the Globe of twenty years ago, and how it persisted year after year in vilifying his race and his religion, because George Brown was defeated at Haldimand. But the Globe is narrow-minded in more senses than political. It cannot bear a rival near its throne, and its treatment of the Liberal was something disgusting. We can, therefore, understand how the Globe must chafe at the vapors of the Mail in the present instance. Our contemporary of yesterday says:—

"For the Globe we have only to say that the day will never arrive when its present management will cease to publish more news from Europe and elsewhere than any other journal in British America. For many years it has maintained an office in London to forward the latest news by special cables from England. These dispatches are retailed at once all over the Dominion and in the United States. No other Canadian journal has done the like. This branch of our news service will be extended as time progresses; but at present we can safely say that every foreign item of moment to Canadian readers is supplied in the columns of the Globe without a moment's delay, and we have not yet seen, and shall never be reduced to full back news on the columns of the 'New York Herald.'"

As a matter of fact the above is not strictly correct, for we have often seen whole columns in the Globe strangely like what appeared in the New York Herald of the day preceding. Let those journals fight the battle out. The result will be that the reading public will benefit by the increased expenditure necessary to improve leading papers like the Globe and Mail.

The Evangelizers

It is truly wonderful what an ambition a certain class of evangelizing missionaries have for the conversion of people who are already Christians. At one time it is the French Canadians they desire to save, at another the Irish. The Reverend J. Roe, of Liverpool, England, described as a Deputation Secretary to the Irish Church Society, preached a sermon yesterday in Christ Church Cathedral, in which he eloquently urged the need of the society he represented to support in their endeavors to convert the native Irish of the West. We cannot blame the reverend gentleman for trying to make others think as he does, it is only natural, but we think it strange that he had to cross the Irish Sea to find converts—far away from his native Lancashire, where real live Heathens are as numerous as are the leaves in Yallahbroa. It is a fact vouched for, time and again, by Protestant clergymen, that in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, notably in the Black country, there are tens of thousands of men, women and children who are not Christians, who have never been baptized, were never married, have never seen the inside of a church, and have never heard the name of our Blessed Saviour pronounced except in swearing and blasphemy. The Rev. Mr. Roe, of Liverpool, will scarcely deny this, and yet is not prepared to give a satisfactory explanation as to why attempts at their conversion are not made. If it be because men are not prophets in their own country, or that it is too common place converting English Heathens? Is it because there is more romance connected with preaching to the native Irish in their own language? Or, finally, is it, because old ladies of either sex will not open their

Englishmen? All these causes may contribute to the correct answering of the questions asked. It is related that under the ignominious Church establishment there were persons in Ireland, particularly in the West, whose entire congregation consisted of their wives and children; and that when a bishop was coming down from Dublin to examine the hundreds of catechisms, the reverend John Does and Richard Ross, of the time, had to borrow a congregation from the priests for the occasion. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but it serves to illustrate the state of things evangelical in the west of Ireland. We repeat what we advised in our article of Thursday, let Messrs. Roe and Lafleur first direct their efforts to the pagans of England before they go to the simple but Catholic people of the West of Ireland. They might also find it convenient to remember that the primitive Christians could not read the Scriptures, in the first place because they did not have them to read, and in the second place, they did not know how; and yet they were excellent Christians. This was, of course, long before Roman Catholics invented printing, and printed millions of bibles.

Protestant Representation in the Quebec Cabinet

When the Irish Catholic element of the country, or of this Province, advance claims to Cabinet representation, they are reminded by party organs that administrations are formed from the best men the country can afford, irrespective of creed or nationality, and that the idea of any particular element or creed asking for representation as such is simply an absurdity. True, they tell us, Confederation has not yet produced that homogeneity in the Dominion which is so much to be desired, and until it does the Provinces and sections of the country must, unfortunately, be taken into consideration in forming a government. Hence, they say, Ontario is entitled to so many Ministers, Quebec to so many, New Brunswick to so many. This forming of a Cabinet on the same principle of a patchwork quilt, is a necessary evil which time will mend or modify, but the same necessity does not exist for the bringing in of race or religion. When reminded that the French element has three representatives in the Dominion Cabinet, the fact is frankly admitted, but the political organs inform us with a little dignity that it is an exceptional case which it would not be wise to follow in other instances. This is all the satisfaction we can obtain from the organs, they decline further argument and they are right, for their position is not tenable. Among our esteemed contemporaries who take this ground are the Gazette and Witness. We could mention a good many instances in which those journals talked soothing philosophy when the Irish Catholics asked for representation. But they are not consistent in their preaching, for they have been during the past few weeks—in a mild but unmistakable manner—mixing religion with politics, and shewing cause why such a party should be supported, because it would give Protestant representation, and why such a party should be opposed because it would not. We must admit that the Witness did not say, "Protestants of Quebec Province, support Mr. Joly, because he is a Protestant." Nor did the Gazette advocate the claim of Mr. Chapleau in so many words because he intended taking a Protestant into his Cabinet representing a Protestant constituency, but that those were the ideas sought to be conveyed few will be disposed to deny. Even now, when the crisis is all over, our morning contemporary says:— "The Townships, or the constituencies which have usually been regarded as English and Protestant in their sympathies, and which have always been so in their representation, were left without a voice in the Cabinet. This injustice has been removed in the formation of the present Administration. The Townships find themselves once more with their legitimate influence at the Council Board, a fact which, we are sure, will be properly appreciated by their people." So that, after all, the Irish Catholics are not alone in thinking that, as affairs go, they should have Cabinet representation. We quite agree with the Gazette that it is right and proper, for the same reason that the groups of Protestants through the Eastern Townships are fairly entitled to representation on the principle of justice to minorities, remarking, however, that even if Mr. Chapleau did not present Mr. Lynch with a portfolio, the interests of the comparatively small number of Protestants in the Province would not suffer in the hands of Messrs. Ross and Robertson. We have said enough to convince impartial minds that when Irish Catholics demand representation for their element they are merely following the example set them by others. It is to be hoped that in future, or at least until we have arrived at that happy state of homogeneity when none but Canadians will be recognized in the land of Canada, and nationality shall only be heard of in the lecture hall, and religion in the churches, our contemporaries will not sneer when any particular class of people assert an undoubted right.

Le Nouveau Monde says:—"If a portfolio happens to be offered to Mr. Paquet, it is not to reward him for services rendered the Province in acting as he has acted, but as a proof that the Conservatives are in favor of conciliation in the interests of the country, and capable of rising above party prejudices, in order that the affairs of the Province may be administered with ability." To this consideration, which has assuredly its value, is added yet another in the invitation extended to Mr. Flynn to enter the Cabinet. Mr. Flynn particularly represents the Irish element of the Province, and, as the other elements have each their representatives in our Governments, it is but just the Irish should have the same when it is permitted by circumstances, or when it is compatible with the general interests of the country. In the present case the thing is possible, and the leader of the Government has acted wisely and equitably in taking an Irishman as one of his colleagues, a man who is capable and respected, and one who at present manifests a spirit of conciliation.

his own weakness, would it not be well if he retained from George F. Heriot, a section of the Province, not being a resident of the Province, a good citizen, and a good patriot, accepting of the inevitable he allowed Mr. Chapleau to try what he could do in bringing back prosperity, in so far as a strong Government can do so to the long suffering Province of Quebec? Mr. Joly fought the battle of his party long and courageously, he has been beaten at every turn, and it surely would now be in order to let the Province have a rest. But it seems the combative—not to say erratic—nature of the ex-Premier will not permit him to act, as we have described, and as some of his best friends have advised; and so he intends opposing the election of Mr. Chapleau and his ministers by every means in his power. The Constitution gives him a perfect right to do so, no doubt, but the poor Constitution has been so battered and bedevilled of late—what with Mr. Letellier at one end of it and the Legislative Council at the other, pulling and hauling, explaining and translating, straining and misrepresenting, that it is now scarcely readable and requires time to dry and recover from the wetting it received from the tears shed by Mr. Joly and Mr. Starnes. Both those gentlemen have pointed out until their fingers were tired and their hearers were deaf, how things are done in England on such and such occasions, but having such a profound respect for English precedent they should recollect that seldom or ever have a Ministry seeking re-election been opposed, except under circumstances for which Mr. Joly cannot produce a parallel in this instance. The object of the ex-Premier is, of course, a dissolution, which would give him another chance for power. But if he succeeded in defeating one or two of the Ministers the object will not have been gained, and even the sanguine soul of Mr. Joly cannot hope to do any more. The worst of this irrepressible, energetic man is that he cannot divest himself of the idea that his party is not the more popular with the electors. If he pauses for one brief moment, however, and considers what a rare chance was given him to carry the Province he must surely conclude that he is wrong in his idea, and that the Conservatives have the confidence of the people. When he was given a dissolution by a partizan Premier in April, 1878, the prestige, the influence, and the money of two Governments were at his disposal. No one knows better than he that those political factors count for a good deal in an election, and yet he was defeated, or at all events he did not secure a majority. What chance then would he have now, when the order of things is entirely reversed? None. Let Mr. Joly wait and watch, and if the Chapleau Government is found wanting he will be afforded another opportunity to redeem himself, but until this happy state of affairs has been accomplished let him and his followers rest from the fatigues consequent on a year and a half struggle against superior power. If, however, he persist in agitating the air, we hope the electors will have more sense. We hope they will go in with a will for the strong Government, which the Province requires in order to partake of the repose and prosperity enjoyed by the sister Provinces at present.

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IRISH PROSELYTISM

How the Catholic Church is Vindicated by Protestant Ministers. Rev. J. Roe, of Liverpool, England, Secretary to the Irish Church Society, preached on Sunday in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. In the course of his remarks he said:—"The Irish Society is instituted for promoting the Scriptural education and religious instruction of the Irish-speaking population, chiefly through the medium of their own language. That there is need for the Society is shown by the following facts:— There are upwards of 800,000 persons in Ireland who speak Irish, one-fourth of the number being under 20 years of age. Upwards of 100,000 cannot speak any language but Irish; and the minds of these persons can at present be reached only through the medium of the one language which they understand, whilst the larger number, above named, are easily approached by reason of their attachment to it as the National language. Various efforts are now being made to teach the people to read the Irish language. There is no literature, cheap and suitable to the people who can read Irish, except the Holy Scriptures, Book of Common Prayer, and some few smaller works, the former being circulated by the Irish Society. The literature generally circulated among the people by other agencies is partly Roman Catholic, and partly diabolical and seditious. The means employed by the Society in the way of books are: The Primer, for instruction in reading; the Holy Scriptures; and the Book of Common Prayer—the former for Roman Catholics, the last named for 'enquirers who call for it, and for congregations who have been formed. Some of the clergyman employed by the Society are in parishes which would otherwise be left without a resident clergyman. Among the encouraging results of the work of the Society enumerated by the preacher may be mentioned that 200,000 persons have been brought into contact with the

Irish version of the Holy Scriptures directly as pupils of Irish schools, and as many more indirectly through the teachers and pupils. 19 churches have been built by converts in Ireland, and the institutions and organizations in their own respective parishes are daily maintained by them. One church in this continent has been built by converts from County Galway, under the auspices of the Society. Lastly, from our diocese alone, upwards of 40 converts have entered the ministry of the Church, and in other dioceses but a few.

DISASTERS AT SEA

The Wreck of the Champlain—Additional Particulars. New York, November 9.—The following additional particulars of the wreck of the schooner Petrol, which left New Bedford, Mass., Saturday, October 25th, with a miscellaneous cargo for Bravo, Cape-De-Verde islands, have been obtained. She had 22 persons on board, 19 of whom were passengers working their way to the Islands. The weather was all that could be desired until Tuesday, when a stiff breeze sprang up and soon increased to a gale. The schooner labored heavily in a choppy sea and shipped large quantities of water. All the sails were taken in and she cuffed before the gale under bare poles. At half-past ten at night the wind veered to the northwest, blowing a hurricane.

A TERRIFIC SEA WAS RIPPING, and it required every effort of the crew to keep the vessel from falling into the trough of the sea and being water-logged; the waves washed the decks, and everyone was in danger of going overboard. The man at the wheel was washed from his post, and narrowly escaped drowning. By four o'clock Thursday morning the decks had been swept clean, and part of the main mast had been carried away. The storm increased every minute, and at five o'clock a terrific gust of wind struck the Petrol broadside. The remainder of the main-mast fell over the side, and a few minutes later the other mast was snapped off. As it fell it struck the first mate, who was at the wheel, knocking him senseless and cutting off all the fingers of his right hand. The vessel then fell into the trough of the sea and capsized almost immediately. Some of the men clung to the rigging and hull, and others were drawn under and lost. Manuel Pena, with his little boy in his arms, unfastened a yawl boat and got into it, but the crazy man Jule sprang towards the boat, struck it on the side, and capsized it. All three perished. The vessel finally righted, and six men gained the deck, after suffering untold agonies from hunger and thirst. They were picked up on Monday morning by the barque Rebus. The first mate Burgess lost his mind. A number of sails were sighted, but none of them came within hailing distance. The following are the names of those who perished:—John Fisher, Captain; Burgess, first mate; John Ford, second mate; Jeraldo Martin, Silver Gormis, Silver Bernard, Manuel Roderic, Manuel Pena, John Penn, John Phoenix, John Lusser, Nassat Stewart, Perdanco; a crazy man called Jule and another person called Andrew.

ANOTHER STORY

Captain Lockwood, of the stunken steamer Champlain, says: I would rather not, just at present, say anything about who was to blame for the collision, but I think the ship could have avoided it. Catharine Cross, stewardess, is the only woman known to be saved. She was awakened from sleep by the shock. She rushed on deck and was swept into the sea by a wave, and was rescued by the crew of the Octavia. She heard she was the third person picked up, and must have been in the water three minutes. Richard Owings, deck boy, was asleep. A hole was stove in the Champion's starboard side, and through this he got out and climbed up into the Octavia. A man called Thomson Charley, a German, and McMahon, were asleep with him in the fore-castle. Thomson got jammed in the broken woodwork, and the boy helped him to extricate himself. Thomson and McMahon got aboard the Octavia with him. The German was caught in the woodwork and called to them for God's sake to send help to him, but, as soon as the steamer sank, the woodwork floated off and he also, and was taken on board the Octavia. The Champion

WENT DOWN HOW FOREMOST

The boy says. The people on the Octavia said all the fault lay with the steamer. The Octavia had a crew of 24 hands, and they went three times in one of her boats to rescue the passengers and crew of the Champion. It was thought for a time that the Octavia would go down, and three boats were got ready. The second mate, Muller, was roused from sleep by the collision. By the captain's order he cut away the lashings of the life-raft, the cook helped him, and just as the raft was free the ship went down head foremost. The side of the raft to which Muller clung was dragged under water. Just as Muller was about to give up the struggle for life, he gave a tremendous push and the raft was detached from the wreck and rose to the surface. He and the cook, who was clinging to the other side, climbed on the raft and saved the Captain, who was swimming about. The air was full of awful sounds, voices in all directions, and screams for help. Some of these were women's voices; they paddled round and picked up several persons, but failed to find the others whom they were bound to rescue.

HEARD GYRUS ROBBERS

The stewardess, who had a presentation of the disaster, lay down to sleep with the deck on her head, and she was awakened by the sound of the bell. Some of the passengers were in the fore-castle, and the following were rescued from the steamer Champlain and brought here by the barque Petit Codrill:—Passengers: Joseph Mitchell, Martin Bradae, G. E. Garret, Barry Foster, colored boy of New York; Seamen—Olas Ehler and John Thompson, of Philadelphia. The boatwain of the Octavia states that when the Champlain was first seen she was in the wake of the Octavia, but that sailing she got ahead and, veering on her course, was in such a position at the collision that the ship struck her bow. An intelligent seaman on the Octavia says that the steamer was going 12 knots an hour. The Octavia had the right of way, and was only going three knots an hour. The steamer did not whistle or make any signal. The first-mate Ferguson says that he heard the order given on the steamship of hard-a-port or hard-a-starboard. The man on the lookout on board the Octavia declines to be interviewed. When asked if he knew who was to blame, he answered, "Yes; it will come out at the right time." The following is the list of the saved and now in the city:—Benjamin Martin, Joseph Gormis, Benj. Gormis, John de Gros, Joseph Baptist, Jocko Silver, and John Thompson.

There were twelve cabin passengers aboard the wrecked steamer Champlain: ten from Charlestown, and two from Boston. The vessel was laden with a general cargo, insured. She was valued at \$200,000. No

dispatches were received at the Company's office regarding the disaster up to noon. Captain Lockwood, of the Champion, has been in the employ of the Company about 12 years, and lived in Charlestown. A good many of the crew were colored.

Manteuffel Insulted

The Temps describes Marshal Manteuffel's visit to Metz as a series of disillusionments. Scarcely anybody was in the streets, and those who were there turned their backs on seeing him, approach or looked steadily in the shop windows. The silence was only broken by the occasional cry of "The la France!" At the hotel, he found heaps of letters, acquainting him with the true sentiments of the inhabitants, and on receiving the authorities at the Prefecture he declared, in a threatening tone, and striking his sword in a significant manner, that he would tolerate no intrigue with the foreigner. The following is part of the speech delivered by the General to the assembled officials, municipal councillors, and gymnasium professors by whom he was there received:—"I beg you, gentlemen of Lorraine, to enter confidently into the new state of things and not to deceive yourselves about the real situation. Recollect that we were living tranquilly and at peace when the Emperor Napoleon pointed his pistol at our breast and forced us to defend our country. The blood of our sons, too, was shed. God decided in our favor. If we had been beaten I ask you should have kept one single village on this side of the Rhine? As the victorious we guaranteed our frontier, and Metz forms part of that guarantee. I can understand how painful it must be for you to be separated from France, so distinguished for its esprit, but now you belong to Germany. Attach yourselves to her frankly and loyally without arrière-pensée. Your duty to Alsace-Lorraine demands it. Let us join hands on the common ground to work for the weal of Alsace-Lorraine. I can do nothing unless the Alsace-Lorrainers give proof of this patriotism. To-day I received a letter in which a hurricane from the West, destined to drive us back across the Rhine, is spoken of. I do not wish for that hurricane, but really, though I am over seventy years of age, I do not read it. The writer of that letter says I need not give myself the trouble to court the Alsace-Lorrainers, for it would be so much labor lost. Yes, gentlemen, I will pay court to the Alsace-Lorrainers, for I understand their feelings. But this consideration for them will cease whenever they seek to conspire with the foreigner. I have spoken more frankly than usual. Past recollections animate me. I repeat my wish for reciprocal confidence. Let us work in union for the weal of the country, and may God bless our work!" The official papers maintain a significant silence as to the reply made to this speech by the municipality. Next day, before returning to Strasbourg, Marshal Manteuffel invited the civil, military and municipal authorities, but only one member of the municipal and one of the district council accepted the invitation. This demonstration made no little sensation. At dessert the Marshal rose and said:—"In begging my guests to come and dine with me my main object was to see the members of the elective body of the city of Metz gathered round me. Except Councilor Hayer (a banker) nobody responded to my invitation. This breach of politeness will show me the sympathy I feel for the city of Metz and its inhabitants; let them rest assured of my good will. I give 'The Health of the City of Metz.'"

Last Friday's Liverpool grain circular

says: The grain trade was somewhat staid at the commencement of the week, but afterwards there was an almost entire cessation of speculative demand. The provincial markets were very inactive, and many of them is lower. Transactions in cargoes were quite unimportant, buyers holding off anticipating a decline. At Liverpool and the neighboring markets, since Tuesday business in wheat and maize was quite of a retail character, and prices were rather under those of Tuesday. This morning's market was very inanimate, though there was, perhaps, less pressure than on Friday, and a limited business was transacted at a reduction of 2s on Calcutta and 2s on winter wheat, and fully 3d on provincial flour. Flour was neglected, and provincial oatmeal with limited sale, and was lower.

Impurities of the Blood

The decided alterative action of Dr. ROBINSON'S Phosphorated Emission of Cod Liver Oil with Lycopodium of Peru, adapts it to a remarkable degree as a blood purifier well worthy of the trial of those suffering from a diseased condition of the circulating fluid. The unsightly blotches, pustules and pimples that disfigure the face and neck, as well as other portions of the body of many persons, are indications of a diseased state of the blood induced by, as well as associated with, an impaired nutrition, feeble digestion and imperfect assimilation. The continued use of the Phosphorated Emission, invariably cleanses the blood from all these impurities, restores the system to a state of healthfulness that is manifested in increased constitutional vigor, mental activity, and lightness and buoyancy of spirit, and is sold solely by J. H. ROBINSON, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N.B., and for sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

One of the most valuable medicines for Headache

is Dr. HARRIS'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, each box containing 20 pills. AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. EACH year finds "Brown's Bronchial, Throat and Lung Pills" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, and Colds, and Throat Diseases, the "Troches" have been found reliable. NO ONE SHOULD TRAVEL WITHOUT BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Linctus. It is good all the time for diseases incidental to traveling. A few drops will destroy the evil effects resulting from the use of strange waters and may often save life. Druggists sell it.

CHILDREN WHO PICK THEIR NOSES

are most generally afflicted with worms. How they get into their little stomachs it may be difficult to know, but it is easy to get them out by using BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBINATION. Worms, when they are present, are pleased to take children like them, but the worms don't like the children. MRS. W. W. LITTLE'S SOUTHERN SYRUP is the best preservative of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing success, by millions of mothers throughout the world. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, colic, and by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

IN THE FALL. In the fall a sombre haze over spreads the fields...

eral homage paid to the memory of the patriot to which I invite your attention. The first is that...

tions which for half a century before the late war had isolated her from sympathies of other sections...

Pulaski, of D'Estaing, of Steuben and Dekalb, the spirits of your fathers who fought for freedom...

of Irish industry. If poplin were extensively used by the clergy as the material of their soutanes...

a lighted candle to see where the escape was, an explosion immediately occurred. He was injured about the face and arms...

SERGEANT JASPER.

Magnificent Celebration. - Eloquent Speech by General Gordon.

From the Morning News, of Savannah, Ga., of Oct. 9th, we take the following extracts that are filled with patriotic meaning...

Another source of the peculiar interest which invests the name of Jasper is to be found in the fact that he was an Irishman...

As the chosen organ of the Jasper Monumental Association, I invite the Irish Americans and the patriots of Ireland everywhere to regard the column which shall here be erected to Jasper as a monument also to the spirit of resistance to tyrants...

comprehended in the terms patriotism or republicanism. I am not of those who believe that love of country or fidelity to the Constitution is bounded by State lines...

Great America! Vast, grand, free! To what shall we liken thee, unless to that mighty ocean whose surface mirrors the Almighty's form?

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY. - A woman named Mrs. Brown was interred on Tuesday, 28th ult., at Fermoy, Co. Cork, Ireland, who had reached the patriarchal age of 102 years.

Naturalists' Portfolios. THE NEW SIBERIAN ISLANDS. - Remains of the mammoth and of numerous other coeval species affording examples of the prehistoric animal life of Northern Asia...

CAPTAIN McMAHON'S ADDRESS.

When the confusion had subsided, Captain John McMahon, (President of the Jasper Monumental Association, arose, and was greeted with applause. Advancing upon the platform, in full view of the immense throng, Captain McMahon delivered the following address...

What does England not owe to Ireland for the gift of such men as these? What does France not owe to Ireland for O'Connell, who was called in our day to the head of the French Republic...

AMERICANS RECOGNIZE BUT THREE GREAT EPOCHS IN ALL THE PAST. The first is the creation, when man, fresh from the hand of God, stood the crowning glory of his works.

DISASTROUS OUTRAGE. - Intelligence reached this city on Sunday morning about two o'clock a.m. that the dwellinghouse on the farm of Mr. Kenny, Killure, was on fire.

GLASGOW MUSEUM AND GALLERIES OF ART. - The number of visitors to the Kelvingrove Museum and to the Corporation Galleries during the past week was as follows:

THE BATTLESLAKE. - It has been observed by some naturalists that if we withhold water from snakes when about to shed their epidermis, they are thereby prevented from investing themselves entirely of the old skin.

GENERAL GORDON'S ADDRESS.

The name of Gordon inspired the crowd and enthusiastic were the cheers that went up, the excitement increasing as the General arose, and his commanding figure came in full view...

It is fitting that Americans should build a monument to a son of Ireland. It is especially appropriate that it should be built by Georgians to Jasper; that it should stand here among the people for whose freedom he died...

Before me, and around me, justly honored by the people, are the German Fusiliers of South Carolina. Reaching back in unbroken succession to a point beyond the Revolution, this venerable organization participated in the deadly assault, and its leaders fell upon the enemy's redoubts on the memorable 9th of October, one hundred years ago.

VISIT TO IRELAND OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT. - At the meeting of the Corporation on 27th October, the Lord Mayor said that since he had last met the Council he had visited Liverpool, where he was received with the greatest respect and cordiality by the Mayor of that important town...

THE UNEMPLOYED OF GLASGOW. - The unemployed Relief Committee report that the applications for relief booked during the week numbered 156,23 of these applications - 55 of the applicants belonging to the Barony, 70 to the City, and 31 to the Govan Combination Parishes.

DATA ARE REPORTED AS TO THE POTENTIALITY OF THE GREAT BRITISH COAST. - It is estimated that the total length of the British coast is 11,340 miles, and that the area of the coast is 1,134,000 square miles.

WHAT DOES ENGLAND NOT OWE TO IRELAND?

What does England not owe to Ireland for the gift of such men as these? What does France not owe to Ireland for O'Connell, who was called in our day to the head of the French Republic...

What does America not owe to Ireland for the monuments of Irish industry in her railroads and canals, and for Irish contributions to her "beach and battle-field" for Jasper and Montgomery, martyrs to American independence...

These two denationalized commonwealths, on this soil, upon the same day, gave to the cause of American freedom the best blood of their sons. May the God of nations confer upon these afflicted countries the blessings of free government, which they aided in securing for us...

THE POPULIN TRADE. - DEPUTATION TO ARCHBISHOP MCGARR. - A deputation of gentlemen interested in the poplin trade waited upon the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, at No. 47, Westland row, for the purpose of obtaining His Grace's assistance in promoting and extending the use of poplin among the clergy of the Catholic Church in this country.

GAS EXPLOSION AT GOVAN. - Two explosions of gas occurred on Thursday in Plantation district, Govan, whereby three individuals were severely burned. In each instance the cause of explosion is supposed to have been the same, namely, an extra pressure of gas on the main pipe, which forced some of the water plugs out of the meter.

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THE CASE OF CONSTITUTIONAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

It cannot be successfully denied that at the South the cause of local government has a champion in almost every citizen. The peculiar institutions which for half a century before the late war had isolated her from sympathies of other sections...

As Napoleon Bonaparte stood with his wary Frenchmen on the sands of the Egyptian desert, and looked upon the granite pyramids before him, he admonished his soldiers that from those hoary summits forty centuries looked down upon their exertions.

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AGRICULTURAL. The night. Two lovers lean Upon the gate; A hearing form is seen— It is their fate.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Air. The air, like the soil, consists of an immense amount of materials which, so far as the growth of plants is concerned, have mainly a mechanical action.

These proportions vary somewhat in different analyses, but not materially. Such of these substances as exist in the air are taken into the plant by the leaves, or, having been carried to the soil, by rains, or added to it by manure, or by the decay of vegetable matter.

The cultivated plant has two sets of feeding apparatus: the leaves and green stems absorb carbonic acid from the air, and the roots absorb from the soil the mineral matters, ammonia, and carbonic acid.

Therefore, it is chiefly desirable for the farmer to give his attention to the sources from which the plant may derive its three remaining ingredients—nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.

Other constituents of his soil are removed in the crops and in the animal products sold, but they are such as are usually contained by the soil in larger quantities, or as may be cheaply procured from other sources, and they are rarely removed to a sufficient extent to cause an impoverishment of the land.

The elements spoken of above, as well as lime and other mineral matters, will be more fully treated in the chapter on Manures; but desire, at the outset of my work, to call especial attention to the chemical principles and uses of these three cardinal elements.

Nitrogen. Nitrogen is an element not only of all plants, but of every part of the plant. Root, stem, branch, and leaves, in every part of their structure, contain it in every minute part of their structure.

It generally forms from 10 to 40 parts of every 100 parts of the dry weight of the whole plant, but by the largest proportion being lodged in the grain.

The experiments of Boussingault showed that 1,000 lbs. of each of the following articles contain the amount of nitrogen stated in the table. These substances were thoroughly dried at a high temperature.

Ammonia and nitric acid are the universal sources of the supply of nitrogen to vegetation. Ammonia is a gas formed during the decomposition of vegetable and animal matters.

either by fire or by decay, their nitrogen escapes in the form of ammonia, which gives rise to the animal manure, which is one of the most important ingredients of rain water, and which is the farmer's best assistant.

We have not the slightest reason for believing that the nitrogen of the atmosphere takes part in the processes of assimilation of plants and animals on the contrary, we know that many plants emit nitrogen, which is absorbed by their roots, either in a gaseous form or solution in water.

This firm must be exchanged every year for money and other necessaries of life—for bread, therefore, desolate of nitrogen. A certain proportion of nitrogen is exported in sheep, corn and cattle, and this exportation takes place every year, without the smallest compensation; yet after a given number of years, the quantity of nitrogen will be found to have increased.

It is worthy of observation that the ammonia contained in rain and snow-water possesses a softness of smell of perspiration and purifying matter—a fact which leaves no doubt respecting its origin.

The following is the copy of a letter referred to in our telegram of yesterday:— EDITOR CITIZEN:—The following letter not having appeared in the paper to which it was addressed, would you kindly give it insertion, and oblige.

To the Editor of the Herald:—Sir, Will you allow me space in your paper to make the following statement:—Many Roman Catholics are under the impression that the Herald is a Catholic paper, and that it has my approbation.

THE PERFORMER OF FRESHLY-CULLED FLOWERS is agreeable for every one, and so it is with the delightful fragrance of MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water.

PLUM PUDDING? How much the human system can accomplish by care and attention to nature's laws, may be seen in the wondrous feats done by athletes.

How much the human system can accomplish by care and attention to nature's laws, may be seen in the wondrous feats done by athletes. Among our Southern neighbors an English woman walked 2,700 quarters of a mile in 2,700 quarters of an hour, and came out of the task unscathed.

known picture of "Nero's torches." Kraszewski has now gone to Vienna to thank the Emperor for the decoration he has received from him, and will then pass the winter in Italy.

Hon. Mr. Flynn.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands, in the Chapeau Administration, Hon. Mr. Flynn, is one whom a large section of the Province recognize and welcome as an able, willing and fitting representative of their erstwhile ignored demands.

His present consistent and statesmanlike conduct has disabled the party from ever making more than the slightest attempt to contend against the paramount and legitimate influence which he wielded there. Hon. Mr. Flynn's county is so situated that he cannot neglect it with the same facility and readiness as other hon. gentlemen; if such was the case, and if the necessity existed, his constituents would be cheered with his presence, and the explanation which the malcontents, if there are any such exist, might be desirous of hearing, would be most satisfactorily given.

Warlike Councils.

Rome, November 5.—General Mozzacapo, the author of the anti-Austrian pamphlet, has been appointed commander of the 7th corps. He has just published another article, insisting that the amount spent on the army is insufficient, and saying it is only by a powerful army and great armament that Italy can hope to raise her voice higher in the councils of the nations.

AFGHANISTAN AND RUSSIA.

Berlin, November 5.—The National Gazette, of this city, says that papers have been discovered at Kabul that seriously compromise the Russian Government in connection with the late troubles.

Excitement in Turkey.

London, November 5.—Considerable excitement in Stamboul on account of the expected arrival of the British squadron. The Porte having received no official explanations has telegraphed the Turkish Ambassador at London to ask Salisbury for information.

Pond's Extract acts on the cause, and by removing that destroys the disease.

For impaired indigestion, and in fact, for debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to Fellow's Hypophosphites. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system renders it suitable for the majority of diseases.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—Its effects are almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain. It soothes the irritated or inflamed part, and gives rest and quiet to the sufferer.

THE PERFUME OF FRESHLY-CULLED FLOWERS is agreeable for every one, and so it is with the delightful fragrance of MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water.

BBISTOL'S SANSAPARILLA AND PILLS are the safest and best Purifiers of the blood and humors. They are infallible in their power to cleanse the human body, and where they are used according to directions, there can be no unclean eruptions, no pimples, no blotches, no boils, but instead thereof a clear, smooth, soft skin.

Plum Pudding?

How much the human system can accomplish by care and attention to nature's laws, may be seen in the wondrous feats done by athletes. Among our Southern neighbors an English woman walked 2,700 quarters of a mile in 2,700 quarters of an hour, and came out of the task unscathed.

EPSS'S COCOA—GRAVEFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of our well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epss has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

Legal.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC District of Montreal, Superior Court, De Marcboine Melchoir, of the City and District of Montreal, wife contra et de Joseph Alphons Hudon, of the same place, trader, and duly authorized a cetera in Justice Plaintiff; and the said Joseph Alphons Hudon, of the same place, trader, Defendant.

Newspapers.

THE "TRUE WITNESS"

—IS THE— Cheapest Catholic Weekly Printed in the English Language. Its Price is only \$1.50 Per Annum, or \$1.00 for Eight Months.

If five or more persons club together, and send their names with the money, they can have the "TRUE WITNESS" for only ONE DOLLAR a year.

NO CATHOLIC FAMILY Should be without a Good Newspaper like the "TRUE WITNESS." You can subscribe now; the sooner the better.

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Miscellaneous.

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\$25 to \$50 PER DAY CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER! WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR. They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required! They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARD PAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS. They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen. GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement bona fide. ADDRESS: GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Musical Instruments. Educational. JOSEPH GOULD HAS REMOVED HIS PIANO WAREROOMS TO No. 1 Beaver Hall Square. NORDHEIMER'S PIANO WAREROOMS. Messrs. A. & S. NORDHEIMER respectfully inform the Public of Montreal, and vicinity, that they have opened their NEW WARE-ROOMS in Nordheimer's Hall, for the sale of the justly celebrated Pianos of CHICKERING & SONS, STEINWAY & SONS, DUNHAM & SONS, HAINES BROTHER, and other first-class makers. The assortment is the largest and best selected ever seen in the city, and comprises Squares, Uprights and Grand. Terms of sale liberal. Plans for Hire. Pianos tuned and repaired. General depot for Estey's celebrated Organs.

The Loretto Convent Of Lindsay, Ontario. Classes will be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st. In addition to its former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the Convent a beautiful beach and maple grove, suitable as a pleasant and healthy resort for the young ladies in attendance. Board and Tuition only ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS a Year—including Board, Fuel, and Laundry. Address: LADY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada. Aug. 28. 1-t.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA. This chartered College, directed by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, is situated in a most healthy locality of the Capital, and commands a magnificent view of the Ottawa Gaitaineau, and Rideau valleys. Its Civil Engineering course deserves special recommendation. The various branches of science and commerce are taught in English, and language of translation from Greek and Latin. French is also carefully attended to. The degrees of B. A. and M. A. are conferred on deserving candidates. Board, Washing and Mending, Bed and bedding, and Doctor's Fee, per term of five months. Tuition, in Civil Engineering Course per term. Tuition, in Classical Course. Tuition, in Commercial Course.

BEATTY. Pianos Another battle on high prices Raging War on the monopolist renewed. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying PIANO or ORGAN. Beatty's latest War Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C. Furniture. OWEN MCGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE. Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET, (2nd Door from MCGILL), Montreal. Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

THE COOK'S FRIEND Baking Powder. Is manufactured under the patronage of the CONSUMERS OF CANADA! The constantly increasing demand for the COOK'S FRIEND Shows it to be the "People's Choice." Retailed everywhere. Manufactured only by W. D. McLAREN, 65 and 67 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. For Sale. For Sale. PLANING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber. Address box 1183 P. O. Montreal.

Carboline. THE BALD HEAD'S FRIEND. WONDERFUL Discovery. CARBOLINE!

What the World Has Been Wanting for Centuries. The greatest discovery of our day, so far as the condition of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from petroleum...

THE GREAT AND ONLY Hair Restorative. READ THE TESTIMONIALS. DAVISVILLE, CAL., Nov. 8, 1878. CHAS. LANGLEY, Co., San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. POND, Jr., Attorney at Law, North Attleboro, Mass., says: For more than twenty years a portion of my head has been as smooth and free from hair as a billiard ball...

Carboline. In now presented to the public without fear of contradiction as the best Restorative and Beautifier of the hair the world has ever produced.

POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER and SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION and HEMORRAGES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured so many cases of Rheumatism as POND'S EXTRACT.

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. It is a cure cure. Delay is dangerous.

Catarrah. The Extract is the only specific for this disease. Cold in the Head...

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is the best and most reliable remedy for all these affections.

Burns and Scalds. For allaying the inflammation and relieving the pain...

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm, quickly allaying all inflammation and soreness.

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

Piles. It is the greatest known remedy for this disease. It is used by all the most eminent physicians.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. The Extract is so clean and efficacious that mothers who have used it will never be without it.

Female Complaints. No physician can do more for a woman than POND'S EXTRACT.

CAUTION. POND'S EXTRACT has been imitated. Beware of cheap imitations.

McVEIGH'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY. Please read the following testimonials of prominent and respectable citizens of Montreal who have used my remedy...

Mr. Thomas McVeigh, Hotel du Peuple, St. Paul street. Please send by bearer two bottles medicine (McVeigh's Sovereign Remedy) same as before, and oblige, SISTER BONNEAU, Superior.

Mr. Thomas McVeigh, Albion Hotel—Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in stating, for the benefit of those afflicted in Montreal, that three bottles of your Sovereign Remedy has completely cured me of neuralgia, of which I was dreadfully afflicted for the last thirteen years.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL. Mr. Thomas McVeigh, Hotel du Peuple, Dear Sir,—My wife has been troubled considerably with neuralgia, and having used one bottle of your Sovereign Internal Remedy, has experienced a most entire relief.

Medical. EYE AND EAR. DE. L. O. THAYER, O.R.L.S. A., LONDON, ENGLAND, Surgeon to Regent's Park Eye Infirmary, OCUList and CURIST.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM OR GOUT ACUTE OR CHRONIC SALICYLIC SURE CURE. Manufactured only under the above Trade Mark, by the European Salicylic Medicine Co., OF PARIS AND LEIPZIG.

THE MILD POWER CURES HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Specifics. Been in general use for 20 years. Every-where proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. Will promptly TRADE MARK. cure any and every ailment...

Lithogram. Wonderful Improvement. JACOB'S LITHOGRAM. PATENTED 16TH JULY, 1879.

Hats, Furs, &c. FURS! FURS! EDWARD STUART, PRACICAL FURRIER, Corner of McGill & Notre Dame Streets.

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Marble Working. ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty.

LONG AGO. BY JUSTIN F. M'GARTHY. When life's autumn cometh, And summer time is gone, And of the many friends of youth Death leaves us all alone...

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS. THURSDAY. Diphtheria is raging at Herring Cove, N.S., several deaths and a number of very bad cases.

It is expected that Vice Chancellor Blake and Chief-Justice Moss will hear the Russell election case. Four boys were sent yesterday to the Reformatory for two years each for robbing the poor box of a church at Point Levis.

A fire at the Provincial Penitentiary, Halifax, on the shore of the North West Arm, last night, destroyed all the outbuildings of the institution. Spirit manifestations at Eddy's match factory, Hull. Many of the girls refuse to work in the room where the supernatural exhibition was given.

Twelve hundred immigrants arrived in Toronto last week, being classed as follows—Irish 290, Scotch 133, English 795, Norwegians 48, Germans 15. James Power, a resident of Diamond Harbor, Quebec, has, within the past two weeks lost his whole family, consisting of five children, from ravages of scarlet fever.

FRIDAY. The Recorder of Quebec has been appointed to issue permits to carry firearms under the Blake Act in that city. A three-year old child of Mr. Bigonette, Quebec, was yesterday horribly burnt from playing with matches.

Six apprentice pilots have just undergone a successful examination, and been licensed for and below Quebec harbour. Major Reno, 7th Cavalry, U. S. A., who has already been twice in trouble, is now to be tried by Court Martial for a series of serious offences.

About two hundred of the most poverty-stricken Italian emigrants that ever landed at Castle Garden, New York, have just arrived from Antwerp. It is said that two Quebec merchants have realized a profit of \$50,000 on sugar purchased at the West Indies and sold in England last week.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. A Sketch of the Angel of the Schools.

His Holiness' encyclical Aeterni Patris has so recently (on the 4th of August, 1879) contrasted anew the gaze of all Christendom upon the exceptional glory of St. Thomas Aquinas as "inter scholasticos doctores omnium princeps et magister" that it can hardly be matter for surprise if in more than one direction the well-known story of his life has even within so brief an interval, been again and yet again recounted.

The sad thoughts which often will mar our heart-felt joy, Which time can only soften, And death alone destroy, Are but the reflections, Through Time's unceasing flow, Which bring us sad reflections Of the loved ones, long ago.

The Counts of Aquino, from whom this great saint, and in some respects greatest of all the doctors of the Church, was descended, originally deriving their pedigree from a Prince of Lombardy, have flourished, now in the Neapolitan territory, for upwards of ten centuries. Towards the close of 1226—that is in 653 years ago—the author of the "Summa Theologica" was born at Roccaforte.

There is a growing belief here that things are fast tending to a great European war. The relations between Russia and Germany have become more strained and unfriendly than ever, and we have it reported to-night that the intense dislike of the Russian masses to their German neighbors is beginning to find expression in a fierce desire for war.

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age. His works have been printed in nineteen folio volumes. They have perpetuated his glory as the greatest theological teacher of the Church of God. His "Summa Theologica" especially has for six centuries been recognized as a consummate masterpiece.

The following obituary notice is taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal of 22nd October ult.—Yesterday morning the remains of the above distinguished physician were conveyed to their final resting place in the family burying ground in the new cemetery of St. Lawrence.

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