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IRELAND

The Land War.

THE SUSPECTS!

PARNELL at COLLEGE GREEN.

THE SPREADING OF THE LIGHT!

DUBLIN, Sept. 27.—Father Sheehy and four other suspects have been released from prison.

At the Land League meeting to-day Parnell denied that any members of Parliament were paid by the League.

London, Sept. 27.—The *Times*, in an editorial article, says:—"There is no sign of any improvement in the state of affairs in Ireland. It is for the Government to defeat by any necessary means whatever the evil designs of those who are determined that Ireland, in spite of the Land Act, shall not be suffered to be at peace. If the Land Act is insufficient, there were other acts relating to Ireland passed before it which might now be read more freely than they have as yet been supplemented it, but they must be used without any respect to persons, if they are to prove efficient for good."

SECRETARY FORSTER'S LETTER.

DUBLIN, Sept. 27.—The following is Secretary Forster's letter referring to the release of Father Sheehy and others:—

To the Governor of Kilmallock Jail:

SIR,—The Lord Justices being satisfied, after due inquiry, that the persons named in the margin who were arrested in Kilmallock under the Protection of Persons and Property Act, may now be released without endangering the peace of the district, and having been pleased to order their discharge, I have therefore to request that you will discharge the Rev. Eugene Sheehy from your custody, with the usual warning that any act of violence, intimidation, or incitement thereto, will render him liable to immediate re-arrest.

(Signed), W. E. FORSTER.

The persons whose release is ordered are Henry Gilbertson, John Collins, Thomas O'Donnell, John Slattery and James Joyce. Father Sheehy was released at seven o'clock to-night. He is in very good health. The other "suspects" mentioned in the letter were released from Naas jail almost simultaneously.

DUBLIN, Sept. 28.—Father Sheehy complains that the sanitary condition of Kilmallock Jail is conducive to blood poisoning. He says the food is unfit for use. He strongly condemns the Land Act.

Father Sheehy, just released from Kilmallock Jail, visited Naas to-day, where he was received with enthusiasm. Replying to addresses from various public bodies, he said Mr. Forster's name would go down with hate to future generations of Irishmen.

London, Sept. 28.—The Bishops of Ireland have adopted a resolution that the Land Act is a great benefit to tenants, for which the gratitude of the country is due to the Government and all who helped to carry the measure. The Bishops summon the clergy to guard their flocks against all secret agencies of violence and intimidation, and appeal to the laity to prove their patriotism and faith by seconding the clergy in removing the stigma which their enemies have sought to cast upon the people that they will not pay just rents. The Bishops urge the release of suspects.

Sept. 28.—Bands played through the streets to-day in honor of the release of Sheehy. Demonstrations were also held in different parts of the country.

A process server was probably fatally attacked at Lilyshannon, County Kerry. Similar violent attacks on evicting parties of police are continually reported. Boycotting has rather increased.

At a meeting of the Cork Land League; it was agreed to give Parnell a public reception on Sunday. There will be a procession of trade organizations, and Land League branches have been invited to co-operate.

DUBLIN, Sept. 28.—The Emergency Committee have upwards of 200 laborers engaged sowing crops in various parts of the south and west. Many thousand pounds worth of valuable crops have already been sown. The Property Defence Society have over 300 laborers similarly engaged.

Mr. Parnell, speaking at a land meeting in Queen's county, on Wednesday, explained the nature of the test cases, which it is proposed to bring before the Land Court. These, he said, are of three kinds, viz., holdings which cannot be described as rack-rented; holdings wherein the tenant made improvements long ago; and holdings where recent improvements have been made. He advised the farmers to abide by the guidance of the League until these cases are tested.

DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—The Land League has issued a circular to secretaries of branch Leagues throughout the country, requesting them to send details of cases of leaseholders who, since the passage of the Act of 1870, have been compelled by landlords to take out leases containing unfair conditions towards the tenants.

The Land League has selected about four hundred test cases in all of the tenants who have been evicted for non-payment of rent since February 22nd.

DROGHEDA, Oct. 2.—The Land League branch has adopted a resolution urging the American Government to interfere on behalf of suspects who are American citizens.

QUERRA, Oct. 2.—At Cork, to-day, Parnell, supporting a resolution calling for national independence of Ireland, said:—"If as the result of the Land Act, it should happen that tenants receive any benefit, they must recollect it is their duty to refuse that benefit unless it could be shared in by laborers and artisans of all classes. He hoped the movement for the revival of Irish industries would result in bringing plenty and comfort to the home of every Irishman. During the past two years the national cause had advanced in the proportion of twenty to one." Father Sheehy supported the resolution.

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Cons. Oct. 2.—The Parnell demonstration was fifty minutes passing a given point. It consisted of trade associations and League branches.

DUBLIN, Oct. 1.—The past week has been an eventful one in the Irish social war. The Government apparently believes the country is quieting down or will soon subside, for suspects are being released every day. One of the released men said the other day that the authorities were anxious to discharge prisoners as fast as possible, and they would send any of them to hospital on the slightest pretext as preliminary steps to release.

Parnell has been very active for the past week at College Green. During his triumphal entrance into Dublin, as Parnell's coach passed the old House of Lords and the remnants of the Parliamentary buildings, he rose in his seat, baring his head, his figure standing out in bold relief amid the flickering torches of his bodyguard. He pointed his outstretched arm toward the black old Parliament House, and cried in firm ringing tones:—"Fellow-countrymen, I cannot pass this hallowed spot without saying that here where our Parliament died our nation shall yet re-assert her freedom." The effect was electrical, and the shout that went up was heard blocks away. Many reasons are ascribed for Parnell's remarkably bold attitude during the past fortnight. Some believe it is genuine boldness, others that he has information that Government will not touch him. Yet others believe Parnell desires to be arrested, having carried the movement as far as he thinks it has a chance of success, and wishing to atone for the affection of the people for him.

In the meantime agitation is being kept up to fever heat. In every quarter of the country as yet the League is implicitly obeyed, better, as *United Ireland* says, than English law ever was or ever will be again. There is no doubt the Land Court will either have to beggar the landlords by heavily reducing rents or else the League will order no rents to be paid at all.

DUBLIN, Oct. 3.—Lord O'Hagan, delivering an address at a Social Science Congress, said the Land Act in conception and magnitude of its results is one of the greatest measures of the century. He spoke hopefully of the proposed revival of Irish manufactures.

Cons. Oct. 3.—At a banquet here Father Sheehy announced that unless all suspects were released within one month he intended to assemble all the delegates to the Land League from the County Limerick, and pledge them to withhold the payment of rents.

London, Oct. 3.—Patrick Moran has been unconditionally released after five months' detention in Galway jail.

DUBLIN, Sept. 29, 1881.

The following is the text of the important manifesto on the subject of the Land Act and the state of Ireland which was issued by the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland after their meeting at Maynooth College yesterday afternoon. Seventeen archbishops and bishops were present at the conference:—

"Influenced by the same deep solicitude for the welfare of their flock which moved them at their last general meeting in April to solicit the Government to amend the Land Bill which was then before Parliament, the bishops of Ireland consider it their duty to declare at the present meeting that the new Land Act is of great benefit to the tenant class and a large instalment of justice, for which the gratitude of the country is due to Mr. Gladstone and his Government and to all who helped them to carry this measure through Parliament. The bishops earnestly exhort their flocks to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from this act, believing that if rightly used it will bring present and substantial benefits and help them to obtain their rights, social and political, which they justly claim. The bishops would also urge the tenant farmers to use the means provided in the Land Act and every other means in their power to improve the condition of the laboring class. The bishops avail themselves of this opportunity to call on their clergy to guard their flocks against all secret agencies of violence and intimidation, which can only come from enemies of the people, and appeal to the laity to prove the love they bear their country and their faith by seconding the clergy in the suppression of all anti-social and anti-Catholic abuses; also by removing as far as in each one's power the stigma which our enemies have sought to cast upon the people that they will not pay just rents, their just debts, which they are bound to do. The bishops unite with the people in urging on the Government the release of those who are still imprisoned, hoping that such a measure will contribute no little to the peace of the country."

Then follow a series of resolutions demanding the removal of grievances under which the Catholics of Ireland labor with regard to university and elementary education. The document is signed by Daniel McGottigan, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland; Edward McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin; John MacEvilly, Bishop of Galway and coadjutor to the Archbishop of Tuam; Francis Kelly, Bishop of Derry; James Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; George Butler, Bishop of Limerick; Lawrence Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin; Nicholas Canany, Bishop of Kilmore; Michael Warren, Bishop of Ferns; James Lynch, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Patrick Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert; Patrick F. Moran, Bishop of Ossory; James

Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher; Patrick Dorian, Bishop of Down and Connor; Bartholomew Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh; F. J. McCormack, Bishop of Achonry, and Michael Logue, Bishop of Raphoe. Archbishop Croke is on the Continent. The Bishops of Ross and Meath are the only two other important bishops who are absent.

MAGNIFICENT RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATION IN LIMERICK.

A magnificent religious demonstration took place at Limerick on Sunday, 11th September, in celebration of the Papal Jubilee of Leo XIII. It was equal, indeed, if it did not surpass the memorable display which was made a few years ago on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the late Sovereign Pontiff, when the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, established by the Redemptorist fathers, came forth in the full strength of their numbers and in magnificent procession, with flags, banners, statues, and the various insignia of the order, marched through the streets of the town to the fine Cathedral of St. John, where they were addressed by the venerated Bishop of the diocese, and where they themselves sang hymns of thanksgiving that their long suffering Pope had been so long spared to his Church and people. The grand display of Sunday was not less impressive and imposing. The celebration was not confined merely to the confraternity—there was not a Catholic in Limerick who did not wish to co-operate in one way or another towards rendering the demonstration the great success which it really was. Those who did not join in the procession decorated their houses, and neither time nor expense was spared in transforming the whole appearance of the city, and giving a festive aspect most pleasing to behold. Trees of great size were planted at either side of the streets, garlands spanned the thoroughfares, tasteful arches were erected, flags and banners bearing appropriate inscriptions were everywhere to be seen, and pretty altars were constructed at convenient intervals of fifteen or twenty yards. Flags floated from many houses, magnificent banners depended from the garlands which spanned the streets and appropriate mottoes were inscribed on them. Among the inscriptions were the following:—"Thine enemies compass thee round about." "May the faith of St. Patrick never fail!" "They shall perish, but Thou shalt continue." "The O'Connell Monument was decorated in a very attractive manner. The elements behaved admirably, and to this fact may, no doubt, be attributed the tremendous influx of visitors. While on this point it may be said that the anticipations which had been entertained of the magnificence of Sunday's demonstration must have been of an ordinary kind, as was evidenced by the fact that special trains were run from all the towns embraced within the Waterford and Limerick system, which include Waterford, Galway and Tralee. Each train was crowded, and the visitors could be numbered by thousands. The procession commenced to form about one o'clock, and shortly before two it began to move. The children attending the Christian schools, preceded by the band of the industrial school, appeared first in view. A statue of the Holy Child, under a canopy, was borne by four boys. Then came the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and after them marched the main body of the Confraternity of the Holy Family. The centre of the procession consisted of the singing class of about 130 boys. The heads of each section carried banners. Statues of St. Patrick, St. Joseph, our Lady Immaculate, and the Holy Family were borne on the shoulders of four men. The Mayor and members of the Corporation attended in their official costumes, and, traveling in open carriages, brought up the rear. Several bands also attended. The procession, which occupied fully a mile in length, and which comprised at least six thousand persons, presented a magnificent appearance. Every window in George street was filled with lady spectators, and every inch of the street itself was filled by a dense people. The procession halted opposite St. John's Cathedral, from the front of which floated gorgeous banners. The procession then entered the church, where it was received by the Rev. Father McCoy, adm.; Rev. Father Higgins, and Rev. Father Dooly. The vast capacity of the edifice was taxed to its utmost to provide accommodation for the mighty concourse, owing to the admirable arrangements of the fathers who marshalled the procession, the various sections had taken their places in a comparatively short space of time. The sounds of the deep-toned organ then swelled through the church, and five thousand voices sang out the hymn, "Full in the panting heart of Rome."

Benediction was then given by Fathers Higgins and Dooly, after which hymns were sung by the whole confraternity. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Father Graham reminded the confraternities of the promise which they had made—that not a single man would enter a public-house that day. The man who broke that solemn promise would be a disgrace to the confraternity, a disgrace to the city of Limerick, and a disgrace to the Church of God. If they required anything they should take it in their own houses. He thanked the Mayor and the Corporation for the honour they had done them in accompanying the procession. He also thanked Father McCoy and clergy of the parish for having allowed them that beautiful church in which to make their visit for the Jubilee.

TOP OFF WITH A BIT OF PIE.

What a peculiar American custom, and one which, together with hot cakes and excess of butter, lays the foundation for first class cases of dyspepsia. Better use Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 50 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL" ON RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE POST AND THIS WITNESS.

SIR,—I must confess to my astonishment at the glaring inconsistency which characterizes our Protestant friends in their views of that much vexed question, "Religious instruction in school." The old adage that to preach and practice are two very different things may be well used here. Is it not a singular fact that we have at nearly every annual convention of the teachers of this Province some noted personage lecturing the teachers upon the necessity of imparting religious instruction to their pupils in school? What a sham! Now, the teachers of the Public and High Schools of Ontario must know well that not one iota of religious instruction is given in their schools. We ask in all sincerity when—at what hour is religious instruction given in the schools? Let us see it on the programme of studies. Let us hear of one teacher who can say: "It forms a portion of my daily school work." All the religious instruction given in the Public and High Schools of this Province could be squeezed into a thimble that would fit the little finger of the religious editor of the "Canada School Journal," and yet we find the following from his pen in the last number of the *Journal*. The Bishop of Manchester struck a good key note for *Canadian* as well as *English* teachers when he said recently:—"The thirty-five thousand teachers now employed in the elementary schools, whether connected with any specific religious denomination or not, should count it not only their highest duty but their chief honor and privilege to teach to those committed to their charge a simple, reasonable and *Apostolic Christianity*." "There is no doubt," says the *Journal*, commenting on this, "that the future of a child, his capacity to benefit himself and his country depends more on the training of his moral nature than his mental powers." The great object, therefore, according to the religious editor of the *Journal*, in training a child morally in a school, is that his future, his worldly prospects may be bright, and that he may thereby enlarge his capacity to benefit himself and his country. So that we are not to practice virtue and shun vice because in doing so we conform to the law of God, but because by doing so we advance our own temporal happiness and add to the lustre of our country's fame. How strangely does this purpose of religious instruction in school contrast with Bishop Watterson's definition of a true education. His Lordship does not define moral education to consist in whetting a child's appetite to a recognition of serving himself and his country, but in training the child to seek first the sanctification of his soul. The religious editor of the *Canada School Journal* would not have children respect authority because of the divine command: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." No, the religious editor of the *Journal* would have a teacher impress upon a pupil the necessity of obeying the laws of the land lest their violation would clash with his interest—that is, lest the pupil's capacity to serve himself and his country would be contracted by a six months or ten years' sojourn within the iron portals of a prison wall. This is the barren morality, this the shadow of religious instruction that is educating the young man to look to himself, and when he is too proud to live by honest labor he teaches him to forge his neighbor's name to a note or fills the public treasury of its accumulated wealth. But if the husbandman sow tares he need not expect to gather in the golden grain of the harvest. Our neighbors of the American Republic are just reaping the whirlwind of the Public School system. So the Boston correspondent of the *San Francisco Morning Call*, writing to that paper the 16th day of November, 1877, said: "The rapid progress of knowledge peculiar to the educational system of this State has led to the erection of two more State prisons." We all know that for some time past the public schools of the State of Massachusetts have been held up as patterns of perfection for an admiring world to gaze upon. In this state the public school is supposed to have reached almost absolute perfection. Yes, and in this State, let it be remembered, too, crime has reached almost absolute perfection. By the census of 1860 Massachusetts, while showing the least number of illiterate persons, had the largest number of criminals in proportion, to her population of any State in the Union. But, lest I may be accused of making statements with no logs to stand upon, let me proceed to substantiate facts. I will contrast the State System of Education in Massachusetts with the Parental System of Virginia. Out of a native white population of 970,952 Massachusetts had but 2,004, that is to say, one to every 484 native white adults who could neither read nor write; being a difference of forty illiterates to one in proportion to population as against Virginia; so that if the people of Massachusetts were properly educated we might reasonably have expected to find in Virginia, in proportion to its population, forty times as many criminals as in Massachusetts. But, instead of that, there were, at the date referred to, in Massachusetts, 1,495 native white criminals in prison, being one to every 649 native white inhabitants; while Virginia had but 163 native white prisoners or one to every 6,566. That is to say, in proportion to her native white population, Massachusetts had as the fruit of her state system more than ten times as many criminals as had Virginia with her parental system of education. Now let us hear the opinion of leading Protestant educationalists and Protestant clergymen on the public schools of the United States. Prof. Agassiz whose scientific attainments have made his name a

household word in all lands, after making a most searching investigation into the immorality of Boston, said that, to his utter astonishment a large proportion of the "soiled doves" of that city traced their fall to influences that met them in the public schools." At a convention of Baptists held in Marion, Alabama, 1871, the principal southern States being represented, Prof. Davis and Rev. E. B. League said, in the course of a discussion on the advantages of education in denominational colleges, that the tendency of the Public School System is to foster infidelity, and that the only hope is Christian education in our own schools. And Gov. Brown, addressing the Seventh National Teachers' Convention of the United States, in St. Louis, in August, 1871, said: "It is a very customary declaration to pronounce that education is the great safeguard of republics against the decay of virtue and reign of immorality. Yet the facts can scarcely bear out the proposition. Now-a-days certainly your prime scandals have been educated rascals." After such complimentary testimony to the goodness and virtue of the Public School System of the United States especially to that portion of it that has reached pyramidal perfection in the state of Massachusetts, let us examine the feasibility of teaching in the Public and High Schools of Ontario that simple, reasonable and *Apostolic Christianity* of which the Bishop of Manchester speaks. To make it more interesting let us suppose that no separate schools exist at all; that the Catholic children are entirely in the High and Public Schools. We will see how far Catholics and Protestants can be taught together—a simple, reasonable and *Apostolic Christianity*. The teacher says to his pupils, you believe in the existence of a God? And they answer, we do. So far, so good. One great dogma of Christianity accepted by all. The next great dogma of simple, reasonable and *Apostolic Christianity* that the teacher places before his class for acceptance is: You believe in the divinity of Christ? Ah, my friends of a simple, reasonable and *Apostolic Christianity*, the Catholic child and the Protestant child must of necessity here shake hands and part. A great many Protestants do believe in the Divinity of Christ, but it is not with them a necessary article of belief, and there are today clergymen of the Church of England preaching in Protestant churches throughout England who deny the Divinity of Christ. No one knows this better than the Bishop of Manchester. It is very well for a Protestant child to attend a public or high school, for he has but little to lose, as he may believe almost anything between the thirty-nine articles and the Arctic Sea of cold unbelief and still be counted a good Protestant, but the Catholic child before he enters a Protestant school, must leave at the door his belief in the sacraments, confession, the Blessed Virgin, all the saints, the duty of self-examination and of prayer, in a word, all the specific duties, all the principles of the Catholic religion must be forgotten and ignored by that Catholic child before he can come down low enough to take a seat beside his little Protestant brother. But here I must close. Meanwhile, I would recommend the religious editor of the *Canada School Journal* to apply his milk and water moral porous plaster to that lathsome ulcer on the educational body of Massachusetts, where the Public School system has been most fully developed. By the time he has given a healthful body to his little state patient, I may give him something to do in the Province of Ontario.

Yours, etc.,
A CATHOLIC EDUCATOR.

SHERBROOKE.

Our city, or portion of it, was thrown into a commotion this afternoon by the report that a little girl had fallen through a footbridge over the Magog river, near the Eaton Manufacturing. The report originated about 6 p.m. and in a few minutes a large crowd was collected. The people were engaged in looking for the body for over 15 minutes, when a messenger arrived with the news that the missing child was safe at home. If this was a trick, then, I say it was a senseless one.

I have just been informed that the Corporation have refused to accept either the Waterworks or the Gas from the contractors. I don't give you this for truth, but it is the chief topic of conversation here to-night.

The Cattle Show which was held at Lennoxville on Tuesday was, they say, a perfect failure.

Now, a word or two about Sherbrooke. It's the most miserable place that ever an unfortunate man can be transported to. No singing hall, no theatres, no gymnastics, no nothing. Oh, yes, there are the hotels, five or six of them, and a young man can spend an evening here just as well as at any of the places I have mentioned by getting drunk. Of course I asked why the young fellows of the city did not organize a dramatic club, and the reply completely staggered me. This is it in substance:—There is a party of young men here which is called the aristocratic circle, and another the plebeian. Now, the aristocrats will have none of the plebeians, so you see if they organize a club, why, they must be thrown together, and "pon my soul" that wouldn't do, you know. "Ah! Middleman Easy, you must steer clear of Canada when you look for equality. Pshaw! ain't it a free country!"

The statement has been made by London newspapers that the garter vacant by Lord Beaconsfield's demise is to be given to King Alfonso. This is an error. There are twenty-five Knights of whom Lord Beaconsfield was one, besides the royal Knights.

No line in England carries the same number of passengers, or carries them so cheaply and pays so large a dividend, as the underground railroad of London. The passengers last year numbered 110,000,000. Several of the underground and overground railways carry workmen twelve miles a day for two cents, thus enabling them to enjoy cheap houses and country air.

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Oct. 1, 1881.

The event of the week was the great Conservative picnic in honor of the Hon. A. P. Caron—Minister of War—or I should say Minister of Militia. Colonials don't go to war only when their august governors over the water manage to get them into trouble. Well the picnic was a success, the numbers attending it are roughly estimated to have been anywhere between ten thousand and one hundred, according to the political color of the calculator, but I think something in the neighborhood of 4,000 would be near the mark. There was the usual eloquence on such occasions, and the inevitable moral that Conservatism is the safety plank of Canada. I won't fight about that issue, but what I cannot understand, is that a Conservative in Canada should consider himself in duty bound to accept as political gospel the bucolic utterances of every English Tory that chooses to worship titled nincompoops and royal noodies, as the divinely appointed guardians of a people's liberty. It is equally absurd to find Canadian Liberals imbued with a blind belief in the infallibility of garrulous Mr. Gladstone, Buckshot Forester and all the other so-called Liberals who simply worship the same idols after a different fashion.

The bazaar in aid of St. Bridget's Asylum is progressing very satisfactorily. The articles displayed are really valuable, fully up to the proverbial excellence of the fancy work coming from the hands of Quebec's fair daughters. No other city on this continent could group together so many bright eyes and winking faces as can be seen at this bazaar. To refuse the musical voice asking for a quarter would be an impossibility, and though you may leave the hall with your pockets emptied your soul is full of resignation, and you go home to your garret with a foretaste of heaven.

Although we are in the enjoyment of tolerably mild weather, signs of winter are increasing every day. River craft are being tied up, passenger traffic having all but ceased, and the streets are blocked with piles of fuel. The slightest little cool breeze brings out a young lady with a sea-skin sacque worn a net so much as a protection from the cold than to be used as a poker to stir the embers of jealousy in some poorer acquaintance.

We have some curiosities here as doubtless you are aware, but I met a good man the other day, who, since the day he landed in Quebec, to the present moment, a period of some fifty odd years, has never been two miles from the city. Concentrated essence of energy, ambition and enterprise! All our curiosities are ancient, and so is this one.

There is talk of getting rid of this blessed Corporation of ours and placing the municipal affairs in the hands of a Syndicate—that's the word now. What folly! why, there's not a rap in the till to induce any honest man to put his hand in it. There is nothing for Quebec to do but to knuckle down under the Insolvent Act, having first bounced the Corporation, and then begin again with a white washed credit. That's business, for in *secula scelerorum*, Quebec will never pay one hundred cents to the dollar, and the necessary taxation to meet the interest is already too heavy for the poverty stricken place to bear.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

Ontario has a surplus of \$4,000,000. There are no Irish people among the Mormons.

The new criminal law courts at Berlin are of imposing aspect, and cover a large area of ground.

Annie Muller committed suicide, in Detroit, because her sweetheart gave his trousers to another girl to mend.

Kentucky is said to have 58,000,000 gallons of whiskey in store; that is about twenty-five gallons for every inhabitant.

His Highness Rampal Sing, Rajah of Rampas, East Indies, will stand for a London constituency shortly to be vacant.

The reduction of the American national debt for the current quarter will be \$37,000,000. Is there any chance that Canada's debt will be reduced?

One of the *Mail* editors does little else than write articles against scepticism. It is supposed he has converted tons of thousands of infidels to the true faith.

The Duke of Saxe-Meininingen has decorated Henry Irving with the Knight Cross of the Duesal Saxo-Ernestine House Order, in recognition of his services to the dramatic art.

Designs by the thousand for the statue to Victor Emmanuel have reached Rome, where they are to be exhibited. Allegorical allusions will doubtless be chiefly to Venus and Mars.

A petition for liquidation was filed at the Dudley County Court, in England, recently, by a general dealer bearing the extraordinary name of West Angel Honorable Deptyanay Mason.

In "Macbeth," as played by Frank Mayo's Company, *Heads* is represented as a young and beautiful woman instead of an old hag. This is an old idea, but has not been used of late years.

A bank of Warsaw recovered the other day an example of a new forgery device, which consists in splitting hundred rouble notes, and uniting each side with the corresponding upper or under half of a false note.

The commission appointed by the Russian Government to inquire into the best means of diminishing drunkenness has entered upon its labors. Experts from all the different governments of the empire will give evidence.

A Judge at Erie, Pa., has just decided that Spiritualism is a religion, and its exponents are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by ministers. A medium who had been arrested for giving exhibitions without a license was accordingly discharged.

CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER.

PART III.

She did not wait for a reply—she went out and hunted up Charlie. He was smoking downstairs, and trying to read the morning paper.

"Your wife wants you," said Miss Stuart, brusquely; "go! only mind this—don't stay too long, and don't talk too much."

He started to his feet—away went Tribune and cigar, and up the stairs sprang Charlie—half a dozen at a time.

And then Miss Stuart sits down, throws her handkerchief over her face, and for the next five minutes indulges in the exclusively feminine luxury of a real good cry.

After that Mrs. Charles Stuart's recovery was perfectly magical in its rapidity. Youth and splendid vitality, no doubt, had something to do with it, but I think the fact that she was Mrs. Charles Stuart had more to do with it.

There came a day when, propped up with pillows, she could sit erect, and talk, and be talked to, as much as she chose; who blinds were pulled up, and sunshine poured in; and no sunshine that ever shone was half so bright as her happy face.

There came still another day when, dressed in a pretty pink morning-dress, Charlie lifted her in his arms and carried her to the arm-chair by the window, whence she could look down at the bright busy city street, while he sat at her feet and talked. Talked! who is to talk of what?

"Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one," generally find enough to say for themselves. I notice, and require the aid of no outsiders.

And there came still another day—a fortnight after, when looking pale and sweet, in a dark-green travelling suit and hat, Mrs. Charles Stuart, leaning on her husband's arm, said good-bye to her friends, and started on her bridal tour.

They were to spend the next three weeks South, and then return for Trixy's wedding at Christmas.

Christmas came merry Christmas, sparkling with snow and sunshine, as Christmas ever should sparkle, and bringing that gallant ex-officer of Scotch Greys, Captain Angus Hammond—captain no longer—plain Mr. Hammond, done with drilling and duty, and getting the route for ever, going in for quiet country life in Bonnie Scotland, with Miss Beatrix Stuart for aid and abettor.

Charlie and his wife came to New York for the wedding. They had told Mr. Hammond how ill Edith had been, but the young Scotchman as he pulled his ginger-whiskers and stared in her radiant, blooming face, found it difficult indeed to realize.

She had been a pretty girl—a handsome woman—happiness had made her more—she was lovely now. For Charlie—outwardly all his easy insouciance had returned—he submitted to be idolized and made much of by his wife, after the calm fashion of lordly man. But you had only to see him look once into her beautiful, laughing face, to know how passionately she was beloved.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hammond had a splendid wedding; and to say our Trixy looked charming would be doing her no sort of justice. And again Miss Seton was first bridesmaid, and Mrs. Stuart, in lavender silk, smiled behind a fifty-dollar pocket handkerchief, as in a fitly bound. They departed immediately after the ceremony for Scotland and a Continental tour—that very tour which, as you know, Trixy was cheated so cruelly out of three years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went back South to finish the winter and the honeymoon among the glades of Florida, and do, as Charlie said, "Love among the roses." Mr. Darrell returned to Sandpoint, Mrs. Stuart, senior, took up her abode with Nellie Seton, pending such time as her children should get over the first delirium of matrimonial bliss and settle quietly down to housekeeping. After that it was fixed that she was to divide her time equally between them, six months with each, Charlie and his wife would make England their home; Edith's ample fortune lay there, and both loved the fair old land.

In May they sailed for England. They would spend the whole of the summer in Continental travelling—the pleasant rambling life suited them well. But they went down to Cheshire first; and one soft May afternoon stood side by side in the old Gothic church where the Cathosers for generations had been buried. The mellow light came softly through the painted windows—in the organ loft, a young girl sat playing to herself soft, sweet, solemn melodies. And both hearts bowed down in tender sadness as they stood before one tomb, the last erected within those walls, that of Sir Victor Catheron. Edith pulled her veil over her face—the only tears that fell from her eyes since her second wedding-day filled quietly now.

There were many remembrances of the dead man—a beautiful memorial window, a sombre hatchment, and a monument of snow-white marble. It was very simple—it represented only a broken shaft, and beneath in gold letters this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR VICTOR CATHERON, of Catheron Royals, Bart.

DIED OCT. 3, 1867, in the 24th year of his age. "His sun set while it was yet day."

THE END.

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

Holloway's Pills.—This purifying and regulating Medicine should be had recourse to during foggy, cold, and wet weather. These Pills are the best preventive of hoarseness, sore throat, diphtheria, pleurisy, and asthma, and are sure remedies for congestion, bronchitis, and inflammation. A moderate attention to the directions folded round each box will enable every invalid to take the Pills in the most advantageous manner; they will be taught the proper doses, and the circumstances under which they must be increased or diminished. Holloway's Pills act as alteratives, aperients, and tonics. Whenever these Pills have been taken as the last resource, the result has always been gratifying. Even when they fail to cure, they always assuage the severity of the symptoms and diminish the danger.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Perhaps Kitty herself is the only one who feels any serious doubt about his ultimate intentions. She knows him to be a careless, easy-going, good-humored young man, who has held his own successfully through many a hot campaign with managing mothers, and who up to this has carefully avoided matrimony as one might the plague or any other misfortune. Young men like Sir John, who have proved themselves over attentive to various young women year after year, and yet have obstinately abstained from bringing their attentions to a satisfactory finish, are generally termed flirts. Kitty has heard Sir John so called, and in her heart has not liked the speaker the better for saying it. A man who flirts systematically is a disgraceful thing, so she tells herself,—yet she cannot bring herself to think Sir John disgraceful. He has said things to her that have interested her and have had a good deal to do with her rejection of Lord Suggden and others,—things that might almost be construed into an offer of marriage; and still she cannot be certain he means to propose to her. In town there had been many opportunities to speak had he so willed it, but he had not seized them. Above all there was that last evening at Lady Brompton's, when the lights burned low in the conservatory, and the flowers blew, and the very stillness breathed love, yet he had not spoken. No one, of course, mentioned Sir John to Kitty Tremaine as an acknowledged lover, nor does she ever mention him as anything but a casual acquaintance, even to Gretchen; though in her she would have surely gained a sympathetic listener.

Pretty Gretchen! with her pale purple face, and little Grecian nose, and great blue eyes, that remind one of nothing as much as the sweet X-ray violet. She is two years younger than Kitty, and smaller and slighter, with an expression calm and unassumingly tender. To think of Gretchen is to think of moonlight, or the soft perfume of roses, or faint strains of sweetest music. To see her is to love her. To know her is a liberal education.

Then there is Flora, the last but by no means the least of the Tremaines,—a tall and very determined person of twelve, who would reject with ignominy the notion that she is still a child. Her eyes are gray, steady, and severe, her small mouth is incorruptible. She is one of those awful people with whom a spade is a spade; and to even hint a harmless falsehood in her presence, and to suddenly find those gray orbs fixed upon you is to lose instant self-control, and to long for the earth to open and swallow you up. She admires Kitty,—though being cognizant of her faults, she does not scruple to tell her of them occasionally; she adores Gretchen, and maintains an undying feud with Brandy, to whom she is a joy and an everlasting resource.

Kitty, having searched the house diligently for Gretchen and failed to find her, walks into the schoolroom as a last chance, and looks anxiously around her, whereupon Flora raises her head from her German in a vain hope that something is going to occur to put an end to her detested lessons; and Brandy, who is smoking a cigar against all rules upon an elderly sofa, asks, inelegantly, "What's the row?"

"Meg are you here? Where is Gretchen?" asks Kitty, anxiously.

"Meg was meek and Meg was mild. And Bonnie Meg was Nature's child." quotes Flora, gayly, glad of the interruption.

"If it is Nature's child you want," says Brandy, obligingly, sinking back again upon his faded, though luxurious cushions, "I am almost sure you will find her in the garden."

Thus encouraged, Miss Tremaine crossed the room, and putting her head out of the open window, says loudly "are you there Gretchen?" to the back of the summer-house all overgrown with silvery clematis and the fast reddening Virginia creeper.

A soft voice answers,— "Yes. Do you want me, Kitty?" And Gretchen, emerging from her bowser, stands gazing upwards, one white hand shielding her eyes from the sun.

"Not I so much as mamma. She wishes you to go visiting with her. Be quick, dearest: the carriage is ordered."

"Coming," says Gretchen, disappearing behind the eucalyptus and running down the garden-walks, through borders of glowing flowers.

"I wish, Brandy," says Kitty, drawing in her head, "you would not smoke in the school-room. You know mamma particularly objects to your doing so. And why have a smoking-room, if people won't smoke in it?"

"Why, indeed?" returns Brandy, mildly. "I only smoke here, against my better judgment, to oblige Flora, who is never entirely happy except when enveloped in a thick cloud of tobacco."

"No, I am not," says Flora, indignantly, but wrongly.

"You hear her," says Brandy, with a faint but triumphant flourish of his right hand.

"I mean I hate it, I perfectly abhor it. It runs right up my nose and into my brain, and makes me quite dizzy," says Flora. "I can't do a bit of my German with the odiousness of it."

"Mere imagination. I always found it an incentive to study," exclaims Mr. Tremaine positively. "I can't bear smoking myself; it disagrees with me, and in fact I only indulge in it in the vain hope of knocking some intelligence into your exceedingly dull head."

"Don't call my head dull," says Flora. "I've as good a head as ever you had, and a great deal better. I wasn't spun for an examination, at all events."

"My dear Flora," says Kitty.

"Yes, isn't she a darling?" remarks Brandy, undisturbed. "I can't tell you how I admire our Flora; she is so spiritual, so full of wit, espièglerie, and all the rest of it."

"I wonder that you will still be talking. Signor Benedick: nobody marks you," quotes Flora, disdainfully. "I should think your colonial must love you."

"For once," says Brandy, "you have hit the right nail on the head; such perspicacity in one so young is truly delightful. Yes, he adores me."

"So one might really imagine," murmurs Miss Flora, with cutting irony.

"Now, might one?" questions Brandy, assuming an air of deep thought. "I rather doubt it. I should fancy that, with regard to this point, the common observer would be at fault. Your apparent certainty on the matter, says wonders for your insight into character, as any one seeing me about into character, our colonel — in close proximity would hardly think, arrive at so satisfactory a conclusion as you have done. An outsider would, I dare say, consider him difficult, and would not suspect him of the bonhomie with which he is actually saturated."

"Nonsense," says Florence, rudely, unable any longer to maintain the ironical position; "you know I mean that he must hate you. He thinks you, no doubt, the greatest nuisance in the regiment, and that is why he gives you so much leave."

"What a pity you don't know him!" says Brandy. "You might captivate him, and get him to court it."

"You may take your books to my room, Flora," says Miss Tremaine, with gentle dignity.

"Don't you mind my smoking there?" asked Brandy, instantly, in a tone of innocent surprise.

"You! Don't attempt it, Brandy. I am not speaking of you," exclaims Kitty. "The last time you went into my dressing-room you upset everything in it. You shall never enter it again."

"But, my dear girl, I can't desert Elora. I have undertaken her education, and I must go through with it. Besides, you forget I am lonely down here, and that she is my sole companion. You are too dignified, Gretchen is too ethereal, but Miss Flora Tremaine, says Brandy, with mild enthusiasm, is my beautiful budding womanhood—the very acme of perfection."

Flora laughs sardonically and flings a heavy volume of Schiller at him, which he dodges with admirable presence of mind.

"I think you might show your admiration for her in a less objectionable manner," says Kitty, "for instance, by throwing that horrid cigar into the grate."

"What! And set fire to all those elaborate trimmings? Never. Far be it from me. Like all our family, I strenuously object to reckless extravagance."

"I like that," says Flora, scornfully. "What about your tailor's bill that came this morning? I heard of it, though you may think I didn't."

"Such an absurd thought never struck me. I have known you too long for that; and we know the proverb about little pitchers."

"Your ears are a great deal longer than mine," says Flora.

"Well, well, don't let us wander from the original subject. Think what a drawback it would be to you in the future, my dear Flora, not to be able to appreciate your husband's cigars. Why, positively, unless educated up to the mark you would not know whether he was smoking pure Havana's or Early York."

"Brandy, how can you talk such nonsense to the child?" says Miss Tremaine, who is busily examining the child's exercises.

"It doesn't matter what he says, as I shall never marry," puts in Flora, with conviction; "I wouldn't put up with the caprices of any man; I know too much about them for that!"

"I envy you your experience," says Brandy, with a laugh of the richest enjoyment.

"Stick to that, dear child, till your hair is gray. But in the meantime, lest some Adonis should induce you to alter your mind, let me give you a hint. Do you know that young women who object to smoking and insist on quenching their husband's pipes invariably drive those poor men to clubs and all sorts of naughtinesses, and generally play the mischief all round?"

"I wonder you don't suffer from a sore throat," suggests Miss Flora, with a sneer.

"I would suffer anything for your sake. It is the fatherly interest I take in you that induces me to deliver this lecture; and, as I shouldn't like to see you in a hole hereafter, I shall smoke one cigar here daily until you can lay your hand upon your heart and tell me honestly you—"

"Very good all right. Then I shall do no more to German or anything else," with angry resignation.

"A very trifling consideration, when compared with your chances of domestic bliss."

"Kitty, I wish you would speak to Brandy. Oh! is that another mistake? Well, I can't help it, if he will come here and talk to me all the time—"

"There was a young lady named Flora, Who had a devoted adorer; He smoked all the day, Which some people say, Was the reason her German did floor her."

"Isn't that a very neat impromptu? I think I should take to rhyming, only I hear it don't pay now-a-days; and I shouldn't like to fling away undoubted talent," says Brandy, unabashed.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," witheringly.

"Flora I don't like you one tittle. There is an unpleasant ring in it. Have you never heard that little girls should not be pert to their superiors?"

"Superiors, indeed!" says Flora.

"Certainly, your superior," says Brandy.

"Oh, do try and be silent for even five minutes, if you won't go away," exclaims Flora, wrathfully; "I have not got half down one page yet, and Monsieur Sol will be so angry to-morrow."

"Read it out loud to me," returns Brandy, drowsily; "it will improve your pronunciation, and you can have the advantage of my knowledge; I don't think anything of that Monsieur of yours. He looks like an impostor, and I'm positive he is a Scotchman. I feel deliciously sleepy; so go on,—I am sure a very little more of your German will finish me comfortably."

"Kitty, I shall go with you to your room," says Flora, desperately, gathering up her books and heading an ignominious retreat.

CHAPTER III.

"I tell upon a day."

"Where are you going, mamma?" asks Gretchen, entering her mother's chamber, with a delicious little pink rose flush upon her cheeks, born of her swift run through the scented garden. Kitty by this time, having safely incarcerated Flora in her dressing-room, has also joined her mother.

"To see poor Kenneth Dugdale," returns Mrs. Tremaine. "I actually never heard of his arrival until this afternoon. And it appears he has been in the country now a week. Such a very long time to be in ignorance; but your father is always most careless. He must have known of it, and, I suppose, forgot as usual."

"Perhaps he didn't hear of it," says Gretchen.

"Well, at all events the visit cannot be put off any longer; and of course I shall go myself. His mother was my dearest friend. You may as well come with me, Gretchen, as Kitty is so busy. Poor fellow it is such a sad case. Quite the saddest I know. It makes me positively wretched even to think of it. Thank you, dear; yes, you may ring the bell. I think I will take a glass of sherry before I start."

"You mean Maud Dugdale's brother?" asks Gretchen,—the poor man who broke his back out hunting, or dislocated his spine, or did something horrible? "You and Kitty, I remember, used to tell me of him last year."

"The doctors now say he will be an invalid all his life. Can't stir off his sofa, I've been told."

"I think I can recollect him years ago," says Gretchen, musingly. "He was down here, was he not? a tall, fair boy of about fifteen. Old Mr. Dugdale, his uncle, was so fond and proud of him. Both he, and Maud before she left for India, never seemed to tire when telling me of him."

"There was a sincere attachment on both sides, I believe. He never would come here since his uncle's death, although that event made Laxton Hall his own. It seems sad that he should come here now for the first time, as master, only to die."

"He may not do for years," says Mr. Tremaine, who is vainly struggling with a refractory bracelet. "That old man in town with the one large tooth—that wonderful surgeon, you know, Sir—what was his name, Kitty?—said he might live for a long time. (I wonder they can't make proper clasps nowadays! Thank you, dear.) But poor Kenneth was so willful, gave himself up at once, and because one doctor spoke unfavorably of his case, could hardly be persuaded to see another."

Old Sir—Sir—told me all about it. What was his name, Kitty?"

"Of course, of course. Plaster they call him in town,—so rude of them. He told me the poor boy was greatly changed."

"He must be," says Kitty. "I met him wherever I went the season before last, and thought him the gayest fellow possible. He was a general favorite all round, it seemed to me; and now, we hear, he is silent, morbid, melancholy."

"Who can wonder at it?" exclaims Gretchen, with deep compassion. "To go in one moment from a state of perfect health to what must be only a living death,—the worst in that it is living,—the very thought is depressing; what must the reality be! If such a thing were to happen to me, I think I should refuse to speak to any one; I should just turn my face to the wall and cry and cry until I died."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," says Kitty, with a little laugh, patting her cheek softly; "I know you better than that. At first you would sigh a little and repine in secret; and then one day you would take yourself to task, and say to yourself, 'After all, are there not others more unhappy than I am?' And then you would begin to think how you could lighten the cares of other people."

"You are describing an angel," says Gretchen, with a faint blush, and a suspicion of reproach in her tone.

"My dearest Gretchen," breaks in Mrs. Tremaine at this moment, "do run away and put on your things. It is quite half-past three, and you know how your father hates to have the horses waiting." As a rule, Mrs. Tremaine alludes to her husband as though he belonged to the girls alone, as though he was their exclusive property, and they alone were responsible for his eccentricities. "Now, don't be five minutes, darling, or I shall be really vexed," she says, mildly, her thoughts intent upon her care case, which is nowhere to be found.

Above in the heavens—

"Apollo, Deltus, or of older use All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—Has mounted."

All the air is hot and heavy with the strength and fierceness of his glory.

As the carriage rolls along the dusty road, bearing Gretchen and her mother to Laxton Hall, the horses fling up their heads impatiently, as though in eager search of the cool wind that comes not, and throw upwards little passionate flecks of foam, that lightning upon their backs, gleam like snow-flakes against their glossy skins.

The day is merry with the voices of many birds that send their sweet hymns of praise from wood and thicket. There's no less harmonious sound to mar their melody. A sense of peace and warmth has lulled the world into a mid-day sleep.

Below in the bay the ocean, vast, illimitable, has also sunk to rest. Not a breath, not a murmur, comes to disturb the serenity of its repose. Only from out the great gray cloak, that seem ever to keep eternal watch, dash the sea-birds wildly from their hidden nests in search of watery prey. Their snowy wings expanded glint and glisten beneath the sun's hot rays like silver lightning as they hover above the great deep and then drop into its bosom to disappear only to rise again.

Far away upon the horizon the sea and the sky have met and melted into each other's embrace. All is one ethereal mass of palest blue; in vain to seek the termination of one, the beginning of the other. The heaven itself is a continued sea, where tiny cloudlets, yellow-tinged, stand out as isles, and placid lakes and quiet shores are numerous.

By this time Gretchen, and her mother have reached the gates of Laxton, and entered, and are driving swiftly down the long dark avenue. Having never seen it since the old man's death, Gretchen now turns her head admiringly from side to side, as though to recall to mind the pretty spots once loved.

On one side can be seen a small but perfect lake, on which swans float gracefully in and out between the broad green leaves of the water lilies that are hardly so fair as their own breasts. On the other side stretches a vast expanse of park and upland, swelling, waving,—one grand mass of living foliage, tender greens and tawny browns and russet reds, while through them here and there, like a faint streak of moonlight, comes a suspicion of the distant ocean.

"What a perfect place it is!" says Gretchen, dreamily, yet with a certain amount of honest enthusiasm.

"Quite so," says Mrs. Tremaine, briskly, who never dreams, "and just fifteen thousand pounds a year. Really, it is most unfortunate about that poor young man. By the bye, I quite forget who the next heir will be."

"If he was very nice I shouldn't mind marrying him," says Gretchen, idly, with a little lazy laugh. "Oh, see, mother, that exquisite touch of light upon the hill beyond—how beautiful! It sounds wicked, but do you know I am rather glad that Mr. Dugdale cannot go about much? New people have such a horrid trick of altering things, and cutting down trees, and generally behaving very badly. If he is as apathetic as you say, I dare say he will let well enough alone."

"I dare say," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I should rather think George Dugdale's son would inherit. A most unpleasant man, and a very distant cousin; but no doubt the younger branches are better mannered."

"Then she carriage sweeps round a softened angle and draws up before the hall door. It is opened, and a very gorgeous personage in irrefragable garments comes down the steps and tells Mrs. Tremaine that Mr. Dugdale is pretty well, and down-stairs, but that he is not in the habit of receiving visitors.

As he draws towards the close of this little speech, Mrs. Tremaine—who, to judge by her expression, must be utterly unaware that any one has been speaking—takes out a card, scribbles on it a word or two, and gives it to one of her men, who gives it to the other man, who gives it to somebody else inside the hall, who vanishes.

Then ensues a pause that might be a silent one but for the faint little laugh that breaks from Gretchen.

"What is it?" asks her mother, rousing herself from an apparent reverie.

"Very little, dear, almost nothing. I was merely wondering how you would look if this very different young gentleman sends you word he will not see you."

"That is impossible," replies Mrs. Tremaine, calmly. "No young gentleman ever sent me such a message. He will, of course, be very pleased to see me."

She is right. He will be very pleased to see her. The gorgeous personage returns presently with a few words to that effect; whereupon Mrs. Tremaine descends from her carriage, and Gretchen follows her, and they

rattle through halls and corridors, across a library, and past a heavy portiere, into a small room beyond, where lies the hero of the hour.

It is a charming room, not large, but comfortable. Everything is pale, or faintly tinted; there is scarcely a pronounced color, anywhere, unless, perhaps, in the large bowls of sweetly smelling flowers that lie about in graceful disorder on all the tables. Against the walls and on the brackets quaint pieces of china frown, and simpler, and courtier, and make hideous grimaces. Upon the cabinets, and in them, old English punch-bowls push themselves officiously before the notice of dainty Chelsea maidens, and cups innocent of handles stand in rows.

Wedgwood jugs, and Worcester plates, and little bits of rarest Sevres shine conspicuously everywhere. There are eight or nine fine pictures,—some by modern artists,—and a good deal of handsome carving.

The whole place seems full of sunshine as through the open windows the soft breezes creep shyly in and out. It was Maud Dugdale's room in the old man's life, before she married and went to India, and even yet the charm of her presence seems to haunt it.

The windows, made in casement fashion, are thrown wide open, so that the airy and straggling roses that cover the walls outside are peeping in, forming a bower picturesque and perfumed.

The fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten have stolen in, and are decking all they touch with gold. Across the grass comes a tender murmuring as of doves from the wood beyond. It is one of those calm, sleepy days when "all the air is a solemn stillness holds" and a sense of peace makes itself felt. The "tender grace" of the hour, the careless artistic beauty of the room and all its surroundings, touch Gretchen, though vaguely, and then her eyes wander to the window, upon which a young man lies full length.

As her glance meets his, a great and sudden pity fills her heart. He is a very tall young man, and though somewhat slight, is finely formed. He is fair, with the rich nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue,—eyes that before misfortune clouded them were friendly to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy.

His mouth beneath his light mustache is tender and mobile, but firm. Originally there must have been a certain amount of happy recklessness about the whole face that fascinated and contrasted pleasantly with its great gentleness. But the happiness and gaiety and laughter have all disappeared, leaving only regret and passionate protest in their place, and something that is almost despair in the blue eyes.

He flushes painfully as Mrs. Tremaine enters the room, and closing his left hand with some nervous force upon the arm of the couch, makes the customary effort to rise. It is only a momentary effort. Almost on the instant he remembers and sinks back again passive. But the remembrance and the futile attempt are indescribably bitter.

"Dear Kenneth, I knew you would see me," says Mrs. Tremaine, quickly, with an unusual amount of kindness in her tone, going up to the couch and taking his hand in both hers.

"It is more than good of you to come to me," says Dugdale, raising himself on his elbow. "You must forgive me that I cannot rise to receive you." As he speaks he smiles, but it is a smile that saddens one. Even as their voices sound in each other's ears both he and Mrs. Tremaine remember the hour when last they met. They see the brilliant ball-room, the glowing flowers, the pretty faces, and all the piquante that had courted and smiled their sweetest upon poor "beauty" Dugdale.

Involuntarily Mrs. Tremaine stoops and presses her lips to his forehead. A sympathy that is almost motherly stirs her breast. Had he been in good health, her greeting in all probability would have been cold, but now in his affliction he seems very nearly dear to her.

"Of course I would come to see you," she says, gently, "and I have brought Gretchen with me. I suppose you and she hardly remember each other." She moves a little to one side, and Gretchen, coming nearer, lays her hand in his.

"I recollect Mr. Dugdale," she says, half to her mother, while smiling kindly upon Kenneth; "I seldom forget a face, and you are not so greatly changed. But you were only a big boy then, and I was a little child. It is very long ago."

"I don't remember you, Kenneth answers reluctantly shaking his head. "Your face is strange to me, and yet—how could I have forgotten it? It does not say much for my memory, does it? Is your sister quite well?"

"Kitty? Yes, thank you."

"I am so very glad you have come down," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I am sure the fresh country air will do you good."

"Will it?" says Dugdale, in a peculiar tone and with a slight contraction of the brows; then, as though ashamed of his curtness, he goes on quickly; "Perhaps so. At all events I rather fancy the country just at this time, and the view from the windows here is perfect. It was Maud's room you know. One can see where she had the trees cut down to give her a glimpse of the ocean."

"It is charming,—quite too lovely," returns Mrs. Tremaine, who in reality thinks it a little bleak, and has a rooted objection to the sea. "How is dear Maud? Have you heard from her lately?"

"Yes. Last Monday. She is very happy, and seems to be enjoying herself tremendously. They have gone pretty well up the country, and appear to have fallen in with rather a nice lot. She says the life suits her, and she likes it. She would, you know. She was always a lazy child,—fond of lying in the sun, and that."

"Maud and I were great friends," says Gretchen, turning from the open window where she has been standing, looking like a picture framed in by the drooping ivy and the clattering roses. "How pretty she was, and how full of verve! I was more sorry than I can tell you when Major Scarlett married her and took her away from us."

"Every one liked her, dear little thing," says Dugdale.

"I have not been here since she left; and this room reminds me of her so forcibly," says Gretchen, with some regret in her tone. "

can enjoy your dessert with such an evident sense of gratification when you picture to yourself that poor young man absolutely pinning you for you. Do have some more ginger. I know you love it."

"Well, I will, then," says Gretchen, with a little grimace, looking him help her.

"But this is a most miserable state of affairs," exclaims Mr. Tremaine, anxiously. "It is most unneighborly and inhospitable to think of his being there all alone, when perhaps he would like to be here. It is sufficient to make him melancholy and lying there all day brooding over his misfortunes."

"You are going to propose something, aren't you?" says Mrs. Tremaine, with a smile.

"And you guess what it is?" with an answering smile.

"Yes, I think we ought to invite him here; poor Mary Spencer's son; is that it? You see I always know your thoughts."

"Ah! that is just what was in my heart," Gretchen breaks in, eagerly. "How thoughtful you are, papa! I am sure he would be happier here. Brandy may laugh at me, but when I was leaving his room to-day I would have given almost anything to be able to go back again, to have got a book and drawn my chair close to his and read to him for an hour or so. It seemed cruel to be so strong and healthy when he was so afflicted."

"Your sister Gretchen's fate will be a Methodist parson," says Brandy, sotto voce, to Flora, who indignantly repudiating the idea, at once opens up another exhaustive argument, that lasts on and off till bed-time.

"The library would be a charming place for him to lie in all day," says Kitty, with alacrity. "It is such a pretty room, and it occupies it so much during the morning, and nearly all the evening."

"But his bedroom," ponders Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "I could see at once how painfully sensitive he is about his unhappy condition, and I don't think he would submit to be carried up and down stairs in a strange house."

"He may have my morning room," says Gretchen, willingly; it is off the library and can be easily brought from one room to the other."

"But you will miss your room, dearest," says her mother.

"No. For the time being I shall inflict myself upon Kitty. You don't mind, do you, Kitty?"

"Then I shall go over to-morrow and insist upon his coming," says Mr. Tremaine; "I won't think of a refusal."

"I think papa, it would be almost better if mamma went," puts in Gretchen, very gently, giving her father's hand a soft little squeeze. "You are the kindest old papa in the world, but perhaps mamma could explain better, you know—with a glance at her mother—how wonderfully clever she is about all such matters."

"Do you hear her, the oily hypocrite?" murmurs Brandy, still sotto voce, to the incensed Flora. "Buttering up both the Peter and the Mater in one breath. Ugh! it makes me ill."

"You are a miserable creature," returns Flora, with subdued but evident force; "and I forget myself when I condescend to bandy words with you. She is the sweetest creature on earth. But you are incapable of appreciating her. There is not a drop of oil in her body!"

"You would have to boil her down before you could swear to that," returns Brandy, provokingly. "Do you want to boil her? Why, positively you are worse than Wainright, and Hannah Dobb, and all that lot. And your own sister, too! Why, had you as you are, only that I heard you with my own ears, I shouldn't have believed that of you."

"I never said it," says Flora, angrily; whereupon the argument waxed hotter and hotter, until Mrs. Tremaine, fortunately rising, carried off Flora to the drawing-room, and so puts an end to it—for the moment.

His whole Gretchen's special charge. With her whole heart—the tenderest that ever longed for mortal—she pines him, and all day long devises little secret plans for his amusement, and weaves plots whereby he shall reap such comfort as may be gained from the knowledge that those around him are eager to do him good service. To be maligned, or miserable, or poverty-stricken, or despised by the world, is the surest way to gain Gretchen's sweetest smiles and tenderest glances and most honeyed words. And already Dugdale has learned to listen impatiently for her coming, to distinguish her step among a thousand, to read with unerring accuracy each change in her expressive countenance. To him the pleasantest hours in all the twenty-four are those in which she brings her book and her gentle presence to his side, and, drawing a chair to his couch, reads to him in her low sweet voice, that most "excellent thing in woman."

Just now she raises her head and sends to him a smile soft and frank and full of fellowship, that raises envy in the breast of Scarlett, who would have all her smiles and every thought of her heart his own.

"How good you are to that fellow Dugdale!" he says, begrudgingly; and Gretchen answers with mild reproach.

"Remember how sad it is for him; how different he is from you and me, who can go about, enjoying the sun, and flowers, and all there is of the best."

"Well, of course it is hard on him," says Scarlett, growing repentant, "not to be able to walk, you know, and that, I certainly shouldn't like to be a cripple you know; should you?"

Which answer vexes Gretchen more than she would like to acknowledge.

"He is not a cripple," she says, coldly, in the tone that usually reduces Scarlett to despair. "He is not in the happiest mood to-day. And Flora, without knowing it, is doing her utmost to aggravate him to madness by persistently keeping as close to Gretchen as circumstances will permit."

It is, indeed, with rapture he recalls the approach of Brandy, who comes leisurely towards them across the lawn. He is not alone; the past week has given to the Towers two new guests, Kenneth Dugdale and Mr. Dimont, a friend of Brandy's, and indeed, from old associations' sake, a friend of all the Tremaines.

He is young—disgracefully young, he tells himself—though not so boyish in appearance as Brandy. Indeed, he might be any age within the twenties, though only twenty-two. There is a solemnity about Mr. Dimont, an amount of carelessness both in manner and in speech, that does honor to his "head and heart," considering he is rich, and well-born, and without that "creeping horror," a guard-lan.

History declares he might have been even more endowed with worldly goods but for a fatal tendency towards practical joking that, being put into practice in his fifteenth year, lost him many thousands. The thousands were his aunt's, the practical joke was quite his own.

Miss Jimima Dimont was an elderly spinster of severe morals and small wit. Nowadays they say it is impossible to swear positively to any one's morals; but that Miss Jimima's common sense was of a low order, I think there can be little doubt, when she expressed a desire to escort George Dimont—then a lad—home from Eton.

Miss Jimima seldom made mistakes but this was a mistake difficult to cap, as I believe few people knowing George Dimont at that time would have elected to go on a journey with him. But Miss Jimima probably thought herself beyond fear. Afterwards all the Dimonts were glad to remember that it was she herself who had proposed the journey, that no one had incited her to it or pointed the expedition in glowing colors.

Miss Jimima met young George at the station, and, having saluted him and bought his ticket, they started on their ill-fated way towards home. At first Miss Jimima was genial, and George—who was nothing if not facetious—presently broke into a strain of rambunctious amusing; if not of a highly spiritual nature, that let her into a thing or two about school-boy life.

Perhaps these recollections were a lively rather than an edifying description, because after while Miss Jimima grew palpably, whereupon young George found himself, as he afterwards expressed it, "in the wrong box." Silence ensued, and both turned their attention upon the flying landscape.

So far things had gone unusually well, and might have ended with a mere reprimand on one side and some disgust on the other, had not Miss Jimima chosen this moment of all others to commit her crowning act of folly; she fell asleep!

When the Dimonts heard this later on, they shook their heads dismally and asked each other solemnly. "What could she have expected?"

Yes, she fell asleep, and time began to hang heavily on young George's hands. He yawned, he dozed; he cut a large hole in the new cloth cushion of the carriage; he scratched his name upon the door; he worried the tassel off the end of the piece of leather that helps to open the windows, and in fact, did all that could possibly be expected of him in the course of ten short minutes.

Then he looked at Miss Jimima. She was sweetly sleeping, her lips were apart; her head was thrown slightly backwards. A gentle snore proclaimed her in the arms of Morpheus. Her nephew sat for some time lost in admiration of this enchanting picture, and then—and then—he caught sight of the dawn upon her upper lip!

It was enough. Quick as lightning he drew from his pocket a piece of twine, three pan-knives, several apples, a few nails, a little box of matches, and a cork.

Cautiously he lit a match and applied it to the cork; the latter, as though in rich enjoyment of the shadows, burned bravely and soon was black as could be desired. Then came the last act in the drama; George rose on tiptoe and applied the cork generously to Miss Jimima's lip. The dawn took to it kindly, and soon developed as fine a mustache as any young athlete might be proud of.

George, gazing at her in silent ecstasy, laid his hands upon his knees and bent almost in two in his violent efforts to restrain his unwholy joy; whilst Miss Jimima slumbered on in blissful unconsciousness.

"And you never," said young George to an admiring audience later on, "saw such an upper lip for the purpose."

Not yet altogether content with his work, this dutiful nephew next ornamented his smiling aunt with bushy whiskers, and, as a delicate compliment to the present government, made her a present of a charming "Imperial." He might, perhaps, have added a touch or two to her brows or the tip of her nose, but that just then a shrill whistle warned him his time was short; and Aunt Jimima, waking with a final snort, declared she never could sleep in those shabby trains, and told him his journey was almost at an end.

Then they steamed into the station, and George, bidding her a hasty farewell—with out trusting himself to look at her again, sprang to the ground and fought his way through idlers and passengers, out of sight.

Miss Jimima descended slowly on to the platform and summoned a porter to see to her

gauge. The man came, saw, and was conquered. He put his hand to his mouth, and with a choking sound fell! Several men did the same; until at length Miss Jimima found herself marching across the station through a delighted crowd neatly divided into two rows, who gave her as she reached the place of exit a parting cheer.

Her own footman, as he opened her carriage door, grew first pale with fright, and then subsided into agonies of suppressed laughter, whilst the coachman on the box declared afterwards he was never so near apoplexy in his life.

Miss Jimima, all unconscious, though somewhat perplexed at the strangeness of things in general, stepped into her brougham and asked herself calmly what was the matter. Instinctively she raised the little mirror attached to the carriage, bent forward, and—saw!

She never again spoke to that branch of the Dimonts and when some months later she died, George was not so much as mentioned in her will.

"But what's the odds," said young Dimont, very philosophically, on the occasion, "as long as we're happy?"

Just now he does not look particularly happy as he walks through the grass beside Brandy Tremaine, but is evidently protesting anxiously against injustice done, whilst the latter is exploding with laughter.

"What's the joke, Brandy?" asks Jack Blumond, lazily raising himself on his elbow. "You will be ill if you conceal it much longer. Don't be selfish, dear boy let us be partakers of your joy!"

"It's only Brandy's last," says Brandy, still full of enjoyment (Mr. Dimont is a "gallant plunger" and a Christian gentleman, but because his name happens to be Dimont, and his garments irreproachable, it goes without saying that to all who know him his Christian appellation is simply "Brandy").

"What's the joke, Brandy?" asks Jack Blumond, lazily raising himself on his elbow. "You will be ill if you conceal it much longer. Don't be selfish, dear boy let us be partakers of your joy!"

"I wouldn't make an ass of myself, if I were you," interposes Mr. Dimont wrathfully.

(To be Continued.)

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

[From the Catholic World.]

"You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird, himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians dwell shyly across to the State of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment, will be loyal to all. These Highlanders have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by rail westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, the home of the *Chlanadh nan Gael*. Glengarry is the most easterly county in Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenburg was divided in 1793. It is bounded on the east by County Simcoe, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottetown, Lancaster, Lochiel and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots, Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottetown and lies on the banks of the Riviere aux Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches "rattle your bones over the stones" while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not mend their ways. In Charlottetown are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martintown and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottetown, and was called the "sunken township" on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high school and convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottetown and is, like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left to them but to accept the offer of the British Government and settle on lands granted them in Canada West. Loyalists came more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical. Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown, Charlotte and Martintown, which latter was, we are told, called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria. There were many Catholics in Sir John Johnson's regiment, and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1785 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those "children of the world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious dominies, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyll, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Norwegian King of the Isles, this branch of *Siol Cain* (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the "royal O'Neil," and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been

"Carried to Colme's Kill, the sacred storehouse of the predecessors, and guardian of their bones."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Clanranald and Glengarry, mighty by Loch Ness, held watch and ward over the heather-clad mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the breezes of Lochaber to the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters MacDonald of that ilk kept his enemies at bay, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practised their faith. By dint of much caution and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their church. Priests' heads were then as valuable as were those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a sabbath was caught by "the Reformed" woe to him! In spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the Continent, studied in the Scots' College, Rome and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls. Jesuits and Irish secular priests, outlawed, and with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the Island of South Uist, the clannmen in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and received the Bread of Heaven. Like the Israelites, they "ate it with their loins girt and standing," for the morning mist rolling off Benbecula might disclose to them a watchful foe, and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day might ere the sun climbed beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were

not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be "first pure and then peaceable." Their precept was, *Luathid thad agus harden thad blaws*. "An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir: 'O Lord! be thou with us; but, if thou be not with us, be not against us; but leave it between the red-coats and us!'"

At last some among this chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inculcate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *Bati-bui*—or yellow walking stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the descendants of those people as *Credible a that bui*—the religion of the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalds and their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of war laid their lands waste, the more progressive Lowlanders and the abject nobles were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms sequestered, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1785 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the winter a third misfortune befell them: the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over slushy roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred, and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing and feeding them until their own log houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knoydart and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Soothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshalled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship *MacDonald* glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "Sois ar et glunnean, agus thant' th' urragh!"—"Down on your knees and pray!"—thundered the priest; St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the Quebec *Gazette*, 1785, is this entry:—

"Arrived, ship *MacDonald*, from Greenock with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with two hundred and twenty stowage passengers to better their case up to Ontario."

Catarqui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but to what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802 another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their native glen to the whole district. During the winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael's fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolations of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest man came forward; they constructed a *leabharth ghluhan* and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Riviere-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 10th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants of 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allan) MacDonald, or MacDonnell, later the first Bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of the clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

There is still a chance left for Grant to become Emperor.

Western people abroad are noted for their loud tone of voice.

Venor holds the coming winter in the hollow of his right hand.

Greer county in Texas has two million acres of unappropriated land.

If folks would only leave off feeding those monarchical British sparrows.

A granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson visited the White House on Tuesday.

Living in Paris is as expensive as at a fashionable American watering place.

It is not unlikely the hangman will say one of these days, "Get O, Guiteau."

Parisians boast that one of their celebrated restaurants is the centre of the world.

It is reported that those in charge of the French loan are lending money on sham security.

What troubles English savans now is the question "Will the coming woman smoke?"

It is thought Mr. O'Haberty, of Quebec, will obtain Mr. Gahan's place in the Crown Lands Department.

Now, that the English and Scotch want a Land Bill, will the London dailies call them communists?

In Washington eight men are kept busy in a photographic gallery making portraits of Guiteau for sale.

Two hundred soldiers lately took the pledge at Aldershot after an eloquent address by Cardinal Manning.

The number of verses written on the death of President Garfield is as remarkable as their general lack of merit.

The Toronto *World* thinks we shall soon see a conglomeration of republics. Long live the Canadian Rep—orters.

When Emma Abbott is sick and her place as a singer is taken by another lady she makes a little speech of apology.

The Acadian Recorder, of Halifax, wants no deadheading to the Exhibition. Even newspapers should pay, thinks the Recorder.

It is no wonder Sir John goes in for everlasting connection with England. Canada cannot make him a Knight Grand Commander.

At half past half shanty, at Sentinel Butte, Montana, bears the sign, "Rev. C. A. Duffy, Sample Room." The proprietor does not care to talk about his antecedents.

Secretary Blaine intends to retire from the Cabinet forthwith, but it is generally believed that he will continue, for the present at least, to give the new President a generous support.

William Wheelwright of South American celebrity left \$138,000, which is now ready for use, to found a school in Newburyport, Mass., to educate young men in practical business knowledge.

The Rev. S. S. Hunting appeared on the stage of a theatre at Des Moines, Iowa, at the conclusion of a regular performance, and married an actor and actress, who still wore the costumes of the play.

Some malicious person or persons broke into the Ottawa Herald office on Wednesday night and made "oil" of the forms. If the proprietors discover them they will make pudding of their heads.

In Cote St. Louis they light the lamps on a bright beautiful evening, and leave them severely alone on a dark night. A resident of Cote St. Louis may be detected by the bumps on his shins.

The fare on the railroads running out of Boston has been reduced to five cents to any point within five miles, and the experiment is said to be satisfactory alike to the companies and to suburban residents.

The elopement of Martha Noally, the richest heiress of Clermont County, Ohio, with Dr. John McDonald, an already married man, was noteworthy from the fact that the girl's mother accompanied the couple in their flight.

McNeally reached across a Texas gaming table and seized the stakes belonging to Phillips. His hand was instantly piroored and fastened down by Phillips' knife; but he quickly freed himself and killed Phillips with a pistol.

The trousers, an English critic writes, is the weak point in the German military costume. Those worn by the officers are so tight that they remind one of the English dandy in old times who would never venture to sit down in his walking trousers.

A widow in Philadelphia who keeps a shoe store owns a parrot which repeatedly cries: "Say, come over here and buy some shoes." This amuses the passers-by, but two rival shoe dealers on the other side of the street thought the parrot was alluring away their trade by his oft-repeated entreaties, and they brought suit against the widow and caused her to be bound over in the sum of \$500 on the charge of maintaining a nuisance. And still the parrot cries, "Say, come over here and buy some shoes."

Fenian outrage oonocoters have lost a splendid chance. A live white rat was found the other day in the letter-box of one of the Birmingham pillar-posts. How came it there? May not it have been ingeniously coated with dynamite? What a splendid idea—a dynamite-coated force of rats trained to crawl into all sorts of places obnoxious to Fenianism! Had a reporter of a Fenian-outrage oonocoter type got hold of the first news of the very suspicious whereabouts of this Birmingham white rat, what a sensation might he not have caused? But the chance has passed away. Instead of the sensation and the penny-a-lining profits coming first, and the truth afterwards, the truth has come first, and there is neither sensation nor money-making. What a disappointment.—London *Univers.*

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

At the semi-annual meeting of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec, held on Wednesday at Laval University, the following graduates in Medicine and Surgery obtained the license of the College on presentation of their respective diplomas:—Laval University (Quebec)—L. G. Pileas DeBois, M. D.; St. Henri de Lanyon, Aime Trudel, M.D.; Three Rivers; Alex. Chausse, Gros Delery, M. L. St. Francois; Beauce; Nap. Mercier, M. L. St. Jean Chrysostome; Chas. Noel Barry, M. L. St. Anne de la Paroisse; P. A. Gaurier, M. L. Rimouski; Laval University, Montreal—Jos. Ed. Lemaitre, M. D.; Pierreville; Gustave Demers, M. D.; Victoria University—A. Gibeault, M. D.; C. M. St. Jacques L'Abougan; Gilbert Houl, M. D.; C. M. McGill University—Wm. L. Gray, M. D.; C. M.; Geo. Ross, M. D.; C. M.; Bishop's College—Frank N. R. Spandow, C. M., M. D.; Robert H. Wilson, C. M., M. D.; Mr. T. Symington, graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., obtained the license after passing a successful examination.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. THOMAS' EUCROTON OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast.

The vote on the Canada Temperance Act will be taken in St. John, N. B. early in December.

CAPT. BOYCOTT BURNED IN EFFIGY.

Boycott, protected by police, was in Westport on Tuesday. He was followed by a mob during the whole time, and his effigy was afterwards burned.

A FUTILE UNDERTAKING.

DUBLIN, Sept. 29.—Several ambulance wagons, which left Athlone barracks with police and soldiers for Shannon Bridge, County Westmeath, to protect process servers, were obliged to return on account of the roads being broken up and obstructions placed upon them.

FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.—Take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a glass of milk and syrup, equal parts, three times a day, bathing the body freely with the medicine wherever you feel distress. 75-2 ws

THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE. It is well to note, a loyal Canadian.—Ed. C. W.

“YOUNG IRELAND.”

[BY C. G. DUFFY.]

In misery a nation's wrath lies sleeping, / And all the hearts / A cry of freedom from the far West sweeping, / And through the years / She dimly sees her ransomed children reaping / The hard-won harvest of her blood and tears.

Alone her leaders stand; and for this token / Their hands are red, / Lo! on their hearts a people's grief has broken, / And bowed their head, / And unto them a people's shame has spoken / The shame, the glory, of a people's dead.

The gave the death-word to the foe—the warning / He would not heed; / Mocked at their curses, and with light words / Scorning / Their sorrow's creed; / Scoffed at their hate and weakness, till the morning / Broke on their desperation and their deed.

“Who stoned shall die!” with blood for blood / Atoning, / So let them fall, / And mingle with a nation's moaning / The bugle's call, / The may not see their country's glad outpouring / Till they shall taste the sharpness of her thrall.

England, forget the red wounds which are dyeing / Thy raiment's hem; / Gather the stones (on fields war-wasted lying) / To cast at them; / Forget the blood of slaughtered thousands / For vengeance on thee. Then mayst thou condemn.

They fall in darkness, looking to each other / Alone for aid, / Accused, condemned! Behold them, O my Mother! / They fall betrayed, / Stricken for thy sake, O fair land, our Mother! / For thy sake exiled, dying, undismayed.

And she, the dishonored of nations— / Shall she forget / The bleeding hands that wrought her pure foundations, / The sad eyes set / Upon the surges? When new generations / Crown them with laurels, lo! their eyes are wet.

So let them fall; with shattered hopes and shaken, / Thus it must be, / Fear not, O England! they will not awaken / To trouble thee, / But through their land lies desolate, forsaken, / Jerusalem which is above is free.

—Dublin Nation.

A DONEGAL ISLAND.

The Legends and Landlords of Tory.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of The Post:

GORTADOCK, DONEGAL, August 28, 1881.

I left Miss Ethnea Ballor in her inaccessible tower on the summit of Tor-more wondering who these creatures in the currahs were—those creatures whose faces instead of being smooth were covered with hair—she meant men. Her father was sad at the same time because he coveted and could not steal MacKineely's cow. He meant mischief.

But what is a currah. Before I saw one I learned that they were from Lord George Hill, the late philanthropic landlord of Gweedora.

“The natives of the islands along these coasts,” he wrote, “are very fearless boatmen, and skilful in their own way. There is a very ancient and simple kind of substitute for a boat called a currah in general use. They are very neatly and ingeniously made. In building them a flat oval frame or gunwale with holes at regular distances from which the ribs are to start is laid down in the first instance and secured to the ground. The ribs, which consist of stout willows, are planted in the gunwale holes, and the sides are basket-work for about six inches wide above the flooring, as a skirting all round. The ribs (being intertwined at their junction) are crossed by transverse laths, extending from stern to stem, and which are lashed together where they crossed each other with cords made of horse hair. The frame is therefore very strong and elastic. It is then ‘skinned’ with a hide of tarred canvas. A very good one that would last for four years period may be made at a cost of thirty shillings. Seven score of willows are required and a man would make one entirely, including skinning and tarring, in four days. There is no beam or seat in a currah, but the crew sit down on the floor, and must remain there perfectly steady, as a very little lateral motion, there being no keel, would capsize them. Short paddles are used to propel them, and when one person only works a currah he kneels at the bow, and with alternate strokes from side to side guides the frail barque.”

These canvas and basket-work canoes are common in Tory, and appear to have been in use along this coast for more than 3,000 years. They are about 9 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. Lord George says that “it is a wonderful sight to watch a currah go to the islands through a surf on a rocky beach where no other boat could land in safety.” But it requires great skill to manage them. Yet the people have been known to bring their cattle from the islands in these little boats. The creature, when thus shipped, is thrown down, its legs hid, lifted into the currah, laid on its back, fastened with ropes so that it cannot struggle, and then both brute and boat are carried into the water.

But to go back a few thousand years, and tell about Ethnea and that “her awful dad,” MacKineely was the lord of this very parish of Tullysheehy at that period. I can't quite fix the date, but a handful of centuries more or less is of no sort of consequence in Irish pagan history. MacKineely's cow was coveted by all his neighbors. It is written that “she was so laciferous,” that her fame spread far and wide, and that Ballor of the Mighty Blows and Evil Eye declared that “his ambition could never be satisfied until he got possession of that most valuable cow.”

MacKineely's elder brother was a smith. His forge was at Drumadunne, in the parish of Rath Finan—or “the Ridge of the Fire”—still so called as a witness to the truth of the story. His name was Gaidia. One day MacKineely went to his brother's forge to have some swords made. MacKineely was like our American Mary of the Little Lamb, for everywhere MacKineely went the cow was sure to go. He would not trust her out of his sight. But he handed her halter to his second brother, MacSamhthainn, who happened to be near the forge as he went in to see that his elder brother steered and sharp his sword rightly. Ballor

saw his chance. He instantly took the form of a little red-headed boy, and came up to MacSamhthainn, and told him that he had just heard his brothers say in the forge that they would make MacSamhthainn's sword of iron, and use all the steel he had bought to fashion swords for MacKineely.

MacSamhthainn was furious. He swore by all the powers above and below that his brothers should be punished for their rascality. He would show them that they couldn't humbug him. Not any. By the Soom, no!

“Hold this cow, my little red-headed friend,” said the angry MacSamhthainn to Ballor. Ballor eagerly caught hold of the halter. As soon as MacSamhthainn went into the forge, Ballor “with the rapidity of lightning,” it is said, neither more nor less, “carried off the cow to Tory Island.” When MacKineely ran out of the forge, he saw Ballor with his cow in the middle of the Sound of Tory. The Sound is there yet to authenticate this story, and a still stronger corroboration is the fact that the place where Ballor dragged in the cow by the tail, at Tory Island, is called to this hour Port-na-Glaise, or Cow Harbour.

MacKineely was in despair. The only remedy that suggested itself to his distracted mind at the moment was to give his too credulous brother a thrashing. He so did, and it is written, that he did so “with impunity.” Then, he went to the priest of those days—a hoary Druid—who had a lonely habitation in this parish. The Druid told him that he would never get back his lost, his laciferous Glas Galvinn, as long as Ballor lived; because, to keep her, Ballor would never again close his Evil Eye, but keep it constantly cocked (if I may say so), to “peffify every man that should venture to get near her.”

Discouraged by the Druid, MacKineely called to his aid his Leanan-sidhe, or familiar spirit, or, as we say in America, his “controlling influence.” Her name was (and may be yet) “Biroge of the Mountain.” Biroge told him that she would enable him to kill Ballor. Her remedy was that MacKineely should become the son-in-law of Ballor—and as Ballor's prejudices would have made it useless for Miss Ethnea to remark, “ask my pa,” that this and other formalities of wooing should be dispensed with.

The Biroge dressed MacKineely in lady's garments, and then, we are told, by one of the O'Dugans of Tory Island, “she waded him on the wings of the storm across the sound to the airy top of Tor-more, and there, knocking at the door of the tower, demanded admission for a noble lady whom she had rescued from the cruel hands of a tyrant who had attempted to carry her off by force from the protection of her people.” The twelve matrons feared the banshee, and admitted her and MacKineely. The banshee then caused a deep sleep to fall on those ladies—but not on Ethnea and MacKineely. They fell in love with each other at once.

Next day there were thirteen matrons in the Tower of Ballor.

MacKineely was taken back by the same route—the first air-line on record in Tory Island.

There were three sons born in the Tower of Ballor. Grandpa Ballor was furious, but he was equal to the emergency. “Drown them,” he said; and his unkind suggestion was adopted. The three little Irish boys were rolled up in a sheet that was fastened by a delly or pin. As the boatmen were rowing to a wharfeol into which Ballor had ordered them to be cast, the delly fell out of the sheet, and one of the children dropped into the harbour, and seemed to sink. The other two boys were secured and drowned in the wharfeol. This harbor is still called Port-a-delg, or the harbor of the Pin. But the boy who fell into the harbor was not drowned. The banshee waited the child across the sound, and delivered him to his father, and MacKineely sent his boy to his brother Gaidia, who taught him his trade of smith—then regarded not as a menial calling, but as one of the learned professions. Indeed, did not the old Irish goddess Brigit, the goddess of the poets, declare and show by her acts that she did not regard it as beneath her dignity to provide over the smiths as well as over the poets? Which, since first I read it, has caused me to regard that ancient goddess as a most sensible old party.

A Druid told Ballor that MacKineely was the father of the three boys who he had ordered to be drowned. Ballor called his men together, and landed at Ballyoanell (two miles from where I write), now the property of a gentleman with whose son I spent last evening. I mention these facts to confirm what otherwise modern scepticism might regard as mere legends. Ballor seized MacKineely. One of his fierce fellows grasped MacKineely's hair, another his hands, another, still, his feet—and then they laid his head across a large white stone. “With one blow of his ponderous sword,” Ballor utters off, “clear,” the head of his presumptuous son-in-law.

That stone is a conspicuous landmark. It is a large block of quartz—half a ton in weight—and it has red streaks in it. The crimson veins are said to be the blood of MacKineely. In 1874 it was placed on a pillar sixteen feet high by the predecessor of the present landlord, Mr. Olphert.

Ballor now fancied that he could defy the Fates. He made frequent visits to the mainland, and one of his favorite haunts was the forge of Gaidia. He saw his grandchild, not knowing his origin, and became greatly attached to him. This young MacKineely had the habit of visiting the Ologh-an-Neely, and coming back “with a sullen brow which nothing could smooth.” And it ended, and so ended Ballor's life—thus:

“One day Ballor came to the forge to get some spears made, and it happened that Gaidia was from home upon some private business, so that all the work of that day was to be executed by his young foster-son. In the course of the day Ballor happened to mention with pride his conquest of MacKineely, but to his own great misfortune, for the young smith watched his opportunity, and, taking a glowing rod from the furnace, thrust it through the back of his head—and thus avenging the death of his father, slaying his grandfather, and executing the decree of Fate which nothing could avert.”

This is only one of the traditions of Tory Island. The people there still believe in fairies, and no man nor woman on the island could be induced to go out alone after dark for fear of them. It is an error to suppose that the fairies have been evicted from Ireland, and I trust that they will long survive the landlords. The old woman, who was our guide at Tara's Hill said “God save the listeners” whenever I mentioned the name of “the good people.” It is a sort of spell, I believe. She had never seen a fairy herself, but she knew people who had seen them. The old man who showed us the mound where “the Cropples” slain in '98 were buried on Tara's Hill, declared that on the night of the famous meeting of O'Connell there, he had been whisked about by the fairies, and could not escape from them until he turned his cap out.

side in. The man who went with us to the site of the grave of the last of the Pagan Kings of Ireland—a very intelligent fellow—kind of a neighbor who died after he had listened to the uncanny strains of fairy music in a mound less than a mile away. Canon Bourke showed so sceptical a spirit as he heard these stories, that I felt it a conscientious duty to threaten to report him to his bishop for seeking to undermine the simple faith of the people.

“The priests are the worst,” said a peasant woman, when she thought that I believed in the fairies, “they are as bad as the Protestants in not believing in the fairies.”

From the windows of Father McFadden's house, where I now write, I can see, as I look up a hill, at Killalt, where during the present century a woman lived who used to be carried off by fairies of dark nights. Often the men turned out with torches to look after her, and Owen Kelly of Malin, when he was a man of 80, solemnly told Father McFadden that he once rescued her on one of those nocturnal searches. He found her in the grasp of a male fairy—a little fellow with a red cap—who disappeared as he came up.

JAMES REDPATH.

MR. JUSTICE RYAN.

We take the following from the Winnipeg Free Press:

The following address shows how Mr. Ryan is regarded in one of the most important sections of the district in which he officiated. It is the third tribute of the kind presented to him within the last year, Rapid City, Minnesota, and Shoal Lake, having alike testified to his work and respectability as a private gentleman, and a public officer; and when the commission went to Qu'Appelle to “fish” for evidence, they were told by the Curé of the place, who voluntarily came forward, that he knew Mr. Ryan to be a conscientious man; that he believed the complaints against him to be puerile and founded in hate, and that he only knew one man in that valley who was opposed to him, and that was a man whom he had compelled to restore a horse to an Indian, obliging him, also, to pay twenty-five dollars to the Indian for the use and abuse of said horse.

Mr. LaRoque, a merchant of Qu'Appelle, also stated upon the same occasion that he believed Mr. Ryan “to be a man of honor who liked the right.”

It thus appears that in the District in which Mr. Ryan was officially connected, public opinion, founded upon actual observation, is strongly in his favor.

As to his conduct and efficiency as a member of the North-West Council, we believe his colleague, Col. Richardson, addressed him a letter on the special service he rendered in shaping the ordinance for the administration of justice so as to adapt it to the peculiar wants of the Territories; and in reply to a charge that he was not a favorite with Governor Laird—the Governor wrote to him as follows:

“How such a slander could have originated I cannot understand. I have not nor never had the slightest doubt of your most perfect honesty, and I may say that no complaint has ever been made to me of your decisions. The fact that when you last left Battleford I invited you on your return to come straight to Government House, and not stay one night in your tent after your arrival, shows that I would have no such opinion of you as a guest as is alleged. As a member of the North-West Council you have sometimes disagreed with me in opinion, but that was your undoubted privilege, and does not, so far as I am aware, expose you to the censure of any commission or Government.”

ADDRESS. SHOAL LAKE, PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, July 23rd, 1881.

To the Honorable MATTHEW RYAN: We, the undersigned inhabitants of the settlement of Shoal Lake, having learned that your official connection as Stipendiary Magistrate of the North-West Territories, with this and adjacent settlements, has ceased, because, as we understand, of the recent extension of the boundaries of the Province of Manitoba, avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of expressing our regret at being deprived of the benefit of your society and services as a kind and amiable gentleman in private life, and as an honest, impartial and considerate Judge.

Our several years knowledge of you warrants this, our public declaration, in your favor.

As settlers of this particular locality, we feel specially indebted to you for the stand you took, both as a Magistrate and a Member of the North-West Government, in behalf of a fellow-settler who has been arbitrarily, most unjustly, and almost savagely ousted from his holding—his clear right under the law. Your action in this matter resulting, as we are happy to say it did, in final justice to the injured settler, entitles you to the lasting gratitude of present and future immigrants, it having established a precedent that will be a standing rebuke to tyranny.

Allow us to assure you, in conclusion, Sir, of our best wishes for your future happiness, and of our desire to soon hear of you in some public position where your eminent ability and large experience may be directed to the benefit of the public, with whose well-doing we know you sympathize warmly.

We are, Sir,

Yours respectfully, A. R. McDONALD, Robert Scott, Robert Findlay, Donald Gunn, Peter Warr, Geo. Thompson, Charles Findlay, George Stevenson, Nelson F. Walls, Daniel Saunders, Lewis Saunders, John Brodie, Frank Miller, John Simpson, William Brydon, William Vance, Charles Corrie, John Wilcox, John Keastock, Alexandria Osmphel, O. H. Brown, A. T. Harvey, James Nicol, Hugh McLennan, G. V. Westover, Arley M. Millin, Angus McDonald, William Colvin, Thomas Martin, John McMillan, William Yes, S. B. Paul, George Sutherland, Andrew Routledge, Brandon, Stephen Clement, Robert A. Teskey, A. Marshall, G. Churchill, Angus McDonald, Donald Grant, James Robertson, Thomas Shedden, James Findlay, M. W. Thompson, A. Thompson, A. H. Scoutman, M. Wilton, F. J. McNaughton, Joseph H. Warren, John Chambers, Henry S. Chambers, Lewis J. Clement, William Clement, William Dixon, John McLeod, Thomas Ryan, Martin Wells, William Doak, Edmund A. Goldstone, Charles Morgan, Alexander English, William Jaeken, Robert English, Allan McLean, Hector McKinnon, Hugh McKinnon, B. F. Teskey, Peter McBain.

Mr. Ryan transmitted the following reply to the above address:

WINNIPEG, 16th September, 1881.

GENTLEMEN.—Your kind and complimentary address, enclosed to me by one of your number, Mr. McDONALD, was received in the post office of this city a few hours after my arrival from Ottawa on Wednesday last, the 14th instant.

It is my duty to avail myself of the mail about to leave for Shoal Lake to convey my really heartfelt thanks for the very valuable testimony and the warm words of encouragement embodied in this address. In no set-

tlement of the district in which I acted as a magistrate am I better known than in yours. When there were yet few of you there I was there also, and witnessed with no little interest your manly struggles with difficulties now nearly overcome; and most pleasing is it to me to know that our intercourse has resulted, to such an extent, in mutual confidence and respect.

Your appreciation of the action taken by me in behalf of one of your fellow settlers who had been wronged, and grossly incited in the manner of the wrong, is also most gratifying. To no act of my official life in the North-West Territories will I look back with more satisfaction, especially as the precedent thereby established “will be a standing rebuke to tyranny.” We shall not, I apprehend, soon again hear of an “eviction” in the North-West, exceeding in bold injustice any recorded act of Irish landlordism.

Your good wishes for my future happiness are most encouraging; and should I determine upon becoming a permanent resident of the North-West, which is not improbable, I am sure the goodwill your words indicate may be relied upon to aid me in every proper proceeding. In any case, gentlemen, believe me I shall ever, and with all my heart, wish well to the interesting and promising settlement of Shoal Lake.

MATTHEW RYAN.

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

[From our own Correspondent.]

QUEBEC, Sept. 28, 1881.

Like all others who have visited Quebec, you are doubtless aware that our streets are worse than if the hand of man had never touched them. Accidents are occurring every day. Recently a Mr. Rheumet met with an injury and promptly sent in a bill of damages to the extent of \$100, which was paid. The injured individual is at the same time a member of the City Council and actually Chairman of the Road Committee. The city debt is something like \$4,000,000, and how to pay it is what “puzzles the Quaker.” I fear the above incident will hardly evidence a desire on the part of the corporation to solve so laudable an undertaking.

An amusing instance of English geographical knowledge occurred the other day. A few gentlemen were enjoying the luscious bivalves of a popular Lower Town restaurant. One of the party, an Englishman, proceeded to dilate on the superior flavor of “the old country oysters you know,” when a waggish Canadian remarked that the gulf oysters were good, but could not be compared to the Manitoba oysters. “Aw, do you tell me so?” remarked the unsophisticated John Bull. The was appealed to a gentleman lately returned from the West, to corroborate his statement, but the batspeaker came to the gentleman's assistance by stating that when the gentleman left Manitoba the oyster season had not begun. The Englishman departed with a desire for a further acquaintance with the oyster fisheries of Manitoba.

The Chronicle informs us that two “Boycotted” Irish landlords driven from their own country, arrived by a late steamer with the intention of settling in Canada. Just the people we want—says the Chronicle. Their chief merit in the eyes of the Chronicle, is that they have been “boycotted.” Well Canada receives all comers, who intend to work out an honest living, with a welcome, but all who have got Irish landlordism in their system, had better purge themselves of the disease before leaving Ireland, for, outside of Ireland, no people on earth would put up with it for twenty-four hours. However, it looks ominous to see land robbers, who have fattened on the blood and toll of Irish and British labor, coming hither and purchasing immense tracts of land intended by God for the people. Canada belongs to the people of Canada, not alone to this generation, but to all future generations, and neither Government nor people has the right to dispose of the land to a few to the detriment of the many. It is to be hoped some of our representatives will sound the alarm, and so prevent a land monopoly from cursing our young country with a system prolific of misery and starvation to millions.

Is not the hypocritical sympathy of England for the Americans actually nauseating? While the goody goody religious papers and the Anglo-American organs of New York and Boston are parading the lying condolence of the British, there is not a public man in America who does not know that the gushing sympathy of the English arises from the intense respect they have got for the growing power and influence of the Irish Americans, whom they sent across the ocean with a vengeance. No, bono Johnny! the writing is on the wall; the Johnny is at your gates, and God be praised the end is not far off.

DIOPHRES.

FRAGMENTS.

The Dominion Exhibition at Halifax is closed.

The Russell House, Ottawa, is to be lighted by electricity.

The VanKoughnet murder trial is in progress at Kingston, Ont.

San Francisco is flooded with finely executed counterfeit eagles.

It is stated that next year's Dominion Exhibition will be held in Quebec.

There were 311 interments in the different cemeteries of Toronto last month.

“Foxhall” is backed to win an immense stake in the race for the Cesarewitch stakes.

Typhoid fever, prevalent in Toronto, is said to be due to the impurity of the city water.

Mr. Jas. Norworthy, of Belleville, has contracted to supply 140,000 ties to the Grand Trunk.

At the Kingston assizes, in the suit of Hobbs vs. Parker, the jury could not agree, and were discharged.

George Ruested, fireman on the tug Gladador, was drowned in the Miramichi by falling into the river while intoxicated.

An American has arrived at Quebec with a patent machine, which he thinks will solve the question of winter navigation.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway has declared a quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent, payable on October 21st.

The steamship “Necker,” which arrived at Southampton on Thursday, passed three telegraph buoys in 44 deg. west longitude.

The Fair Trade campaign is being carried on with extraordinary vigor in England, the opposition of the Jingo notwithstanding.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public fancy, some of them die of disease, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to newspapers, there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

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

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

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

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

The True Witness will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

“POST” PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

ROME AND LAVAL.

A few days ago a report was circulated, stating that the Pope had recognized the right of the Laval University to establish a branch in the city of Montreal. The authority for this statement was at first not given, but yesterday a French morning contemporary received the following communication from the Rector of the Laval University, which gives the grounds on which the report was based:

“His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec authorizes us to affirm that on the 21st day of the present month he received from His Lordship Mgr. A. Racine a cablegram informing him that the cause of the Laval University had been won in Rome.

“M. E. MERROR, Rector L. U.

“Quebec, 28 Sept. 1881.”

It now seems that this report had no real foundation and that it was entirely premature, as no decision has been arrived at by the Holy See, which appears from a later cablegram received yesterday from Rome by the Recorder, Mr. De Montigny, and which reads as follows:

“Rome, Sept. 28.

“Before the plea was heard the Pope had said the decree must be executed, but afterwards decided that the affair should be reconsidered. Our attitude has been blamed. The proceedings of Laval have not been justified. The questions relating to the School Bill have not been decided. We are confident, and are working hard.”

There is an apparent contradiction in these two cablegrams from Rome, but it is only apparent, and the situation is fully explained by the latter cablegram, which states that the Pope had said at first that the “decree must be executed,” a statement which Mgr. Racine must have accepted as final and decisive, and on the strength of which he must have based his cablegram. His Holiness, however, had so expressed himself before the hearing of the plea, since which matters have been reconsidered.

The new Woollen Factory Company at Hopewell, N. S., has been prosecuted by the Department of Marine and Fisheries for not constructing a fishway in their dam in the East River. The defendants were fined \$4 per diem for the time the same was closed up to date.

It is denied that Messrs. Priestly & Sons are about to remove their looms from Bradford to Philadelphia, though one of the sons is about to start business there.

THE OUTRAGE AT NEW PALLAS.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—One of the most daring outrages ever committed in Ireland is reported from New Pallas. At three o'clock this morning the inhabitants of the village, and in the surrounding district of the County of Limerick, were startled from their sleep by an explosion, which shook the houses and shattered the windows. The people rushed out to find that an attempt had been made to blow up a large house in which were sleeping Captain Lloyd, a number of emergency men and ten policemen. A barrel, containing upwards of thirty pounds of gunpowder, had exploded under the portion of the house where it was supposed Capt. Lloyd was sleeping, but he, curiously enough, only that night changed his room to another part of the building, and so escaped most certain death. Some of the inmates had miraculous escapes. The back walls and doors were completely demolished, and the entire building was shattered. The greatest care and skill had been displayed in placing the explosive in the most advantageous place for doing its work of destruction. Remnants of the barrel and a portion of the fuse were found after the explosion. The house was built and formerly occupied by a man named Hickey, who made some money in America. He recently had a dispute with the landlord, the notorious Col. Lloyd Apjohn, and this resulted in his eviction a few weeks ago. Capt. Lloyd acts as agent for his cousin, Mr. Apjohn, and he went to occupy the house under police protection. No arrests have been made.

M. A. St. Mars, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: “Dr. THOMAS'S EUCROIC OIL is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day.”

It appears from movements now going on in St. John, N.B., police circles, that the authorities are after more circus men in connection with the Fletcher murder case.

Finance.

WITH \$5 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE Ducal Brunswick Government Bond, which Bonds are issued and secured by the above German Government, and are redeemable in drawings.

Three Times Annually, until each and every bond is drawn. THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO 240,000 Reichsmarks, 120,000 “ 45,000 “

and bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 50 MARKS as there is NO BLANKS.

One Reichsmark equals about 24 Cents Gold. The next drawing takes place on the 1st NOVEMBER, 1881.

Country orders sent in Registered Letters enclosing Five Dollars will secure one of these Bonds for the next Drawing, 1st of November. For circulars and other information address the

International Banking Co., No. 150 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874. N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the TRUE WITNESS.

MINING INFORMATION.

GENERAL INFORMATION RESPECTING THE MINES AND MINING LAW OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

The chief provisions of the Quebec General Mining Act, 1880 are:

1. The declaration of ownership by the Crown and reserve of all mines not specially granted. Sec. 1.

THE THREE FIENDS.

From the Burlington Hawkeye. There were three demons came out of the deep; one that blighted the eye to see; one that frightened the dreamer out of his sleep; and one that chilled the heart with a sudden leap.

A ghastly, terrible, horrible three. What was one, and his sable plume shadowed a face that was cruel as hate; he awakened the dawn with a sudden boom of murderous guns; like a pall of gloom he smothered the smoke of his breath, and pitiless hands held him like a soulless fate.

And the third—she came with a goblin smile; gentle and kind she seemed to be; but the heart of the bond was full of guile, in his merriest moments all the while she thought of his death, and his plans were vile; he was the worst of the three.

At last and wedding he sat elate, with jousting lips he kissed the bride; he petted the little, he pleased the great; this he wrecked the home and destroyed the state. He swam like the rule of an iron fate, that you couldn't resist if you tried.

He was the home where he entered in; he darkened the hearthstone that he stood by; and inces pale, and wan, and thin, looked up in fear at his mocking grin. And the victims knew, as they scooped him in, they were hopeless slaves of the demon "Pie."

JUST PUBLISHED. A MOST USEFUL AND TIMELY BOOK. THE BEAUTIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; OR, HER FESTIVALS AND HER RITES AND CEREMONIES POPULARLY EXPLAINED. By Rev. F. J. Shadler. With an Introduction by Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, S. C.

It is a book of over 600 pages, full of valuable information for everybody, and should be found in every Catholic family. Price, \$1.25. Fr. Pustet & Co., Publishers, 52 Barclay street, New York and 204 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.

The New York Star says:—"The London papers speak of the late President as 'a brave Englishman,' and they begin to recognize us as a nation of Englishmen." This conclusion is very flattering, no doubt, provided it is disinterested. But how about President Arthur, O'Donovan Rossa and the Fenians?

SCIENCE IN FULL PROGRESS. Thousands cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung diseases by Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected.

These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souville's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souville, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal. Read the following notices:—

(From the Montreal Gazette, December 24th, 1880.) We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if these instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Souville at his office, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souville after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the doctor a well-learned gentleman, and his instruments free of charge.

Common Sense in Medicine. (Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.) Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souville makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach and thus upsetting and deranging one part of the system in the hope of benefitting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G28]

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00 Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 figures, 9x11. \$1.00 Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24. 60c SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE LANE & CO., 361 BUREY ST., Montreal.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!!

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

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

CONDOLENCE FROM SHEERBROOKE. At a joint meeting of the St. Patrick's and St. Jean Baptiste Societies of Sheerbrooke, held in Murray's Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 27th instant, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, the movers and seconders making feeling and appropriate remarks in support of their motions:—

Moved by the Very Rev. A. E. Durose, V. G. and H. B. Cabana, Esq., seconded by Wm. Murray and M. Branswell, Esqs.,—That the members of the Irish and French Canadian national societies of this city were struck with horror at the news of the dastardly attempt of the vile assassin who struck down, at the opening of a noble career, the chief officer of the great American Republic which counts among its citizens so many millions of our fellow-countrymen who live there in the enjoyment of the privilege of citizenship.

Moved by M. T. Steverson and H. Connors, Esqs., seconded by L. O. Belanger and E. Noel, Esqs.,—That the members of these Societies have learned with heartfelt sorrow that the distinguished General and statesman, James A. Garfield, who had been chosen by the free voice of an enlightened electorate to preside over the destinies of fifty millions of people, had succumbed to the effects of the assassin's blow.

Moved by G. E. J. Panneton and J. T. L. Archambault, and Octave Gendron, Esqs., seconded by W. J. Shea and W. W. Morency, Esqs.,—That these Societies desire to convey the expression of their profound sympathies to the people of the United States in the loss of the President, whose career was already marked by the generous and fair treatment of all classes, and to the bereaved widow and orphans who mourn the death of a kind husband and a devoted father.

Moved by C. Gallina, C. Miller, T. T. Blais, Esqs., seconded by John Heney and E. T. Malone, Esqs.,—That copies of these resolutions be presented to H. D. Lawrence, Esq., United States Consular Agent here, with request to have them transmitted to the Secretary of State of the American Republic and to Mrs. Garfield, and that copies be also transmitted to the press for publication.

(Signed), M. L. CONNOLLY, President St. Patrick's Society. J. T. LEMOIRE, President St. Jean Baptiste Society. W. W. MORENCY, Secretary St. Patrick's Society. A. P. VANASSE, Secretary St. Jean Baptiste Society. Sheerbrooke, September 27, 1881.

EPPE'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 coxas, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' 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 any 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—"JAMES EPPE & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Eppe's CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for after-dinner use.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. HONORE BOLDUC, Collector of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, has entered this day an action for separation as to bed and board against DAME ADELINE PERILLARD alias MARTIAL, his wife, of the same place. MONTREAL, 15 September, 1881. 85

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. DAME ADELINE PERILLARD, Plaintiff, vs. AUGUSTE ST. JEAN, of the same place, trader, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause. MONTREAL, 18th August, 1881. Z. RENAUD, Attorney for Plaintiff. 85

Dye Works. THE WEALTH OF NATIONS consists in the individual economy of the people. Therefore all the people of Montreal should have their Dressing Rooms, Show Rooms, Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, &c., &c., Cleaned, or Dyed at the ROYAL DYE WORKS, the place where good work and satisfaction is guaranteed. ROYAL DYE WORKS, 708 CRAIG STREET, JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor. Established 1870.

Books For Sale. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00 Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 figures, 9x11. \$1.00 Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24. 60c SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE LANE & CO., 361 BUREY ST., Montreal.

Medical.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Bladder sure and certain.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is the greatest Blood Cleanser in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Tumors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Biliousness, Regulates the Bowels and Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is not a cheap Rum Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c PER BOTTLE.

It is sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally and if they have not got it and have not energy enough to order it, write us and we will tell you where you can get it. F. M. CARPENTER, 629 Waterloo, Que.

Cathartic Pills. Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experience, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AVER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AVER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Piles, Stomach Ache, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal. While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain to the bowels, or inflame the system, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. LYMAN BROS. & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents.

H. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR. Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season. People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once. Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no cough remedy has stood the test like "Downs' Elixir." Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale Everywhere.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS. Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliousness. Price 25 cents per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT. For Man and Beast. The most perfect liniment ever compounded. Price 25c, and 50c. For Sale Everywhere.

Marble Working. NOTICE! We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our large and varied stock of MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c., &c., Which for neatness, beauty of design and prices defy competition. MARBLE AND LIENSTONE POSTS, for enclosing lots. Price 25c, and 50c. Terms easy. The trade supplied. All work guaranteed. CUNNINGHAM BROS., 91 BUREY STREET.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE OF HOUSEHOLD USE. COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients, used for the purpose of raising and shortening, calculated to do the best work at least possible cost. It contains neither alum, lime, nor other deleterious substance, is so prepared as to mix readily with flour and retain its virtues for a long period. RETAILED EVERYWHERE. None genuine without the trade mark on package. 5 G

Musical Instruments. BEATTY. Pianos Another battle on high prices Raging. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying Pianos or Organs. Leading Retailer. War Circular. Lowest prices ever given. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

Provisions, &c. McGRATH & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FRUIT & PROVISIONS, 341 & 343 COMMISSIONER STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q. Consignments solicited for the sale of Pork, Lard, Hams, Eggs, Butter, Mince, Peaches, Apples, Strawberries, Potatoes, &c. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. 341.

SITUATIONS VACANT. TEACHERS WANTED.—Wanted by the R. C. Trustees, Hemmingford, two Female Teachers holding Elementary Diplomas for English and French, one for 12 months, commencing 1st August, and one for 9 months, commencing 1st September next. Salary \$18 per month. Address: P. CLANCY, Sec.-Treas., Hemmingford, 24th July, 1881. 50 1/2

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. FARM FOR SALE. That splendid farm, formerly the estate of Mgr. J. V. Vinet, and now the property of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, situated at St. Martin, on the road "du Bord de l'eau," half way between the "Pointe au Faucon" and the "Moulin du Crochet," is offered for sale. It has a front of 6 acres by a depth of 40, 30 acres of it is good wood land. It has an orchard of 550 trees, some of them already bearing fruit. For the terms of sale apply to the business office of the Episcopal Corporation at the Palace. Montreal, July 18th, 1881. 49 D

Fruit. PEACHES FOR PIES. In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe that are rather soft to use for table fruit, which we put in gallon cans without sugar, expressly for pies. As they are pared, they make very nice Peach Pies. RICHARD & ROBBINS, DOVER, DELAWARE.

A small consignment of above received by H. & R.'s Sole Consignees, and now ready for delivery to the trade. WM. JOHNSON & CO., 77 St. James Street - - MONTREAL.

Professional Cards. DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 287 ST. ANTOINE STREET. 45 C

DR. KANNON. C.M.D., M.C.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, &c. 209 St. Joseph Street, (over McGal's Drug Store.) 18-G

J. N. ROUSSEL, NOTARY PUBLIC, 34 Huntingdon, P.Q. Musical Instruments.

THE "WEBER." "All Artists give them the Preference."—New York Herald. "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."—Centennial Judges. Used in all the Leading Convents of the United States.

"There is an extraordinary richness and purity of tone—a capacity of portray feeling, and a wonderful power of expression in the Weber Piano."—ITALO COMPAGNIO, Tenor of H. M. Opera. "The wealth and fashion of the metropolis call it their piano, and not to have a Weber Piano in the drawing-room would argue lack of musical taste."—New York Tribune. "Weber's Pianos were unquestionably the best on exhibition; the Weber Grand Piano was the finest we ever touched or heard. His piano are undoubtedly the best in America, probably in the world—to-day."—CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

"As song-bird after song-bird, from the inimitable Grater to our own dear Louise Kellogg, and artist after artist leaves our shores, the last kindly adieu from the dock of the parting steamer is invariably wailed to Weber." "For many years—in fact from the time of the peerless Farapa Rosa, Nilsson, Patti, Albani, and hundreds of others—Weber has thus been singled out by them all. Surely, no doubt, this is due to his kindness to them, but mainly to that something in the tone, that extraordinary sympathetic richness of the Weber Piano which makes his instrument the special favorite of every great musician."—New York Times.

"The tone of the Weber Piano is so pure, prolonged and of such inexhaustible depth, that they sustain the voice in a wonderful degree. We not only commend them in the highest terms, but consider them the best pianos in the world."—HER MAJESTY'S ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR CANADA. NEW YORK PIANO CO., 226 & 228 St. James Street, Montreal.

MEDICAL.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF. Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums. PREPARED BY THE NATIONAL DEAF AND MUTE COLLEGE. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation can be heard without being directly in the ear. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address: H. P. PECK & CO., 555 Broadway, New York. 7-28 1/2.

RUPTURE! THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO. 334 Bowery, N.Y., and 9 South 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa., cure Rupture in from 30 to 90 days, and will pay \$1,000 for a Rupture they cannot cure. Send 25c. for Book to Dr. C. W. H. TRINNAM, General Superintendent, at either Office, and be cured. 29 G

Undertakers. CASKETS AND COFFINS. The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drew, has been bought out by the undersigned. A large assortment is now on hand and will be sold at moderate prices. Those requiring the like will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere. Burial Robes and Plates always on hand. Hearses always on hand. DANIEL SHANKS, Huntingdon, P.Q. 34 C

Farms For Sale. FOR SALE. SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS. AND ALSO City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms. Apply to TRUST & LOAN CO. of Canada, 14 St. James Street.

Baking Powder. THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER! Absolutely pure; is the best in the world. Try it and be convinced. Patronized by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise. Baker contains 1/2 lb. of Princess Baking Powder, and 1/2 lb. of Flour. Price 50c. per lb. Wholesale Agents: Teas, Cotnam & Wilson, 100 St. Peter Street, Montreal. Wm. Johnson & Co., 77 St. James St., Montreal. Jas. Pearson, 14 King St. West, Toronto. F. R. Buncher, St. John, N.B. W. L. Mackenzie, Winnipeg, Manitoba. 50 1/2

Wholesale Agents: MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. 20 Feb, 78-79. 1y

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Address: WANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 3, 80. 12-G

Miscellaneous. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-G

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUS & CO., Augusta, Maine. 7-G

\$66 a week in your own town. Term and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 7-G

NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 25 King St. West, Toronto, Ont., Wholesale Manager, authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper. 14

Church Ornaments. General Auction & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF CHURCH ORNAMENTS. STATUES &c. 252 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL. Nov 17, 80. 14 G

Medical.

LUBY'S. A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was disconsolate, but fortunately found out in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic, and beside served as a rich perfume. The remedy was LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all druggists.

FOR Semiramis, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects: it continued beautiful, flowing and glossy to the end of her life never as much as a grey hair daring to peep through it. It is probable she was acquainted with some remedy afterwards lost; but we have LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all chemists.

THE On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!" Blank who is a young man and somewhat of a beau, felt annoyed at the fact of having his grey hairs discovered, but went immediately and procured a bottle of LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER for fifty cents. The result was amazing. It is sold by all chemists.

HAIR! How common and at the same time is painful it is to see young people premature bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends. The question is, how can these things be remedied? We answer by using LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all chemists.

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FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS. Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of DR. COLLARD'S Celebrated Epileptic Pills. Dr. Collard's Epileptic Pills are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and so certain are we in guaranteeing their cure, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Pills a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for large box, \$4.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address: ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION. Positively Cured. All sufferers from this disease are anxious to be cured should try DR. KISSNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Pills. These Pills are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and so certain are we in guaranteeing their cure, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Pills a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for large box, \$4.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price. Address: ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Banks Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life. These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels, Giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World. FOR THE CURE OF Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers! It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 68 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and sets, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 11s. 2/6, and 3s. each, and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world. N. B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter. 188 W

BRAY VS. DEVINS.

THE REMARKS OF MR. JUSTICE RAINVILLE IN RENDERING JUDGMENT.

The plaintiff brought action against the defendant for the recovery of \$3,500 damages which he complained had been suffered by him under the circumstances related in his declaration, and which may be briefly resumed as follows:—

The plaintiff, Mr. Bray, having prepared a lecture on "England and Ireland," delivered the same in Montreal in December last. This lecture Mr. Devins published and the plaintiff pretends that the publication misrepresents the literary merit of the lecture and also pretends that the insertion in the pamphlet of certain advertisements of drugs and medicines injured the plaintiff by making him ridiculous in the eyes of the public. In order to show that his manuscript was valuable the plaintiff states in his declaration that an offer of \$500 was made to him for his manuscript, but was withdrawn in consequence of the appearance of the defendant's pamphlet. To all this the plea were, that it was true the defendant had printed and circulated the lecture, but that he had done so with Mr. Bray's permission and consent; that the pamphlet published by defendant is a correct report of the lecture as delivered by Mr. Bray.

As to the correctness of the pamphlet published by Mr. Devins, the Court finds that the lecture in question was read from a manuscript, and that the pamphlet was printed from the plaintiff's manuscript, and that this pamphlet is superior to the one published by Mr. Devins. The defendant's counsel had at the hearing raised the question of literary property, and argued that till such a lecture had been copyrighted the author had no exclusive right in the property in it. The Court decided in favor of the plaintiff, and held that the defendant had been given him by Mr. Bray, the proof is not satisfactory; it is true and proved that Mr. Devins previous to the lecture sent to obtain such a permission, but the answer which was given his messenger, as the latter states, was merely that Mr. Devins could not be prevented from sending a stenographer and having the lecture taken down in shorthand. There remains then only to appreciate the damages. There is some evidence which would go to show that the lecture was of very great value and that Mr. Bray had it not been for defendant's circulating the lecture, might have received large sums of money for the repetition and by the publication of the lecture. The witness McNamee speaks strongly in this sense, but there is no doubt that his evidence is greatly exaggerated. On the contrary the preponderance of proof on this point is to the effect that such lectures are not as a rule remunerative. Then as to the offers which the witness McNamee says he made for the lecture, and afterwards withdrew in consequence of the issue of the Devins' pamphlet, the evidence is very contradictory. However, the Court considered that the plaintiff was entitled to some damages and condemns defendant to pay plaintiff \$200 real damages, and \$100 on account of the injury incident on the insertion of the advertisements complained of.

THE OKA INDIANS.

On Sunday last a meeting of the Indians of Oka was held in the village to discuss the arrangements being made by the Government and the Seminary of St. Sulpice agent their transfer to the district of Muskoka. Over 25,000 acres of land have been purchased from the Ontario Government in the township of Gibson, in the Muskoka district, for their special benefit and use. This tract of land is twenty times as large as the one on which they are settled at Oka, so that they leave but little behind them to gain a good deal in their new settlement. Besides they will be remunerated for any improvements which they may have made on their old homes.

These advantages, even coming from the Seminary, were not to be despised by the Oka Indians, who have so often given proofs of animosity against their benefactors; they were readily and unanimously accepted by the Indians. The Seminary will, moreover, pay the costs which will be incurred in bringing them to their new settlement. They number some 120 families, of which number there are about 80 Protestants. On their arrival in Muskoka they will find new houses built for them, food for the first 15 days, or longer if required, and all free of expense. No wonder, therefore, that the meeting was unanimous in accepting their new situation.

THE PERILS OF THE TRACK.

COLLISION ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—FIVE PERSONS LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY—THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

St. Thomas, Sept. 29.—About 10 o'clock this morning a collision occurred on the Air Line Railway, about two miles west of Aylmer, between the east-bound freight train and an excursion train coming west. Mr. Walsmsley, driver of the engine of the excursion train, and his son, the fireman, also a young man named Cook, porter at the Manson House, Aylmer, and two passengers from the east, whose names are not yet ascertained, were instantly killed. Charles Chesborough, the driver of the engine of the freight train, was dangerously injured. Several passengers were seriously injured, who were immediately removed. Both locomotives were badly broken up. Five passenger cars and one freight car smashed to atoms. The second passenger car was completely telescoped into the third. The scene at the wreck is one of great confusion. The cause of the accident is said to be the fault of the conductor and driver of the excursion train, who had orders to hold the train at Aylmer, but failed to do so.

The following are the names of the dead and wounded as far as can be learned:—Wm Cook, Aylmer, killed; young man named Hines, from Jarvis, killed; man from Delhi, name unknown, killed; Walsmsley and son, engineer and fireman, both buried under the debris of the engine. A large number were injured, but it is impossible to get all the names at present. Mr. Chesborough, the driver, is lying dangerously wounded at the house of a farmer; his case is critical. Frank Morrison, Aylmer, jaw broken in two places and injured internally. Stanley, from Copenhagen, fatally injured. About 2 o'clock a conveyance was secured and the dead removed to Aylmer.

The cause of the collision is at present involved in a doubt. The driver of the freight train had orders to pass to Aylmer, and the driver of the excursion train had orders not to leave Aylmer until the freight passed. Why the latter disobeyed this order cannot be learned.

to be coming at full speed, making no effort to stop, and must have had two miles straight view. He says the freight train was at nearly a dead stop, and kept up a furious whistling for some time.

The names of the wounded are as follows: Mr. Dennis and wife, Bay City, Mich, badly hurt, stopping at T. Michael's, Aylmer; Elias Adams and wife, Malahide, slightly injured; R. P. Black Vienna, slightly; a young lady from Bay City, Mich, stopping at Heafman's, Aylmer, slightly; Charles Brown and daughter, 4th concession, Malahide, slightly.

The special train was ordered to meet No. 32 freight at Aylmer, and when they arrived Conductor Maxwell went into the telegraph office to get orders concerning the freight train. The operator being busy selling tickets came up to Walsmsley and told him all right, and on he went.

One car has not yet been reached by the rescuing party, and fears are entertained that some bodies are still to be found. The bulk of the passengers were fortunately in the rear end of the train, otherwise the effects of the collision must have been much more serious.

TWO AFFECTIONATE RIVALS.

There were several men clustered round the stove in the back room of a Galveston saloon, and some were up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous of each other than any other class; that they never had a good word for each other, etc. A long haired youth, with a solemn look, spoke up, and heaving a sigh, said he had had some experience with editors, and he found them the reverse of jealous of each other; that a Texas editor was always willing to deny himself comforts for the benefit of a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?" "It happened in a western Texas town where I lived," sighed the young man. "I had dashed off a little poem of ten or fifteen stanzas about 'Beautiful Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—the Bugle and the Trombone. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies and I thought I'd let the Trombone publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter. "I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the Trombone he said the editor of the Bugle had a large family, and that he would prefer it would appear in the Bugle, as personally he loved the editor of the Bugle. I went then to the Bugle man, and he said the editor of the Trombone was his warmest personal friend, and that he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back.

"So, owing to the love those two editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of their papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of distress," and once more the long haired poet sighed like a bee-lieu.

There was a pause and the old man with a frost-bitten nose drawled out: "Ye never tried them same editors with a cash advertisement, did yer?" The poet answered in the negative, whereat the audience significantly nodded their heads winked and at each other.—Galveston News.

BLESWAN AS A FEE.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor R— used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote:— One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman. "Be you the Squire?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes sir." "Can you tie the knot for us right away?" "Yes, sir." "How much do you charge?" "One dollar is the legal fee, sir." "Yes, sir, if you can't pay cash." "Well, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax."

"No," said the Squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you." Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched his horse, upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed its value was found to be only sixty cents.

"Wall," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week." "No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of the office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying: "Come Sall, let's go." "I say mister," answered Sall, with a woman's will. "Can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?" "Yes, I can and will," replied the Squire, laughing, and he did.—Youth's Companion

Labor is so scarce in Ottawa that the agent of the French Phosphate Mining Company was obliged on Sunday to stand at the doors of the Roman Catholic Church at Hull and offer advanced rates for 200 men to work in the mines.

The British Board of Customs is endeavoring to prevent the introduction of the Colorado beetle into England. A fright has been caused by the rumor that Irishmen in the West were gathering potato beetles and securing them in small boxes for transportation to England, where they were to be turned loose to prey upon English crops.

CURIOSITY HAS OFTEN BEEN EXCITED by the name Thomas' Electric Oil. What does Electric mean? ask the enquirers. In answer, we would say it is a word coined from two Greek derivatives, meaning selected and electric, or rendered electric. The reason for its choice is this: The oils, six in number, which are its constituents are selected with the utmost care for their purity and medicinal value. The article is purified or rendered electric by contact with and rubbing the skin when applied outwardly. The preparation is one, however, which is as reliable for internal as external use, and since it contains only ingredients with perfect confidence that it will produce no other than a beneficial effect. It is used with signal success for rheumatism, throat and lung complaints, neuralgia, piles, stiffness of the joints, scalds, burns, &c., as well as for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared by NORRIS & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1881.

Sterling Exchange was quiet at 8 to 8 1/2 premium for round amounts of 60-day bills, 8 1/2 counter, and 8 1/2 demand. Documentary 7 1/2 to 7 3/4. Drafts on New York were drawn at 3/4 to 1/2 prem. Money loaned on stocks at 5 per cent.

The stock market this a.m. was generally easier. Montreal, Commerce and Ontario declined 1/2; Montreal Telegraph 1/4; Ritchie 1/2 and Gas 1/2 per cent. At noon City Passenger was 2 1/2 higher in bid at 132 1/2 bid, 133 1/2 asked and Bank of Montreal stood at 200 bid, 200 1/2 asked.

Morning Stock Sales.—25 Bank of Montreal 200 1/2; 85 do 200; 120 do 200; 110 do 200; 75 do 200; 85 Ontario 122; 50 do 122; 50 do 122; 74 Montreal, 115; 25 Ville Marie 97 1/2; 145 Commerce 145 1/2; 450 do 145; 29 Dominion Telegraph 99; 84 Montreal Telegraph 130; 25 do 129 1/2; 205 do 129 1/2; 35 Ritchie 124; 25 Gas 143; 1,000 Corporation 6 per cent stock, 115.

This p.m. the stock market was weaker for Montreal and lower for Commerce. At the close Bank of Montreal stood at 193 1/2 bid, Merchants' at 124 1/2; Ontario 72 1/2; Commerce at 144 1/2; Gas at 143; City Passenger 132 1/2; and Ritchie at 53 1/2 bid.

Afternoon sales.—125 Montreal 200; 45 do 193 1/2; 25 Commerce 145 1/2; 275 do 144 1/2; 15 Ontario 122; 25 do 122; 100 do 122; 10 Toronto, 162 1/2; 50 Montreal Telegraph, 129 1/2; 340 Ritchie, 53; 53 do 53 1/2; 50 do 53 1/2; 250 Gas, 143.

New York, Oct. 4, 1 p.m.—Stocks weaker and lower. Am. Ex., 92; C. S., 68; D. & L., 125 1/2; Erie, 87; Ill. C., 90; J. C., 93; N. P., 38 1/2; pfd., 78 1/2; N. W., 124 1/2; pfd., 134; N. Y. C., 140; R. I., 133 1/2; St. P., 111; pfd., 124 1/2; W. U., 96 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Most departments of the wholesale trade continued seasonably active during the past week. The iron trade has been excited by advancing prices in Europe, which has sent out nails up to 100 per keg, and Bessemer steel 25c per 100 lbs, and still higher rates for pig and finished iron may be looked for before long. Wool is firmer, and there is a better feeling in this staple. In the grocery line we notice an active enquiry for Valencia raisins, the crops not having turned out so well as anticipated. Within the past few days sales have aggregated 25,000 boxes at 8 1/2c to 8 3/4c. The breadstuffs markets have been vigorously moving upwards under pressure of a heavy speculative and consumptive demand at Chicago, and to all appearances bread will be dear enough this winter all over the world.

GRAIN.—Our grocery market appears very animated and the out-turn of general merchandise must be very large at present. In each line of staple business the market shows symptoms of improvement. Sugars.—Very heavy transactions are reported, and, from indications, there will probably be a stronger market next month. We quote: Granulated, 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c; Yellow, 7 1/2c to 9c; Raw, good to bright, 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c.—An active demand prevails for all grades of tea above 35c, and invoices of new goods at 40c to 45c command ready sale. Good values are obtainable at from 2 1/2c to 3c. Japan, common, 2 1/2c to 2 5/8c; good common to medium, 2 1/2c to 3c; fair to good, 3 1/4c to 4 1/2c; fine to choice, 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c. Nagasaki, 2 1/2c to 3c; Young hyson firsts 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c; seconds, 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c; thirds, 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c; fourths, 2 1/2c to 3c; Gunpowder, low grades, 3 1/2c to 4c; good to fine, 5 1/2c to 6c; finest, 6 1/2c to 7c; Imperial, medium to good, 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c; fine to finest, 4 1/2c to 5c; Twankay, common to good, 2 1/2c to 3c; Oolong, common, 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c; good to choice, 4 1/2c to 5c; Congou, common, 2 1/2c to 3c; medium to good, 3 1/2c to 4c; fine to finest, 4 1/2c to 5c; Souchong, common, 2 1/2c to 3c; medium to good, 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c; fine to choice, 5 1/2c to 7c. Coffee.—We learn of but very few transactions, and at prices altogether in favor of buyers. We quote: Maracibo, 21c to 23c; cape, 19c to 20c; Jamaica, 18c to 20c; Rio, 18c to 20c; Singapore and Ceylon, 22c to 24c; chicory, 12c to 12 1/2c; Green mocha, 34c to 38c; Java, 23c to 28c.

SPICES.—Continue firm all round and transactions to a considerable extent are reported. Cassia, per lb, 13c to 18c; mace, 90c to \$1; cloves, 40c to 50c; Jamaica ginger, lb, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Cochina ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 15c to 17c; pimento, 17c to 18c; mustard, 4 lb jars, 19c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmeg, unlimited, 85c to 95c; limes, 65c to 90c.

SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.—The demand is brightening up for both syrups and molasses and we notice sales of one cargo of molasses on p. t. Bright, 60c to 65c; medium, 55c to 58c; fair, 48c to 52c. Molasses—Barbadoes 56c to 58c; Trinidad, 46c to 50c; sugar houses, 35c to 37.

Dry Goods.—Travellers are preparing to start on their usual fall sorting trip with good prospects. Wholesale houses are well employed though none report any very extra demand for goods just now. The fall trade as a whole, however, has shown fair proportions and some leading enterprising houses report an increase in business last year ranging from 35 to 50 per cent. Just at the moment remittances are not giving every satisfaction, but strong hopes of an immediate improvement in that regard are entertained. Prices of Canadian textile fabrics are all firm with higher prices asked for some lines of cottons. The city retail dry goods and millinery houses are doing a fair trade.

FRUITS.—Market firm and fairly active. Currants 7c to 7 1/2c. Valencia, 8 1/2c to 9 1/2c; layers, \$2.25 to \$2.50; London layers, \$2.70 to \$2.80; loose muscatel, box, \$2.30 to \$2.40; seedless, 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c; prunes, 5 1/2c to 6c; S. S. Tarragona, 15c to 16c; walnuts, French, 9 1/2c to 10c; filberts, 10c to 11c.

DRESSES & CHEMISSES.—There is rather more enquiry for heavy goods, but business is only moderate. We quote: Bl. carb soda at \$3.10 \$3.20 soda ash, \$1.50 to \$1.65; bi-chromate of potash, 1 1/2c to 1 1/2c box, 17c to 18c; cream tartar crystals, 20c to 30c; ditto ground, 31c to 33c; caustic soda, \$2.40 to 2.50; sugar of lead, 13c to 15c; bleaching powder, \$1.50 to \$1.75; alum, \$1.75 to \$2.00; copperas, 100 lbs, 90c to \$1; four sulphur, \$2.90 to 3.25; epsom salts, \$1.30 to 1.50; sal soda, 90c to \$1.10; saltpetre, per keg, \$9.50 to 10; sulphate of copper, 5 1/2c to 7c; whitening, 55c to 60c; quinine, \$3.15; morphia, \$2.40 to \$2.55; castor oil, 10c; shellac, 42c to 45c; opium, \$1.75 to \$5.

LEATHER.—The finer grades of sole continue in demand, but business is only moderately active as a whole. Hemlock Spanish sole, No 1, B A, 25c to 27c; ordinary, 24 1/2c to 25 1/2c; No 2, B A, 23c

to 24 1/2c; No 2, ordinary, 22 1/2c to 23 1/2c; Buffalo sole, No 1, 21c to 23c; No 2, 19c to 21c; hemlock slaughter, No 1, 27c to 29c; waxed upper, light and medium, 26c to 29c; splits, large, 25c to 30c; small, 22c to 25c; calfskins (27 to 36 lbs), 60c to 80c; do (18 to 26 lbs), 60c to 70c; Harness, 25c to 34c; buff, 14c to 16c; pebble, 12 1/2c to 15c; rough, 26c to 28c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Factories are still fully employed, although the sorting trade has not yet commenced. Prices steady and unchanged. We quote: Men's split boots, \$1.75 to \$2.25; do, split brogans, \$1 to \$1 10; do buff congress, \$1 80 to 2.25; do kip boots, \$2 50 to 3 25; do cowhide boots, \$2 30 to 2 35; women's split balmorals, 80c and \$1; do pebble and buff balmorals, \$1 10 and 1 40; do prunella, 50c to \$1 60; Misses' buff and pebble balmorals, 90c to \$1.15.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Further intelligence has been received from Europe regarding the strong feeling there, and quoting advances in pig-iron, finished bars, galvanized sheets, ingot iron and steel. The market here is firmer throughout for iron, stocks being generally light. Hardware is steady with fair movement, and nails have risen 10c. The following are revised quotations:—Pig iron, per ton, Coltness, \$22 to \$22.50; Siemens, \$21 to \$22; Gartsherr, \$22 to \$22.50; Summerville, \$20 to \$22.50; Langdon, \$22 to \$25.00; Eglington, \$20.00 to 21.00; Carnbroe, \$21 to 21.50. Bars per 100 lbs, Siemens, \$2 to 2.25; Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1.90; Best ditto \$2.15 to 2.25; Swede, \$4 25 to 4 60; Norway, \$4 00 to 5 00; Lowmoor & Bowling, \$5 25 to 7 00. Canada plates, per box: Hatton \$5.25; other brands, \$5.25 to \$5.50; Tin Plates, per box: charcoal, \$5.50; ditto, I. X., \$7.50; ditto, C. S., ditto, D. X., \$7.00; I. X., \$5.50 to 5.75; Ditto Sheets No. 26, charcoal, \$10.50 to 11; Galvanized Sheets No. 28, best, \$7 to 7.50; Hoops and Bands, per 100 lbs \$2 35 to 2.50; Sheets, best brands, \$2.85; Boiler Plates, \$3 00 to \$3 50.

Russia Sheet Iron per lb, 12 1/2c. Lead, pig, per 100 lbs \$4 25; do sheet, 5 50; do bar, \$5 to \$5 50; do shot, \$5 50 to 6 00; Steel cast, per lb, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c; do Springs, per 100 lbs \$3.75 to \$4.00; do Wire, \$3.50 to \$4.00; do Sleigh Shoe, \$3.25 to \$2.00; Ingot Tin, \$26 to \$27. Ingot Copper, \$17 25 to \$18.50. Sheet Zinc per 100 lbs, \$5 40 to 5 50; spelter, \$5 25 to \$5 50. Hops, per bush, 100 lbs \$4 25 to \$4 50. Proved Oil chain, 1/2 inch, \$5 00; Iron Wire, No. 6, per bbl, \$1.60 to 1.70. Cut Nails.—Prices, net cash within 30 days or 4 months note, 10 d to 60 d; Hot Cut, American or Canada Pattern, \$2.55 per keg; 8 d and 9 d, Hot Cut, do, \$2.70 per keg; 6 d and 7 d, Hot Cut, do, \$2.95 per keg; 4 d and 5 d, Hot Cut, American Pattern, \$3.20 per keg; 3 d, Hot Cut, do, \$3.95 per keg; 3 c, Fine, Hot Cut, \$5.45 per keg; 4 d to 5 d, Cold Cut, Canada Pattern, 2.95; 3 day, Cold Cut, Canada Pattern, \$3.45.

WOOL.—The market is still fairly active for fine wools and firm. Greasy Cape, on this market, is firmer at 19c to 21c; Australian, 23c to 30c; Canadian pulled, super, 34c to 35c; B super, 30c to 32c; No 1 28c; No 2 26c.

Hides are steady at \$10, \$9.00 and \$8.00 for Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Sheepskins, 80c to 85c; calfskins, 12c.

Ons.—Newfoundland cod is quiet at 45c to 47 1/2c.

PETROLEUM is steady and active. Car lots are quoted at 23 1/2c to 24c, and single bbl. lots at 25 1/2c to 26c.

SALT.—The market continues firm. Coarse is quoted at 5 1/2c to 6c. Factory filed, \$1 to \$1.10.

FISH.—Herrings are worth \$5 to \$5.25 per bbl; dry cod, \$4, and green, \$3.80. No 2 mackerel, \$5.00 to \$5.25.

Flour, per bbl.—Superior Extra, \$6.85; Extra Superior, \$6.75; Spring Extra, \$6.70 to \$6.75; Superior, \$6.10 to \$6.25; Strong Bakers, \$6.75 to 7.50; Fine, \$5.40 to 5.50; Middlings, \$4.75 to \$5; Pollards, \$4.30 to \$4.50; Ontario Bats, \$3.20 to 3.30; City Bags (delivered), \$3.65 to 3.75.

Cheese is quiet at 12c to 13c. Eggs are firmer at 18 1/2c to 19c for fresh. The supply is limited as a quantity has been bought up in various districts for pickling purposes.

Butter is inactive and unchanged. We quote as follows:—Creamery, finest, 2 1/2c to 2 5/8c; medium to fine, 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; Eastern Townships, finest, 2 1/4c to 2 1/2c; medium to fine, 2 1/2c to 2 1/4c; Morrisburg, finest, 2 1/4c to 2 1/2c; ditto, to fine, 1 1/2c to 2c; Brockville, finest, 1 1/2c to 2c; medium to fine, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c; Western, finest, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c; medium to fine, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c.

Mess pork quiet at \$3 to \$2.4. Receipts here to-day:—Wheat, 11,200 bushels; peas, 55,147 do; oats, 1,650 do; rye, 800 do; flour, 5,120 bbls; meal, 500 do; ashes, 31 do; butter, 1,595 pkgs; cheese, 1,773 boxes; lard, 144 pkgs; hams, 91; bacon, 751; leather, 237 rolls; spirits, 69 casks.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.—Oct. 4. There was a good supply of green stuff on the leading public markets and also of roots, and prices were in general steady to firm. More buckwheat was under offer than for some time, and it sold at \$1.20 to \$1.25 per two bushel bag, while good, clean oats brought \$1 and even a trifle more. About a dozen buyers from leading Western American cities were on the lookout for potatoes and cabbages for export, but they say prices are too high to do much business as yet. Blueberries are about out of the market. The few boxes left were selling to-day at 75c.

FLOUR, per 100 lbs, \$3 55 to 3 60; oatmeal, do, \$2 50; cornmeal, do, \$1 60 to 1 65; moulie, do, \$1 70 to 1 80; bran, per 100 lbs, \$1 00.

GRAIN.—Oats, per bag, \$1 00; peas, per bush, \$1 to 1.10; beans, per bush, \$1.60 to \$2.25; buckwheat, per bag, \$1.20 to 1.25.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bushel, 65c to 70c; carrots, per bushel, 50c; onions per bushel, 75c; Montreal cabbages, per 100, \$2.50 to \$3; indigo, per dozen, 50c; celery, per dozen, 30c; cauliflower, new, per dozen, \$2 to 2.50; Montreal turnip, new, per bushel, 50c; cucumbers, per dozen, 10c; Montreal tomatoes per bushel, 75c; marrow each, 10c; beets per bushel, 50c; sweet corn per dozen, 10c to 12c; spinach, 75c per bushel.

FRUIT.—Apples per barrel, \$1 25 to \$3 00; Concord grapes, 5c; Delaware, 8c; peaches, \$1.75 per basket; cranberries, 50c per gal. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Poor to choice print butter, per lb, 25c to 30c; tub butter, per lb, 20c to 22c; Eggs, now laid, per dozen, 25c; packed, 16c to 18c.

60c; mashingoe, per lb, 12c to 15c; sword fish, per lb, 12 1/2c to 15c.

MONTEAL CATTLE MARKET.—Oct. 3. The market to-day presented a livelier appearance, the September "corner" in ocean cattle freights being over. The demand for export cattle was not large, but drovers had less difficulty in obtaining fair prices for their stock. Freight space is now offered at \$2 as against about \$3.10 a week ago. Mr. P. Ryan reported the sale of a load of good cattle weighing 1,350 lbs at 5 1/2c, and Mr. Hugh Kelly sold two lots of cattle, one at a fraction over 5c and the other at about 4 1/2c. For only middling cattle, which constituted the bulk of the offerings, it was difficult to obtain much over 4 1/2c, and we quote 4c to 5c as the range for medium to choice. At the lower market inferior to good butchers' stock was selling at 2 1/2c to 4 1/2c. Fat sheep were quoted at 4 1/2c to 5c, and hogs at 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c. The following drovers were on the market:—E. Devlin, Ottawa; J. F. Wilder, Lennoxville; J. McLaughlan, Toronto; J. Campbell, Montreal; J. Benoit, do; P. Ryan, Eastern Townships; James Eakins, Port Hope; S. Price, Montreal; M. Featherstone, Toronto, 1 load of cattle each. James McKay had 113 sheep and R. Cochrane, 60 sheep under offer.

The estimated receipts by rail for past week are:—Cattle, 1,600; sheep, 1,500; hogs, 400; horses, 44.

WORTHLESS STUFF. Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy."—Philadelphia Press.

HONESTY OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES. On the arrival of the "rain in Quebec on Wednesday last on the Eastern Division of the Occidental Railway, that brought a large number of people to attend the political picnic, given in honor of the Hon. A. P. Caron, a passenger lost his pocket-book containing three hundred dollars and was in a sad way, explaining to Mr. Burke, the esteemed and efficient agent of the Company, his misfortune, when the car foreman, Mr. P. Pearson, went and got a lamp, searched, and found it on the outside platform of a first-class car. He returned with it at once and gave it to the lucky owner, whose feelings can be better imagined than described. Mr. Pearson's honesty is becoming proverbial, having found briefcases and many articles of value in the cars which he promptly returned to the rightful owners. Quite recently he picked up in one of the cars a valuable gold brooch very highly prized by an old lady, who in expressing her gratitude, promised to reward his honesty by bringing the circumstances under the notice of the manager of the road.

Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Dear Sir:—My business has been that of an engraver and carver in wood. Owing to confinement to ill-ventilated rooms my health gradually declined, when I was unable any longer to prosecute my business. At this time I was suffering from great prostration of strength, extreme indigestion and disordered liver. My usual weight was 135 pounds, but I had become so much emaciated that I weighed but 109 pounds. In the early part of May last I commenced taking the PURSUN Syrup, and almost immediately felt its tonic and invigorating influence. In the course of four months I used four bottles. My weight this day is 149 pounds. I have neither liver complaint nor indigestion, but consider myself in a perfect state of health, and in good spirits. JAMES MORSE, Charlestown, Mass.

DIED. CRONSHAW.—In this city on the 25th inst. of consumption, Mr. Robert Cronshaw, aged 31 years.

WANTED—AT ST. SOPHIE, GO. TERREBONNE, P.Q., one Female Teacher capable of teaching French and English languages, with Elementary School Diploma. For further information address, JOHN JOA. CARNEY, Sec. Treas. School Commissioners.

MEN AND BOYS! MEN AND BOYS! MEN AND BOYS! To-morrow we offer special inducements in all sorts of Men's and Boys' Furnishing Goods, such as:— WINTER UNDERWEAR, KID AND CLOTH GLOVES, WHITE AND COLORED SHIRTS, FLANNEL AND JERSEY SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SILK AND LINEN HANKERCHIEFS, NECK TIES AND SCARFS, STOCKINGS AND SOCKS. REMEMBER! REMEMBER! REMEMBER! It is worth remembering that the Store to see the largest variety of Wool Underwear and other Gent's Furnishing Goods is S. CARSLY'S 399 NOTRE DAME ST. Exactly Opposite Mr. Hart's Drug Store.

People say they save a great deal of money on our Gent's Furnishing Goods compared with what other stores charge.

CARSLY'S MILLINERY ROOM! Now on show the PARIS PATTERN BONNETS. CARSLY'S MILLINERY ROOM Has now on show the finest assortment of Trimmed Hats and Bonnets. NEW MATERIALS! NEW FEATHERS! NEW FLOWERS!