

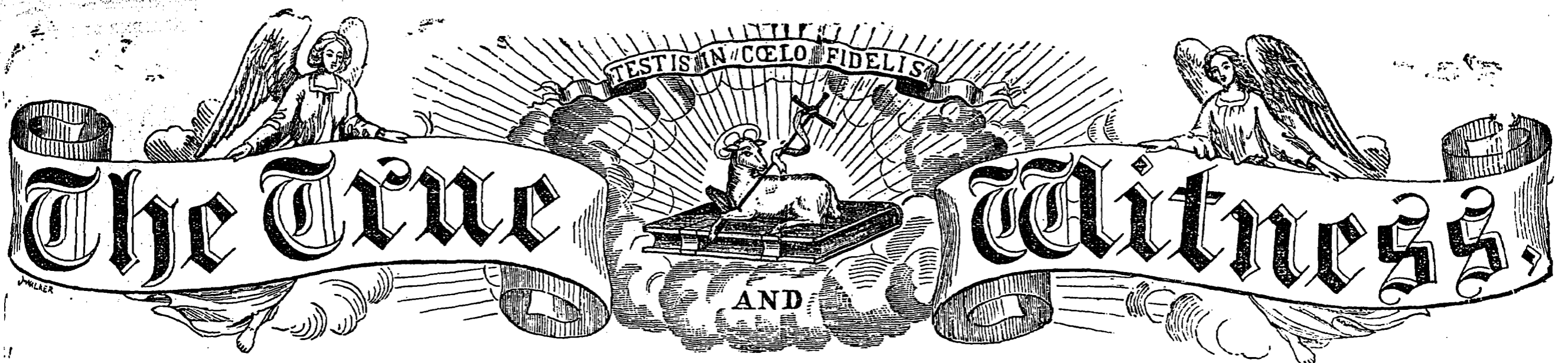
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 20.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1877.

TERMS:—\$2 per annum in advance.

THE STAR OF JACOB.

A star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel.

Christmas bells are sweetly chiming O'er the gray expanse of sea, Freighted with the white-wing'd message, Peace to earth and Peace to thee.

O'er hills and snow-wreathed valleys, O'er mountains purple fold, Where the star of Jacob trembled— O'er the manger, as of old.

Where the palm is green uplifting, Where the olive branches wave, Seek we in the silent valley, He alone, who came to save.

As the gloria in excelsis Floats on high, our souls to-day, With the shepherds' eager wend we Where the infant Saviour lay.

Bringing gifts e'en as the magi, Shall our souls outpour them hence, Love o'erflowing, Christian treasures— Gold, myrrh and frankincense.

Christmas bells to-day are chiming Sweetly o'er life's troubled sea, Freighted with the white-wing'd message, Peace to earth, and peace to thee.

TAXES.

Let no one, who can pay his poll tax, complain of losing his vote if he neglects to do so. If the Catholics of this city are to exercise their legitimate authority, it can only be done by doing as others do—pay their taxes.

ST. PATRICKS SOCIETY.

The Annual Concert of St. Patrick's Society is to be held in the Theatre Royal, on the 7th of January. The proceeds of this concert are to be given for charitable purposes, and although our people have many claims upon them, yet charity never appeals to them in vain.

CONCERT.

A concert will be given under the auspices of No. 7 Branch of the Irish Catholic Union, in the St. Cunegonde Hall, to-morrow, Thursday evening. The proceeds are to be given to the family of the late Joseph Hurley, a member of the Branch. All friends are invited to generously assist in making the concert a success.

FRENCH CANADIAN AND IRISH.

A very unpleasant incident occurred at a meeting of the Water Committee last week. It appears that there is a flash of water in the French Canadian part of the city, which Ald. Grenier was anxious to have converted into a skating rink. Two gentlemen wanted to rent the place for that purpose. Alderman Grenier supported them, and Ald. Donovan and Ald. Hood opposed them. Alderman Grenier then said that it was from the Irish side of the house that French Canadians received the most opposition. These words were cheered by the enemies of both the French Canadians and the Irish. It was honey to the palate. "Keep them divided" is the motto of our mutual foes. We thought, indeed, that this had been seen through, and we incline to the belief that the Irish Catholics of Montreal entertain strong sympathy and much respect for their French Canadian fellow-citizens. So far as we know the Irish people, that sympathy is genuine, and Alderman Grenier may rest assured that it is not affected. We do not expect to agree upon all the little details of public life, that would be irrational and absurd, but we do expect to cultivate a kindly feeling towards the French Canadian people, and we are much mistaken if Ald. Donovan does not share this feeling along with his countrymen at large.

THE REV. MR. BRAY.

Last week we promised that we might notice the Rev. Mr. Bray's lecture on "The Gallican Church" in our present issue. Our notice of it shall be brief. Let us, however, once more congratulate the Rev. Mr. Bray on the tone he adopted. Temperate and argumentative he contested for the principles he holds, without, we believe, consciously saying anything to insult us. To be sure the word "Romish" occurs, but we readily believe that it was slipped in, through force of habit, and not through any desire to be offensive. We take the temper of the lecture as our reason for saying this, and we now gladly welcome all the Rev. Mr.

Bray may say in the same temper, and in fair argument against the church. Legitimate debate is the salt of Civil and Religious liberty, and although the Rev. Mr. Bray was strong, yet he said nothing beyond the range of fair discussion. By all means let every man exhaust the arguments he can in favour of a principle he avows, or a course in which he believes. We welcome the expression of honest dissent, and calm dissertation. But while admitting all this we must remind the Rev. Mr. Bray that his lecture was more a plea for the Oka Indians than it was a lecture on the "Gallican Church." It was simply a resume of the trial between the Oka Indians and the Seminary, that took place a short time since. Since the Rev. Mr. Bray's lecture was published we have read those trials with some care, and we have failed to discover a single argument in Mr. Bray's lecture that had not been used by the counsel for the Indians. It is a resume of the old case, but it is not a resume of the judgment given. All these arguments were used in Court, and the judgment was given against the Indians, the arguments were thus all upset—because there were stronger arguments on the other side. What use is there in our repeating what must be known to everybody. That the case was tried—that all the arguments used by the Rev. Mr. Bray were used during that trial, and that the Court decided in favour of the Seminary, because the arguments against it were not sound, and many of them were mere concoctions. Besides the case is to be tried next month, and even if we were in possession of more complete evidence than has yet seen the light, which we are, yet we would decline to make them public at the present moment. The case is before the courts—it is before those of whom we believe that extraneous public opinion cannot influence, and in such hands we leave it, feeling fully assured that the claims of the Seminary will be sustained in every particular, and if Mr. Bray was in possession of the proofs and arguments on the other side of the question, he would say the same.

A REPLY TO FROUDE.

In an appeal to his clergy and people in behalf of the College of Kilkenny, Bishop Moran recently said:—"Froude, with his usual boldness, asserts that in the twelfth century Ireland had become a semi-barbarous State, and that we are indebted to the Norman invaders for the introduction of the arts and sciences, as well as for the revival of piety and religion among our people. It is not a difficult matter, indeed, to prove that our fathers at that eventful period were far from meriting the reproach of being a semi-barbarous people. Some of the noblest architectural monuments that adorn our country date precisely from that period; suffice it to name St. Columba's Chapel, in Cashel, the Cathedral of Lismore, the churches of Kilmalkedar, Buncrana and Monaghan. To that period also belongs the beautifully-chiselled Cross of Tuam, which, with all our modern progress, remains still unrivalled at the present day. The many works of our Irish artists of the same period, in silver and gold, which have happily been preserved to us, have won the admiration of the most distinguished antiquarians of Europe; and what is remarkable, it was only a little time before the Anglo-Norman invasion that this school of art attained its highest perfection, and it is precisely from that invasion that we must date its rapid decay. If in such a state of barbarism as Ireland was reduced to (after the twelfth century) genius had arisen, it would have died like a flower of the desert, unnoticed and unknown; for it was not the warrior's rude and bloody hand that could preserve and cherish it, nor his yet ruder mind that could appreciate its excellence and beauty; and seed should be sown to some more genial clime before it could be nurtured into vigor. I have already mentioned the name of the victorious monarch, Brian, and I will now merely ask what British sovereign since the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion has done so much as he to promote science and piety, and to encourage every true work of Christian civilization among us? Hear how an ancient Irish chronicler commemorates his history: 'By him were erected in Erin noble churches and other sanctuaries. He sent professors and masters to teach wisdom and knowledge, and to buy books beyond the sea and the great ocean, because the writings and books in every church and sanctuary had been destroyed by the plunderers; and Brian himself gave the price of learning and the price of books to every one separately who went on this service. Many churches were built and repaired by him, bridges and roads were made, the fortresses of Munster were strengthened. He continued in this way, prosperous, peaceful, hospitable, just judging, venerated, with law and rule among the clergy, with honor and renown among the laity, powerful, secure, for fifteen years in the chief sovereignty of Erin.'"

THE CASE OF FATHER CURCI, EX-JESUIT.

Father Curci, it is true, is no apostate; has not abused the Pope (though he has insulted

him), nor has he called any one a tyrant; he has simply exemplified the truth of the adage: *humanum est errare*. He has written a foolish, impertinent letter to the Supreme Pontiff, which, however, he never intended should be made public. This letter has been published, and has caused Father Curci's friends to wonder how it was possible for a man of his talents and experience to entertain such a Quixotic notion. A writer in a Catholic journal in the United States who is personally acquainted with Father Curci says:—

"It is true, that the mere fact of his letter exciting sympathy in the ranks of our separated brethren, is a source of regret to his friends, and is, besides, a strong argument against his position; but, that Father Curci has any fellow-feeling with his new defenders, is too preposterous to be even imagined. He has, it is true, done a very foolish thing, and has, besides, ventured to dictate to the Divinely appointed Head of the Church what his action must be. He has expressed, or more correctly, he has undertaken a quixotic defence of a class which has deservedly encountered the condemnation of the Holy See. Father Curci's letter has met a reply, and we lay before our readers a translation of this plain and calm response. In it they will see what Father Curci has done, and, at the same time, will clearly appreciate how very foolishly he has acted. We do not suppose we are violating any secrecy by announcing that the author of the answer is a Jesuit, well known to all Americans who have ever resided in Rome, Rev. T. Armellini."

BLOWING UP STUMPS.

Latest experiments by Mr. John O'Donnell, of Jamaica, L. I., have shown that by the use of dynamite, the cost of stump eradicating can be surprisingly reduced. An oak stump, two feet in diameter, costs by hand labor at least one dollar to remove. Dynamite will send it flying at a cost of twenty-five cents. Mr. O'Donnell recently invited a party of farmers to see its effectiveness. Five stumps were attacked. The first was of oak, partly decayed. The men employed punched a hole with a crowbar between two projecting roots, but, not being experts, did not insert the instrument fully under the stump. Consequently, only two thirds of it was blown out. The partial decay or the wood was another hindrance. It did not offer the necessary resistance. A partly rotted chestnut stump was blown to fragments. The crowbar was lastly inserted under an apple-tree stump, and that, like the oak, was shattered to the extent of two thirds. With a sound and sturdy oak stump however, the dynamite was fully triumphant. The stump was blown out utterly.—N.Y. Sun.

WHAT STANLEY HAS FOUND IN AFRICA.

A correspondent gravely asks us what Stanley has discovered "in equatorial Africa." It is possible that there may be others in the same state of deplorable ignorance, and we will, therefore, briefly set forth the result of Mr. Stanley's three years of exploration—for we do not suppose that even our inquiring friend forgets that before that the young man had found Dr. Livingstone in that region. When Stanley started, he described the work before him as that of finishing the labors of others, for many travellers had preceded him into that country of danger and fascination, and seen parts of lakes and rivers, without settling anything about their relations with each other or their importance to the world. The sources of the Nile, the problem of ages, were yet unfound. No one knew anything about the Congo, twenty-five miles from the Atlantic coast. Now Stanley has left very little undone of what he undertook to do. He discovered, in the first place, the farthest southern waters that contribute to the Nile, the Shimeyu river, pouring into the Victoria Nyanza from the southeast. He, for the first time, thoroughly circumnavigated the great Victoria lake, and followed up its great tributary, the Kagera, on the southwest, through its scores of lakes. He has settled the puzzle of the Tanganyika, which had been considered by Livingstone a reservoir of the Nile, and to which Lieut. Cameron had given an outlet through the Lukuga into the Lualaba; both these notions he proved wrong, and made it certain that the lake has no outlet, but is an inland lake of comparatively recent formation which is rising steadily, and will, one day make Cameron's belief true. And finally he has proved the Lualaba, which Livingstone felt sure was the Nile, to be, instead, the Congo, by following it from the center of the continent to the Atlantic—a wonderful voyage of over 2,000 miles and through seven or eight degrees of latitude, crossing and recrossing the equator, in deadly perils of disease, privation, trackless forests, unknown waters and fierce savages, which no other explorer had ventured to face, and which Cameron had shortly before turned away from. These are the principal geographical discoveries of Stanley, but to make a complete list of them would occupy too much time and space.—Springfield Republican.

WAR NOTES.

Mukhtar was brave even to desperation during the battle of Divo Boyun, on the plain of Erzeroum. When the Russian battalions were hurled against a long hill which was held by the left centre of his army, and the Turks wavered and fell back, he sprang forward with two battalions and dashed at once to the critical point. It was too late. The

officers fell dead and their men were driven back. The centre was carried. Mukhtar remained at the post of danger. "I wished to die," he said afterward. But his men gazed about him and fully dragged him from the field.

CONGRESS OF WAR.—It is stated that there had been frequent communication between Osman Pasha and General Gonko previous to the fall of Plewna, the opposing commanders exchanging very pleasant notes with each other from time to time. On one occasion the Russian general sent to Osman Pasha a most courteous letter, accompanied by several numbers of the London Times containing reflections on the inevitable fall of the town and on the necessary surrender of the beleaguered army. The Turk returned his thanks, acknowledged the importance of being made acquainted with the perils of Plewna, and added that were he not otherwise engaged, the papers furnished would afford welcome reading for the long winter evenings.

GENERAL SKOBELOFF.

One afternoon in November his troops were massed near their encampment, with arms in hands, and with spades to intrench the ground they were about to take; stretcher-bearers in group at the rear, a suggestive, but unpleasant sight; a battery of mitrailleuses bundled up like so many human beings, to keep out the damp, and in front of the troops, the little body of picked men, each with his shovel, his rations and plenty of ammunition, who were to make the first rush across, use the bayonet, and then throw it aside for the spade, and endeavor to cover in time to resist the attack of the returning Turks. General Skobloff dismounted and told the men just what he expected of them—that they were not to storm the works of Plewna, but only to run forward and take the piece of ground they knew perfectly well, in front of the road, and to hold it until they had worked through up. He cautioned them, as many were young soldiers sent out from the reserve to fill the great gaps in the ranks, not to advance too far, but to mind exactly what the officers told them. He would be with them himself, and would direct the movements personally. As the men passed they all received encouraging words, and they went by smiling at the good-natured chaff from the General, who called to them by name, remarked on their new boots, which, he said, were like those of a Spanish Don, and told the musicians they would play a waltz in the new redoubts on the morrow.

CHRISTMAS IN COPENHAGEN.

Christmas in Copenhagen. There is the place for it! To begin with, winter is winter there; you may be sure that before the twenty-fifth of December every house in Denmark has had its windows frosted over with those white and sparkling flowers of which Hans Christian Andersen speaks so often. Do you remember how Kay and Gerda used to beat copper pennies and then place them against the panes, where they made round eyelets through which one could look into the street, and see the boys snow-balling or sliding, or going past with their skates, and the old postman going from door to door with Christmas letters? I think every Dane has told you something about Copenhagen; from Andersen—who as a lean country boy looked towards it as the centre of the universe, and never, I believe, outgrew the feeling—Ochenschlaeger, the great poet, and funny, vain, impetuous little man, and Holberg, Hertz, and the two Heibergs, who all wrote comedies about their neighbors, friends, rivals, in the pleasant Northern capital.

First of all, we are at the fair, at Amager. Long lines of booths, the snow surrounding them, and even drifting up against them, stretch out with richest stores of toys, nuts, sweetmeats, gingerbread, innumerable temptations for the good townfolk who come to buy presents for their little ones, and to give themselves as well (it must be owned) a rare and delightful treat. The street boys are here in legions, a plague alike to booth-keepers and customers; what little money there may have been amongst them was spent long ago, and they are perfectly free to snow-ball, make slides play at hide-and-seek and other obstreperous games, and drive to despair all respectable middle-aged people. Here are stout and good-looking matrons, stopping for a minute—it is too cold to stand still longer—to discuss with friends and acquaintances their own new dresses and those of their neighbors, their children's complaints, and the progress of their Christmas cooking. The men, too, and chat a moment about the weather and their boys, and the danger of these plaguey slides; not a word of business interrupts the easy holiday talk—only the clatter and joking with sellers of toys and sweets. Here and there are pretty girls, their cheeks ruddy in the bracing air, conscious of many regards from strange eyes as they stand before the booths whose childish delights they have not really yet outgrown. There is one, a maiden of eighteen, whose blue eyes and round rosy cheeks, beneath her fair plaited hair still almost belong to the little sister for whom she is buying the peppermint and sugar candy, which are her own especial favorites. A cavalier (Herberg has a quaint citizen-like way of talking about "cavaliers") approaches her, and offers the support of his arm, as the frozen ground is slippery and dangerous. She declines, with the pretty shrewishness of Gretchen, and, walking on flushed and hurried, in a few steps slips and falls. He helps her up, hoping that she is not hurt, but reproving her want of trust in him; she declares that the fall was quite harmless, and is passing on, with the blisfulest word of thanks, when he points out that the contents of her basket—the sugar candy and peppermint, with gingerbread, lead soldiers, toys and dolls—have all dropped out, and lie scattered on the ground. The maiden stops; tears gather in her eyes; in her first words of confidence, she says for what little brother and sister the presents were meant; quick as thought, the wicked street-boys have pounced upon them; she has plainly no more money with which to replace them. Here is a Christmas sploit, it seems, until—the cavalier offers, so kindly and so gently, to buy fresh toys for her, to prevent the disappointment of the children at home. She cannot refuse; she chooses new gifts for all; she begins to chat, shyly but happily; she

takes his arm—this time before he offers it. They disappear into the darkness—they fade away, as all is fading round them, while the Archangel Gabriel bears us on his broad wings to a fresh scene.

It is a warm and brightly-lighted room in a house in one of the principal streets of Copenhagen. A gentleman and a lady stand before the fire, with their little boy, whom they are telling gravely that he must go away, and leave them to themselves if he desires Santa Claus should bring him any present on the Christmas morning. Very reluctantly he goes into another room and sits by the window, looking out into the dark night and the snowy square. He is very little, and he has not yet been able to make up his mind how much of the supernatural there is about Santa Claus, and how much of his bounty is due to the consultations of papa and mamma, and their subsequent visits to the splendid toyshop in the large street round the corner. Meanwhile, the said papa and mamma determine that he shall have a box of lead soldiers (all of them, let us hope, steadfast), and a large book of the most beautifully colored pictures.

We fly through the window into the square without, and, turning back, we see the boy's small round face, behind the glass, peering out into the shadowy night. As we look a strange little blue bird flies out of the darkness, and, hovering about for a few moments, finally settles down upon the snow-covered window-sill. This is Fantasy, and he sings a sweet song about the beauties of the morrow—the gifts, and games, and merriment—to the wondering boy. It sounds to the passers-by, if any of them hear it, only like *pirrit! pirrit!* but we and the child know better; and, as we pass away, the boy and his parents, the waiters, and the square itself, all melt into and become part of the wistful song of Fantasy.

As we journey through the air, past the broad streets into the open country, the scattered flakes of snow that have been constantly falling grow thicker and thicker, till we can see nothing but a feathery wall before and behind us, below and above. The measured beating of the Archangel's wings alone breaks the stillness, and we cannot tell by any outward sign that we have left the populous town behind, that we are alone in the desolate country. We descend to the ground. No human eye could see, as no human power could save, the object of our flight. Almost covered by the thickly falling snow, there lies an old man, who, having lost his way, and outworn his little strength in trying to regain it, has sunk into the fatal sleep—he does not suffer, he is quite unconscious, but before another hour is past he will be dead. The Archangel raises a bright and beautiful dream before him: he sees the herdsman passing by, he hears Gabriel's voice direct them to the stable where the Child is shortly to be born, the celestial chorus, "Gloria to God in the highest," rings out—and the old man awakes, new warmth in his limbs, new vigor in his heart, and under the angelic guidance passes on his way.

Whither? To home and comfort, let us hope; not where we are bound, to the cold and dark churchyard. Before us stands the church, tall and ghostly on each side gaunt trees lift their haggard arms on high; everywhere are rounded graves, tombstones and slabs, all covered with a white and hoary mantle. The snow is no longer falling, but a high wind that has risen, and shrieks now and then along the night, whisks it up in dusty clouds. In a sheltered corner by the church there is a little grave where in lies buried a child who died a year ago; yet there creeps, shily clad and shivering, a tiny girl of six years old. She flutters over the grave where her one sister lies buried; she kneels by it and prays—or rather speaks, out of the fullness of her heart, her misery and loneliness. For the past year she has had no friend, no playmate; she has wept alone; she has had no joy, because she has none to share them. Who will pity her, who will help, who will restore her only sister?

Above the grave a shadowy form is dimly seen; it is her Guardian Angel, who welcomes her, and promises that she shall see once more her lost sister, and all others she loved who have passed away. The church clock strikes twelve, and on its last stroke the angel clasps her in his arms and rises up and up to heaven.

As we regain the earth it is already morning; church bells are ringing everywhere, and people are walking to church through the quiet streets. We pass unseen among them, and hear their chat; we stand at the church door and hear the pealing organ and children's fresh voices rising in hymns of praise, then the people come out, and discuss the sermon and its preacher; they go home, the Christmas dinner is eaten; the old men take a nap over the fire, the younger walk in the fields; children gambol about, and endeavour in a hundred fantastic ways to make the time fly faster till the glories of the night are come.

We need not pause to look at the Christmas-tree; it has been described a hundred times. After its branches have been stripped, its lights put out, the smaller children kissed and sent to bed, these unsophisticated Dames of from seventy downwards join in bolsheroles games of forfeits. In one, a gentleman has to pay a compliment to eight ladies in succession, and immediately to negative it; saying, for example, "Your dress is a lovely one—but it would become any one else better;" or, "Your eyes are beautiful—its scene disappears." As this scene disappears, and we are once more out in the night, sounds of music are still heard. We are at the edge of a frozen lake, by which a boy of nineteen kneels, putting on his skates. A horse overlooks the lake, and in its balcony stand two lovers, who have left the dance going on within; they look at the moon, now nearly at its full, and say softly to each other words that a thousand lovers before them have whispered. They go in, and others take their places; these laugh merrily, and their mirth sounds kindly to the lad beneath. He has buckled on his skates, and stands about to start—his eyes, peering through the mists which overhang the long lake, can see further away than any but a lover's sight could reach, a glimmering cottage window, whose light is a signal that his loved one is awaiting him. Away he sweeps, swiftly as his little young legs will go, and the Archangel flies away over him, carrying him onward with the wind of his broad wings—the boyish figure disappears as the whistling of the skates is lost, and all fades into the night.



THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

From proud palace domes, From gay castle homes, And ivy'd towers in lonely dells, Once more the glad sound Is echoed around Of the merry, merry old Christmas Bells.

And the wind's soft gale, To the distant vale, Faits as music in ocean shells, Wafts the sweet tone To the hamlets lone Of the dear, merry Christmas Bells.

And the poor now wait At the old Hall gate, Where the squire of the village dwells, Who always takes care His good gifts to share At the sound of the Christmas Bells.

And the youthful bound The kissing brought round, Transported by its secret spells, While the aged look From the chimney nook, As sweetly ring the Christmas Bells.

Yet, ah! 'mid the mirth Of many a hearth Deep sorrow a tale of woe tells, And reminds us there Is a vacant chair Since last we heard the Christmas Bells.

And the tear unhid Droops the bright eye's lid, While the heart with silent grief swells, As we think of those In the grave's repose, Who loved to hear the Christmas Bells.

But we must not weep, For although they sleep In the tombs quiet cells, Their spirits roam In a happy home Far, far away from the Christmas Bells.

Then oh! let us pray When death calls away, And those bells toll our parting knells, May we all above Meet the friends we love 'Mid sweeter sounds than Christmas bells.

SHEMUS DHU,

THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED)

"By heaven! I speak truth," said D'Arcy. "Your daughter lives, and is now at my mercy." "No! no matter what I suffer, the father of the orphan will protect my child. Henry O'Halloran may still return. The property must and shall be his."

"Pshaw! answered D'Arcy. The sound of the word made the hermit tremble. It was uttered with the coldness of a spirit of evil. "Lambert, you are experienced enough to know the difficulties in his way. He and your daughter also, I understand, are of a sect, which, thank our happy days, cannot inherit without penalties. Besides, he is branded with illegitimacy. There is no city registry of his mother's marriage."

"You and I were deceived in that; there is a registry—and witnesses." "Do you say so?" said D'Arcy, eagerly. Where is it to be found?" "With Father Thomas, who has preserved it. Do you imagine the priest will be believed? No; the principles of his religion are too notorious for its priest to be credited. Is your resolution fixed?"

"It is," said the hermit, in despair. "Farewell," said D'Arcy, rising and taking his pistols. "When you next see me you will behold the murderer of your daughter and of your nephew, O'Halloran. He, too, is in my power, for he has returned."

"Stop remorseless man!" cried the hermit. "Take the papers. Cursed be the cause which put them in my power! Swear to me no attempt will be made against their lives. But why do I ask you to swear who believe not the sanctity of an oath. Prove to me that my child lives, and enjoy the fruits of your villainy whilst you can."

"This is kind of you, O'Halloran. I am glad you have returned to reason," said the hardened man. "You want proofs. The old woman, Winifred Haughton, with whom you are better acquainted than I, has proved to me that she lives—and as the reputed daughter of another."

"You do not satisfy me," said the hermit. "The wretch whose name you mention is not worthy of belief. With whom does my daughter live? Have you seen her? Have you spoken to her?"

"I have spoken to her, though I did not know her then to be your daughter. By—O'Halloran, she is a beautiful girl. A thought strikes me at this moment of being able to settle all differences between us. You know I am unmarried."

"Ha!" exclaimed the hermit, "you would presume! Marry my daughter to this perjured man?"

"Well, I have only wished it through friendship. I am no bad match, I can tell you. But power before love is my motto. I am in no hurry to put on the fetters of matrimony, however light they may be. When I wish it, believe me the will of no father shall hinder me."

"Have you come hither to mock me, O'Grady?" said the hermit, in a voice that would have awed any other. "In my insolence of successful villainy to trample more upon the bruised victim of your ambition? Begone hence, and leave me again to peace!"

"You would hear where your daughter lives at present?" said D'Arcy. "The papers, Lambert! That is well done. Your daughter is in the house of my trustworthy uncle, Connel More O'Keane, or Dermot O'Grady, whom heaven grant me power to injure! The papers, man! I have no time for tragedy."

"Eveleen O'Keane, my daughter! Eveleen O'Keane it must be so," cried the old man. "So kind, so gentle! I have spoken to her, and I know not that she was my daughter. It must be she. My heart always yearned for her love. Oh! it was nature which pointed her out as my child. O'Grady, I believe you. I give you up the papers of our right. But you must swear to me, though I believe you capable of the blackest crimes—you must swear to me on these sacred books, that the young man, Henry O'Halloran, shall not be injured."

"I will swear in any form you please, so that he does not thwart my views," said he, with whom the religion of an oath was nothing. The hermit produced the papers from a drawer, and handed them to D'Arcy.

"Farewell, O'Halloran," said the latter. "The Frenches are not far from this. I will tax them tonight for a better lodging than yours." "Remember your oath," said the hermit. "Assuredly, I shall remember its condition," replied D'Arcy.

The hermit lighted him to the outer room in

silence, where O'Reilly yet appeared to be deep in sleep. He was awaked with difficulty, and seemed displeased at being disturbed. He was obliged, however, to arise; and after thanking the hermit for his kindness, he silently followed D'Arcy on his way to Moycullen House, the residence of the Frenches.

CHAPTER XVI

When the time came for Fergus's departure, he was not long preparing his little necessaries for the journey. He selected his best articles of dress, and putting some clean linen into a little bundle, he descended the step-ladder with an anxious heart. His companion, who had no preparations to make, awaited him in the yard of the outhouses.

"Have you got arms?" asked O'Reilly. "Yes; I have taken the young stranger's pistols. Do you think it was necessary?"

"Why, I cannot say; but it is better to be prepared. We have to deal with a cunning foe. But you say this O'Halloran—isn't that the name which you call him?—is a stranger among you?"

"Did I say so?" said Fergus, with hesitation. "Oh, yes!" replied his companion. "It matters not; I am not over-curious to know his secrets, though, confound them! They might as well let me know all as I know a part. It would make a man more in earnest if people had confidence in him. However, he did tell me that he came to this country to regain his father's property, and he makes us the means, I suppose. We should be obliged."

"My good friend," replied Fergus, "if there be any more secrets than we know of, be assured they are kept from us for good reasons. He is a stranger among us; let not the consideration, hinder us from performing faithfully what we have promised."

"My dear fellow, fear not my blushing. I have pledged my word, and, wicked as I may have been, none ever could accuse me with its breach. Lead on, Fergus; I will stand faithfully by you in every danger."

O'Keane obeyed his companion, yet he could not help once or twice looking back on the home of his youth, with sad misgivings of ever seeing it again. With these gloomy thoughts in his mind, he turned from the main road of the village into a path which was the shortest to Moycullen, where he was to expect his guide. He had gone a few steps into the wood when he heard a voice calling after him, "Fergus, avourneen!" It was the voice of his old nurse.

"Have I forgotten anything, Judith?" he inquired. "No, avourneen, no," said the old woman, "but I want to say a word to you, avic, before you go. I know the old people often think that the young ones have money enough. I brought you my little scrippings for the last few years. You may want them. You are going to a strange place, where you have few friends. You must take this, mached; you won't refuse your poor old nurse. May God bless you, and His Mother! Go to Molly Lardner's she keeps a public-house in the Quay-street—I suppose any one will show you Molly's for I hear she does well now. Tell her that you are my foster son, and I will engage she will treat you well, for my sake. Be sparing of your money, enough, a-lavin, for in isn't every day we can get it."

"My dear nurse," said Fergus, "I have no use for the money. I have more than sufficient for my expense."

"No, avic," said the old nurse; "it would break the heart in me if you didn't take it. You can buy me—that is, if you can spare it—a nice blue riband for my cap on Sundays. God bless you, my son! God bless you!" and she gave a parting kiss to her foster-child.

"My good old mother, have you nothing to say to me?" said Frank O'Reilly, who had overheard the conversation.

"God and His Saints protect you, sir, and send you safe."

"Well that is an affectionate old creature," said O'Reilly, after Judith had departed. "By Jove! if I can come lawfully by the means, I will send her some present myself. I shall never forget her judgment in my favour against D'Arcy."

The young men had nothing now to hinder their advance. The night was bright enough to show them the path through the rocks and trees. Even had it been darker, Fergus had too often passed the ground between Portarah and Moycullen to be deceived about it. O'Reilly indulged his own train of thought, and left his companion to think over his situation, the result of the circumstances of the preceding days. At first, thoughts melancholy and full of gloom came across his soul. "And Eveleen is not my sister!" he said, inwardly; "and I no longer can call her by that dear name! Oh, why has my father deceived us? Why did he not tell me this years back, when I knew and felt less her merit and her merit for me? Eveleen shall now move in a higher sphere than mine, and shall be estranged from me. Ah, no! she will yet love me as a brother; and I am ungenerous not to wish for that which will please her. She shall no longer be looked down upon by the proud and selfish; she shall now have rank equal to their own. Yes, Eveleen, I will sacrifice my feelings to yours. I rejoice now that you are not my sister."

Fergus felt the reward of the generous feeling in the calm pleasure which it gave. Melancholy did no longer prey upon his mind, and with a buoyant spirit he thought upon his visit to the city. Sometimes the dangers of the adventure occurred to him; but he entered on it by the command of his father. He should succeed, and it might serve Eveleen and his father; and they would know it, and be thankful. And then he recollected the words of his father, "that he would be an honour to his family, and that better days were in store for him." And he could not help deducing from such an undefined promise, that some mystery existed concerning his own rank, and that still he might not be deprived of the society of Eveleen; and he again felt the comfort of hope. Happy, blessed days of the young! when the roughest realities of life yield to the pleasures of hope! The youth bounded over the shaking bog, and bid his companion follow with a quicker step.

The young men soon arrived at the cabin where they were told their guide would meet them. They perceived a man's figure on the road which led through the bog to Moycullen House, which they found to be the person they expected. After recognition, Fergus said:

"It is a fine night for the journey, Murrough. Have we kept you long in waiting?"

"Not long, Mr. Fergus; yet I would not that it were longer. It is not over-pleasant to watch for travellers in the neighbourhood of Kiltray. You have everything prepared? Is this man to be a fellow-traveller?"

The last question was asked out of the hearing of O'Reilly. Fergus satisfied him with a whisper, and then said, aloud: "We are prepared; come on."

"Come on, then, in God's name," said the guide. "It is an hour after nightfall, and we have need to walk quickly, lest the west gate be shut for the night against us."

Their guide appeared an active and powerful man. He held an oak stick in his hand; and though encumbered with a heavy great coat, he strided on at a rapid rate. Fergus, with the spirit of a young hound, for the first time unslipped on its quarry, kept up with him; and Frank O'Reilly was too accustomed to pedestrian exercise to remain in the rear. The latter endeavoured to draw the guide into conversation but this had the effect only of making him button

the collar of his great coat tighter, and drawing his cap closer over his brows. O'Reilly's questions were answered by monosyllables, or by the words, "I don't know, sir; it may be so. He did not, however, remark the guide's reserve, or if he did, he thought on it only for the moment, believing the fellow to be ignorant or churlish. Their quick pace brought them in an hour within a mile of the city. At the suggestion of their guide (in whom Fergus seemed to place a full confidence, though contrary to the hints of his companion, they struck from the high-road into a by-path that led over a rising ground, commanding a view of the town. Murrough, as Fergus called the guide, gave it as his reason for the change of route, that the lower road was more frequented, being a thoroughfare between Kienlough Castle and the town. The travellers, with mutual consent, rested on the hill to admire the scenery about them. The less poetical feelings of his companions, at that moment, sympathized Fergus's admiration of the scene. The moon had just arisen, giving a ghostly hue to every object by its light. It was thus that it seemed to Fergus. He was again heavy at heart; and when he looked to the dark waters of the Corrib, glistening under the pale moonbeam, he thought of his home, and wished to be there again. His melancholy fancy tinged with its influence every feature of the scenery. The closely crowded roofs of the city, appearing to form but one, struck him as a vast monument of the dead, and the high spire of the church as its crowning point. The stillness around harmonized with the idea. Not a sound was in the air, not a sign of life about him. He strove to wrest his soul from these thoughts, for his sentiments were not naturally morbid—but in vain. However, the scene was new to him, and beautiful, and gazed upon it with an interest not less intense, because saddened with the recollections of home. The broad river from the lake glided solemnly between banks covered to the edges with ash and beech. The grey castellated residence of the baronets of Menlough, stranded in wood, arose opposite from the water's brink. The river lower down, chafed by the ruins of the castle of the ancestors of the Clanrickards, whose lofty chimneys and broken battlements, seen clearly over the wood, manifested that the power and magnificence of the De Burgh were once great in this district. Fergus had full time to admire the beautiful scenery. O'Reilly after saying that it was "a delightful night," took advantage of the halt to light his pipe, and sending himself quietly on a stone, enjoyed the luxury of his smoke; whilst the guide, leaning motionless upon his stick, appeared without feeling—at least, indifferent to everything about him. Fergus felt his spirits becoming lighter by degrees, and now he was glad that he was about to mingle in scenes and with people of whom he had read. Some of the features of the scene which elicited the admiration of Fergus, are now changed Parks are enclosed; cottages or larger dwellings are built on the haunts of the deer; and agriculture has dispossessed the leafy inhabitants of the soil. Yet enough of the natural beauty remains to court the view of lovers of the picturesque, or employ the pencil of the sketcher.

Fergus gazed his full on scenes that were so new to him, and of which he had often heard and read. His heart, at last, bounded with the pleasure of seeing the city of his birth. "Oh, that Eveleen were here!" he exclaimed, aloud, not noticing the presence of his companions.

"Better that she is where she is," muttered Murrough. "Let's move on." The words stopped Fergus's flight of fancy, and he thought again unromantically like his companions. They descended the hill quickly, and a few minutes' walk brought them to the western suburb of Galway. Here the road divided. That to the left, and the shorter one, passing by a military cantonment (near whose site now stands a large convent of the Presentation order of nuns), led in a straight line to the West Gate. This Murrough avoided; for the breach of discipline, too often overlooked by their officers, allowed the military of the time a licence to go outside their barracks bounds, which in nowise made the neighbourhood safe for travellers. On this account, the environs of the barracks of the soldiery, both within and without the gates, were avoided after fall of evening, particularly by females. And in many instances, respectable men, of the middling class, for defence of themselves or of their friends against the soldiers' outrages, incurred the punishment of a sleepless night in a dark flagged room, and in the morning (according to the humor of the magistrate or the discretion of the prisoner to the religion, and of consequence, as it was said, to the government of the state) the penalty of a fine, or imprisonment, for daring to interfere with his majesty's loyal servants. These considerations induced the guide, as he explained to take the more circuitous road away from the barrack, leading by the Claddagh, or fishermen's town, to the West Bridge.

They had passed some scattered huts without meeting any person, and entered upon the ground now occupied by Don-in-ick street, lately the most fashionable part of Galway. The eyes of the travellers rested on the long row of thatched cabins which bounded the road on the right. There were some houses amongst them with more pretensions to respectability, in their wider fronts and whitened walls, either the dwellings of richer proprietors, or houses of entertainment for "man and beast," then as well as now, not uncommon in the suburbs of Galway. The opposite side of the road or street appeared a waste of marshy ground and water, with here and there a giant forest tree, with shattered boughs and leafless branches, grieving for the fall of its companions. Yet, improvement was commencing in this insular district. Parts of the ground were being reclaimed; grazing paddocks were enclosed; and the foundations of raised walls of new buildings, promising extent and durability, superior to those of any which had yet made their appearance on this side of the river, showed that some of the wealthier citizens were taking advantage of a situation which afterwards became so beneficial to the trade of the town, affording a facility for the working of every sort of machinery.

Fergus looked around him, and thought whilst passing through the cabins, that such misery and desolation should not lead to the very gates of a principal city.

Reader do you recollect your first approach, in youth, to a city which you had long desired to see? If you do, you must recollect that you have felt every thought that brought care with it in the excitement of your emotion. The pulse beat quicker, and then quicker. You must have been young and inexperienced to feel it; the young blood ran faster from the heart; the heart itself, queen of feeling, heaved, and was still; and then throbbed, and throbbed again, and quicker. It was thus with Fergus. He stood upon the West Bridge which separated the island suburb from the city. The water roared in a maddening sweep beneath him—yet he heard it not. He was within a step, for the first time for years, of the city of his birth. Every other thought deserted him. He would have indulged a joyful reverie, had not Murrough's voice aroused him.

"By St. Columb" said the guide, "the gates are closed! We must depend now on our wit for an entrance. Heaven grant we pass without examination! Conceal your arms young men; it is more difficult now to pass these soldier-dogs' scrutiny than a few weeks back, before Shemus Dhu was taken."

"Friend, there is no necessity for concealment," said O'Reilly. "I am a respectable citizen of the town. I shall give my name, and no soldier will dare to question my companions."

"The Lord assist your wit, sir, for it wants helping!" said Murrough, in a plying tone. "The mention of your name would make us fare the worse."

"My name, fellow? Do you know of whom you speak?"

"I do, I believe," answered Murrough, calmly. "Please your honour, you are one Mr. Frank O'Reilly, once the friend and companion of Mr. Ragnald D'Arcy, and now leagued with his enemies, against him and the 'worshipful council' of this ancient city."

"Who dares to this?" said O'Reilly, in passion. "I will this moment enter the town, and confound these falsehoods."

"By St. Nicholas, you shall not, whilst I have an arm to prevent you!" cried the guide, rushing before O'Reilly, and seizing both his arms with the grasp of a giant.

"Desist, villain, or I will alarm the guard!" said O'Reilly, struggling in vain to free himself from the guide.

"Ah, yes, and give me and the young man, whom you swore to defend at every hazard, to the gallows Fine honour this!" The words had a sudden effect upon O'Reilly. He thought on Fergus and his mission, and found that he was acting against the confidence reposed in him.

"Do as you wish," said the hot-headed young man, with the suddenness which marked all his changes of temper and resolution. "I will be guided by you some time longer; but, by Jove! I will bring D'Arcy to an account before I sleep."

"Well, you see there is sense in listening quietly to a friend's advice," said Murrough, unloosing his hold from O'Reilly's arms. "How you of gentle blood chafe and storm and foam at the lowest word against what you call your honour, who, without remorse, would plunge your swords in base blood like mine! Thank our nature, we of the peasant race are not made of such polite stuff! Follow now, young men; but if you set any price upon your lives, not a word from you without my command."

"Hallo, sentry, within!" said the guide, aloud, approaching the iron-studded gates.

"Who comes?" said a gruff voice accompanied by the clatter of his musket along the pavement of the gateway.

"Friends, on the mayor's service," Murrough answered; and took the best position for hearing what passed within, knowing that there was more than one sentry in the archway.

"Admit him, Tom," said another voice.

"I say no," said the first soldier.

"Bill, these Irish are a cunning folk. I have heard more voices than one just now. We must be watchful and wary, you understand. And, afore George! if these fellows come in the king's name, or their mayor's, which they hold they same, it is rightly that they pay toll to the king's watchful soldiers. Ha! old fellow, this pleasesh you?"

"Approach it, Tom, but not roundly, see you; it may be matter for a black-hole affair, or something worse. Approach it though, boy!"

"You on the mayor's service, the sign, and you pass," said the first speaker to the travellers.

"We know not the word," said Murrough, who had overheard the conversation of the soldiers, and was resolved to frame his answers according to their wishes. "We are citizens on a peaceful errand. If you admit us, you can have proof of it."

"How many may you be?" asked the sentry.

"Three in all," was the reply.

"What proof will you give that you are his majesty's loyal subjects, and that you are friends of his majesty's faithful soldiers?"

"No proof with wood and iron between us. Admit us, and you shall see we are not empty-handed."

"What say you, Bill?" asked the soldier, speaking in a low voice to his companion.

"It looks fairly, Tom. I say by all means admit them—cautiously though, by ones. Do you hear?"

"I do, old caution, but I head not. I fear me they are not safe ones for admittance. Ha! there are high words between them already."

"The gentlemen are only impatient to get home, Tom. What evil is it to take a drink from them on a sharp night like this? Methinks, Tom, the lectures of the Puritan will neither benefit your soul nor body."

"But they will keep me, old grumbler, from the black-hole and the lash. I will even tell these friends they must sleep without the wall for this night."

"Well, I see," said the disappointed veteran "there is no use arguing with a wilful one." And he shouldered his arms, and hummed a tune, to show his indifference to the result of his comrade's parley.

During his conversation with the sentinel, Murrough feared an interruption to his plans from the impatience of O'Reilly. The latter had borne, with evident ill-humour, the delay of the question and answer between the guide and the sentinel. He had been accustomed to pass out and in of the gates, at the latest hours, without a challenge. The liberty allowed to his station and principles, established, he believed, a prescriptive right of entrance; and to question it at a time when he most desired despatch, excited his impatience to the highest degree. The consideration of his companion's circumstances alone restrained him during the former colloquy; but when the silence, after the last words of the guide, was longer than expected, he called to the soldier; in a commanding tone, to unshoot the bolts, or stand responsible for the delay of gentlemen on business of importance.

"The night air has roused your spirits, my masters," replied the soldier; "we shall see, by-and-by, if you be gentle folk, and on business of importance. The officer will take his rounds within an hour, I should think. In the meantime, you would do well to cool your temper on the bridge with the fresh air from the sea."

"Scoundrel!" O'Reilly roared, "if you don't unbar the gate instantly, I will report you to your colonel."

"Afore George! it's a good one," said the soldier. "What spirit these chicks take where there is danger! My master, if I judge from your words, you are safer lodged without the walls than within them. Fare these well, till the captain comes. Its cold exercise talking when a man is not in blood for it. Ha! ha!" And he laughed in concert with the heavy tread of his steeled boot along his walk.

"In my mind the soldier gives good advice without pay," said Murrough, with a composure which Fergus did not expect. "Ah, Mr. Frank, if you wish to thrive in this world, you must sometimes keep a curb on your temper. 'Tis a fool's part to preach now; but I pray my patron that your warm temper play us no more pranks while we are together. It would not be safe, at this moment, to enter those gates. These soldiers are another sort of your honorable men, who do not easily forget an insult offered to their dignity. Scoundrel! It is a ticklish word to a king's man. Well, we will see what's to be done. Clouds are gathering on the moon. The tide is yet on the flow, and old Columb, the fisherman, if we ask his aid for his namesake's love will give us a cast-over in safety."

Frank O'Reilly did not answer. He followed the guide doggedly; in the fancy of his power, to make those suffering in the morning who had thwarted his inclinations. It is some assaugement in his disappointment, or in his suffering, or in his misery, to man, to fancy that in himself there is a resource against the power of those who oppose or oppress him. The thought pleases his self-love or pride, and begets a confidence which destroys, in a great part, his feelings of fear, and his sense of danger. O'Reilly felt this; and when he stood again upon the rude bridge which divided the Claddagh from the street of cabins, his heart beats

lighter with the hope of defeating D'Arcy's machinations.

Murrough led them through two or more close lanes of low, thatched cabins, and thence to the strand, where he bade them wait the success of his intercession with the fisherman.

Columb was easily induced to assist friends. He came forth from the nearest hut with his son, both habited in the wide trousers of canvas, long blue jacket, and pike-ol cap of their calling. A little boat was quickly unmoored, and as quickly driven into the middle stream by the stout arms of the rowers. They were obliged to keep high against the current, which ran strongly from the West Bridge, in order to make the landing at the inner fortifications of the town. The moon, densely clouded, was favorable to their concealment, and the walls along the river, though fast suffering decay, afforded screen enough from the observation of any chance patrol of the garrison. Fergus was the first to leap upon the steps which led to the fishermen's quays, and the first to feel the joy of their safe passage. He thanked the fisherman kindly, and slipped into his hand a silver piece.

"You must take your money, I, k, my master," said the honest boatman. "I have given you the cast-over for kindness. It is not our custom to charge friends."

"Well, my good man," Fergus replied, "I hope yet to be able to pay you in your own way."

"I don't doubt your will, sir," replied the boatman—"I don't doubt it. That face belongs to a kind heart. Good night, my friends, and St. Columb speed you on your journey!" The little boat again was in the current, contending with its surly waves.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

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CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, ONTARIO. It is well-known that the city of Kingston, built on the shores of Lake Ontario, is one of the healthiest localities in the Dominion. The Convent, now completely remodelled and enlarged, can accommodate far more pupils than in former years. It imparts the knowledge of all that is suited to make a young female an accomplished lady. TERMS: Board and Tuition in English and French, Fancy Work and Plain Sewing \$80.00 Music—Piano and Organ—Board and Tuition \$20.00 Bed and Bedding if furnished by the Institution, 10.00 Payments to be made quarterly in advance. The year begins the 3rd September. N.B.—Lessons in Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, and other branches not specified here from extra charges. Aug 22, '77

PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION. A short treatise on the Sacrament of Penance for the use of Schools and Colleges. This little book contains every thing necessary to acquire a perfect knowledge of the Sacrament of Penance—in its practical form. An examination of conscience adapted to every age, with summary explanations of the most frequent sins. Prayers before Confession—Communion. Prayers for Mass, &c., which makes a very handy Manual for such persons who intend to make a good Confession and Communion. Price, Bound—Cloth.....0.25 Paper.....0.125 By the hundred—\$16.00 Paper.....\$10.00 Any order sent to the Rev. G. P. E. DROLET, Parish Priest of St. Columban, Sillery, carefully attended to. Sept 26, '77

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. The system of education embraces the English and French languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind of useful and ornamental needle work. TERMS: Board and Tuition in French and English.....\$8.00 Music and use of Instrument.....2.00 Drawing and Painting.....1.00 Bed and Bedding.....1.00 Washing.....1.00 Entrance Fee.....3.00 The Scholastic year commences in SEPTEMBER, and closes at the end of JUNE. Nov 14, '77-14

CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL! Read the list of Books we are offering at twenty-five cents per week: Elegant Family Bibles, "Life of the Blessed Virgin," "Father Burke's Lectures and Sermons," "Lives of the Saints," "Life of Pope Pius IX." and a fine assortment of Mission and other Prayer Books. Also of "Catherine and Mitchell's History of Ireland," and "Life of Daniel O'Connell." The above works are all published by the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadtler & Co., of New York, and will be delivered in advance on receipt of the first payment at

JAMES JORDAN'S BOOK STORE, 674 CRAIG STREET, (nearly opposite Coto) By dropping a note or a Postal Card we will send samples of the above-named books to any address for examination, free of charge. A choice selection of Albums may be had on the same terms. Nov 14, '77

Stained Glass For Churches, Etc. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England, supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for the 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, Eng. Studio and Works, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. June 20, '77

CATHOLIC NEWS.

SAINT MARY'S new Catholic Cathedral, Boston costing \$225,000 was dedicated on Sunday last. LOURDES.—Lourdes has just witnessed out of the most impressive scenes in her history. An Italian deputation, composed of seventy members, lately arrived to offer the Golden Rose, blessed by the Holy Father on Lictare Sunday, to the Immaculate Virgin. The presentation was made in the name of Pius IX. In times gone by this rose was presented, according to an ancient custom, to that Christian Princess who proved herself most devoted to the Holy See. This time the Holy Father offers it to the Queen of Heaven, to ask her protection for himself as his persecuted flock.

TRULY "A CATHOLIC CITY."—The correspondent of the Boston Christian Register, from whom we have quoted once before, thus writes of the progress of Catholic Church in Brooklyn, as it strikes a Protestant outsider: "I said in a former letter that Brooklyn might almost be called a Congregationalist city. But if numbers are the test, it might be called a Catholic city. The Roman Church here has more houses of worship than any other, about forty in all, more in proportion to population than the city of New York, in which, I think, there are fifty-three Catholic churches. Most of these Brooklyn Catholic churches are large and costly, and many of them are magnificent in architecture and decorations. No church in the country is more brilliant in color than the great church of St. Steven, and the music here is unsurpassed in the richness of its quality. The finest music of the orchestras of Dunmaseh and Thomas is rivalled in the masses of this church. The church of 'St. Mary by the Sea,' the 'Stella Maris,' is a favorite church of the people, and grand requiems masses are frequently performed under its great Gothic arches.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—A correspondent of the Examiner and Chronicle has been travelling out West, and finds a state of things which he does not consider cheerful. The only force which he found everywhere organized and effective is the Roman Catholic Church. In one town of five thousand inhabitants one half the population belonged to the Church. It is pleasant to hear that they were "consolidated and efficient." The Protestant population of the West seems, according to this observer, to be "divided into a large number of sects, who (sic) are weak by the very fact of their division." In Omaha, a young city, our traveller found a cathedral and colleges for young men and women. "As far in the Rocky Mountains the conspicuous object as you approach a mining city is the Roman Catholic school, which looks down upon the whole scene of busy activity. These are but samples. Whatever we may do, or neglect to do, in the infancy of the West, the Roman Catholic Church will not be idle." What would the good man have? As her children move westward, the Church, like a good mother as she is, must move after them. Would he have her leave them to the tender mercies of the warring sects which cannot even keep their own broods pecking each other to pieces?

CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The following account of churches and religious institutions recently established in the United States is an encouraging proof of the steady progress of the Faith: At New London, Ohio, a new chapel, under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes, has been opened for public worship; the old church at Fayetteville, Ill., has been refitted to serve as a school-house and residence for the Sisters of the Precious Blood, who have charge of the school; the new school building of St. Peter's congregation, Chicago, Ill., is finished, and was dedicated a few weeks ago. The dedication of a church at Rexville, N.Y., by Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, took place lately. A fine Church is in the course of erection at Honesdale, Pa.; it will be in Roman style; its dimensions are 120 by 65 feet. In the early part of November, Rt. Rev. Bishop Heiss of La Crosse, Wis., dedicated a new church at Marathon City and administered Confirmation to 40 children in the afternoon of the same day. The good Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus had the happiness of seeing Most Rev. Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia in their midst on the 8th of November; he had come to dedicate a magnificent Convent Chapel for this young and prosperous community at Sharon Hill, Pa. A church at Hopewell, N.Y., was recently dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Corrigan of Newark. Other dedications took place in the course of the month of November at Springfield, Ill., Rockville, Conn.; Hantsville, Ala.; and Galveston, Texas. The new church at Galveston is under the patronage of the Apostle of Ireland. It was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishops Quintan of Mobile, Ala., assisted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Pellicier of San Antonio, Texas. This church is built in the pure Gothic style, and is a gem of architecture. A gilt cross surmounts the pinnacle of the tall spire at a height of nearly two hundred feet. At night the Sign of Redemption is illuminated by electric lights, making it visible for thirty miles at sea.

DEGENERATE NEW ENGLAND.—Whether Galileo positively asserted that the world moves is now a matter of small importance, except to the inquisitive histographer or modern reformers, who have regarded the expression as an unerring proof that novel opinions are always unpalatable. But it is of the greatest importance to us, in the twilight of the nineteenth century, to know that the most important section of our globe, called New England, does actually move, and that, too, with a velocity which threatens to plunge inextricably in the mazes of heterodoxy all the cherished institutions so jealously guarded by our Puritan ancestors. Not long ago we heard, on undoubted authority, that the once-dear Irish Catholics were fast taking possession of the farms of the disciples of Plymouth Rock; and now, following fast on the heels of this startling piece of news, comes the dreadful intelligence that New Haven, the centre of Congregationalism, and the heart of the land of steady habits, has actually, by a two-thirds vote of its School Board, prohibited the reading of the Bible, and "other religious exercises." In the schools under its jurisdiction. What may happen next is hard to conjecture; but we would not be much surprised were we to learn that the "Old South," of Boston, had been converted in a Catholic Church, in which the General Court regularly attended mass. After wrestling in spirit with the Evil One, and having placed two hundred and fifty years of Puritanical tradition behind them, the majority of the Board resolved that henceforth there should neither Bible reading nor hymns be heard in the institutions under their care. In other words, to use a rasher trite expression, the Board agreed to enact the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane left out, and afford education *ad libitum* to the young Christians of New Haven, while totally ignoring their spiritual and moral cultivation. The experiment is a bold one, but it is likely to fail. The Catholics, who have become accustomed to their own schools, and see the good effects which are daily springing from them, are not inclined to trifle with their children's eternal salvation by sending them to godless schools even though free to all; while the respectable portion of the non-Catholics, who are fast becoming convinced of the evils of the public school system, will hardly be induced to support them because the Bible, and Moody and Sankey's doggerel no longer form part of the curriculum. Verily the days of Puritan supremacy and intolerance are fast passing away.—McGee's Illustrated Weekly.

IRISH NEWS.

THE TREES IN SACKVILLE STREET.—In the absence of a sufficient amount of public spirit in the Corporation to maintain the trees planted and neglected in Sackville street, Mr. Neville of Drumcondra, has offered to supply fresh trees for the street at his own expense.

IT IS VERY SINGULAR how quiet Ireland is at present. Never in her history has she been so still, so utterly devoid of agitation political or religious. There is actually nothing going on and the Judges have little to do. The country is in a state of expectancy, she is alternately looking towards the East and the West. Great as may be the interest felt in the Eastern question in England the interest in Ireland is intense. It is a great mistake to suppose Ireland has accepted her destiny.—Liverpool Times.

MR. BRYAN, M.P.—The Killkeny Farmers' Association have accused Mr. Bryan, one of their county representatives, of rack-renting his tenants, and of compelling them to contract themselves out of the Land Act. When the late Duke of Leinster was forcing new leases upon his tenants there was great indignation in the county; but, according to the Killkeny Association, Mr. Bryan had set the Geraldine the bad example by initiating on his own measures shortly after the Act became law. These are very grave charges against a Home Rule member of Parliament.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Peter O'Connor of Cairnsfoot has presented a peal of nine bells to the Sligo Cathedral, at the cost of £2,000. The curious feature of these bells is, that they are played by automatic machinery, like a hand organ. By this means, 21 sacred airs and 28 secular airs can be performed. The former include the *Adeste Fideles*, the *Tantum Ergo*, the *O Salutaris*, the *Laudate*, and the *Te Deum*, and the latter include "The King's Hall," "The Wearing of the Green," "These Javeling Bells," and such rollicking melodies as "Planxty Connor," "Old Ireland," "You're my darling," and "Paddy Whack." The people of Sligo are justly proud of their magnificent acquisition.

CORP MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—The annual municipal elections took place recently. There were contests in four wards—namely, the North Centre, South Centre, South and Centre Wards. In the North Centre, however, the opposition was withdrawn, and Mr. Henry Paul was re-elected, Mr. J. H. Sanford succeeding Mr. Francis Lyons, who did not seek re-election. This gain to the Conservative ranks in the Council was counterbalanced in the North Centre Ward by the election of Mr. Michael Gordon Daly, who ousted Mr. John M. Smyth. In the Centre Ward, Messrs George Barry and W. O. O'Connor were returned, the former gentleman being re-elected at the head of the poll, Mr. O'Connor taking the place of Mr. D. G. Finn, resigned. Mr. S. D. Lucy (re-elected), and Robert Sutton were returned for the South Ward by a large majority over Mr. O'Donnell. The elections passed off with the most perfect quiet.

CLERICAL DEATHS IN IRELAND.—I regret to have to announce to you the death of a young priest of the diocese of Dublin, who has just passed away after a very brief career. The Rev. Mr. Lawlor was only a couple of years in the ministry, and from the first gave signs of a very delicate constitution. He officiated for a while in the parish of the Star of the S and was obliged to give up the appointment, and went to live with his parents, at whose house he died a couple of days since. He was borne to his early grave amidst a large concourse of priests and people.—Another good priest has just been called to his reward, whose death like that of Father Lawlor, had been also a long time sadly anticipated. I allude to the Rev. James Hughes, one of the Deans of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Father Hughes was a priest of far more than ordinary endowments, and had his health permitted him, would have left behind many memorials of his gifts of mind and heart. He was a native of the diocese of Kildare—made some of his studies in Carlow College, and completed them in Maynooth. His college course was one of great distinction, and at its conclusion he was awarded one of the places of honor on the Dunboyne establishment. He was subsequently appointed by his venerated Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, to a curacy in the diocese, where he remained for a couple of years, but from which he was transferred by a vote of the Episcopal Board of Maynooth to the office of Dean in that College. This most important and responsible position he occupied till his always delicate constitution utterly broke down, and necessitated his absence from the College. Whilst acting as one of the Deans, he found leisure to compile a very beautiful book of *Eccelesiacal Meditations* for the feasts of the year, which is abounding in solid matter, conveyed in a clear and interesting manner. He died in one of the suburbs of Dublin, but his body was brought for interment to the Collegiate Cemetery at Maynooth, when the obsequies for the repose of his soul were celebrated in the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh—his brother Superiors and Professors, and the body of the students. Those who knew Father Hughes—his kindly nature, his genuine friendliness, and knew how heroically he bore his sufferings, will say with more than usual fervor, "God rest his soul."—Another good priest has just passed to his reward in the person of Father George Cummins, a zealous and active curate of the city of Waterford. The death of Father Cummins came rather unexpectedly on his people and friends, for he seemed almost to the last full of health and vigor. He was a little more than twenty years upon the mission, and had attained about his eight-and-fortieth year. He was exceedingly popular, and not more popular than he deserved to be. His funeral was one of the largest seen in Waterford for many a day, and was attended by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the priests of the city and neighbourhood almost without exception, the civic authorities, and a vast multitude of the people. Father Cummins had made his ecclesiastical studies in the diocesan seminary and in the College of Maynooth.—My mournful record has to be swollen by the announcement of still another death—the death of an amiable, estimable, and kind priest as ever ministered in the Irish Church. I allude to the Rev. Edward O'Connell, the late beloved pastor of the parish of St. Laurence O'Toole, in this city. Though Father O'Connell was never very strong, yet there were no signs that his end was so near, and it was only within the last couple of days that matters assumed such a serious aspect as to occasion apprehension of immediate danger. Father O'Connell was about forty years on the Dublin mission, having been appointed to the curacy of St. Michael, North Annes-street, on the completion of his collegiate course in Maynooth about the year 1838. He remained in St. Michael's till his appointment, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, to the charge of the parish of St. Laurence O'Toole. His funeral obsequies were celebrated to-day in the parochial church, and were presided over, in the unavoidable absence of his Eminence the Cardinal, by the Bishop of Gadara. The attendance of the clergy, from even the remotest parts of the diocese, was exceedingly numerous. The Lord Mayor attended the funeral, as did also Alderman McSwiney (to whom during his two years of office as Lord Mayor, Father O'Connell had acted as chaplain), several members of the Corporation, and an immense body of the parishioners and citizens.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLOSED.—The only Protestant meeting-house which existed in Vigo, Spain has just been closed for want of attenders.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTIONS IN POLAND.—Fresh complaints are being made of Russian persecutions of Catholics in Poland.

AGITATION IN POLAND.—It is persistently rumored that a proclamation of a state of siege is imminent at Warsaw and in various districts of Poland, under the pretext of the prevalence of brigandage.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL, erected by the Roman Catholics of New York, at Fifth Avenue, was opened for the first time to the public on the 30th ult. It is expected that the dedication ceremonies will take place three years hence. It is, perhaps the grandest Cathedral ever erected by voluntary contributions.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.—At a recent clothing of novices at the Convent of Notre Dame, Baltimore, 20 young ladies received the habit of religion. There was a large attendance of the lady, and the sermons were preached by Fathers Theresius and Lyman, of New York, and the entire function was marked by the greatest solemnity.

THE SUPPRESSION OF POLAND.—One more memorial of the independence of Poland is about to be abolished. One by one the last vestiges even of administrative independence are being destroyed. With the *ci-devant* kingdom of Poland possesses its own financial departments, which had, indeed, its seat at St. Petersburg, but was for all that a bureau by itself. By a decree just made public that bureau is now deprived of the independence and incorporated in the Imperial Ministry of Finance for the whole Empire.

ENLARGEMENT.—Judging from the activity with which Germany is fortifying her Russian border, she would seem to harbor a deep-seated distrust of her autocratic neighbor. Posen is being surrounded by nine detached forts, the fortress at Thorn is undergoing enlargement and five new forts are being added, the cordon of defenses about Konigsburg is to be strengthened with six additional forts, making twelve in all, while numerous minor points are also being fortified.

GERMAN OPINION ON THE RUSSIAN AND TURKISH ARMIES.—Berlin, Thursday.—The German *Military Wochenblatt* of this week contains an article which occasions much comment. Reviewing the course of the war, the writer frankly states that the Russians have shown the organization of their army to be full of defects, and that their commissariat and intelligence are in a very unsatisfactory state. The writer, on the other hand, praises the courage and calmness which the Turkish infantry have displayed in resisting Russian attacks, and also highly commends the Turkish artillery. In conclusion he declares that there is no truth in the allegation that Mohammedanism is opposed to civilization.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.—In spite of the repeated announcements that the last of the brigands has been captured or killed the state of public security in Sicily, and in other portions of the United Kingdom of Italy, is truly alarming. Near Palermo several audacious highway robberies and several attempts at carrying off persons for ransom have been reported. A correspondent of the *Liberty*, writing from Vittoria, says that the condition of public security is very bad in that neighbourhood. Four or five miscreants have taken to the country, and molest the landed proprietors and their agents. The number of carabinieri is altogether insufficient to protect the properties and lives of the citizens.

THE OTTOMAN NATIONAL GUARD.—The Sultan has issued an Imperial Irade, constituting a new reserve force of 150,000 men, which is to be called the National Guard, and in which the Civic Guard is to be incorporated. It is to comprise non-Muslims as well as Muslims, and the enrolment of Christians at Constantinople—mostly Armenians. According to a special despatch received by the *Times* from Pera the non-Muslims are to be compelled only to perform garrison duty for the defence of the capital. The requisition, which is looked upon as a recognition of equality, is likely to be favourably received by the Christian population.

RUSSIAN LOSSES AND GAINS.—The *Kobnische Zeitung* on information received at Moscow, publishes the following following statement respecting the losses of the Russian army, and the trophies which it has taken:—The losses were, down to the middle of November, 67,303; among them 14 generals, 1 Imperial Prince, 4 Princes of the House of Rurik, 1 Persian Prince, 6 Russian Princes, 12 Grusinian Princes, 16 counts, and 21 barons. The Turkish prisoners number about 41,000; among them are 16 Pashas and 500 officers. There were also taken 701 guns, 200 standards, 2 monitors—of these, by the way, the Emperor is going to make a present to the Prince of Roumania at the end of the war—4 and four steamers. The value of the booty in munition and provisions amounts to 14,000,000 roubles. The prisoners were taken—7,000 at Ardahan, 3,000 at Bagli-Achmet, 500 at Zaidakan, 800 at Yagui, 300 at Bayazid, 7,000 at the Aladj Dagh, 12,000 at Kara, 3,600 at Devc-Boymu, 500 at Azizli, 7,800 at Nikolopi, 560 in the combats of the Balkans, and 3,500 at Teflishe.

MR. MACKONCHIE AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.—A correspondence has taken place between the Bishop of London and the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie respecting the erection in the Church of St. Alban of a picture of the Virgin Mary, before which flowers and candles are placed, and of a large crucifix suspended opposite to the pulpit. The Bishop wrote to Mr. Mackonochie on the 27th of June, pointing out the illegality of the ornaments, and directing their removal. After some correspondence on the subject Mr. Mackonochie wrote on the 17th of October respectfully but firmly declining to remove the crucifix and picture, which, he said, had occupied their present positions for about five years, and were deeply valued by the people, especially the poor, as standing witnesses for the two cardinal doctrines of Christianity—the incarnation and the Atonement. Moreover, such objects of Christian art had been declared legal by the judgment in the Exeter Cathedral *reverend* case—"a fact," Mr. Mackonochie said, "which is of no importance to me but of much from your lordships' point of view."

PRESENTATION TO A JESUIT BY ENGLISH SOLDIERS.—An English silver watch, with gold Albert guard and cross pendant, accompanied by an address, was presented to the Rev. Father Carette, S. J., military chaplain at Fort William, Calcutta, by the non-commissioned officers and men of the 2-12th Regiment, preparatory to the departure of the regiment for England, as a token of their esteem and respect. The following is an extract from the address:—A soldier is a man of action, not of words, and we fear that we may not be able to express our feelings of esteem and respect for you in an adequate manner. As military chaplain at Fort William, we have been under your special care for nearly two years, and during that time we can bear undivided testimony to the great solicitude you always evinced for our spiritual welfare. It will, we hope, be some gratification for you, whenever you read these lines, to know that your service in the cause of religion, and your special exertions on our behalf have been so unanimously acknowledged; and it will be a great satisfaction to us to know that you do not think your efforts for our advancement in goodness have been without fruit, and that you receive with pleasure this address and the humble presents which we are this day so proud to offer for your acceptance.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

KEEPING FRUIT.—The conditions required are a uniform temperature, as low as may be without freezing, and dryness. The cellar of the house should not be used for storing large quantities of fruit, if it can be avoided, and if used, there should be ample ventilation, to carry off the carbonic acid given off by the fruit, it ripening. The temperature of 35° to 40° is best, and when the thermometer shows above 40°, the outer air, if colder, should be admitted. Apples, properly picked and in a cool, dark, not too disturbed until wanted for use or sale. Store in boxes or drawers, where they may be occasionally inspected, as they often ripen unevenly.

SOILING RYE FOR SOILING.—To farmers who have never sowed rye for soiling in May and early in June, we would say try the experiment now. The expense is but light—the labor with the farm horses, and the price of seed, about one or one and a half bushels per acre, about the whole cost. Sowing fall rye is the first step in preparing for soiling cattle; the greatest difficulty in soiling cattle being the want of early green food, and rye being the earliest forage plant we can grow. Mangolds will keep good for feeding till the rye is fit to cut; and those who have not tried it will be surprised by the large quantity of fresh, nutritious food they will have on a small paddock that has been sown with rye in September. The rye may be cut in time to prepare the ground for a June crop of millet, or if the ground be not so heavy as to require much preparation, for a crop of turnips. The rye crop when cut green for soiling is also a benefit to the ground. The great quantity of roots serve to keep the soil from binding and also enriches it—it is the seed-bearing and ripening especially that tends to impoverish the soil. The ammonia inhaled by the dense foliage has a tendency to enrich the soil, so that if tilled immediately after the removal of the soiling crop, it will be readily brought into good till for the succeeding crop. Rye, though not so close-growing a crop as clover, grows to a much greater height, so that we may safely estimate it to produce at least many tons to the acre, and to feed as much stock as long as it is in condition for soiling. It has been ascertained by actual experiment that one rood of ground, well stocked with clover, is sufficient to feed one cow for one hundred and eighty days, if cut and fed to her, while if allowed to run on it, it would not last more than two weeks. From this experiment an estimate may be formed of the number of cattle fed by soiling over that fed by pasture, and how great may be the value of a paddock of rye for early feeding. There is no equal plant harder than rye; it is grown extensively in the most toilerly agricultural countries of Europe, and this is much in its favor for our purpose for early soiling. There is no danger of rye being winter-killed if water be prevented from being stagnant or in the soil.—Exchange Paper.

WHEN AND HOW TO COMMENCE FARMING.—To a person of small means who wants a home I should say: "Don't go on new land, till the spring. Take very little baggage with you? Get land as near to neighbors as possible. Don't have a craving for much land; it will only bother and cripple you. If you go on land in the fall with small means the winter will exhaust them, and the chances are you will have to leave the land in the spring without being able to buy seed and plant what you have cleared. But if you go in the spring, you have only about three months to wait for something to grow, and often neighbors have more cleared than they can plant and are willing to let others plant on it. It does not take long to clear an acre, and an acre will grow quite a lot of vegetables; more than a family can eat in a year. The neighbors are always ready to help a settler; they will come and raise a log house for him with the greatest of pleasure. They will show him how to clop, and clear if he does not know how,—will help him clear and plant gladly if he will pay them, and it is well sometimes to lay out a dollar or two this way in the spring, better than doing it yourself in the fall and eating up fifty or one hundred dollars waiting for the spring to come. Of course if a person has means enough the fall is the best time to go, for he can put up a house, chop his bush and split lots of rails in the winter, besides many other jobs. In the spring less is wanted. A barrel of flour, a cwt. of pork, and a little tea is nearly all that is required, for there is plenty of fish to catch, and plenty of sugar, and seed can be bought of the neighbors. Oxen can be hired or worked for, tools can be got. Horses and wagons are no use. Poultry are better to take care of, the hawks are so troublesome. It is no use buying pigs till you grow something to feed them on, for they won't get their own living, and the bears may get them if let run. A cow is a useful animal to have, as she will get her own living and half keep a house too. Some people have such a craving for land? They lay out a lot of money in paying the first payment on 600 or 400 acres, and when the 5 have it, it is probably to lie idle a lifetime. One hundred acres is plenty of land for a man of small means, and if he gets fifty of that cleared up and in nice working order in his lifetime he may think himself well off.

MARKING MANURE.—Upon no question in agriculture is there so much pending as in the preservation and manufacture of manure. It has been truly said that the manure heap is the farmer's bank, and upon the size of this depends all his operations. This statement is as true as any axiom in mathematics, and we, as New England farmers, (a large portion of us at least), must plead guilty of any improvident use of the materials within his reach for increasing our farm bank stock. Farmers often buy commercial manures worthless in their composition, while they throw away and waste materials which are of great value as food for vegetation. The many little streams that run out of the barnyard and other places around the buildings, in the spring bearing away plant food into the highways, often might be stopped and absorbed with something, when it would be found equal to the solid part of the manure, besides the great waste that is constantly going on, and which should be stopped, there are many things that could be collected and made into manure—leaves from the forest, muck from the swamp, and where a great amount of swamp hay is fed to the cattle, the refuse from the cattle cribs. If your soil is a heavy clay, sand can be used to great advantage for bedding purposes and for the pig pens. And on light soils, clay can be used, perhaps, not as an absorbent, but it can be drawn to great advantage directly upon the fields, where it can be spread and cultivated or ploughed in. Great results are often thus obtained, especially upon grass crops. I have seen the yield increased three-fold in this way. Then, most farmers formerly yarded their cattle during summer months, while now, amongst many, it has become the practice to tie them up and bed them with something to absorb the liquid manure. Farmers, by neglecting to save fertilizers within their reach, make as an excuse, that they cannot cultivate certain crops because they lack for manure, when they often waste enough for such a purpose. A farmer once told me that he should like to cultivate more fruit if he had the manure, when, at that time, he was annually wasting enough to manure a large orchard. In every family of five or six persons, enough might be saved from the sink stop to manure quite a garden. The weeds, potatoe-tops, and everything available should be collected in a heap and the slops turned upon it. This makes one of the best manures for all kinds of fruit trees, vines, and garden vegetables, and can be made with very little trouble. If every farmer should resolve to save everything of a manurial nature from the barn and house the coming season, the amount paid for commercial manures might be sensibly diminished.—N. E. Farmer.



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M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26.

CALENDAR—DECEMBER, 1877.

WEDNESDAY, 26—St. Stephen, First Martyr.  
THURSDAY, 27—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.  
Great storm in Dublin, 1852.  
FRIDAY, 28—Holy Innocents.  
SATURDAY, 29—St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr.  
Savannah, Ga., captured by the British, 1776.  
James Finton Lalor, died, 1850. W. E. Gladstone, born, 1809.  
SUNDAY, 30—Sunday Within the Octave.  
MONDAY, 31—St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor.  
General Richard Montgomery killed at Quebec, 1775.

JANUARY, 1878.

TUESDAY, 1—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Holy-day of Obligation.

## LECTURE.

IRISH SOLDIERS IN FOREIGN LANDS,  
(SPAIN, ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY, &c. &c.)

### A LECTURE

WILL BE GIVEN ON THE ABOVE SUBJECT

BY

M. W. KIRWAN,

IN THE

MECHANICS HALL,

ON

Tuesday Evening, 29th Jan., '78.

Proceeds to be devoted to patriotic objects.  
TICKETS—25cts; RESERVED SEATS, 50cts.  
TO BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE.

### THE VOLUNTEERS.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY.

The members of the above Company will assemble at the QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS, Dalhousie Square, THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING at 7.30, sharp. The Fife and Drum Band will attend.

#### CHURCH PARADE.

The members of the above Company will assemble at same place, on Sunday morning next, at 9 o'clock, for Church Parade.

Colonel Bond has given permission to the Catholic Volunteers in his Battalion to attend as well.

All English speaking Catholic Volunteers, who receive permission from their commanding officers are welcome.

The fife and drum band of St. Jean Baptiste Company will play the detachments to Church.

M. W. KIRWAN,  
Captain Commanding.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC."—Your suggestion is being acted upon.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—We quite agree with you, but it is impossible to publish your letter this week.

"M. W. QUEBEC."—Come too late. We were too busy removing.

Our Toronto and Ottawa Letters arrived too late for insertion.

### THE TRUE WITNESS.

In two weeks from this it will be twelve months since the present editor of the TRUE WITNESS commenced his labours on this journal. Since then many changes have taken place. The proprietorship has changed hands, and the increasing circulation of the paper has necessitated two changes of offices. From Fortification Lane to better premises at 662½ in Craig street, in May last, and now from 662½ Craig street to larger premises still—761, in the same street. We had been so much disappointed by previous announcements that we resolved to make no more promises until the fact was accomplished. This was the reason why we did not announce our contemplated change of offices last week, but preferred to wait until that change took place. Our present offices are large and commodious. We have this time rented a new stone-front house, with four flats and a ground floor. There is room enough for a daily paper, and the printing and folding machines of the late Sun newspaper have been bought and are now set up upon these premises. This purchase was made a fortnight ago, but we determined to say nothing about it until we were in our new premises, and the press and folding machine prepared for work. We make no promises about the daily; we do not wish to disappoint our friends again. We only tell of what has been done, we make no

promises as to what we shall do. All we shall say is that, if we have been silent, we have not been idle. Meanwhile let us thank our many friends for the generous encouragement they have given the TRUE WITNESS. During the past twelve months the TRUE WITNESS has doubled its circulation. Whether it has or has not fought the battles of Catholic people, irrespective of party, it is for Catholics to judge. The TRUE WITNESS is for the Church first, for party afterwards. It is the only Catholic paper in the Dominion that does not fix itself to one side or the other, and we contend that no paper can be truly Catholic that is not free from all party ties. We claim for it the first place in the ranks of Catholic journalism in Canada—a claim which has been fully recognized by the many letters from bishops and priests endorsing the policy we pursued during trying periods of our brief connection with it. In consequence of our change of offices we must have neglected to notice many events to which we would otherwise have given attention, and we must, in consequence, claim the indulgence of our readers. Carpenters, machinists, painters, gasfitters, &c., are still at work on the premises, and the paper is this week issued under some difficulties.

### THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

After the address from the Throne was read, Mr. Joly touched upon two delicate subjects. He first complained of Mr. Curran, Q.C., taking such an active part as he did in the late election in Quebec East, and then he coolly proposed the abolition of all processions, which proposition was met with an almost unanimous "No, no." Suppose this proposition was seriously entertained. What then? The Catholics of this Province would be asked to give up all their processions because a few noisy Orangemen are resolved to make as much bluster as they can, on the fictitious plea of "Civil and Religious Liberty." We in this Province would cease to "demonstrate" while the Orangemen of Ontario would still be free to invoke the "pious memory" of the "immortal William." That would be "Croppies lie down" with a vengeance. The way to deal with this question, in our opinion, is to abolish all party processions. Pass a law prohibiting Reformers, Conservatives, Orangemen, &c., &c., from marching in the public thoroughfares carrying party emblems or playing party tunes. But we do not understand why national or religious processions should be stopped. No one objects to St. George's Day, St. Andrew's Day, St. Patrick's Day, or St. Jean Baptiste Day. On the three first days Protestant and Catholic are welcome to the ranks. It is a procession in honor of a nation, not in support of a faction. It is for a whole people, and not for a part of them. The 1st of July is a national day, the fourth of July in the United States is another, but the 12th of July is merely the day of party triumph and Protestant ascendancy. It is a day when hate is perpetuated from Orangemen to every "Papist" in the land. It is a day of party triumph, when the Pope is mercilessly "kicked before" the suffian gentry of the mystic tie. If the Legislature is wise it will pass this Party Procession Act in time. If Orangeism is permitted to get a foothold here, bloodshed will assuredly follow in its wake. It has been so in every country in the world where Catholics are strong enough to resent the insult these fanatics heap upon them. It is so in Ireland, it was so in New York, and it has been so in Australia and New Zealand. Wherever Orangeism goes it carries the curse of civil strife along with it, and we have no hope that it will not do the same here. There is, we believe, but one way of securing peace, and that is—keep all public manifestations of Orangeism out of this Province, and let the Catholics of Quebec remain secure in the possession of being able to worship God without being subjected to the coarse ribaldry of men who glory in trampling upon the most sacred mysteries of the Church. It is a society accursed of men, condemned by all generous minded Protestants, and only encouraged by ignorant and vicious fanatics, whose hatred of our faith is their only incentive to action. Grattan, Dickens and Macaulay have each denounced this infamous conspiracy, and we hope that the Legislature will secure us from insult, and thus rally to its standard every Irish Catholic in the land. Our French Canadian Catholic friends may depend upon it that if Orangeism triumphs over the Irish Catholics now, it will trample on the French Canadian Catholics afterwards. Our demonstrations insult no one. They are neither intended to insult, nor to proclaim Catholic ascendancy. The airs we play are inoffensive. "The Wearing of the Green" even is played by the bands in Her Majesty's regular army. Many Canadians heard it so played when the troops were stationed in Canada. It is played in Ireland by the regimental bands constantly. Our national processions embrace all creeds. All at least all are welcome, and if they do not come, the fault, we hope, is not ours. St. Pa-

trick's Day cannot be considered offensive, no more than St. George's or St. Andrew's Day. Irishmen rejoice to see their English fellow-citizens sport the White and Red Rose of York and Lancaster as the annual festival of their national day comes around. Nay, many Irishmen upon that day wear a rose in honor of their English friends. On St. Andrew's Day we can wear the heather too, and we can feel better for the mutual greetings thus passed around. But on the 12th of July there is none of this. That is the day to commemorate the triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism; it is the day when Orangemen declared that Popery must be destroyed; it is a day of rampant fanaticism, and Catholics would be either more or less than men if they quietly submitted to the swagger of men who fling every coarse insult at their altars and their homes. Their history is a history of blood. There is but one redeeming feature in its record, and that is orangemen they are bound by oath not to marry a Roman Catholic or Papist." French Canadians ought to know something of them by this time. The Quebec Legislature cannot plead a want of information as to their intentions. The Catholics of this Province look to that Legislature for justice. With one voice they ask for the suppression of Orange processions. They are unanimous. In the whole of the Province of Quebec, from end to end, every Irish Catholic demands it. The voice of a people speak and speak with no mistaken sound. If the French Canadians are not alive to the crises then they will suffer for it afterwards. The Irish are to be "Croppies lie down" first and then the Orangemen will square accounts with the French Canadians. But we who know them give the warning. Riot and bloodshed will, we fear, be the consequence of neglecting it. A reign of terror is in store for us unless the Legislature takes heed. Lives will, we fear, be lost; money will be spent, and riot will be perpetuated for generations if the Catholics of Montreal are not protected from insult. We wish we could take another view of the situation, but we cannot. We know the temper of our people too well to hope for any other issue. The memories of a thousand wrongs crowd upon their mind at the sight of that hated emblem of strife and ascendancy, and all the pent of feelings of a suffering people burst into fury when they hear, here in Canada, the insults of old country feuds flung into their teeth. In Quebec this ought not to be. We do not approach the Legislature on the plea of that NEW ALLIANCE of French Canadian and Irish, which we desire to cultivate; we do not approach it because that Legislature is composed principally of Catholics, but we approach it as peaceable citizens, who desire peace and prosperity in this country, and who wish to put down all incentives to turbulence, no matter from whence they come. Unless this be done, then upon the Quebec Legislature will rest the consequences, whatever they may be. We want no old country feuds introduced into this country, to set class against class and creed against creed. In Ontario they talk of Orange incorporation, and if there is no counter check in Quebec Orange ascendancy will soon be rampant all over the land. If Orangeism is kept down—not persecuted, but prevented from persecuting others—then the Catholics of Ontario will have some guarantee that their liberties will be safe. The crisis is serious, and we hope the Quebec Government will awake to its importance.

### THE REV. DR. CORDNER ON PROCESSIONS.

On Christmas Day the Rev. Dr. Cordner, of Montreal, made a plea for peace and good will, and suggested that the Catholics, being the most numerous, might make a concession to their Protestant neighbours by abandoning the procession on Corpus Christi in Montreal. As a concession to our Protestant friends the suggestion might be entertained. If respectable Protestants ask it, the Catholics might be prepared to give up processions in the streets on that day. If that procession is offensive to our Protestant friends, we think that they have a strong case, and one in which we would be prepared to support them. But let it be distinctly understood, that we say this not to appease Orangeism, for if all the Orangemen in Canada asked for it we would treat their wishes with contempt.

### THE "STAR."

Where is thy learning? Hath thy toll,  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil,  
GAY.

It is not often that the press openly displays its ignorance to the world. As a rule the journalism of to-day is of an educated standard, and when it errs, it generally has some strong defence to shelter it in retreat. The modern journalist may make a mistake now and again, but he cannot make many, without finding that public opinion overwhelms him with ridicule. The modern press has a healthy, and very often a highly educated, public to act as censors to its utterances. All impartial men can enjoy

keen dissertation, and can relish opinions with which they disagree, provided they are advanced with journalistic courtesy and good taste. We often admire the fact and power with which the *Gazette*, the *Witness* and the *Herald* advance views at variance with our own, and we invariably applaud a good article wherever it is found. The open enemy is nearly always a generous foe, who will give and take hard knocks, and smile the while. Not so however, with the subtle conspirators of the press—the laggos of journalism—the papers that smile and smile and all the time play the villain. Pretended "independence" is often the battle cry of this class of journals, and they even preach morality and will seriously assure you that—

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Such a paper is the *Star* of Montreal. Of lowly origin it has never been able to shake itself free from the means which brought it into existence—blackmailing and private spying. In its younger days no ones private affairs were safe, and it invaded the sacred precincts of every man's house in order to turn a miserable penny. Nurtured amidst such conditions it is no wonder that the *Star* occasionally shows signs and tokens of the stock from which it sprang. Unlike all other journals in this city, it has no responsible head, and when it assails public men it fights as a journalistic assassin—in the dark. When the *Gazette*, the *Herald*, or the *Witness* speak there is some one to whom the public can look for the responsibilities of their utterances, but when the *Star* speaks, it speaks anonymously—a typical illustration of secret and irresponsible journalism. When there was some talk of starting a Daily Catholic paper in Montreal the *Star* assailed the project, of course in secret, and it did some mischief. It did not wish to see a Catholic daily in Montreal and it took its own means of defeating the undertaking. And then this "independent" paper has upon all occasions sided against the Catholic people thereby giving its opinion that the Catholic people are always wrong, which we regard as a compliment from the *Star*. Let it now be understood that in all we say we make no personal attack, in fact there is no responsible person to attack, nor have we any desire to stoop to personalities. We write of the *Star*, and we have given proof, by our silence some time ago, of our repugnance to personalities in journalism. But we simply assail the *Star* and its anti-Catholic and anti-"independent" view. The Catholic people have never yet wanted a friend but the *Star* was found wanting. It assails their institutions, it ridicules their pretensions, and it outrages their feelings, and latterly it does it with a subtlety all its own. It is idle for gentlemen to tell us that we should "not accept insult." The history of the human race proves that man, ever has, and ever will "accept insult" and more,—that he will resent it. The *Star* has flung insult after insult at the Catholics of this city, and they are commencing to experience its treacherous doings, and they are learning to resent them. None of us can forget how the offspring of vice pandered to the orange cry that went out last July, and how contemptuously it assailed the government of Mr. De Boucherville and all, we firmly believe, because that government is principally composed of Catholics, and during the Oka insurrection it almost incited the people to civil war in favour of the "poor Indians." It can see no no good in anything that comes from Catholic sources. Later still it wrote of "O'Connell and a jury of his ragged countrymen" and the other day it said "St. Patrick was a half mythical personage" and sneered at the idea of comparing him to the immortal Dutchman, William Prince of Orange. We thought that the identity of Ireland's patron saint was no longer questioned by sceptic or iconoclast, and we marvel much that even the *Star* could have committed such a silly blunder. It is then doubtful whether St. Celestine the 1st consecrated St. Patrick the first bishop of Ireland—perhaps indeed no such person as St. Celestine existed, for history in the fourth century must have been a traditional gathering, and doubt must overshadow it all. It may be all a fiction that St. Patrick brought the Irish to adore the Virgins son (Mac na Maighdine). The story of his visit to Tara may have been all the ravings of an erratic mind, and that he examined and approved of the Psalter of Tara, and that he destroyed 180 volumes of superstitious and idolatrous works, may be all moonshine. Who can prove it? The *Star* doubts it, a new light shines upon us all, and iconoclasm is triumphant. The Four Masters must have been four fictions. The venerable Bede knew nothing at all about St. Patrick, he was a "half mythical personage," so says the *Star* of Montreal, and so—exit the venerable Bede. Usher, Ware, Colgan and many others ancient writers were all astray—St. Patrick was "a half mythical personage." Nay worse there must have been an imposter of that name for some, St. Patrick has left his "confessions" but they must be frauds, for the

real St. Patrick was "a half mythical personage."

"My father" says this imposter, according to the *Star* "my father was Calfeirnius, a deacon, son of Paltius a priest of the town of Bonavan Tabernia. He had near the town a small villa, Ensn, where I was captive."

"Not true" says the *Star* of Montreal "St. Patrick was a half mythical personage."

"I was noble according to the flesh" said St. Patrick in the same "confessions."

"Not so" says the *Star* "St. Patrick was a half mythical personage."

"I knew not God and was led into captivity by the Irish as we deserved, because we estranged ourselves from God and did not keep his laws, and were disobedient to our pastors. My constant business was to feed the flocks. I arose before day to say my prayers in the snow, in the frost, in the rain, and yet I received no damage; nor was I afflicted with slothfulness, for then the spirit of God was warm within me.

"All fiction" says the *Star*. "No such thing" "St. Patrick was a half mythical personage."

Keating, Jocelyn, Fiach, Dr. Lanegan, and a long line of authorities were all wrong, and the mystic haze of doubt hangs over the existence of St. Patrick, who may or may not have existed, according to the *Star* of Montreal, Canada.

O'Donovan, St. Bernard, the "Annals of Ianisfallen," the "Annals of Tighernoch," Sir James Ware, the "Old Annals of Trinity College," "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" which gives in Irish an accurate account of his life, the story of his converting Munarid, the record of St. Germanus, and Barlose the historian who said that "By persisting in their Druidism, the Britons of Cornwall drew the attention of St. Patrick this way, who, about the year 432, with twenty companions, halted a little on his way to Ireland, at Cornwall, where he is said to have built a monastery;"—all were wrong, "St. Patrick was a half mythical personage." To treat such stuff seriously would be to give the dignity of argument to what is the wildest assertion. But it is becoming in the *Star*. It is in keeping with its history. It goes well with the "ragged countrymen" and the vindication of the "rights" of orangemen. For years this same paper has received the patronage of the Catholics of this city. They have unfortunately contributed towards the building up of a power which was destined to despise them.

### THE VOLUNTEERS.

The tendency of all modern military organization is to facilitate mobilization. The army that can mobilize rapidly and well stands a fair chance of entering upon its campaign with success. Other things being equal it is sure to win. An army that can strike a hard first blow checks the mobilization of its enemy, and gains an immense advantage in prestige. This is not indeed a new theory, but yet no nation has as yet, in these latter years, proved its truth, except Germany. It was not proved in the United States, where the rapid mobilization of 200,000 men on either side at the commencement of the civil war, would have carried North or South to victory in six months. The two armies were allowed to grow, with a twinkle development, and thus it took four years for one side to exhaust the resources of the other. In the present Russo-Turkish war the same mistake has been made. If Russia sent 300,000 men at once, and kept them recruited up to that number, to the Danube, which she could easily have done if she understood the art of rapid mobilization, her eagles would now, in all human probability, be waving from the minarets of Ad-dianople. The quadrilateral could have been invested, there would have been no siege of Plevna, the Balkans could have been crossed, and Russia would be master of the situation. It will take more than 400,000 men, all told, to do this work now, for Turkey has had time to develop whatever resources she has, and thus present to the world a long and a gallant defence. But when Germany went to war she struck hard from the commencement, and overwhelmed by her numbers, troops that, man to man, she never could have conquered. She placed 400,000 upon the frontier of France, when France could not place half that number, and striking then she paralyzed her enemy, and striking again and again, with still heavier battalions, proved that she understood the art of mobilization, which means victory. If we apply these truths to the defensive organization of this country, what do we find? A Volunteer force without a commissariat, with a numerically weak staff, with no organized army service corps, without ambulances or a medical staff, and the men but miserably prepared to stand either the heat or cold of our Canadian climate. Physically our men are strong enough; no one doubts either their courage or their patriotism; in drill they are, all things considered, fairly efficient; as marksmen there is indeed much to be needed, but of the art of mobiliza-



tion, that rapid concentration of troops upon a given point, they appear to know nothing. We do not expect that volunteer corps could easily be taught all the details of concentrated action, but there appears to be no machinery in existence, in the higher grades, to facilitate the mobilization of troops, as there appears to be an utter absence of all knowledge of it in the ranks. That there must be some rude means of bringing troops together, and of providing for them when assembled, we do not doubt, but we ask the question: If it would not be well to reduce this chaos to order and to form a Volunteer Service Corps, whose duty it would be to attend to the requirements of an army in the field. Such a corps would be a necessity during war. No army can get along without it, and if our volunteers are to become really efficient, ready to turn out at once, and find their concentration provided for, such a corps would be found to facilitate their movements and enable the volunteers to mobilize rapidly and well. We must remember that Canadian resources have never yet been tested in this respect, and men who talk about "being at the front" have but a poor idea of the strain that actual warfare, against an organized government, would put upon the resources of the volunteer system. What our volunteers have done is no proof of what they would do if they had to meet invasion from the troops of the United States, or the landing of 30,000 Russians upon our shores. In fighting against organized troops we would have no time to build up our military resistance, the shock would come at once, sharp and sudden, and unless we put in training all necessary expedients to enable us to mobilize rapidly, we would inevitably suffer the consequences, which would probably be disastrous. Saxe well said that it was "legs not arms that won campaigns" and that saying is true to day. The general who can concentrate the most men at a given point, will generally succeed, and that concentration is not much facilitated by simply teaching battalion or company drill. The mere routine of the parade ground is oftentimes abandoned in the reality of a fight, and what is admirable on parade, may be useless in the field. It is in the internal economy of regimental and brigade duty, the careful provisioning of the supplies, the attention to the requirements of the troops, that go to make an army efficient and win campaigns. Few volunteer corps could surpass in physical appearance those, for instance, of Montreal. Taken at an average, the Victorias, the Prince of Wales', the 5th and 6th Fusiliers, the Artillery or the French corps, will stand comparison with the average corps in Great Britain or with the militia of the neighbouring Republic. But all this is not enough. We want to understand the means of provisioning and providing for each corps when in the field, and thus will their efficiency be secured. Some people may think that that would be an easy matter. Let us assure them that there is, perhaps, not a man in Montreal, unless he has been either a quartermaster or a quartermaster's sergeant, who could feed a regiment of men for 24 hours without making such chaos of his work as would defy Babil to extricate him from. The Commissariat is the most difficult branch of the non-combatant troops to manage successfully, and we doubt very much if it does not require more administrative capacity and experience, in its own way to manage the Commissariat well, than it does to conduct a campaign. If then this branch is so necessary to success is it not to be expected that we should look for some movement to form it, especially in Canada, where we are without a regular force of army service men to form the nucleus for such a corps in case of war. If the regular troops were here such a volunteer force as we suggest might not be necessary, but without an organized force of the kind to rally around, the necessity of having an Army Service Corps of our own becomes more apparent. Unlike a battalion of the line, Army Service Corps cannot be trained to pass muster after a few days drill in the year. They must know the routine of their duties, and opportunities could be taken in camps, &c. &c. of giving them experience as well. The expense may be urged against the suggestion. Well if the Government would not give the money necessary to form such a corps, and drill it for say 14 days each year in camp, then it would be better to reduce some of the outlying country companies in order to make such a corps a fact. An army in the field could do better without twenty half drilled companies than without an Army Service Corps, and above all let us not forget that it is easy enough to make those same companies pass muster, but it is not so easy to become a quartermaster or a quartermaster's sergeant. At the present time the quartermaster of a battalion is merely a nominal appointment. These gentlemen do nothing, and it is no harm to say, that they know nothing whatever of the duties which would fall to their lot in the event of being required. The medical staff require

no training, but the quartermaster and the quartermaster-sergeants certainly do. While we do not advocate the lavish expenditure of money upon our volunteer system, yet a niggard economy in the same respect has often been the ruin of nations. The marvel is that the volunteers in this country are able to pass muster at all considering the little encouragement they receive. There is no test of efficiency. The man who can make good practice at the target gets no more encouragement from government than the man who can make no practice at all. Why not have first class men to whom some pecuniary or other reward may be given? This is the case in England, and it introduces that keen competition and esprit de corps which tends to develop the best energies of the men.

CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE GHOST OF BERNARD HALL.

CHAPTER I.

Never met, never parted, We had never been broken-hearted.

There are a great many streets in London through which a stranger might pass directly without once having his attention attracted to either the right hand or the left. So quiet and retiring are they in appearance that they seem almost to sink away from the gaze of the curious. Arbour street was one of this class. There was not a large thoroughfare within a quarter of a mile of it, and the harsh noises of a factory never invaded its sacred precincts. Briefly described, it was a quiet, respectable street, with a neat row of unpretentious, characteristically quiet houses on either side. In a pretty studio, in one of the best of these houses, a young man was seated bending thoughtfully over the leaves of a large volume. His face, although extremely pale, was decidedly handsome. The dark wavy hair, brushed well back, displayed a finely developed forehead. The eyes, dark and flashing, were lit up with the fire of genius and energy, while the mouth small and well-cut, spoke of firmness and high resolve.

The surroundings of the room proclaimed him to be an artist. On the walls a vast variety of pictures were hung. Weird, melancholy figures looked down with a strange expression on the magician who had given them their life-like appearance. Then there were paintings of brigands, and frowning warriors, to say nothing of beautiful women and sweet innocent faces. There were abundance of looks and plenty of pictures in this little studio, but few of what one might call the substantial comforts of the world. Upon the table, before which the young man sat, a number of photographs were artfully arranged in an ornamental glass basket, and among the rest was that of a beautiful young girl. From its position one could almost fancy it was endowed with life, and watching fondly over the stooping form of the pallid student. Upon the back of the portrait were written the following words:—

"Helena Wardbrook, Died June 15th, 18— Beloved."

There was nothing more than these few simple words, and yet few as they were, they recorded the close to a life full of bright youthful hopes and ardent affection. Ah! yes, these words brought back to Walter Hastings' mind the bitter recollection of by-gone days. Two years ago he had been engaged by Sir Lionel Wardbrook of Essex House—an old college friend of his father's—to instruct his eldest daughter in drawing. There he saw Helena the youngest. Her freshness, her winning manner, at once captivated him. He lost his heart almost the instant he saw her, and at once fell desperately, but hopelessly in love: hopelessly, but love would still be "lord of all." Helena Wardbrook shared a similar fate. Proud and distant as she generally was to others, she was forced to give way to the strange influence which this man had over her. He did not possess wealth nor title. He could not talk familiarly of his uncle as the earl of a shire, nor refer to his grandfather as a defunct baronet. Yet he possessed all the qualities, which to her mind, made a man noble, and worthy of a woman's dearest affection.

Sir Lionel, a shrewd man of the world, was not slow to detect the "imprudence" of his daughter; but it was the term he, a prosaic man of the world, applied to this romantic affair, and he resolved to nip it in the bud, in the cool calculating way in which he did everything.

He entered the spacious drawing-room one day, just as Walter had sat down to indulge his fancy with a delicious vision of the future—the grand character in the said vision being of course, Helena Wardbrook. He had only half completed the building of this castle in the air when Sir Lionel entered, and with a few cold words annihilated the airy structure.

"Mr. Hastings," he said, in a most courteous tone (Sir Lionel was always excessively polite) "I have a little bit of news for you this morning."

"Something relating to a railway accident, or a colliery explosion, Sir Lionel?" Walter inquired smiling, little guessing what was to follow.

"Well, not so volcanic as all that. I dare say you will call it tame when you hear it. It is simply this: Miss Ellen and Miss Gerlie have made up their minds to start for the continent in a week or so."

"And Helena, too, is she going?" he asked eagerly, forgetting in his anxiety the conventional "Miss."

"No," was the cold response. "Your pupils have been rather dull I fear, Mr. Hastings," continued Sir Lionel, "and I daresay you will not lament their departure."

Walter looked inquiringly into Sir Lionel's face before replying. He saw through his cloak of politeness, and felt assured that the man who stood before him had already banished him from all that had made life happy. After a painful pause, he said "Your daughters, Sir Lionel, it is hardly necessary for me to say, have not been dull, but the reverse, and I only regret that I am about to lose such creditable pupils. I suppose our engagement will terminate on—"

"Ah! yes, to be sure. I am so glad you comprehend me. What day would suit you, Mr. Hastings?"

"To-day, to-morrow, any," was the hasty reply.

"Friday week?"

"Yes, that will do."

"Thank you," and Sir Lionel bowed and left the room, well pleased to have completed an unpleasant business so quickly.

"Friday week?" Walter Hastings repeated slowly to himself as the door closed on Sir Lionel. This, then, was to be the climax to all his fond hopes. He would have to start out again into the din and bustle of a cold cheerless world, rudely awakened from his dream to stern realities. Yes,

there could be no mistaking Sir Lionel Wardbrook's meaning. His coldly polite manner in painful contrast to his former friendliness of tone, said as plainly, or more plainly than words, "Our engagement now ends, and with it our friendship." Walter Hastings felt it all, and much as he loved Helena, his pride made him anxious for the time to come when he should take his final farewell.

The fatal day came at last. He received the thanks of Sir Lionel for his services. His daughters, too, complimented him, in a manner infinitely condescending, upon his talent for teaching. But where was Helena?

He passed despondingly from the room. Helena stood in the massive doorway, with a hectic flush on her cheeks, suppressed feeling making her appear more lovely than ever. As Walter approached she hastened to meet him.

"And so you are going away, Walter?" she said, her voice trembling with emotion.

He looked into her earnest face, and could scarcely master courage to answer. At last with some effort he replied distinctly, "I am, Helena."

She looked up at him, her beautiful blue eyes were fast filling with tears.

"Yes," he stammered. Then lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said softly.

"Perhaps, after all, it will be more conducive to your happiness, I suppose Heaven never meant us for each other."

The words were spoken with apparent cheerfulness, but around his heart already a dark funeral cloud was gathering, shutting out completely the light of happiness and hope.

"Walter," she said, after a pause, a vague fear taking possession of her as she spoke. "I had a most curious dream last night. I dreamt that, rambling through a large forest, I came upon a dismal lake, overhung with sad, drooping trees, which seemed to weep as their branches kissed the tile. The water was of a greenish hue, owing to the immense number of weeds floating along on its surface. Anything so gloomy or wretched could not, I think, be imagined than this dreary liquid expanse. As I stood looking into that lake's melancholy depths I fancied it began to grow larger and larger, and at last assumed all the proportions of a mighty sea. I was so terrified by this sudden change that I turned quickly away from the spot, but just as I was about to depart I met six figures—men or spirits, I do not know what they appeared to be. They were dressed alike, in flowing robes, and between them they carried a boat shrouded in the deepest black crape. They glided towards the gloomy lake in a noiseless manner, and quickly launched the boat. This done, they all turned towards me, each pointing with his index finger as a signal for me to enter. I tried to scream for help, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. I turned to fly, but their eyes fastened on me and seemed to exercise over me a strange mesmerism power, and I was compelled to obey them. When I was seated my silent companions entered, each took hold of an ear and rowed away quickly into the mysterious water. After a long time we came to a strange country. Some unseen arms lifted me on to the shore, and when I turned to look for my captors I found that they and their crimson boat had disappeared. The scene then changed, I fancied I had been years in this new country when I again wandered to the brink of this peculiar sea, and met in precisely the same fashion as before six robed figures. On this occasion their garments were of the purest white, and each had a heavenly smile on his countenance. I approached them with confidence and said—'Can you not let me see Walter again?' They all bowed silent, and in a moment I found myself in a beautiful bark, with sparkling white sails, which danced gaily over the now sparkling waves, and was soon back to the point in the forest from which I had been taken. Here the dream grew confused. I thought I saw you pale and dejected, leaning both your arms on a great moss-covered stone, and looking drearily and very sad. I approached you joyfully, but you turned coldly away. I knew you did not recognize me, so like had I grown to the spirits I had only just left. Shortly after I awoke. Doubtless you will say this is all silly nonsense—an idle dream—you always laugh at such things. But Walter, I have a strange presentiment something is going to happen. I told you I overheard the doctor tell papa my heart was affected. What if I should die?"

Walter Hastings started as if a dagger had pierced his heart. Her words uttered with a strange solemnity rang out like a prophecy, and he shuddered at the bare idea of that prophecy being fulfilled.

"I can see my words pain you, Walter, but indeed I do not care much about life—now." The hot tears were coming fast. She tried to speak further, but the words would not come.

Oh! the bitter, bitter thoughts that filled Walter Hastings' soul as he gazed into that upturned tear-stained face.

There was a painful pause.

"You will learn in time to forget, darling," Walter said huskily.

"Never," she answered emphatically. "But Walter, if anything should happen to me, I shall sometimes find a place in your memory? Promise me this."

He had not time to reply. At this moment the tall figure of Sir Lionel appeared at one of the windows. He was evidently watching them with anything but a pleased countenance. A hurried farewell was whispered, and they parted with hearts choked with sorrow and distress.

It would have been well for Walter Hastings if his misery had ended here, but it was not to be so. A cruel fate had willed that he should drink the cup to the very dregs. Some months after this painful scene, just as he sat down to breakfast, Mrs. Goodall, his landlady, placed in his hands a newspaper which she said had been left by a person who refused to give any name.

"I wonder what it can contain likely to amuse me," he said, tearing off the wrapper, looking up and down the long columns. There was a racy article on the management of balloons, and a dry meaningless one on "Ultramontane" politics. "But who in the name of common sense could think such objects would interest me?" he said, about to lay the paper down, when his eye caught the following paragraph under the "deaths," and he leaned heavily with pen and ink.

"Wardbrook—June 19th, at Essex House Helena, third surviving daughter of Sir Lionel Wardbrook."

Did his eyes deceive him? Was it really in the death column. Alas! it was only too true. The letters merged into one black blot as he read. He could not discern through his tears the print before him. The paper dropped from his hands and he fell faint and ill.

With what force those parting words came back to him now, "What if I should die?" Slowly he was beginning to recognize that there was a meaning deep and hidden in her dream which he could not now comprehend, but which would be revealed to him some day. Strange to say, the very recollection of that dream filled him with comfort when hope and comfort were most needed.

The newspaper report containing Helena Wardbrook's death, was confirmed by the family doctor, who looked in upon Walter one day. Tapping his gold snuff box, and sniffing a little of its perfumed dust from his fingers, he remarked gravely, "It's just what I expected; heart-disease." He laid a peculiar emphasis on the last two words. "I told her father months ago. It was a pity too. She was so young and beautiful. But what does our friend Shakespeare say? The good die first, or the bad. Which is it? Can you not help me, Mr. Hastings?"

"I think he says the good," Walter said, sighing heavily.

"Now come, old fellow, I do not like to see you looking so dull. For my word if I had thought my visit would have had this effect on you, I would have declined Sir Lionel's embarrassing commission."

"I heard it all before you came doctor."

"Well, well, Mr. Hastings, I must go. I am sorry to see you looking so pale and careworn, and God knows I wish Sir Lionel had conveyed his own message. Good-bye," and wringing Walter's hand warmly he left him to commune with his own sad thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

A TURN OF THE TIDE.

Such was the sad retrospect which these few words on the back of the portrait presented to Walter Hastings' mind, as he sat in his quiet studio in Arbour street. Two years had slipped away to swell the mighty past since these events had taken place, but love had fixed them on his heart with the traces of an indelible pencil. There are some who would remove completely away from the sight anything calculated to remind them of a departed one, but Walter Hastings was not of that type. He hugged his grief. Sorrowful as was the train of feelings, which this little memento awakened, he yet felt an almost sacred joy in its possession. His was not a transient and flickering affection but fixed and unalterable. There were lines of care graven on his features, showing how deeply he had suffered, but there, too, were written bright hopes evincing that he looked forward to a meeting in a happier world. But hopeful as he was he was unable to bear with stoical indifference the melancholy reflections which now crowded upon him, and which were in no way alleviated by a painful sense of his present poverty.

In time gone by he enjoyed all the happiness that wealth could give, but a year or two previous to his engagement at Essex House, he and his improvident father were plunged into utter ruin through the sudden failure of a large speculative banking firm.

Walter then took to his pencil as a means of subsistence, and was rapidly acquiring fortune and fame, when he met Helena Wardbrook, the daughter of his father's friend in more prosperous days.

On again resuming his labors, after leaving Essex House, he found his pictures, once the admiration of thousands, now looked upon with cold indifference. The fact was his pencil, formerly bright, and vivacious in its touches, now reflected and portrayed only the gloom of his heart.

It is possible at times to drown the deepest grief in the pages of an interesting book, and Walter Hastings tried to forget the bitter past by engrossing mind and soul with the contents of the cumbersome volume before him. So deeply absorbed was he in the book, that he did not notice the sharp quick knock of the postman outside. Shortly after, a sweet little girl, with dark curly hair, tapped softly at the door, entered, and placed by his side a letter.

Hurriedly glancing at it, he saw it bore the Woodland post mark, and took no further notice of it till he had finished reading. A full hour elapsed before the book was closed. He then took a cigar from his case, lighted it, and proceeded leisurely to break the seal and examine the contents of the letter. Hardly had he got half way through the epistle, when his hands trembled violently. His face a few moments before pale, now became flushed and crimson.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, when he had finished reading. "Can it be true, or is it some cruel dream sent to mock my poverty? Let me peruse it again," and taking up the letter, he read as follows:

"MY DEAR WALTER,

"I have the most joyous, startling news to tell you. Some months ago I received a long official letter from an American solicitor, stating that an aunt of mine, dying at an advanced age in Florida had willed the whole of her money to me, amounting to some thousands. A fortnight since I received another epistle from the same source, informing me that the whole of the large sum was lodged in the Bank of England, and that by going through some further formalities I should at once come into possession of it. To-day, I am happy to say, Fortune has again smiled upon me—after frowning for years—and I am complete master of this wealth. I would have acquainted you with this matter before, but that I feared the news might prove too good to be true. Indeed, my dear boy, I am quite untried by the unexpected news, I really hardly know what I am doing. Come down at once."

"Your Affectionate Father,"

"James Hastings."

Yes! it was all true. His father had penned every syllable of it; and at nine o'clock on the following morning he found himself seated in the snug little breakfast room, at Woodland House, chatting over the whole affair as an accomplished fact.

"Woodland House." That was the rather assuming title this miniature residence had the audacity to assume. It was cut in a large character on the two diminutive "pillars" which stood at the entrance of the tiny garden, probably with the view of awing strangers into respect for the tiny abode.

A glorious morning welcomed father and son, as they sat down to breakfast. The glad, golden sunshine was streaming in at the open window. The fresh balmy air wafted towards them the odor of a thousand flowers, Nature herself was stirring their joy.

Mr. Hastings looked at the picture of happy contentment as he gazed out on the lovely landscape, stretching away from the house in all directions. His son was not so elated. A dreamy sadness lingered in his eyes, as his thoughts stole back to her whose spirit was now in Heaven.

"You have something to tell me, father," he said, breaking through his reverie, and looking up abruptly at the curious expression on the older man's countenance. "I can half read it in your face."

"Pray where did you study physiognomy, Walter?" said he, sarcastically, casting a look of enforced solemnity at the ceiling as he spoke. This disguise failing, he burst into a heavy fit of laughing. "Well, Walter, my boy," he added, "I cannot keep it any longer from you—the sum and substance of my letter is this: I have purchased Bernard Hall, the grand old house you and I so much admired."

Walter started. He had a strong love for this lonely house. He felt that his very existence was bound up with it.

"I went in for furniture, and everything attaching to the place," continued Mr. Hastings, "and got them at an extremely low figure."

"You really surprise me. I fancied furniture so grand and massive would have fetched a fabulous amount."

"So it would under ordinary circumstances, but the fact is, Walter, they could find very few bidders either for the place or the furniture, owing to the frightful stories circulated about ghosts and beings from the other world occasionally taking up their abode there."

"Pardon me for my vehemence, father, but I could almost horsewhip the inventors of such trash."

"By doing so you would be acting basely, and with prejudice. There is a great deal of truth in some of these stories, I assure you, Mr. Hastings urged warmly.

"Doubtless you will be displeased, but I feel I

am doing an act of justice when I brand all such tales as thorough humbug."

Walter got up from the table as he spoke and sauntered towards the window as a means of ending the conflict of opinion which threatened to grow rather warm. But his father was a more persistent disputant, and at once he opened fire upon him "in his own retreat."

"Oh, you were always skeptical on these points," he began, "but cynic as you are you must give way to facts. If spirits are fond of solitude they could not, to my idea, choose a fitter residence."

"You presuppose then that spirits are fond of solitude," Walter said, turning round to have a look at his father's warlike expression.

"No, no, my boy, I am sure of it. Who ever heard of a ghost in Parliament, or the shade of an orator haranguing a multitude? You will find they generally choose a tomb-stone for a seat, and if they lounge at all, it is in the depth of a forest."

Walter Hastings resolved to end the discussion if possible, with a single home-thrust. "This tombstone I can hold to be but the theory of a demented brain," he said, emphasizing each word slowly, an assertion which called upon his father's visage the strangest of all possible looks.

"I tell you what, Walter," Mr. Hastings said with warmth, "you shall become a convert to my way of thinking, this very night. People with stronger nerves than you or I have been made to shudder in that leaf-covered old mansion."

"If they shook with terror till they fell to pieces their shattered fragments would not make me believe in an absurdity." He finished the sentence abruptly, by leaning his head well out of the window, so as to be partially under cover from his father's next shot.

"Well, look here Walter," (standing up and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, before proceeding). "Are you prepared to take charge of the place with no other companion than old Mrs. Farr, the housekeeper?"

"Of course I am," was echoed back from the window. "You do not fancy for one moment I would shrink from meeting a ghost or hobgoblin, or a whole regiment of both sorts?"

"Your bravery is beyond all reproach," Mr. Hastings replied with the nearest possible approach to a sneer. "I suppose I may put the thing down as settled—even your starting after dinner?" He took a few steps forward to ring for breakfast to be cleared away, while awaiting his son's reply.

"With all my heart, and I only wish I was off now to have a glimpse at this terror-striking edifice," he said, leaving the window and again resuming his seat.

Mrs. Parr will be glad of such a valiant champion as you are, Walter," running his fingers through his gray hair, he muttered: "I shall call the thing over with Sir—confound the thing," he said, stopping himself abruptly fuming his solitary pipe had been overheard. "I meant Mr. Wallace."

"I think father, your new manufacturing some little scheme," Walter put in, looking inquiringly at his father.

"Nothing of the kind I assure you," Mr. Hastings replied solemnly, as he bustled out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

"Over all there hung a shadow and a fear; A sense of mystery the spirit haunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear, The place is haunted."

Walter Hastings was now alone, and at perfect liberty to dwell upon this delicious proposal of his father—that he should visit the "haunted house." The dream of his life would now be fulfilled. He would possess Bernard Hall with all its old traditions and stories of bygone days. "Time flies," whoever wrote such a fabrication, he mused, as he counted the tedious hours intervening between breakfast and dinner; but time, to use a vulgar expression, would not budge an inch to please anybody. Headless of all grumbling it pursued the even tenor of its way, and at last ushered in the hour of starting. Walter was all excitement. There was a charm, a fascination about this solitary house he could not resist, and as his horse bore him swiftly on, his heart thrilled with a wild joy he could not well account for. Arrived at the place, he was more than ever impressed with its beauty. The stately building itself, with the tall, grand trees arranged so gracefully round it, the elegantly planned gardens, and the music of the falling waters, issuing from a fountain hidden among the trees—all appealed to his sense of the beautiful.

The windows were prettily devised with a touch of the antique about them. The entrance embedded in luxuriant foliage, though of modern construction, had, from the style employed in building, an almost ancient look. But the most charming thing connected with Bernard Hall was its position. Built on the summit of a gentle incline, it looked out with stern grandeur on a natural scenery, which for beauty and wild magnificence is unequalled in any part of the British Kingdom. In any fault could have been found at all it would have been with the solitude and extreme loneliness which appeared to brood over everything. Having fully reconnoitered the place, he proceeded to salute its august guardian, Mrs. Parr. She, poor soul, was delighted to see him; asserting positively that she had heard strange noises in the night; and the credulous soul wound up by saying, "The place ain't right, sir, I'd stake my life on that."

Supper over, Mrs. Parr retired to rest, taking care to keep up a blazing fire, and her lamp night, as a warning to adventurous spirits inclined to trespass on her privacy.

Walter, too, went to bed, but could not sleep. A feeling took possession of him impelling him to go into the moonlight. He felt a longing, a wild desire, to pace the garden and breathe the cool night air. He could not resist this strange, unaccountable fancy, though he battled hard with it. Finding he could not sleep, he gave way to his inclination, dressed hurriedly, and sauntered into the garden. Never before did a sight so lovely meet his eyes as that which now repaid him for his midnight visit. The moon shone out in all the fulness of its glory, silencing the foliage on all sides with lovely streaks of light. Lighting a cigar he sat down leisurely on one of the rustic seats, while his eyes drank in the beauty of the scene. He watched the queenly moon sailing majestically in the heavens, now and then plunging into a dark cloud, but quickly extricating herself again, as if afraid her heavenly brightness would be tarnished. Absorbed in noble thoughts inspired by such a time and place, he bent his head upon his breast, while his heart was drawn up in thankfulness to the grand author of all the loveliness that surrounded him.

On raising his eyes they fell on the form of a lovely woman clothed in a flowing silken garment. The light was streaming full on her faultless figure. Every feature was exquisitely formed. Every limb was gracefully moulded. Never had Walter Hastings gazed on such a picture of matchless beauty as that which now stood before him. But what was there in her glance that chilled the warm blood in his veins? That cold icy look—those strange meaningless gestures—great heaven! the truth slowly dawned on his mind—he was in the presence of the dead.

At that late hour, and in that terribly lonely place, he stood confronted with a spirit! The thought was horrifying, and the advanced hour and solitary place made the pain of those few moments most intense. A cold perspiration ran over his forehead. He laid hold of the seat with a nervous grasp,



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HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS. Rosy dawn the orient flushing, Dews o'er purple flowers that flow, Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing Like the blood ye shed below; Yet in light celestial glowing— Gems that pave Jehovah's hall, Eden-streams in music flowing, Hills o'er opal rocks that fall; Lambs of God careering o'er us, Robed in more than regal sheen, Sing aloud in pealing chorus, 'Hail, Holy Queen!'

While she clasps the pretty Lisper To her holy Virgin breast, White wing'd cherubs around her whisper, Angels armies o'er her rest. 'Tis the lip that now on Mary Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles, Bids the tides of ocean vary, Lights on high the starry isles. Ye who from this sun's dominions Gaze upon that heavenly scene, Sing to harps, with quivering pinions, 'Hail, Holy Queen!'

All the spheres behold with wonder Sleeping on thy bosom lie Him whose word, in cloud and thunder, Hur'd them flaming through the sky. Mary! sacred Star of Ocean, Rise thou o'er the stormy brine, Quell the passions' wild commotion, Cheer and save us, Mother mine! Round us while the tempest rages Be thy guiding lustre seen, And our song through endless ages, 'Hail, Holy Queen!'

BELLEVUE CONVENT.

A visit to the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Bellevue is a very agreeable incident. Arriving there we were hospitably received by the Rev. Superiores who led the way to the beautiful chapel of the Sisterhood. As we approached the door we read the legend inscribed on stained glass, Jesus est la. Expecting to see everything in neat order, yet we were unprepared for the surprise afforded by a glance at the rich new altar, designed and executed by Mr. T. Fournier, of John street, which was erected a few days ago and blessed by His Grace, the Archbishop. The design of this really beautiful work of art is Corinthian in its nature. Ascending from the table the beholder sees rich carved work in relief and glittering in gold rising to an intricate open scroll work which twists upward, in an inverted semi-circle and is crowned by a pedestal from which springs a large cross. The tabernacle is a real gem. On the upper front we remarked very fine carved work, representing the Bread of Life, surrounded by large golden rays, beneath which floats clouds of golden glory. On the door of the lower portion, or tabernacle proper, there is an exquisite carving of a sheaf of wheat over which fall the luscious grapes. Behind the crucifix, an open space, now covered with crimson cloth stretched in a gilded frame, awaits the arrival of an excellent oil-painting from Rome which will no doubt be worthy the surrounding in which it will be placed. On either side of this space, two beautiful Corinthian pillars richly carved with elaborate architraves, rise from out the drab background with striking effect. Between those pillars are enshrined two large medallions in which sacred relics will be placed. On the lower frontispiece carved in deep relief two fine scrolls lead to a Maltese cross, the emblem of the ancient order of soldier-monks who filled the whole world with the fame of their chivalric renown. The entire altar, from its base so the summit is one of the most strikingly handsome and appropriate ones we have seen in religious houses. Indeed its happy fitness to the pretty little chapel is one of its chief charms.—Budget.

FIRESIDE READING.

If you send a boy to break up a lump of coal to keep himself from freezing, he regards his lot as one of exceptional hardship; but let him find an old torpedo lying around loose, he will hammer it with a stone until the perspiration stands in great drops upon his forehead, or an explosion relieves him from his self-appointed task.

A LUCKY DOG.—How lucky some people are! A few years ago a little dog belonging to a lady was injured, or fell sick, or some canine ill befell it. The animal was taken to a Hastings chemist, who treated it successfully; and when the grateful lady died—an event which happened in good time—she left that fortunate man a good many thousands. Mr. Pendennis thereafter threw the pestle and mortar into the sea, and now lives in a house, beautifully situated on the road to Fairlight, fit for a prince or Lord Dudley.—Whitehall Review.

THEY HAD A STRIKE UP at Mr. Midlerib's last night. The baby struck for six hours walking every night instead of four, which it has been getting. The family at first refused to accede to this preposterous and unreasonable demand, but the baby being a monopoly, there being no other to supply the place of the striker, it was able to enforce its demands, as all sleep was shut off until a settlement was effected. The only show of violence was a threat on the part of the baby to make it warm for the household when it was about four years older and green apple time came around.

When Captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see everything in the capital worth seeing; and in the course of his perambulations he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual, set up the constant outcry of "What do you buy? what do you buy, master?" Grose parried this for some time by saying he wanted nothing. At last a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was something like Dr. Slop's, in "Tristram Shandy," exclaims, "Well, sir, though you don't want anything at present, only say you buy your meat of me, and you'll make my fortune."

HARD ON HIM.—A gentleman who is rather given to story-telling, relates the following:—"When I was a young man I spent several years at the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to the court to get excused. On my name being called, I informed his honour the judge that I was not a freeholder, and therefore could not serve. "Where do you reside?" the judge inquired. "I am stopping for the present at Port Hudson." "You board at the hotel, I presume?" "I take my meals there, but have a room in another part of the town, where I lodge." "Do you keep bachelor's hall?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you been living in that manner?" "About six months." "I think you are qualified," gravely replied the judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder. The court does not excuse you."

Erps's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Erps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in Packets labelled—"Erps's Cocoa," Homoeopathic Chemists, 48 Threepenny Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING FROM—

O'HARA & SON, THE—

Irish Tailors, No. 19 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

October 31st, 1877 2 12-m

OAK HALL CLOTHING STORE. 149 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. Clothing at Wholesale Prices, marked in plain Figures, and no Second Price.

Mens' Linen Coats.....from \$1.00 Mens' Lustre ".....from 1.50 Mens' Lustre Dusters Mens' Linen Ulsters Boys and Youths' Linen Coats. Boys and Youths' Lustre Coats. Childrens' and Boys' Knickerbocker Suits made from Canadian Tweed and Guaranteed to Wear Well. Youths' Suits ditto ditto Mens' Suits ditto ditto 149 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. May 30, '77. 1y

BURY & McINTOSH, ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSON'S BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Street. (Entrance on St. Peter Street.)

GEORGE BURY, Official Assignee. JOHN McINTOSH, Accountant. 1y

VICTORIA STUDIO. For fine finish and cheapness, go to the new VICTORIA STUDIO, Corner Victoria Square and Craig Street.

CARTS DE VISITE—\$2.00 per doz. CABINET SIZE—\$4.00 per doz. W. E. BURNS, Proprietor. 16-3m

COSTELLO BROTHERS. GROCERIES and LIQUORS, WHOLESALE, (Nun's Buildings,) 49 ST. PETER 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 do, CAMPBELL'S BACON (in select cuts,) AT THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE. APPLES (very choice, for table use,) ORANGES (Algeria, very sweet,) LEMONS, BANANAS, and all kinds of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, AT THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE, THOMAS GRATHERN, 1363 St. Catherine street, Montreal, 11th December, 1877. 18 6

GUION LINE. UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS Sailing from NEW YORK every TUESDAY for QUEENSTOWN and LIVERPOOL. MONTANA..... 4320 Tons. WYOMING..... 3716 " WISCONSIN..... 3720 " NYADA..... 3135 " IDAHO..... 3132 " CABIN PASSAGE..... \$55, \$65, \$75. INTERMEDIATE—or Second Class. \$10 STEAKS—At Lowest Rates. For further particulars apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, 29 Broadway, New York. Or to HART BROTHERS & CO., Cor. St. John & Hospital Streets, Montreal.

ARCHITECTS. A. LEVEQUE, ARCHITECT, No. 12 PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

WILLIAM HODSON, ARCHITECT, No 59 & 61 St PONTAVENTURE ST., MONTREAL. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintendence at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations Promptly Attended to.

THE BAR. D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 12 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

J. JAMES KEHOE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Office: Cor. Rideau and Sussex Sts., Ottawa.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. T. J. DOHERTY, B.C.L. C. J. DOHERTY, A.B.C.L.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A.M., B.C.L., ADVOCATE, &c. No 15 PLACE D'ARMES, Near the Jacques Cartier Bank, Montreal. Oct 19, '77 9-8m

J. G. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPHER, and publisher of STEROSCOPIC AND OTHER VIEWS, LANTERN SLIDES, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FATHER DOWD FOR SALE. Six first prizes awarded at the last Provincial Exhibition at Quebec, for various styles of Photographic work and paintings. Studio: 195 1/2 St James Street, Montreal.

ST. LAWRENCE ENGINE WORKS. NOS. 17 TO 29 MILL STREET. MONTREAL P. Q.

W. P. BARTLEY & CO., ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS AND IRON BOAT BUILDERS. HIGH AND LOW PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS. MANUFACTURERS OF IMPROVED SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY.

Boilers for heating Churches, Convents, School and Public buildings, by Steam, or hot water. Steam Pumping Engines, pumping apparatus for supplying Cities, and Towns, Steam pumps, Steam Winches, and Steam Fire Engines. Castings of every description in Iron, or Brass, Cast and Wrought Iron Columns and Girders for Buildings and Railway purposes. Patent Hoists for Hotels and Warehouses. Propeller Screw Wheels always in Stock or made to order. Manufacturers of the Cole "Samson Turbine" and other first class water Wheels. SPECIALITIES. Bartley's Compound Beam Engine is the best and most economical Engine manufactured, it saves 33 per cent. in fuel over any other Engine. Saw and Grist Mill Machinery. Shafting, Pulleys, and Hangers Hydraulic Valves &c &c 1-38

PUBLIC NOTICE. AT the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, application will be made for the passing of a bill to erect a portion of the Municipality of the Village of La Cote St. Paul into a separate Municipality. Montreal, 17th Dec. 1877. 20-5

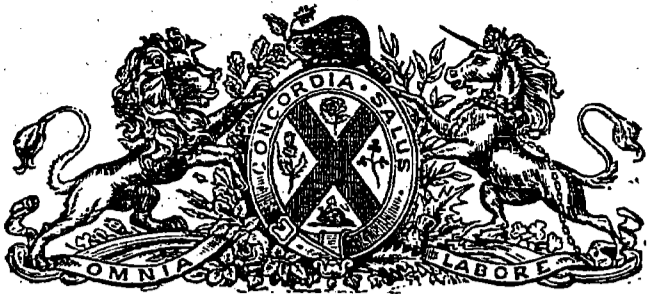
NOTICE. Application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next Session, for the passing of an Act to erect that part of the Municipality of the Village of La Cote St. Louis, called Mile End, into a new Municipality (or Village) which will be bounded as follows: on the South West, by the Municipality of the Village Outremont, on the North West by the Municipality of St. Laurent, on the South East by the Municipality of the Village St. Jean Baptiste, and on the North East by the remaining part of the Municipality of said Village St. Jean Baptiste, which will be separated from the new Municipality, to begin at the line of Village St. Jean Baptiste, partly by Tannery Road of Carriere Street, partly by the rear line of the lots on the North East side of Robin Street, and thence by a straight line parallel to Robin Street towards and up to the Municipality of St. Laurent. Montreal, 26th November, 1877. 17-5

AT the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, "THE MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF THE FABRIQUES OF THE DIOCESES OF MONTREAL AND ST. HYACINTHE," will present a bill to amend cap. CXLIX. 16 Vic, intituled: "An act to incorporate the Mutual Assurance Associations of the Fabriques of the Dioceses of Quebec & Three Rivers, and of Montreal and St. Hyacinthe," and the acts amending the same. The object of this amendment will be to annex to the said "MUTUAL ASSOCIATION OF THE FABRIQUES OF THE DIOCESES OF MONTREAL AND ST. HYACINTHE," all the Fabriques, localities or missions of the diocese of Sherbrooke. Montreal, 26th November, 1877. 17-5

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the association called "LA SOCIETE DE SECOURS MUTUEL DES FRANCAIS, A MONTREAL," will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an act of incorporation. Montreal, 26th November, 1877. 17-5

NOTICE is hereby given that Dame Hannah Davidson, wife of Samuel Goltman, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Mon real, Trader, has this day, the eleventh day of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, instituted an action against her said husband for separation as to property. L. N. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff's Attorney. Montreal, 11th December, 1877. 18 6





FURS.

By the advice of the most Competent Judges at the

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF PHILADELPHIA,



OUR HOUSE obtained THE INTERNATIONAL MEDAL and the only GOLD MEDAL accorded for QUALITY, TASTE, CHEAPNESS, SUPERIOR FINISH, and GREAT VARIETY OF FURS.

This incontestable success obliges us to be always improving our assortment, and we always go in person to select the BEST FURS in the Markets of St. Petersburg, Leipzig, London, etc.

As MANTLES are worn much longer this year we have the honor to inform the Ladies that we have on hand a LARGE VARIETY OF TRIMMINGS for MANTLES of an entirely new fashion

Please send in your FURS that require REPAIRING before the cold weather sets in. Considering the Hard Times we have considerably REDUCED OUR PRICES

THIBAUT, LANTHIER & CO,

271 NOTRE DAME STREET.

NOV. 7-2 13-m

ESTABLISHED 1864.

GOLTMAN'S TAILORING HOUSE, 424 NOTRE DAME STREET,

NOTICE.

OVER 200 SPRING AND FALL OVERCOATS, of the Latest Styles and Best Fabrics be Sold from \$3.50 to \$8.50.

TWEED SUITS, for gentlemen, very choice designs—over 1,000 Patterns to select from. TROUSERS made to order, on shortest notice, from \$5 to \$6.

BOYS' CLOTHING, ready made or made to order, from \$2.50 upwards.

GOLTMAN'S "BOOK OF FASHIONS" now ready. Please call and receive a copy.

S. GOLTMAN, Merchant Tailor, 424 Notre Dame Street.

CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE.

MULCAIR BROS.,

ARTIST TAILORS,

No. 87 St. Joseph Street.

- In Stock—The Newest Spring and Fall Overcoating. The Newest Check Worsted Suiting. The Newest Striped do do. The Newest Twilled do do. The Newest English Tweed Suitings. The Newest Scotch do do. The Newest Canadian do do. The Newest Stripe Trousers. The Newest Check do. The Newest Fancy Vesting. The Newest Lines in gentlemen's Heberdashery. West of England Broad Cloth. Blue and Black. West of England do do. Single Milled do do.

We have also on hand a splendid lot of Ready-made Clothing which will be sold at extremely low prices, to make room for a large assortment of Fall and Winter goods, of the newest and best fabrics.

MULCAIR BROS.,

87 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

Feb 9, 1-y

J.P. NUGENT, MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, 157 ST. JOSEPH STREET (Sign of the Red Ball.)

First-Class Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. A large assortment of Gents' Haberdashery constantly on hand.

OUR RETAIL ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE EXHIBITS HAVE MADE OF THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF INDUSTRY WITH WHICH OUR CITY ABUNDANTS, TO MENTION ONLY THOSE ESTABLISHMENTS THAT CAN BE FAIRLY CALLED REPRESENTATIVES OF THEIR TRADE.

It has been the aim of the Commercial Review, in the exhibits we have made of the various branches of industry with which our city abounds, to mention only those establishments that can be fairly called representatives of their trade. And while as a general rule we have taken only those which do a wholesale business, we have not overlooked those in the retail trade which, from the magnitude of their operations, deserve especial mention. Within the last few years a great change has taken place in the clothing trade. Ready-made goods are now produced in as fine fabrics and as good styles and make as are the most of custom-made suits. In fact there are many of our best citizens who buy ready-made clothing entirely, and none of their acquaintances are aware that their stylish suit do not come from a fashionable tailor. Especially has this feature of the trade been apparent during the hard times and when economy was a necessity. The most extensive retail clothing house in this city is that of Messrs. J. G. Kennedy & Co., No. 31 St. Lawrence st. We had the pleasure of visiting this establishment a few days since, and we can safely assert that a larger finer or more stylish stock of clothing would be hard to find. The building occupied by them is four stories in height and is filled to repletion with every class of goods in the clothing line, comprising men's boys' and youths' ready-made clothing in every variety, Canadian and Scotch tweeds, cassimeres, dookings, &c. On the first floor is the stock of over coats, suits, &c., in the latest styles and makes, and sold at prices to suit the most exacting. Indeed it would be difficult to find a customer who could not be suited in his department. The measuring and cutting department is also on this floor. Here the finest custom-made clothing can be obtained at minimum prices. The 3rd and 4th floors are devoted to clothing of every description. They carry at all times a fine stock of tweeds, broadcloths, &c., in bales. Their clothing for excellence of quality and first class workmanship and finish cannot be surpassed. We commend any of our readers who really want superior, well fitting, stylish, and durable custom or ready-made garments at bottom prices to pay this house a visit they are sure to be suited by going to this fine establishment.—Advt.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO. Portland, Maine. \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO.

A CURIOUS WELL.—A curious well is said to exist in Wise County, Texas, U.S. Although the well is one hundred and ten feet deep, and gives water abundantly at all time of the year, when a north wind has blown for twelve hours not a single drop of water can be drawn.

A TAME ALLIGATOR.—The society that cultivates friendship with with animals might quote this fact: A little Florida boy tamed an alligator to come to the shore and take food out of his hand. It became so fond of the boy that one morning the alligator took the food and the little Florida boy too.

SYSTEMATIC GEES.—In Maine huge flocks of geese feed by day in the fields, with only a little boy to attend upon them, returning home under his charge in the evening. As they marched down the streets, they drop in detachments without confusion, and proceed soberly, of their own accord, to the houses where they lodge.

A BUTTER PRODUCING TREE.—A tree called the butter nut tree is found on the banks of the Niger in Africa. From it excellent butter is obtained. The fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is boiled, and the butter thus obtained is said to be whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavour than is that from a cow besides which it will keep a year without salt.

ABOUT CATS.—It is generally supposed that cats are more attached to places than to individuals, but this is an error. They obstinately cling to certain places, because it is there they expect to see the persons to whom they are attached. A cat will return to an empty house and remain in it many weeks; but when, at last, she finds that the family does not return, she strays away, and if she chances then to find the family she will stay with them.

A CURIOUS RATTLESNAKE.—A large rattlesnake was killed in Brebit County, Minn., lately, that proved to be a curiosity. It was perfectly formed, save that it had two well developed necks and heads. The prongs of the necks were about four inches long, and the snake used both heads at the same time, striking with both, and thrusting out its tongues in a spiteful manner, and had the appearance of two snakes—so much so that the persons who killed it did not discover the deformity until his snakeship was dead.

THE FERRET.—This animal is a native of Africa whence, according to Strabo, it was imported into Spain for the purpose of destroying rabbits, with which, at one period, that country was overrun. From Spain it has spread through the rest of Europe, not as a wild, but as a domesticated animal. From the earliest time the ferret was used in the capture of rabbits, by being turned muzzled into their burrows. Pliny mentions this in his eighth book. The ferret generally sleeps during the day and feeds at night.

THE STAGALMITE OF INGLEBOROUGH CAVE.—From some measurements made by Mr. Boyd Dawkins and some other scientific observers on the rate at which stalagmite is being accumulated in the Ingleborough Cave, in Yorkshire, it is calculated that the stalagmite deposit, known from its shape as the "Jockey's Cap," is growing at the rate of 0.2946 of an inch per annum. Assuming that this rate of growth is constant, all the stalagmites and stalactites in the cave may not date further back than Edward III., and hence the thickness of a layer of stalagmite can hardly be used as an argument in support of the high antiquity of any subjacent deposit.

OYSTERS GROWING ON TREES.—Along the salt water rivers and lagoons in Florida oysters are frequently found growing on trees, from which they can be easily gathered with the hand. This story, which certainly seems incredible, is nevertheless true. The mangrove and other trees, which abound in most tropical countries near the sea coast, are also peculiar to Southern Florida, where they fringe the lagoons and morasses which indent the land at high tide the spat of the oyster adhere to the trunk and low-bending branches of these trees and in time they germinate into the oyster. At times they are seen hanging from the limbs or adhering to the trunk in considerable clusters, but they scarcely ever attain any size, and are of inferior quality.

A TREE THAT RAINS.—The consul of the United States of Columbia in the department of Lereto, Peru, has recently called the attention of President Prado to a remarkable tree which exists in the forests adjoining the village of Moyobamba. This tree, known to the natives as Tami Caspi (rain tree), is about 55 feet in height at full growth, and the diameter of its trunk is about 39 inches. It absorbs and condenses the moisture in the atmosphere with astonishing energy, and it is said that water constantly exudes from its trunk and falls like rain from its branches. So abundant is the water supply that the soil near by is turned into a marsh. The tree gives forth most water when the rivers are dry during the summer season, and when water generally is scarce. Its cultivation is proposed throughout the arid regions of Peru.

THE MULE.—It has been said that the best work horse is a mule, and we are satisfied that experience demonstrates the truth of the assertion. Mules have their peculiarities, and upon being introduced to strangers do not always make a favourable impression. Those, however, who have known him longest universally think the most of him. He is one of those animals which improve on acquaintance—and it is saying a great deal for him. That he is harder than the horse, lives longer, and can stand worse treatment, is not questionable. That he will eat less grain, will do well on less currying, and is less liable to scare, run away, or to become balky, is a knowledge in possession of all who own and work him. His intelligence is of a high order, and his memory prodigious. If he forgets a kindness, he is never guilty of forgetting an injury, and will remember it against you as long as breath animates his body.

TREATMENT OF CANARIES.—Especially care must be taken to keep the canary scrupulously clean. For this purpose, the cage should be strewed every morning with clean sand, or rather fine gravel, for small pebbles are absolutely essential to life and health in cage-birds; fresh water must be given every day both for bathing and drinking; the former being in a shallow vessel, and during the moulting season a small bit of iron should be put into the water for drinking. The food of a canary should consist principally of summer rape seed—that is of those small brown rape-seeds which are obtained from plants sown in the spring, and which ripen during the summer; large and black rape-seeds, on the contrary, are produced by such plants as are sown in autumn and reaped in spring. A little chickweed in the spring lettuce leaves in summer and endive in autumn, with slices of sweet apple in winter, may be safely given but bread and sugar ought to be generally avoided. Occasionally, also a few poppy or canary seeds, and a small hemp seed may be added, but the last very sparingly. Cleanliness, simple food, and fresh, but not cold air, are essential to the well-being of a canary. During the winter, the cage should never be hung in a room without fire, but even then, when the air is mild, and the sun is bright, the little prisoner will be refreshed by having the window open. The cage should never be less than eight inches in diameter and a foot high, with perches at different heights.

MATTHEW GAHAN,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER, &c., &c.,

61—INSPECTOR STREET—61

MONTREAL.

JOBING CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.—[March 16, 12m

ENGLISH BEDSTEADS AND BRASS FRENCH CURTAIN BED RINGS,

and other consignments, Ex Steamship "Ontario," at 652 CRAIG STREET,

NEAR BLEURY

Oct. 17-10 MELLEUR & CO

NEW DESIGNS AND NEW STYLE WINDOW CORNICES.

A Large Stock to be sold cheap at 652 CRAIG STREET,

NEAR BLEURY

Oct. 17-10 MELLEUR & CO.

GRANITE TEA AND COFFEE POTS.

The real thing. Also Copper-Bottom TEA POTS, at 652 CRAIG STREET,

NEAR BLEURY

Oct. 17-10 MELLEUR & CO.

STOVES, &c.

GREAT REDUCTION.

IN THE PRICE OF

STOVES

AT

E. & C. GURNEY & CO'S.,

216, 218, and 220

ST. JAMES STREET.

DO NOT FAIL TO GIVE THEM A

CALL

AND ENCOURAGE

HOME MANUFACTURE.

Aug 29, '77-6m.

JODOIN & CO.

IRON FOUNDERS,

STOVES, MACHINERIES, &c.

SALES ROOMS,

309 ST. PAUL STREET, Montreal.

FOUNDRY AT

LONGUEUIL, Prov. Quebec.

Oct 17, '77-1-y.

H. R. IVES & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARDWARE, STOVES, &c.

IRON RAILING

of every description

A SPECIALTY.

Send for cuts and prices.

123 QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL.

Sept., 26th, 1877.

8-3m

THE VERY BEST AMERICAN COOKING RANGES—Price, \$31.50 to \$75 00.

REFRIGERATORS,

WATER COOLERS,

—ALSO— CHURNS;

CORNICES, CORNICE POLES AND STAIR RODS,

CHEAPER THAN EVER AT

L. J. A. SURVEYOR,

524 Craig Street, Montreal.

(SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.) May 23, '77 1-y

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPT. 1875.

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE

FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE.

Over 200 in Use in this City.

FOR SALE AT

JOHN BURNS, 675 CRAIG STREET.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

HENCHY'S HOTEL,

QUEBEC, 15th 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 Broiler which I am much pleased with. You can use this certificate with my entire approbation.

Respectfully yours, P. HENCHY.

April 2, '77

"CROSS CREEK" LEHIGH

Now discharging ex-Boats

STOVE, EGG, AND CHESTNUT,

For Domestic Purposes the above Coal is unexcelled.

SAWN AND SPLIT WOOD always on hand.

FRANK BRENNAN & CO.

OFFICES:—135 & 237 Boulevard Street.

YARD:—240 St. Joseph Street.

PHYSICIANS & CHEMISTS.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Another name for Nervousness brought on by the present mode of high pressure living. Business men are but poor engineers, as far as themselves are concerned, pushing the mental engine on to destruction. The weeks work of our forefathers being now compressed into one day, and the first alarming symptom of this overworked condition is Sleeplessness. It not quickly arrested, will end in Apoplexy or Paralysis. PHOSPHORON, if taken according to directions, will positively set the mental house in order. For Sale by

H. R. GRAY,

11-3m St. LAWRENCE STREET.

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.

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CHRISTMAS STORY.

Continued from Fifth Page.

while the pulsations of his heart appeared to grow weaker and less distinct, as he sat spell-bound with fear.

Raising his eyes again with great effort, he could see no one there now. The apparition had vanished as noiselessly as it had come, and he was free to ponder over the strange sight he had seen. Was it all a dream, arising from an excited brain? Perhaps only a phantom caused by impaired health acting on a too credulous mind. He laid his finger on his pulse, it beat healthily. No, it could not be that. He never felt healthier or less excited.

"Why was this being induced to leave the sacred rest of the tomb and wander about this hoary building?" he mentally asked himself. Perhaps it was on this spot that some ruthless prowler had laid his profane hand upon her. He could feel in what a strange penetrating manner she had fastened her eyes on him, as if reading his soul. Could she have mistaken him for the murderer?

Such were some of the thoughts which passed rapidly through Walter Hastings' mind. Had he spoken to and questioned his strange visitor, all might have been explained, but now he was lost in a sea of doubt. The cynicism, too, with which he always assailed anything pertaining to the supernatural, was gone. What were all the arguments and fine-spun theories in favor of materialism when arrayed against this stern fact—that a few short hours ago, and in that very spot on which he was now gazing, he beheld a being that no possible strength of reasoning could assume to be mortal. Time fled by unheeded, as he sat turning over the strange events of the night, nor did he become conscious of the hour till the sun came out brightly and pleasantly, to bid the world a good morning. From every tree the birds sent up a joyous song to heaven. Everything was bright, cheerful and happy on this delightful morning. Walter Hastings alone was gloomy and sad. Bending his steps towards the house, undetermined whether or not to divulge what he had seen, he was startled to hear his name called out familiarly. Turning round, he recognized his old friend Fred Osborne.

"The top of the morning to you, Walter," he said, wringing Walter's head warmly. "But what on earth is the matter, old fellow? You look as moody as the compiler of a homily. Surely that little bit of luck you have lately had has not robbed you of all your gaiety and humor?"

"No, no Osborne. You do me great injustice in fancying that money has the power of turning my mental faculties upside down."

"Well, well, old fellow, that is not my meaning. What I really meant to say was that you are looking a little gloomy, quite different to the Walter Hastings of three years ago. You must go in for horse-ambush, active out-door sports—but hold, I'm prescribing for you gratis!"

"It would be hardly fair to charge for a useless prescription," Walter said, attempting to smile. "Just put a query after those two last words, and I will forgive your presumption," he said laughing. "By the way, Walter," he continued in a more serious tone, "I have something exciting to tell you. You can hardly prove a skeptic this time, as I assure you, on my word of honor, I witnessed what I am about to relate."

"I cannot for the life of me guess, Fred, why you and everybody else call me a skeptic. It was only the other day my father almost goaded me to madness for not believing with him in shadows, genii, spirit-rapping, and heaven knows what."

"The world is going ahead, Walter," Fred Osborne remarked sagely. "The notions of twenty years ago are scoffed at to-day, and in twenty to come you will find that spirit-rapping will not be looked upon as a myth, but—"

"But your story, Fred, does it in any way relate to spirit-rapping?" interrupted Walter. "You shall see. He drew himself back a few paces, slightly elevated his right arm in stage fashion, and proceeded, 'Late last night, or rather early this morning, as I was returning from Lieutenant Cole's, where I had spent a thorough jolly night, I saw on this road, skirting this garden, the form of a young woman. I caught a glimpse of her features with the light full upon them. A profile so grand I never beheld. Gladly would I have gone closer to feast my eyes on such rare charms, but a something undefinable in her repelled me. Walter, you may laugh at me, still I am convinced, here he shuddered, that what I saw was not mortal.'

"You are sure you did not have too much wine? Walter suggested, pretending to treat the whole story with careless indifference. "I was as sober as a judge should be, I assure you and noticed everything carefully, but above all her eyes. They shone with a luminous splendor, which convinced me that the object on which I was gazing was not flesh and blood."

"Just come inside, Fred, and we will chat the whole thing over," Walter Hastings said, while a look of trouble and perplexity fell like a shadow across his handsome features. "You will breakfast with me this morning? I am so sadly off for company here."

"I am afraid, Walter, I must be ungracious enough to give you a flat refusal. I have an appointment for nine exactly."

"Well upon my word, you are possessed of a delicate conscience. You run across from Elbridge, and after frightening one almost to death, refuse him your company for half-an-hour!"

"I cannot help it, Walter. This note is imperative," he said, pulling from his pocket a neat and highly scented billet. "A lady!" Walter said inquiringly, as he regaled his olfactories. "Yes, I always am punctual in my appointments. So were you with my cousin Helena, when she was alive."

CHAPTER IV.

"In me is no delay; with thee to go is to stay here; without thee here to stay is to go hence unwilling; thou to me art all things under heaven."

It was a long wearisome day to Walter Hastings. The sun appeared sluggish in performing his daily journey through the heavens, and his declining rays lingered provokingly long before taking their final farewell.

Soft twilight lingered for a while, and was followed by the more sombre shadows of night. Mrs. Parr, after wishing Walter good night, retired to rest, taking care to fortify herself internally and externally, as before.

The solemn hour of midnight approached, and Walter, too, repaired to his room, but not to sleep. Anxiously, and wound up to a pitch of excitement, he paced the floor, glancing ever and anon at the clock. "It wants but twenty minutes to the time now," he muttered, in a half fearful manner. Taking his hat from the peg on which it was hanging, and lowering the light in his room, he left the house and turned slowly to the spot he had occupied on the previous night. His heart beat quickly as he approached that little seat. He was by no means a coward, but he could not resist the feeling of dread that stole over him. All alone he stood in that dreadful spot, with not a human being near, except the half-witted old woman sleeping in the house.

It was a lovely night. A soft flood of light pervaded the garden, making every object as easily discernible as in the noon-day. Not a breath of air moved a single leaf in the whole place—everything was fixed and motionless—a strange, an awful silence prevailed everywhere, while the trees, tall, erect, and exaggerated in that dim light, resembled mute guardians watching over the silent dead. Tall gaunt shadows flitted in a weird and fantastic fashion along the garden walks, making the stillness more oppressive by their silent movements. The ticking of his watch was the only sound that broke the dead silence of the night. He took it from his pocket and placed it on the palm of his hand, while he watched the movements of the second hand, endeavoring by this means to dispel, if possible, the horrid gloom fast settling upon him. He kept his eyes fixed on the minute hand as it moved with slow precision round the dial. Tick, tick, tick. It wanted now but ten minutes to the time. He placed the watch in his pocket, and tried to summon up all his courage, but his heart sank within him while he fervently hoped this ghostly figure would not again appear. Taking the watch again from his pocket, he saw that it wanted but four minutes to three o'clock.

"Will she come?" he asked himself, feverishly. The little chapel bell, hard by, chimed thrice, slowly and sadly, while each intonation seemed to say in answer to his query, "She will!"

The last echo had just died away when, in the self-same spot, leaning in the same attitude as on the previous night, with her eyes fixed upon him, he again beheld the vision of the previous night.

"All his courage, his fixed determination to address and question her, forsook him. She bent her clear sad eyes upon him, and seemed as if about to approach him. Intently he gazed. Did she move from the spot on which she was standing? Was she about to depart? No; merciful heaven, she was coming towards him. His brain reeled; he felt powerless to say or do anything.

Slowly she glided towards him, and laying one of her lovely hands lightly on his shoulder, looked lovingly into his face, and whispered the one word "Walter."

The magic of those soft musical tones revived him; all his courage returned; he raised his head to answer her, but she had vanished in the same mysterious manner as before. Puzzled and bewildered, he got up from the seat, muttering something like a lament for his want of courage. Standing on the spot she had occupied but a few moments before, he made the sign of the Cross, and silently prayed that she might again appear. He looked eagerly for her coming, but the longing of his heart was not gratified, and heart-sick, dejected and utterly lonely, he turned his steps towards the house.

Walter Hastings' sleep on that night was one continual dream. The soft, luminous eyes, the faultless figure and sweet voice of that mysterious being, chased themselves in quick succession through his imaginations; nor did the morning in any way efface the memory of his nocturnal adventure. He awoke with a fresh determination to unravel the dark secret involved in the visit of this lovely spectre.

That night he seated himself in the accustomed spot, and anxiously waited for the chapel bell to peal out three o'clock. It struck at last. The tones faded away on the breeze, but its summons remained unheeded. Nothing save echo answered to its call!

But stop! a dark shadow flits along the gravel walk. Can it be? No, he is deceived; it is only a cloud shrouding the moon's pale light for a few minutes, and then pursuing its onward way through infinite space. In an agony of despair he leaped against one of the trees, and passionately implored her presence, but as before, his prayer remained unanswered.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

AN EXPLANATION OF THE "GHOST." That strange mysterious dream of Helena Wardbrook now came back to Walter's memory with wonderful distinctness. In his mind's eye he saw her just as she appeared when, bidding him good-bye, standing under the shadow of the huge gourd, with a tiny foot placed forward, a flash on her pale cheek, and an unnatural brilliancy in her blue eyes, she looked like a prophetic as she revealed to him her ominous dream. Two long tedious years had rolled away since then, yet every word she had spoken he now remembered.

"I approached you joyfully, but you turned coldly away. I knew you did not recognize me, so like had I grown to the spirits I had only just left."

greater effect. As he uttered them the leaves parted slowly, and Helena Wardbrook stood before his astonished eyes.

For a moment he stood petrified and irresolute, but former experience had taught him the danger of delay.

"I shall speak to her this time," he said resolutely, walking rapidly up to the spectre. The spirit awaited his advance in dead silence.

"Oh, Helena my lost darling," he exclaimed, on reaching it he succeeded in touching the supposed shadow. "But what in heaven's name does this all mean?" he said, as he felt there was a warm reality, and no unsubstantial spirit before him.

A low sweet voice replied to his excited query; "Oh, Walter, I can see you have suffered greatly. But you will now be happy will you not?"

"Some sweet delusion—a dream—madness," he muttered to himself, shuddering at the thought, as his eyes rested on the features of Helena Wardbrook.

"You are neither dreaming nor mad, Walter," she said very quietly. "I am not a ghost at all. I have only personated one."

"Personated one?" he said dreamily. "Yes. But you died of heart disease, and I read of your death in a leading paper."

"No newspapers only pretend to infallibility. That was a cruel hoax of the papers, she said, looking up with pity at his pale features.

"Dr. Reunie told me plainly you died of heart-disease, he continued, still doubting the reality of what he saw.

"He, too, was in the plot, Walter. But I am bewildered. Explain it all, darling. He grasped her hand with an iron grip as he spoke, as if afraid she might at any time vanish into thin air.

"You must first sit down, before you hear a syllable, she said, gently, and promise that, for the present, you will be content with a general outline of my story."

"I shall be content with anything now," he whispered falteringly. My only fear is that I am dreaming, and shall awake to a cruel reality again—to find you only existed in my imagination."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

DIED.

QUINN—At his mothers residence, Longue Point, Edward, youngest son of the late Edward Quinn. May his soul rest in peace.

WANTED—A young man from 17 to 20 years of age for a retail grocery store. One well acquainted with his business, and can give security preferred. Apply by letter to "R. W." True Witness Office.



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