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VOL. XXXII.—NO. 6.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1881.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE DEAD PRESIDENT. — EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY — UNIVERSAL CONDOLENCE! — THE FUNERAL.

A Large and Representative Attendance—
Resolutions of Sympathy and Condolence—
A Civic Deputation to Attend the
Funeral of the President.

In answer to the call of the Mayor a large number of the most influential citizens of the Metropolis gathered in the Mechanics' Hall on Thursday to pass resolutions of condolence with the noble widow of the late President, and of sympathy with the American people in their national loss.

At fifteen minutes past three, as it was learned that it would be impossible for the Mayor to put in an appearance, Mr. Ald. Proctor, the Acting Mayor, was called upon to preside, and Mr. Glackmeyer, the City Clerk, to act as Secretary.

Among those present we noticed the following gentlemen:—The American Consul, Mr. Smith; M. P. Ryan, M. P., O. J. Courso, Mr. Ald. Proctor, Mr. Ald. Kennedy, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Nelson and A. Perry, D. McCready, P. Murphy, Rev. Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Glackmeyer, City Clerk; Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Hon. J. S. Huntington, Ex-Mayor Rivard, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, and Rev. Gavin Lang, Ald. Mooney.

The Chairman in opening the proceedings said that it was scarcely necessary to explain the object for which they had assembled in this hall. He would leave to more eloquent speakers the task of giving vent to the sorrow and sympathy which are felt under these solemn and sad circumstances.

Mr. HENSHAW then rose to propose the resolution of the mournful occasion. He said that there was no event which had happened within their recollection which had caused such deep and universal sorrow than the death of President Garfield.

He was followed by Sir HUGH ALLAN who spoke in brief and appropriate terms of the great loss which had befallen the American people.

Mr. COURSO, M. P., said it was a painful duty for him to have to second such a resolution, for the late President was a man who could have served his country for years to come. He had been cut down by the hands of an assassin and now the heart of mankind was sunk in grief over the mournful event.

The Chairman then put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Moved by Mr. F. W. HENSHAW, President of the Board of Trade, seconded by Sir HUGH ALLAN and C. J. COURSO, M. P., and

Resolved, That the citizens of Montreal of all origins and denominations, having learned with profound regret of the death of the President of the United States of America, hereby desire to express their heartfelt sympathy with the people and Government of that country, in the sad calamity which has befallen them, and also their abhorrence and detestation of a crime that has resulted in the death of one to whom all people looked with such high expectations. That it is the earnest wish and prayer of the people of Montreal that the widow of the late President Garfield may be comforted and sustained by an all-wise Providence in her sore bereavement. That as a further mark of sympathy it is earnestly recommended that all public offices and places of business be closed from the hours of two o'clock to four on Monday next, that being the time appointed for the funeral of the late President of the United States.

The second resolution, by which the Mayor and Aldermen were requested to attend the funeral of the President, was as follows:

Mr. JOHN KERRY moved, seconded by Rev. J. F. STEVENSON:

That as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late President, and of sympathy with the bereaved members of his family, His Worship the Mayor and as many of the Aldermen who can leave the city be requested to attend the funeral of the President, as a deputation from the city of Montreal.

Carried unanimously.

At this juncture His Worship Mayor Beaudry arrived and took the place of Ald. Proctor in the chair.

The Rev. Dr. STEVENSON made an eloquent and touching speech. He was followed by the Hon. Mr. Lynch and by Mr. Henry Lyman, when the proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks being passed to the Mayor.

appropriate and feeling remarks in support of their motions:—

"That the members of the Irish Catholic societies of Montreal have learned with deep and heartfelt regret of the death, by the hand of an assassin, of the late President of the United States, James A. Garfield; and that this meeting of the representatives of the various societies, together assembled, takes this opportunity of expressing their detestation of the cowardly act which has deprived a great country of a wise and intelligent ruler and chief magistrate, and has bereft a good wife of her kind husband and children of the watchful care of a faithful father."

The officers of the societies represented also desire to convey their sympathy to the people of the United States in their bereavement which has taken from them their ruler whose short term of service has been characterized by generous treatment of all classes.

It was also resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Secretary of State and to Mrs. Garfield, and further, that the flags of the various Irish Catholic societies be kept half mast until after the interment of the deceased President.

Copies of these resolutions were also ordered to be transmitted to the press for publication.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

In accordance with the resolution passed at the public meeting of citizens held last Thursday to give expression to the deep sympathy and sorrow felt by our people on the occasion of the death of President Garfield, a large number of stores and other places of business were closed this afternoon between the hours of two and four o'clock, during which time the solemn obsequies of the departed President were being held at Cleveland, O. Besides the general suspension of business, the city gave other evidence of its sympathy for the family of the honored deceased and of the high respect and deep esteem in which it held the ruler of the American people, by the tolling of the bells of its various churches and by firing the minute gun during these two hours of deep mourning.

A large number of buildings are draped in black and the portrait of the President is to be seen everywhere surrounded with all the emblems of deep mourning.

The United States Customs office at the Bonaventure Depot is very tastefully decorated with crepe in honor of the deceased President.

All the courts were closed at two o'clock this afternoon, out of respect to the memory of the late President Garfield.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following is a copy of the letters of condolence which the Lieut.-Governor and the Premier of the Province of Quebec, addressed yesterday to the Government at Washington:—

Hon. J. G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Accept from our people, and please convey to Mrs. Garfield my sincere condolence in the sore calamity which deprives you of your chief and her of a loving husband.

L. A. ROBERTS, Lieut. Governor.

Hon. J. G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

For the Government and people of the Province of Quebec, I take the first opportunity which I can officially do so to respectfully tender to your Government and people the expressions of our profound sorrow in the terrible calamity that has befallen your country. Mrs. Garfield and family have the intense sympathy of all our people.

J. A. CHAPLEAU, Premier.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 24.—When the funeral train arrived the casket was placed in a hearse draped in heavy mourning outside and with small American flags inside, and was drawn by four black horses, with black broadcloth neck and body blankets trimmed with a deep silver fringe. Colored grooms led each horse by a black and white cord extending from the mouth piece. First to alight from the train were General Sherman and staff in full uniform. Mrs. Garfield passed down the platform leaning on the arm of her son and accompanied by Blaine. She was closely veiled, but her face could be easily seen. She had a firm, somewhat careworn expression, but exhibited her remarkable strength of character as she passed through the throngs about the depot. As soon as the casket was deposited in the hearse the church bells commenced tolling, which continued until it reached the public square. The escort from the depot to the pavilion in the square consisted of the Oriental Knight Templars of Cleveland, Holyrod Commandery, Cleveland, and Columbia Commandery Knight Templars, Washington. Garfield was a member of this commandery. The crowd, very large, extended two and three blocks in either direction from the station. Perfect order prevailed, however, every one appearing to realize the solemnity of the occasion.

The following State Governors are here to attend at the obsequies:—Hawkins, Tennessee; Foster, Ohio; Jackson, West Virginia; Jerome, Michigan; Hoyt, Pennsylvania; Porter, Indiana; Farnham, Vermont; Cornell, New York; Pitkin, Colorado. The following Mayors of cities are here:—Bulkeley, Hartford; Mears, Cincinnati; Thompson, Detroit; Lyon, Pittsburg; Harrison, Chicago; Beaudry, Montreal; McKerrill, Toronto; Peters, Columbus, and Lane, Akron.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—Father, professor and pupil of the Jesuit College of St. Ignace, 500 strong, have applied for a position in the funeral procession on Monday in memory of Garfield. This action is believed to be unprecedented in this country at least.

CHICAGO, O., Sept. 28.—Promptly at half-past ten o'clock the ceremonies at the pavilion began. The immediate members of the family and near relatives and friends took seats about the casket, and at each corner, was stationed a member of the Cleveland Grays,

each of whom stood like a statue during the entire programme. The committee members about the pavilion were almost cloaked in crape. Dr. J. P. Robinson, president of the ceremonies, announced that the exercises be opened with the singing of Beethoven's Funeral Hymn by the Cleveland Vocal Society. Scriptural selections were then read by Bishop Bedell, of the Episcopal diocese of Ohio.

The Rev. Ross C. Houghton, pastor First M. E. Church, then prayed, after which the Rev. Isaac Erett, of Cincinnati, preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text, "And the archers shot at King Josiah, and the King said to his servants, 'Have me away, for I am sore wounded.' His servants therefore took him out of that chariot, and put him in the second chariot that he had, and they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers. And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah. And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing men and singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel: and behold they are written in the lamentations. Now the rest of the acts of Josiah, and his goodness, according to that which was written in the law of the Lord, and his deeds, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah." "For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and staff, the whole stay of bread, and whole stay of water, the mighty man, and the man of war, the judges, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of the fifty and the honorable man, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator."

"The voice said, Cry, and he said, 'What shall I cry?' All flesh is grass, and all the greenness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, as the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is as grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Rev. Jabez Hall then read Garfield's favorite hymn, which was beautifully sung by the vocal society. At 11.45 Dr. Chas. Pomeroy delivered the final prayer and benedictions.

There were a few moments of commotion and preparation, the Marine Band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the funeral procession moved from Monumental Park five minutes before twelve. The time occupied in moving the casket from the pavilion to the funeral car was about fifteen minutes. A corps of marines from the U. S. steamer "Michigan" formed parallel lines from the east side of the pavilion to the east entry to the park, through which the casket was borne on the shoulders of U. S. artillerymen, under the command of Lieutenant Weaver, to the funeral car, followed by the mourners, who took seats in carriages. Grandma Garfield bore the services remarkably well, as did the widow of the President. The military presented a magnificent sight. Every available place for witnessing the funeral line on Euclid Avenue was utilized. The Ash-tabula Battery, stationed along the line of march, divided into two sections three miles apart, and fired minute guns as the funeral procession passed. The State militia were stationed at the entrance to the cemetery and on either side of the driveway leading to the vault, where, at Mrs. Garfield's request, it was decided to place the remains. At 3.30 the procession entered the gateway, the Marine Band coming first, and continuing the mourning strains it had. Then came the Forest City troop, of Cleveland, which was to escort the President to his inauguration.

Behind it came the funeral car with an escort, followed by a battalion of Knight Templars and Cleveland Grays. The mourners' carriage and those containing the guard of honor comprised all the procession that entered the grounds. The car drew up in front with the mourners' carriage and those of the Cabinet behind. The band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee." As the military escort lifted the coffin from the car and carried it into the vault, the local committee of reception, Secretary Blaine, Marshal Henry and one or two personal friends standing on either side of the entrance; Rev. J. E. Jones, Chaplain of Garfield's regiment, made a few remarks.

A Latin ode from Horace was then rendered by German singing societies, after which Dr. Robinson announced the late President's favorite hymn, "Ho, reapers of life's harvest," which was sung with marked effect. The exercises closed with the benediction and prayer, by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College. Re-entering the carriage, the mourners drove back to the city. The military and Masonic escort left the cemetery in the same order in which they entered. It will probably be but a few days until the final interment takes place. The date used to lay the coffin on in the vault was covered with velvet trimmed with broadcloth and deep fringe. At the head of the vault in the background, over the head of the coffin, hangs a floral wreath given by Mrs. Garfield.

The opening of the scholastic year in the Quebec Seminary is the occasion, as many of our readers know, for an examination of new arrivals, so that advanced students may not lose time by being placed in classes, through whose courses they have been guided by outside instruction. It gives us great pleasure to be able to state that Master McKnight, son of Mr. Patrick W. McKnight, coachmaker, of this city, upon his examination in French and Latin, has been thought worthy of skipping three classes and entering on his Seminary studies *en sine*. This is equivalent to an advance of three years. His proficiency in Latin is due to Professor Decker, and for French to the same Professor in connection with the Rev. Brothers of the Commercial Academy. *—Quebec Chronicle.*

The New York Herald is at war with Jay Gould.

Latest Irish Mail News.

[From Cork Herald, Sept. 16.]

At Lismore Petty Sessions several persons were charged with assaulting laborers who had assisted Emergency Committee laborers in harvesting. The magistrates ordered each of them to be fined 21 or a fortnight's imprisonment, which was reduced to a week, on Mr. R. Rice insisting that, under the Act of Parliament, the period should not exceed a week. The shopkeepers of the town at once subscribed and paid the amount for four of the accused, who were young girls. The male defendants went to gaol.

The action of the Rev. Canon Hegarty in importing work of foreign manufacture from time to time for the completion and decoration of the beautiful edifice over which he presides as Administrator, has been sharply criticised by the Cork tradesmen. We believe that satisfactory explanations were given by the rev. gentleman for introducing the work, which was of a special and critical character, and was required to harmonise with other decorations in the Church. Recently he is engaged in the erection of a mural altar, and an effort is now being made to boycott the work. It is asserted Canon Hegarty has in this instance obtained from abroad work of the skill and handicraft of local tradesmen could be spared. In consequence of this action on the part of the rev. gentleman the tradesmen employed in putting up the structure have been induced to quit, and the progress of the work is now suspended. The following placard was posted up yesterday:—

"MORE IMPORTATION.

"Tradesmen of the city and county are requested to give no help to put up the Foreign Work."

lately brought into SS. Peter and Paul's Church, and sought to be put up by stealth. Let it lie there until those who imported it learn the fact that—

IRISHMEN WANT THE WORK MORE, AND CAN DO IT AS WELL AND AS CHEAP AS FOREIGNERS.

"Teach such people that you will not allow money to be sent out of the country for work which can be done at home—while you and your family starve."

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

The irrepressible "Bounce" Jones has been at work again. He appears to have forced himself into the position of trustee, in conjunction with the Rev. Dr. Webster, of a Protestant Residence Hall which is being built for students attending the Queen's College, Cork. Subsequently (of course) trouble arose. Timber could no longer be got in Cork, prepared by Irish workmen, at a suitable rate: Mr. Jones would import it from England. His Cork colleagues were uneasy, and protested; but in vain: Mr. Bounce Jones carried things with a high hand over colleague and Cork men. The day of his triumph arrived; the "Wave" brought the English cargo to the Irish quay, and just as Mr. Bounce Jones was exulting in his victory, news came that the vessel was boycotted. No Irish hand would touch the English cargo; military and police trooped along the quay to guard it, and at long last it had to be dragged to its destination in military waggons. That was another triumph; Mr. Bounce Jones was glorying in this when news came that the Hall was boycotted. Not a soul would work at it! Dr. Webster has himself declared publicly that he has returned to have anything more to say to it, unless Mr. Bounce Jones withdraws altogether. The clergyman, it appears, has had two policemen appointed to guard him, day and night, because of some threatening letters—a superfluous precaution, we should say, in reference to those who boycott, for such letters in such a case clearly come from some low and unscrupulous adherents of the Bounce Jones faction, which alone would profit by an outrage.

OBSTACLES TO THE REVIVAL OF IRISH TRADE.

The great need of ships to do Ireland's carrying trade, instead of receiving and exporting her merchandise through English ports, has ever proved an insuperable barrier to the development of Irish commerce. The following editorial from the Dublin Freeman's Journal on the subject is timely, now that the revival of Irish manufactures is being agitated. The Freeman says: By the present practice of the transatlantic steam trade, Poyning's law is virtually unreprieved so far as Irish shipments are concerned. The vessels load at Liverpool, and are prohibited from taking on board any more at Queenstown. So also with the incoming American steamers; they are forbidden to unload at Queenstown. The consequence of this is that if a Southern exporter wants to send goods across the Atlantic, he must first send them on to Liverpool, paying railway and steambot freight. This is the case also with regard to other Irish ports. This, as Consul Brooke points out in a late report, is disadvantageous to America as well as to Ireland, for an American shipper to Ireland must pay for the transport of his goods from Liverpool back to Cork, as well as the Cork shipping to America round about to Liverpool. So that the great natural advantages which Ireland possesses in her geographical situation are actually made to turn to her detriment by the unnatural diversion of her traffic to the ports of another country. It is little wonder that we should be crying over unvanquished trade when such deadly obstacles as this have been purposely placed in our way. It costs the Irishman more to send goods from the South of Ireland to England than it costs the Englishman to send them from an English port to America. It is little wonder that Consul Brooke should be able to point, as he does, with gratification to the fact that the most formidable competitor which Ireland has in the English market is America. The moral to be drawn is simple and plain as noonday. We may revive our home industries so far as to make a good

market for them here at home; but if we would not be kept to that, but would go out upon the world and fight the battle for existence on equal terms with the rest of mankind, we must go much further. We must have our carrying trade in our own hands. We must have our lines of steamers sailing from Irish ports, and not making a circuitous round to Liverpool and making us pay for the trip. It may be said that this is an impossibility; but such would be the assertion of a fool or a knave. Shipbuilding is no novel science here. All we want is the energy and will to start it. They will come in time if the people take the matter of native industry up with a determination to win. This is the time to do it.

IMMACULATE ENGLAND.

The Birmingham Daily Post, referring to the ever increasing crime of England, says:— "At home our increasing barbarism seems to be drawing us nearer and nearer to the darkness predicted by Mother Shipton so destined to envelop us at the end of the next three years. No English paper appears without an article headed 'State of Ireland,' wherein the most serious accounts of burning and shooting and stabbing are set forth with all due attention to sensational details, sure to produce the household thanksgiving at the English hearth, 'Thank God, we are not like unto these men!' Now, supposing the Irish papers were to give their readers a corresponding daily column on the 'State of England,' would they not find an ample equivalent of crime? Have we not, to begin with, the late prize fight on Epsom Downs, wherein two men, who had never fought before, were excited to try their skill against each other. The fight continued until both men were so severely bruised, and one of them so completely battered about the face that, according to the expression of an eyewitness, it was carried from the field senseless and insensible. Next comes the great 'punching' case at Liverpool, where a poor fellow called 'Sleeper Jack' was kicked to death by a band of roughs, while men stood by smoking and looking on without affording that help to the victim which he had sought to bestow on the girl his assailants had been cruelly ill-treating. Can there be in all the annals of brutality a worse method of attacks than this 'punching,' which is not only accepted but approved in Lancashire? The blows of an iron-tipped clog on the ribs while the victim lies helpless on the ground—a kick or two upon the side of the head—life is repeated before the assailant has time to repeat the blow. Then comes the 'state of London,' which would make an interesting column of itself. George Reed, a labourer, is convicted of having beaten his wife with violence; then, after throwing her to the ground, of breaking a paraffin lamp over her prostrate form with the intention of setting her on fire. Fortunately for the wife she must have been a bad manager, for nowhere could a match be found, so that compensation had to be sought in slinging her out of the window. This was an easy task, for George Reed a sturdy, bulking beer-swollen fellow, while his wife, starved, and beaten, and emaciated, must have weighed but a feather in his lusty arms. It was the affair of a moment. Out flew the woman, whose convulsive clutching of her husband's sleeve and frantic cries were of no avail—and she lay smashed and bleeding on the pavement below! Then we have another case of a hatchet whereby a wife's skull was split in twain—'exactly as you would split a cocoa nut,' said one of the witnesses. And as to the child torturing and murder, the examples are too numerous to be original sin which, according to Calvin, no man can resist if once he allows it to take hold upon his mind; for three horses grazing in a field were frightfully hacked and cut by some villains not long ago and vitriol poured into their wounds. No reason can be given for the cruelty save that the owner was 'rather unpopular in the neighborhood.' Now, would not all these examples sufficiently warrant Irish reporters in giving a regular account of the 'state of England,' even without the agrarian reasons for committing the outrages which come under our notice every day? Dr. Mitchell's simple questing of 'What is civilization?' becomes more difficult to answer as education becomes more general. The late Mr. Ellis, whose sole care was for the boys, was wont to say, 'Real civilization has no present—it must forever remain a thing of the future.'

THE LAND AGITATION IN SCOTLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—In Scotland the land agitation has fired the heather, large meetings being held in Aberdeen, Inverness, Banff and Sutherland, at which the speakers make no secret of their design. The resolutions call upon the Premier to treat Scotch and English tenants as Irish tenants; have been treated, and grant them a proprietary interest in the soil they cultivate. It cannot be denied that in many parts of Scotland, especially in the Isles adjacent, the tenants are in a terrible condition. Absenteeism, the root of some of the worst evils that afflict Ireland, prevails there, and whole districts are sometimes swept of tenants and turned into shooting parks which are no invaluable investments, new men from south of the Tweed paying a fabulous sum for a season's shooting. Primogeniture and entail will certainly not long survive the extension of the borough franchise. The game laws are doomed to perish at a very early date.

MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell, it is beginning to be reported, will before the next session of Parliament, espouse a young English heiress, "whose wealth is only surpassed by her espiègletry." She met Mr. Parnell in society in Ireland during last winter, it is said, and about a month ago took the remarkable course of writing to him offering her hand and fortune as the means towards the attainment of his political ends.—*Life.*

TO MOLLIE ON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED MOTHER.

When loveliest seems, in rosette beams,
The sky of life above us,
And hopes run high and friends are nigh,
Who own our love and love us:—
When dull cares cease and all is peace,
And Pleasure's cup is brimming,
Lo! storm-clouds out of a gath'ring thick,
That sky's pure azure dimming!
Comes, too, the breath of ruthless death
To blight what most we treasure—
To smite the hearts whose loss most smarts,
And drag the cup of pleasure!
Such trials thine, and, through thee, mine,
(Ah, would they had been lighter!)
Thy sky anon, to gaze upon,
None ever dreamt of brighter.
Thy spirit's gay laughed care away,
On youth's light wing uplifted,
Whilst thou didst share a mother's care,
A mother prized and gifted.
Her loss on all fell like a pall,
For, Mollie! all esteemed her—
So rich her mind, her heart so kind,
A paragon we deemed her!
But since she's gone where, later on,
To go all flesh is fated,
Let our pride be by us to see,
Her virtues imitated!
MOURNER.
Montreal, September, 1881.

IRELAND The Land War.

Boston, Sept. 20.—General A. P. Collins, President of the Land League of America, received to-day a cable despatch from Mr. Parnell summing up the result of the Convention. He further says:—

"The Executive of the League is empowered to select test cases in order that tenants in surrounding districts may realize for themselves, by the result of the cases decided, the hollowness of the Act. The labourers' organization is merged in that of the tenants, who, with the artisans and traders, are banded together in one solid organization, and will now move forward for the freedom of the Irish, the development of Irish industries and for Irish legislative independence. The direction of the movement here will probably claim my instant attention and my presence in Ireland for many months hence, rendering a visit to America unlikely." T. P. O'Connor and Dr. Dillon will sail for Boston early in October, and will represent my views and those of the Irish organization fully."

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Mr. W. E. Forster, replying in a letter to Messrs. Dickson and Givan relative to the imprisoned suspects and Mr. Michael Davitt, points out that the Coercion Act is not for punishment but for the prevention of outrages. He says the release of the suspects would be immediate if it could be done without endangering public peace. Mr. Forster says that if the Land Act be given a fair trial the state of the country may be so improved as to enable the Government to release the suspects, but that as yet there are only partial signs of improvement. Outrages, he says, are still frequent; the law is still resisted, and there is still an organized system of intimidation. He rejoices the Government is enabled to reduce the number of prisoners, but says that the state of the country does not warrant a general liberation.

The following cable despatch has been received by the Irish World:—

DUBLIN, Sept. 1881.—The National Convention of the Land League has just brought its labors to a close after three days' session. Resolutions demanding national self-government for Ireland, and the unconditional liberation of the land for the people, were adopted by acclamation.

The tenants were instructed not to use the real fixing clauses of the Land Act, but to keep out of court and follow the old lines and rely upon old methods. The Executive was empowered to select test cases in order that tenants in surrounding districts may understand the worthlessness of the Land Act.

We have succeeded in merging the Labourers' organization into that of the tenants. These, with the citizens and traders banded together in one solid organization, will now move forward for the freedom of Irish Land, the development of industries and legislative independence. I heartily thank the Land Leaguers throughout the United States for their glorious work.

I thank you for the invitation to visit America, but the movement will probably claim my constant attention and presence in Ireland this winter, rendering a visit to the States impossible.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor will start for America early in October, and will represent my views and those of the Irish organization.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

VIENNA, Sept. 23.—In the International Literary Congress yesterday, Edward Jenkin, member of the Royal Commission on copyrights, pointed out that the most formidable obstacles in the way of a practical result were the conflicting views and antagonistic interests of British and American publishers. The chief difficulty was a matter of trade rather than copyright principles. Happily public opinion in America showed a marked improvement. Similar difficulties arose owing to the independence of the British colonies, particularly Canada, in matters of domestic legislation. All the colonies are liable to be inundated with cheap American reprints, to the detriment of English authors. The German delegates maintained that they suffered on account of the unauthorized reproduction of German works in the United States.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE FROM THE IRISH CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Last evening the representative officers of the various Irish Catholic Societies met in St. Patrick's Hall for the purpose of passing resolutions of sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American people on the occasion of the death of the President. Mr. F. E. McNamee, President of the St. Patrick's Society, was called to the chair, and Mr. McDonnell, President of the Young Irishmen's and B. & S. Society acted as Secretary. The following Resolutions from other Societies were in attendance:—

F. F. Carmody, St. Bridget's Catholic Young Men's Society; D. Murray, St. Patrick's Benevolent Society; J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society; James McNulty, St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society; Thomas Clark, St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society; J. Power, Irish Catholic Benevolent Society.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, the movers and seconders making

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MARY AGNES FLEMING.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Yes," he responded cheerily, "good bye; and as your lives lie so widely apart, in all probability this time for ever. I shall certainly return here at Christmas, but you may have gone before that. To-morrow morning I start for St. Louis, where a branch of our house is established, and where I am permanently to remain. It is an excellent opening for me—my salary has been largely advanced, and I am happy to say the firm thinks me competent and trustworthy. I return, as I said, at Christmas; after that it becomes my permanent home. You know, of course, he says with a laugh, why I return. Trix has told you?"

"So completely has she forgotten Trix, so wholly have her thoughts been of him, that she absolutely does not remember to what he alludes."

"Trix has told me nothing," she managed to answer, and she wonders at herself to find how steady is her voice.

"No?" Charlie says, elevating his eyebrows; "and they say the age of wonders is over! Trix in the new role of keeping her own secrets! Well, I very naturally return for the wedding—our wedding. It's extraordinary that Trix hasn't told you, but she will. Then—my Western home will be ready by that time, and we go back immediately. My mother goes with me, I need hardly say."

"Still so absolutely wrapped up in her thoughts of him, so utterly forgetful of Trix, that she does not understand?" Our wedding—she means his own and Nellie Seton's, of course. His Western home, where she will reign as his wife. In the days that have gone, Edith thinks she has suffered—she feels to-night that she has never suffered until now!

She desecrates it, but if he had only spared her, only left it for some one else to tell. It is a minute before she can reply—then, despite every effort, her voice is husky:

"I wish you joy, Charlie—with all my heart."

She cannot say one word more. Something in the words, in her manner of saying them, makes him look at her in surprise.

"Well, yes," he answers coolly; "a wedding in a family is, I believe, a general subject of congratulation. And I must say she has shown herself a trump—the bravest, the best girl alive. And you"—they are drawing near a hotel—"may I venture to ask your plans Lady Catherine? how long do you think of remaining in New York?"

"I shall leave at once—at once," she replied, in the same husky tone. To stay and meet Nellie Seton after to-night is more than she is able to do. They are close to the hotel now. Involuntarily—unconsciously, she clings to his arm, as the drawing may cling to a straw. She feels in a dull, agonized sort of way that in five minutes the waters will have closed over her head, and the story of her life have come to an end.

"Here we are," his frank, cheery voice says—his voice, that has yet a deeper, more earnest tone than of old. "You don't know, Edith, how glad I am of this meeting—how glad to hear you never in any way blame me."

"I blame you! oh, Charlie!" she says with a passionate little cry.

"I rejoice to hear that, with all its drawbacks, you don't regret the past. I rejoice in the knowledge that you are rich and happy, and that a long, bright life lies before you, Edith," he takes both her hands in his strong, cordial clasp, "if we never meet again, God bless you, and good-bye."

She lifts her eyes to his full of dumb, speechless agony. In that instant he knows the truth—knows that Edith loves him—that the heart he would once have laid down his life almost to win, is his wholly at last!

The revelation comes upon him like a flash, like a blow. He stands holding her hands, looking at her, at the mute, infinite misery in her eyes. Some one jostles them passing, and turns and stares. It dawns upon him that they are in the public street; and making a scene.

"Good-bye," he says hastily once more, and drops the hands, and turns and goes.

She stands like a statue where he has left her—he turns a corner, the last sound of his footsteps dies away, and Edith feels that he has gone out of her life—out of the whole world.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND BRIDAL.

Miss Nellie Seton came early next morning to see her friend, Mr. Charlie Stuart, off. He is looking rather pale as he bids them good-bye; the vision of Edith's eyes upturned to his, full of mute, impassioned appeal, have haunted him all night long. They haunt him now, long after the last good-bye had been said, and the train is sweeping away westward. Edith loves him at last. At last! There has never been a time when he doubted it, but now he knows he has but to say the word, and she will lay her hand in his, and toll, and parting, and separation will end between them for ever. But he will never say that word—what Edith Darrell in her ambition once refused, all Lady Catherine's wealth and beauty cannot win. He feels he could as easily leap from the car window and end it all, as ask Sir Victor Catherine's richly dowered widow to be his wife. She made her choice three years ago—she must abide by that choice her life long.

"And then," he thinks rather doggedly, "this fancy of mine may be only fancy. The leopard cannot change his spots, and an ambitious, mercenary woman cannot change her nature. And, as a rule, ladies of wealth and title don't throw themselves away on impetuous dry goods clerks. No! I made an egregious ass of myself once, and once is quite enough. We have turned over a new leaf, and are not going back at this late date to the old ones. With her youth, her fortune, and her beauty, Edith can return to England and make a brilliant second marriage."

And then Mr. Stuart set his lips behind his brown mustache, and unfolds the morning paper, and smoothes damp and nasty of print-ers ink, and immerses himself fatuously deep in mercantile news and the doings of the Stock Exchange.

He reaches St. Louis in safety, and resumes the labor of his life. He has no time to think—no time to be sentimental, if he wished to be, which he doesn't.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart," sings a poet, who knew what he was talking about. His heart is not in the least broken, nor likely to be; there is no time in his busy, mercantile life, for that sort of thing, I repeat. He goes to work with a will, and astonishes even himself by his energy and brisk business capacity. If he thinks of Edith at all, amid his dry-as-dust ledgers and blotters, his buying and selling, it is that she is probably on the ocean by this time—having hidden her native land, like *Childs Harold*, "One long, one last, good-night." And then in the midst of it all, Trix's first letter arrives. It is all Edith, from beginning to end.

Edith has not gone, she is still in New York, but her passage is taken, and she will leave next week. "And Charlie," says Trix, "don't be angry, but do you know, though Edith Darrell always liked you, I fancy Lady Catherine even likes you better. Not that she ever says anything; bless you! she is as proud as ever; but we women can talk. And last night she told me and me the story of her night, of her married life—or rather her unmarried life—of her separation from Sir Victor on their wedding-day—think of it, Charlie on their wedding-day. If ever anyone in this world was to be pitied, it was he—poor fellow! And she was not to blame—neither could have acted other than they did, that I can see. Poor Edith! poor Sir Victor! I will tell you all when we meet. She leaves next Tuesday, and it half breaks my heart to see her go. Oh, Charlie! Charlie! why need she go at all?"

He reads this letter as he smokes his cigar—very gravely, very thoughtfully, wondering a great deal, but not in the least moved from his steadfast purpose. Parted on their wedding-day! he has heard that before, but hardly credited it. It is true, then—odd that; and neither to be blamed—odd still. She has only been Sir Victor's wife in name, then, after all. But it makes no difference to him—nothing does—all that is past and gone—she flung him off once—he will never go back now. Their paths lie apart—hers over the hills of life, his in the dingy valleys—they have said good-bye, and it means for ever.

He goes back to his ledgers and his counting-room, and four more days pass. On the evening of the fourth day, as he leaves the store for the night, a small boy from the telegraph office waylays him, and hands him one of the well-known buff envelopes. He breaks it open where he stands, and reads this:

"New York, Oct. 23, '70."

"Charlie; Edith is lying dangerously ill—dying. Come back at once."

"BEATRIX."

He reads, and the truth does not come to him—he reads it again. Edith is dying. And then a grayish pallor comes over his face, from brow to chin, and he stands for a moment, staring vacantly at the paper he holds, seeing nothing—hearing nothing but these words: "Edith is dying." In that moment he knows that all his imaginary hardness and indifference have been hollow and false—a wall of pride that crumbles at a touch, and the old love, stronger than life, stronger than death, fills his heart still. He has left her, and—Edith is dying! He looks at his watch. There is an eastward-bound train in half an hour—there will be barely time to catch it. He does not return to the boarding-house—he calls a passing hack, and is driven to the depot just in time. He makes no pause from that hour—he travels night and day. What is business; what the prospects of all his future life; what is the whole world now? Edith is dying.

He reaches New York at last. It seems like a century since that telegraph came, and haggard and worn, in the twilight of the autumn day, he stands at last at his mother's home.

Trix is there—they expect him to-night, and she has waited to receive him. She looks in his face once, then turns away and covers her own, and bursts into a woman's tempest of tears.

"I am too late," he says in a hoarse sort of whisper.

"No," Trix answers, looking up; "not too late. She is alive still—I can say no more."

"What is it?" he asks.

"It is almost impossible to say. Typhoid fever, one doctor says, and cerebro-spinal meningitis says the other. It doesn't much matter what it is, since both agree in this—that she is dying."

Her sobs break forth again. He sits and gazes at her like a stone.

"There is no hope?"

"While there is life there is hope. But it is a very dreary life that Trix repeats this aphorism: 'and, the worst of it is, she doesn't seem to care. Charlie, I believe she wants to die—is glad to die. She seems to have nothing to care for—nothing to live for.' My life has been all a mistake," she said to me the other day. 'I have gone wrong from first to last, led astray by my vanity, and selfishness, and ambition. It is much better that I should die, and make an end of it all.' She has made her will, Charlie—she made it in the first days of her illness, and—she has left almost everything to you."

He makes no reply. He sits motionless in the twilight window, looking down at the noisy, bustling street.

"She has remembered me most generously," Trix goes softly on; "poor, darling Edith! but she has left almost all to you. I would have been an insult to offer anything in my lifetime," she said to me; "but the wishes of the dead are sacred—he will not be able to refuse it then. And told him not to grieve for me, Trix—I never made him anything but trouble, and disappointment, and wretchedness. I am sorry—sorry now, and my last wish and prayer will be for the happiness of his life." When she is delirious, and she mostly is as night draws on, she calls for you incessantly—asking you to come back—begging you to forgive her. That is why I sent."

"Does she know you sent?" he asks.

"No—it was her desire you should not be told until—until all was over," Trix answered with another burst of tears; "but I couldn't do that. She says we are to bury her at Sandpoint, beside her mother—not to send her body to England. She told me, when she was dead, to tell you the story of her separation from Sir Victor. Shall I tell it to you now, Charlie?"

He makes a motion of assent; and Trix begins, in a broken voice, and tells him the sad, strange story of the two Sir Victors, father and son, and of Edith's life from her wedding-day. The twilight deepens into darkness, the room is wrapped in shadow long before she has finished. He never stirs, he never speaks, he sits and listens to the end. Then there is a pause, and out of the gloom he speaks at last:

"May I see her, and when?"

"As soon as you come, the doctors say; they refuse her nothing now, and they think your presence may do her good,—if anything can do it. Mother is with her and Nellie; Nellie has been her best friend and nurse; and she has never left her; and Charlie, heartily, for something in his manner awes Trix. 'I believe she thinks you and Nellie are engaged.'"

"Stop!" he says imperiously, and Trix rises with a sigh and puts on her hat and shawl. Five minutes later they are on the street, on their way to Lady Catherine's hotel.

One of the medical men is in the sick-room when Miss Stuart enters it, and she tells him in a whisper that her brother has come, and is waiting without.

His patient lies very low to-night—delirious at times, and sinking, it seems to him, fast. She is in a restless, fevered sleep at present, and he stands looking at her with a very sombre look on his professional face. In spite of his skill, and he is very skillful, this case baffles him, the patient's own utter indifference as to whether she lives or dies

being one of the hardest things he has to combat. If she only lingered for life, and strove to recruit—if, like Mrs. Dombey, she would only make an effort. But she will not, and the flame flickers and flickers and very soon will go out altogether.

"Let him come in," the doctor says. "He can do no harm—he may possibly do some good."

"Will she know him when she awakes?" Trix whispers.

He nods and turns away to where Miss Seton stands in the distance, and Trix goes and fetches her brother in. He advances slowly, almost reluctantly it would seem, and looks down at the wan, drawn, thin face that rests there, whiter than the pillows. Great Heaven! and this—this is Edith! He sinks into a chair by the bedside, and takes her wan, transparent hand in his own, with sort of groan. The light touch awakes her, the faint eyelids quiver, the large, dark eyes open and fix on his face. The lips flutter breathlessly apart. "Charlie!" they whisper in glad surprise, and over the death-like face there flashes for a second an electric light of great amazement and joy.

"Humph!" says the doctor, with a surprised grunt; "I thought it would do her no harm. If we leave them alone for a few minutes, my dear young ladies, it will do us no harm either. Mind, my young gentleman," he taps Charlie on the shoulder, "my patient is not to excite herself talking."

They softly go out. It would appear the doctor need not have warned him; they don't seem inclined to talk. She lies and looks at him, delight in her eyes, and draws a long, long breath of content. For him, he holds her wasted hand a little tighter, and lays his face down on the pillow, and does not speak a word.

So the minutes pass.

"Charlie," she says at last, in a faint little whisper, "what a surprise this is. They did not tell me, you were coming. Who sent for you? when did you come?"

"You're not to talk, Edith," he answers, lifting his haggard face for a moment—poor Charlie! "Trix sent for me." Then he lays it down again.

"Foolish boy!" Edith says with shinting eyes; "I do believe you are crying. You don't hate me then, after all, Charlie?"

"Hate you?" he can but just repeat.

"You once said you did, you know; and I deserved it. But I have not been happy, Charlie—I have been punished as I merited. Now it is all over, and it is better so—I never was of any use in the world, and never would be. You will let me atone a little for the past in the only way I can. Trix will tell you. And, by-and-by, when you are quite happy, and she is your wife—"

The faint voice breaks, and she turns her face away. Even in death it is bitter than death to give him up.

He lifts his head, and looks at her.

"When she is my wife? when who is my wife?" he asks.

"Nellie," she says, "she whispers; 'she is worthy of you, Charlie—indeed she is, and I never was. And she loves you and will make you happy—"

"Stop!" he says suddenly; "you are making some strange mistake, Edith. Nellie cares for me, as Trix does, and Trix is not more a sister to me than Nellie. For the rest—do you remember what I said to you that night at Killarney?"

Her lips tremble—her eyes watch him, her weak fingers close tightly over his. Remember—does she not?

"I said—I will love you all my life; I have kept my word, and mean to keep it. If I may not call you wife, I will never call, by that name, any other woman. No one in this world can ever be to me again what you were and are."

There is another pause, but the dark, uplifted eyes are radiant now.

"At last! at last!" she breathes; "when it is too late. Oh, Charlie! if the past might only come over again, how different it all would be. I think—she says this with a weak little laugh, that reminds him of the Edith of old—"I think I could sleep more happily even in my grave—if 'Edith Stuart' were carved on my tombstone."

His eyes never leave her face—they light up in their dreary stillness now at these words.

"Do you mean that, Edith?" he says, bending over her; "living or dying would it make you any happier to be my wife?"

Her eyes, her face, answer him. "But it is too late," the pale lips sigh.

"It is never too late," he says quietly; "we will be married to-night."

"Charlie!"

"You are not to talk," he tells her, kissing her softly and for the first time; "I will arrange it all. I will go for a clergyman I know, and explain everything. Oh, darling! you should have been my wife long ago—you shall be my wife at last, in spite of death itself."

Then he leaves her, and goes out. And Edith closes her eyes, and lies still, and knows that never in all the years that are gone has such perfect bliss been hers before. In death, at least, if not in life, she will be Charlie's wife.

He tells them very quietly, very resolutely—her father who is there from Sandpoint, his mother, sister, Nellie, and the doctor.

"They listen in wonder; but what can they say?"

"The excitement will finish her—mark my words," is the doctor's verdict; "I will never countenance any such melodramatic proceeding."

But his countenance does not matter, it seems. The laws of the Medes were not more fixed than this marriage. The clergyman comes, a very old friend of the family, and Charlie explains all to him. He listens with quiet gravity—in his experience a death-bed marriage is not at all an unprecedented occurrence. The hour fixed is ten, and Trix and Nellie go in to make the few possible preparations.

The sick girl lifts two wistful eyes to the gentle face of Nellie Seton. It is very pale, but she stoops and kisses her with her own sweet smile.

"You will live now for his sake," she whispers in that kiss.

They decorate the room and the bed with flowers, they brush away the dark soil hair; they array her in a dainty embroidered night-robe, and prop her up with pillows. There is the fever fire on her wan cheeks, the fever fire in her shining eyes. But she is unutterably happy—you have but to look into her face to see that. Death is forgotten in her new bliss.

The bridegroom comes in, pale and unsmiling—worn and haggard beyond the power of words to tell; Trix, weeping incessantly, stands near; her mother and Mr. Darrell are at one side of the bed. Nellie is bridesmaid. What a strange, sad, solemn wedding it is! The clergyman takes out his book and begins—bride and bridegroom clasp hands; her radiant eyes never leave his face. Her faint replies flutter on her lips—there is an indescribable sadness in his. The ring is on her finger—at last she is what she should have been from the first—Charlie's wife.

—He bends toward and takes her in his arms. With all her dying strength she lifts herself in his embrace. It is a last expiring effort—

her weak clasped fingers, there is one faint gasp—her head falls heavily upon his breast, there is a despairing cry from the woman—cold and lifeless, Charlie Stuart lays his bride of a moment, back among the pillows—whether dead or in a dead swoon, no one there can tell.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NIGHT.

At first they thought her dead—but it was not death. She awoke from—from that long death-like swoon as morning broke—so near, unto death that it seemed the turning of a hair might weigh down the scale. And so for days after it was—for weary miserable days and nights. The great reaction after the great excitement had come, all consciousness had left her, she lay white and still, scarcely moving, scarcely breathing.

The one beloved voice fell as powerless on her dulled ears now as all others, their dim, almost lifeless eyes, that opened at rare intervals, were blank to the whole world. She lay in a species of stupor, or coma, from which it was something more than doubtful if she ever would awake. The few spoonfuls of beef-tea and brandy and water she took they forced between her clenched teeth, and in that dazed, almost quiet, Life and Death fought their sharp battle over her unconscious head.

And for those who loved her, her father, her friends, and one other, nearer and dearer than father or friend, how went those darkest days for them? They could hardly have told—all their after life they looked back, with a sick shudder, to that week.

For Charlie Stuart, he never wants to look back—never to the last day of his life will he be able to recall, to realize the agony of those six days—days that changed his whole nature—his whole life.

They watched with her unceasingly—death might come at any moment. There were times when they bent above her, holding their own breath, sure that the faint thread had already snapped—times when they held a mirror to her lips to be sure she breathed at all. For her new-made husband, he never left her except when nature succumbed to the exhaustion of ceaseless vigil, and they forced him away. He got to eat or sleep, he sat tearless and still as a stone by the bedside, almost as bloodless, almost as wan and hollow-eyed as the dying bride herself. The doctors stood silent, their skill failing powerless here.

She needed only the excitement of this most preposterous marriage to finish her, one of them growled; "I said so at the time—I say so now. She had one chance for life—perfect quiet—and that destroyed it."

On the fourth day, a letter from England, in a woman's hand, and deeply bordered with black, arrived. Edith, in the first days of her illness, had told Trix to open all her letters. She would have passed the power over to her brother now, but he waved it away impatiently. What did it matter whom it was from—what it contained—what did anything matter now?

His haggard eyes went silently back to the marble face lying among its pillows, so awfully still.

Trix opened and read it. It was from Inez Catherine, and announced the death of her aunt, the Lady Helena Powsy.

"Her end was perfect peace," said she latter; "and in her will, she has left her large fortune divided, equally between you and me. If possible, it would be well for you to return to England as speedily as may be. If wealth can make you happy—and I hope it will have it. For me, I join a charitable Sisterhood here in London, and will try to devote the remainder of my life to the relief of my suffering and poor fellow-creatures. As to the rest, if you care at all to know, my brother reigns at Catherine Royals now! He is, in all respects, a changed man, and will, not I think, be an unworthy successor of him who is gone. His wife and children are all that can be desired."

"Farewell, my dear cousin. When you return to London come to the enclosed address, and see me. No one will welcome you more gladly than—" INEZ CATHERINE."

So another large fortune had been left to Edith—she was rich now beyond her wildest dreams. Rich! And yonder she lay, and all the gold of earth, powerless to add a second to her life. What a satire it seemed. Youth, beauty, and boundless wealth were hers, and all were vain—vain!

The seventh night brought the crisis.

"This can hold out no longer," the physician said; "before morning we will know the end, whether it is to be life or death."

"Then—there is hope yet?" Trix replies, with clasped hands.

He looked at her gloomily and turned away, the meaningless formula on his lips: "While there is life there is hope."

"It will be little less than a miracle if she lives though," the other added; "and the days of miracles are over. Hope if you like—but—"

"You had better not let him sit up to-night," said the first physician, looking compassionately at Charlie; "he won't be able to stand it. He is worn out now, poor fellow, and looks fit for a sick bed himself."

"He knows it is the crisis," Trix answered; "he won't go."

"He has watched the last two nights," Miss Seton interposed; "he must go, doctor; leave me an opiate—I will administer it. If—if the worst comes, it will be but a moment's work to arouse him."

The doctor obeyed.

"I will return at day-dawn," he said, "if she be still alive. If not, send me word."

The twilight was falling. Solemn and shadowy it crept into the sombre, silent room. They went back to the bedside, pale and tearless; they had wept, it seemed, until they could weep no more. This last night the two girls were to watch alone.

She lay before them. Dead and in her shroud she would never look more awfully death-like than now. He sat beside her—poor Charlie! in a sort of dull stupor—absorbed, utterly worn out. The sharp pain seemed over—the long, dark watches, when his passionate prayers had ascended for that dear life, wild and rebellious may be, when he had wrestled with an agony more bitter than death, had left their impress on his life for ever. He could not tell her go—he could not! "God!" was the ceaseless cry of his soul, "have mercy—spare!"

Nellie Seton's cool, soft hands fell lightly on her head—Nellie's, soft, gentle voice spoke:

"Charlie, you are to leave us for a little, and lie down. You must have some rest, be it ever so short; and you have had nothing to eat, I believe, all day; you will let me prepare something and take it, and go to your room."

She spoke to him coaxingly, almost as she might to a child. He lifted his eyes, full of dull, infinite misery, to them.

"Tonight!" he answered; "the last night! I will not go."

"Only for an hour then," she pleaded; "there will be no change. For my sake, Charlie!"

All her goodness, all her patience, came

back to him. He pressed her hand in his own gratefully, and arose.

"For your sake Nellie, then—for no other. But you promise to call me if there is the slightest change?"

"I promise. Drink this and go."

She gave him a glass of mulled wine, containing the opiate. He drank it and left the room. They listened breathlessly until they heard his door, further down the passage, open and shut—then both drew a deep breath.

"Thank Heaven," Trix said; "I couldn't bear to see him here to-night. Nellie, if she dies it will kill him—just that."

The girl's lips quivered. What Charlie had been to her—how wholly her great generous, loving heart had gone out to him, not even Trix ever knew. The dream of her life's best bliss was at an end for ever.

Whether Edith Stuart lived or died no other woman would ever take her place in his heart.

The hours of the night wore on. Oh! those solemn night watches by the dying bed of those we love! The faint lamp flickers, deepest stillness reigns, and on his bed, dressed as he was, Charlie lies deeply, dreamlessly asleep.

It was daylight when he woke—the dawn of a cloudless November day. He sat up in bed suddenly, for a moment, bewildered, and stared before him. Only for a moment—then he remembered all. The night had passed, the morning had come. They had left him sleep—it seemed he could sleep while she lay dying so near. Dying! Who was to tell him that in yonder distant room Edith was not lying dead? He rose up, reeling like a drunken man, and made for the door. He opened it, and went out, down the passage. It was entirely deserted. The great household were not yet astir. Profound stillness reigned. Through the windows he could see the bright morning-sky, all flushed red and golden with the first radiance of the rising sun. And in that room there lay—what? death or life?

He stood suddenly still, and looked at the closed door. He stood there motionless, his eyes fixed upon it, unable to advance another step.

It opens abruptly, quickly but noiselessly, and Nellie Seton's pale face looked out. At sight of him she came forward. He asked no questions—his eyes looked at her full of a dumb agony of questioning she never forgot.

"Charlie!" she exclaimed, coming nearer.

The first ray of the rising sun streaming through the windows fell full upon her pale face, and it was as the face of an angel.

"Charlie!" she repeated, with a great tearless sob, holding out both hands; "oh, bless God! the doctor says we may—hope!"

He had braced himself to hear the worst—not this. He had made one step forward and fell at her feet like a stone.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MORNING.

They might hope. The night had passed, the morning had come and she still lived.

You would hardly have thought so to look at her as she lay, deathly white, deathly still. But as the day broke she had awakened from a long sleep, the most natural and refreshing she had known for weeks, and looked up into the pale anxious face of Trix with the faint shadow of a smile. Then the eyelids swayed and closed in sleep once more, but she had recognized Trix for the first time in days—the crisis was over and hope had come.

They would not let her see him now. Only while she slept would they allow him now to enter her room. Edith was not to die, and heaven and his own grateful, happy heart only knew how infinitely blessed he was in that knowledge. After the long, bitter night—after the darkness and the pain—light and morning had come. Edith would live—all was said in that.

"There are some remedies that are either kill or cure in their action," the old doctor said, giving Charlie a facetious poke. "Your marriage was one of them, young man. I thought it was Kill—it turns out it was Cure."

For many days no memory of the past returned to her—her existence was as the existence of a new-born babe, spent alternately in taking food and sleep. Food she took with eager avidity after her long starvation, and then sank back again into profound refreshing slumber.

"Let her sleep," said the doctor, with a complacent nod; "the more the better. It's Nature's way of repairing damages."

There came a day at

prettiest girl I ever saw—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen. "You are enthusiastic," says Sir John. "What a pity it is they cannot hear you! They would never forget it, to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetic simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you."

IN DARK DONEGAL.

LANDLORD AGRARIAN OUTRAGES AT ST. COLOMBAKILLE'S NATIVE PARISH.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of THE POST.

GLENA, near Beldiam, Co. Donegal, August 26, 1881.

I explained, if I remember rightly, in a recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants, by townlands and almost by parishes, as the landlords of Mayo and other western counties evicted their tenants during the famine or 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Leitrim, who was shot, and Mr. John George Adair, who is still unshot.

It was in the parish of Gartin, in the townland of Derryveagh, the birth-place of the early Irish Saint, Colombaikille, the successor of St. Patrick.

Time, April, 1861. The property had been purchased a short time before by Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Queen's County. It contained about 50 families.

"I had known the district," said Father James McFadden, "since my childhood, and its people were peaceable, happy and comparatively comfortable."

Following the same policy that the "benevolent" Lord George Hill adopted—to keep people in terror of his power—Mr. Adair served notices of ejectment on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no evidence to show that this murder was an agrarian crime, and there was, still is, a belief in the neighborhood, that it was the tragic culmination of a social scandal. On the night of the inquest, the paragon in which Mr. Adair lodged was set on fire. Mr. Adair regarded this crime as an attempt to assassinate him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put an end to the outrages which were taking place." He obtained writs of habeas facias possessionem, and placed them in the hands of the sheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. This force, commanded by sub-inspectors and a resident magistrate, began operations at the extreme boundary of the Derryveagh estates.

It is a mountain side, about sixteen miles from Letterkenny. The scenery there is picturesque—with its mountain and loughs; and these people had lived in that charming country from time out of mind. Mr. Adair had only seen it for the first time a few years before. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever lived on it. Yet although he had never spent a shilling in improving it, and although the tenants or their forefathers had reclaimed it from absolute sterility, the English law recognized the right of the new lord to wrest their homes and fields from them, and the English Government loaned him the force to enable him to commit this agrarian crime.

Now the world has heard so much of agrarian outrages alleged to have been committed by the Irish peasantry, that I shall describe this typical agrarian outrage by an Irish landlord without abridgement and without pity, from unpublished local documents in my possession, and the testimony of living men with whom I have spoken.

The English force were halted at the cabin of a widow named McAward, in the townland of Loughbarragh. She was sixty years of age. Six daughters and a son lived with her. The sheriff, with a small escort, entered the cabin, and "delivered possession" to the steward of Adair.

"Long before the house was reached," wrote a spectator at the time, "loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the house, where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony.

But the landlord had no pity. As soon as the sheriff "delivered possession," the "crown bar brigade" levelled the house to the ground.

The spectator whom I have already quoted writes— "The scene then became indescribable. The bereaved widow and her daughters were frantic with despair. Throwing themselves on the ground, they became almost insensible, and bursting out in the old Irish wail—then heard by many for the first time—their terrific cries resounded along the mountain side for many miles. They had been deprived of their only shelter—the little spot made dear to them by associations of the past—and with bleak poverty before them, and only the blue sky to shelter them, they naturally lost all hope. Those who had witnessed their agony will never forget it. No one could stand by unmoved. Every heart was touched, and ears of sympathy flowed from many. The police officers themselves could not refrain from weeping."

In a short time the work of demolition was completed, and we withdrew from the scene, leaving the widow and her orphans surrounded by a small group of neighbors, who could only express their sympathy for the homeless without possessing the power to relieve them."

This work of diabolism went on for three days. Forty-six cabins were levelled, and forty-six families—241 persons—were driven into the roadsides! If this outrage had occurred during the march of an invading army it would have been denounced as an indefensible outrage, unless the destruction was indispensably necessary from the strategic importance of the place. But these acts of savage vandalism have occurred in every county of the West of Ireland in times of the profoundest peace during almost every year of the reign of Victoria the E victor.

The agony of Mary McAward had a parallel in every cottage door. The poor people along to their homes till the last moment. Suddenly the men removed the scanty furniture; but even after the Sheriff's formal warning it was found difficult to tear the women and the children from their homes. Many of them bade adieu to their old cabins in terms of endearment, as if they were living friends!

England calls herself a "Christian" and "Civilized" nation—and yet, somehow, while her people are entitled to respect, her Government always acts towards races other than the English as if she were a barbaric power. Here is another glimpse of her rule in Donegal. A spectator of these clearances wrote at the time—

"One old man, 'near the four score and ten,' on leaving his house for the last time recently, kissed the door-post with all the impassioned tenderness of an emigrant leaving his native land. His wife and children followed his example ere those familiar old

walls gave way before the crowbars; and then, in agonised silence, the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling."

In almost every cabin there were people stricken in years—many of them tottering to the grave—but they were forced to go, accompanied by a chorus of "the sobbing helpless children." A man of 90 years of age, sick unto death, was carried out of doors "in order that formal possession might be taken."

These crown bar brigades acquired great dexterity in their demolition work. "The brigade," said one who saw them, "had scarcely applied their crowbars till the roof gave way and the walls began to tumble. Each successive crash of the falling debris seemed to strike more terribly on the ears of the evicted, whose lamentations momentarily increased."

As night set in the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of a mountain the spectator might have observed, near to each house, its former inmates, crouching around a peat fire, convenient to (near to) a hedge, as they dare not go near the falling house walls; and, as a drizzling rain poured upon them, they found no cover and were entirely exposed to it, but they only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent."

These poor people lay out all night behind hedges and in a little wood that skirts the lake. Why did not the neighbours of these persecuted people in the adjacent townlands offer them a night's shelter? Because they had been ordered to boycott them by a power they did not dare to resist—because this brutal tyrant, Adair, had warned them not to harbour these homeless people! Adair still lives—and I rejoice that I still live also to spread abroad the story of his inhumanity!

The sick and the old were taken to the poorhouse at Letterkenny, and there they lingered until one by one they died. The rest of the evicted tenants remained in the neighborhood—in adjoining townlands or parishes—until November, when the Government of New South Wales, at the instigation of Irish colonists there, sent an agent to offer them a free passage to Australia.

Seventy of them accepted it by the influence of Rev. James McFadden, the Catholic priest, and Rev. Mr. Maturing, the Protestant rector, of the parish. It is gratifying to know that since they arrived in a country where the wicked landlords cease from troubling and the weary peasants are at rest—these evicted tenants have done credit equally to their old country and their old race.

Rev. Father McFadden, speaking of their visit, said to me that he was "painfully struck by the altered condition of affairs there—the ruined homesteads, the levelled houses, the walling of the aged and infirm that surrounded me beseeching to be taken to where their sons and daughters were going, but whom I was compelled to refuse. "The homeless condition of the once happy people," he added, "conspired to make this day the saddest and most sorrowful of my life."

Just one glimpse more at that agrarian outrage. Some of these poor people remained a few days around their old homes. Did Adair relent? No—he impounded their cattle for trespass! Anam an Dhiobhal!

JAMES REDPATH.

LETTER FORM QUEBEC.

[From our own Correspondent.]

QUEBEC, Sept. 21, 1881.

In keeping with her sister cities Quebec has put on the emblems of mourning for the murdered President of the United States. Without endorsing the sickly sentimentalism of the Chronicle, few will deny to the late James A. Garfield a character worthy of our admiration. From the top-notch to the Professor's chair, from the scholar's retreat to the theatre of war, from the fierce shock of battle to the sedateness of the Council Chamber, and thence to the highest temporal dignity on earth, James A. Garfield as son, husband, father and citizen had proved himself in every respect a brave and good man.

Truly it has been a fatal year for potentates. But yesterday the Czar of all the Russias, despite every conceivable precaution, was hurried into eternity; to-day the chosen ruler of a free people lies a victim to an assassin's bullet. But what a difference! The one was in private an immoral rascal, in public a cruel tyrant, blasphemously claiming to rule not alone the bodies, but the souls of men. The other was a good citizen, singled out by his fellows as worthy of the highest position to which they could elect him. And yet both were murdered, the one by the exasperated victims of his tyranny, the other by the morally depraved political fanatic, Guiteau.

There are some people in this world who are nothing if not offensive, to whom truth telling would be a moral impossibility. In its obituary notice of the late President the Quebec Mercury says it is an additional source of sorrow to us that to our disgrace it is reported that the murderer Guiteau was a native of this Province, if not from the vicinity of our city. Now, the malignant bloodhead who makes this assertion knows, or at least, ought to know, that such is not the case. A thousand journals have given biographical notices of Guiteau, showing him to have come from a respectable family of French Huguenots settled for generations (I believe since the Revolution) in the United States, and intermarried with other American families, therefore entirely alien both in religion and nationality to the French-Canadians. But truth is of little consequence to the reptilian portion of the British press, when, by the reproduction of a dead calumny, they can fling insult upon those who may differ from them in religion or politics. Our French-Canadian friends can form an idea from this exhibition of the Mercury's venom how bitterly and persistently Ireland and the Irish have been belittled and belied by moral thugs and political hirelings, despite our indignant denials of the foul accusations poured in ceaseless torrent on our heads.

Just now a raid is being made on all non-taxpaying canines. If you are sitting in the window and want to enjoy a farse, just wait till a policeman passes, and bark like a dog. Immediately Bobby will cock up his ear and sniff his eyes round four corners at once, and roll the air like a terrier. A burglar, a murderer, no, not even an earthquake, would draw him from the vicinity while he has a reasonable hope of arresting the owner of an unlicensed pup.

An appeal will be made next Sunday in behalf of St. Bridget's Asylum, the bazaar in aid of which will open shortly. The response will no doubt be as prompt and generous as it has always been, and if it is it will be a fitting assistance to a most deserving institution.

The position of Deputy Shipping Master is now vacant, and the applicants are legion; the position is tacitly handed over to the English-speaking race, and will doubtless be filled by some one who has not the misfortune (politically speaking) of being an Irish Catholic.

DIOPNES.

A DONEGAL ISLAND.

The Legends and Landlords of Tory.

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

FALCARRAGH, Co. Donegal, August 27.

Look at a map of the County Donegal, and, if it is large enough, you will find Tory Island on its northwestern coast. I am writing within sight of it now. Seen from mainland its eastern side presents the appearance of a grand cathedral of the middle ages. The most stolid traveller could not pass within sight of it without inquiring its name. I have seen no more picturesque scenery in Donegal—a county in which every parish can justly boast of most magnificent views.

I asked the carrier what was interesting about Tory? His answer caused me to visit it; "It's a regular Land Layne Island," he said "they haven't paid a penny of rent there for ten years."

Tory Island is twelve English miles from the mainland. You reach it in boats rowed by four stalwart fishermen. There are two smaller islands near it. But Tory, by its legends and traditions and historical associations, as well as by its greater size, has thrown its little island neighbours into more than their natural obscurity.

When I landed I called on Father Blake, the curate, and found with him Father James McFadden of Falcarragh, or Tullaghobeggy East, the adjoining parish to Gweedore. Both priests have the same name, although they are not related.

With Father McFadden and Father Blake I visited every part of the island.

Tory is a corruption of Thor-Ey, which denotes (according to an Irish antiquarian authority) that "it was consecrated to Thor, the Scandinavian deity, who presided over storm and desolate places." Certainly Old Tory (I speak chronologically, not irreverently) could not have selected a more appropriate headquarters than Tory Island in his character of President of Stormy and Desolate Places. It is a hilly, stony, sterile, bleak and windy island. The storms of ages have bitten into its towering rocks and made its eastern coast a scene of grim and rugged grandeur. These gloomy cliffs are from 100 to 300 feet in height and have forms of the most varied and fantastic beauty.

The western coast is hilly but not mountainous. It slopes down to the sea shore. From the side of the island the traveller has a beautiful view of the mainland with its dark hills and lovely valleys and sandy shores.

Tory Island is not quite three English miles in length and it does not average more than three-quarters of a mile in width. It contains 769 acres, and is the home of 60 families or over 300 souls. They are all Catholics and of the ancient Celtic race. Irish is the daily language of the people although many of them can talk English. The curate has not yet mastered the old tongue; and therefore Father McFadden, in whose parish Tory Island is included, had come over to hear the confessions of penitents in their native speech.

Tory is a representative Irish island—typical of all these western counties. This implies that its recorded history stretches away back back a thousand years before the Christian era and that its traditions hold, in their impartial embrace, and with an equal and loving fervor, Pagan druids and Catholic saints. It means that fierce invaders have been fiercely resisted on its soil, that the old generations were sometimes slaughtered in the name of religion, and that recent generations have been robbed for a century in the name of property. And it suggests that memorials of all these religions, these races, these wars, these persecutions, and these plunderings, are still to be found on the Island.

And this implied pledge is redeemed. Here is a village that tells the story of the poverty of the people, and of their incessant struggle for the poor privilege of existence here. The houses are one story in height, built of stone, and thatched with straw. Straw ropes are thrown over this roof, and they are fastened to pegs in the wall beneath the eaves. But for these ropes, common along the coast, the houses would be unroofed by the fierce Atlantic winds. These houses have little windows. They are better furnished than at Gweedore. But here as elsewhere the cow and the pig and the chickens share the kitchen with the family. The calf is as tenderly treated as the youngest baby—for I, I noticed, instead of being kept behind the door, was tethered near the fireplace for greater warmth. The cabins, like all the one-room cabins along the coast, are smoky, and necessarily unclean. One great lack of Tory Island is peat. What was once here has been burned years ago, excepting a patch on the southern end of the island that the landlord reserved for his own use. This year the people have cut it—thereby destroying a good pasturage, and spoiling the beauty of the tract, but securing for one winter, a good supply of fuel. The fuel now used is turfs of grass—common grass sods, which are ignited or made inflammable by having the oil arising on the water in which fish is boiled poured over it until the fire is "well burning."

"Why don't you go to the mainland for turf?" I asked a fisherman, for I had heard the people accused of laziness, while on every hand I saw evidences of ceaseless toil.

"Because at the time when turf is cut and dried, we need our boats for fishing; and then we must make the kelp. If we went over for turf we might often be kept out two weeks, and that would ruin us at this time of the year."

The bar is a dangerous one; beneficent English Government will not build a harbour; and so the struggle for existence is made harder than even nature has rendered it.

"What is the diet of these people?" "Potatoes—and fish."

They are better off than the poorest class on the mainland; for they have not the fish with their potatoes. When the potatoes give out (in these parishes they rarely raise enough to last longer than from four to six months), Indianmeal straitabout takes the place of the potatoes. July, the month before the new potatoes are ripe, is known all over the West of Ireland as "hungry July."

I saw one Tory Island family at breakfast. The old woman, the man of the house and two boys were squatted on the earth floor near the smoky fire. There were no chairs in the cabin. The potatoes and the fish were in a flat shallow dish, made of wickerwork, that was laid over a pot in which the potatoes had been boiled. That was the bill of fare and the "dining-room appointments."

The men and women and children are poorly clad. Their clothing is mostly made of potatoes—and air-holes. The women of

all ages go barefooted, both in summer and winter.

And here, among this cluster of stone cabins, is a round tower whose origin no man can tell. It seems certain only that the race that built these towers lived here two thousand years before the Christian era.

And around this round tower there are ruins of a later date, but yet it is more than 1,800 years since their builders reared them. This Celtic cross here was raised by St. Columbkille, the pupil of St. Finian, who was instructed in the Christian faith by the immediate disciples of St. Patrick. Here is a great stone trough—lying in the mud where pigs could sleep in it—and yet so sacred that no money could tempt a Tory Islander to carry it to the mainland—lying among rubbish and filth, and yet if it were presented to any Catholic Cathedral in America, it would be put on the costliest pedestal, and have the place of honour—for it was the baptismal font of one of the Seven Churches erected here by St. Columbkille and his immediate successors.

At a short distance from these pagan and Christian ruins, a little church has recently been built by the exertions of Father McFadden. At one time, for eighteen years, there was no priest stationed on the island, and no Mass was said on it. Zealous efforts were made to convert the people to Protestantism. Only one man changed his creed. It is impossible to make Protestants out of these Western Irish, because in Ireland for 300 years Protestantism was the instrument of religious persecution.

"We'll never become Protestants," said one peasant to me—"never!" and then with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "unless the English become Catholics, and then we'll become Protestant just to be furthest from them!"

Passing from the site of the Seven Churches, where St. Columbkille, "the Dove of the Churches," as the Irish still tenderly call him, worked and prayed, and travelling east, you see on the approach to a height a little pile of stones. This is all that remains of Balla's Castle—"Ballor of the Mighty Blows." Balla is described as "a warrior of the Days of Yore," which as the editor of the "Annals of the Four Masters" very correctly remarks was "a period beyond the reach of chronology."

Have you ever read of Ballor—Ballor of the Evil Eye? Ballor lived in Tory. Old man Ballor—or old god Ballor—for I am not quite sure whether he was a god or a man—had one eye in the middle of his forehead, and the other "in the back of his skull." This rear eye (so to speak), according to the Four Masters, or their editor, "by its foul distorted glances like that of the Basilisk, would strike people dead." To this day the Irish call an evil-looking eye—"Sul Ballor, a Ballor eye. But old man or old god Ballor, seems to have been, at times, a pretty good fellow for it is recorded that he kept his back eye constantly covered, "except (or Ballor had an eye single on business, too), "whenever he wished to get the better of his enemies by petrifying them with looks."

A Druid told Ballor that he was destined to be killed by his grandchild. Now Ballor had only one child, a daughter—Ethnea by name. There was no nonsense about Ballor. An almost inaccessible cliff at the eastern extremity of Tory Island is called Tor-moro. On its summit Ballor had a tower. Here he confined his young daughter. He put her in the charge of twelve matrons. They were sternly told never to allow a man to come near her, nor to give the faintest hint of the existence or nature of the other sex. Ethnea grew in years and in beauty. The mysteries of Nature puzzled her. How had she come here? And those creatures there, floating in *enratches*, with hair on their faces—who were they? But the matrons were true to their trust, and they would not let Miss Ballor know anything about the hairy-faced parties whom she could see from the summits of the Tower—Tor-moro.

What was the cruel parent of the lovely Ethnea doing when his daughter was thus puzzling over her lonely conundrums? In the annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, in the history of the year of the world 3300—there is a tale about you will find it recorded that Ballor now felt secure in his existence, and that he was regardless of the prediction of the Druid. "He continued," we are told, "his business of war and rapine; he achieved many a deed of fame; he captured many a vessel; he subdued and cast in chains many an adventurous band of sea rovers; and made many a descent upon the opposite continent, carrying with them to the island men and property."

And yet Ballor was not happy. He had a secret yearning that could not be allayed. And why? He could not steal *Glas-Guilven*. And she? For, of course, there must have been a female at the bottom of this sorrow of Ballor? Correct. Glas-Guilven was the cow of MacKineely.

This seems to be a good place in which to quote Sylvanus Cobb's famous remark—"To be continued in our next."

JAMES REDPATH.

SEER BUT NOT SLOW.—People who have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL to get rid of pain find it is sure, but not slow. A cough even, of long standing, is speedily controlled and cured by it. Rheumatism, neuralgia, corns, lame back and swelled neck rapidly disappear when it is used.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas,—The Almighty, in His all-wise designs, has deeply afflicted the American people by calling to Himself their dearly beloved President; and

Whereas,—The hearts of all true Americans are filled with sorrow for the loss of one, who, though but a few months their Chief Magistrate, had endeared himself to the nation by his many noble qualities; be it

Resolved,—That we, the American students of St. Laurent College, Montreal, Canada, cordially sympathizing with the afflicted family in their sad bereavement, extend to them our heartfelt condolence; and be it

Resolved,—That we express to our fellow-countrymen our deep sorrow for the misfortune which has fallen upon the people and plunged them into grief and mourning; and be it

Resolved,—That we ever bear in mind the untiring perseverance, heroic self-sacrifice, and noble sense of honor portrayed in the illustrious character of the deceased; and furthermore be it

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. James A. Garfield and also to the Secretary of State.

DAVID E. MURPHY,
JOHN J. LENZMAN,
GEORGE W. BROWN,
EDGEMUND J. MURPHY.

Committee.

St. Laurent College, Sept. 21, 1881.

A MATCHLESS MEDICINE.

The cooling, cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it the best remedy in the world for all forms of bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach, cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery. Purely vegetable, and always reliable.

TO MAMIE.

Are you proud of our native land, Mamie? Of our young Canadian Queen, Whose robes in winter is snowy white, And in summer a glorious green? White and green, like lilies they seem, When blended together, I trow, Whether called the "Aris Diver" have their birth, Or plucked from the mountain's brow.

Are you proud of her stately maple That lifts its graceful head, With its pointed leaves in the harvest time Sprinkled with Autumn's red, And her forests of pine and silvery birch, So vast, so deep, so grand, And the broad St. Lawrence, the pride and Of our own Canadian land?

She takes her place when the nations meet With a freemans grace, her own— A grace not caught from the trappings that wait On royalty's sceptre and throne; They tell us of lands far, and far, Where the "Aris Diver" have their birth, But to us, if born on Canada's soil, She is the fairest land on earth.

But one thing more our Canada lacks—"The flag of the ancient line"—The hills of France, fair emblem of power, With the shield of the Bourbon line, For to France of the past she owes whatever Her present worth may be; And the maple should twine on the purple white ground, as of old.

With the old French Fleur-de-Lys.

AGNES BURT.

THE LEAVES SHALL BE FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

The leaf of the Wild Strawberry has verified that Scriptural quotation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the marvel of healing in all varieties of Summer Complaints, Fluxus, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and every form of Bowel Complaints of children or adults promptly yields to its power of healing.

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

Dogs are beginning to bark at white hats. Water is five cents a quart at Lockport, N. Y.

Chick is the name of another Republican faction.

George Francis Train is not dead, but he no longer aspires to be President.

It would be better for Gutenua if Sergt. Mason had succeeded in shooting him.

John Smith, St. Auicet, Quebec, has forwarded us \$1 for the Land League fund.

The Academicians of the Plateau rushed in a body to see the big pig of Cole's circus.

They are not all office-seekers who crowd round Sir John Macdonald, but most of them are.

It is too long since the newspapers chronicle cabinet changes. Let us commence at once.

"Are you lonely to-night, Miss Ada?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

An Iowa man named Deep is the happy father of triplets.—E. These babies are "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."—Rockester Express.

"One of the first duties of a community," says Mayor Means of Cincinnati in an interview, "is to protect its youth—protect the boys first, and they will protect the girls."

If a princess is not positively ugly she is described as the most beautiful woman in Europe, if she can play upon an old concertina she is the most accomplished woman in the world.

The Marquis of Gallipet, Gambetta's friend, has as many lives as a cat. He was blown to pieces at Pueblo, Mexico, but somehow or other they have been gotten together and he is the Marquis of Gallipet.

The Chinese are advancing upon us gradually and quietly. Last week there was but one of them running the laundry a few doors off, to-day we notice two. Where have they come from? Where will they go?

James Gordon Bennett wears nine diamond rings. He would wear more, but one finger was disabled during the war by the premature discharge of a champagne cork. He has applied for a pension for the disability.—Pech's Sun.

At the consecration of the new Archbishop of Vienna at Krenmsminster a toast was given for the Pope, and that of the Emperor afterward. Some years ago, when the eleventh centenary at Krenmsminster was held, the Papal Nuncio demanded that the health of the Pope should be drunk first, which was refused.

Vannor says that with a little study and careful observation anybody can be a weather prophet. We always knew that anybody could be a weather prophet, but didn't suppose that either a little study or careful observation was necessary. Vannor predicted a wet July and a cold August, and a wood in Indian couldn't have predicted wider of the mark.—Norritown Herald.

At Weissdorf, in Lower Franconia, a highly interesting find has just been made. On the slope of the Bugher, on which probably a castle formerly stood, some children found a gilded iron casket, which had evidently been laid open by late heavy rains. On being forced open it was found to contain pearls and stones, a number of rings, and different gold and silver coins dated 1516, 1612 and 1624.

The greatest discovery in surgery thus far in the year 1881, is that of Dr. William McEwen. He has successfully transplanted bone fragments of wedges of bone taken from patients for curved backs—into the arm of a child whose spines was useless by reason of extensive necrosis; two-thirds of the humerus had been destroyed and no repair of bones had taken place. A good new humerus was the result, less than an inch shorter than its fellow.

GET THE BEST.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Sick Stomach, Cramps, Colic and Cholera Infantum that has yet been discovered. It popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Curative powers 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. WEBER, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 28.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For September, 1881. THURSDAY, 29.—St. Michael, Archangel... FRIDAY, 30.—St. Jerome, Confessor... SATURDAY, 1.—St. Remigius, Bishop and Confessor...

An extra session of the American Senate—not the Congress—has been summoned by President Arthur to meet on the 10th of October.

Ayoub Khan has been defeated by his rival Abdurrahman Khan outside Kandahar. Two of his regiments are reported as having deserted him...

As no country in the world has a warmer friendship for the American Republic than Ireland, so none has displayed a sincerer sympathy in its present sorrow.

It is reported by cable that the Transvaal Parliament has rejected the convention with England, and that much excitement is the result.

It is wonderful how rumors of European wars arise and how rapidly they are dispelled. At present everything is profoundly quiet and there is not a word said about war.

The Land Bill of Mr. Gladstone has not pacified Ireland. Ireland will never be pacified while evictions are carried on at the rate of a hundred or so per diem.

Mr. Forster, the Irish Chief Secretary, has offered the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds sterling as his subscription towards the encouragement of Irish manufactures.

bill, each and every one of them bearing as good a character as Chief Secretary Forster, and the Crowbar Brigade, backed by an English army, are leveling the huts of the people to the ground in every direction.

SENOR CASTELLAR, the famous Spanish orator and statesman, has broken forever with the Spanish Intransigentes and with Communism and Socialism generally.

W. H. HORNER, Managing Editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, died on last Wednesday morning. He fell sick the day after President Garfield was shot and conceived the idea that his fate was connected with that of the President.

THANKS to the generosity of the American people, the widow of President Garfield will be a wealthy woman and her children will be well provided for.

The war against Afghanistan which Lord Beaconsfield entered into so gayly and so festively, has cost the British empire one hundred and seventeen million dollars without counting the lives lost.

The Marquis de Catania has just written a work on "Social Disorder," which has been eagerly caught at by the political economists of Europe.

It was hardly to be expected that the obsequies of President Garfield could pass over without reference to the great Anglo-Saxon race, which a good many worthy people seek to identify with the Protestant religion.

It is quite possible, but it must, at the same time, appear to a non-Anglo-Saxon that it has not commenced the business very well.

As a rule the English look coldly on Canada, the Times especially, the great exponent of British public opinion, does not encourage the connection.

The New York correspondent of the London Standard sent a cable despatch on the death of the President, of which the following is an extract:

"As far as England is concerned, we have no particular reason to congratulate ourselves on the inauguration of Mr. Arthur. He owes his election to Irish votes.

This is a regular Anglo-Saxon white surety. In his present capacity General Arthur is President of the Republic, and no matter what his sympathies were as an individual he will be loyal to his oath of office.

ALTHOUGH Americans are strong on politics they are always loyal to the Government, and intensely so to the Executive.

There is no circumstance connected with the death of President Garfield more affecting than the profound sympathy expressed by England for the dead President's family.

If the London Times and the World and Truth and other leading journals of the great city, wish to see Canada under the connection with England they cannot pursue a better policy towards that object than they are pursuing at present.

They have seen young Canada emerge from the colleges full of enthusiasm for national life and faith in Canada's future, not as a Crown colony, but as an independent nation.

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Port Stanley, Port Colborne would swell into opulent cities like their American neighbors, for it is not a geographical line that depresses the Canadian border and elevates the American, and in a word, Canada would find her level among the nations of the earth.

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that the associates of General Arthur are Fenians (Englishmen think all Irishmen Fenians). It is hardly possible that the fact of General Arthur notifying two Irish-American Judges—Biady and Donohoe—that he desired to be sworn in as President of America, escaped the eye of the correspondent.

THE AGE OF HUMBUG. Some of our most benevolent optimists tell us that in future times this age we live in will be called the age of progress and inventions by the historians of the period, and it undoubtedly may, but if the historians take its most salient points and tell the truth, they will be more honest in calling it the age of cant and humbug.

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THE EXHIBITION.

The Great Fair a Grand Success—How Bazaar and Rain—Small Attendance—The Exhibitors' Packing up.

The last day of our great Provincial Exhibition was but poorly attended, there being over five hundred persons present. This was, of course, caused by the dreary state of the weather, a drizzling rain falling during the greater part of the morning and keeping it up at intervals during the afternoon.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION. This really interesting portion of the attractions offered to the public terminated yesterday, and although the weather was most unpropitious a large number of visitors and citizens availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing one of the finest displays ever exhibited in that line.

LACROSSE CHALLENGE. Monday morning Mr. Snow, the Secretary of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, received a challenge from the Toronto Club to play a match for the championship.

A MONTREAL HEROINE.

A YOUNG MONTREAL LADY SHOTS A BEAR, AND THE PROBABLE MEANS OF SAVING MANY LIVES.

Last Saturday afternoon a party of ladies and gentlemen, halting from Montreal, were out on a pleasure excursion in the vicinity of Sherbrooke, P.Q. They had been driven the greater part of the afternoon, and as it was nearing dusk, found themselves passing through a dense forest, the overhanging branches only serving to increase the surrounding darkness.

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

The regular weekly meeting of the Montreal Branch of the League was held on Sunday afternoon, Mr. P. Carroll in the chair. After the transaction of routine business, Mr. C. J. Doherty gave notice of motion, at next meeting, that no member whose dues were not paid in full should have a right to vote at the election; and, further, that no person, over three months in arrears, should have the privilege of voting on any question on which a division might be called.

It was moved by Mr. C. J. Doherty, seconded by Mr. F. A. Quinn, and resolved, "that the committee appointed to make arrangements for the holding of a mass meeting under the auspices of this branch of the league, take steps for the earliest holding of said meeting at the earliest convenient date, and be instructed to draft resolutions for adoption at that meeting, expressing the approval of the Irishmen of Montreal of the conduct of the National Convention of the Land League of Ireland, recently held in Dublin, and conveying to the Land League at home the assurance of our hearty co-operation in carrying out the programme adopted by the Convention."

STOMACH ACHES.

We all know what it is! We acquired a perfect knowledge of the "Pain" in our youth, after a raid on the green apples. Our were expressly forbidden to touch them, mother gave us Perry Davis' Pain Killer then, and strange to say, no other remedy has been discovered to this day to equal it.

St. Johns, 20th Sept. 1881. To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS: Sir,—My name, in Class 5, Prize List report, should read S. N. Hicks, not J. N., second prize, but first prize for both gilding and sign painting. S. N. HICKS.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

AN IRISH NATIONAL PARLIAMENT REQUIRED—PARNELL CARRIES ALL HIS POINTS—THE LABORERS BENEFITED—BRILLIANT ORATORY.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

Tennyson is writing a drama for Irving, the actor. Moody and Sankey will remain two years in Europe.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Chester Allen Arthur was born in Franklin County, Vt., in October, 1829. His father, Rev. William Arthur, was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—After taking the oath of office President Arthur read from manuscript the following address:—

comes generally in the form of impending danger—famine or persistent persecution; and under such circumstances the modifications of the vital process seem to operate against its long continuance; well-wishing Nature sees her purpose defeated, and the vital energy flags, the sap of life runs to joyless droopiness, and the existence of the body seems to be a mere waiting for death.

which a man who is at once an Italian and a priest, a scholar, and a diplomatist, will not be likely to abuse. This is the negative result of Leo's reign; the positive is the new impetus he has given to the study of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

WIT AND HUMOR.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in the chest.

A California paper, in describing a row among the Chinamen, says that they "use iron bars and other sedatives freely."

"It isn't that I care about a little work now," said an incorrigibly lazy fellow; "but I'm afraid if I once begin to earn my own living, I shall always be expected to do it."

"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."

There are times when a man lives years of rapt enjoyment in a few brief moments, and there are occasions when in about half a minute he does enough swearing for a whole regiment.

Finance. WITH \$5 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

General Brunswick Government Bonds, which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government of Germany, and are redeemable in drawings.

International Banking Co., No. 150 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

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

The chief provisions of the Quebec General Mining Act of 1881 are as follows:—1. The declaration of ownership by the Crown and reserve of all mines not specially granted.

2. For the sale of mining rights on patented and seigniorial lands, and on unpatented lands acquired for agricultural purposes.

3. For the sale of mining rights on unpatented lands acquired for agricultural purposes.

4. For granting licenses to mine for gold or silver on public lands and on conceded portions of seigniorial lands.

5. For the sale of lands as mining locations.

6. For imposition of penalties for contravention of Act. Sec. 101, et seq.

7. Under this Act parties holding Letters Patent for lands granted for agricultural purposes may acquire the right to work any mines of gold or silver thereon, without license, by paying the Commissioner of Crown Lands a sum of money.

8. For granting licenses to mine for gold or silver on public lands and on conceded portions of seigniorial lands.

9. For the sale of lands as mining locations.

10. For imposition of penalties for contravention of Act. Sec. 101, et seq.

The Land League Convention occupied the best part of the last day's sitting in an attempt to secure the adherence of the laboring classes to the policy of the League.

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The English papers admit that a renewal of Irish trade is possible. Thanks to thee, Parnell.

The guarantee fund for the exhibition of Irish manufactures has reached forty-three thousand dollars.

A little Derby hat on the head of a fat man bears a striking resemblance to a postage stamp on a watermelon.

The way they intend getting over the Mason-Guiteau difficulty, is by proving that Mason did not fire at all.

One of Mr. Bright's brothers-in-law joined the Catholic Church and established Tablet. He was Frederick Lucas.

Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, is still alive, though it is nearly sixty years since he published his first romance.

It is Sir John Lubbock's opinion that bees are, in a rough kind of way, sensitive to color, and that their favorite color is blue.

Impresario Strakosch is to pay Gerster \$1,000 a night. What might he be going to pay it for, however, he doesn't say.

Beecher says we owe a large part of our happiness to our mistakes. If that is true what a cheerful man he must be!

Effort is being made to introduce pennies into Nashville business circles. Hitherto the nickel has been the smallest coin used.

Signor Brignoli is looking for the man who christened him "a nightingale in a pump."

Thanks to the Conservative Government the crops in British Columbia are splendid this year, and thanks to the Liberal opposition they are not so good in Nova Scotia.

Emerson says: "A man passes for what he is worth." The more experienced editor of the Lowell Courier says: "No he doesn't; he passes for the sake of getting a new trump."

The Jesuits have purchased the Hales Place property, near Canterbury, England, and will convert the old manor house into an enormous college at an estimated cost of £50,000.

According to Rousseau's assertion there is neither rhythm nor melody in French music, for which he was burned in effigy by the indignant actors and musicians of the opera.

Nilson is said to receive for her concerts in England \$20,000 for each 100 concerts, besides a share in the receipts of each evening. English playgoers pay big prices for what they want.

"Mother, I am at the door," is the title of a new ballad. It is to be hoped that the old lady will hurry down stairs and let him in, or watchful "copper" will have him in the station house.

The Toronto Mail and a Montreal evening paper have evidently entered into a mutual puffing arrangement as regards circulation.

A bon mot has reached us which it would be a pity to withhold. The other day a Bishop, when travelling in a London bus, met one of his clerics.

The Rochester Democrat thinks that one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and dejected brother as though he were his dearest friend.

A young man from the country saw steam fire engines working at a conflagration upon his visit to the city and asked his father: "What in thunder makes 'em heat the water by steam to put a fire out with? Cold water's a darn sight better!"

Boston has a lady barber. She is a blonde and very pretty. A reporter who was shamed by her speaks in glowing terms of her skill.

The lady herself says that her work is light and easy, requiring just the dexterity that women possess, and she wonders that more of them do not go into the business.

A New Jersey widow couldn't earn six dollars a week at the wash-tub. She became a clairvoyant, and her income increased to sixty. It just shows that a man begrudges the quarter he pays for washing his stick, while he will cheerfully give a dollar to stick his nose into the other world before the show begins.

A curious experiment is being tried in several corps of the Russian army. This consists in the introduction of dogs instead of men as sentries.

For this duty the wolf dogs of the Ural Mountains is found most suitable, as this animal will growl at the presence of an intruder instead of barking outright, and thus inciting all the dogs in camp to do likewise.

Charles Kenny, the English journalist who died a few days since, was a good deal of a wit in his way. The London World, in referring to his death, tells this story:—"The wisest of all wise sayings," said some one one night at the Fielding Club, "it is the old Greek maxim, 'Know thyself.'" "Yes," said Kenny, "there is a deal of wisdom in it, 'Know thyself,'" but," he added, "never introduce a friend."

Major Laner, of the Austrian engineers, has made some experiment at Krems, on the Danube, on blasting rocks under water, which have attracted considerable attention.

Into a cylinder he puts a quantity of dynamite, which is connected with an electric apparatus. The cylinder is placed on the surface of the rock only, and fixed in that position. No matter how deep the water may be over the rock it is shattered when the dynamite explodes, into fragments so small that they are washed away by the stream.

This process is said to save 40 per cent on the cost of removing submerged rocks.

SEA SICKNESS. The best remedy and preventive of Sea Sickness is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It is also the best remedy for all Summer complaints, whether on the sea or land it will not fail you.

All Druggists sell it at 75 cents per bottle.

John Bull sneers at our navy, but he is probably not aware that we can turn out 15,000 brass bands at the very first hint of foreign invasion.—N.Y. Star.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Members of the Cabinet have been requested to retain their respective positions. It is authoritatively learned that there will be no session of Congress until the regular session in December.

The following has been issued by the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, in His inscrutable wisdom it has pleased God to remove from the United States the illustrious hero of the nation, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States, and whereas it is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the throne of infinite grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty and seek from Him that consolation in our affliction, and that sanctification of our loss which he is able and willing to vouchsafe; now, therefore, in obedience to sacred duty and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday next, 26th day of September, on which day our beloved dead will be consigned to his last resting place on earth, to be observed throughout the United States as a day of mourning, and I earnestly recommend all people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of the Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, 22nd September, in the year of our Lord 1881, and of the independence of the United States one hundred and sixth.

(Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR, By President.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The Herald says:—"Arthur's declarations will be accepted as the promise of a sincere patriot to set a standard for his administration higher than any political party dares profess, and therefore as a vow to be independent, not merely of faction, but even of partisan control in his presidency."

While Arthur perceives no adequate occasion for an unusual session of Congress, his language does not exclude the probability of the convocation of the Senate.

It is understood to-night that members of the Cabinet formally tendered their resignations, and pending action upon the same they have been requested by Arthur to remain at the heads of their respective departments.

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 use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy!"—Philadelphia Press.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF MIRTH. But, aside from all this, mirth has a hygienic value that can hardly be overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it.

Joy has been called the sunshine of the heart. Yet the same sun that calls forth the flowers of a plant is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor.

And, as sure as a succession of uniform crops will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man. Body and mind require an occasional change of employment, or else a liberal supply of fertilizing recreations, and this requirement is a factor whose omission often falls the arithmetic of our political economists.

To the creatures of the wilderness affliction comes generally in the form of impending danger—famine or persistent persecution; and under such circumstances the modifications of the vital process seem to operate against its long continuance; well-wishing Nature sees her purpose defeated, and the vital energy flags, the sap of life runs to joyless droopiness, and the existence of the body seems to be a mere waiting for death.

Every mother should bear in mind that it is easier to keep children well than it is to cure them after they become ill. A few simple rules, faithfully and unflinchingly observed, would banish nine-tenths of the sicknesses among children that too often lead to fatal results.

Give them in the first place plenty of love—expressions of love! Oftentimes fathers and mothers deeply love their children; yet show such little evidence of affection that the children are apt to have a forlorn feeling that it doesn't exist at all.

An occasional word of praise, a caress, an expression of sympathy—these are as necessary to healthy and happy child-life as summer showers to growing vines. Especially bear this in mind—they should never go to bed cold, or hungry, or unhappy.

Let them have plenty of healthy and palatable food, at regular hours. Small children have a slice of bread and butter, or an apple, or some simple "bite," half way between meals, or nothing more in the way of lunches. It is the constant nibbling and "piecing" that does harm.

Never force a child to eat anything he has a real dislike for. When plain food is declined because of the more tempting desert ahead, it is a different affair; but I have seen little children compelled to eat things when very mouthful would be swallowed with tremendous effort.

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Incidents in Pope Leo's school days. From the Geneva Continental Times, a non-Catholic journal, we take the following remarkable article in relation to the scholar-Pope.

Leo XIII. is a crowned scholar. From a child he took kindly to his book, and the Jesuits turned him into one of the first Latinists of the age.

The one result was pretty certain to follow from the other, as the key to the educational success of the Jesuits is to be found in their principles of the first ascertaining a pupil's aptitudes, and then cultivate them to the best of their power.

Joachim Pecci's youth was a series of academic triumphs, each of which signalized the addition of a fresh province of learning to his intellectual dominions.

Classics were first mastered, then mathematics, next physics, and afterwards moral philosophy, in which he gave instruction at the age of nineteen.

Perhaps he might have remained a scholar and nothing more, but in the third decade of his life he fell under the influence—one would rather say rose to the influence—of the famous Cardinal Odescalchi, a man who, in another age, might have replayed the great part of the famous Ignatius Loyola.

Odescalchi it was who renounced the purple to enter the Order of Jesus, and gave innumerable other proofs of Christian humility and devotion to his Master's cause.

Among the services he rendered to the Church of Rome not the least was the conversion of Pecci, as one may call it in the true sense of the word.

He turned his mind to a serious though not austere view of religion, and had the happiness of admitting him to holy orders. Pecci was then twenty-seven, and already a lay prelate in the household of Gregory XVI.

Like every Pope since the Reformation, Leo XIII. is a thoroughly good man. Still, if one may venture to compare his moral standard with that of his immediate predecessor, one would be inclined to state the difference between them as consisting in the fact that Leo has more of the wisdom of the serpent, while Pius had more of the innocence of the dove.

Pius kept a childlike heart and faith to the last, and the Bishop of Perugia, who knew the world and showed it, rose but slowly into his sovereign confidence. He received the red hat in 1853, but was not appointed camerlengo till twenty-four years later.

The days of Pius were already numbered, and he must have known that in this slighting out Pecci for distinction he was almost designating him as a desirable successor.

The courtly and accomplished cardinal has at length won his way to the Pontiff's cordial esteem. Pius, too, may have suspected that he had set too little store by the wisdom of this world, and that, humanly speaking, no small share of it would be necessary to the man who was next to steer the barque of St. Peter through the troubled waters.

Leo XIII. has now reigned more than three years, and the broad lines of his policy are sufficiently defined. His attitude toward the Government of Europe is the wisest, if it be not the only one, he could have adopted.

He stands on the defensive and hides his time. Two points in the purely spiritual policy of Leo XIII. deserve notice. The first, he has not any more than the first, made the slightest use of the extraordinary powers declared by the last general Council of the Holy See.

He has defined no disputed doctrine. In truth, the council which proclaimed the Pope infallible when speaking ex cathedra has necessarily made the Pope extremely cautious of giving expression to ex cathedra utterances.

Absolute power has often been remarked to exercise a sobering influence on its possessor. Even so, authority to decide most solemn questions without appeal is one

which a man who is at once an Italian and a priest, a scholar, and a diplomatist, will not be likely to abuse. This is the negative result of Leo's reign; the positive is the new impetus he has given to the study of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

JUST PUBLISHED. A MOST USEFUL AND TIMELY BOOK. THE BEATING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH; OR, THE DEATH OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH; AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. F. J. Shadler. With an Introduction by Rt. Rev. P. N. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, S.C.

SHERBROOKE ITEMS. The Kennedy family of Scottish vocalists and instrumentalists are to visit our city on Thursday next. I have seen them play in Europe, and may mention that they have gained the approval of the players of Dublin—a sure sign of the excellence of their art.

Weather a little cold morning and evening, but warm throughout the day. The markets are well supplied with vegetables, and butchers do a fair trade.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint. A DUEL TO THE DEATH. AN INDIAN CHIEF AND A WELL-KNOWN WHITE MAN FIGHTING WITH PISTOLS.

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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?

THE "GOOD CHEESE" WHICH INSPIRED THE RUSSIANS. In the course of a note upon the ravages of the Russian soldier, the New York Times tells this anecdote: "When the half-starved Russians poured into the village of Andermatt, of whose famous cheese they had heard so many stories, their first proceeding was to devour the contents of a large store filled with what they supposed to be the dainty in question, and then, falling upon the French, they beat them across the Reuss."

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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. Is the greatest Blood Cleanser in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE—OF HOUSEHOLD USE—IS THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

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.

BEATTY. Musical Instruments. Pianos Another battle on high prices. Baking Powder. The Princess Baking Powder.

McGRAIL & WALSH. COMMISSIONERS, FRUIT & PROVISIONS. 341 & 343 Commissioner Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

FARM FOR SALE. That splendid farm, formerly the estate of Mr. J. J. Vigne, 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 "Pont Vieux" and the "Moulin du Croche" offered for sale.

PEACHES FOR PIES. In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe that are rather too 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 French Pies.

DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: 237 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

DR. KANNON. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, N.Y. 209 1/2 St. Joseph Street, (over McEgan's Drug Store).

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HOPE FOR THE DEAF. Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums. PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the Natural Drum.

RUPTURE! THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO. 234 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.

FOR SALE. SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS. City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.

THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER. Absolutely pure; is the best in the world. Try it and be convinced.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacturers of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.

Church Ornaments. Special Fracien & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF CHURCH ORNAMENTS. STATUES &c. 252 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

THE "WEBER." "All Artists give them the Preference." "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."

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

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.

FOR THE HAIR! How common and at the same time painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends.

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FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS. Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's use of DR. COLLIER'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders.

ASH & ROBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION. Positively Cured. All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try DR. COLLIER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders.

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!

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Sept. 24, 1881.

Two Federal offices in this city are now vacant, the Superintendency of Outlets and the position of Deputy Shipping Master. For the former situation the two principal candidates are Messrs. James Fenton and John Lane, and though both are good men, and have the confidence of his party at a time when his commercial position commanded large influence, Mr. Lane is most favorably recommended by the Government as a fitting person for the appointment. A caller himself, and for many years a leading timber merchant and shipbuilder, and strong Conservative, he certainly has claims that cannot lightly be overlooked. I understand Mr. John Giblin is an applicant for the position of Deputy Shipping Master, and is in every way qualified for the position, being familiar with all the old Quebec traders for the past thirty years. In his more prosperous days the money spent by Mr. Giblin in aid of the Conservative party, had it been more wisely invested, would now secure him a competence for the approaching evening of his days. To whom these appointments will be given is beyond my prophetic powers to say, but the old adage, "Put not your trust in princes" comes to my mind with a foreboding idea that past services and adaptability will be forgotten in these as in former cases, wherein Irish Catholics were applicants for Government favors.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS IN LONDON.

Although it has its head-quarters in and around Fleet Street, it is hard to say where journalistic London begins and ends. Time was when the "writer for the press" did not consider that his calling made it necessary for him to "mix in society," to belong to the best clubs, and have an establishment of his own where the greatest in the land should not be ashamed to visit him, but should gladly confer at his wife's receptions. The Potts of Dickens would be as hard to find in the country to-day as the Shandons of Thackeray in London. As Bohemia had laid aside its long pipe and "two of gin," its sawdust floors and pewter pots, so has journalistic London advanced from the tavern corner, the sponging house, and the gutter to take a foremost place in the best society of the time, combining with literary London to make an intellectual aristocracy that bids fair to hold in general estimation a standing equal to that of hereditary rank and fortune. Liberal Premiers and Liberal Cabinets are credited with showing a more genuine respect for journalism than their Conservative opponents, though both have long since ceased to keep the London editor where Lord Chesterfield detained Dr. Johnson, a patient and despatched waiter on greatness among the lackeys in the hall. Now and then a London journalist unconsciously reveals the old state of things when he scoffs at some successful rival who has ventured to refer familiarly to a distinguished person just as Mr. Lawson was attacked for speaking in some past controversy of the Premier as his "friend Mr. Gladstone." Remembering the proverb that hawks do not eat hawks, journalists should not disparage the social distinction of their class. A great journal like The Daily Telegraph yields as powerful an influence as Mr. Gladstone, and to suggest that the director of such a power has not sufficient standing to meet Mr. Gladstone on equal terms, especially at a time when The Telegraph was supporting the Gladstone policy, is to discount the general status of the journalists and depreciate the very power which the press claims for itself as the fourth estate of the realm. Besides, who does not remember Lord Palmerston's famous rebuke to Mr. Disraeli when the cause leader of the Opposition suggested, in a Parliamentary debate, that there were London editors who were politically influenced by their reception in "the gilded saloons" of the wives of ministers? The suer was alarmed at Mr. Delane, who was constantly invited to Lady Palmerston's parties. The House of Commons did not see this more quickly than Lord Palmerston did. The fine old Englishman at once denounced the slight attempted to be put upon the integrity of journalism, and amidst the cheers of the Commons he paid a splendid tribute to the character of Mr. Delane, the editor of The Times, concluding by saying that it was a source of pride and gratification to possess the personal friendship and enjoy the society of a man of Mr. Delane's high honor and varied acquirements. In press circles the late Lord Beaconsfield is credited with other personal slights of journalists; and this is strange, seeing how intimately his career was at one time bound up with literature and the press. He was the "Bunyanism" of The Times, and he must have confided many a brilliant article to the papers in his early days. But when he was one of the gilded youth of London, young men were "poor devils" to be sneered at and contemned; and in his later days the brilliant statesman and satirist was not able to shake off the social traditions, axioms, and customs of the time when he was a beau of the first water, and the centre of a fashionable set that wiped its feet on journals and journalists.—JAMES HARRON, in Harper's Magazine for October.

FRAGMENTS.

Tennyson is working at another drama. Philadelphia theatre suffers again on a strike. Dr. Hingston was in Quebec on Saturday. The constitutionality of the Crooks Act is to be tested in Ontario. Twenty-eight thousand troops embarked for Tunis at Toulon yesterday. It is thought Guitaen's counsel will first put forward the insanity plea. The Dominion Exhibition at Halifax, N.S., will be formally opened to-day. A suicide by hanging dies of his own free will and a cord.—Harford Times. Auguste Jacques Jochims (Baron de Cottignola), the German General, is dead. The composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein" receives a pension of \$1,000 a year. Sir S. L. Tilley addressed a large meeting at Hopewell Corner, N.B. yesterday. Women never forgive an act of treachery, but men do the moment they forget it. A new woollen yarn factory will shortly be started at Hamilton, Ont., by J. C. Dixon and Co. The Banks and Treasury of the United States hold, it is computed, \$265,000,000 in gold. In all parts of Canada mourning manifestations in memory of the late President are reported. Bradlaugh has expressed his sympathy with the bereaved family of the late President Garfield. David Edwards, dock hand on the "Chloro," was found drowned at the foot of Yonge street, Toronto, yesterday. Charles Rooney, charged with stabbing a Mr. Gagne at a bazaar in Ottawa, has been committed for trial. The hour of the funeral ceremonies at Cleveland was generally observed throughout the Province of Ontario. The name of Mr. James Beaty, proprietor of the defunct Toronto Leader, is mentioned for a vacant Senatorship. The Winnipeg Sun says Colonel DeWinton is the most unpopular as that ever struck this country. He, for shame! Grey and the diplomatic body were present at the service in memory of Garfield at a chapel in Rue Du Berri yesterday. Almost all the brigand chiefs in Thessaly and Southern Epirus have disappeared or given themselves up to General Souto. It is proposed to tender the Governor General a citizens' public banquet at Winnipeg on his return from the North-West next week. "Learning," says a down easter, "is well enough; but it hardly pays to give a five-thousand dollar education to a five-dollar boy." When a datkey tackles religion he can't get too much of it. Over in Lancaster, Pa., an ebony citizen is charged with stealing a church. At the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey the prayers of the congregation were requested for the widow and family of Garfield. An engagement occurred on Saturday south of Suss, Tunis. The Arabs lost fifty killed and many wounded. The French loss is unknown. The Canada Pacific Syndicate has contracted for all the locomotives that the Kingston Locomotive Works can build before the 1st of May next. The Mayor of Liverpool and principal officials of the city attended in state a special funeral service in memory of Garfield, at the Pro-Cathedral. Only 20 candidates out of the 40, who recently presented themselves for admission to study medicine at Quebec, passed successful examinations. At the Victoria fall assizes, opened at Lindsay, Ont., yesterday, the seduction case of Morgan vs. Thornbury resulted in a verdict of \$688 for plaintiff. The Nova Scotia branch of the Alliance has resolved to urge the Dominion Alliance to prepare a plan for general political action at the next elections. Mrs. P. Jamieson, living on McCaul street, Toronto, suffering from hallucination incident upon her present condition, attempted to shoot herself yesterday. The Pall Mall Gazette suggests that England and America should endeavor to arrange some kind of informal union for the prevention of Intermecine strife. The total losses by the fire in Collingwood, Ont., are said to aggregate nearly \$200,000. The aggregate of Insurance Companies as far as known are over \$300,000. There is a good deal of excitement among politicians over the remark made by Mrs. Blaine that her husband would stay in the Cabinet only a few days longer. A writer in a Chicago paper advocates that Guitaen be shot exactly in the same manner he shot the President, and that he then be handed over to Dr. Bliss to be cured. From the time Guitaen shot President Garfield until his death the doctors' bulletins reported him improving almost daily. He improved enough to cure ten men, but he died. David Brooks of Philadelphia has been offered for the right to use his patent underground telegraph system in Great Britain and Ireland the sum of half a million of dollars. There is a noticeable improvement in the manners of the young swells and swellesses of Montreal since a certain evening paper commenced giving lessons on etiquette. "Who slays his own should (not) himself be slay." There is not much romance in the life of a coal miner, yet a Pittsburg paper writes a long account of a daughter of a duke being the wife of a Connellville miner, and of another coal miner who was once one of the wealthiest merchants of Pittsburg. Mary Anderson says it is because she is afraid of shocks that she refrains from entering the surf. In the connection it is worthy of note that ever since Mary has lived in her lavender colored cottage by the sea the sharks have all come up to New York harbor.—N. Y. Star. It is better to be handsome than to be a Princess. Mrs. Langtry's name appears in the paper ten times as often as the Princess of Wales.—Detroit Free Press. And it is better to be a murderer than a beauty. Guitaen's name is mentioned ten times to Mrs. Langtry's one.—Boston Post. On Sunday morning Mrs. Col. Servais and her two daughters, who live on their farm on Lake Road, Niagara, were aroused by what appeared to be some depredators prowling round the premises. Miss Myrilla Servais proceeded to load a revolver, and in so doing went off, inflicting two severe and dangerous wounds in her right leg.

THOUSANDS OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED succumb to the dread scourge, consumption, whom; a course of the saving pulmonary, Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, might have rescued from the grave. Coughs, untwisly treated or neglected shape a sure, undeviating course towards fatal lung disease. How many persons of vigorous physique and plenty of nervous stamina have succumbed to the consequence of a simple cold! The only safe course is a sure remedy, and assuredly none has met with higher commendation in professional quarters, or is better known for the thoroughness of its action than the above. Asthma, coughs, colds, spitting of blood, soreness and weakness of the chest, are remedied by it. Sold in 50 cents and \$1.00 bottles. See you get the genuine.

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL. TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, Sept. 27, 1881. On the stock Exchange this morning Ontario fell 3/4 per cent. to 72 1/2 bid, 73 asked. Other weak stocks were City Passenger, which dropped 1 and Gas, Merchants, and Richelleu which declined 1/2 per cent. Montreal Telegraph at 13 1/2 bid at noon was 1/2 higher. Bank of Montreal was steady at 199 bid, and Commerce at 143 1/2 bid. Morning Stock Sales.—150 Montreal 199; 169 Montreal, 115; 7 Merchants 12 1/2; 1 do 12 1/2; 20 Peoples, 90; 5 Union 9 1/2; 25 Montreal Telegraph 13 1/2; 100 Dominion Telegraph 9 1/2; 110 Richelleu 55; 75 City Passenger 12 1/2; 225 do 12 1/2; 36 1/2 Ville Marie 9 1/2; 200 Ontario, 75; 250 do 73; 625 do 75; 50 do 74; 25 do 73; 25 do 73; 30 do 73; 225 do 73; 125 do 73; 150 do 73; 225 do 73; 100 do 73; 125 do 73. In the afternoon the stock market was 1/2 easier and City Passenger declined 1/2 to 128 bid. Bank of Montreal was steady at 199 bid, but Ontario was 1/2 weaker at 72 bid. Merchants closed at 12 1/2; Commerce at 143; Richelleu at 54 1/2; Montreal Telegraph at 13 1/2 and Gas at 14 1/2 bid. The weakness in Ontario Bank Stock was due, it is said, to a rumor that a proposition to reduce the capital stock would be submitted at a meeting in Toronto to-day. New York, Sept. 27, 1 p. m.—Stocks.—Unsettled, then firm. Am. Ex., 88; C. S., 65; C. & A., 13 1/2; D. & H., 11 1/2; D. L., 12 1/2; Erie, 46 1/2; pfd, 90; Ill. C., 13 1/2; K. & T., 44; L. S., 12 1/2; M. C., 9 1/2; J. C., 9 1/2; N. P., 40 1/2; pfd, 80; N. Y., 12 1/2; pfd, 13 1/2; N. Y. C., 14 1/2; R. I., 13 1/2; St. P., 11 1/2; W. U., 8 1/2. COMMERCIAL. WEEKLY REVIEW.—WHOLESALE MARKETS. The city wholesale trade is on a healthy footing, and there has been a satisfactory movement of goods during the past week. Most of our merchants remarked that visitors to the city during the Exhibition were strictly sight-seers as a rule, and the sprinkling of buyers among the crowd appeared to have few orders to leave, and those principally of a sorting-up character. Country customers appear to prefer doing their business through travellers more than ever, and that too at the proper season, consequently the bulk of the fall orders in most departments has been placed some time ago. The appearance of crowded wholesale warehouses would indicate an immense business to the inexperienced eye of a man who was unaware that very little else was going forward but the cementing of old friendships and the formation of new ones, but old stagers know better. In one way or another, however, our visitors disbursed considerable currency in our midst, and the retail tradepeople were well patronized, a large share of business falling to grocers, milliners, haberdashers, dealers in fancy wares, etc. The grain trade, after a short period of inaction, has again exhibited signs of life, and considerable business has been done at the higher prices now maintained. Canadian wheat and coarse grains are in good demand and are coming forward more freely. Groceries.—Business is in good shape and a free movement in general business is looked forward to all fall. Sugars.—The market has continued to rule firm. We quote: Granulated, 10c to 10 1/2c; Brown, 9 1/2c to 10c; Yellow, 7 1/2c to 8c. Teas.—The market has continued fairly active and steady. Japan common, 2 1/2c to 2 5/8c; good common to medium, 2 3/4c to 3c; fair to good, 3 1/4c to 3 1/2c; fine to choice, 4 1/2c to 5c. Nagasaki, 2 1/2c to 3c; Young hyson firsts 40c to 55c; seconds, 28c to 45c; thirds, 20c to 35c; fourths, 20c to 25c; Gunpowder, low grades, 35c to 40c; good to fine, 50c to 60c; finest, 65c to 70c; Imperial, medium to good, 35c to 38c; fine to finest, 45c to 60c; T'wankee, common to good, 2 1/2c to 3c; Oolong, common, 35c to 38c; good to choice, 40c to 65c; Congou, common, 26c to 30c; medium to good, 32c to 40c; fine to finest, 41c to 60c; Souchong, common, 28c to 30c; medium to good, 33c to 45c; fine to choice, 50c to 70c. Coffee.—Dull. We quote:—Green mocha, 21c to 27c; Java, 23c to 27c; maracabo, 21c to 23c; cape, 19c to 20c; Jamaica, 18c to 20c; Rio, 18c to 20c; Singapore and Ceylon, 22c to 27c; chicory, 12c to 12 1/2c. Spices.—Fair business and firm prices. Demand from the West. Cassia, per lb, 12c to 14c; mace, 90c to \$1; cloves, 33c to 40c; Jamaica ginger, 61, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Oochin ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 14c to 18c; pimento, 17c to 18c; mustard, 4 1/4 lbs, 19c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmegs, unbl, 85c to 95c; Hines, 90c to \$1. Syrups and Molasses.—Marked steady and unchanged. Bright, 70c to 72c; medium, 65c to 60c; 64c to 48c to 52c. Molasses.—Barbadoes, 54c to 57c; Trinidad, 46c to 48c; sugar house, 35c to 38c. Fruits.—Valencia raisins are scarce and the whole market is quite steady in accordance with foreign advices. New valencias are held at 8 1/2 to 9c. New currants are worth about 7c to 7 1/2c. Valencias, 8c to 9c; layers, \$2.25 to \$2.30; London layers, \$2.40 to \$2.50; loose muscatel, box, \$2.30 to \$2.40; seedless, 9c to 10c; prunes, 5 1/2c to 6c; S. S. Tarragon, 10c to 16c; walnuts, French, 9c to 10c; filberts, 10c to 11c. IRON AND HARDWARE.—Since our last, there has been an advance established here on pig iron equal to \$1 per ton, in consequence of higher prices in Glasgow. The market is almost bare of stocks and holders appear inclined to press for full rates. Scotch furnace men have decided to blow out 25 per cent of their furnaces, and similar action is to be taken in Cleveland and other iron producing sections in the United States. Bar iron is excited and there is a good demand in consequence of better prices in Europe. In the aggregate a very fair business has transpired in hardware, the demand extending over the whole list. Our hardware establishments were generally well patronized dur-

ing the Exhibition. We quote: Pig iron per ton, Coltness, \$21 to \$22; Stewens, \$20 to \$22; Gartsherrie, \$20.50 to \$21.00; Summerlee, \$20.50 to \$21.00; Langloan, \$21.00 to \$21.50; Tipton, \$19.50 to \$20.00; Sarnah, \$20 to 20 5/8; Bars per 100 lbs, \$1.90; Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1.90; Best ditto \$2.15 to 2.25; Swede, \$4 1/2 to 4 5/8; Norway, \$4.00 to 5.00; Lowmoor, \$4.00; Bowling, \$3.25 to 7.00. Cannon plates, per box: Hutton \$3.25; other brands \$3.25 to \$3.50; Tin Plates, per box: charcoal, \$5.50 to 6.00; ditto, IX, \$7.50 to 8.00; ditto, D, C, \$5 to 6.00; ditto, DX, \$7 to 8.00. Coke, 10, \$4.50 to 5.00. Tinned Sheets, No. 26, charcoal, \$10.50 to 11; Galvanized Sheets No. 28, best \$7.00 to 7.50; Hoops and Bands, per 100 lbs, \$4.25 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, \$6 to \$6.50; Steel, cast, per lb, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c; do Spring, per 100 lbs, \$3.75 to \$4; do Tire, \$3.50 to \$3.75; do Elgin, \$3.25 to \$3.50. Ingot Tin, \$25 to \$26. Ingot Copper, \$17.25 to 18.50. Sheet Zinc per 100 lbs, \$5.40 to 5.50; spelter, \$5.25 to \$5.50. Horse Shoes, per 100 lbs, \$4.25 to \$4.50. Proved Oil chain, 3/4 inch, \$5.50. Iron Wire, No. 6, per bid, \$1.60 to 1.70. Boots and Shoes.—A fair sprinkling of orders was left among manufacturers by country buyers during the week, which, together with back orders on hand, will keep houses busy until the sorting-up trade commences. Some houses estimate that their fall business has nearly doubled that of last year. We quote: Men's split boots, \$1.75 to \$2.25; dogskin 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 balmainers, 90c and \$1; do pebble and buff balmainers, \$1.10 and 1.40; do prunella, 50c to \$1.60; Misses' buff and pebble balmainers, 90c to \$1.15. LEATHER.—Business has somewhat improved throughout, and B. A. sole has changed hands in lots of 200 and 300 sides each at 26c to 26 1/2c for No. 2. Hemlock Spanish sole, No. 1, B. A., 25c to 27c; ordinary, 24 1/2c to 25c; No. 2, B. A., 23c to 24c; No. 2, ordinary, 22 1/2c to 23c. Buffalo sole, No. 1, 21c to 23c; No. 2, 19c to 21c; hemlock slaughter, No. 1, 27c to 29c; waxed upper, light and medium, 36c to 42c; split, 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. DRUGS & CHEMICALS.—Business has been principally of a sorting up order, with little doing as yet in heavy chemicals. From New York it is reported that oil of peppermint and oil of lemon have advanced considerably. The English markets are dull with prices about steady. We quote: Bi-carb soda at \$3.10. S. 20 soda ash, \$1.50 to \$1.65; bi-chromate of potash, 13 1/2c to 15c; borax, 17c to 18c; cream tartar crystals, 29c to 30c; ditto granulated, 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; Hour sulphur, \$2.50 to 3.25; epsom salts, \$1.30 to 1.50; sal soda, 90c to \$1.10; saltpetre, per keg, \$3.50 to 4.00; sulphate of copper, 5 1/2c to 7c; whiting, 55c to 60c; quinine, \$5.15; morphia, \$2.40 to \$2.55; castor oil, 10c; shellac, 42c to 45c; opium, \$1.75 to \$2.10. Wool.—The market is fairly active for fine wools and firm. Grassy 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, 75c to 80c; calfskins, 12c. OILS.—Newfoundland cod is quiet at 45c to 47c. PETROLEUM is steady and more 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 filled, \$1 to \$1.10. FISH.—Herrings are worth \$5 to \$5.25 per bbl; dry cod, \$4, and green, \$3.80. No. 2 mackerel, \$4.50 to \$5. Flour per bbl.—Superior Extra, \$6.65 Extra Superior, \$6.50 to \$6.52; Spring Extra, \$6.40 to \$6.45; Superior, \$6 to \$6.05; Strong Bakers', \$6.75 to 7.25; Fine \$6.40 to 5.50; Middlings, \$4.75 to 5c; Pollards, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Ontario Bags, \$3.10 to 3.20; City Bags (delivered), \$3.50 to 3.60. September cheese was steady at 13c, and August at 12c to 12 1/2c. Eggs were firm at 17c to 18c. Butter was steady and unchanged. Mess pork is quoted at \$23.50 to \$24, and lard at 15c to 15 1/2c; hams 13 to 14c. Receipts Here To-Day.—Wheat, 42,400 bushels; peas, 52,319 do; oats, 7,468 do; barley, 55 do; flour, 5,885 bbls; meal, 200 do; ashes, 13 do; butter, 1,568 packages; cheese, 3,857 boxes; rye, 7,200 bushels; leather, 128 rolls; tobacco, 17 cases; phosphates, 88 tons; meats, 42 pigs. CITY RETAIL MARKETS.—SEPT. 27. These markets were plentifully supplied with garden stuffs, in which a large business was done. Potatoes and cabbages were both dearer, owing to a demand from the United States. Shipments so far have not been large, the prices being very unsettled. Peaches are dearer, and for good baskets \$1.75 to \$2.00 would have to be paid. Fall apples are now coming in well, and prices are low enough to allow of a paying export movement. This week's steamers will carry large consignments. Choice Montreal Farnes are selling in a jobbing way at \$2.25. Flour, per 100 lbs, \$3.55 to 3.60; oatmeal, do, \$2.50; cornmeal, do, \$1.60 to 1.65; molasses, do, \$1.40 to 1.60; bran, per 100 lbs, \$1.00. GRAIN.—Oats, per bush, 90c to \$1.00; peas, per bush, \$1.00; beans, per bush, \$1.60 to \$2.25. VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bushel, 55c to 65c; carrots, per bushel, 50c; onions per bushel, 75c; Montreal cabbages per dozen, 50c; Indiv per dozen, 60c; celery per dozen, 30c; cauliflower, new per dozen, \$2 to \$2.50; Montreal turnips per bushel, 50c; cucumbers per dozen, 10c; Montreal tomatoes per bushel, 75c; marrows each, 10c; beets per bushel, 50c; sweet corn per dozen, 10c to 12c; melons per dozen, \$3 to \$7; spinach, 75c per bushel. FRUIT.—Apples per barrel, \$1.25 to \$2.25; Concord grapes, 5c; Delaware, 8c; peaches, \$7.50 to 2.00 per basket. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Poor to choice Print Butter, per lb, 22c to 30c; Tub Butter, per lb 21c to 22c; Eggs, new laid, per dozen, 22c to 25c; packed 17c to 18c. POULTRY.—Fowls, per pair, 25c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 80c to 90c; chickens, per pair, 65c to 75c; turkeys, per pair, \$1.50 to \$2; geese, \$1.10 to \$1.25 per pair; spring turkeys, per pair, \$1.25. MEATS.—Beef, per lb, trimmed, 10c to 12c; mutton, 7c to 10c; lamb, forequarters, 8c; lamb, hindquarters, 10c; veal, per lb, 8c to 10c; pork, per lb, 11c to 12c; hams, per lb,

12c to 15c; lard per lb, 13c to 14c; sausages, per lb, 12c to 14c; dressed hogs, \$9 to \$9.50; beef, hindquarters, per lb, 7c to 8c; beef, forequarters, per lb, 5c to 7c. FISH.—Lake trout, per lb., 10c to 12 1/2c; pike and lobster, per lb., 10c; white fish, per lb., 10c to 12c; halibut, per lb., 12c to 15c; haddock and cod, per lb., 8c; mackerel, per lb., 10c to 12c; black bass, per pound, 40c to 50c; maskinonge, per lb., 12c to 15c; sword fish, per lb., 12c to 15c. GAME.—Woodcock is quoted at, 50c to 55c per pair, and plover at \$1.45 to 1.50 per doz. MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.—SEPT. 26. There was a fair demand to-day for butchers' cattle at prices ranging from 2 1/2 to 4c, but shipping stock was dull in view of the continued "corner" in freight rates. Drivers were offering only a few export cattle, and they asked 4 1/2 to 5c, but the engineers of the "corner" did not appear anxious for these cattle at any price, preferring to submit their vessel space at a profit. They, however, bought a few small cattle at Viger market and they also received general lots of good cattle from the country, presumably preferring to submit their vessel space at a profit. The following drovers were on the market:—J. D. Hovell, Ottawa; W. Jack, Lindsay; M. Elliot, Kingston; C. Simola, Eastern Townships; Chas. & E. Dorr, ditto; W. Roberts, ditto; W. Maddell, ditto; R. Demmon, Perth; J. load of cattle each. Jas. Eakin, Port Hope, 75 hogs; Jas. Noonhan, Perth, 53 hogs, and N. McLaughlan, Perth, 74 hogs. MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.—SEPT. 24. A fair number of buyers were on the market, but they were disappointed, both as to the small supply of steeds offering and the high prices asked. The Exhibition craze will be over by next week, and a larger business is then expected. Some very valuable horses were shipped this week to the States, and the auction sales at the Exhibition disposed of a few really valuable animals. Sales at the College street market include a fine young mare weighing 1,100 lbs., for \$145; a splendid carriage horse, weighing 1,200 lbs for \$150; a black pony for \$80; a common chestnut horse for \$65; and a bay for \$63. A fine bay gelding of 1,100 lbs weight sold for \$118. Mr. Arthur Ryan purchased 18 horses for the Boston Street Car Company for \$85 each. Since our last the following buyers were here: G. W. Evans, Belleville, Mass; J. T. Pemberton, Turner, N. Y.; L. W. Hill, Upton, Mass; A. E. Austin, Meriden, Conn.; H. W. Adams, Hartford; E. Doherty, Minerva, N. Y.; L. Flevea & Son, Sackonsbury, Penn.; J. M. Miller, Manchester, N. H.; A. St. Germain, St. Albans, Vt.; John Hicks, Holyoke, Mass; A. Cooper, Boston. The following are late shipments to the United States:—September 13th, 3 horses, \$325. September 14th, 8 do, \$681; 14 do, \$1,115. September 15th, 2 do, \$360. September 15th, 1 stallion, \$300; 11 horses, \$1,007. September 17, 1 do, \$300. September 20th, 2 horses, \$1,250. September 20th, 1 do, \$215. Why is a hungry man waiting for his breakfast willing to be a martyr? Because he longs to get to the steak. The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine." The first poetic "fragment" commenced in these words: "I slipped the nectar of her lips; sipped and hoisted o'er her." And the last part was as follows: "Her father's hoof dashed on the scene; I'm wiser now, and sorer." "How many comets did you say there were?" inquired the judge of the prisoner, who had been locked up over night for deranging the symmetry of a neighbor's features during an astronomical controversy. "Three, say it please your honor." The court smiled incredulously, upon observing which Patrick added: "I'm affther tellin' ye the truth; Mickey Farrell, he saw wan; Mrs. Dinias, she saw another; and 't was meself that saw the third." A fair young mother, with a crying babe in her arms, sat in a Western stage-coach. On the opposite seat was a prominent politician of engaging manners. By and by he said: "Let me hold your baby; perhaps I can soothe him." Oh no; I am much obliged; you couldn't help me any," was the answer. "But," he persisted, "you had better let me try." "You are very kind, but I know you couldn't help me, for he is hungry," replied the blushing mother. Catarrh, Asthma and Cough. FROM C. W. THOMAS, of Brattleboro', Vt. "For ten or twelve years past I have been troubled much of the time with Catarrh, which has kept up a continual irritation of the throat and lungs, attended with a severe cough. During this time I have tried many of the popular remedies of the day without the least benefit. The past winter I commenced the use of Dr. WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, the beneficial effects of which have been very great, as after using three bottles I find myself entirely cured of my disease. The Balm has also been used in a severe case of asthma and cough which came within my observation, which yielded at once to the remedy. I recommend its use to the afflicted generally. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. BIRTH. TELLFORD.—At Louisville, Ky., on September 14th, the wife of Mr. John J. Tellford, late of the G. T. R., of a son. 731 New Advertisements. FIRE-PROOF SAFES GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES VAULTS. Awarded First Prize at Toronto Exhibition. WAREHOUSES AT MONTREAL, No 31 BONAVENTURE STREET, ALFRED BENN, Manager. Estimates given for all classes of Burglar-proof work. A few second-hand safes now in stock. IF YOU WANT INFORMATION SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "True Witness." FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS

New Advertisements. PREMIUM BOOKS! The Subscribers request the attention of the TRUSTEES of the Roman Catholic Schools, Directors of Colleges, Convents, Catholic Institutions and Catholic Classes, to their complete assortment of Catholic Books, suitable for Premiums, at prices from TEN CENTS upwards. CATHOLIC SERIES OF PREMIUM BOOKS. Beautifully Bound in Imitation Cloth, with Full Gilt Sides and Back. The want of presentable books as School Premiums, at a moderate price, has been so long felt that we have made up this line of Fancy Bound Books expressly for the PREMIUM SEASON, and we are now in a position to supply good and useful books at a reasonable figure. FIRST SERIES, size of cover 3 1/2 x 5 inches, containing books suitable for children, by Mgr. De Segur, 10c. SECOND SERIES, size of cover 4 x 6 inches, containing Lives of Eminent Saints, 15c. THIRD SERIES, size of cover 4 x 7 inches, containing Biographies of Holy Men, 20c. FOURTH SERIES, size of cover 4 x 8 inches, containing The Two Brothers, The Young Men of the Desert, etc., 25c. FIFTH SERIES, size of cover 4 x 9 inches, containing The Rivals, The Demoniac, Peter of the Castle, etc., 30c. SIXTH SERIES, size of cover 4 x 10 inches, containing Ghost Hunter, Art Maguire, etc., 35c. SEVENTH SERIES, size of cover 5 x 3 inches, containing Miner's Daughter, Griffin's Poems, The Invasion, etc., 30c. EIGHTH SERIES, size of cover 5 x 7 inches, containing The Irish Nation, Irish-lore, Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, etc., 35c. NINTH SERIES, size of cover 5 x 9 inches, containing Dion and His Companions, The Range, Aibe's Dream, The Trowel and The Cross, etc., 40c. CLOTH BOUND BOOKS. THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S LIBRARY, size of cover 4 x 6 inches, bound in cloth, containing Series of Tales, in thirty-five volumes, 25c. THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, size of cover 4 x 8 inches, bound in full cloth, containing Series of Tales, in ten volumes, 30c. THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY, size of cover 4 x 7 inches, bound in full cloth, containing Series of Tales, in ten volumes, 30c. THE MADDALENA SERIES, size of cover 4 x 7 inches, containing Fickle Fortune, Cloister Legends, etc., 55c. CARDINAL MANNING'S LATEST WORKS: History of the Sacred Heart, Vatican Council, etc., 55c. IRELAND'S LIBRARY, containing advice to Irish Girls, Irish Wit and Humor, etc., 55c. ALICE HARRON SERIES, containing Witch of Malton Hill, Catholic Crusade, etc., 70c. 12mo SERIES OF BOOKS, containing Biakes and Flanagan's, Callista, Rous and the Abbey, etc., 80c. THE O'DONOGHUE OR GLEN COVILLAGH SERIES, containing The Martyr, Queen of Scots, etc., 85c. FATHER FABER'S WORKS, containing All for Jesus, Foot of the Cross, etc., 95c. LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE SERIES, containing Acts of the Early Martyrs, etc., of St. Teresa, etc., 100c. ROSEMARY SERIES, containing Confessate Chertians, Bertha, Our Lady of Lourdes, etc., 110c. D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. GENERAL STORES! Stores in England where all sorts of goods are sold are known as Co-operative Stores. In Canada they are called General Stores. "A General Store price list of dry goods was compared with S. Carsley's prices the other day and where he had the same goods, his prices were the lowest, and this without any marking down his part. If people save a little on jams, pickles, and patent medicines, they evidently will lose on dry goods, as compared with S. Carsley's for cash. This is always the case in comparing a general store (where a class of goods are muddled together) with a first-class establishment in any branch of business.—Evening Paper. CARSLEY'S CORSETS. All the new makes of Corsets, with the latest improvement, can be bought at S. Carsley's. PRICE LIST OF CORSETS. Perfect fit guaranteed, 48c, 65c, 95c, \$1.05, 1.20, 1.35, 1.50, 1.80, 2.00, up to 4.25 pair. HANDEKERCHIEFS AT S. CARSLEY'S. All Silk Handkerchiefs, for 16c each. Boys' Linen Handkerchiefs with colored borders. Ladies' White Lawn Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs. S. CARSLEY'S HANDEKERCHIEF DEPARTMENT. Ladies' Hemmed Stitched Handkerchiefs with black borders. Ladies' Plain Hemmed Stitched Handkerchiefs. Ladies' Hemmed Stitched Handkerchiefs with fancy borders. S. CARSLEY'S KID GLOVE DEPARTMENT. At stock taking S. Carsley's Kid Glove stock was worth \$18,000. The choice of these is offered to our retail customers. \$18,000 WORTH OF GLOVES. At S. Carsley's you can buy Kid Gloves from 1 to 12 buttons, and prices from 25c to \$8.00 per pair; the qualities comprise the best known standard glove makers in the world. PRICE LIST OF KID GLOVES. The finest assortment of Ladies' Kid Gloves will be found at S. Carsley's, 25c, 38c, 50c, 65c, 80c, 95c, \$1.10, 1.25, 1.40, 1.65, 2.00, up to 8.00 per pair. S. CARSLEY, MONTREAL. IF YOU WANT INFORMATION SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "True Witness." FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS