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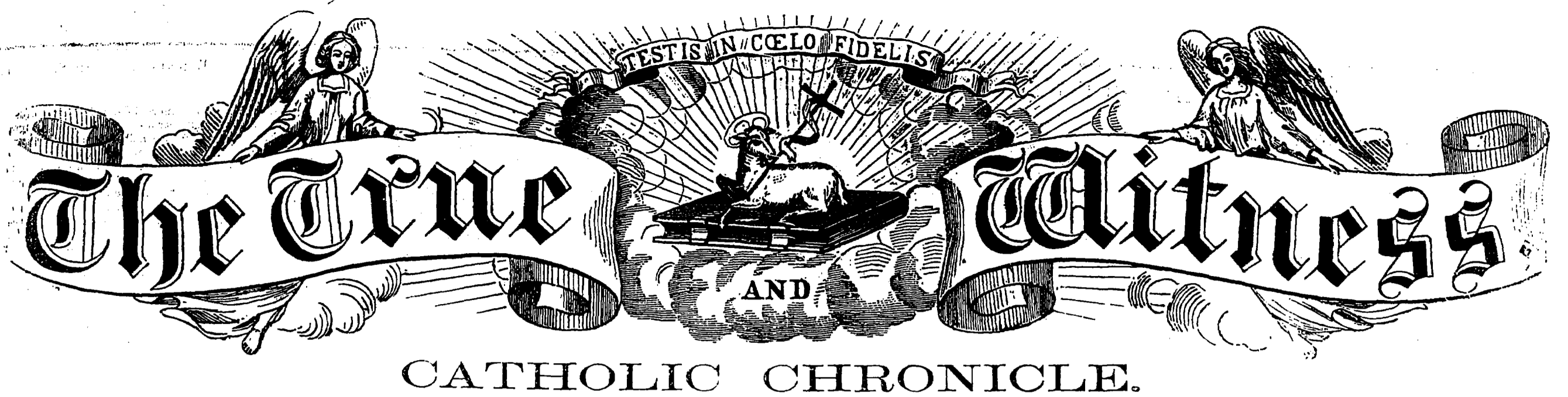
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, Paris, Sept. 5, 1878.

From time immemorial the Terrible has possessed peculiar attractions for mankind; hence the Coliseum of ancient Rome, where martyrs and gladiators were slaughtered to gratify a people that were thoroughly satiated with every pleasure that life could offer, and to the same strange impulse we can trace in more recent days, the buffalo fights of the Spaniards, and the hazardous performances on the trapeze and tight-rope of the modern hippodrome. Were it not for this universal yearning for something strange and terrible to behold, something which, to use a vulgar, but very signifying expression, can "make the flesh creep," one would be at a loss to account for the number of visitors to La Morgue, a place which assuredly possesses no attractions in an architectural point of view, and which is about one of the very last places on earth which one in search of the beautiful would think of visiting.

Yet, no one can visit La Morgue, between the hours of eight in the morning and nine in the evening, without finding carriages, from the humble fiacre to the proud landau, the inmates which through the entrance, and elbow the surrounding multitude, and yet allowed by it in turn, in their efforts to obtain admission to the ghastly spectacle within. Not that they, or the majority of them at least, have by any possibility the remotest interest in, or knowledge of the "subjects" which they will presently behold; but simply because they are about to undergo a new and strange sensation which they have never experienced before: they are to be made to shudder and to close their eyes; to view blue lips and clenched fists closed in death, and then to think and dream of the secrets which those lips could have uttered, and the deeds which those hands have committed.

When I visited the place yesterday I found the vestibule crowded with ladies and gentlemen of fashion, mostly foreigners, of course, and it looked odd—strangely odd—among this glittering crowd to perceive the wan face and blue blouse of an *ouvrier*—a father in search of a missing son, perhaps, or a husband who, for aught he knew, might be a widower. The Morgue is a low, one-story building situated at the extreme east end of the island La Cite, in the middle of the Seine, and in the very heart of old Paris, and not a hundred yards from the choir of the Church of Notre Dame. The building is of the yellow Parisian limestone, and consists of a square, central part, and two wings, one of which (the left) contains the *Greffes*, or Bureau, where the records and registers are kept, and the other contains the offices of the inspector and his assistants. Facing the entrance door is a large wooden screen, which divides the hall from the vestibule, and has three hooks, upon each of which is hung a wooden frame with a glass door. The middle frame contains a plainly written list of "subjects" that are unknown, and have been buried at public expense as such, inasmuch as they have never been identified. This ghastly list is divided in four columns, the first of which contains the name, the second the assumed age; the third, the place where found; and the fourth, remarks of a general nature which may assist in identification, such as a brief description of rings or jewels found upon the body, marks upon the person, &c., &c. I counted thirty-nine entries on this list of the unknown yesterday, twenty-seven of which were men and twelve women. The ages ranged from 18 to 60, and about three-fourths of them had been fished up, drowned, from the Seine.

The tablets to the right and left of this frame contain the photographs of these unknown dead, taken before interment, and a ghastly gallery it is. Those who have not strong nerves should not enter behind the screen, but return, satisfied with what they have already seen. Yet, strange to say, the ladies pushed on; with blanched faces, the ladies seemed to take the lead; a strange fascination compels them to enter the inner apartment of the morgue,—to be carried out fainting a minute afterwards, for that is an everyday occurrence, and the *sergents de ville* on duty are prepared, with ambulance and stretcher, for just such incidents, to which they have, by long experience, grown quite accustomed, and which they treat with a marvellous *sang froid* that is peculiarly Parisian.

A large glass wall divides the anti-chamber from the "hall of the dead," as it is called, and to which no admittance is had, except by special permission by the officers in charge. Few, however, desire to go further than to this glass wall. Behind it are twelve tables, covered with sheet lead, and placed in a slanting position, so that the bodies exposed upon them may be readily seen by those on the other side of the screen. From a tube which terminates in a nose or sprinkler, and is disposed centrally over each of the tables, is a stream of cold water sprinkled over the body below, to prevent putrefaction as long as possible, and the clothing and other articles found upon the bodies, exposed to view upon iron racks placed over each of these tables. I found four of the twelve slabs occupied; two of the occupants were the bodies of women, the other two those of men. One, upon the extreme table to the right, was a handsome woman of nineteen; the long blonde hair, all disordered and dishevelled, almost covered the upper half of her naked body; her dress and jewels, suspended upon the hooks above, showed her to have been a woman of elegance—perhaps of pleasure; she had been found in the Seine on the day before, and had been dead when found, only a few hours, as the body was still warm.

Next to her, an old man, who had been found dead in the Bois de Boulogne three days ago, evidently an *ouvrier* or laborer of the poorest class, to judge from the style of

his dress. A sickening spectacle was that which was presented to view on the leaden couch next to him; the body of a man, half-eaten up by fishes, the hair all gone and bowels protruding; he had been found in the river two days before, but must have been in the water for weeks. He had been found naked, and there were no articles of dress to assist in his identification. The fourth slab was occupied by the body of a woman who had committed suicide by cutting her throat. She had been found in one of the streets of the *Faubourg St. Antoine* with a paper in her hand, stating that she had committed this deed of her own free will, and that no one was responsible. She appeared to have been a woman of about fifty, of the lower *bourgeois* class, to judge from her apparel suspended above.

At times, all of the twelve tables are occupied, but this is fortunately a rare occurrence. Equally rare an event is it, unfortunately, to find all of them empty. In that horrible chamber, divided from the outer world of life by an impenetrable wall of glass, there is no sound save that of the dripping water; life moves without—death, only, is here, and in its most sombre and terrible aspects. Most of the bodies remain forever unclaimed and unknown; they are buried and forgotten, and others take their place; and so, from day to day, the world wags and time takes its course, little thinking of the terrible secrets and mysteries of La Morgue of Paris.

Lucas.

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HOSTILE TO THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION?

A few days since, the Very Rev. Superior and professors, with the students of the Roman University, were received in audience at the Vatican by his Holiness Leo XIII. They were presented to the Holy Father by his Eminence Cardinal di Pietro, Camerlengo to the Sovereign Pontiff and Chancellor of the Roman University. There was a very large assemblage in the Hall of Audience, and the Pope appeared in excellent health. An address to his Holiness was read by Monsignor Tizzani, Dean of the Teaching Faculty of the University, and in reply to it, the Holy Father said as follows: "It has been at all times most gratifying to us to find ourselves in the midst of a body of men distinguished for their virtue and their learning, and devoted to the instruction and the education of the minds of the young. Whilst expressing to you our pleasure and our satisfaction, we should that it is with especial happiness that we have just heard you calling back to remembrance the efficacious protection which the Sovereign Pontiffs have always accorded to the Roman University; you have contrasted, in opposition to calumnious assertions the other way, the indisputable truth that the Roman Pontificate, far from being hostile to science and from checking its onward progress, cherishes it, and seeks to develop and extend it. You have recalled, Right Rev. Dean, the benefits with which our predecessors have loaded the Roman Athenaeum, and you have done well in doing so. It may be permitted to us for a moment to lift ourselves somewhat higher, and cast a rapid glance at the other Universities of Italy and of Europe, with the object of still further confirming the great truth to which I have alluded. It is easy to see that these universities, thanks to the care of the Roman Pontiffs, who have ever protected them with every resource at their disposal, have always been a noble arena for the play of the loftiest and most vigorous intellects, as well as a peaceful and splendid refuge for science, and a furnace which kept the flame of knowledge alive, and a light amongst the nations of the earth. And this was so, without a break, so long as the universities were not perverted into centres of political agitation, and were not put upon the fatal road of warfare with Catholic faith. History has written in letters of gold the eminent favors bestowed by the Roman Pontiffs on these institutions. For the present it will suffice for us to recall the celebrated University of the Sorbonne, of Paris, which was in an especial manner favored by the immortal Innocent III, by Martin IV, and by Honorius IV; the ancient University of Bologna, enriched with precious privileges by Innocent IV, and other Popes; that of Salamanca, confirmed and enlarged by Alexander IV; that of Padua, canonically erected by Urban IV, and specially protected by Urban V; that of Perugia, rendered famous by such scholars as Bartolus and Balbus, and which was the object of special favors from several Pontiffs, amongst others from Clement V, who called it the *studium generale*; and many others which it would be too tedious to enumerate. And in truth, it could not be otherwise; for the Church, called by St Paul "the pillar and the ground of truth," consecrated by Jesus Christ to the mission of bearing and sustaining that truth amongst the nations, could not do anything else than cover with its wings those centres of human knowledge in which the noble office of teaching is discharged,—protect and watch over them with maternal solicitude. It was natural, therefore, that the Roman Pontiff, when the circumstances of this city permitted it—when internal disorders were removed, and there were none of those popular tumults which, as you are aware, at times drove them into exile—it was natural, I say, that they should devote all their paternal care to the foundation, the confirming, and the organization of the Roman University, and in such a fashion as that in the complete development of its different faculties, in the excellence and celebrity of its teachers, in the purity and solidity of its doctrine, it should have to yield to no other similar institution in the world. From this beautiful plant precious fruits have already been gathered, and if the times were less wicked than they are for our Holy Church and the Roman Pontificate we might be gathering its fruits even yet more abundantly still. For ourselves, to maintain in vigor the prestige and honor of the University, we would cheerfully make any practical venture, and you, we are sure, would follow us readily in the road marked out for you. Two immortal names have been recently recalled to our memory—Innocent III and Leo X. In presence of such names our soul is penetrated with a profound

spontaneous and we are tempted to speak spontaneously these words:

Tu longe sequere, et vestigia pronus adora.
"Mennah, as far as lies in us in the difficult circumstances in which we are, we shall endeavor not to leave inactive your distinguished talents—those talents which it is meet to show forth in their full light and splendor for the glory and renown of the Roman Pontificate. With these sentiments, and as a pledge of our paternal affection, receive the Apostolic Benediction, which from the depth of our heart we impart to all of you."
—Notre Dame Scholastic.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

The roll of the priests and nuns who have died from the yellow fever contains, as far as we know, the following names:—

BISHOP AND PRIESTS.—Right Rev. W. H. Elder Bishop of Natchez, Vicksburg; Very Rev. Joseph Millet, V. G., New Orleans; Father McNamara, Father McGarvey, Father Bokel, Father Walsh, Father Martin, Father Meagher, Father Erasmus, Father Murphy.

NUNS AND SISTERS.—Mother Alphonsa Superior of St. Agnes' Convent, Memphis two Sisters of Mercy at St. Andrew's Convent New Orleans; three Sisters of the Charity Hospital, New Orleans; Sister Catherine, Sister Thecla, Sister Constance, Memphis; also two Brothers—one Franciscan, and the other Redemptorist.

There is no need to speak of the nationality, as well as the religion, of these noble priests and nuns. Their names tell the story.

Many more priests and nuns have been attacked with the disease, and probably by this time other deaths have occurred.

NEW ORLEANS, September 19.—Cooler and cloudy; deaths from noon to 6 p. m., 59; cases, 86.

MONROE CITY, September 19.—Fever increasing; 9 deaths and 7 new cases in the last 48 hours.

NEW ORLEANS, September 19.—The Howard Association reports the new cases to be 278.

MIDDLEBORO, N. Y., September 19.—Sister Ruth, who died of yellow fever in Memphis yesterday, was Miss Helen George, daughter of Hon. Thomas George, formerly County Judge of Orange county, and now in Colorado. She was a member of St. Mary's Episcopal Sisterhood.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., September 19.—There is no doubt of the abatement of the disease, but it is far from material. The last 24 hours show 62 deaths and 120 new cases. Among the deaths are Rev. Father Scannel and Father Von Froostendorf, volunteer priests from Kentucky. Dr. Forbes, volunteer from Round Rock, Texas, is taken down. The disease is spreading on the outskirts of the city.

CINCINNATI, September 19.—The Associated Press Agent at Memphis is down with the fever.

VICKSBURG, September 19.—The reduction in new cases the past few days is very great. Several physicians think of leaving. The President of the Howard Association is down; 15 deaths reported to-day. The Post Office is reduced to one employee; all the others are down or dead.

A MODEL TOWN.

There is a town in Yorkshire (Saltaric), on the banks of the Aire, three miles from Bradford, which is different from all other towns in Great Britain. Its centre is a factory, the size of which we may express thus:—It employs 3,500 hands; its engines move between 603 and 710 tons of shafting, and consume 15,000 tons of coal each year; and it turns out each day eighteen miles of textile fabric. This hive of industry is a palace in respect of its materials, its architectural beauty, and the arrangements made for the wealth and comfort of those who occupy it. Substantial houses, abundantly supplied with light, air, and water, lie around; and these are at rents ranging from 2s. 4d. to 7s. 6d. a week, which is barely 4 per cent. on the capital used in building. The rents are paid with remarkable punctuality. A handsome church which cost £17,000, a school-house and institute which cost £25,000, clubs which cost £7,000, an infirmary, almshouse, washhouses, baths—these are the public buildings. The town has "commodious shops and stores, but not a single public-house nor place for the consumption of intoxicating liquor." The town is free from all traces of the filth and darkness and squalid misery so common in manufacturing towns and districts. There is the most perfect religious freedom. The inhabitants are industrious, well-paid, contented and exceptionally healthy. "The people are proud of their houses, and decorate them tastefully; many of them are fond of music, while others devote their leisure to natural history, taxidermy, and the making of philosophical instruments, models, and articles of domestic comfort." The most surprising circumstance of all was that it had been entirely planned and paid for by one man with the very noble purpose of testing, in so large an experiment, whether commerce and Christian philanthropy could not work in harmony; and the date (10th of September, 1853) on which the town was formally opened, was this man's fiftieth birthday.—*Sunday Magazine.*

BROAD KIDNEYS.—Mix together in a deep plate the following ingredients, which will cost about 3 cents: one ounce of butter, half a level teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful each of mustard, and any table sauce or vinegar, and as much cayenne as you can take up on the top of a small penknife blade; toast half a loaf of stale bread (cost 3 cents), cut in slices one inch thick; wash, split, and broil one pound of pigs' or sheep's kidneys (cost 10 cents or less); while the kidneys are broiling dip the toast in the first-named seasoning, lay it on a hot dish, and lay the kidneys on it as soon as they are broiled; season them with salt and pepper, and serve them hot with one quart of plain boiled potatoes (cost 3 cents). The cost of the entire dinner will be less than twenty cents.

TIMES WHEN PEOPLE SHOULD INFER AND TIMES WHEN THEY SHOULDN'T.

[Austin Revell.]

He slipped into an ice-cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted he replied: "Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mince pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted for? Why didn't you bring on your ice-cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued: "You see, my dear girl, you must infer—you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You didn't think I came in here to ask if you had my baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise, and he went on: "If I owned a hardware store, and you came in, I would infer that you came in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask you if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her for a moment, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"None!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you find any, just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose up and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman that there were hairs and buttons in my ice-cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not; I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me."

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling softly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she found a crowbar or a sledge hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to be hidden away in such small dishes."

The proprietor went away growling, and as the stranger quietly sipped away at his cream two young ladies came in, sat down near him, and ordered cream and cakes. He waited until they had eaten a little, and then remarked:

"Beg pardon, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this milk?" They tasted, smacked their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! kah!" they exclaimed dropping their spoons and trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked the ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco. I don't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you used a bit of tobacco in it."

"Well, you don't want to talk that way around here," continued the proprietor. "My ice-cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't tastes a bold lie!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down, and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon ice.

It was brought, and she had taken about two mouthfuls when the stranger inquired: "Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made—have you any idea that they grated turpentine and chalk with the cream?" She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeled around, and made for the door. The stranger followed after, and by great luck his coat-tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five pound box of flour which had been hurled by the indignant proprietor. As he reached the curbstone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor, and soliloquized:

"There are times when people should infer and there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they had washed up a saw-mill in the cream, she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."

THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE THAMES.

LOSS OF OVER SIX HUNDRED LIVES.

The worst fears have been more than realized. The collision between the "Princess Alice" and the "Bywell Castle" has resulted in the certain loss of over 600 lives. The exact number is not known, but on the best authority that can be obtained it is supposed she carried at least 700 passengers, and we know of only seventy or eighty survivors.

The saloon steamer "Princess Alice" was one of the fleet of passenger boats belonging to the London Steamboat Company, and has been plying of late on the London Bridge and Sheerness and Gravesend route. She left London Bridge on Tuesday morning with nearly her full complement of passengers, and departed from Gravesend on her return journey at about six o'clock in the evening and everything on board was of the pleasant character until Barking creek was reached. Just beyond this point and very close to Woolwich Arsenal, the Thames takes a sudden bend. Coming round this bend the people on board the "Princess Alice" noticed a screw steamer drawing up in close proximity to their boat; but before the circumstance could do more than momentarily impress itself upon their minds a collision occurred, the screw steamer cutting into them from the starboard bow, close on to the paddle-wheels. The collision is described as not of a very violent character. The screw steamer, which

turned out to be the "Bywell Castle," a collier, bound for a northern port, cut into the saloon boat, and gashed her down to the water's edge. The immediate effect was to permit of a rush of water into the engine room of the "Princess Alice," and when the "Bywell Castle" backed out of the position, the passenger steamer began to sink with a rapidity not often witnessed in even the worst kind of collisions at sea.

AFTER THE COLLISION.

The passengers on board the "Princess Alice" were frantic with terror and excitement, and it was impossible to do much in the way of saving life, even had there been the requisite appliances at hand. As a matter of fact, there were no proper appliances. The "Princess Alice" had only two boats, and neither of them could be lowered in time. They may have been a few life-belts on board, but what were these among 700 persons—men, women and children—all clinging to each other, and making individual effort nearly impossible. The "Bywell Castle" is stated to have lowered her boats, and to have done something in the way of rescuing a few of the persons who were by this time struggling in the water, and some boats from the shore, and from a steamer which came up at the time also assisted to the best of their ability. But the most that could be done unfortunately was very little. The "Princess Alice" sank rapidly by the bow, and within three or four minutes had disappeared. The collision happened a few minutes before eight o'clock, just as the dark had set in, and a strong ebb-tide carried the struggling wretches swiftly away from all help. Some of them being strong swimmers managed to keep themselves afloat till assistance came, and others were fortunate enough to seize pieces of the ship's furniture, which sustained them until they were picked up. But not more than 70 or 80 were able to escape, and in less than ten minutes from the time of the collision over 600 lives had been lost.

The occurrence is the more distressing that in some cases it has swept away whole families. The greater part of the passengers on board the "Princess Alice" were excursionists on for a day's pleasure, and a father, a mother, and three children have perished at one and the same moment. Some terrible cases of wholesale bereavement have already come to light. Inspector King, of the Thames Police, had gone down to Gravesend with his wife and two children, father, mother and brother. Of the whole party he is the sole survivor. He was able to swim ashore with a woman he supposed to be his wife, and on getting to land discovered that he had rescued a stranger. A very considerable number of the drowned are women and children, and it is probable that these composed two-thirds of the people on board the passenger steamer.

The list of survivors is mainly composed of women, showing that in the confusion and struggling which followed the collision the men who were swimmers had little chance of exercising their art.

The news of the disaster did not reach London until a very late hour on Tuesday, and was not known in Fleet street until close upon midnight; but for nearly two hours previous to that time were anxious crowds at London Bridge awaiting the arrival of their friends. The "Princess Alice" was due at half-past eight o'clock, and as time sped on without her arriving, the most gloomy forebodings were indulged in. No information was to be had from any of the pier officials, and it was not until another of the company's steamers brought a few of the rescued passengers that the fact of the accident became known. Even then its full gravity could not be realized, for the survivors were not able to give any accurate or even intelligible account of what had happened. That there had been serious loss of life was certain, but it did not seem possible that the greater part of seven hundred excursionists had gone to their account within carshot of the people on shore, and, indeed, within less than fifty yards of land. It was not until next morning that the truth revealed itself in all its hideous proportions.

It will probably happen that an inquest will have to be held in two counties—Kent and Essex—and perhaps three, if any of the bodies should be cast up on the Middlesex shore. The general belief is that most of the dead have been carried downwards, and that they will turn up chiefly in Sea Reach and the neighborhood of Gravesend. It may be weeks before the task of recovery is completed, and as there is no record of the passengers who were on board at the time of the collision, it will never be known that it is actually accomplished.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

As to the cause of this almost unexampled fatality it becomes one to speak with due caution. The captain of the "Princess Alice" (one of the most trusted officers of the London Steamship Company's fleet) is drowned, and it is not certain that any one capable of speaking to the seamanship of the passenger steamer is able to give his testimony.

SYMPATHY OF HER MAJESTY.

Yesterday afternoon a message was received from Her Majesty the Queen, dated Balmore, Wednesday. Her Majesty expresses her deepest sorrow and sympathy for the relatives and friends of the poor creatures who perished by the distressing catastrophe. This news has been forwarded to Woolwich.—*Telegraph.*

"Are you fond of astronomy?" said a schoolmaster to a young lady, who sat beside him at the dinner table. "Oh yes!" she replied, "but my health is so delicate that the doctor forbids me ever eating any."

Fifty-one metals are known to exist, thirty of which have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known.

Fireworks and fire signals were in use in Japan and China centuries ago, and Yokohama has a pyrotechnist to-day in the person of Himiyama Ginta who is likely to become world-famous.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Gambetta's speech is creating consternation amongst the Monarchists and Clerical party. The British mission to Cabul was refused passage through the Khyber Pass.

A rumor is telegraphed from Constantinople that the Greeks have crossed the frontier.

The Bolivian government is laying in heavy stores of warlike material, for the purpose of operating against Peru.

The Chinese Embassy have at last reached Washington. The formal presentation to the President will not take place until next week.

The Congregation of Cardinals have decided that the Pope must not leave the Vatican except under most pressing circumstances.

Andrassy and Bismarck are, it is said, less intimate in their relations with each other. The bungling of the Bosnian matter is the alleged cause.

The crew of the Spanish frigate "Pizarro," numbering 153, were saved by the Italian barque "Carlo Fougono." The frigate foundered at sea on the 11th instant.

The Vatican, it is reported, is determined upon sending an Apostolic Delegate to the Court of St. James, even though he should not be recognized.

The Papal Secretary of State is ascertaining through the foreign nuncios how extreme measures would be viewed, if taken by the Vatican to repel encroachment on its prerogatives by the Italian government.

The secession to Rome of the Rev. R. B. Godolphin, nephew of the Duke of Leeds, and son of the famous Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne—S. G. O. of the *Times*—is announced. Mr. Osborne has resigned the living at Dunston and "gone over."

A despatch from Tilsit, dated August 2nd, says an explosion in the mines of the fortifications of Kurs, on that date resulted in a fire, which destroyed the best portion of the city.

VIENNA, September 18.—The following is official:—Burning and bombardment of Brezka from the River Save not having silenced the insurgent guns, the Austrians on Tuesday attacked the town by land on two sides, and captured it, after a desperate resistance. Losses not known. Prior to the capture of Brezka the Austrians captured Kresepe and Dubrova to the westward of Brezka after serious fighting.

SERAJEVO, September 18.—The Austrians have captured Isackich and are advancing on Blinac from two sides, one brigade being within a mile from the town.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 19.—It is reported that the Austrian Ambassador to Turkey has notified his Government that he has received satisfactory assurances of the Porte's intention to fulfil the obligations of the Berlin Treaty.

BRUSSELS, September 18.—The *North German Gazette* intimates that Germany will probably take no further steps at present for the joint remonstrance against the Porte's tardy execution of the Treaty of Berlin, as the Porte is exerting itself more actively to fulfil the treaty.

LONDON, September 18.—In a speech at York to-day, Mr. James Lowther, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said Europe would scarcely view patiently the re-opening of the Eastern question by the inordinate ambition of Greece.

VIENNA, September 18.—The *Pesther Lloyd* heretofore a loyal supporter of Andrassy raises its voice against a reported Austro-Servio-Montenegrin alliance, which that journal declares would be a slap in the face to Hungary. It repudiates Andrassy's Bosnian policy. There are other and increasing signs of Hungarian discontent at the present situation.

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VIENNA,

[For the True Witness.]

AN OLDEN SONG.

Once, when a child, I heard a sweet old song, Sung by a dear one long since dead...

Even as I muse, I hear the welcome strain, A little wail of "wants" and "needs"...

In the still night I wake—the song is there, The singer, 'tis just as of yore...

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH,

Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

"Oh! Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Logan!" cried Miss Moore, with uplifted hands.

"Don't you think he will come back?" asked Florence, looking at her in great consternation.

"No," replied that lady, with dismay in her face, "I am sure he will not!"

Mrs. Logan looked piteous. The first violence of her anger was spent, and a sort of repentance was entering her heart.

"What am I to do?" she asked, wringing her hands. "Please to send for him, Miss Moore."

Miss Moore rang at once. Jacques answered the bell, and went for Mr. Templemore; but the owner of Les Roches was not to be found.

"What takes him out at this hour, and in this weather?" asked Mrs. Logan angrily.

"My dear Mrs. Logan, it is not all over; but I dare say Mr. Templemore is angry. Only depend upon it you were mistaken."

"And beg her pardon?" replied Mrs. Logan, laughing scornfully.

"But, my dear Mrs. Logan," urged Miss Moore, "you really must be mistaken in all this!"

"Had you ever heard that he went up that staircase to see Eva? Never; you told me so. Then don't you see it was kept a mystery on purpose."

"I wish I had not spoken opposite the servants," she thought; "that is why, perhaps, he won't give up Dora. She would never have committed such a false step."

"I shall go and speak to Miss Courtenay," she said shortly. And the tone in which she addressed Miss Moore, implied, "Stay where you are."

Miss Moore meekly submitted, whilst Mrs. Logan, wrapping her cloak around her, and looking as dejected as an injured queen, crossed the hall, and entered the school-room, where Dora now sat alone with her aunt.

"Oh! Dora—Dora," she sobbed, "how could you do it—how could you? I have been engaged to Mr. Templemore so long—how could you do it?"

"I let you sleep last night," she said, "but I must tell you this morning. We must leave Les Roches. I have already seen Madame Bertrand, and settled every thing for our return to her; we go to-day—may, at once. Mr. Templemore is out, and all can be over before he returns."

"Dora looked at her very coldly; but no word of justification or denial passed her lips. She knew I am hasty and foolish, I saw you both with your own eyes I should not have said it; but Dora, say there was no man in it, and I will believe you—only what could take him to the school-room at that hour?"

"For your own sake you ought to tell," said Mrs. Logan a little angrily; "how do you expect me to justify you, and say it was all a mistake, if I know nothing?"

"My good name is not in your power," replied Dora, with a swelling heart. "I am not at your mercy, Mrs. Logan!"

"Then it is true!" cried Mrs. Logan, with unconquerable jealousy; "then you did mean to flirt with him, and perhaps to supplant me!"

denied it, a disgraced girl! And it was this woman who had done this—Mr. Templemore's future wife—who dared to plead her happiness as an argument!

"Tell you," she said at length, "I will not say what Mrs. Logan says. That I am not ashamed—that I am not ashamed—I can tell you to tell you that? Have you, then, forgotten the past? Have you forgotten Paul Courtenay?"

"I am only sorry," continued Mrs. Courtenay, looking dignified "that I took that cup of tea. If I had known what I know now, I would have died first; and as we cannot possibly stay to luncheon, I shall get ready at once."

"Then it is not true that Eva was ill? Perhaps you were ill, Miss Courtenay?" added Mrs. Logan, stung at Dora's cold, haughty glance.

"How dare you speak opposite the servants—how dare you!" she asked, and opening the door, she dragged her out of the room into the hall with ruthless force.

"The light in the hall shone on her angry face. Florence shut her eyes not to see it. 'Let me go!' she grasped; 'you hurt me—let me go!'"

"Hurt you!" said Mrs. Luan, looking much incensed; "did you dare to say that I hurt you?—what next, eh?"

"Let me go!" she said—"let me go!" "I'll tell you what," began Mrs. Luan, tightening her hold of her victim, "I know what you mean; but if you dare to say it, I'll kill you! I will—I will!" she repeated.

"But suddenly her hold relaxed. Mrs. Logan looked up; she was free, and Mrs. Luan stood two paces from her humming a tune. Miss Moore's appearance at the end of the hall had wrought that marvel. Mrs. Logan rushed up and clung to her.

"Miss Moore!" she grasped, "the storm is over; and Mrs. Luan—"

"I shall go and call him," said Miss Moore, attempting to move, but Florence held her so tightly that she could not stir. Seeing Miss Moore's amazed look, and Mrs. Luan's grim smile of triumph, she recovered composure enough to say:

"Yes, pray call Jacques—and let me go with you—I cannot bear being alone."

"Thank you," replied Florence. "Here is Jacques, I believe. Good-night Miss Moore—good-night."

"Mrs. Luan," she said, "can you make out all this?"

"I did—long ago—oh! so long ago! I knew her when she was a child, you know."

"And she walked away, leaving Miss Moore confounded at so strange an allegation, and to which, however, the violent and unreasonable conduct of Florence gave a sort of likelihood?"

"What is the matter, Dora?" she asked. "Miss Moore has a headache, says Fanny; Mrs. Templemore is out, says Jacques; Mrs. Luan has locked herself in her room. No one seems to want to cat to day!"

"I took a cup of tea; but I felt so lonely that I took no more."

"I let you sleep last night," she said, "but I must tell you this morning. We must leave Les Roches. I have already seen Madame Bertrand, and settled every thing for our return to her; we go to-day—may, at once. Mr. Templemore is out, and all can be over before he returns."

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ruin would marry him in three weeks. Oh! it was a hard, and how cruel all this lingering seemed to her now! But it did not last as long as she thought.

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"Oh! Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Logan!" cried Miss Moore, with uplifted hands.

"I tried to find it out," candidly, said Miss Moore; "but she always put me off. She seemed afraid to tell."

"Not afraid, but ashamed," replied Mr. Templemore, with a stern smile, "and so she will might be. That act alone would divide us. Did Miss Courtenay leave no message for me?"

"There is a letter in your study. But, indeed, Mr. Templemore, poor Mrs. Logan is to be pitied. I am sure she is heart-broken."

"Mr. Templemore was silent awhile. Love felt cold and dead; but he was to have married Florence in three weeks, and he could not forget that. He was free in honor, but still the tie which had been so strong the day before was not quite broken."

"I shall write to her," he said aloud. "Perhaps, if you were to see her," suggested Miss Moore. "You know how impulsive dear Florence is. Suppose she gets angry again—thinking a letter too cold—and writes a hasty reply, meaning the contrary all the time? Then it would be all wrong again, you see?"

"But Mr. Templemore looked as if he could bear the fate thus held forth for his admonition."

"I shall write to her," he said again. And he went to his study at once, as if resolved not to argue the case further.

Dora's letter was brief, such a letter as Mr. Templemore expected. He read it twice over, then he sat down and wrote, not one letter, but two. He addressed Dora first. She had asked of him to make no attempt to see her; and severe and unjustifiable though he considered that request he remembered that he had been cruelly wronged, and he would not violate it. But every argument he could think of to make her after her resolve he used, and he concluded with a prayer.

"Do not compel me to feel," he said, "that the saddest day in your life was that on which you met Doctor Richard in Monsieur Merand's shop!"

"And now," he thought, when this letter lay closed and sealed before him, "I must write to Florence."

There had been a time when the task was not an effort; silly though his pretty mistress was, he had once found it delightful to lay the fairest flowers of his fancy at her little feet. But now that time was over, and with a sad and heavy heart Mr. Templemore felt it would never return. No, never again would she be dear as she had been. Pity and pride, not love, made him relent toward her. No woman to whom he had been bound so closely should tax him with obstinate and ungenerous resentment; but forgiveness is not affection, and there was secret bitterness in Mr. Templemore's heart as, taking up the pen he had laid down on finishing his letter to Dora, he addressed Mrs. Logan.

He wrote no reproaches, on his wrongs he was silent; but he spoke of Dora's, calmly, dispassionately, and like one convinced of Mrs. Logan's regret for what had passed, and of her wish to repair the evil she had wrought. He did not ask her to do this, he left her free; but he implied very plainly—that on these terms alone was perfect reconciliation possible.

When this task was accomplished—and how bitter and painful it had been, Mrs. Logan never knew—Mr. Templemore, with a sigh of relief, went to see Eva in the school-room. He found the child half ill with a grief he could not remove. He could take her on his knee, caress her, and wipe away her tears, but he could not promise that Dora should return. His fate was not in his own hands. A child's perverse jealousy, a silly woman's folly, had laid his life waste for the time being; ruined every hope, every plan, and left nothing but sorrow behind them. But, alas! for Mrs. Logan, he felt very lenient toward the culprit who sat on his knee, clasped in his embrace, with her head on his shoulder, and very severe toward the other sinner, who now read his letter with a flushed face and a quivering lip.

He felt severe, perhaps, because in that room he could not help thinking so much of Dora. Her vacant chair, her books, the handkerchief she was embroidering, and which she had forgotten on the table, were mute appeals that roused Mr. Templemore's indignation anew. He remembered this bright girl at the Musee; he remembered her looking as radiant and as joyous as sunshine in her poor home; and thinking of the pale face he had seen last night, of the tears he could imagine, of the humiliation and shame that were her lot now, and of his powerlessness to do her justice, he could scarcely restrain his mingled grief and anger.

"And when will Cousin Dora come back?" plaintively asked Dora.

"Heaven knows, not I," he bitterly answered. "I have done my best, Eva, and man can do no more."

How that best fared, Mr. Templemore learned that same evening, when the post brought him two letters. He was sitting with Eva in the school-room, hearing her through her French lesson when they came.

"Put them there," said Mr. Templemore to Jacques.

They were laid on the table before him, these two letters in delicate female hands, which held his fate in their satin folds. He looked at them a little moodily as the child read on, about Fucharis and Tolomachus, and the grief of Calypso, at the flight of Ulysses.

"What has placed me at the mercy of these two women?" he thought, with a sort of angry wonder. "Why should the folly of the one and the pride of the other make a slave of me?"

"Did I not read well?" asked Eva, shutting the book, and looking robbed of her meed of praise. "Cousin Dora says I read very well."

"So you do—go and play with Fanny now."

Eva went, and whilst she and Fanny played at hide-and-seek in front of the school-room, Mr. Templemore took up Mrs. Logan's letter and broke the seal. It was the shortest epistle he had ever received from that lady, for it did not extend beyond the direction on the envelope in which she returned his own letter unanswered. Mr. Templemore colored deeply, then turned rather pale; but he lit a match and burned both letter and envelope at once on the hearth. He looked at the shrivelled scroll in mingled scorn and wonder.

"And so that is the end," he thought; "that is the end! If I would only let her ruin Miss Courtenay utterly, she would forgive my supposed infidelity; but I would not, and she finds it easier to give up than to renounce her vengeance. The burden of love in that scale was so light that it will not stand a feather's weight in the other. Be it so, and let Mrs. Logan abide by the fate she has chosen."

He felt so calm, that he could not help wondering at himself; but it was so. He could think of this final parting between himself and Florence as if they had been two strangers, and looked on it as impartially. Yet, cold though Dora's letter, his look falling on it by chance, suddenly reminded him of its existence. It was a plain and brief denial. It was free from complaint of wrong, it spoke no reproach, but it uttered a cold and inexorable "No." To all Mr. Templemore's offers and entreaties.

When Eva, tired with play, and still doubtful at Cousin Dora's loss, came in to her father, she found another letter arriving up into black ashes on the hearth.

"When is Cousin Dora coming back?" she asked, plaintively.

Before Mr. Templemore could answer, a little tremulous whine from the garden proclaimed that Fido joined in the question.

"You must both do without Cousin Dora," answered Mr. Templemore, almost impatiently, and taking his hat he walked out. It was almost night, and Mr. Templemore went down the road to Rouen, with slow and irresolute steps. He looked at Mrs. Logan's villa as he passed by it; the shutters were shut—Mrs. Logan was gone. That chapter in his life was ended. "Be it so," he thought defiantly; "it is her doing—not mine." And he went on. He entered the city, he went to Monsieur Merand's shop, and bought an old enamel from the dealer, but with so stern and forbidding a look did he drive his bargain, that it was only when he was leaving, Monsieur Merand took heart to say:

"Why, Doctor Richard, you look as bad as the young lady!"

Mr. Templemore, who already stood on the threshold of the shop, turned round angrily, and sharply said—

"What young lady, Monsieur Merand?"

"Oh! the one who used to draw, you know. I saw her stealing out of Notre Dame this evening, looking as white as a ghost."

Mr. Templemore did not answer, but walked away. The man could mean nothing, for he could know nothing; but why was he to be thus persecuted with Dora's name? He did not return to Les Roches at once. He went to his old house and put away his purchases.

It was dark night now; and looking at the opposite side of the street, he saw a light burning in Madame Bertrand's first-floor windows; but one, that of Dora's room, remained dark. It was open, and he could catch a glimpse of a pale figure within, sitting in a bending and motionless attitude. He watched her for an hour and more—she never stirred; and when Mr. Templemore at length turned away, grief, pity, and indignation filled his heart. But he was powerless, and he knew it.

"I can do nothing—nothing," he said to himself again and again.

"Oh! Mr. Templemore. Mrs. Logan is gone!" exclaimed Miss Moore, in a voice full of woe as he entered Les Roches. "But she is not far—she is to sleep at Dieppe to-night."

Mr. Templemore's only answer to this speech was, "How is Eva?"

"Asleep, I believe."

He went up to Eva's room. A night-lamp burned on the table; its light fell on Eva's little cot. Mr. Templemore sat down and looked at the child. She had cried herself to sleep, and her cheek was still wet with tears.

"It would be better for Eva if I had never brought Miss Courtenay here," thought Mr. Templemore, rather sadly; "she will get over this sorrow, of course, but she must suffer first, and suffer keenly."

He felt much troubled. The child's grief pained him; and the sad, motionless figure he had seen in Dora's room pained him still more deeply. How different from that stricken one was the Dora whom he remembered sitting in that now vacant chair before him, with the blue ribbon tying her bright hair, and the light shining on her young face as she told Eva little fairy-tales! Her look, her smile, the very turn of her neck, the very sound of her voice, came back to him with strange vividness. He would rather have forgotten them, for they were painful, and he still felt, "I can do nothing," but Dora's image returned again and again, and would not be denied. It returned radiant, happy, and young, with no trace of pain or trouble on its brow, filling that dull, gloomy room with its brightness, and smiling down so tenderly on the sleeping child, that the very heart of Mr. Templemore thrilled within him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

There is no consolation for some sorrows. Neither Mrs. Courtenay nor Mrs. Luan attempted to comfort Dora. She did not complain—not a word of murmur passed her lips. She moved about the house, pale as death, indeed, but bearing her fate in mute resignation or what seemed as such. Of the future, of her plans, if she had any, she did not speak. She sat a good deal in her room, sewing assiduously. Unless early in the morning, she could not summon heart to go out. She had no need to visit the Picture-Gallery now. Besides, her story must be known in Rouen by this—the story of the girl whom Mr. Templemore's future wife had upbraided with folly and shame. She was sitting in her room by the open window, within the shadow of the muslin curtain, as this thought came. Her study—there had been a time when she had none; and now her name could be in every mouth, and be there with pity or with scorn. Madame Bertrand would have to fight her battles, and justify her with her shrill tongue—how abhorrent the thought was!—or shrinkingly excuse her on the score of inexperience.

Dora's needle flagged as she thought of this. She looked at the old grey church, at the lilies once more in bloom, at the broken image of the bishop, at the lame teacher's window, at the quiet street below, and she remembered how she had felt when she had seen these first. Surely our life is like a wide land, with streams, and rivers, and seas, that divide it in separate and distinct portions. Surely joy or grief is there, as pleasant or troubled waters that flow in different channels. Surely our happy days have nothing in common with our days of tribulation or sorrow! Dora felt as if she could have borne any thing better than this trouble. Death—lost love had not the same pangs as this bitter humiliation. Death is the human lot, and lost love a frequent calamity; but women who know themselves stainless do not expect shame, and cannot well accept it. In vain Dora thought; "I suppose plenty have been slandered besides me; it is a cross which I must bear. She was a rebel in her heart, and could not, or, rather, would not endure it. Intolerable seemed her fate—intolerable and unjust. She forbade her thoughts to question Providence; but what thought does not, the heart will often do. This was not her only sorrow. Her keenest pang sprang, perhaps, from the fact that she might and should have foreseen this. She should never have gone to Mr. Templemore's house. Her very love for him should have kept her away. Trouble was sure to spring from it. Fair though its opening looked, that episode of her life could not end otherwise than in darkness. There is a beautiful picture by one of the old masters which shows us the child Jesus calmly sleeping on his cross. There is no grief, no care in that childish face, divine even in its repose. The cross is small, like the tender naked limbs which rest upon it. But it will grow to man's length, and we, who know the later story, the *via dolorosa* which ended in Calvary to purchase our redemption—cannot gaze on that childish cross without sorrow."

"Thus, though we know it not, in many a human life, of which we only see the beginning, and cannot divine the close. The cross is there—the cross which will grow with the growth of that life, and from which it can never more be divided; the cross which it must bear up some spiritual Golgotha, and to which it is nailed at last, sometimes in shame, or what the world deems such—ever in grief. But what we look on cannot always see is often known to the sufferer; early pangs reveal the future agony. To feel love for one who does not return our affection, and yet seek that being's dear society, is to court our own destruction. Virtue, peace, or fair fame is imperilled, and one must certainly perish. This Dora knew, and the knowledge of her own wrong-doing stung her."

Mrs. Courtenay gazed very wistfully at her daughter, whenever she joined them; but Dora's countenance, once so expressive, was now silent. She would not complain, and she forbade her looks all language. Mrs. Courtenay could scarcely repress her tears, and Mrs. Luan was more sullen than ever; but Dora's face gave no sign. She was cold and impassive, as if all sensibility had left her.

"Thus she was the first day, and on the morning, and on the next day again. Thus she was for a week, save that her pale face got paler and more rigid—that her eyes sank, and that her whole aspect gave terrible indication of the cruel strife within. If she had complained, it would have been better; if she had murmured and repined from morning till night, it would have been best of all. But not once, from the moment she left Les Roches, did her lips part to utter so much as 'My lot is hard.' Perhaps she was silent because her full heart would have made her say too much; perhaps if she had spoken she could not have hidden the passion which was at the root of all her woe; better, then, be mute, than display to any eye the weakness and the folly which had brought down all this.

She sat thus on the evening of the seventh day with her mother and her aunt, when all three started as a man's step came up the staircase. Mrs. Courtenay and her sister-in-law exchanged looks, but ere they had well recovered, Dora had risen and entered her room. Its door was closing as Mr. Templemore opened the other door and entered the room where Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan sat alone.

"She heard me, and left for that reason," he thought, casting a quick look round the room.

"Pray take a seat, Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking a little hurried.

"Why did Miss Courtenay go?" he asked.

"She has a bad headache," began Mrs. Courtenay.

"She has not?" bluntly interrupted Mrs. Luan; "but she would not see Mr. Templemore?"

"And why would she not see me, Mrs. Luan?"

"Indeed, Mr. Templemore, here remarked Mrs. Courtenay, 'my daughter has been cruelly used, and I think you know it.'"

"Heaven knows how keenly I feel it," replied Mr. Templemore. "But, Mrs. Courtenay, I wish you could induce your daughter to hear me—just for a few moments."

"I shall try," said Mrs. Luan, and she went in to Dora. Mr. Templemore waited in silence for her reappearance; but when the door, which had closed behind her, opened again, and she came forth alone, it needed not her clouded face to tell him that Dora had refused to see him.

"She says she cannot," sullenly said Mrs. Luan, sitting down once more, and evidently both dissatisfied and disappointed.

"No, of course she cannot," querulously remarked Mrs. Courtenay; "and so, Mr. Templemore, please to come no more. I am very sorry to be so inhospitable, after all your kindness, but I do not see how you can come after what has passed."

"But I must see Miss Courtenay," he insisted. "I know this intrusion may seem cruel, but I have good reason for it—indeed I have. And you must prevail with your daughter, Mrs. Courtenay—you really must."

"His tone and his looks were very urgent. Mrs. Courtenay could not resist him.

"I—I shall try," she stammered; and rising, she went to Dora's room.

"She found her daughter looking at the door with a troubled, breathless look, as if her fate lay behind those old oaken panels.

"I will not see him," she whispered, and she shook from head to foot as she said it; "I will not hear explanation or apologies. Tell him he has not wronged me, and that I have nothing to forgive; but I will not see him—never—never!"

"Dora, he looks quite ill. He has been ill, I am sure; he only wants to see you five minutes—only five minutes. Since he has not wronged you, how can you refuse it?"

"I will not see him," said Dora, as if she were repenting a lesson learned by rote—"never—never!"

Mrs. Courtenay begged in vain. Dora clasped her hands and piteously said, "I cannot!—I cannot!"

With that answer her mother came back. Mr. Templemore's cheeks flushed as he heard Mrs. Courtenay deliver her daughter's message.

"I would willingly force myself on no one, least of all on a lady," he said, after a while, "but this is no common case—and I cannot write. I must see Miss Courtenay once, and once she must hear me. I have nothing to explain, and no forgiveness to ask; but I have that to say to which she ought not in justice to refuse to listen. I trust I shall find her more lenient another time."

"But excuse me, Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Courtenay, a little crossly, "ought you come here at all?"

Mr. Templemore looked at the two women very earnestly. "Will you keep my secret?" he asked

GAMBETTA ON THE SITUATION.

Paris, Sept. 20.—It is rumored that the Minister of Finance will resign because his views conflict with Gambetta's about the conversion of five per cent. rentes. If M. Leon Say resigns he will probably be appointed Governor of the Bank of France. The following is a portion of Gambetta's speech against Ultramontanism:—The clerical question keeps all other questions in suspense here. In the Church it is that spirit of the past which takes refuge and gathers the strength of a denouement. An ever increasing danger to society runs from the Ultramontane spirit, the spirit of the Vatican, of the syllabus, which is nothing but an abuse of ignorance with a purpose of enslaving it from a governmental and national point of view. It is only Ultramontanism which persists in opposition to the state; clerical spirit endeavors to flit into everything, into the army and into the magistracy; and there is this that is peculiar to it: it is always when the fortune of the country is falling that Jesuitism is rising. Far be it from me to wish to put shackles on liberty; I am an absolute partisan of liberty of conscience. But ministers of religion have duties to the State, and what is exact is the fulfillment of those duties. Apply all laws and abolish indulgences. If the law is applied, then order will be restored in France without persecution, by simply continuing the traditions which prevail from the aurora of the revolution in 1789 till the last plimmer of revolution in 1848. They were not abandoned in December, when the mitrailleurs and those who blessed the mitrailleurs combined. Privileges are exacted from the half-power of those men who live on public credit alone. Every one must be subject to the common law; obligatory service must be made a reality; vocations must only be allowed after the first of all vocations—that of service in the Fatherland—has been fulfilled. The Republican papers generally give unqualified adhesion to M. Gambetta's definition of the duties of the clergy. The Catholic press regard the speech as a declaration of war against Catholicism. The Conservative journals generally criticize the speech keenly, and several express an opinion that Gambetta is trying to run with the Catholics, and hold with the Oppositionists at the same time. The speech has created a profound impression in all political circles.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—The celebrated obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle was successfully moved into an upright position at half-past three this afternoon. The work occupied half an hour. Vast crowds of spectators were present to witness the interesting sight, and the river was covered with steamers bearing hundreds of humanity. There was not the slightest hitch in the undertaking. No ceremonial had been arranged for the occasion, but Mr. Grantham, M.P., happening by accident to be present, was called upon to make a speech. The gentleman complied, and in the course of his remarks drew a contrast between the French obelisk, which had been brought over by the French government by means of infinite machinery at a cost of £30,000, and the London monument, which had been transported by private enterprise at a cost of only £15,000. He paid a high compliment to Professor Erasmus Wilson's liberality, to Mr. Wilson's engineering skill, and congratulated the country upon her new possession. Other little enthusiasms were manifested. English and Turco-Egyptian flags were run up on the flagstaffs lashed each side of the needle to a height of fifteen feet above the ground.

STORY OF THE STONE.

Only forty-two obelisks are known to exist. At Karnak four are standing and two are prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Saun, one stands at Ilac, twelve are at Rome, the largest being at the Church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Constantinople, Paris, and Arles one each. In England there are five—namely, two at the British Museum, one at Alnwick Castle, the fourth at Kingston Lacy, Dorsetshire, brought there by William Bury, a friend of Lord Byron, and the fifth and most famous now standing on the Thames embankment. This latter obelisk was the companion of the one still standing at Alexandria, to which place it had been transported from On. Though named after Cleopatra, its erection at the temple of Oesar did not occur until the eighth year of the reign of Augustus, and several years after the death of the Queen of Egypt. Abdul Lateef says that the obelisk stood in his time—the twelfth century.

The needle was offered to the Prince Regent by Mehmet Ali in 1819, and was accepted by the British Government. It could not be removed because of the expense. Subsequently, in 1851, its removal to England was advocated by Mr. Joseph Hunt, but Parliament declined to spend £35,000 in that way. It was then offered to the Crystal Palace Company, but declined with thanks. It was buried in the ground from 1852 to 1876, a Greek merchant on whose land it was declaring it an obstruction. It is eighty feet in height and about six feet square at the base. In 1877 Prof. Erasmus Wilson guaranteed to remove the obelisk to London at his own expense, and the contract was awarded to Mr. John Dixon, £50,000 being the estimated cost. An iron cylinder was built around the monolith, and after several unsuccessful attempts it was launched.

The iron vessel containing the obelisk started from Alexandria in tow of the steamer "Olga," on September 21, 1877. The voyage progressed favorably until October 16, when a heavy gale was encountered in the Bay of Biscay, and the floating monolith was cut loose on October 17. The "Olga" then steamed direct for Falmouth, leaving the vessel to the mercy of the waves. It was sighted and picked up by the tug "Fitzmaurice" on the following day, and was towed into Falmouth, Spain. A legal contest of considerable interest then followed, resulting in an award of \$10,000 salvage to the officers and crew of the "Fitzmaurice." These troubles settled, the Cleopatra started in tow of a powerful Thames tug on January 15, 1878. The run of seven hundred miles was made in five days, the Cleopatra reaching Gravesend on the morning of the 20th. Thence she was towed up the river to the proposed site, opposite the Temple Gardens, on the Victoria Embankment.

Another of the minor planets discovered by Prof. Peters, at Clinton, N. Y., brings up their whole number to 188, nine of which have been found since the beginning of the year, sixteen during the last eleven months. Nos. 173, 177, and 178, have been named Ima, Irma, and Beliana, while three of last year's planets are still without names. Of the nine planets found since the beginning of the present year, No. 180, discovered by Perrotin at Toulouse on Jan. 23, has received the name Ganaima, No. 181, discovered by Cottenet at Marmaillou on Feb. 2, the name Eucharis. Of the three planets, No. 182, 183, and 184, found by Palisa at Pola in February, only the last has yet got a name, Dejopeja.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY IN CANADA.

Yesterday there was published by the Colonial Office a letter from Mr. Butt, M.P., transmitting for presentation to Her Majesty a petition, the subject of which is sufficiently described in the following reply:—Downing street, August 2, 1878.—Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th of July, transmitting for presentation to the Queen a petition to Her Majesty largely signed by Irish Canadian Roman Catholics of the Province of Ontario, praying that the Royal assent may be refused to any enactment granting a special charter to the Orange Society within the Dominion of Canada. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach desires me to inform you in reply that, in accordance with the standing rules of the colonial service, all communications from the colonies should be transmitted to this department through the Governor of the colony from which they proceed, in order that they may be duly verified and reported upon by the responsible authorities. The petition which accompanies your letter will, therefore, be forwarded to the Governor-General of Canada by next mail, for such observations as the Dominion and Provincial authorities may think proper to make upon it; but in the meantime I am to intimate that the question to which it relates would appear, under the provisions of the British North America Act, 1867, to fall within the exclusive powers of the provincial legislatures of the Dominion, and that it is contrary to established constitutional procedure for Her Majesty's Government to interfere, unless in very special circumstances, with such legislation as is within the competency of a provincial legislature. I am, etc., ROBERT G. W. HERBERT. Isaac Butt, M.P.—Times, Sept. 4.

THE CROWN AND THE CABINET IN CANADA.

Sir Francis Hincks contributes an article to the September number of the Nineteenth Century upon the Ministerial difficulty last spring in the Province of Quebec, which attracted so much attention at the time not only in Canada but in England. The question has hardly had a parallel in Canadian politics, and as it involves the relations of the Crown to the Ministry it becomes one of general interest to the students of Parliamentary history everywhere. In the whirl of our own politics the facts in the case have perhaps passed from the recollection of the majority of our readers. They are as follows:—Toward the close of 1876 the Governor General appointed the Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec. The sympathies of the new Lieutenant Governor were at the time more in accord with the views of the opposition than with the Ministerial party in the Legislature. Among the legislative measures brought forward by the Ministers was a railroad bill upon which the Lieutenant Governor asserted he had not been consulted and of which he unqualifiedly disapproved. Notwithstanding that the Ministry had the full confidence of the Legislature, and had carried their bill, they were dismissed by the Lieutenant Governor, and a new Ministry was formed from among the Opposition, not, however, before something like an attempt had been made to select a Ministry from the ranks of the majority. Upon the constitutional question thus raised, Sir Francis Hincks appears to be of the opinion that the course of the Lieutenant Governor is justified by law and precedent. The thorough knowledge possessed by Sir Francis of Canadian politics, and his ability and eminence as a statesman, will give his opinions on the subject unusual weight in the Dominion.—N. Y. Herald.

THE FRENCH ARMY OF TO-DAY.

Before the Franco-German war the Liberals incessantly demanded the cutting-down of the war estimates, the reduction of the annual contingent, and even the abolition of the permanent army. The same politicians, who threw numerous obstacles in the way of Marshal Niel's re-organization of the army and the mobiles, have, after a severe lesson, lived to vote for compulsory service, military districts, and war estimates far in excess of those of the empire. In 1870, the last year of the empire, the war estimates were 373,000,000 francs, while in 1878 they were 553,000,000 francs, not to speak of the "compte de liquidation" or money voted for replenishing arsenals, etc. It is now estimated that the military forces of France consist of 3,600,000 men—that is to say, a tenth of the population, and they are thus divided: Under the flag, permanent army, 480,000 men; permanent army, 50,000 men. Then come the men who belong to the active army, but who are not on active service: Army, 1,600,000 men; navy, seventy thousand men. The territorial army is set down, with its reserve, at 1,400,000 men; this makes a total of 3,070,000 men, not counting the permanent portion of the army, namely the officers. It is estimated that, in the event of a mobilization, it would be possible to encadre 1,180,000 men—that is to say, the regimental staffs are accounted sufficiently strong for this mass of soldiers. The infantry mobilized would be represented by 770,000 men, the artillery by 142,000, the cavalry by 90,000, the engineers by 20,000, the military train by 44,000, the gendarmes by 50,000 the administration by 26,000, and the auxiliary services by 38,000. Once this mighty host mobilized and placed in the field there would still remain 900,000 men of whom 300,000 are trained to fill up vacancies. And behind these again, the territorial army, which is being rapidly organized, and is every day growing in strength and such corps as the douaniers or customs-house officers, and the foresters, which consist of thirty-five companies and three squadrons.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE TOILET HABITS OF ANTS.—The Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, emphasizes the neatness of the agricultural ant, as observed in confinement at first are carefully removed, and the whole body is frequently and thoroughly cleaned, especially after eating and sleeping. They assist each other in the general cleansing, and the attitude of the ant under operation is one of intense satisfaction, like that of a family dog being scratched, a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. Mr. McCook has seen an ant kneel down before another, and thrust forward the head under the face of the other, and lie motionless, expressing quite plainly the desire to be cleaned; the other ant understood this, and went to work. Sometimes this is combined with acrobatic feats, in which these ants excel, jumping about and clinging in a remarkable fashion to blades of grass. Sometimes the cleansing ant hangs downward from the grass, and to her ant operated upon clings, reaching over and up with great agility to submit to her friend's offices. Evidently moisture from the mouth is used for washing. Mr. McCook has observed most minutely the whole of these processes, which are recorded in the Philadelphia Academy's Proceedings for this year. He suggests that with ants as much as with the human kind an artificial condition induces greater attention to personal appearance.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has established the rule in Cyprus that the English language shall be employed in all official business.

Queen's University in Ireland is negotiating for representation in Parliament. Its constituency numbers nearly 2,800 graduates.

On August 30th the candidates in Kilkeenny for the vacant Bishopric of Ossory were: the Dean of Cashel, the Dean of Ossory and the Dean of Raphoe. The Dean of Cashel received the majority of votes.

Eddystone Lighthouse rebuilding contract has been concluded. The cost is not to exceed £67,000, and the work is to be completed in three years. The new lighthouse will be the largest in the country.

The medical profession intends it shall be at least as fully represented in the next House of Commons as the bar and other interests, and is making preparations accordingly. Dr. Andrew Clarke, it is said, will be urged to stand for the University of London. Sir Henry Thompson is also spoken of as a probable candidate for a seat.

Great Britain produces nearly one-half of the whole coal extraction effected by other nations. In a word, her immense supremacy over others, in this respect, is exhibited in the fact that the nation mined thirty-nine tons per head of its population—the corresponding proportion in the case of Belgium being twenty-eight tons, the United States ten and one-half, France four and three-fourths, Prussia seventeen, and Austria three and one-half.

A new system of accommodation has been organized on the Midland Railway by Messrs. Spiers & Pond. When a passenger takes his ticket he is given a bill of fare, on which he ticks off what he would like for dinner or lunch, and at what refreshment station he would like to have his meal. He signs his name and the number of his ticket to the bill, which is telegraphed on, and when he arrives he finds a table spread for his party, the soup on the table and the other courses in readiness, all at the usual hotel charges.

The Loyal Orange Lodge No. 311, of Liverpool, lately addressed a letter to Lord Salisbury, congratulating him on the result of the Berlin Congress, and asking that the Lodge should be called after him. Lord Salisbury declined through his secretary, and advised them to adhere to what he believed to be the ordinary practice of the Order, of not naming the Lodge after any living politicians. Notwithstanding this refusal the Lodge is to be known henceforward as "The Salisbury L. O. L." and is to have a banner whose one side shall represent Lord Salisbury and the other the W. M.

The following from the London Standard is of interest to exporters of cattle.—Our Barrow-in-Furness correspondent informs us that the Barrow Ship-building Company have completed the fitting up of the 4,000 ton steamer Brazilian to trade with cattle from Galveston to Barrow. The arrangements for the conveyance of cattle are of an improved type, and such as to enable the greatest number to be carried with safety and care. The Brazilian is the first of a line of steamers to trade between Barrow and North America in cattle, and so soon as the new docks at Barrow are ready for admission of shipping she will commence trading on this station." It is also stated that the Great Eastern has been purchased by a company for use between Texas and England, but whether that fact has any connection with the above is not known.

Speaking of Lord Beaconsfield, the London World wonders why the visits of this statesman to the Queen are so much accentuated. We are told several days before that he is going; then we hear of special trains, and of the manager of the Railway being in attendance at the station to receive him. A sympathetic crowd is conveniently collected at the hour of departure, and at Gosport he heads upon the scarlet cloth which used to be reserved for traveling royalty. Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Derby, and Lord Russell used to go to see the Queen without the aid of these imposing accessories; but then they were ordinary Ministers, who had gained no "glorious triumph" at Berlin or elsewhere. Lord Aberdeen, I believe, signed, in his youth the most glorious treaty that England ever concluded; but he moved about without noise or show. Lord Palmerston was Secretary of War during the memorable years of the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign; but nearly fifty years afterwards, when he was Prime Minister, I never remember that special trains or railway managers, or the claque or scarlet cloth was brought into requisition when he went unobtrusively to Osborne or Windsor to wait upon his Sovereign.

MR. GLADSTONE AND JEWISH DISABILITIES.—The following correspondence has taken place in reference to the language used by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons in regard to the Earl of Beaconsfield's conduct in favour of the Jews, viz:—"To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Honoured Sir,—Disputation having arisen concerning the actual construction to be placed upon the following sentence uttered by you in the House of Commons on Tuesday last, I would feel obliged by your honouring me with a reply as to the accuracy of the assertion that the utterance was ambiguous, and contained a covert allusion to the Prime Minister's sympathy with the race whence he has sprung, it being eminently desirable that a misconception should be placed thereon, and prejudice against you, consequently engendered and strengthened.—Here I must say in passing that I would make no adverse comment upon Lord Beaconsfield, for in my opinion his resolute courage, through good and evil, report, in contending for the emancipation of the Jews, is one of the brightest phases in the action he has taken." Another report has it, "And here I cannot help paying a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's real courage in insisting on the emancipation of the Jews in these provinces.—I have the honour to be, honoured sir, your humble and obedient servant (Signed) Louis Berg." "Hawarden, August 8, 1878. Sir,—Neither report is accurate, but neither is ambiguous. My words described Lord Beaconsfield's conduct about Jewish disabilities as honorable to him; so I think it, and I was glad of an opportunity of so describing it.—Your faithful servant (Signed) W. E. Gladstone."

The Standard of August 31, in a fiercely worded editorial on Mr. Gladstone's latest paper concerning the Eastern Question, observes that he has finally elected to be a universal railer. He rails at the present and at the past, at men living and men dead. It is no longer Lord Beaconsfield who is the solitary target of his shafts. He has an arrow for almost everyone and everything. The Cabinet, Parliament, the press, the constituencies, the English people, the British Empire, the Berlin Congress, the Governments of Europe—all come in for a share of his vituperation. The invective is excellent, but it is too general to be effective. It was conceivable that the Prime Minister, was Mephistopheles, but it is not so easy to believe that the whole world has grown satanic. Most people, at least, will

find it less difficult to assume that Mr. Gladstone is out of temper with the world at large because the world at large has rejected Mr. Gladstone as a guide. The thing has happened before; but it is not the less lamentable when we see it recur in a person of so much distinction. Mr. Gladstone outdoes himself in his new effort; and were his accusations true, there would be no resource for us but to accept the doctrines of German pessimism, and labour to bring to an end a society where such crimes can be committed with the approbation of all but a few select spirits.

UNITED STATES.

At Chicago the other day two boys of eleven and nine years of age quarrelled about a girl of eight. The nine-year-old lad shot his rival dead.

Thomas Walsby, who had only come out one day after eight years' imprisonment, shot another man in the street in New York, without killing him. He was sent back to prison for four years more.

The Emma Mine is looking up. The last ten tons of ore taken from it yielded \$10,000, \$1,000 to the ton. The silver is found in great chambers, not in fissures, as in Colorado. It is carbonate of silver.

The druggists of Ann Arbor, Mich., confess to selling immense quantities of opium, etc., to people who habitually use it as a stimulant. About fifty victims of the drug are found in that city.

From New York comes an account of a ball in the Bowery got up by the pick-pocket, burglars, and shoplifters of the city, in order to raise money for one of their number now in jail on a charge of being a masked burglar. Five hundred tickets at fifty cents each were sold, additional charge of 10 cents being levied on all the "gentlemen" who had hats.

At Baltimore on September the 9th in the concluding act of the play of "May Cody," at Ford's Grand Opera House, a Buffalo Bill (Mr. Cody) fired a pistol, which happened to be loaded with a ball cartridge. The bullet struck a youth named Michael Gardner, who was sitting in the upper gallery leaning over the railing. He made no outcry, and the discovery of the accident was not made until the audience had left the theatre. He then came down from the gallery with some of his companions. It was found that the bullet had entered the upper part of his chest, near the shoulder. The ball has not yet been found, and the wound is considered serious.

The San Francisco Bulletin of Aug. 27 says: A resolution was adopted in the Board of Supervisors last evening directing the Health and Police and Hospital Committees to erect a hospital on the grounds of the Alms-house, to which all Chinese lepers found in this city are to be removed until an opportunity is found to ship them back to China. It will not do to trifle with this terrible disease any longer. That there are Chinese lepers living among us does not admit of a doubt. Several of them were shipped back to China by Supervisor Gibbs some time ago. But all the cases evidently were not reported to him, for there are still lepers in the city. Two have recently been discovered.

A WOMAN'S PARADISE.

THE JEWEL DEPARTMENT OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Ladies find it worth their while to spend hours in the section where the French jewellers display their treasures. I went there with M. Castellani the other day, and, as he pointed out wonder after wonder, I too began to feel some interest in the emeralds, the sapphires, the diamonds, and the antique gems displayed, although it does seem a burning shame to lock up all this money in such a confined form. I hold in my hand yesterday two diamond ear-pendants which belong to the collection of the ex-Queen of Spain, sold the other day. These

TWO MIGHTY DIAMONDS.

which drew to them floods of light and drank it greedily, were purchased by a rich prince who lives here, for a quarter of a million francs. What immeasurable rascal Queen Isabella might have done with that money at intervals during her reign! What hospitals she might have founded; what naked Spanish beggars she might have clothed! But all this is useless theorizing. The diamonds will aggravate the rivalry of some other great lady for many and many a year to come. They were but a drop in the ocean of wealth which I saw all round me. One European luxury shows to what extent its demands are great. Collars of pearls, tiaras of diamonds, emeralds and rubies were strewn about in reckless profusion. Policemen strolled carelessly about, but were generally in the immediate vicinity of any case which an exhibitor was opening for the purpose of showing goods. There will be two "grand prizes" given to French jewellers. In brackets of unmeted good there is such wonderful variety as I have never seen before. There is also a mass of small caskets, bonbonnières, etc., each of which is

WORTH A FORTUNE.

The emeralds attracted Castellani's practised eye, and while he was pointing out their special beauties he told me a story to illustrate the great difficulty nowadays experienced by jewellers in distinguishing between true and false. It appears that at one time in the reign of Napoleon III. he was severely pressed for money, and so it was determined that the emeralds, each one worth a fortune, in one of Eugenie's necklaces should be sold and false ones should be put in their places. The Imperial Treasury was charged with this delicate task and succeeded in doing it. After Eugenie's fall from power an English jeweller purchased the necklace which the dethroned Empress had left behind her, and had it not been for his curiosity to discover how much the emeralds were worth—a curiosity which led him to unsettle one and test it—he would never have known that the stones were false. When he found that they were not genuine he demanded an explanation, and the whole matter came out.

EMERALDS ABUNDANT IN THE

DISPLAY OF CROWN JEWELS in the main corridor of the Champ de Mars Palace on the side next the Seine. Within the railing round the priceless collection sits a sharp-faced man, who is probably one of the sharpest detectives in France; and inside a second railing stand four policemen. There is no danger that anyone will have a chance to put his hand through the glass and grasp a handful of Kon-inoors. The police are too quick for that. Even the wandering pickpocket has no chance. Just as he fancies himself safe he is touched on the shoulder by some quiet-faced man, who invites him to accompany him to a neighboring "station." Sometimes, when the pickpocket has done nothing besides wander innocently about, he is arrested, and when discharged, is informed that he must leave the country at once.—Paris Letter.

In a speech in Cincinnati, Ohio, the other day, the Ven. Gen. James Shields paid a warm tribute to the women for their self-sacrifice and devotion in behalf of the yellow fever sufferers. Commenting upon it the Augusta

(Ga.) Chronicle says:—

"When the true story of the yellow fever plague of 1878 shall be written it will be found, we think, that the most prominent part, North and South, belongs of right to the women of the land. We have the testimony of Gen. Shields as to the sentiment and action now prevailing the women of the North. Every record from New Orleans, Granada, Memphis, Vicksburg, and other snuffing places, is riddled with the heroism and sacrifices of the devoted women of the South. Many men have been accused of cowardice in leaving their homes and families to the mercy of the world and the ravages of the scourge, but we have seen no well authenticated account of such baseness and treachery on the part of any woman."

THE SMALLEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

(N. Y. Tribune.)

Persons passing through Broadway late at night may have seen a diminutive figure, with a broom a yard bigger than himself, engaged with the night gang in cleaning the street. The little sweeper's name is John Bolan, and he lives at No. 533 East Eleventh street. Next to "Tom Thumb" or Commodore Nutt, "Little Johnny," as he is called, is perhaps the smallest man in this country. He lives in a small, dark rear room of a big tenement house. An old woman who occupies an adjoining room was asked if she knew him.

"Know Johnny," was the reply. "Bless me! I have known Johnny for over thirty years. Why, Johnny is next to Tom Thumb; you've heard tell of Tom Thumb?" The old woman went on to relate numerous anecdotes about the smallest man in New York, when he appeared in person. He came up the steps and walked briskly into the room. He is not more than three feet tall, but very broad for his size. His head and neck are out of proportion to the rest of his body, being as large as those of a full-grown man. He was reticent at first, but gradually became more communicative. He said he was forty-six years old, and was born at Ballyhoelie, County Cavan, Ireland. There he lived until he was twenty-one years old. In the old country Johnny had a small hoe and a spade made for him, and contentedly raised potatoes until his parents died and his brothers and sisters came to America.

Deserted by all his relatives, Johnny left home, and when the ship which took them away returned, he went to the captain and told him he was going to America also. The captain advised him to stay in County Cavan, but his resolution was taken, and he came to New York. His small stature was a sore trial to him at first. He was sensitive on the subject, and when he was crowded into the streets a large crowd would follow him, and their curiosity so annoyed him that in sheer desperation he at last made his way to his friend the captain and told him he wanted to go back to Ireland. The captain soothed his wounded feelings and told him that when once he became known persons would stop annoying him. So he went back and stolidly took no notice of the attention he attracted. He has lived in New York nearly twenty-five years, and for eight years has been employed on the street-cleaning force at full pay. "I can sweep two piles to any of the other's one," he said, sturdily straightening his little shoulders. Gentlemen sometimes offer him money, but he refuses all aims. P. T. Barnum once offered him a large sum to exhibit him, but the proposal was refused.

These are tremendous figures, and are altogether unprecedented in mining. Turn them about or analyze them in any way and the result is magnificent. The yield is equal to one-sixteenth of the interest-bearing portion of the national debt; it is equal to the value of all the property of all kinds in an average city of 125,000 inhabitants; it is more than the value of all the real and personal property of this State, and the comparison might be extended indefinitely. This amount has been taken from a little spot of ground less than 800 feet in length and from 60 to 300 feet in width. And the marvelous deposit is still yielding princely sums. As one looks upon the figures he finds himself wondering why there are any poor in this world, and why, so long as gold and silver will purchase any luxury and all reasonable services, there are so many in pecuniary distress.

TREMENDOUS FIGURES.

THE BENEFICIAL PRODUCE OF THE BONANZA MINES.

(From the Virginia City Enterprise.)

On Tuesday last there was a shipment of bullion from the bonanza mines which completed the aggregate of \$100,000,000 shipped from those mines. The exact figures were: from the California, \$40,517,522.20, and from the Consolidated Virginia, \$59,295,522.20, a total of \$100,011,055.55. From this sum the California has paid twenty-six dividends, aggregating \$28,080,000, and the Consolidated Virginia has paid forty-six dividends, aggregating \$41,040,000, making a total of \$69,120,000. There have been since the last dividend was declared shipments amounting to \$679,655.93, which will swell the dividends \$440,000, leaving the full amount of dividends \$69,569,000, or within a fraction of 70 per centum of the whole gross products of the mines.

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The thought is cured, however, by reflecting that in all the mining of the world no other such success was ever won before. For five years, from 1877 to 1872, a company worked the ground all the time, expending \$16,440.41 upon the property without realizing one cent in return. At last it was forced to give way, and on the 11th of January, 1872 the property fell to the present management. These men expended \$377,150.12 on the property before realizing \$1 from it. It was a stubborn fight against the heat and the barren porphyry—a steady pouring out of gold on a hope, which continued altogether eight years, and which would have been abandoned in any other country but this, and by any other class of men in the world except Nevada miners. Call it judgment, sagacity, faith, pluck, or what you will, it is a faculty, or rather a combination of faculties, which exists nowhere else on earth.

The old stock (only 108,000 shares for each mine) was worth but £2 per share, and some who accepted it for services rendered bewailed their hard fortune. Since then it has made them richer than they ever dreamed of being, and their word is held in great estimation because of their shrewdness in purchasing bonanza stocks when they were low. At last, in a drift which was run from the Gould and Curry shaft through the Best and Belcher mine into the Consolidated Virginia, the crest of the bonanza was cut, explorations followed and the more work that was done the more ore was exposed, until at length, in the autumn of 1874, it was fully revealed that an ore deposit had been discovered that exceeded in extent and richness anything ever found before in a mine. On Oct. 18, 1873, the first shipment of bullion from the Consolidated Virginia was made. That was three months less than five years ago, and now the product, as we have shown, has exceeded \$100,000,000 almost seven-tenths of which have been in profits. Of the whole amount about 45 per centum has been gold and 55 per centum silver.

THE SHAKERS.

The special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph gives the following extraordinary account of the "worship" of the Shakers as he witnessed it at Hordle, in Hampshire, on Sunday last, just two days before the seizure of their goods for debt and their eviction from the field where they had camped.—Picture an oblong room, capable of seating some 150 persons, and having walls and roof of polished wood. At one end is a raised platform, easily shut off from the area by curtains of muslin and stuff, now tastefully looped up. Ropes are hung round the walls, and tables of various sizes and shapes scattered about, those nearest the platform having smart covers, kept in countenance by lounging chairs, on the backs of which are antimacassars white as snow. Here, too, the floor is covered with a number of odd bits of carpet, and flowers light up the scene. The platform is occupied by a party of children all neatly dressed, who either look on at the doings of their elders, or spend the time in reading; while, dispersed over the area below, but so as to preserve a broad passage up the centre and an open space in front of the drawing-room chairs and tables, are fifty or sixty adults, the gentler sex predominating. For the most part the women are dressed in white, their hair floating down their backs, and both men and women alike wear a flower on their breasts, this being, indeed, the feature by which members of the "family" are distinguished from those who have come to worship with them. Mrs. Girling, in white like the others, and wearing, beside her bouquet, a rose-colored neck-ribbon fastened by a small silver brooch, sits at a table under the platform, and completes the picture. I cannot conceive anything in its way more suggestive of a large and happy family, or more in harmony with its surroundings. Even the hens that stood cackling in the small doorway seemed legitimate part and parcel of the tout ensemble.

I am about to describe the worship of this strange sect, but it must be a preface. Let nobody hold me responsible for anything that may appear ridiculous, or fancy that my story is "dressed up." It would be a shabby act, indeed, for a man, having accepted the position of a guest, to go away and make fun of his hosts. But I was a guest for a purpose, and my purpose was known, consequently I am at liberty to sketch what I saw within the limits imposed by a strict regard for truth. As for the ludicrous, that is an element from which the most solemn and dignified scenes are not exempt. Shaker worship has no monopoly of it.

A hymn was being sung in fair baritone as I took my seat, its subject, in common with that of others which followed, having reference to Divine protection in time of trouble. At its close came a short period of silence, broken only by the self-obliterations of a productive fowl outside, and then Mrs. Girling read one of the Psalms. As she shut the book a young sister started another hymn, and I imagined that no more than the ordinary sequence of prayer, praise, and exhortation would characterize the service. But in a few minutes a little old lady—as to figure crooked, as to expression denunciatory—rose and slowly rotated towards the open space, with the motion of the arms like that of a "blind man" in the parlour game. Sighing heavily she groped her way towards Mrs. Girling, led her out, and then fell prone at her feet. For a minute or two—the singing going on all the time—Mrs. Girling looked at the prostrate form, then observing, "You ought not to fall," raised the old lady, who began to emit sounds like those of the hen outside, at the same time crossing and waving her arms with slow and solemn motion. Suddenly a youthful sister started up and commenced a vigorous dance, in seeming ecstasy. "King Jesus is in our midst to-day," exclaimed Mrs. Girling, whereupon the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was rolled out in gladsome strains. Up to this time the "Mother" had preserved a calm demeanor; but now she appeared as High Priestess of the curious rites, waving her arms with graceful motion, crossing them on her bosom in an attitude of adoration, or sinking to her knees, as best suited the expression of the hymn. Then another young sister danced; but the fanlous were not destined to have exclusive possession of "the spirit." A little man in a white waistcoat came sharply to the front, and exclaiming, "The power of the Lord will prevail," set off marching, as though for exercise, up and down the aisle. He, however, was a failure. After a few turns he drifted on one side, and stood feebly regarding the more sustained manifestations of the others. But before the little man subsided a stalwart elderly brother bounded to his feet, convulsed, and was promptly relieved of his coat by those sitting near him. This brother danced to some purpose, his favorite movement being to go up the aisle on one foot and return on the other, executing a series of short and rapid hops. A minute later and a young lady—so her appearance and manner entitled her to be called—sitting at a table near me, joined in the exercise, with an expression of face inconceivably glad. She, moreover, spoke; and her words, repeated again and again, were "Blessed Jesus!" Eight persons had now "taken the floor." Mrs. Girling, keeping up her old staleness of movement; the young sisters, vigorously dancing; the man in the white waistcoat, marching up and down; the elderly brother, hopping without sign of fatigue; and the denouncing old lady, rotating all over the place. I must make special mention of this old lady. Her inarticulate noises, after some time gave way to intelligible speech, and it then became evident that she had the ballihs on her mind. It was even a moot point whether she did not connect myself in some manner with the myriads of the law; else, how could I explain the amount of attention bestowed upon the locality in which I sat? Once the old lady put up her skinny fist close to my face, and demanded, with a concentration of emphasis worthy of Mr. F's aunt, "Who shall stand?" I answered nothing, because, first, I was not sure an answer was expected; and next, the query was a little too vague. However, the old lady answered herself. "I say who shall stand?" she went on. "Can any man stand before his Maker? No; let him go down in the dust." Then she drifted away, only to drift back again and put the same query, with a like result. Presently the old lady advanced from the general to the particular, and, retreating no doubt to the ballihs, sternly exclaimed "Shall he do it?" at the same time waving her hand towards the huts visible through the open door. This served her a long while, and first a brother, then a buxom sister from the end of the room, and, lastly, Mrs. Girling herself was led by the venerable female to the door, and called upon to answer "Shall he do it?" All the while, amid continual hymn-singing, the exercises were sustained; but at length, as nature became exhausted, the movements bore a singular resemblance to those of clock-work figures nearly "run down." The hopping brother and the first of the young dancing sisters supported each other, till they both fell on the neck of a man sitting near and gave way to hysterical sobbing. Others remained fazed, with extended arms and upturned faces; while Mrs. Girling gave short exhortations, illustrated by action, as when she placed the Bible on the ground, and, standing on it, exclaimed, "How firm a foundation!"

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" ... 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

By M. C. MULLIN & CO. Proprietors. Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per annum in advance.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25.

CALENDAR—SEPTEMBER, 1878.

THURSDAY, 26—Office of the Blessed Sacrament. SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.

FRIDAY, 27—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs. SATURDAY, 28—St. Wenceslaus, Duke, Martyr.

SUNDAY, 29—SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. St. MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL. Less. Apoc. i. 1-5; Gosp. Matt. xviii. 1-10; Last Gosp. Luke xiv. 1-11. Bp. Martin, Nachitoches, died 1875.

MONDAY, 30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. Cons. Bp. Hennessy, Dubuque, 1853.

TUESDAY, 1—St. Remigius, Bishop and Confessor. Cons. Bp. Feelan, Nashville, 1865.

WEDNESDAY, 2—Holy Guardian Angels.

NEW AGENTS.

Mr. T. B. LEAHY is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS MALONE is our special agent for Kingston and Portsmouth. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS SHEEHAN, of Quebec, is our authorized agent in that city for the sale of the EVENING POST and the collection of subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

NOTICE.

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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.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

DEVOTION TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

It is not difficult to understand why heretics refuse to honor the blessed Mother of God. All heresy blinds the soul, and faith can only live in the light of grace.

This is one reason why the sects reject the veneration of Mary. But there is another reason. They have really rejected the divinity of Christ. Now, we know there are some who may question this latter assertion as too general; but, for all that, we deliberately repeat, Mary is insulted, because of real disbelief in the divinity of her Son.

Compare the condition of woman in the ages of chivalry with her position during, say, the refined reign of Augustus. Chivalry had its exaggeration, we admit; but, would to God! the spirit of those pure and noble ages existed in the world to-day.

Again, there is nothing plainer in the history of the pagan nations of antiquity than their ferocity. Pity seems to have had no place among the people. What caused this? Man cannot trample on woman with impunity.

Now, Christ was never a human person. Nine in ten of the sectaries will say he was. Christ was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man. The human person never existed in Christ, but His Personality was divine, with the plenitude of Godhead. Such

being the case, the Child born of Mary was a Divine Person, though perfect man.

For instance, this truth is illustrated by ourselves. Our mothers are truly mothers of us, the persons born; but no man will say that a mother is mother of the soul. So, also, we cannot say that Mary is mother of the Divinity, for that would be a contradiction of God's eternity.

The position of Mary with respect to the Atonement is not purely passive, as Protestants imagine. She positively influenced our redemption. God would not have that blessed creature whom he had chosen from all eternity to be His Mother, a mere automaton in the great scheme of reparation.

Well, all we have to say is, that a suppliant to a king never loses much by gaining for his cause the favor and good will of the monarch's mother. Catholics are not of that self-suppliant, proud class of Pharisees who imagine they can please God by a haughty contempt for His Blessed Mother; as if our Divine Redeemer in Heaven had forgotten and set aside her who was His most loved and dearest friend on this earth.

But we shall set aside this line of argument, and speak of other claims which the Mother of God has upon the veneration of all men. She was the great factor in that immense amelioration in the condition of woman upon which, more than anything else, the pillars of civilization rest.

These and such reasons afford all a solid basis for honoring Mary, the Mother of God. Cold is that heart, ingrate that soul which, while enjoying the benefits which Mary has bestowed upon society, meanly sneers at devotion to her, and satisfied itself by clinging to lifeless formalities which neither satisfy the yearnings of our better nature, nor warm into existence those lofty interests of the present hour.

Paralyzed be that tongue, palsied that hand, that speaks or writes anything detrimental to Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God.

The Rev. FATHER GRAHAM.—The lecture given by the public and favorite orator of the day, the Rev. Father Graham, in St. Bridget's Church, Sunday evening, was very largely attended. Every seat was filled, and hundreds had to return home, owing to the want of space for their convenience.

THE CATHOLIC RETURNS IN ONTARIO.—There are four Irish Catholics returned to Parliament from Ontario, namely: Messrs. Hughes, (Liberal); O'Connor, Coughlin and Bergin, Conservatives. This is a gain of four, as there was not a single Irish Catholic from that Province in the last Parliament, though the Irish Catholic population numbers 250,000.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.—There is a law, supposed to be in operation to the effect that no member of a secret society can hold a position under the civic jurisdiction. But this law is a fiction. There are plenty of men serving under the Corporation who are well known—who in fact have almost confessed themselves to be members of a secret society.

THE SOUTH.—There are seventeen thousand registered British subjects in New Orleans, and this is one of the grounds on which the Mayor of that city appeals to England for help. It appears, too, that there are many Canadians in the same city, and this is a strong reason why Canada should do its share for the suffering South.

Thus, after ten years of Protection the skilled mechanics increased, as the figures indicate. This is what the Free Traders anticipated, but predicted that the wages would fall. But such was not the case, for the skilled

follows right and justice; and Mary, Mother of God, was its great agent. Is not Mary deserving of honor and love for this great benefit?

Let us glance at another incalculable service bestowed upon society by Mary. The picture is the ignorant man's book, and a meditation for the enlightened. As it is good or bad, so is society, and vice versa. If any man want to gauge the morality of paganism, let him study the picture of Hercules and Pompeii, not the pretentious pages of hypocritical moralists like Seneca and Cicero.

What has become of the investigation about the St. Henri shooting affair? We hear nothing about it lately, and we are forced to wonder how it is proceeding. There may be, no doubt, special reasons for not allowing the proceedings to be made public, but of late we hear nothing at all about it either public or private.

THE ST. HENRI SHOOTING AFFAIR.—What has become of the investigation about the St. Henri shooting affair? We hear nothing about it lately, and we are forced to wonder how it is proceeding.

THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.—The London correspondent of the Globe sends the following interesting statistics about the Canadian Cattle Trade:—

Under increased Protection, everything would be dearer—granted. We would be obliged to pay more money for everything we eat and everything we wear.

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.—We are very often told that the tramps in the United States have been caused by Protection. People point to the thousands of men who have become tramps as a proof of the failure of a Protective policy, and in itself as furnishing sufficient evidence of the fate which awaits Canada if she adopts a similar policy.

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CANADIAN NATIONALITY.—In a country such as Canada it becomes everyone to cultivate a spirit racy of the soil. The man who fosters a feeling in harmony with the land he lives in does good; the man who encourages a feeling antagonistic to the spirit of the flag that shelters him, does harm.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The Eastern Question is not yet settled. With all the diplomacy that has been spent upon it, there is still in Europe an uneasy feeling that the Eastern Question may again cause trouble.

THE STRICKEN SOUTH.—We rejoice to notice that the citizens of Montreal have at last set to work in earnest about assisting the fever stricken South. We have often said that Montreal could not afford to rest idle in the present crisis, but we should now remember that what we mean to do should be done at once.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—The Gazette of Friday says that there were "one thousand torches in the procession" last night, and that "there were one thousand more who had no torches."

THE ELECTIONS.—The triumph of the Conservative party is complete—nay, it is overwhelming. The new Parliament will at least have a majority of seventy. The Ministry must resign, and for the honor of the country we hope they will do so as soon as possible.

PROTECTION.—None of the industries of Canada have suffered more than the woollen mills, and all because of want of Protection. American cotton goods are brought into Canada at prices with which Canadian manufacturers cannot compete, and the result has been the closing of many factories, which were at one time in a flourishing condition.

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being of the land. Old country feuds should be as much as possible avoided. Men come here to lead a new life and some to give a new allegiance. They come here to turn a new leaf and the first line they pen upon its virgin pages should be a resolution to register a vow of affection for his native land, and then to foster a spirit of Canadian Nationality, for the country of his adoption.

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THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The Eastern Question is not yet settled. With all the diplomacy that has been spent upon it, there is still in Europe an uneasy feeling that the Eastern Question may again cause trouble.

THE STRICKEN SOUTH.—We rejoice to notice that the citizens of Montreal have at last set to work in earnest about assisting the fever stricken South. We have often said that Montreal could not afford to rest idle in the present crisis, but we should now remember that what we mean to do should be done at once.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—The Gazette of Friday says that there were "one thousand torches in the procession" last night, and that "there were one thousand more who had no torches."

THE SITUATION.

The return of Sir John A. Macdonald has crowned the triumph of the Conservative party. The sooner the Ministry resign now, the better, and as Lord Dufferin's departure has, it is said, been definitely fixed for October 12th, it would perhaps be well that the Ministry should change before his Excellency leaves. The Herald of this morning gives a forecast of the new Ministry, which it sums up as Macdonald, Tilley, Tupper, Pope, Chapais, Caron, Desjardins, Robitaille, or Blanche, Campbell, O'Connor, Bowell, Kirkpatrick and Thomas White. It picks out Senator Macpherson for Speaker, but we incline to the opinion that Costigan stands a chance for that position. Sir John A. Macdonald is, we are told, known to have expressed some such opinion about Costigan some time ago. But no matter who is in the new Ministry, one thing is evident, that the success of Sir John A. Macdonald has already had a remarkable effect upon business men. People now expect prosperity. It has been promised to them, and they are setting about preparing for the good time coming. Men talk of factories and works and speculation all in a breath. That a change for the better has taken place we confidently believe, but that there is a likelihood of that change being over-estimated is equally certain. Prosperity cannot come with a bound. Men cannot seriously expect that Protection will at once launch Canada into a better fortune. No doubt trade will improve as factories flourish, but the over-speculative people, who appear to expect a rush of good times coming on, like the tide, rapidly and at once, expect too much.

PROTECTION V. FREE TRADE.

It is a common argument with Free Traders that "Protection has ruined the United States." They point to the "tramp" nuisance and to the general depression of trade as a proof of this. But the "tramp" nuisance has been exploded, and the "depression" does not in reality exist. Since the war the United States has made wonderful progress in paying her national debt. During the last thirteen years the debt has been reduced \$7,221,109,245.58. At the present moment the national debt is only \$2,035,000,000. This is certainly no proof that Protection has ruined the United States. It is on the contrary a proof that Protection has served that country, and that, notwithstanding the paralysis caused by the war, the country has prospered in a manner which is in every way satisfactory. Again we are furnished with a more direct and satisfactory proof that trade is flourishing in the United States by a speech made recently by President Hayes when at St. Paul, Minn. He said:—

"Nothing connected with the financial affairs of the Government is more interesting and instructive than the state of trade with foreign countries. The total value of exports from the United States increased from \$269,889,900 in 1868, to \$689,683,798 in 1878, an increase of \$412,293,598, or 153 per cent. The total increase in the value of agricultural products exported from the United States in the year 1878, over the exports for the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounts to \$273,471,282, or 81 per cent.

The balance of trade against the United States in the five years next before the panic was \$54,052,907, but the balance of the trade for the last year, if compared with that of the two years before the panic, shows a gain in favor of the United States of over \$400,000,000. It is not necessary that I should dwell upon the importance of this favorable state of the balance of trade. Balance must be settled in cash in the way of the world. The enterprises of our business men reach out to all parts of the world. Our agricultural and manufactured products move and more seek to find their market in foreign countries."

There can be no stronger testimony of the advantages which Protection has brought to the United States than these facts. But what would have been the condition of affairs if Free Trade had had its own way instead of Protection?

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

Without it Canada never can become a nation. So long as men are irremovably enmeshed in party, so long must "Pacific scandals" and "steel rails" find champions. An honest Conservative—an independent man, one who is man enough to see wrong and condemn it, should cry out against some act of Sir John A. Macdonald's; just as an honest Reformer should cry out against some acts of Mr. Mackenzie's. But this the party hack will not do. He sees nothing good but what emanates from the treasury benches, and from the left of the Speaker's chair, nothing but fraud and imbecility can flow. What Canada wants is men who, while retaining their party views, will not be slaves, and who have sufficient independence of character to vote against any side which commits a wrong. Independent politicians can do a great deal of good in the House of Commons. There is a brilliant future before some man, or men, freed from the restrictions of party slavery, expresses an honest opinion upon the doings of the Ins and the Outs. It is to Independent politicians that England owes her greatness, to men who were known to be too honest to follow my leader in wrong, and who thus forced my leader to do right. Party is necessary, but no more necessary than Independence—so far at least as to prove that there are some men to be found who put the interest of the country before the triumph of party, and who will sacrifice that party when the interest of the country is endangered by its policy. No matter who wins, *Roisin* or *Blen*, Independent politicians are necessary to purify the political atmosphere, for both parties have done their share to pollute it. The ablest men in this country take a similar view of the situation. A *motion* will follow by leader, but the intelligence of the land will strike out for themselves. This is the

view of the situation taken by Mr. Goldwin Smith. In a letter to the *Toronto Telegram* he says, after accounting for his absence from a certain meeting:—

"To prevent misconception, let me say that I should not have made any speech, as I am not connected with either party. I should have said that party strife seemed to me to have reached a point at which it was dangerous to the state; that a Government on a broader basis, such as all who cared only for the country might support, had, in my opinion, become a pressing necessity, and that our only chance of obtaining such a Government since the retirement of Mr. Blake from the Cabinet and the rejection of Sir Alexander Gait by the Ministerialists, appeared to me to be the restoration to power of Sir John Macdonald. I should not have palliated any scandal of the past, but I should have submitted that there were scandals on both sides, and that they were to be ascribed not so much to the corrupt tendencies of any individual statesman, as to the party strife which it is the duty of all who love our common country to endeavor to allay."

With much of this we agree. We are not however, so certain that Sir John A. Macdonald would remedy the evil, as Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to be. We believe that either the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie or Sir John are capable of doing good, but if they do it will be only because there are men of Independent opinions in the House—men to whom the country can look for an honest and not a party expression of opinion, and under the force of whose reasonings Canadians will see the errors of both one party and the other.

HELP FOR THE SOUTH.

The suffering South appeals for help. If the honor of Montreal is to be saved, it cannot listen to that appeal in vain. In the city of Memphis out of a population of 63,000 only 15,000 are left, the rest having gone North, and many died. There never was such a scourge known in the South before. The virulence of the plague is unprecedented, and many Canadians have fallen victims to the scourge. From Memphis there is a special appeal, and we learn that two gentlemen from that city are now in Montreal. They brought the following letter with them:—

APPEAL TO MONTREAL.

To the Mayor of Montreal and other Canadian Cities, greeting:—

The bearers of this appeal to your sympathies, Capt. W. J. McDermott, and Major W. H. Ilben, are among our best known citizens, in whom we have occasion to place the utmost confidence, and who have volunteered to carry our appeal for aid to your people. We are stricken with pestilence, death is at our door, help us what you can in the name of common humanity. Thousands are sick. Hundreds are dying and have died, while we have on our hands thousands of others who require attention, food and shelter. God only knows where it will end. We have two months of the worst season to go through yet, with all business at a complete standstill, the hungry to feed, the orphan to care for, the dead to bury. We have never had such a visitation before. The yellow fever of 1867 and 1873 was as nothing to this. It is, in fact, a plague which has seized on our interior towns, heretofore exempt.

While the whole United States and England are responding nobly to our appeals for aid, we ask of our Canadian brethren (thousands of whom have found honorable employment amongst us) to contribute out of their plenty to assist in meeting our wants. We are in affliction.

Your most humble servants,
J. R. FLEPPES,
Mayor of Memphis.
CHAS. G. FISHER,
Chairman of the City Relief Committee.
Hon. CASEY YORNG, M. C.
J. M. KEATING,
Editor of the Appeal.
A. D. LANGSTAFF,
President of the Howard Association.

This appeal will, we are sure, be liberally responded to. It is no question of race or creed—it is a question of humanity; and a charity to which every man can contribute his mite. The town that does most is the most honored, and Montreal should eclipse any city in the Dominion in the liberality with which it will, we trust, respond to the appeal of a suffering people. It is computed, from New Orleans, that every fever patient costs \$100, and in that city alone there have been about 3,500 cases reported, and the deaths 1,737. It is, too, calculated that there will be 3,500 more cases before the frost comes, and that out of these there will be about 600 deaths. The cost to the citizens is summed up as \$1,080,000 before the epidemic ceases. This, heaped upon the shoulders of a people who were only recovering from the prostration caused by the war, is sufficient to quicken charitable impulse, and, when so much suffering exists in one city, we may well picture the condition of the country.

THE ELECTIONS AND THEIR LESSONS.

Protection triumphs, and Free Trade theories go to the wall. The returns up to the time of our going to press are ninety-eight for the Protectionists and fifty-three for the Free Traders. There are still about thirty-five constituencies to hear from. There will be no doubt a change of government, and with that change may come prosperity. At least Protection will now, in all probability, get a trial, and we are satisfied that with that trial new and better times are in store for us all. Upon that point we may view the situation with satisfaction. Upon any other point we scarcely venture to offer an opinion. We are satisfied with accepting the new order of things, and looking with some hope to the future development of the commercial interests of the community. Changes of government are, as we have said before in these columns, necessary in all constitutionally governed countries, and nothing proves the adaptability of a people for constitutional government more than the manner in which they accept defeat. To take a sound trashing in a becoming manner is a proof that men are worthy of the franchise, and can bow to the will of the majority which ever way it decides. Victors can afford to be generous, and the Conservatives can to-day well afford to treat their fallen antagonists with respect. The day of the battle is passed and it becomes all men now to heal up the scars

made during the contest. It is by contests such as that of yesterday that men acquire experience, and it is often by such contests that some men have their eyes opened to the mistakes they may have made. That there are some men in Canada who to-day turn over a new leaf in their career everybody knows, and there may be men too who will learn in future to place their duties as loyal Canadian citizens above all the strifes and broils and fallacies of so-called religious and national feuds. Yesterday dispelled many a fiction, and its results may be productive of more harmony and good will among men of hostile views. To us the work of yesterday is, in its Protective aspect, a triumph, and it will, too, furnish us with material to stand by law and order whenever their interests are assailed. Yesterday has made some men Canadian citizens above all, and while they may not forget other lands, they will learn to give their first allegiance to the laws and institutions of the land of their adoption. And if such results are general, this election will not have been without doing good. If results in some places had been otherwise, perhaps a different feeling would have been evoked, but what would cause a commotion on Monday might be by some regarded as comparatively inoffensive to-day. There are this morning some better citizens in Canada than there were two days ago, and the bitter antagonism which some men felt towards their neighbors has vanished into thin air. Principles may still be objected to, acts may still be thought unkind and, perhaps, offensive, but bitter warfare, or the slightest encouragement to illegal opposition, has, from this hour, become a thing of the past. Whatever issues will in future arise, will, we trust, be fought out as become free citizens of a free State, and that we shall hear less of the warring of factions which lead only to broils which can end in no good to anyone. That the verdict of the country will be Conservative no one can doubt. The returns are so far too much in their favor to warrant the belief that the Reformers can pull up. The defeat of three cabinet ministers, Messrs. Lafontaine, Cartwright and Jones, with the majority of Conservatives already returned, is too significant a circumstance to warrant any other opinion. We look upon a Conservative Government as a certainty, and believing as we do in Protection as the great commercial necessity of the day, no doubt we may look forward to a time when Montreal will be black with the smoke of thriving industries, and when prosperity will take the place of decay.

THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

One of the defects of the military system in Canada is the little attention that is given to rifle practice, or rifle instruction. We are not aware of a single Instructor of Musketry in the Volunteer Militia, and Instructors of Musketry are absolutely necessary, if we desire to promote a love of rifle practice, a knowledge of the weapon and how to use it. In England, every Militia Battalion and every Volunteer Battalion has its Musketry Instructor, a gentleman who has a certificate from Hythe, and whose services are well known to be of advantage. We may have men who can shoot, but practical marksmen are rare, and will continue to be rare, until more interest is taken in teaching the Volunteer Militia the technical, as well as giving them opportunities for practicing the power of the weapon they handle. It may be said that an Indian, for instance, knows nothing of the technical value of his rifle, and yet that he can shoot with the accuracy of a crack marksman, who fires at his given range at Wimbledon. Yes, but to the Indian his rifle is a constant companion. He carries it morning, noon and night. He has practical experience of its worth and what he lacks in the technical value of his weapon, or in his want of knowledge of windage, attraction, or trajectory, he makes up for by his constant practice. But to the Volunteer Militia it is different. He cannot practice much, and with him theory goes a long way in preparing him for practice. A good deal can be taught on a blackboard, and here in Canada especially, where we are almost prevented from rifle practice in the winter, there should be some means devised by which musketry instruction would be given to men who are willing enough to give their time in order to obtain knowledge. Why cannot a school of musketry instruction be established at Kingston, and certificates given the same as they do at Hythe? It would not be difficult for each Adjutant to qualify, and he could thus combine the two duties in one. But to do this the Adjutants must be put on the staff, and until some such step is taken, our Volunteer Militia will never come up to the standard we all desire to see it attain. It is idle to expect that the Canadian Volunteer Militia can exhibit the steady discipline and strong battalions which are seen in the English Volunteers, until some means are taken to strengthen the staff and to bring about that knowledge of internal economy which a staff alone can secure. Our Volunteer Militia may occasionally produce a marksman worthy of taking a place beside a crack team, but, as a whole, the men comprising the force are not up to the standard as proficient riflemen. In the United States things are different. In the State of New York alone the militia have, it is claimed, more skilled marksmen than the whole of the regular army. The National Rifle Association of that State has afforded means for practice which has brought the forces of the State to a state of efficiency which the regular army has not reached. With us however, we can claim no attempt at such efficiency, and the time is fully come when things should change. The incoming administration is said to be favorable to the Volunteer

Militia. We hope it will prove itself so, but in the right direction. Some people think that the pay of the men will be increased to what it was—\$8 per annum. This would be a mistake. It would put an additional weight of about \$60,000 on the Militia Department, which money could be spent better in looking after the staff. That \$60,000 would, with the savings we pointed out some time ago, pay for an adjutant and a staff-sergeant for every battalion in the country. Take away the pay for keeping the arms, and add that to the \$60,000, and we have a sum sufficient to form a staff, and at once place the Volunteer Militia upon a basis which will furnish full battalions and as efficient as we can expect them to be. It is by some such means that the Canadian Volunteer Militia can be made what it ought to be, and that some such means will be adopted we sincerely hope.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

Sir,—As a purchaser of your paper since its first issue, and as one who has done not a little to advance its circulation in this locality (feeling as I do the necessity of a Catholic daily paper), I take the liberty of trespassing on your valuable space, with a view of placing before your many readers a few ideas which have occurred to me relative to an independent member of Parliament.

The system adopted by all civilized and free nations is government by party. In very thickly-populated countries like England or France, men of great genius may take new departures, and in the course of time surround themselves by others holding similar statements and views, and they in their turn may become a powerful party, pressing forward their ideas of legislation and the best means of governing the country. This, sir, is all very well in countries containing vast populations. In these countries there may be two, three, and even four distinct parties, all claiming a knowledge of the best means of governing the country. Sir, it is different where you come to countries like Canada, sparsely populated. There is not the field for several parties, and it would be very long indeed before an independent member could hope to rally round him a force sufficiently strong to carry any weight in the Councils of the country. The attempt has been made more than once; for instance, Goldwin Smith and the Hon. Ed. Blake, but in every case politically disastrous. Now, sir, I hold that a representative can be independent within a party, that is, he follows the policy of his party on all questions, when these do not clash with his conscientious convictions. Party tactics are formed and controlled by members, and it is indispensably necessary that members of Parliament, desirous of pressing the views or sentiments of their constituents on the country, should attend their deliberations. A member is independent of party, he is regarded as an outsider, and consequently is not invited to their discussions; thus practically depriving his constituents of a voice in the councils of the nation.

Sir, I have been a frequent attendant in the galleries of our Dominion Legislature, and I have witnessed, with mingled feelings of pride and shame, the conduct of our Irish Catholic representatives—pride, when I saw them stand firm, irrespective of party, by whose principles held dear their co-religionists and fellow-countrymen; and shame when, for the sake of selfish motives, they disregarded those sacred trusts. To none who have been honored by the confidence of the people do the Irish Catholics owe a deeper debt of gratitude, than to the present worthy member for Montreal Centre—Mr. M. P. Ryan. He never caused a blush to come to the cheek of a countryman; following as he did his party, he never violated his conscientious convictions, giving them the benefit of his intellect; he never permitted party to control him in matters of faith and morals, and by his honest, straightforward course he maintained the respect of both sides of the House. I must say, as an Irishman, I felt proud of him, for I never knew one of our countrymen—not excepting the lamented Mr. McGee—to whom greater deference was shown when addressing the House, than your worthy member, Mr. M. P. Ryan. Well do I remember, Sir, when at the New Brunswick Separate School question he used his strongest influence in caucus to induce the then Government to grant Catholics that need of justice, the Catholic people of that Province claimed, and when he found that his voice was powerless to prevent the Ministry of the day following out a certain course, he then told them that he would feel his duty to use his best efforts from what ever side of the House he could get support, to defeat them on that question.

Sir, these are the style of men we, as Catholics, should be desirous of seeing in the House. Men who have always walked a straight course, and who carry such influence by the respect their conduct has elicited as will enable them to confer important benefits on their compatriots as well as the country generally.

I remain Sir,
Yours, &c.,
INDEPENDENT.
Ottawa, 14th September, 1878.

THE CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION.

All the Conservatives of the city—and a good many Reformers, for that matter—turned out last night to celebrate the sweeping victories lately gained, and to receive Mr. Thomas White, member elect for Cardwell. At 8.30 p. m., Mr. Bernard Tansey, grand marshal, arranged the procession on the Champ de Mars, aided by the assistant marshals, Messrs. W. O'Brien, Frank Jarvis, E. St. Louis and Joseph Clorn, and shortly after it debouched on St. Gabriel street, and thence marched down Craig. As the line emerged in regular array, each man with a lighted torch in his hand, the scene was a brilliant and imposing one, not lessened by the number of magnificent carriages containing torch-bearers and the members for East, West and Montreal Centre—Messrs. Ryan, Coursol and Gault—nor by the martial strains of a dozen brass and string bands which, posted at proper intervals of the procession filled the air with sweetest music, if not harmony. As the procession marched on it received new accessions of numbers at every step, until in a short time from the Champ de Mars to the Bonaventure depot there was nothing but a continuous line of human beings, men, women and children, and to make a long story short, Montreal had turned out to honor the Conservative victors. Each detachment passed the Tansey House, cheered lustily, knowing how instrumental the owner was in this final result, and the bands struck up St. Patrick's Day and other Irish national airs. The head of the procession arrived at the station at nine o'clock; and in a few minutes after the whole depot was filled with a tossing, surging mass of humanity as close as they could be packed

without suffocation. When the train arrived a cheer was sent up that almost lifted the roof of the station. Mr. Gault, M.P., and Mr. Davidson, of Cote St. Paul, handed the hero of the hour two bouquets. That presented by the latter needs a little description. It was a gigantic floral pyramid, and was symbolical of the defeat sustained by the Reformers, being red beneath, with three red streaks in the centre and three white, and all blue on top. It was certainly artistically and elaborately gotten up. A rush was made for Mr. White from all sides, and at length, so great was the enthusiasm, he was taken on the shoulders of stalwart men and borne in triumph out of the depot. In the meantime the crowd had increased outside to an almost alarming extent; but while the weak-minded hesitated as to how they would get through, the strong-minded marched boldly on, and the Grand Marshal soon resolved the chaotic element to something like order, and the whole body proceeded to Dominion Square in the following order, in so far as carriages were concerned:—Mr. T. White, the member for Cardwell; M. P. Ryan, member for Montreal Centre; M. H. Gault, M. P. for Montreal West, and C. J. Coursol, M. P. for Montreal East. In the carriage immediately following were Messrs. R. S. White, Lewis Munro C. Coursol, and J. H. Duggan. In the next, Messrs. William Wilson, St. Antoine street; William Nelson, Montclair street; N. Driscoll, D. E. Bowie, and D. McCormack. The fourth contained Messrs. F. Burch, R. D. McGillibon, B. A.; W. B. Bervais, C. D. Hanson, R. White, and D. Langhorn. Immediately following came Ald. Laurent, and Messrs. Joseph Lonergan, Q. C., G. B. Lollin and A. W. Gormley, and in the following carriage we noticed Messrs. John Davidson, S. O. Shorey and Captain Kade. Then came the Hon. Mr. Chaplain, M.P.P., Alderman Grenier and Messrs. Andrew Robertson, Charles Glackmeyer, City Clerk, John Burrows and Walter Paul, followed by a carriage containing Messrs. W. McDonnell, G. St. Louis, David Scanlan, P. McElligott, T. E. Foster, J. J. Carpenter and W. J. Jordan. The gentlemen in the next vehicle were Messrs. J. Black, H. Black, M. Seguin, C. H. Cote and Mr. John T. Roy, of St. Johns, together with Mr. A. T. Johnson, Mr. Boivin. Mr. A. C. Bore came next in his own carriage, and after him Messrs. A. B. Boone and Stevenson, with Messrs. G. J. Moatmanquet, Pierre Coline, Edouard Lamotte, A. Brown and Jas. Gilmer. Immediately following Messrs. L. Monet, John A. Watkins, D. Harvey, M. D. Kiriand, L. A. Corbeille and ex-Alderman Laberge were to be seen occupying the carriage. Next followed a company of gentlemen, comprising Messrs. Tallon, M. P.; M. C. Mullarky, G. H. DeMeenil, Geo. Boivin and Alph. Izaia. They were followed in the next carriage by Messrs. A. Dubucque, G. St. Louis, A. Lapierre, O. Lambert and G. Marchalosse. The Hon. J. C. Pope, C. P. Davidson, Q. C. were observed next in order, while Messrs. Jos. Auger, J. M. Papineau, George Boivin, Jas. McCormack and A. McGillibon, Jr., were in the cab which followed, and after them came Messrs. A. W. Ogilvie, Henry Bolander, D. A. Ansel, A. McGillibon, and Col. A. Stevenson. The procession was further augmented by other cabs; the first occupied by G. S. Lemire, N. B. Desmarreux and J. B. St. Louis; the next by Messrs. Alex. Roy, Fred Trudeau and Arsene Bernard; the third by P. B. Bédard, M. P., Alphonse Desjardins, M. P.; L. O. Lozier, M. P., and the Hon. L. Beaudin, M. P.; the fourth by Messrs. M. T. Feron, A. Ansel, L. S. Gouzin, A. Bastelle and J. M. Tristram; the fifth by Messrs. J. Grant, Samuel Grand, J. H. Stoneberg and G. R. Turner; the sixth by Michel Paquette and S. V. Demontigny; the seventh by A. Crozier, C. Corbeille, P. Conway and Thos. Cummins; the eighth by Messrs. Martin, Eward and Armstrong; the ninth by Messrs. S. H. and A. S. Ewing; the tenth by Mr. Hartman, M. P.; P. Corbeille, J. P. and Ald. Thibault; and the last by Messrs. B. Morin, Jos. Tessier, A. Lavard and Oscar Gaudette.

When arrived at the Dominion Square most of the procession left for their homes, but enough remained to justify the judge of numbers to estimate them at from five to six thousand. Mr. Gault made a few remarks congratulating the Conservatives on the great and sweeping victory they had achieved, ending by introducing Mr. Thomas White. Mr. P. who, on rising, was received with loud and prolonged cheers. From the very bottom of his heart, he said, he thanked his hearers for this cordial greeting. It was but a fortnight ago to-day that the Conservative electors of Cardwell, with without solicitation on his part, done him the great honor of choosing him as the standard-bearer of the cause. He was glad that after so short an acquaintance, and so short a fight, he had come out victorious by a majority of 280. (Cheers.) On going into that county, he had been heralded in by the *Toronto Globe* (groans) as one obliged to seek a constituency far away from his own home, where he was best known, and therefore, least despised. (Shame!) This greeting to night however, with which the electors of Montreal were pleased to honor his victory, was a complete answer to that slander on the part of the *Globe*. (Cheers.)

Mr. Coursol, M. P., said that if ever he were permitted to a man to have sentiments of pride and ambition it must be permitted to his friend Mr. Thomas White, upon this occasion. He had just achieved a great victory, one that had been difficult to others, but easy to him. Mr. White merited his success because of the ability and consistency with which he had so long defended the great cause of Protection. The farmers, he proceeded, now understand that agriculture must go in unison with industry and commerce. From one end to another the flag of Protection had been carried in triumph. The Administration of Mr. Mackenzie had been swept away as dirt before the wind (cheers) and replaced by an honest Government having the interest of the country at heart. He thanked the electors for their magnificent reception of Mr. White, alluding in particular to the sympathy the French Canadians had shown for that gentleman, and the enthusiasm with which they had greeted him. (Cheers.)

Mr. Ryan, M. P., in response to repeated calls, briefly addressed the electors. Had Mr. White been an ordinary man, he would never have been nominated for the county of Cardwell. He thanked them all for this magnificent demonstration.

The meeting broke up with cheers for the Queen, Mr. White, and the speakers of the evening.

There was nothing done to mar the entire evening's proceedings, but the assault of a lot of organized election bummers on the rear detachment of the procession as it came from the depot along St. Joseph street. They struck two of the horses and narrowly missed the drivers. They were heard shouting, "Hurrah for Devilin," though we need scarcely say Mr. Devilin himself would be the last man in Montreal to countenance such actions.

LONDON, September 23.—A Paris despatch says Gambetta's speech as published was considerably toned down; in consequence of MacMahon having threatened to resign.

CANADIAN DESPATCHES.

Special to the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

Special to the EVENING POST.
Quebec, Sept. 18.—The Rouge exultation over the local success was changed into lamentation, as outside reports telling of the demolition of their airy chateaux came pouring in. After the returns were had in the car, and the hero of the day enthroned in grand state on the back seat with a laurel wreath gracing his brow, paraded through the streets of St. Roch, St. Saviour, and Upper Town, surrounded by his staunch supporters in front and rear, who musically kept time to that thrilling refrain, "Pas D'Thibault." They wended their way to the L'Esplanade offices, where cheer after cheer rent the air in response to the casual protrusion of a bald pate from a certain window. A few words of muttered congratulation, and then came another; but as the brass band of the Post Office advanced, their ardor was damped, and the sickening returns sent them home sad and heavy hearted. The Conservative regrets are deep and outspoken at John A.'s defeat; knots are formed at all the street corners and life long politicians confess themselves unable to stem the Conservative wave other than attribute it to a freak of nature.

HALIFAX, N. S., September 18.—Gustafson has been carried by the Opposition, Alfred Ogden being elected for the Commons and Hatley and McDonald for the Local House. The contest has been very close in Annapolis. Longley is said to have only a majority of two. Reformers generally, take their defeat good humoredly. Both parties are surprised at the result in this Province.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

The Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P. of London, is in Quebec.
The Orange vote defeated Sir John A. at Kingston.
George Brown has withdrawn into the recesses of his shoes.
Jones, of Halifax, is speaking about bribery, corruption and underland means.
The Herald has got over the elections and put out its bulletin-board once more.
Mr. Mackenzie says that he never wanted "protection" more than he does now.
Archbishop Taschereau and his clergy paid a visit to the French men-of-war Friday last.

His Excellency, it is stated, will leave Canada on the 12th of October.
The root crops have suffered considerably from the late heavy rains.
The grain crop of Cape Breton is said to be one of the finest harvested for years.
Most encouraging reports continue to be received in reference to the crops in Muskoka.

In the vicinity of Brantford farmers are reported to be busy sowing a very wide area of wheat.
The St. John Telegraph says that a sea serpent was caught in the Cardigan River the other day.
Parties of agriculturists, principally from the Ottawa valley, still continue to leave for Manitoba.

The nominations for Manitoba constituencies will take place on the 19th inst., and the polling on the 26th.
The town of Ingersoll has by a vote of 152 to 39 defeated the by-law granting a bonus of \$8,000 to the C. V. Railway.

Mr. De Veler, of St. John, N. B., is about to apply to the courts for a recount of the ballots.
It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will reach Canada about the middle of November.

The officers of the two French ships of war were entertained by His Excellency the Governor-General Thursday.
The cultivation of the sugar-cane will, it is believed, become an important industry in the peninsula between Lakes Erie and Ontario.

The Toronto Telegraph, which has been astride of the fence for the last few months, is supposed to have slipped gracefully into the arms of the party in power.
The Globe has not as yet realized the sudden turn of the wheel of fortune. Mr. Gordon Brown says the result is a mistake, and Mr. Dymond fully concurs in this verdict.

Mr. Wm. Davis, an old pensioner of Bathurst, went out to salt the sheep, when he was attacked by a ram owned by himself, and so severely injured that he died.
Mr. N. F. Briely, the senior partner in the firm of Briely & Co.'s vinegar works of Hamilton, was burned to death Thursday in the fire at Buchanan's work-house.

The allotment of the lands set apart for certain residents of different parishes in Manitoba—the allotment being styled "various parishes"—has been completed and forwarded to Ottawa. The allotment for Ste. Agathe is in progress.
Of the emigrants passing through Hamilton during the past half-year 3,566 settled in Ontario, of whom 1,665 were United States citizens, and 470 proceeded to Manitobas, of whom 400 were Americans. And yet times are said to be prosperous in the United States under their protective tariff.

A PARTY of men had started out for a sail on Lake Rideau, Ont. One of them, named Flavier, waded in the lake to push the yacht into deep water, and, while doing so, fell into a hole. Another of the party, named Adams, who was in the boat, reached over to secure him, but was dragged into the water. Paul Leeds, who was on the boat and saw the accident, plunged into the lake, but on reaching the other two, they grasped him round the body, and all three were drowned.

CITY ITEMS.

THE MATRONS MURDER.—The trial of Castrolaz, for the murder of Mathieu Mathevon, will take place on the approaching 11th of October, at St. Johns, P.Q.
THE NEW CATHEDRAL.—The work on St. Peter's Cathedral is going ahead again; the dome is nearly completed, and presents a very impressive appearance.
THE TANNERIES SHOOTING AFFAIR.—It is scarcely likely that there will be any further investigation with regard to the Tanneries shooting affair. This is as we supposed.

The police search for the intended assassin of Busby Lane seems to have been given up long since. The Chief is too busy looking up comfortable quarters for his beloved Sergeant Richardson.
The match played at Toronto last Saturday between the Coughnagaws and Toronto Clubs for the championship, resulted in a victory for the Indians. The Coughnagaws won the first game, the Toronto the next two, and the Coughnagaws the remaining two, thus winning the match. Some fine play was shown by both sides, and a large number of spectators were present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By the explosion of a Russian powder magazine at Fratessi, Romania, Wednesday, 55 persons were killed and 31 injured. Great Britain has, it seems, taken possession of the whole of New Guinea, where important gold discoveries have been made. A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting a wife: "Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

St. Marys has now 60 flouring mills. Charley Ross—Where is Charles Ross? Jay Gould owns the New York Tribune. Kearney is still on the stump. Queen Victoria likes to travel by night. The last Juggernaut festival was a failure. Every Kaffre the English kill costs them \$625. It is whispered that Victor Hugo is insane. The potato blight has appeared in Nova Scotia. Mgr. Dupanloup is a life Senator of France. Louis Blanc says the world has too many masters. Rustem Pasha, Governor of Lebanon, is a Catholic. The New York Herald has dramatics on the brain. The number of holdings in Ireland is 600,000. Luby's Hair Restorer robs the head of its baldness. Hon. Edward Blake is the best speaker in Canada. It is proposed to cremate the dead bodies at Memphis. In Cyprus, 307 men are in the fever hospital. Victor Hugo writes on the roof of his house. The late heavy storm an from Mexico to Canada. The United States wants the army reduced. The treaty stone of Limecick is getting smaller. A daughter of General Rosecranz has taken the veil. The German Socialists are organizing a rebellion. Russia will keep 100,000 men in Eastern Roumelia. J. C. Howe will oppose Mr. O'Donnell in Dunganvar. Major O'German says he will retire from Parliament. Prince Humy of the Netherlands is worth \$50,000,000. There will be no Turkey in Europe ten years hence. Bishop Medley has returned to St. Johns from Quebec. A new rifle is to be introduced into the French army. The Paris Exhibition will close on the 31st October. D'Israeli does not help literary men. Gladstone does. The latest trick of the U. S. tramps is stealing babies. St. Louis rejoices having more bankruptcies than Chicago. The St. Petersburgh Gazette is talking of a picnic to Lahore. The Boston Post defends the importation of English sparrows. The assassins of General Messentzoff are young men of fortune. Gen. Butler says the "rag baby" has become a stalwart youth. Stephen Joseph Meany is stumping for the Democrats in Ohio. The latest question: Where are the Russian cruisers going? Ladies should not wear green gloves, there is arsenic in them. This is polling day. Vote early, and don't telegraph. The population of China is said to be only 200,000,000. Another big bonanza has been found in the Sierra Nevada. Alexandre Dumas' house in Paris is full of statues and pictures. The Nobelings of Germany have changed their names to Edling. The Empress Eugenie is about to reside permanently in Austria. The Minerva says the Irish Catholics of Montreal are Conservative. Lord Beaconsfield's doctor presented him with a bill lately for £700. It is probable Gen. Butler will be elected Governor of Massachusetts. The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope. The Duke of Sutherland's Euphrates R.R. plan has not yet been adopted. A Protestant minister in Australia denounces protection as atheism. Greenbacks are at par. The question is, When will a share fall to Mar? It is now said the English Parliament will be dissolved in November. The church organs play their saddest while a collection is being made. Miss Helen Taylor will stand for Southwark at the next Imperial election. By the law of succession King Humbert of Italy is heir to the British Crown. Professor Dawson, of Montreal, is considered one of the world's scientists. The genuine New York detectives are busy looking out for bogus detectives. Dr. Bernier opposes Mr. Costigan in Victoria. The contest will be a doubtful one. One hundred students, suspected of Nihilism, have been expelled from St. Petersburg. Parson Hayden, the alleged seducer and murderer of Mary Stannerd, will be sent for trial. The Encyclopaedia shows that France gives the greatest number of clever men to the world. Machinery has increased the number of millionaires a thousand per cent. within the last twenty years. La Minerve says Mr. Archambault, being a Clerk of the Crown, is not eligible for member of Parliament. An ancient eastern prophecy says a man from the most western island of Europe will yet rule the East. The people of New Liverpool (wherever that is) tells Lord Beaconsfield he is the foremost man in Europe. The following is the formal result of the Maine election: 23 Democrats, 65 Republicans and 57 Greenbackers. The Board of Road Trustees number ten. It was first created by Lord Sydenham, and had two Irish Catholics. Mr. Joly created a new Board lately, and carefully excluded that element. The London Examiner says a Zollverein between Canada and the U. S. means annexation, and the N. Y. Herald agrees with it.

NATURALIST'S PORTFOLIO.

A resident of Sacramento, Cal., has a breadfruit tree in full bearing. The fruit averages a length of four inches, and is pear shaped, with a flavor liko that of a cantaloupe. The Use of Butter.—Butter was not in use before the Christian era. It was first used as a cosmetic for hair-dressing by women. For some centuries later it was used as burning oil; lamps and churches were lighted with it so late a period as 1500. Since then it may be considered an article of food solely. How to Find the Diamond.—There are certain minerals and stones which are a sure indication of the presence of the diamond whether in South America, Asia, or the Cape. The bean-stone (Pierre en forme de fève) is called by the Brazilian Pai and Mai, that is to say, father and mother of the diamond. It is about the back and shape of a lamb's kidney and contains garnets and lead crystals. Wherever it is discovered the diamond, if looked for, will certainly be found. SOLAN GEESE.—It is said, on good authority, that at St. Kilda, some two hundred thousand solan geese assemble annually at the breeding season; while at Bess, in the Frith of Forth, it is scarcely possible to walk without treading on them, while flocks upon the wing are so numerous as to darken the air like a cloud, and the noise is such that persons speaking can, with difficulty, hear the sound of their own voices. BAKED APPLE DRESSING.—Pare and quarter four large apples, boil them tender with the rind of a lemon in so little water that when done no water may remain, beat them quite fine in a mortar, add the crumb of a small roll, quarter pound butter melted, the yolks of five and the whites of three eggs, the juice of half a lemon, sugar to your taste, beat all well together, all in paste. PARTHIDES AND GROUSE.—A correspondent writes that a few days ago the gamekeeper on the Ramnagulzin moors, Aylth, had his attention called by his dog to a nest on which was a partridge. When the bird was dislodged, it was found that she was sitting on a grouse nest of five grouse eggs. In the course of a few days the partridge laid fifteen eggs beside the grouse eggs. Immediately on the five grouse appearing the male partridge took charge of the alien family, while the female bird still sat on her own eggs and hatched them. REINDEER.—With a couple of reindeer yoked alternately to his sledge, a Laplander is able to perform a journey of one hundred English miles in a day; and the Laplanders assert that in twenty-four hours they can thrice, change the horizon, or in other words, they can three times pass that object which at their setting out, they saw at greatest distance they could with their eyes. The best sledge-deer is the cross between the wild buck and tame doe. Wild bucks are caught in a very ingenious way; cords are fastened to the horns of a tame buck, which is then sent out to fight the wild buck; the two deer soon become locked by the horns, and the wild one is easily secured. ANIMALS OF NEW GUINEA.—The testimony of previous explorers of New Guinea pointing to the probable existence of a large quadruped in that island, is strengthened by the statement of Mr. Goldie that on his recent journey there he saw tracks like the footprints of a horse, with the addition of four toes. In view of the absence of large mammals from Australia, their occurrence in New Guinea was hardly to be expected, as in the opinion of geologists that island was formerly a part of the great Australian Continent. Wallace in his well-known work on the geographical distribution of animals, says: "New Guinea is very deficient in mammalia as compared with Australia, though this apparent poverty may in part depend on our very scanty knowledge." It has been suggested that the unknown four-footed beast may be a tapir and this conjecture does not seem unreasonable. A characteristic species of tapir is met with in the larger Malayan islands, and this animal might easily be mistaken for the rhinoceros, of which Captain Moresby thought he discovered traces in New Guinea. THE COLOURED RACE IN AMERICA.—The coloured race in America continues to increase and multiply, but it also continues to die with rapidity that it is difficult to account for. Statistics have lately been prepared showing the relative death-rates among the white and coloured inhabitants of the principal Southern cities. From these figures it appears that the mortality among the blacks is about 75 per cent. greater than among the whites. In Memphis the death-rate among the whites 18-06 per 1,000, while that of the blacks is 40-06 per 1,000 every year. In Mobile the annual death-rate of the whites is 12-15 per 1,000 while the negroes die at the rate of 23-17 per 1,000. In Richmond the rate is 17-30 for the whites and 23-13 for the blacks, while in New Orleans it is 23-45 for the former and 39-60 for the latter. The greatest mortality among the whites is reached in Charleston, where the rate is 27-21 per 1,000; while the district of Columbia furnishes the largest death-roll for the blacks—namely, 47-60 per 1,000. THE GLOW-WORM BIRD.—In India it is said that a species of sparrow builds its nest of grasses, which it weaves very skilfully into the shape of a bottle, and suspends it firmly to the branches of a tree, with its entrance downwards, so as to secure it from the attacks of birds of prey. But the interior of the nest is not its most wonderful peculiarity. Within it is divided into several chambers, which according to the popular belief, the bird is in the habit of illuminating during the night with glow-worms or fire-flies. The story goes that after collecting a number of these luminous insects, the bird fastens them to the inside of its nest by means of a peculiar kind of clay of a glutinous nature; and thus when the glorious sun, in whose beams it delights to spread its pinions, is withdrawn from the world, the bird can retire to its pendant couch, and be rocked to sleep, lasking in the mild beams of the glow-worm. A gentleman who had resided many years in India, speaking of the nest of the Indian sparrow, states that, taking advantage of the absence of the bird, in the afternoon, he examined four of these nests, in three of which he found glow-worms attached to the interior. In the fourth he found a little fresh clay attached to the side of the nest, evidently for the purpose of fastening a worm to, but no glow-worm. On subjecting one of these nests to a second examination on the following day, he found that the first glow-worm had been removed and a second substituted in its place. Sir William Jones endeavours to account for the presence of the glow-worms in the nest by the supposition that the bird places them there for the purpose of feeding upon them. He however, grants to the little feathered "Indian" various qualities which are, if anything, more wonderful than the above. He says that it is easily tamed and may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog. If a ring be dropped into a well, the bird will, upon a given signal, dart down after it, and, seizing it before it reaches the water, bear it, with apparent expressions of pleasure, to its owner.

FIRESIDE READING.

"Will you please to insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a country editor; "the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death." There is a good story in Planché's Memoirs, told by Rogers, of a man who got very drunk at a country house, was tarred and feathered, and put to bed. He woke, still drunk, in the morning, reeled over to the looking-glass, and exclaimed, "Become a bird, by Jove!" No GAMBON.—Smatterer: "I tell you, my dear fellow, I could translate Virgil fluently at the age of ten." Classical party: "I don't believe it." S.: (excitedly): "What? You don't? But I could though—just as well as I can now!" C. P.: "I believe that." There is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-six editors. It was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious deacon remarked: "Yes there are twenty-six of 'em, but as they've all left the town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us." Sheridan, being on a Parliamentary Committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready for business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table, said, with a droll expression of countenance: "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?" Dr. Gross, the well-known surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Soon after his recovery he met one of his patients, who remarked to him: "O, doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again. Had we lost you our people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam!" replied the affable doctor; "but now I fear they will die by the gross." Particular lodger to landlady at a popular watering-place: "Mrs. Brown, excuse me, but I hope your sheets are well aired?" Mrs. B.: "Oh, yes, sir! I wouldn't for worlds put you in damp sheets. In fact, I can provide you with a party sleep in 'em the night after last, another party sleep in 'em the night after that—so they must be well aired." SQUIRE J.—Foot, going out to dinner, hailed a hackney-coach which turned out to be a rickety old vehicle. At his journey's end he gave the driver a coin, which the man looked at rather suspiciously. "Well, what's the matter?" "Why, it's a bad shilling." "Is it?" rejoined Foot. "Well, then we're quits; yours is a bad hackney-coach." It is stated that an exalted personage not long ago was presiding at the opening of a new dock. The architect was interviewed afterwards. "How many vessels," inquired the exalted personage, "will your dock contain?" "That entirely depends, sir, whether they be large or small." "Oh, middling size, I mean!" "In that case," was the reply, "the dock would contain a middling lot of ships." "Here's a neat toast," said an old gentleman as he read from the volume in his hand—"An ascending hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend." "What is there neat about that?" asked his wife. "I don't see any point to it." "Don't see any point!" exclaimed the husband. "Why, if you're going up the hill of prosperity and meet a friend, he must be going down, mustn't he—must be on the hill-patrol, unprosperous—must, in short—" "I see, I see!" interrupted the old lady. The State Legislatures of the Western States of America used to have rough-and-ready methods of preserving order during sessions. In one State the Speaker used to take his seat armed with a double-barrelled rifle ready for use. One day a member rose and addressed the chair saying, "Sir, I believe I am in order. If you say 'Go on,' I'll go on; but if you say 'Squat,' I'll squat like a partridge." The Speaker gravely slung round his rifle, offered the hon. member, and uttered the monosyllable "Squat." The member squatted. KNUCKLE-END-OF-ENGLANDERS.—A Russian journal, in describing the "curious" dress of the Highland regiments in Her Majesty's service, speaks of them as the "untamed" descendants of the ancient Britons, whose fantastic garb they still affect. "They are huge, robust, red-headed men, are these picturesque Highlanders, and few of them can speak the modern language of the English people; but still this does not hinder them from fighting well, and they make excellent infantry Bashli Bazonks for the British Army." While in Algeria a mighty hunter went off on a long excursion, accompanied by a native guide whose face and manner were not too inspiring of confidence. They had scant luck, provisions ran short, and the guide proposed to his employer a dish of broiled monkey. "I don't know," said the European, though he was hungry; "what does it taste like?" "It's tenderer than man, but not so juicy," replied the guide in the most matter-of-fact manner. The European at once broke up camp and returned homeward, insisting on carrying his own gun and having the guide in front. A Washington paper tells an amusing story of a worthy Protestant clergyman who, on his first visit to the capital of the United States, endeavoured to enter the Senate House. He was promptly stopped by an official, who demanded whether he was privileged to enter, by being either a governor, an ex-governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign Minister. "I am a minister," replied the clergyman. "Of what court and country?" demanded the janitor. "Of heaven," was the reply. "Our Government entertain no relations whatever with that country," dryly observed the doorkeeper. In the days before competitive examinations were known men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honorable A. S. He was telling Chief Baron O'Grady of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court, and remarked: "I say to the fellows that are bothering with foolish arguments that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath; for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out of the other." "No great wonder in that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it." First scientific party, of the name of Richard A. Proctor, with his telescope—There is a steepie five miles off; I can see a fly walking on it. Second scientific gentleman, called Prof. Hughes, with his microphone—I can't see him, but I can hear him walk. Third scientific person, named Edison, with his carbon thermopile—I can measure the amount of heat produced by the friction of his movement. And (producing a photograph from his pocket), by attaching this machine to your microphone, I can preserve and reproduce the noise of his walking so that people can hear him walk a thousand years hence. AUTHOR "BY PROFESSION."—A young scapegrace who had spent a fortune and fallen into bad habits took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was therefore accounted for, and, as his address was good, and marks of personal beauty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Slugs would not pay his landlord's bill; and when a month had expired he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him that he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know of what work he had been the author. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—the author of my own misfortunes!"

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BERRY PUDDING.—Stew a quart of blueberries or whortleberries; sweeten to taste. Take stale bread, and butter each piece; immerse each piece in the berries, and lay in a pudding dish first a layer of bread, then a layer of berries, taking care to have the last layer one of berries. To be eaten cold, with milk and sugar. BONED HAM.—Having soaked a well-cured ham in tepid water over night, boil it until it is perfectly tender, putting it on the range in warm water; take it up in a wooden tray, and leave it to cool. Afterwards remove the bone carefully, and press the ham again into shape; return it to the boiling liquid, remove the pot from the fire, and let the ham remain until it is cold. CHICKEN PIE.—Take one pair of good chickens, cut in small pieces, season with pepper and salt, and small strips of salt pork, put in saucepan with water to cover it, boil it for half an hour, add flour and butter to thicken the gravy, have ready a large dish, served with paste, put all in the dish covered with a good rich paste. Bake for half an hour. VEGETABLE PORRIDGE.—Pare and slice 10 cents worth of carrots, turnips, onions, and put them into three quarts of water, with a few sprigs of parsley and dried herbs; season them with half a tablespoonful salt and quarter teaspoonful of pepper, and let them boil till very soft, two hours or more; then rub them all, through a colander, return the porridge to the pot, and set it over the fire to heat, stirring it to prevent burning; use it with bread; it will cost 15 cents for enough for a hearty meal. GARTERS.—If garters are worn, it is important to know to apply them with the least risk of harm; at the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the leg unite, and go deeply into the under part of the thigh, beneath the hamstring tendons. Thus a ligature below the knee obstructs all the superficial veins; but, if the constriction is above, the hamstring tendons keep the pressure of the veins which return the blood from the legs. Unfortunately, most people, in ignorance of the above facts, apply the garter below the knee. Bread made with undressed flour, or even with an extra quantity of bran, is the best form, in the opinion of Dr. Prout, in which farinaceous matters can be usually taken in most of the varieties of dyspepsia, accompanied by obstinate constipation. This is a remedy the efficacy of which has long been known and admitted; yet, strange to say, the generality of mankind choose to consult their taste rather than their reason, and, by officiously separating what nature has beneficently combined, entail upon themselves and their offspring much discomfort and misery. There are two capital dishes suitable to the season that should abound in families and restaurants—the succotash of tomato and corn and the blackberry pudding. The latter requires in its minimum proportions a quart of blackberries, a quart of flour, a pint of unskimmed milk, three tablespoonfuls of chopped beef-suet, a dessertspoonful of baking-powder and two tablespoonfuls of ground loaf sugar. Dug this compound for steaming, and do not boil it. Wine sauce, dry or liquid. For the other dish, that comports nicely with breast of lamb take a quart of plum-shaped yellow tomatoes; grate six ears of sweet corn into the tomatoes after these have boiled fifteen minutes; next add a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of salt; boil stirringly for another quarter hour, and there is evolved a blessing for an anchorite's palate. Apropos also of the season; Sponge-cake, banana, and peach make a nice combination for a baked pudding with port wine sauce. FISH AND POTATO PIE.—Use any cheap fish which does not cost more than 5 or 6 cents a pound, such as cod, laddock, or bluefish; cut two pounds of fish (cost 12 cents), in pieces of about an inch thick and two inches long; lay them in a deep dish with a pint of cold gravy of any kind, or cold water; season with a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley and onion, and a tablespoonful of salt, pepper, and thyme, mixed together in equal quantities, and sprinkled among the fish; put it into the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes to partly cook. Put one quart of potatoes (cost 3 cents), in boiling water, and boil until soft enough to mash; mash them, season them with salt and pepper, and put the over the fish, which you must take from the oven as a crust; return the pie again to the oven to brown the crust, and serve with bread and butter. Twenty-five cents will cover the cost of all, and the dinner will be a good one.

PEOPLE FROM THE COUNTRY

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CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal, No. 87. Dame Virginie Dupont, of the Parish of St. Cuneo, District of Montreal, wife of Edouard Latour, laborer, of the same place, fully authorized to ester en jugement, Plaintiff, vs. the said Edouard Latour, her husband, of the same place, Defendant. The Plaintiff hath, this day, instituted an action en separation de biens against the Defendant, her husband. EDOUARD COUILLARD, Attorney for the Plaintiff. Montreal, 19th September, 1878. BUCKLEY BELL FOUNDRY. Established in 1831. Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, measured with the best Royal Standard. For Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms, Tower Clocks, Chimney, etc. Fully Warranted. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIPP, 102 and 104 East Second St., Montreal.

NEW EMPORIUM FOR CHURCH ORNAMENTS. C. B. LANCTOT, IMPORTER, No. 270 Notre Dame Street 270. Having returned from Europe, I am now receiving at my Old Stand a complete and varied assortment of Embroidery, Chasubles, Bronzes, Olive Oil, Night Lamps, Tapers, Incense, &c. FOR SEMINARIES, COLLEGES AND CONVENTS, &c. Merino for Soutanes, Sashes, Barettes. Black, Red and White Surplices, in Linen and Cloth. RELIGIOUS STATUARY AND STATIONS OF THE CROSS. Everything has been bought in the best factories of Europe at reduced prices, and will be sold at excessively moderate prices. Being desirous of increasing my new establishment, I have opened a department for Artists' Painting, and have engaged first-class Artists to fill the orders which may be entrusted to me. I can thus give a guarantee for the excellence of all work, such as: Statue and Church Decorations, Church Windows, Banners, Flags, Paintings, Stations of the Cross, &c. In a word, everything in a line of Artistic Painting and Decoration. A VISIT IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. C. B. LANCTOT, 270 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. September 18 54

TEACHER WANTED, by the 1st October, for a Private School in Ottawa, who holds a first or second-class certificate, and who has some knowledge of French-Catholic preferred. Salary, \$400. Apply and send testimonials to J. M. LEFEVRE, No. 63 O'Connor street, Ottawa.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal. J. J. Doherty, B.C.L. C. J. Doherty, A.B., B.C.L. JOHN D. PURCELL, A. M., B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 146 St. James Street, Opposite the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Montreal, May 29, 78-ly. 0-g

For Sale, 26 VOLUMES OF THE TRUE WITNESS, From 16th August, 1859, to 11th Aug. 1878. Address this Office. 5

For Sale. PLANING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber. Address box 1188 P. O. Montreal. ESTABLISHED 1864. W. P. NOLAN & CO., PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, St. ANNE'S MARKET, MONTREAL. Liberal advances made on consignments of Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples, and all kinds of country produce. 1-DDD August 21

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1875. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY. FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE. HENCHEY'S HOTEL, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877. MR. JOHN BURNS:—Dear Sir,—The Cooking Range which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction. I can highly recommend it to persons who may be in want of such, also, the BREADER, which I am much pleased with. You can use this certificate with my entire approbation. Respectfully yours, P. HENCHEY.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEUVEY STREET. CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty. MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c., MADE TO ORDER. OWEN MCGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET. (2nd Door from MCGILL). Orders from all parts of the Province carefully executed, and delivered according to instructions free of charge.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. PRICE \$35 with attachments. THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE. Is unequalled in light running, beauty of work, and strength of stitch. It is the cheapest, handiest, most durable, and the least liable to get out of order of any machine now being manufactured. A complete set of attachments with each Machine. Examine them before you purchase elsewhere. J. D. LAWLOR, Manufacturer, AGENT FOR New York and Paris Fashion Co's "Recherche" Paper Patterns. 43-37-g 365 NOTRE DAME STREET Montreal.

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CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO. (Conducted by the Ladies of Loreto.) Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of SEPTEMBER. The Convent is situated in the most elevated part of the City, and offers rare advantages to parents desirous of procuring for their children a solid, useful and refined education. For particulars, please address THE LADY SUPERIOR, Loreto Convent, Belleville. July 25, 77-ly.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, ETC. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England, Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for inferior article hitherto used here for Stained Glass. The best Memorial Windows. Send for prices, &c. PRIZES RECEIVED: LONDON 1871. PHILADELPHIA 1876—FIRST PRIZE. (LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND.) Studio and Works, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. 45-27-g

GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID, A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—cooling, stimulating and cleansing. Promotes the growth of the Hair, keeps the roots in a healthy condition, prevents dandruff, and leaves the Hair soft and glossy. Price, 25c. per bottle. For sale at all Druggists. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street. (Established 1859.) 42-27-g

The MIC-MAC REMEDY A SPECIFIC FOR SMALL-POX. ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MAJOR LANE. A HOPELESS CASE OF SMALL-POX CURED BY THE MIC-MAC REMEDY. To Major Jno. Lane, GREENFIELD, Mass. DEAR SIR,—I telegraphed for a package of your Small-Pox Remedy on last Monday, which I received the following day. I would have instantly responded and forwarded the money, but thought I would wait the result of its trial. I prepared the medicine myself so as to render everything secure; and I am proud to be able to state that it produced almost instantaneous relief in my case. I used only a small quantity, and there was no hope of recovery expressed on any side; but by the application of your famous Remedy it easily yielded. Enclosed I send you five dollars bill, in full of the charge. Your truly, Rev. W. A. HENNEBERY.

Dr. Coderre's Expectorating Syrup. For the last thirty years the Expectorating Syrup has been known and used with the greatest results, for Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Affections of the Lungs, &c. Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup Can be given with impunity to infants in cases of Colds, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Dentition, and all kinds of ailments of the infant, and is now regarded as the standard remedy for the above.

Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir Is specially adapted for women requiring the use of tonic and uterine agents. Its use can be continued without any inconvenience, in complaints such as Chlorosis, or Green Sickness; Leucorrhoea, or Whites; Dysmenorrhoea, or difficult courses; Anaemia, or weakness of the blood; General debility, Involuntary Menstrual Losses, Scarcity, Ringworm and other Diseases of the Skin, &c., &c. Pure medical preparations are as necessary as skilled physicians—they are the armies provided by nature and science to overcome the insidious legions of death, and if these armies are demoralized by unskillful arrangements, the result cannot be too strongly or too often impressed upon the public mind.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, Tonic Elixir, Expectorating Syrup. We, the undersigned Physicians, after carefully examining the above Proprietary Remedies as manufactured by J. E. Coderre, M. D., do certify that they are carefully prepared with medical substances suitable for the treatment of the diseases for which they are recommended.

E. H. TRUDEL, M.D., Professor of Midwifery. HECTOR PELTIER, M.D., Professor of Institutes of Med. P. A. C. MUNRO, M.D., Professor of Surgery. THOS. DODD DORSONNENS, M.D., Professor of Chemistry & Pharmacy. P. BEAUBIEN, M.D., Professor of Theriacle and Practical Med. J. P. ROTTOY, M.D., Professor of Legal Medicine. J. G. BIRAUD, M.D., Professor of Anatomy. A. T. BROSSEAU, M.D., Professor of Botany.

THOMAS KERMODE, WIRE WORKER, 30 BLEUVEY STREET. Flower Baskets, Flower Stands, Bird Cages, Window Guards and Screens, always on hand. All kinds of WIRE WORK made to order on the shortest notice and at lowest possible prices. REMEMBER THE PLACE!—30 BLEUVEY ST. FREE. POPE LEO'S Photograph, Enclose 2 Stamps for postage. KENNEDY & CO., Boston, Mass.; 44-3

STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON! We are determined to CLEAR OUT our entire stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE AT THOMAS BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 23-ly

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill streets. The best and most reliable place to get cheap, stylish and serviceable Hats. Come and see my DOLLAR HAT. Furs at wholesale prices. Alterations and repairing in Furs, thoroughly and promptly executed.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN. A. RAFTER & CO., 450 Notre Dame Street. The Stock of DRY-GOODS held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap lots, as will prove by the following price list, and for quality and value we defy competition to the trade of Canada. Remember our motto:— "Value for Value Received." CATALOGUE OF PRICES: Flannel Department. Canton Flannels, 10c, 12c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c. White Saxony Flannels, 17c, 20c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c. White Welsh Flannels, 25c, 30c, 35c, 38c, 40c, 45c. Scarlet Saxony Flannels, 17c, 20c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c. Scarlet Lancashire Flannels, 30c, 35c, 38c, 40c, 45c. Grey Flannels, 25c, 30c, 35c, 37c, 42c. Plain Cottons, in Blue, Pink, Magenta, Amber, all selling at 25c and 30c. Fine Striped Flannels, selling at 20c, 25c, 26c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c. The 55c. line measures 2 1/2 of a yard wide.

Blankets for Man and Beast. Stocks of White Blankets, selling from \$1.75 to \$8.50. Piles of Grey Blankets, selling from \$1.25 to \$4. Large lot of Horse Blankets, from \$1.25. Table Linen Department. Grey Table Linen, price from 14c to 50c. Unbleached Table Linen, price from 25c to 60c. Half-bleached Table Linen, price from 27c to 50c. White Table Linen, price from 35c to 75c. Napkins in endless variety, price from 75c. per dozen. Roller Towelling. Heavy Stock of Towelling, prices: 5c, 7c, 9c, 10c, 12c. Huck Towelling, price, 12c, 14c, 18c. Grey Cloth, checked and plain, price, 8c, 12c, 14c, 16c. Huck Towels by the dozen, selling at 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c, 12c, 14c, 16c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c. Bath Towels, selling at 15c, 20c, 30c, 35c. White and Grey Cottons. Horrocks White Cottons, full stock. Water Twist White Cottons, price from 5c. Grey Cottons, Hohehagen, Dundas, Corwall, England, price from 3c. Tweeds, Coatings, &c. Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c. Large lot of All Wool Tweeds, only 50c. Good line of Tweeds, only 60c. Extra large lot of English Tweeds, only 70c. Splendid assortment Scotch, only 80c. Really quality English Tweeds, only 95c. Extra quality English Tweeds, only 1.25. Real English Buckskin, only 95c. Special lot silk mixed, only 81c. Stocks of Small Coats, only \$1.50. Best West of England Tweeds, only \$1.35. Blue and Black Worsted Coatings, only \$1.30. Basket Coatings, only \$2.20. Extra large lot Coatings, selling at \$2.40. Best extra Diagonal Coatings, \$2.75. Extra Heavy Worsted Coatings, only \$3.15. Large lot of double width Tweed Coatings, price, 75c, 80c, \$1, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$1.35. Overcoatings in Beaver, Whitney, Blankets, Cloth, Pilot, Naps, in endless variety, price, 90c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, \$1. Men's Real Scotch Shirts and Drawers, prices from \$1 to \$2 each. Oxford Regatta Shirts, price from 35c. Men's White Shirts, price, 75c. Men's Flannel Shirts, price, 75c. Endless Variety of Ladies' and Gents' Kid Mitts, Gloves, &c. Prices low. Call early and Secure the Bargains.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. A large Stock Just received. To be sold cheap. MEILLEUR & CO'S, 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEUVEY. P. O'NEIL, DEALER IN Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store. The best quality of PRESSED HAY always on hand at Reasonable Prices. A CALL SOLICITED AT 273 WILLIAM STREET. 42-L

CHEAP FARMS FREE HOMES IN THE WEST. 900,000 acres taken in four months by 25,000 people. Good climate, soil, water, and building stone, and good stock. Address: B. J. Gilmory, Land Con'r, Dallas, Texas. July 17 48-13

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor; no matter of how long standing the case, may be positive relief is had in from one to three days. Do not despair, hesitate or doubt, for it is really a specific, and never fails. It is purely a vegetable preparation; by its timely use thousands of cases, that have been considered incurable by the most eminent Physicians have been permanently cured.

It is also endorsed by the regular Physicians and Medical Societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at Two dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated cases; sent to any address on receipt of Five dollars. Small trial bottles ONE dollar each. ALL ORDERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co., 554 Main Street, Worcester, Mass. July 31 51-Amos

LOURDES. PILGRIMAGES — MIRACULOUS CURES — VARIOUS FACTS — I WISH TO HAVE ALL COME HERE IN PROCESSION! Translated for the Cork Examiner from "Annales de Lourdes." These words uttered by the Immaculate Virgin at the Grotto, ought to restore courage to those who say: "The pilgrimage will soon be at an end." The words of the Mother of God will not soon pass away, and her work is far from being finished. The Immaculate Virgin has not yet entirely crushed the serpent. He is still seducing the world with his deceitful tongue; he is constantly twisting himself round it, and corrupting it with his deadly poison. The revolution is not yet vanquished; France is not arisen; our holy mother, the Church, is not emancipated; she does not reign as sovereign queen from pole to pole, and from shore to shore.

The great pilgrimages are not drawn to a close; on the contrary their number is increasing day after day. The spring of 1870 witnessed twelve; that of 1877, thirteen, and that of 1878, twenty-two. They have come from the dioceses of Tarbes, Bayonne, Aire, Auch, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montauban, Agen, Carcassonne, and Montpellier, from Belgium and from Portugal. Others are preparing to come from different parts of France. The pilgrims who come alone are far more numerous than they have ever been. These manifestations are becoming more worthy of admiration, in consequence of the faith and fervent piety which they display. The breath of the crusaders is always powerful. Christians believe and understand that the salvation of the world depends upon prayer and public penance; upon the atonement and holiness of the united pilgrimages of parishes and of dioceses, of provinces and of nations.

The Portuguese are always a faithful people; the conquerors and the apostles of the East Indies are still capable of achieving great things. Some generous souls in this religious land conceived the idea of bringing to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes thirty-two invalids, declared absolutely incurable by the medical faculty. In this moving hospital there were twenty-six infirmarians, several priests, and a few delicate but courageous ladies and gentlemen. A prelate of the house of His Holiness was authorized by a brief of Pope Pius IX. to act in the capacity of doctor to the poor. Mgr. Maigre, with Doctor Grainha, acted as doctor and surgeon. This project excited the fury of the free-masons of Lishon. Up to the moment of their departure the pilgrims were annoyed by the threats and maledictions of these wicked men. His Eminence the Patriarch of Lishon gave them his blessing at parting. Notwithstanding the rapidity of steam it took them five days to reach Lourdes. They arrived there on Friday evening, 17th May, half smothered from the effects of heat and dust, and scarcely able to stir from fatigue; the greater number of these poor invalids were real objects of pity.

The next day, their president celebrated holy Mass for the pilgrims, and preached to them in their own language. He took his text from the gospel of the day. Like the apostles, they say to the Saviour: "Behold we have forsaken all things to follow Thee; what shall be our reward?" "We have left our families and our country; we have undertaken a distant and painful journey in order to honour God and his holy Mother. We have come to this holy sanctuary, to pay homage to the Immaculate Conception, to pray to her, not only for these incurable invalids here present, but also for the many other infirm persons whom we have left after us, for our dear country and for the holy Catholic Church.

"We are few in number, and most unworthy of divine favours. But we hope, not through our own merits but through the merits of our ancestors, the Mother of God will remember the faith and clarity of the Portuguese, who in past ages planted the faith in the East, on the most inhospitable and distant shores.

"If outward and dazzling wonders be not worked in our favour, we shall feel amply rewarded if we receive those interior graces which are best for the souls of those we love, the greatest gifts for this present life and for the life eternal."

The Portuguese have neglected nothing to merit the favours of the Immaculate Virgin. Every day they perform the devotions of the great pilgrimages, not omitting even the torchlight processions. It was a touching sight to see several of these sick people marching arm in arm, two deep, performing these pious exercises. In this manner might be seen several blind persons holding lighted candles in their hands, taking part in the torchlight procession. Their courageous and firm faith has been amply recompensed. We have noted several remarkable favours which have been attained. Mgr. Maigre, the grave and learned prelate, and doctor of the pilgrimage, has obtained proof, as far as could be obtained under similar circumstances, of two cures which are unquestionably supernatural. We report them in full confidence, yet with our usual reserve.

The Rev. Father Antoine Jean Baptiste Assumption, priest of the diocese of Loria, is 63 years of age, and has had weak sight all his life time. In 1848 the state of his eyes obliged him to resign the holy ministry. In 1858, eleven years afterwards, his left eye was entirely lost, and he lost the use of his right eye in a short time after. His blindness was caused by a cataract which was pronounced incurable. From that forth the poor priest could only celebrate the notice Mass of the Holy Virgin, which he repeated from memory. For two years, during which time he was unable to go about by himself, he was entirely deprived of the consolation of saying Mass. On Sunday, 18th May, the day after his arrival, he was present at the holy Mass of the pilgrimage; he received Communion in the midst of the faithful who attended. He was afterwards conducted to the bath, into which he plunged himself. Immediately he perceived a light; it was the little window of the bath; he saw it distinctly—he was perfectly cured.

At the time the blind priest had been conducted to the bath, a poor, paralyzed lady was also led into it. Maria das Dores, under-teacher at the convent of Charles of the Augustinian Nuns at Lisbon, is forty-eight years of age. For the past five years she had been completely paralyzed in the right side. She could neither walk nor stand; the medical faculty pronounced her absolutely incurable. She was taken into the bath immediately after the Mass of the pilgrimage, and came out of it in a few minutes afterwards, alone, unaided by anyone, perfectly cured. She then ran without delay to the grotto to unite her prayers with the act of thanksgiving of the priest who had been blind and who was now miraculously cured. She then visited the house of the Missioners, to which she was able to walk with perfect ease. No trace of the paralysis now remains, and she enjoys perfect health.

A telegram from the pilgrims announced the joyful news of these two miraculous cures at Lisbon. The news immediately spread through the city, where it excited the most lively emotion. The religious press and the incredulous press were engaged in discussing the matter, and exciting the passions of those who argued for and against the supernatural occurrences.

A magnificent thanksgiving was chanted at the Grotto on Saturday, 18th May, and a Te Deum of thanksgiving was sung at Lisbon, on Saturday, 8th June, to thank our Lady of Lourdes for this double cure. On the 14th June, his Majesty King Dom Fernando of Portugal, arrived at the Grotto with the infant Dona Augusta, and Madame la Comtesse d'Edla. The King, though preserving his incognito, has given testimony of his Christian and Catholic faith. Kings are following in the train of shepherds to the sacred grotto. The same day witnessed the arrival of several Portuguese, among others Dom Almeida, the valiant champion of the Catholic cause in Portugal. We are glad to remark that the descendants of Pomal are at the head of the movement which conducts this noble country to the centre of Catholic unity. There, as in every other country, Our Lady of Lourdes is crushing the head of the serpent, strengthening the faith and awakening the devotion of the people, confounding infidelity, and multiplying wonders.

JUDGE KEOGH IN DUBLIN. HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE BENCH—NATIONAL PRESS COMMENTS. It is stated that Judge Keogh arrived in Dublin recently accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. James Murphy, Q. C. Further particulars say that the Judge also attended his registrar, Mr. Ferguson, who defended himself with a pillow. After the judge was dismissed he was confined for a day or two in a convent. All the Irish National newspapers comment on the occurrence. The Weekly News asks the Judge be put upon his trial for attempted assassination. The outrage, the Weekly News says, recalls a bygone era when John Sadlier and William Keogh were associates. Sadlier killed himself, and Wm. Keogh attempted to kill another. The latter has not yet come to the end of the chapter, and he may find that the will of God grinds slowly, yet it grinds exceedingly small.

The Flag of Ireland says Keogh was a shameless traitor, and a bitter enemy to his country, a renegade and an apostate; but his terrible fate should make us dumb with awe at the terrible character of the retribution which has overtaken him, while we must recognize its justice. The Nation says the judge will never again be allowed to indulge in fits of insanity on the Bench. The Irishman, in the course of an article on the subject, headed, "Time, the Avenger," says—"There is something so solemn and terrible in the recent event with which the name of Judge Keogh is connected, that one involuntarily shrinks from it as from a painful subject. Nevertheless it has occurred; it is known; history has acquired it, and no one can conceal it. Why, therefore, should it not be spoken of, commented on, and judged—more especially when a great moral lesson is to be derived from it? Look back over the space of thirty years, and you will discover him first making his appearance in public life. He never, thank Heaven, was a patriot. He propped around the Castle, when he was a brilliant barrister, writing pamphlets for and eulogiums on the Vice-regal employer of Birch and suborner of the World—an organ specially hired to slander the National party. It appears that he assailed O'Connell, and even attacked the Catholic clergy, though professing himself a Catholic. His services were such as to gain him some notice and secure him the prospect of promotion. The hand of Providence overshadowed his fellow deceiver, and, after years of fraud and falsehood, at length, just in the brightest hour of his greatest apparent success, he fell struck by the thunderbolt of justice. Like Castlereagh he avenged his country by slaying himself. Another of the party, put into a post of emolument and trust, betrayed confidence and after defalcations of vast amount, fled a hunted fugitive to foreign lands. But Keogh remained, and everything seemed to prosper with him. He ran from place to place until at length the ermine of the judge clothed the person of the perjurer. For a time he walked the land in all the pride and pomp of a pampered man, condemning and denouncing with bitter revilement the patriots whom he persecuted and the bishops whom he betrayed. The world's sunshine seemed to be concentrated around this perjured political profligate, and yet the shadow of Heaven's wrath came not upon him. Men thought the patience of the Lord was long; but now, behold, we have seen that Providence delayed over the greater culprit that his punishment might be the most availing of all. Affliction after affliction befel his family. His son went mad. Now, suddenly, one evening Dublin is startled and horrified to hear that Judge Keogh has attempted to murder a man, and nearly succeeded. His unfortunate valet now lies a victim to the sudden ferocity of his maniac mind. For some time past Judge Keogh showed symptoms not only of bodily but of mental ailment. He rushed from place to place, stopped a night here, a night there, and rested nowhere. Ghosts appeared to him. He was haunted by spectres. There was for him no longer any peace. He went about in a state of living death. Then, lying in a foreign land, suddenly in the dead hour of night, he orders his servant to draw the blinds, and as the hapless man is doing it, he is seized by the Judge, and slashed with a sharp razor, while the maniac assailant declares he will do for him at last. Imagine that hideous scene, the fearful closing scene, of a fearful life, and then declare whether or not the Providence of God has not condignly punished a perjured man, and signally avenged a betrayed nation!"

It is believed that immediately an announcement will be made that Mr. Justice Keogh has retired from the Bench. The Attorney-General will then be promoted to the Bench, which will cause a vacancy in the representation of Dublin-University, for which, of course, the Solicitor-General would be a candidate.

The Daily Express of yesterday contains the following account:—"The following particulars of the recent unfortunate occurrence have been communicated to us from private sources.—The Judge, who, as already stated, had been travelling with Mr. Ferguson, his registrar, and Curran, his servant, and staying at a suburban district of Brussels, conceived the idea that the registrar and servant had entered into a conspiracy to shut him up in a lunatic asylum. At dead of night he went into the servant's room and gashed him in the neck, and also severely in the stomach, with a razor. He then went into the registrar's room for the purpose of attacking him; but the registrar, hearing the noise, started up in the bed, and, seizing a large pillow, closed upon the Judge, and then called for help. The alarm raised in the hotel brought speedy assistance, and, after a struggle, the judge was disarmed and locked up in a strong room in a convent, there being no asylum in the place. Since his confinement he has attempted to destroy himself with an old nail. Dr. Nugent, inspector of lunatic asylums, arrived on the 19th, armed with full powers by the Judge's family and the authorities of Belgium and Germany to do with him as might appear to be best for him under the circumstances, and the doctor's intention was to place him in an asylum in Bruges, in Belgium.

THE ALLEGED EXECUTIONER OF ROBERT EMMET. We take the following from the Courant de Telavrich:—"During the last week much comment and not a little excitement have been caused in Ballina by a singular rumour, no less startling than interesting, which Mr. W. Kearney, civil list officer, ever vigilant in the cause of historical lore, has since given publication in the columns of the 'Freeman's Journal.' The local sensation has been caused by the alleged confessions of an old man who has recently paid the debt of nature in the Ballina workhouse at the age, it is said, of ninety-nine years, and who, apart from his having played the hideous role which report assigns him, had a strange and eventful history of his own. The story of his life, however, was a point on which this individual was particularly uncommunicative, and the following, based on the scanty accounts he let fall occasionally, forms, perhaps, the most exhaustive biography of him that can be obtained.

Barney Moran claimed to be a native of the village of Manulla, in Mayo—many, however, believed him to be of Dublin origin—and when about twenty years of age enlisted at Castlebar in a cavalry regiment—the Fourth Dragoon Guards, it is said—which he accompanied to Dublin, and in which he served five years. In 1798 he was one of the party of soldiers that accompanied the Castle blood-hounds, Sirr, Swan, and Ryan, to the house of Murphy, the leather-merchant, in Thomas Street, in Dublin, and one, probably, who rushed with his fellows into the chamber where the terrible struggle of three to one was being enacted; where Ryan lay on the floor gasping out his lifeblood, and the desperate insurgent chief, wounded by Sirr's bullet, fought like a wounded lion, until they hurled the brave Geraldine to the floor, pressed him down with their muskets, crossed over his gallant breast, and bound him.

The chief report concerning Barney is to the effect that he was the executioner of Robert Emmet, whose name as an ardent lover of his country and a devoted martyr to his patriotic principles will be cherished to the end of time in the memories of his countrymen. This report rests, it seems, entirely on the testimony of Mr. James Mulvan, a respectable merchant at Ballina, who says that some time ago Barney told him, with a request that his statement should be kept secret until after his death (a condition which is now fulfilled), that he was stationed at Portobello barracks when he volunteered to act as executioner on the melancholy occasion in question, and went in civilian's garb to the jail where the victim was confined, and thence to the scaffold, where he acted the loathsome part of hangman. This, it appears, concurs with Doctor Madden's account—viz, that a soldier out of Portobello barracks acted as executioner. Barney told many people that he was one of the guards at the foot of the scaffold during the execution. He was heard to boast that he once spent £500 in six months. 'This is very telling, but on retrospection it seems hard to believe that Barney, as we were wont to know him—poor, old, harmless Barney, whom the children used to crowd round in the streets to listen to and laugh at his quaint old comic ballads and jokes—could ever have been the hardened and blood-stained wretch who swung the devoted young patriot into eternity, cut down the body while yet warm, severed from it the head, and held up to the scorn, pale, blood-streaked face to the gaze of the callous hearted soldiery, of the awe-stricken, plying people, and, saddest of all, to that of the agonized and broken-hearted Sarah Curran, with the words: "Behold the head of a traitor; long live the King!" Surely the comparison requires a great stretch of the imagination.

CHEAPSIDE

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOSIERY.

COTTON, ERINO, LAMBS WOOL

White Sox, Nos. 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Boys Cotton Hosiery for Knickerbockers—Slate, Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy, Seamless, no lumps in the toes or heels, from 15c to 35c per pair.

Underclothing.

Ladies' Merino Vests, high neck and long sleeves. Ladies' Merino Vests, low neck and short sleeves. Ladies' Merino Pants.

Canadian Hosiery.

We are now offering an excellent make of Cotton Hosiery, of Canadian manufacture. We desire our customers to examine these goods carefully, and give them a trial, for the following reasons:—

FIRSTLY—They are manufactured in Canada. SECONDLY—They possess great merit, and deserve attention. THIRDLY—We recommend them.

Small Wares—Linen Goods—Cotton Goods—Gloves—Black Gloves—Dress Goods.

ANTLE DEPARTMENT, Up-stairs (West side) Style and Fit Warranted.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT Up-stairs (East side).

Splendid assortment of Tweeds and Cloth. For Tailoring, go to CHEAPSIDE.

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Corals, in Seal brown, green, navy blue and olive green. Persian Corals, all colors, 15c, 25c, 30c, etc. Cashmere, grey and brown (all wool), 30c to 40c. Cashmere, all wool, in checks, all colors, 30c up. Homespun, all wool, 20c up. Lustrous and Brilliantines, all colors, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c to 30c.

Grenadines.

Plain Black Iron Grenadine, 30c to 40c. Black Glace Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares.

Pins, Needles, Buttons, Thread, Tape, Silk spoons, Silk Twist.

Corsets—Crompton Make.

Queen Bees Corsets, with shoulder straps and skirt supports. Corsets for Children. Children's Bands. Corsets, French Goods, at 50c each.

Domestic Goods.

English Prints, from 5c to 17c per yard. Brown Cotton from 5c up. White Cotton from 7c up. An extra bargain in 35 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard.

White Shirts—a good line for 75c each, warranted full finish for evening dress. A good assortment of White Dress Shirts, from 75c to \$1.25 each. Our 75c White Shirt is the best value in the trade.

Gloves.

The best assortment of Gloves, all kinds and makes at CHEAPSIDE.

ALEXANDERS!

IOUVIN'S!

JOSEPHINES!

Silk Thread Gloves, all colors, 50c up. Plaid Silk Gloves, all colors. Pure Silk Gloves.

Umbrellas.

Cotton, 30c up. Zanilla. Alpaca. Silk. Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties.

A magnificent assortment.

GO TO CHEAPSIDE,

437 and 439 NOTRE DAME STREET, BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

A. A. MURPHY,

PROPRIETOR.

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, AND GENERAL JOBGING, NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE "EVENING POST" OFFICE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The following is a list of the members elected up to this. The districts yet to hear from are Muskoka, Algoma, British Columbia, and Manitoba, with a few other constituencies, the returns from which will come in to-day:

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Conservatives. Liberals.

Table listing candidates for various constituencies in Ontario, including names like J. McRory, D. Mills, and others.

FRUIT GARDEN.

The early crops being off, the plants must be treated with reference to next year's bearing. Insects are still to be fought; the fall well-water is not particular as to its choice, and spreads its net here and there.

Growers of Plants advise spring planting, and with good reason, their propagating beds keep pushing out runners, which take root and form new plants until cold weather checks them.

In Fall Planting, the ground is in such excellent condition, and other work is not so pressing as in spring, that those who raise their own plants will find it advantageous to set at this season.

Blackberries and Raspberries—The new growth to bear next year having been selected, all other shoots are to be destroyed.

Grapes Vines need watching for the first appearance of mildew. Some varieties, especially those hybrids containing a cross of the European vine, are usually more susceptible to mildew than the natives.

Births. DUCHESNEAU—At Moncton, New Brunswick, on the 2nd of September, the wife of Charles J. Duchesneau, of a son.

DEATHS. DONNELLY—In this city, on the 15th September, George John, only son of Michael Donnelly, aged 36 months.

MARRIAGES. PELOQUIN—POUVIN—On the 17th of September, at St. Joseph's Church, by Father Pennefather, Octave Pelouquin, son of Christina, daughter of the late Joseph Pouvin, both of this city.

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Barley, 75c to 90c. Oats, 30c to 32c. Corn, 48c to 50c. Apples, 40c to 50c. Potatoes, 40c to 50c. White wheat flour, \$4.50 to 4.80; Strong Bakers, \$4.40 to 4.50. Butter, in rolls, 12 1/2 to 16c; in firkins, 7c to 11c. Eggs, 11c to 12 1/2c. Dressed hogs, \$5.00 to 5.25.

Ottawa Lumber Market.

Already several large sales have been made, and more will likely follow. The rates are as follows:—To Quebec, \$2 per 1,000 feet; Whitehall, \$3.25; Burlington, \$3.12 1/2; Albany, \$2.75 to 2.85; New York, \$3 to 3.10. Messrs. McLaren and Blackburn, of Ottawa, have closed sales with New York firms for 2,000,000 feet at a fair figure. Perlee and Pattue have also sold 4,000,000, and several other large sales are in progress.

Bankrupt Notices—Quebec.

MERTINGS OF THE CREDITORS OF NEW INSOLVENTS.—Charles Posten & Co, Quebec, Oct. 7; J. Henri Dussablon, Quebec, Oct. 7; George Lamontagne, Quebec, Oct. 10; George Gabe, Lamontagne Plain, Oct. 7; Patient Cote, Quebec, Oct. 9; Treffe Baudet, of St. Jean Deschailons, at Quebec, Oct. 30.

ASSIGNEES APPOINTED.—Louis Dupuy, Montreal, to Edouard Barsalon; John Falton, Montreal, to Wm. Reipert, & Son; Alt. Lemieux, Quebec, to Zephirin Pelletier, Lewis; Alf. Lemieux, Quebec, to Isidore Tanguay, Lewis; Louis Dupuy, Montreal, to Louis Bedard.

DIVIDENDS ANNOUNCED FOR PAYMENT.—Dufresne & McGarity, Montreal, Oct. 7; Norman Paultet. Sorel, Oct. 7; John Hatcher, Montreal, Oct. 12; Boivin & Co, St. Romuald, Oct. 14.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchasers served during week ending Sept. 21st, 1878, 5,185. Same week last year, 4,320. Increase, 765.

BAT AND WICKET.

Elastic Cricketing Belts, 35c and 42c. At S. CARSLY'S. Very fine quality Cricketing Shirts, with blue binding and plain, 35c.

FOOTBALL.

To be had at S. CARSLY'S, the real English Lambs' Wool Football Shirts and Stockings, in Navy Blue and White Stripes, Royal Blue and White Stripes, Scarlet and White Stripes.

LACROSSE.

Elastic Lacrosse Belts for 55c. Men's Lacrosse Trunks, 20c to 30c. Boys' Lacrosse Trunks, 12c to 20c.

BOATING.

Very good quality Blue Serge Boating Shirt, with Collar, \$1.25. Good quality Grey Union Shirts, for \$1.00. CARDIGAN JACKETS. Good quality Cardigan Jackets for 70c, 75c and 80c. At S. CARSLY'S.

SHOW ROOM.

Ladies would do well by paying a visit to our Show Room. We are showing all the latest styles in Jackets, Dolmans, Ulsters, Shawls, Costumes and Skirts.

S. CARSLY, 393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER.

Received daily by Express from the Eastern Townships, very choice, AT THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE.

DRIED BEEF, BEEF HAM, SUGAR CURED HAMS, SMOKED TONGUES, PICKLED TONGUES, CAMPBELL'S BACON (In select cuts).

APPLIES (very choice, for table use.) ORANGES (Algeria, very sweet.) LEMONS. BANANAS, and all kinds of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

THOMAS CHATBERN, 1383 St. Catherine Street.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.

MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture these celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free.

BURY & MCINTOSH, ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSON'S BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Streets.

DAMPHEETS, DEEDS OF SALE, LAW FORMS, &c., PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "EVENING POST," 761 CRAIG ST. West of Victoria Square.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Same as outside. Address STINSON & CO, Portland, Maine. 4-g

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms \$5 outside fee. Address H. HALBERT & CO, Portland, Maine. 4-g

COLD Any worker can make \$12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO, Augusta, Maine. 4-g

The Loretto Convent NEW SCHOOL BOOKS

Of Lindsay, Ontario. FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79. The Metropolitan Primer. Do 1st Reader. Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader. Do Speller. Do Catechism of Sacred History. Do Illustrated Bible History. Do English Grammar. Do Key.

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

This Establishment, under the distinguished patronage of his Grace the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the Archdiocese, affords every facility for a thorough Educational Course. The Institute offers particular advantages to French Canadian young gentlemen who wish to acquire the English language in all its purity.

REPAIRS OF REFRIGERATORS. Now is the time to leave your orders, which will be properly attended by MEILLEUR & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 632 CRAIG STREET, Near Bloor.

Italian Warehouse. T. CARLI, 66 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally, that he will continue the business in his name, and that in his Show will always be found the best assortment of Religious-Statuary, Paintings and Decorations, Architectural Ornaments, Rosettes, Cornices and all executed at the lowest notice.

STATUARY, SUCCESSOR OF C. CAPELLI ET CARLI, 66 NOTRE DAME STREET. Third door to the right, near Bonsecours Street.

THE COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of incorporation, giving it power to become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the privileges accorded to the laws in force in this Dominion.

NOTICE. Elizabeth Myette, wife commencing in her own right, of the City and District of Montreal, painter, duly authorized a cetera in justice, has, on the day of July instant, instituted an action for separation as to property, against her said husband, before the Supreme Court in Montreal.

THE CELEBRATED HALL "CHAMPION" THRASHING MACHINE. Improved for 1878. DRIVEN BY HORSE OR STEAM POWER. OVER 3000 IN USE IN CANADA.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO DELIVER, ON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY orders, our Celebrated Hall Champion Thrashing Machine, to be driven by Horse or Steam Power. These machines have been without a rival for over FIFTY YEARS. No other Thrashing Machines are imitations of the Hall Machines, and have failed to give entire satisfaction. The Hall Machine has been THE STANDARD THRASHING MACHINE.

In the United States and Canada ever since introduced by the late JOSEPH HALL in 1823. The Hall Champion Thrashing Machine has been gradually and uniformly improved each year as experience proved wise and desirable. No changes have been hastily made nor called for impromptu. The greatest possible care has been exercised in the construction of all the working parts of the machine so as to save the necessity of repair and prevent annoying delays which are caused by breakages. Nothing but the very best material has been used throughout the machine, and the workmanship is unsurpassed. Our machines are supplied with our Patent-Diamond-Pointed-Cylinder-Teeth.

Worth three times as much as the ordinary teeth. WE CAN SUPPLY PITTS, PLANET, OR HALL HORSE POWERS.—Eight or ten horse—either DOWN OR MOUNTED ON TRUCKS, as Customers may desire. Also, Trucks built specially for Separators, with broad tires.

WE ARE BUILDING A SPECIAL MACHINE FOR STEAM THRASHING—with 30-inch cylinder and 45-inch grain belt, and we also supply a Steam Engine which we guarantee to drive our Thrasher in a first-class manner as rapidly as it can possibly be fed. Our Engine is made from the improved model used throughout the United States, and gives universal satisfaction in its simple in construction, easily and perfectly governed, and is so arranged as to get out of order, and all danger from sparks entirely removed.

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Joseph Hall Manufacturing Company, Oshawa, Ontario.