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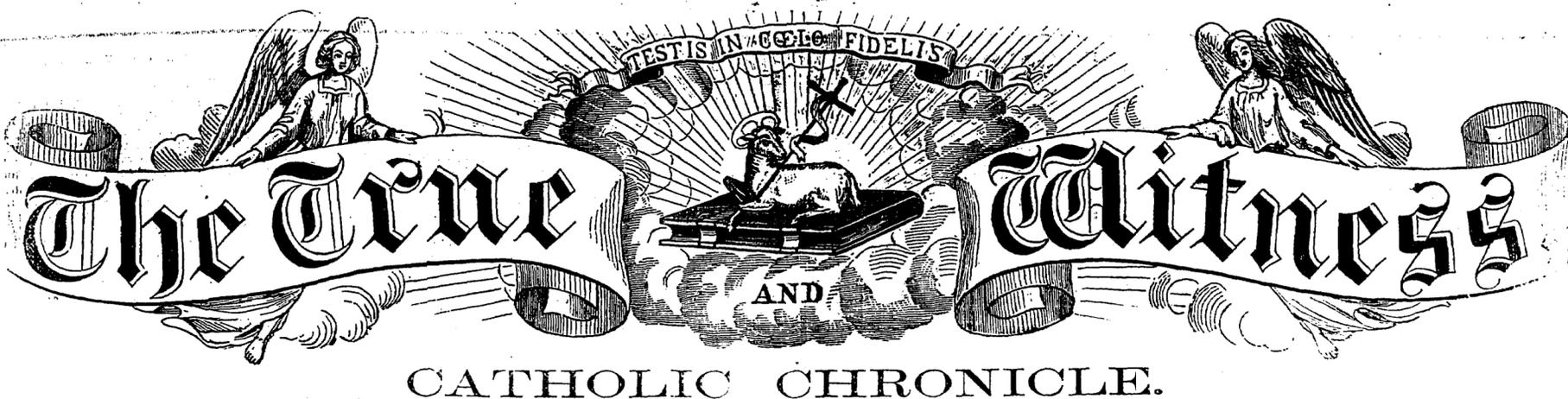
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 2.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1878.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum In advance.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS ON ORANGEISM.

His Letter to the "Spectator."

Sir,—It is now more than twelve months since I published some letters on the Orange question, my object having been to correct what I believe to be a prevailing misconception as to the cause of the irritation which Orange processions cause to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. I had noticed that, both in the pulpit and the press, it was assumed that the chief objection to those processions was that they were in celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, where an Irish Catholic army was defeated by King William the III. My conviction is that the cause of the hostility to Orangeism is, that the avowed object of the association is to maintain "Protestant ascendancy in Church and State," and that the period of time that has elapsed since the removal of Catholic disabilities is too short for us to expect that those who suffered from the penal laws can entertain charitable feelings towards a body which resisted their repeal most zealously, and for a long time most successfully. If there could be any hope of the restoration of a better feeling, it would be dispelled by such articles as those published in the "Spectator," in which it has been recently declared that Catholic Emancipation was "a suicidal measure," and that the Act was carried by perjury, perfidy and treachery. It must be obvious that those who entertain such an opinion would subject Canadian Catholics to penal laws, if in their power to do so. Mr. County Master Grant is reported to have stated, in a recent speech in Toronto, that "he imbibed his principles with his mother's milk." Mr. Grant cannot be unaware that the Irish Catholics have imbibed with their mother's milk an utter detestation of those principles. If there was any good reason for perpetuating in our adopted country the old party feuds of Ireland, those who, as taxpayers and as owners of property in Montreal, suffer from them most severely might be less inclined to complain; but I am aware of a single reason that can be given to justify the formation of even a Protestant or Civil Rights Alliance, which, I regret to observe, you think desirable.

I had fully intended last year to abandon all further discussion of the subject. I had endeavored to correct what I deemed misconceptions, but judging from past experience I had but slight expectation of accomplishing any good. This year I carefully abstained from all reference to the subject, but my known opinions probably led to my being summoned as a witness in the cases now pending in the Police Court. I had to answer such questions as the learned counsel on both sides thought proper to put to me, and having done so I desire to add a few remarks, some of which are rendered necessary by criticisms on my evidence in court.

The history of Ireland, especially since the rupture between England and the Papacy, is a history of persecutions by the dominant party, and of successive rebellions by the subject race, and it has been written by their respective historians in the true spirit of party. We were to believe Froude, we should have admitted that the Catholics were always wrong; and if, on the other hand, we were to adopt the accounts of the same transactions by Catholic historians, we should have come to an opposite conclusion. The important facts would have to be admitted on all hands. Ireland was conquered by England, and, after the rupture with the Papacy, religious animosity was added to that of race, and frequent rebellions were the consequence. As these were suppressed from time to time the lands of the rebels were forfeited and granted to English and Scotch settlers of a different race and of a different religion. The old proprietors of the soil found themselves utterly ruined. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that at the period of the revolution the Irish Catholics should have seized the opportunity of supporting the King de jure, who was a Catholic, against the King de facto, who was a Protestant. Had they at that period succeeded, it seems hardly doubtful that they would have ejected the new settlers, restored the forfeited estates to their former owners, and re-established the Catholic religion. They were defeated, and a long period of persecution followed, resulting in another rebellion, which was suppressed with the cruelty that is the invariable accompaniment of civil strife. The penal laws, which had led to the rebellion, were deemed more than ever necessary by the dominant party in Ireland, which had shortly before the rebellion organized the Orange Association chiefly for the purpose of defence. It became apparent, however, to English statesmen that the Irish system of government must be abandoned, and the Union was the result. The subsequent history is more familiar to the present generation. The Irish Catholics have been engaged during the nineteenth century in a constant struggle for what they, at all events, have believed to be their just rights, and their most energetic opponents have been the members of the Orange Association. To do the Irish Orangeism justice, it must be admitted that notwithstanding their numerous traditions of injuries sustained at the hands of Catholics, they abstained from slandering their regalla in the Irish cities, in which the population was chiefly Catholic, and they did not encourage young boys to enter the Order as Orange Young Britons. The zeal of the Canadian Orangeism has far surpassed that of the Irish, although the former had received no provocation whatever, when they determined on introducing processions in Montreal, which they well knew were looked on by the Catholics as an insult.

While I concur in a great deal of the letter in your last number addressed to the Orangeism, I own that I can discover no ground for your contention against what you term "the political position" of the Roman Catholic Church. You, doubtless, are as well aware as I am that on several questions requiring

legislative action, and especially all relating to education, there are wide differences of opinion between the great majorities of Catholics and of Protestants. It was owing to these differences that unity of action on political questions between the French Canadian majority and the Upper Canada majority became impossible, and, as a consequence, the maintenance of the old Union became equally so. It must be admitted that it was a necessary consequence of Confederation that the Protestant minority in Quebec holding the opinions expressed in your letter were deprived of the powerful aid of those in Ontario who concurred in them. Sir Alexander Gait, who is a fair representative of Protestant opinion, obtained such guarantees as he deemed sufficient; and even if I were convinced of the soundness of such views as you have expressed, which I am not, I should in the present state of public opinion be convinced of the impolicy of advocating them. It seems to me anything but fair that the Protestant minority in Quebec should not only claim perfect equality with the majority which has always been conceded to them, but should further claim to dictate to the majority how they are to manage their own affairs. You remark: "We have demanded a real education for the French habitant," and you complain of want of active support to your demand from the Orangeism. Now, I could understand a complaint based on interference by the Catholics with the Protestant schools, but none such could with truth be made. It is those who think with you, who claim to interfere with an educational system, which is not merely sanctioned by the Catholic Bishops and clergy, but by an overwhelming majority of the laity of both political parties. Again, you complain of "the iniquity of clerical exemption from taxation." If I am not mistaken, such exemption prevails both in the United States and in Ontario, with the sanction of Protestant majorities. And something at least may be said in its favor. Were the present exemptions removed the tax-payers as a body would not doubt be benefited, but it would, most assuredly, be at the expense of the very class which now voluntarily contributes the largest amount to the support of our religious and charitable institutions. You desire to deprive the Catholics "of privileges which are not rights." You are in favor, as I understand, of abolishing the payment of dues for the support of the clergy in the Province of Quebec, although no complaint has been made by the people interested, and Protestants certainly have no cause of complaint on that ground. You favor a Protestant or Civil Rights Alliance, the chief object of which, as far as I have been able to comprehend it, would be to unite Protestants in a crusade against Catholic institutions, although it cannot be shown that Protestants suffer in the least from the laws which are in force in the Province of Quebec. I have ventured on the foregoing criticism on your letter because I feel assured that you are a sincere friend to free discussion.

With regard to my late evidence, and especially to that portion of it which refers to the duty of the civil authorities to prevent processions calculated to endanger the public peace, I desire that it should be borne in mind that it was based on the legal opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General of Upper Canada, and on the present practice in Ireland. It is to be imagined that I approve of the violent interference with processions by those who feel aggrieved by them. I cannot too emphatically disclaim such a sentiment. Most sincerely do I wish, and I have frequently heard influential Catholics express themselves to the same effect, that all such interferences were abandoned. I cannot, however, be blind to consequences, which during a long period of years have invariably followed when they have taken place. With regard to attacks upon churches, and especially during divine service, I should hope that there is but one opinion, viz., that those guilty of such attacks should be severely punished. I should hope that instances of such attacks are very rare, indeed the only one that I recollect hearing of is the Gavazzi case, which became celebrated owing to the unfortunate casualties which took place, the result of accident or mismanagement. Being asked whether, in my opinion, the principle of law laid down by competent authority was applicable to such a case, I was inclined to think that a Chief Magistrate might so construe it, although I am far from admitting that there is any analogy between such a case and that of a public procession. In the Gavazzi case, even those who hold a Catholic Mayor responsible for the firing, which I do not, cannot but admit that he called out the military, and posted them for the protection of the lecturer and his audience. I am not aware that any other part of my evidence is open to misconception, although I might, if disposed to indulge in controversy, comment at some length on an article in the Toronto Globe of the 21st instant. I shall not, however, trespass upon your indulgence.

I can assure the Globe that I do not feel myself "in a corner." I have not a word more to retract, nor do I admit that my evidence, fairly considered, requires the explanation which I have seen fit to offer. I own that I am not a little surprised at opinions being attributed to me which I expressly gave as those of the law officers of the Crown, and those adopted in practice in Ireland at the present time. I find no allusion in the Globe to the opinion referred to, nor to the practice, but I do find that my evidence has been literally tortured into a charge of maintaining that a foreign lecturer "may," in a case of his not being suppressed and silenced by the authorities, be very properly mobbed by the populace." I do not think that the opponents of Orange processions in Montreal are of opinion that my evidence is at all favorable to mob law, but the Globe may be assured that his political friends in the Province of Quebec are not particularly pleased at finding that he has remounted his old Protestant horse. The Orange leaders are not desirous that any means of the wisdom of the serpent, and if a secret order should have been conveyed to the bro-

therhood in Lower Canada to ally themselves to the Liberal party, and to do all in their power to exasperate the Catholic majority; it would have been a wonderful manifestation of such wisdom. It is at least an extraordinary circumstance that a body which has usually acted with tolerable unanimity should at this time take opposite sides in the two Provinces. One consequence is that both political parties are inclined to protect the Orangemen, and my only consolation is that their proceedings give me no offence, and that I have only to suffer like the taxpayers generally from the enormous expense to which they annually subject the city of Montreal. It appears, too, that besides the direct tax there is an indirect one, as they have boasted of the contributions which they receive from the Protestants who are not Orange. My chief regret at present is that I should have been compelled by circumstances to take any part whatever in discussions regarding Orangeism.

F. HINCKS.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

(From a regular Correspondent.)

HOTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS, AUGUST 23, 1878.

The Berlin Congress is now next to ancient history; the French are now reconciled to the Anglo-Turkish treaty, the more so, as it is now accepted as a settled matter that France, not Italy, shall have Tunis as an equivalent for Cyprus. The Italians, by the agitation of their extreme patriots, have forfeited much political consideration, and have drawn a profit and loss-attention to what they have acquired by good luck more than by arms or diplomacy. Public opinion here recommends Italy to remember that covetousness bursts the bag, and that if the Tentons mean to keep Trieste, the Gauls are the same way of thinking respecting Nice, despite all the Vateria theories of the world.

Many exhibitors complain they take no orders; perhaps the State lottery will purchase some of their goods. They are exceptions; it is customary to present a judge with a pair of white gloves, when at an Assize; he "has got no work to do." There is one firm in the American section, the Waltham Watchmaking Company, that displays at each corner of its large drawing-room case, griffins with the inscription in gold letters, "Contents sold to agents from Bradford, Birmingham, Amsterdam, &c., for the account of the house in Sidney, New South Wales, of S. Hoffnung & Co." The value of the sale is quarter of a million of francs.

The manager in charge deserves a pair of white gloves from his co-exhibitors, but he has got work to do; he is organizing another case for the forthcoming Sydney Show and founding an agency here. Traders in general, and watchmakers in particular, ought to study how this firm does business, and which is often quoted in the French press in the discussions on free trade. It makes all the parts of the watch by machinery, not by hand, turning out uniform work for uniform prices; not a cheap article at a cheap rate, but a good one at its cost price, and holding themselves responsible for defects. This company have driven Swiss watches out of the American markets; it competes with English makers, and is now about entering the lists with the Swiss firms that monopolize the watch trade in France.

The most recent improvement in the production of lace is the introduction of shaded tints in the flowers and patterns, giving them the relief of a picture. This effect is produced by varying the application of the two stitches used in making the flowers—the "toilette," which forms the close tissue, and the "grille," employed in the more open part of the pattern. The system is so successfully applied to the laces of France that it has been adopted with the greatest success.

There is a legend regarding the introduction of this manufacture into Flanders. A poverty-stricken but prime young girl was dying of love for a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping at her sad fate, a beautiful lady entered the cottage, and without saying a word placed on her knee a beautiful cushion, with its bobbins filled with the fine thread which on autumn evenings float in the air, and which the people call "fils de la Vierge." The lady, though of romantic bearing, was a practical manufacturer. She sat down in silence and with her nimble fingers taught the unhappy maiden how to make all sorts of patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned her art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The price of lace soon made the poor girl rich. She married the man of her choice, and, surrounded by a family, lived happily and rich, for she had kept the secret for herself. One evening when the little folk were playing round her knee by the fire-side, and her husband sat fondly watching the happy group, the lady suddenly made her appearance among them. Her bearing was discreet, she seemed stern and sad, and this time addressed her protegee in a trembling voice, "Here," she said, "you enjoy peace and abundance, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So the next day the woman arose, and going forth with a green cushion and its bobbins in her hands, went from cottage to cottage, offering to all who would be taught to instruct them in the art.

A biblical curiosity in the English section, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it existed during the wandering of the Israelites in the Desert; the exterior and interior of the Tabernacle are constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament. Complaints are very justly made at the slowness connected with the opening of the Historical Portrait Gallery; it would be better to return the pictures to their owners, rather than preserve them like old lumber, or, as the official portraits of Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon, and other Louis,

stored away in the attics of the mayoralties, along with streamers for royal anniversaries. The latter have been turned to a republican account by cutting out the devices on the stuff. This idea of artistic economy is of Latin origin, for the Romans, when a new Emperor ascended the throne, screwed off the head of his predecessor from the statues, and then placed his likeness thereon.

The appearance of foreign military uniforms is a peculiar feature of the present Exhibition. Foreign uniforms have appeared at former Exhibitions, but generally worn by visitors. On the present occasion foreign soldiers do duty in many of the sections, and they may often be seen marching in and out of the building under the command of a corporal or sergeant. The first on the ground were, I believe, English sappers; now there are Spanish infantrymen in long, iron-grey capotes, with green worsted epaulettes and red trousers, like the French; Swiss attendants, wearing dark tunics with white facings, and having the Swiss cross on their kepis; Dutch marines, in black tunics trimmed with red, with the arms and name of their country embroidered in gold on their collars; United States infantrymen, in simple uniforms, short blue tunics, iron-grey trousers; and Norwegian sailors, with linen jackets and broad shirt collars, turned over. There are, I think, Italians and some others, probably, in addition. Louis.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, AUGUST 16.

I am glad to say that Parliament, which is to be prorogued on to-morrow, will not close its present session without passing the two measures upon which the popular mind of Ireland has been set for the last few months. The Sunday Closing Bill and the Intermediate Education Bill are laws of the land, probably at the moment I am writing. The first reading of the first-mentioned measure was specially fixed by the Government for Saturday, against the strong and indignant opposition of the vintner party, one of whom (Dr. O'Leary) threatened a prolongation of the fight through Sunday. When Saturday came the courage of the Sunday "openers" collapsed. They maintained the fight for only three or four hours. Mr. P. J. Smyth proposed to have the bill recommitted for the purpose of inserting a provision for compensation to the publicans, and he was supported by the usual phalanx. A division was then taken, with the result of leaving Mr. Smyth in the minority; after which the sponge was thrown up; the bill was read a third time without opposition. The House of Lords next took it in hands, and passed it almost without discussion; and to-day it was to receive the Royal assent. It may be useful to note briefly what it enacts. Henceforth, then, on Sundays the public houses will be closed throughout all Ireland, the five towns of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick and Waterford excepted. In these towns the hours for opening will be from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

As to the Intermediate Education Bill, the Secularists, led by the Presbyterian champion, Lewis of Derry, renewed their opposition on Monday night, but all their amendments, which would have turned the bill into a fresh scheme of mixed education, were defeated, and the Irish language was accorded a place amongst the subjects for which candidates may be examined for prizes. The debate was remarkable for one or two notable incidents. Mr. Cowen, the member for Newcastle, who has all along been an excellent friend of Ireland, and who up to this has joined all English parties in refusing us a denominational system of education, on Monday night turned right round and said the Irish would be treated with injustice if they did not get that system. Sir William Harcourt, and the great Secularist and Solicitor-General in the late Government, said there was no use in offering Ireland what she would reject, and that she had decidedly rejected the mixed system. These are remarkable conversions. Thirdly, Mr. Newbridge, the Protestant champion, deplored the action of the Government as due to obstruction—that is, to the action of Messrs. Parnell and Biggar. A word or two now about the Board which is to administer this scheme of Intermediate Education. It is to be composed of Lord Chancellor Ball (Protestant), Lord Chief Baron Pales (Catholic), the Earl of Belmore (Protestant), the O'Connor Don (Catholic), Rev. Dr. Salmon, S. F. C. D. (Protestant), the Rev. Dr. Molloy (Vice-Rector of the Catholic University), and the Rev. Dr. Porter (Presbyterian). It is evidently unfair to give a majority to the Protestants in a country where four-fifths of the people are of the Catholic faith; but, on the whole, the constitution of the Board is not unsatisfactory. Three men like the Chief Baron, the O'Connor Don, and Dr. Molloy will be able to see that no injustice is done to the Catholics; and if they are overpowered on a division, there is the Irish party in Parliament to set things right, or to make it hot for the government. Mr. Butt, I should add, was offered a seat on the Board, but he could not take it, he said, because of his other engagements and the state of his health. The Catholic colleges and schools throughout the country will now have to pull out.

The un- Irish speeches of Mr. Butt and Mr. O'Donnell on the Eastern question continue to be fiercely denounced in the popular press, and the Weekly News of this week has a cartoon representing "Signor Butt, a basso," and "Signor O'Donnell, a rising tenor," singing, on the stage of "the Westminster Music Hall," from a sheet of music headed "Rule Britannia." There is no doubt both of them made a tremendous mistake, and Mr. O'Donnell has not mended the matter by two or three letters he has sent to the papers in his defence. He has also been denounced by the Executive of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, and will probably be driven from the post of Honorary Secretary, which he holds in that organization. The best thing he can do now is to drop the contro-

versy, and "sin no more." Whether they are right or wrong, the vast majority of the Irish people, under present circumstances, ardently long for the destruction, and not for the preservation, of the British Empire.

A notable public man has just intimated his intention to return to private life. Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P., in a letter to the Very Rev. Luke Larton, P. P., Castletown-Goghegan, says he will not seek re-election for Westmeath. He goes further, and says that in the present state of opinion in Ireland—if opinion it can be called—he prefers not to be chased at all amongst the parliamentary representatives of his country. As long as he continues to act as he has done for some two or three years past, his country prefers the same thing. He is not perfectly candid. He ought to have said what he knows right well—that he had no chance of re-election for Westmeath. Two or three years ago, after he had been engaged in fighting against the Home Rule cause, which he was elected to support, the Bishop and clergy of Westmeath publicly denounced him as a resign-braker, and indirectly called upon him to pledge. He has not mended his ways since, and the Bishop and priests are still Home Rulers. Under these circumstances it is evident that the best thing he could do is that which he has done—viz., said out at once that he will not stand again. Yet, it is a pity that Mr. Smyth, with his record of 18 behind him, should not be fighting in the national ranks. Judgment in the Harrow estate case was given on Saturday. It is, I am sorry to say, adverse to the tenants. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Oastly all agreed in making an order that the estate should be conveyed to Samuel Murray Hussey, although his offer was £500 less than that offered by the tenants' representatives, Messrs. Murphy & Lombard, and that Messrs. Murphy & Lombard should pay the costs of the whole litigation! It is the general belief that this decision was the result of anti-tenant, pro-landlord prejudice working unconsciously, perhaps, in the judges' minds; but, if it be sound law, it is clear that "the Bright Clauses" of the Irish Land Act of 1870, under which the tenants proceeded, do not, as has been supposed, afford the slightest facilities for the creation of a peasant proprietary. The tenants are in a state of dismay, for Hussey, their new landlord, has learned, from the offers they made for their holdings under so powerful a motive as the desire to become their own landlords, what they think those holdings worth, and will, accordingly, put the screw on in the shape of a frightful increase of rent. He has already earned an evil reputation in Kerry as a rent-raiser. When the late agent of Lord Kenmare (an excellent Catholic gentleman of the name of Galloway, and brother, by the way, to the well-known Jesuit Father of that name in London,) refused to raise the rents of the Killarney property, Hussey readily undertook the task.

Another addition to the statues by which Dublin is adorned has been made this week by the erection of a statue of the late Sir Alexander McDonnell, in the lawn of Trillick House, the headquarters of the Board of National Education. The sculptor is Mr. Thomas Farrell, who executed the beautiful white marble statue of Smith O'Brien near Carlisle Bridge. The McDonnell statue is also of white marble and is a very creditable production. Sir Alexander McDonnell was at first a clerk in the office of the Chief Secretary, and displayed in that capacity so much of the peculiar ability required from its servants by the British Government in Ireland, that on the constitution of the National Board he was attached to that body and eventually rose to be President or Paid Commissioner. For a long series of years he continued to be the guiding spirit of the Board and took a prominent part in the movement which drove from it the Protestant presbyterial, Archbishop Whately. He seems to have had in an exceptional degree the knack of getting his relatives into office. His brother, Dr. John McDonnell, was for many years the medical member of the Poor Law Board, and John's son, Dr. Robert McDonnell, was for some years the physician to Mountjoy Convict Prison. This latter gentleman, who is still in middle age, is the best and most distinguished of the whole family. As a physiologist he is known throughout Europe. When cruelty began to be practised towards the Fenian colonists in Mountjoy he tried to stop it and was pensioned off for the audacious act. He then gave his pension to the relief of the wives and families of the political prisoners. He is a Home Ruler, but he thinks that the Home Rule movement has no chance of success till the Bar, which contains the best-framed intellect in the country, is forced to join the national ranks, by being deprived of the chance of getting the prizes now held out for loyalty to the British. One other fact should be mentioned. I see by the Freeman of yesterday that it was he who, several years ago, first suggested for university education in Ireland the principle upon which the Intermediate Education Bill is based.

The death of a sister of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Miss Barbara McHale, took place at His Grace's residence in Tuam, on Saturday. The deceased lady had reached a good old age, and was much attached to her illustrious brother, who returned her affection. Her funeral was largely attended.

I may here mention that the remains of the Bishop of Ardgagh are expected to arrive to-day. They will be interred in the Cathedral at Longford, but previously to their being removed to that place, the obsequies will be celebrated with great pomp in the pro-Catholic here. His Lordship the Bishop of Galway will officiate at High Mass and His Eminence the Cardinal, who has received a great blow in the death of Dr. Conroy, will be present.

I conclude with a few items of minor importance. The Elcho Shield, which was won for the fourth time in six years by the Irish Rifle Team at the last International contest at Wimbledon, was handed over to the care of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, amid much ceremony, at the meeting of the City Council on Monday.

The British Association held its opening on Wednesday evening in the Exhibition Palace. The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. William Spottiswoode, a distinguished mathematician, but it was so abstruse that scarcely anybody could understand it. Another political prisoner, James Clancy, is to be released on the 25th of September. He is in very shattered health, like Kelly.

The new line of railway from Lisnace to Waterford, and Dungarvon, was opened for traffic on Monday. It has been constructed chiefly by the Duke of Devonshire, who spent £200,000 on it. The Duke has already made, at his sole expense, the railway between Fermoy and Lisnace.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

VIENNA, August 20.—After a severe engagement the Austrians occupied Semjow yesterday.

A despatch from Constantinople says the Bosnian insurrectionary chief Hadji Loja has accidentally wounded himself. He has ordered that every Austrian commander who may be captured shall be hanged. The same despatch says the Porte has reiterated its orders with regard to non-resistance to the Austrian advance, but Turkish authority is, however, powerless in Bosnia. Belgrade advices are to the effect that the preparations for resistance at Sienitz are gradually slackening. Several thousand Turkish regular troops have passed through there on their way homeward from Bosnia.

The North German Gazette says it is alleged that the Turkish note, protesting against the Greek claims, has not yet been communicated to Germany, nor probably to any of the Powers, who consequently have not received such proof of the failure of direct negotiations between Turkey and Greece as will necessitate their mediation.

The Political Correspondence says Haliz Pasha passed over to the Austrian camp, and has been sent to Wood.

Cattaro despatches state that hostilities broke out on Tuesday between the Turks and Montenegrins near Podgoritz.

A Ragusa telegram says 3,000 insurgents have been defeated near Stolits with heavy loss.

A Vienna despatch says negotiations for a convention between Austria and Turkey are still proceeding, but the Turkish demands are exorbitant and unacceptable.

A correspondent at Vienna telegraphs that the comprehensive mobilization measures agreed upon in the latest Cabinet Councils are being rapidly carried out.

A Vienna correspondent says he knows as a fact that Count Andriassy does not credit the reports that the Porte connived at the resistance of the Bosnians, and he also adds that Austria contemplates no understanding with Servia and Montenegro.

A correspondent at Berlin telegraphs that Russia has finally determined to retain the positions before Constantinople until the evacuation of Batoum is completed.

A Bucharest special says Minister Cuzacenco is about to go to the various capitals to seek such a modification of the Treaty of Berlin concerning the Jews as will avert the necessity of the election of a Constituent Assembly to amend the Rumanian constitution. The Ministry believe an appeal to the people will result in their dismissal, and fear they will be followed by accusations and prosecutions such as they brought against their predecessors. The Ministers argue that the gradual admission of Jews to civil and political rights will be better than the abrupt change proposed by the treaty. The latter is so obnoxious to the people that they find means to make the Jews feel their displeasure without giving room for European intervention.

As the Rhodope insurgents ignored the summons to evacuate their positions, the Russians attacked Karavassalar and Akhanan, but the insurgents maintained their positions.

A Vienna despatch says the general Cabinet Council held on Saturday, with regard to the convention with Turkey, having without avail exhausted all efforts to secure the fixing of a limit to the occupation of the Turkish provinces, and to secure a share in their administration for the Sultan, the Porte now desires the convention to read "Temporary Exercise of Sovereignty." This proposition has been handed to the Emperor of Austria, but it is doubtful whether even this has been accepted.

A Berlin despatch says it now appears that the Porte suggests the postponement of the surrender of Batoum until September 12th.

A single trial of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children; never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It not only frees the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, corrects acidity and cures dysentery and diarrhoea. Gives rest and health to the child, and comforts the mother.

For cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood and wet the bandage thoroughly with Brown's Household Panacea and Family Liniment. For chills and fever, it has proved very efficacious. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it. For internal and external use. Sold by all druggists.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS.—A never failing remedy for bilious and liver complaints, indigestion, wind, spasms, giddiness, dizziness of the eyes, habitual costiveness, &c., is Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills, containing neither mercury nor calomel in any form. Mild in their operation, they create appetite and strengthen the whole nervous system.

PRAY FOR ME.

No ties of friendship here on earth— None stronger, better can there be, Than those expressed in grief or mirth; In these brief words: Friend, pray for me.

It is the sign of troubled hearts, What'er the source of grief may be, When friend from friend in sorrow parts, He says, "farewell and pray for me."

At morn, when all the eastern skies In golden splendor o'er the world are, And thy first thoughts to God arise, The boon I ask is pray for me.

When "Angelus" at noontide rings With joyful peal, reminding thee To raise thy soul from earthly things, Oh! in that moment, pray for me.

And at the altar, when our Lord Shall deem to come and visit thee, When thy devotion's fuest chord Is touched by Him, then pray for me.

O sweet Communion! who can tell What glorious visions thou may'st see, When Jesus in thy soul doth dwell? In that blest union pray for me.

When thou shalt kneel at Mary's shrine, And our dear Mother smiles on thee, Forget not this request of mine, Oh! ask her then to pray for me.

When night's dark shadows softly steal In silence o'er the earth and sea, And thou in fervent prayer shalt kneel, Remember thou to pray for me.

May God's choice blessing on thee rest, And keep thy soul from evil free; My angels guard thee and request, That thou shouldst often pray for me.

Amid the changing scenes of life, What'er thy future lot may be; In smiles or tears, in joy or strife, Where'er thou art, oh, pray for me!

And when beneath the verdant sod, My earthly form in death shall lie; In smiles or tears, in joy or strife, Where'er thou art, oh, pray for me!

M. S. B.

Quebec, August 11, 1878.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Vathalis," "Adèle," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"I am coming," answered Dora; but the sparrows she used to feed, seeing her stand by the open window, went fluttering past, expecting their little pittance, and Dora would not disappoint them. She covered the windowledge with bread, then, with a last look and a last sigh, she bade adieu to her room, and for the first time in her life—to liberty. And yet she looked happy and gay when she entered Les Roches. For, after all, hers was a happy lot, and she knew it. It was pleasant to be valued so highly by the father, and to be loved so dearly by the child. Even Fido's greeting was grateful to her; and then it was something surely that when one door closed upon her, another should open so readily and so soon. It was a relief to Mr. Templemore to read the brightness of all this in her face, as she arrived with her mother. Yes, he felt it keenly; he could trust his child whilst he was away to this fine joyous nature—so joyous, and that, too, Mr. Templemore knew, though not to what extent, because it was so brave.

And now Dora entered the school-room, and became queen absolute there. Eva's love for her governess partook of adoration. There had never been so perfect a being, in her opinion, as Dora. Miss Moore looked puzzled, and scarcely pleased, at this ardent affection; but Mr. Templemore was both amused and delighted, and took evident pleasure in watching and fostering its growth. He would justly ask Dora to tell him which of the two, Eva or Fido, loved her most, or could do best without her society. And when Dora would leave the room, or the garden, and Eva, however absorbed, would soon look up from her book or her playthings, shake her curls, and ask, "Where is Cousin Dora?" Mr. Templemore would reply, with a smile:

"Come, Eva, I see it is Fido's affection which is the stronger of the two, after all! he never lets Cousin Dora out of his sight, prudent dog, and you do."

"But Fido does not love Cousin Dora half so much as I do," Eva would cry in hot indignation; and throwing down her book or her doll, she would go in pursuit of this much-loved cousin, to Mr. Templemore's evident satisfaction.

Mrs. Courtenay put only one construction upon all this, and felt both amazed and indignant when Mr. Templemore suddenly went away one morning. Before going he spoke to Dora.

"You have bewitched Eva," he said with a kind smile, "so I need only ask you to go with the magic, the secret of which I will not attempt to whom. I shall only trouble you with two requests: be so good as to teach Eva to wait on herself as much as possible, and not to grow up into a helpless young lady; also, if she should be unwell, to send for Doctor Le Roux first, then to telegraph to me. The rest I leave to you; and now, before we part, forgive me to have laid this task upon you—I sometimes feel I have been selfish!"

"How so?" composedly asked Dora. "I really could not expect a better situation than that I have in your family, Mr. Templemore."

"Pray do not talk of it as a situation," he said, looking slightly disturbed.

"What else is it?" she replied, with smile of quiet pride. "Of course you do not look upon me merely as a person to whom you give a certain amount of money—nor do I think of myself merely as one who receives it; but for all that, Mr. Templemore, I am the governess of your child, and I am paid for being so."

Mr. Templemore's dark cheek flushed, and he bit his lip, but he said nothing.

"I hope you are not displeased with my frankness?" composedly resumed Dora, who saw very well that he was.

"Oh! not at all," replied Mr. Templemore, but he thought: "Miss Courtenay is a proud woman—a very proud woman."

And now it was time for him to go. He would not let Eva accompany him to the station, Dora and the child bade him adieu at the gates of Les Roches. The day was bleak and very dreary—such at least, it seemed to Dora, as she gave him her hand, and wished him a happy journey. But if the sweet sunshine of spring had been in the sky, Mr. Templemore could not have looked brighter and more genial than he looked as he bade them farewell. He kissed Eva two or three times, indeed, and with evident grief, but grief under which seemed to flow a strong current of joy. Dora stood and looked at the carriage which bore him away, like one in a dream. She felt no wish to lament his departure, no temptation to regret his presence, but there fell a coldness upon her like that of a shadow which suddenly shuts out a strong sun. She felt both lone and chill, and turned back to the house in silence, till Eva's sobs and tears roused her to the effort of consoling the child.

But Eva's grief was a childish grief—it did not last. When she had got all the comfort she could out of Dora, she raised her head from her young governess's shoulder, dried her tears, looked about her, and said, with a little tremulous sigh,

"Cousin Dora, I think I shall go to aunt now."

"Very well, my dear, do so," she put down the child, who jumped lightly on the floor, shook her dark curls, and, with them, no doubt, some portion of her sorrow; then opened the door of the school-room, slipped out, and left Dora alone.

She could not help going back to the past, and to some of the dreams by which that past had been haunted. She could not help comparing the romance of life with that of reality. How far a beginning she had had! She had read novels very like it. A rich man in disguise discovers a poor girl in some obscure nook, and removes every thorn from her path. He holds a magic wand, and life becomes sweet and easy before the unconscious maiden. Then, having won her heart, unaided by the prestige of wealth and rank, he takes her some day to a noble dwelling, and says, "Be mine." How pretty! And it was her story. That pleasing commencement she had had, and to make its romance more complete, the rich man in disguise was a sort of feudal enemy. But alas! the fair ending of the tale was wanted.

"Life is not a ballad or a novel, after all," thought Dora, amused at her own disappointment, and glancing round at the maps and globes, which showed her how wide a gap lay there between the first and the last pages of her book; "the rich man is very kind, but it is not a wife he wants, 'tis a governess. He has a foolish sister-in-law, whom he cannot trust his child with, and as the poor girl is a lady, and cheerful, and can teach what she knows, he is pleased to have her with his little daughter, whilst he goes and spends the winter in a house which is his, but which he does not like to leave. That is life, and that is why, too, biography is so disappointing. The first pages are always full of wonderful promise, but the last have lost the charm; and the beauty of the tale departs with youth, and returns no more."

Here a black-and-tan paw, gently scratching Dora's knee, drew her attention. She looked down smiling, and saw a pair of full bright eyes mutely begging for a lap.

"Yes, Fido, you shall be petted," she said, taking him up, and as Fido luxuriously made a ball of himself, and soon snored with pleasure, Dora thought, "God bless him!—he has a good kind heart. It was like him to cheer a dying woman by removing this sad thought from her mind. She died, knowing that the little creature who loved her would not be forsaken. God bless him! he was kind to me too. I am sure it made him happy to see me drawing at the Muse, and thinking myself a bit of a genius. I can remember many a smile and many a look in which, if I had read them rightly, I might have detected the pure, heart-felt joy of a good man. I can pay him back now, and I will. I will be happy, and I will be cheerful—were it only for his child's sake."

The opportunity for fulfilling this resolve came almost immediately. The door opened, and Eva entered the room, with a sad, long face.

"Cousin Dora," she said, with a profound sigh, "aunt is busy, and—and I am very miserable."

Miserable! Dora laughed the declaration to scorn. Miserable—why, Mr. Templemore, if he knew it, would be quite angry. Besides, was he not coming back? Miserable! she would not hear of such a thing. But, unfortunately, Eva thought herself bound to be miserable, and Dora soon found out that she owed this idea to Miss Moore, who had taken some pains to impress on the child that she must in duty make herself unhappy, because of her father's departure. Dora did not contradict openly—there was no need to do so—but she swept the morbid fancy away; then, putting Fido on his cushion, she sat down to the piano, and began to play; whilst Eva so far forgot her grief as to dance, waving her arms as she had seen little girls do in pantomimes, and making some erratic and abortive attempts to stand upon one toe. As she was in that picturesque attitude, the door opened, and Mrs. Courtenay entered the room. She, too, came to be miserable, for she thought Dora very ill-used by Mr. Templemore; but on seeing Eva thus dancing to her daughter's music, she looked so bewildered, that Dora, who had turned round, asked with a smile:

"What is it, mamma?"

"I am glad you are both so cheerful," replied Mrs. Courtenay, still looking bewildered.

"Yes, we are cheerful," said Dora, with a bright, proud smile, "and we mean to go on being cheerful, too, mamma."

Mrs. Courtenay's countenance beamed again on hearing this.

"My dear, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, raising her voice—"so glad!"

Dora laughed, and turned back to the piano, and Eva waved her arms, again and again stood on her toe, whilst Mrs. Courtenay uttered little screams of delight, and Miss Moore, who heard these doings from afar, felt shocked and scandalized.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THUS had passed, and brought few changes in Dora's life. She had done with Eva one evening, and stole up to her own room, as she often did at that hour. It was very cold, but a bright moon shone in the wintry sky, and standing in the deep recess of her window, Dora looked at the sharp icicles which hung from the stone angles of the fountain in the court.

"So am I," thought Dora. She did not feel dull, she did not feel unhappy, but she felt torpid like that frozen water.

"My dear, here is a letter for you," said her mother, coming in.

Dora turned round quickly; John Luan had written a week ago, the letter might be from Mr. Templemore. It was from him—a friendly letter, as usual, and enclosing a check.

"My quarter's salary," she said.

"How nice," exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay; "and then that pretty English maid Mr. Templemore sent for you and Eva. Dora, you had a fairy for your godmother?"

"Had I?" asked Dora; for memory flew back with a sort of passion to Madame Bertrand's rooms, and the old church, with its garden high up in the buttresses, to the Museo with its pictures, and to long happy evenings, which must return no more. "Have I not buried my dead yet?" she thought, scolding her own weakness.

"My dear, you will tear that check," uneasily said Mrs. Courtenay, as she saw her daughter crushing the paper in her little nervous hand, with unconscious force.

Dora laughed, and who that heard her girlish laugh would have guessed how much strength and how much pride lay within its clear ringing sound?

"Are you coming to the drawing-room?" resumed Mrs. Courtenay; "a poor Miss Moore does prose so when we are alone."

"I shall join you presently," said Dora, cheerfully; "but I must go down and look at some drawings first. I shall not be long," she added, gayly, on seeing Mrs. Courtenay's blank face.

She went at once, and on her way down she met that pretty English maid, whose presence was, in Mrs. Courtenay's opinion, one of the glories of her daughter's lot.

Fanny curtsied, and stood by respectfully whilst Miss Courtenay passed.

"Fanny is very civil and very pretty, and I have not a fault to find with her," thought Dora, looking at the girl's blooming face and smiling blue eyes; "but I suppose I am hard to please, for I do not like Fanny, and would rather be without her."

Mr. Templemore before leaving, had placed his library at Dora's disposal, and she had spent some pleasant hours with its silent tenants. But now she was not inclined for a book, she wanted something more vivid, something to charm the eye as well as to feed the mind, and she found it in one of Mr. Templemore's many portfolios. The hours Dora spent thus were very happy hours in her way. Surrounded by mementoes of Mr. Templemore, she could not help thinking of him now and then; but the old illusions, the old friendship even, she forgot, or thought that she did forget. She might be mistaken. Her self-suggestion was not, perhaps, so complete as she imagined it to be—but she was far too proud to be unhappy.

Perhaps love does not make its victims so very wretched after all. Perhaps it is rather a state of mild and bearable suffering than one of distracting pain. There are many reasons why the patient's pangs should be concealed; and when they are revealed, it is generally because they have become intolerable. It is then that the world sees despair, and the agony of grief and draws its hasty conclusions concerning the tragic nature of love. We may be sure there are many calm lulls to that sorrow, many hours when it is forgotten, and life and its blessings are prized in their fullness. Love in itself can never be a curse; though it may be in love's destiny, and no doubt it is to lead to some of the sharpest torments which a human being can experience. But when there is and can be no hope, there can be no acute suffering, and so it was with Dora. So she now lingered over a view of Pompeii, and as she looked at the lone and desolate streets and roofless houses, and listened to the stormy wind blowing around Les Roches, she thought how time with the same restless force had swept away man and his generations from the dead city. "Yes," she said to her own thoughts, "we are before that mighty conqueror and dried leaves on the path of a strong gust, and surely it is impossible to think of these things, and indulge in vain illusions or dangerous reverie."

Dora felt very calm just then, full of philosophy and of that wisdom which comes from thought, and has not stood the test of experience. The wind was strong, as we said, and it did not let her hear the wheels of a carriage on the gravelled path outside. She did not hear unaccustomed sounds in the house at that hour, she heard nothing till the door of the room in which she sat opened, and Mrs. Luan stood before her.

"Aunt!" cried Dora starting to her feet in much surprise. "Is it really you?—are you really come?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Luan, nodding; Mr. Templemore asked me. He knew it would please you, he said."

"How kind!" exclaimed Dora in glad surprise. "Do you stay long, aunt? Is John coming?"

"No," shortly replied Mrs. Luan. "Mr. Templemore did not ask him."

"Of course not," said Dora with a gay laugh; "but he could go to Madame Bertrand, you know, and I long to see John again."

"And Mr. Templemore," said her aunt, "when is he coming?"

"Really, aunt, I don't know," and her face, bright as sunshine, seemed to add, "Really, I don't care."

Mrs. Luan's brain was not a clear one. A dreadful fear now seized her. Had Dora's heart turned the wrong way? She gave her so strange and moody a look, that her niece was startled.

"Aunt, what is it?"

"Nothing, but I wish I had not lost the letter—Mr. Templemore's letter; it was beautiful—and all about you."

Dora's deep blush did not speak much in favor of poor John; and Mrs. Luan, whom her one idea could render clear-sighted, read its meaning.

"I must go and see Miss Moore now," she said, prudently leaving Dora to the powerful auxiliary of her own thoughts. "Will you come?"

"When I have put away this portfolio," answered Dora.

But she did not follow her aunt at once. She stood with a smile on her lips, and a happy light in her eyes, forgetting the easy wisdom of five minutes back. Ah! what a thing is the present moment, that subtle portion of time which is either past or future, and which is gone before we can say "tis here. In vain Dora had read and looked. Neither book nor picture now gave her her lesson, or yielded her their honey. In vain they had told her generations had come and gone, how creeds had changed, how the sun of some nations had set in the darkness of an eternal night, and that of other nations had arisen and reached its meridian glories and splendour—there was something stronger than it all in the heart of the dreaming girl.

"What could there be in that lost letter?" she thought, as she closed the door of the study behind her.

She stood in the darkness of a narrow passage, but thence she could see the square stone hall brightly lit, and the broad staircase. Suddenly the front door opened, and Jacques, the servant, showed in a tall handsome young man. For one moment Dora remained amazed and mute, the next she eagerly came forward.

"John!" she said, joyfully; "John Luan!"

He turned round quickly and took her extended hand, and looked at her with a happy, beaming face.

"God bless you!" he said; then he added, "you are as pretty as ever."

"Of course I am," gayly answered Dora, "but what a cheat aunt is to say you were not coming!"

John Luan changed color, and looked sobered at once.

"Is my mother here?" he asked.

"She has just arrived, and is up-stairs with mamma and Miss Moore. Did you not travel together?"

"No," sulkily replied John. Before Dora could make any comment, a door above opened, and Mrs. Luan, who had probably heard her son's voice, appeared at the head of the staircase.

There was a moment's silence, and during that interval, brief though it was, Dora saw and guessed much. She saw the brightness which her aspect had called up pass away from John's face, and a strange sullen likeness to his mother appear there in its stead—a likeness which grew deeper and stronger as Mrs. Luan and he exchanged looks. She saw this, and she guessed that mother and son had deceived each other; though how far the deceit had been carried—how John had said he was going to Scotland, and Mrs. Luan that she was going to Dublin; how John had come to ask her to become his wife, and Mrs. Luan to prevent her from consenting; and, above all, how she had come to Les Roches without the slightest invitation from its master, Dora could not divine. She had always thought that the obstacle to John's suit rested with

herself; she had never suspected that it lay with Mrs. Luan.

"And did each of you not know that the other was coming?" she could not help exclaiming.

"Come, come, I see we have caught and surprised you, gayly replied John Luan, recovering his composure. "And is aunt caught too? Where is aunt?"

"Why, John, I thought you were in Scotland," exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay's voice upstairs; "what a shame of Mrs. Luan to imposture upon me so!"

John laughed, and went up to Mrs. Courtenay, who, in the same breath, introduced him to Miss Moore, and informed him that he would be delighted at Madame Bertrand's, who was the dearest old thing, and would take such care of him. John's reply concerning the shortness of his stay, and the advantages of hotels, did not reach Dora. She did not believe that this was a concerted plan between John and his mother, and she stood amazed and perplexed at the foot of the stairs case, with her hand on the banisters, and her eyes downcast. On looking up, at length, she saw Mrs. Luan standing alone, almost in the same attitude as herself. Dora looked at her steadily as she went up the staircase; but Mrs. Luan never moved nor raised her sullen eyes.

"How moody she looks!" thought Dora.

"Aunt," she said, on reaching her, and gently touching her hand as she spoke, "why did not John tell you he was coming?—and why also did you not tell him?"

Mrs. Luan looked up, and there was a confusion in her gaze which did not seem to come from Dora's question—the confusion of a dull mind, to which even light and clear matters appear perplexed and strange.

"He can't stay," was her only answer; "he can't afford it, you know."

There was nothing else to be got from her. Dora saw it, and thought, "Poor John, he came to see me, and his mother tells me he cannot afford to marry; as if I did not know it—and as if I wanted him!" This much she understood—this much and no more.

It was quite true that John could not stay; his time was not his own—he too said so. He was very full of his prospects, for he had been promised an appointment of a hundred a year, which he seemed to consider a small fortune. He was to be the medical attendant of a wonderful society for the improvement, or the benefit, or the perplexity of young women; he was to have a cottage and a garden, and plenty of time, for the young women were only to be invalids when they could not help it; so that, as every one else in the neighborhood was, on the contrary, to be in delicate health, Doctor John Luan would enjoy every opportunity of establishing a large practice, and of earning a handsome income. He seemed so sure of all this, he looked so handsome with his blue eyes and his florid complexion, there was something so young and yet so perfectly manly about him, that Miss Moore, spite Dora's reserved manner, had no doubt but John Luan was a favored admirer. How could he be otherwise? Surely Miss Courtenay never thought she could do better.

Some vague suspicion of the same kind lurked in Mrs. Luan's mind. Either she was not quite convinced of Dora's secret liking for Mr. Templemore, or she doubted its depth and durability, for she never left her son's side. But spite all her watching, John found means to see Dora alone. He would not mind her gravity, or read its meaning. He knew she did not love him, for love gives keenness even to the dull; but John was not exacting or romantic; let Dora marry him, or promise to marry him some day, and he was content. He was matter-of-fact in love, as in most things, and considered that to have the woman he was fond of, was the great point in matrimony. "The rest will come with time," was his philosophic conclusion. And as he meant to be kind, a affectionate, and devoted, he may be excused if he was also easily satisfied.

"I wish I could like him," thought Dora, who knew better than John himself how good, how kind, how true was her cousin. But she could not, it was not in her power, and never had lover's wooing less chance of success than John Luan's, when he suddenly came upon her the next morning in the garden. The day was mild and gray. One of the last days of winter, with something of Spring softness in the air. John found Dora in the flower-garden, near the house, with Eva trundling her hoop. Mrs. Luan, unconscious of her danger, was in the dining-room at the other end of the chateau.

Dora availed herself of the opportunity to urge on John a matter which had long lurked in her mind, and which the preceding day's occurrence had brought back very forcibly.

"John," she said, "how has aunt been whilst she was with you?"

John stared, for his mother enjoyed perfect health.

"Why, well, of course," he answered.

Dora hesitated.

"You were never struck with anything?" she asked.

"Struck with what?"

"With any oddity or peculiarity?"

John stared again. His mother had always been peculiar.

"In short," said Dora, with a strong effort, "you have no fear that her mind is as it all affected?"

If John could have been angry with Dora, he would have been angry then. He was so indignant, and so much pained too, that his cousin stammered an excuse. This pacified him.

"You must think nothing of the kind," he said, good-humoredly; "and you must listen to what I have to say, please. I have liked you all my life. Whilst you had money I was silent. We are both poor—I can speak. You know my position. I can afford to marry now. Will you share my lot?"

"No, John, thank you," replied Dora, with a grave smile. "I like you dearly, but not as I should like you for that."

But John, who had expected this, would not be disheartened, and he said so.

"No, Dora, I will not take your denial. I have thought of it years, and I am sure I could make you happy—very happy! I know you would say no, but I believed, and still believe, that you will end by saying yes."

He spoke resolutely, and Dora looked at him in perplexity. Was John a prophet? Was she really to conquer the present so far as to become, some day, the wife of the good-humored friend and cousin she now gazed on? The prospect almost appalled her. Yet it might be. She, too, might—like many a girl before her—reject her first lover, then turn back to him, and be glad of the refuge of that true, faithful heart. But integrity would not allow her to indulge John Luan in an illusion which, whilst it bound him, would leave her free, and she said so.

"And what need you care if I do not mind it?" he answered impatiently. "I tell you stranger things than this have come to pass. Just tell me if it be not strange that you, Mr. Courtenay's niece, and Paul Courtenay's sister, should now be governess to Mr. Templemore's child? Did you not detect the man's name? Did you not always vow that, if poverty struck you, you would be a seamstress, and not a dependent in a rich man's house? And yet here you are, to all seeming pleased and happy in your position. According to your account,

Dr. Templemore is white as snow, and we were to blame—not he. That little girl dotes on you, and you dote on her, and you look very happy and contented—all of which, if I did not see it, I should deem incredible. Yet so it is. Why, then, tell me that I must not hope?"

Dora, who had turned red and pale repeatedly whilst she spoke, felt silenced by his blunt and not unreasonable argument. Yet she ventured on one objection.

"I am happy here, as you say, John; and as my task is one which will take years, why should I leave it?"

"It is a long lane that has no turning!" replied John, a little sulkily.

Again Dora felt silenced, and Eva, by coming up, and leaving her governess no more, did not allow either to renew the subject. John, indeed, no more cared to speak further than Dora to hear him. He had said his say, and not being an eloquent man, he could add nothing to his blunt wooing. It satisfied him that Dora should know he loved her, and wished to marry her. The rest would come. Her rejection he would not consider as final. He was his mother's son in many things—in obstinacy, not to say stubbornness, as well as in abrupt inelegant speech. And Dora would rather not pursue a theme which grated on her ear like discordant note in music. She thought highly of her cousin, she was sure of his affection, but she also felt that to be loved thus could never make her happy. She required that something more which, to exciting youth, is like the crown of love, the grace, the poetry, the touch of romance, which must exist, whether they be merely in a girl's feelings, or really in the man she loves.

John could waken no admiration, no enthusiasm in her heart: he appealed to none of these faculties which attend on every strong feeling, and deepen its intensity, or add to its force. He was plain John Luan to her, and with a sigh Dora felt he must remain so; her cousin, her early friend, but no more. She had felt almost certain of it before he spoke—she was sure without a doubt now that he had spoken. The man who, in so deep and urgent a matter, could find no more persuasive accents than poor John had found to plead his cause, could never rule her heart. The fault might be hers, but the fact remained, and it was clear and strong, and not to be disputed or resisted.

With such feelings upon her, Dora welcomed the child's presence as a Godsend; she was glad even when Mrs. Luan came down. That lady, indeed, looked confounded on seeing her son with Dora, but on perceiving that Eva was with them too, her brow cleared; nothing could have taken place, and lest anything should take place she left them no more. Her task of watchfulness was soon over. John went away that same afternoon, and he bade Dora adieu in Les Roches, and his mother accompanied him to the station, and came back looking sulkily triumphant, as was her wont whenever she had achieved some little success.

There is always something momentous to a young girl in an offer of marriage whatever may be her feelings toward the man by whom it has been made. It almost always makes a crisis in the story of her life; it is an epoch in her youth, toward which she looks back sometimes with amusement, sometimes, too, with regret, but which she cannot well forget. In vain Dora had known for years that she was dear to John Luan's heart, in vain her only source of wonder was that he had taken so long to speak, in vain too his wooing had been both plain and brief, something of that wooing, such as it was, remained behind him when he was gone, and made Les Roches seem cold and dull. She did not repent her refusal, she could not believe she ever should regret it, and yet she felt that one of her chances of happiness as a woman was gone. John Luan was not the right one, but it is not always the right one who comes in life, he often goes elsewhere or he dies early, or lives unwedded, or has a wife and three children when one sees him first; in short, even a beauty has and can have but a certain amount of lovers, and an unhappy man must make up her mind to the sad and unpleasant fact that amongst these the right one may never be.

Some secret voice told Dora this, and though she was too brave and proud to fear the lonely life which would probably be her lot, she was too honest not to feel that if she could so far have conquered her feelings it might have been well for her to have become John Luan's wife.

Some gravity, therefore, appeared on her countenance, and Mrs. Luan, unaccustomed to see such a sign there, grew uneasy, and watched her niece both closely and stealthily. But if Dora spoke less than usual on the day that followed John Luan's departure—if she looked, as she was, abstracted and thoughtful, the little cloud soon passed away, the brightness returned, the happy, smiling eyes got back their light, and the rosy cheek its bloom.

"My dear, how well you look!" Mrs. Courtenay said, admiringly.

"Because I am well," was the gay reply—"well and happy."

She felt so well and so light, that she wondered at it herself, and never guessed the cause. There is a great, a powerful renovator, who visits us every year, giving back to the old the dreams of youth, and whose breath clears the sullen winter sky, whose steps cover the green earth with flowers, whose mere aspect is as the beauty of lost paradise—Spring, the youth of nature, the divine messenger of love, the enchanting promise of joy that never comes in their fulness. It was not in Dora's power to resist the voice of this sweet deluder. He came one day in a soft shower, and birds began to sing, and buds broke forth into foliage on the boughs. Violets blushed in the shade, cowslips and primroses followed the cold-looking snowdrop. The gardener let in the sun to the fair captives in the greenhouse, and every thing about Les Roches looked sweet and enchanting.

If the little world around Mr. Templemore's chateau was restricted in extent, it was full of beauty. A narrow but pleasant river flowed through it with a soft murmur, tall trees grew on its banks, and bent over it with sylvan grace; reeds, grasses abounded there. Farther on a path wound in the shade and here, near the rocks and the waterfall, was the spot which D

stay till it was eleven, and not think it late. "But then I was not the governess," thought Dora.

Yes, that was it—her position was changed, and with all his courtesy, Mr. Templemore would not treat his daughter's governess as he had treated Miss Courtenay; he could not, in the justice to her, spend a whole evening in the school-room, and indulge in her society, much as he liked it.

Mr. Templemore wanted to speak to Mrs. Luan about her son, and he had asked her to meet him in his study. She came, as stolid-looking as ever. Mr. Templemore declared his surprise at once.

"My dear madam," he said, kindly, "you must excuse my troubling you at so undine an hour, but I greatly wish to speak to you on a subject which interests us both. Is there not an attachment between your son and Miss Courtenay? If so, I shall only feel too happy to favor it by forwarding his views in life."

"No, no! she cried, aghast at the danger, "there is no attachment; and please, you must not do that—you must not!"

"I hope I have not distressed you?" he said, gravely.

"No, no; but you must not!" She was less excited, but still much moved. Mr. Templemore looked at her quietly, though keenly. "It is that sullen, stupid woman who opposes the marriage," he thought.

"John must not come any more," she said. "You will not bring him, will you?"

"Certainly not," he replied; and he thought—What an idiot!

Alas! how often we fling on others that reproach of folly; and if we but knew the truth, and read the future, how often we should be mute.

He had spoken gravely and positively, yet Mrs. Luan was disturbed. She did not want John to marry her niece. No appointment could reconcile her to the fact of Dora's penance condition.

There is many a happy lily in the affairs of men; days follow days in delicious monotony, and one is so like the other, that looking back upon them, they lose their separate existence, and blend in one calm image of the past.

There came a great repose over Dora Courtenay's life about this time. It lasted one week—no more, but it was sweet, and she never forgot it. She saw little of Mr. Templemore, but that little sufficed her.

"I know this will not last," she often thought. "I know some change must come; but whilst it lasts I feel happy—is not that much?"

"Miss Courtenay," he said very gravely, "has it ever occurred to you to regret not having been born in antediluvian times?"

"Never," replied Dora, smiling, and she thought "he has nothing to say, after all; he is only going to indulge in one of his usual flights of fancy."

there ran through her such a thrill of pain that it made her turn sick and cold.

"I have been engaged for the last year," continued Mr. Templemore, "and I am ashamed to say that Eva has delayed my marriage all that time. She was very, very delicate then, and she took so violent a dislike, founded on jealousy, to the lady I was going to marry, that her health was endangered."

"I shall do my best," replied Dora, in a low voice.

Alas! she too needed that lesson. "As yet Eva knows nothing," he resumed; "she does not know for instance, that I was to marry Mrs. Logan."

He went on, but Dora heard no more. Mrs. Logan—it was Florence—Florence Gale, her brother's faithless love, who was to marry her brother's happy rival. It was she!

"What a man! I do to Mr. Templemore?" asked Dora, after awhile.

"Will you kindly break the news to Eva tomorrow, and tell me how she has borne it? Not that it will make the least difference," he added, quickly; "but it will be a great relief to me if the child will only be reasonable and good."

"You have great influence over her," he resumed. "Will you kindly use it for this purpose, and also to prevent her, if this unfortunate dislike still exists, from displaying it to Mrs. Logan when she comes?"

"Not here," he answered, "but near her. Her husband, poor fellow, died in a little villa down the road, which he bought two years ago. It was in coming to see Mrs. Logan that I was smitten with Les Roches, and took it on a long lease for Eva's sake."

The following is a rich specimen of pulpit oratory, both in matter and style:—

My Brethren:— How many of you seen a stragg bull-pup? 'Twas a purty bull-pup! I may remark it was a yung bull-pup. It was a prinit, so 'twas; a token of esteem, my brethern! It had a black spot over one eye, and a white spot over 't'other; or, I mane, a white spot over one eye, and—but I've said shifficient!

Over the bull-pup's ears and tail were cut short, and he had a very frolicious aspect—very frolicious, my brethern! His legs were somewhat bandy and they were brown and white, speckled, as 'twere!

A VOICE OF LONG AGO.—"Just give me a chance to pour my voice into that machine, will you?" said a red-nosed man, stepping to the front at a phonograph matinee, the other day.

"Then let me inform you that I bitterly regret belonging to these degenerate days," resumed Mr. Templemore. "Now, do consider, Miss Courtenay, what delightful creatures there were formerly: lizards thirty feet long or so. Every thing was on so grand a scale then! Think how entertaining it would be to see that light and graceful bird, the Epiorinis, pick up a live crocodile and fly off with it! Such grand battles on land and sea there would have been, too. We have had all that now."

"Thank Heaven!"

"No—no, I must convert you; Eva, run and get me the paper on the table in my study. I must show Miss Courtenay a drawing of the Epiorinis."

IS THERE ANY ROMANCE ABOUT SHERIDAN'S RIDE?

SMITH, N. J., August 13, 1878.

To-day's Herald copies an article from the Union Observer, which, if true, would be a severe reflection on General Sheridan.

The writer of the article in question evidently understands the art of "damning the faint praise," but it will require many and much more forcible articles to convince the people of this country that the general who, in the Valley (which had previously been a Valley of the Shadow of Death) to the reputation of every Union commander, won his chief success, who won the battle of Five Forks, and who headed Lee at Appomattox, "was wanting in the qualities of a great general."

The first charge is that Sheridan's absence on the morning of the battle of Cedar Creek was "scandalously inexcusable." This is strong language. Do the facts warrant it?

The second charge is that Sheridan's absence on the morning of the battle of Cedar Creek was "scandalously inexcusable." This is strong language. Do the facts warrant it?

The article concludes with an insinuation about the battle of Five Forks, but life is too short to meet insinuations; they are proverbially the weapon of those who cannot or will not make open charges and stand by them.

Then a frightful struggle ensued. The murderer, who seemed crazed, tried to cut his antagonist with the dangerous weapon, and made desperate attempts to slash him about the head and limbs, but the unfortunate man was finally subdued with the assistance of others and placed in jail.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD.

The printing office is truly the wonder of the world, and it deserves the reputation. A correspondent writes from London an account of his visit to the office of the London Times.

POPULATION OF CHINA.—An Old Resident of China writes to the London Times.—The interior of China is almost as well known at present as the interior of Russia; and if strict accuracy cannot be obtained in the absence of any reliable statistics, still a fair approximation is certainly possible in estimating the population of the country.

UNITED STATES.

A Grenada special says, the negroes are falling like sheep, and the whites have no sympathy for them as they have shown none for whites.

All the quarantined towns are suffering for the common necessities of life. The scare, however, is said to be over, and many people are returning to their homes to stay, and fight off the fever.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says no fever case has occurred in Georgia yet, although a few cases reached there from New Orleans, which have yielded to treatment.

A Vicksburg despatch says the fever is spreading there.

Kerosene will make your tin tea kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

A GREAT WALK.

Daniel O'Leary, who so successfully and honorably upheld the United States in England by defeating the best English walkers, undertook the past week to walk 400 miles in 122 hours at Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

He completed his 400 miles Saturday night, August 17th, at 10.05, having twenty-five minutes to spare out of the 122 hours in which he agreed to complete the task.

The following is the time for each mile walked after noon of Saturday:—

Table with 4 columns: Mile, M. S., M. S., M. S. It lists the time taken for each mile from 1 to 400.

A MELANCHOLY TRAGEDY.

A MARRIED MAN LOVES A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN—SHE MARRIES ANOTHER—HER OLD LOVER VISITS HER AND CUTS HER THROAT WITH A RAZOR.

Troy, N. Y., August 19.—Richard Shannon deliberately murdered Mrs. Theodore Bice, at three o'clock this afternoon, in the village of Waterford. Six years ago Mrs. Bice, whose maiden name was Ella Miller, kept house for Shannon somewhere out West.

Then a frightful struggle ensued. The murderer, who seemed crazed, tried to cut his antagonist with the dangerous weapon, and made desperate attempts to slash him about the head and limbs, but the unfortunate man was finally subdued with the assistance of others and placed in jail.

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GENERAL ITEMS.

A youthful inebriate appeared recently before a Cincinnati justice to swear off, but the magistrate declined to aid him in his reform, on the ground that he was too young to understand the meaning of an oath.

Inasmuch as all methods are good by which the Republic may be saved, I order the immediate arrest of the Abbe Hogan. This was the remarkable warrant on which Raoul Rigault, during the Paris Commune, had a plucky Irish priest put into prison.

Mrs. Wm. Glassford lives during the winter with her second husband on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi, opposite Charleston, Ia. She spends the summer with her divorced husband, Mr. Wiley, at Charleston. Both men are aware of all the circumstances.

The late John Sasser, of Big Tree Creek, Ga., was a punctual man. He spent one evening last week with his sweetheart, Miss Johnson, with whom he made an appointment for 4 p.m. next day. "Be there on time or I will kill myself," he said, as they parted. She wasn't, and when she did go to the trysting-place found him lying dead, with a rifle bullet through his head.

AN INDISTINGUISHABLE TROUPE.—A doctor, while escorting a lady home one evening, offered her a trochee to relieve her cough. He told her to let it dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced, and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a pantaloons button with a note, saying she must have given her the wrong kind of a trochee, and must need this one.

It has been ascertained that a book agent can be won by kindness. One day last week a man tried it on one of them. He beat him with a bludgeon and broke his arm, poured kerosene over his clothes and set fire to it, shot him through the lungs, and finally locked him up in a room with a mad dog; and the agent, deeply affected, whispered through the keyhole that as soon as the dog got through with him he'd let him have a copy of "Moody's Anecdotes" for sixty-five cents, which was thirty per cent. off.

At an Odd Fellow's hall the other day, a young man in the medical student line of life came suddenly face to face with a dear, kind old, fatherly-looking gentleman with white hair, of highly respectable and almost Biblical appearance. They both stood transfixed. The same idea flashed across both of them. "Your face is familiar to me, very familiar; but I can't remember where we have met so often." However, the friendly impulse was carried out; they shook hands warmly, partook of a friendly glass, and departed still ignorant of each other's name and occupation.

A SACRED BASIS.—When one of the young bloodhounds intimated to big Jack Sheppard that he desired to consult him on a very important business matter, Jack took him into the alley behind the post-office and remarked: "My son, free lunch is celebrated for its brightness. Take the hint, and submit your facts." "Mother says," began the boy, after fitting his back to the brick wall, "that if I'll be good from now to the Fourth she'll buy me a bunch of fire-crackers. Do you think it'll pay?" "Well, reduced to a specific basis, it won't," mumbled Jack. "If she'd say five packs we might make it an object, but one pack—hursph! Give her twenty-four hours' notice that you shall cancel the agreement and take your chances of raising fireworks by peddling to the patriotic of the generous public! That's all—fee, ten cents!"

In addition to mortally offending the London critics, Lord Beaconsfield would appear to have drawn down on his head the wrath of the terrible deed, Shannon started for the river, which was near by, with the apparent purpose of suicide. But a hostler heard the cry of murder and caught him.

Then a frightful struggle ensued. The murderer, who seemed crazed, tried to cut his antagonist with the dangerous weapon, and made desperate attempts to slash him about the head and limbs, but the unfortunate man was finally subdued with the assistance of others and placed in jail.

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but we object to these discussions when they are not conducted with becoming taste and are full of offensive and insulting phrases.

MR. DOUTRE. Mr. Doutre is once more in congenial society: he is with the Orangemen and by his company he is once more known.

ATHLETES. The last few days have witnessed two extraordinary aquatic performances. We had grown accustomed to hear of Boynton and Webb accomplishing such wonders on the surface of the waters, but now we hear of a man walking across the Channel between England and France, and of another man in the United States walking eight miles at a depth of sixty-five feet in less than five hours.

THE TANNERIES SHOOTING AFFAIR. Can it be possible that the Government intend to let the Tanneries shooting affair go by default? If this is the intention, it cannot but have a serious effect upon the public mind.

JUDGE KEOGH. Judge Keogh is mad! The man who upon the hustings at Athlone swore "So help his (my) God" never to take place or pension from the Government is in a lunatic asylum.

care of Jupiter. This is just the kind of thing Judge Keogh was wont to do, and his name will live in the memory of most Irishmen as a desirable associate for perfidious Castlereagh.

INDEPENDENTS. Our correspondent in Quebec has assured us that Mr. McGreevy is going to contest his division in Quebec as an "Independent."

FANATICISM. The Witness continues to pursue its fanatical assaults upon "Romanism" and "priestcraft."

THE ST. HENRI SHOOTING AFFAIR. As we anticipated, and it is now leaking out, that so long a time has elapsed since the outrage at St. Henri that there is much trouble in collecting the evidence.

SOME OF THE MONEY STOLEN from the Receiver-General's office at Toronto has been recovered from the prisoner at New York.

THE WARS OF THE "WITNESS." The militant mission of our most religious contemporary is of wide range and manifold character. The annihilation of the Post one day—the expulsion of the Jesuits the next, and the wholesale outrooting of Pope and Popery to follow, should, in all reason, satisfy the greed for glory of our journalistic dictator.

REV. FATHER KIERNAN.—On Sunday the Rev. John Kiernan, a native of this city, celebrated his first Mass in St. Patrick's Church.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY. To the Editor of the Evening Post. Sir,—The Catholics of the County of Kerry were surprised, on Saturday evening, by a report that the band that was going around serenading for the Irish picnic had been mobbed, which proved to be true.

ORANGEISM AND THE COMING ELECTION. To the Editor of the Evening Post: Sir,—The position you have taken on the "Orange" question has been fully justified by the results.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST. Sir,—In answer to the above question permit me to say, the preservation of the peace on the 12th was due in a measure almost entirely to the specials, and without any credit whatever to the Volunteers.

EXCURSION. To the Editor of the Evening Post: Sir,—The excursion which took place last Sunday under the auspices of the Catholic Union, I am glad to say was quite a success.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST. Dear Sir,—Permit me to observe that I have been a continual supporter of the True Witness, I may say, since its establishment, and am yet, having also induced many others to become its supporters; and since the establishment of the Evening Post I have subscribed for two numbers; may I, therefore, submit to your consideration the partiality which occasionally indicates itself for Mackenzie's Government in both the True Witness and Evening Post.

WHO PRESERVED THE PEACE ON THE TWELFTH, VOLUNTEERS OR SPECIALS? To the Editor of the Daily Witness: Sir,—In answer to the above question permit me to say, the preservation of the peace on the 12th was due in a measure almost entirely to the specials, and without any credit whatever to the Volunteers.

A BISHOP CONSECRATED. CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN J. KEANE IN RICHMOND.—SCENES AT THE CATHEDRAL—IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES BEFORE THE ALTAR—DISTINGUISHED PERSONS PRESENT.

THE BISHOP EXAMINED. The Archbishop then examined the new Bishop with reference to his faith and the exercise of the virtues peculiar to the episcopal authority. When the examination was concluded grand mass was commenced, the Archbishop being assisted by the Rev. J. Walter as assistant priest, the Very Rev. A. Magnien, S. S. S., and J. Griffin, V. G., as deacon of honor; also the Rev. B. Van Deyver, deacon, and the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, sub-deacon of the mass.

THE BISHOP BLESSED. During the singing the Archbishop arose and solemnly blessed the elect thrice. The Gospels were then placed on the shoulders of the elect and the Archbishop and bishops, placing their hands on his head, said:—"Receive thou the Holy Ghost."

BISHOP LYNN'S REMARKS. He said that the Cathedral of St. Peter's had time and again seen its venerable walls filled with the faithful. The people had come for consolation in times of sorrow and poured forth their petitions to a God who was never deaf, and whose arm was never shortened.

AN IMPRISONED POPE. Who was it that thus commanded the presence of an Archbishop and Bishops from Chicago to Florida? Leo XIII. And who was he? An old man in far distant Rome, imprisoned in the halls of his own palace, deprived of his temporalities, who dared not put his foot outside his own door, lest perchance insult or injury should befall him; a man who, when a few months ago he was elected to his high office, dared not enter his glorious basilica of St. Peter's lest his person should be the object of outrage; and yet Leo XIII., apparently so weak in Rome, was powerful here, 5,000 miles from the Eternal City.

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BISHOP KEANE'S SERMON. The Cathedral was crowded to its utmost capacity this evening. Solemn Pontifical Vespers were sung and the new prelate delivered his inaugural sermon. It was long and eloquent, and the vast assembly of interested listeners honored the Bishop with the closest attention until the end.—N. Y. Herald.

HOW LONG TO SLEEP.

This fact, that as life becomes concentrated and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible.

SHOOT HIGH.

"Is there Scheneral around?" asked an excited Irishman as the United States troops passed through St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.—The female gate-keeper on a Western pike has been removed for deadheading her sweetheart.

The London Standard warns intending emigrants against Cyprus. Climate, language, &c., are against them.

The man with a brick in his hat is anxious that everybody else should be similarly blessed; this is why he throws one at the first man he meets.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Brigham Young's wives are going to hold a national convention and nominate a ticket for 1880.

HE TOOK OFF HIS COAT.—An Illinois lawyer who charged a widow \$25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to \$5 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

"IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE BOY?"—The farmer who sent his son to the city to become a clerk, now writes and asks the merchant if there is "anything in the boy."

HE KEPT HIS WORD.—A cut-throat Yankee drummer offered to burn out all the flies in a saloon in August. He succeeded.

A soldier who was under Gen. Butler's command in Virginia, but who is now residing in Illinois, says he would gladly walk all the way to Boston if his vote could make the General Governor.

A CERTIFICATE OF GENTILITY.—The editor of the New Orleans Democrat speaks of another quill-driver as the fellow who "yearned for the print of our foot on the seat of his pants to frame as a certificate of gentility."

The Paris Union announces that a venerable ecclesiastic of the diocese of Paris, who had been marked out for assassination by the Commune, is now engaged in founding a "Mission of Pardons."

The people of Moscow declare that their great bell shall never be pulled down from its glittering steeple, where it reigns over all other church bells in the world.

How TO APPLY WHITENESS.—Make a barrel full of lime-wash by slacking a bushel of fresh lime in a pork barrel, filling up the barrel with water, and stirring until thoroughly well mixed.

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FARMERS' COLUMN.

RYE.—The remarks relating to wheat apply equally to rye. Where the straw is salable, this is often a more valuable crop than wheat.

GREEN FODDER.—Not required for feeding should be cut and covered for winter use before ripening. A well-worked crop of fodder-corn may very well be followed by fall grain or turnips.

SOIL.—As much depends on the variety of wheat sown as upon the manner of cultivation. Upon similar soil, and with the same treatment, one variety may yield twice as much as another.

FODDER.—For fall fodder, white turnips may be sown this month. An out stubble plowed and fertilized, may easily produce 600 or 800 bushels per acre.

SOUTHERN FODDER CROPS.—In the South, fodder crops may be consumed upon the ground, and the labor of harvesting saved. Turnips may be thus used for sheep, cattle, or pigs.

EARLY SOWING is preferable, except where there is danger of the Hessian fly; in which case sowing may be deferred until late next month.

WINTER OATS are a valuable crop for the South, and as far north as Virginia, but a trial last season convinced the writer that this is not a crop for the North.

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.—Experience gained the past season goes to show that liberal manuring is the most economical.

GALLS OF THE SKIN.—Where the skin is chafed or galled by the harness, it should be washed with salt water, and when dry, painted with spirits of turpentine.

PIGS AND POULTRY are omnivorous animals, and their tastes should be consulted. When in confinement, some fresh green food is needed.

How TO APPLY WHITENESS.—Make a barrel full of lime-wash by slacking a bushel of fresh lime in a pork barrel, filling up the barrel with water, and stirring until thoroughly well mixed.

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NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO.

AN INVASION OF KANGAROOS.—A great invasion of kangaroos recently occurred in various parts of Australia, especially Queensland.

PIKE-APPLES.—The history of the pine-apple dates back for three or four centuries. Columbus found it on the Island of Guadalupe in 1493.

RAW OYSTERS AS FOOD.—The oyster is a species of food combining the most precious alimentary qualities. Its meat is soft, firm, and delicate.

VEGETARIANISM.—Professor Gullier, in his recent researches as to the causes of cerebral degeneration of the arteries, has made the very interesting discovery that a principal cause lies in a vegetable diet.

EFFECT OF ACID VAPOURS ON HEALTH.—Dr. Angus Smith, in his eleventh annual report of proceedings under the Alkali Acts, gives some interesting information on the influence of acid vapours on health.

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ITEMS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

SALT fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk. Cold rain water and soap will remove grease from valuable fabrics.

GRAPE OR PLUM JAM.—Stew in a little water, and press the fruit through a colander or coarse sieve, adding a little water to plums to get all the pulp through.

TO CLEAN IVORY.—If the real ivory handles of the knives should get stained make a paste of sal volatile, prepared chalk, and oil; rub the paste on the ivory with a feather.

COFFEE BREAD.—One cup of hominy; boil it and stir in some Indian meal; add a teacup of milk, one egg, a piece of butter half as large as an egg; then make it as thick as pound cake with Indian meal.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Crush the fruit and strain through a coarse linen bag; and to each pint of juice allow one pound of sugar; boil ten minutes, skimming as necessary.

TOAST AND WATER.—This is a most wholesome and, if properly made, palatable drink for children and invalids.

SHAKER BREAD.—Take half the flour (unbolted) you intend using and pour on boiling milk (be sure it boils), and have it about the consistency of batter that you would have for making pancakes.

SQUASH FRITTERS.—One pint cooked and well-mashed squash, one pint of milk, two eggs and a little salt, make the batter stiff enough to turn on the griddle.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—To six pounds of fruit allow four pounds of sugar; remove the calyxes crush and put into preserving kettle and cook one-half hour over a moderate fire.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—Three-quarters of a pound of fruit and one pint of water to seven pounds of sugar.

DRIED FRUIT.—In Germany, especially in the country, most families lay up a store of dried apple slices for winter.

POCKET-BOOKS.—To one quart of warm milk add a cup of butter, four table-spoonsful of sugar, and two well-beaten eggs.

What is it which has a mouth and never speaks, and a bed and never sleeps? A river. Parson—"Better fed than taught, I fancy, boy."

The St. John River is so high that the greater portion of the marsh hay will be spoiled, and the wheat fields are suffering.

Some public men think it unkind in a newspaper to criticize their public acts. They seem to expect that when it rains and they are caught in a shower, it is the duty of the editor to run out and hold an umbrella over them.

A jury in North Carolina, after being charged in the usual way by the judge, retired to their room, when a white juror ventured to ask a coloured associate if he understood the charge of the judge.

During the Crimean war, a Turk, while at his noon prayer one day, was kicked and told to get out of the way by an English soldier.

to get out of the way by an English soldier. He paid no attention to the insult until his prayers were finished, when he offered to fight the Englishman.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARNOR, Lock-box 200, Covington, Ky.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Loretto Convent of Lindsay, Ontario. Classes will be RESUMED on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

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

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

HOUSEKEEPERS IN TOWN AND IN COUNTRY, REMEMBER No. 97, Rideau Street. You are respectfully invited to see our new premises.

General Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Provisions. YET OFFERED IN THE CITY OF OTTAWA. Our experience in business and a united effort on our part, will enable us to place goods to the public at the most reasonable prices.

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

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

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

THOMAS CRATHERN, 1363 St. Catherine Street. CHEAP FARMS AND FREE HOMES IN THE WEST.

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY.

GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor; no matter of how long standing the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days.

It is also endorsed by the regular Physicians and Medical Societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at Two Dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated case.

ALL ORDERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co., 554 Main Street, Worcester, Mass. July 31

BALANCE.

I. A. BEAUVAIS Will sell the balance of his Summer Stock at any price to make place for his Fall and Winter Goods.

I. A. BEAUVAIS Busy Retailing Goods daily by Steamer. I. A. BEAUVAIS Busy Manufacturing his Fall and Winter Coat and Ulster.

I. A. BEAUVAIS Will have the best and the largest stock Ready-made Clothing in the Dominion.

I. A. BEAUVAIS Is bound not to be beat in prices, he will sell cheaper than ever.

I. A. BEAUVAIS Has done the best trade in Customers' work this Spring than ever was done by any house in the City, and he is preparing to do more this Fall, but his prices are low.

I. A. BEAUVAIS, 190-ST. JOSEPH STREET-190 July 23.

D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 12 St. James Street, Montreal.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A. M., B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 146 St. James Street, Opposite the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

MULLARKY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 8 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

FOGARTY & BRO., BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS, 245 St. Lawrence Main Street, CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET.

W. E. MULLIN & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES, 14 Chabouillet Square, near G.T.R. Depot, MONTREAL.

W. E. MULLIN & Co., WE KEEP IN STOCK AND MAKE TO ORDER THE LATEST FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STYLES.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS & SHOES, 333 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

A Large and Well-assorted Stock constantly on hand.

W. STAFFORD & CO., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 6 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

RICHARD BURKE, Custom Boot and Shoe-Maker, 688 CRAIG STREET, (Between Bleury & Herminie Streets) Montreal.

D. LAMONTAGNE, 46 BONSECOURS STREET, Painting, Glazing, Paper-Hanging, White-Washing, Coloring.

M. FERON, Undertaker, 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, 186 & 188 ST. JOSEPH STREET. Begs to inform his friends and the public that he has secured several

ELEGANT OVAL-GLASS HEARSE which he offers for the use of the public at a very low and reasonable rate on the shortest notice and at lowest possible prices.

WOOD AND IRON COFFINS Of all descriptions constantly on hand and fitted on the shortest notice.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

WILLIAM HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 59 & 61 St. BONAVENTURE ST., Montreal. Plans of Buildings prepared and Superintended at Moderate Charges. Measurements and Valuations promptly attended to.

THOMAS KERMODE, WIRE WORKER, 30 BLEURY STREET. Flower Baskets, Flower Stands, Bird Cages, Window Guards and Screens, always on hand. All kinds of WIRE WORK made to order on the shortest notice and at lowest possible prices.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:—30 BLEURY ST.

McSEANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated Bells for Churches, Academies, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free. HENRY McSEANE & Co., Baltimore, Md.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY AT HOME. Send your name and address to the publisher of this paper, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," free of charge.

FREE. POPE LEO'S Photographs. By close 2 Stamps for postage. DALL & Co., Boston, Mass.

BEATTY. Another battle on high prices. Ready-made. War on the monopolist. Full reply sent free before buying PIANO or ORGAN. Send your name and address to the publisher of this paper, and we will send you a copy of our new book, "The Art of Living," free of charge.

Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

CHEAPSIDE

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOSIERY.

COTTON, ERINO, LAMBS WOOL

White Sox, Nos. 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Children's White Sox, 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Boys Cotton Hose for Knickerbockers—State Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy, Seamless, no lumps in the toes or heels, from 1/2c to 3/4c per pair.

Underclothing.

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

Canadian Hosiery.

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

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

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

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

TAILORING DEPARTMENT Up-stairs (East side).

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

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Cords, in seal brown, green, navy blue and olive green. Persian Cords, all colors, 1/2c, 2/3c, 3/4c, etc. Debeques, grey and brown (all wool), 3/4c to 5/8c. Cashmeres, all wool, in checks, all colors, 3/4c up. Homespun, all wool, 3/4c up. Linens and Brilliantines, all colors, 1/2c, 3/4c, 5/8c, 5c to 6c.

Grenadines.

Plain Black Iron Grenadine, 20c to 30c. Black Gait Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares.

Pins, Needles, Buttons, Braids, Thread, Tape, Silk Spools, Silk Twist.

Corsets—Crompton Make.

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

Domestic Goods.

English Cottons, from 6c to 17c per yard. Brown Cotton from 5c up. White Cotton from 7c up. An extra bargain in 30 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard.

Gloves.

The best assortment of Gloves, all kinds and makes at CHEAPSIDE. ALEXANDRES! IOUVIN'S! JOSEPHINES! Best Makers.

Umbrellas.

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

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties. A magnificent assortment.

GO TO CHEAPSIDE.

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

A. A. MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.

(ESTABLISHED 1818.)

For Sale.

SAWING, MOULDING, and other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber.

Address box 118, P. O. Montreal.

CANADIAN DESPATCHES.

Special to THE POST. QUEBEC, August 20, 1878.—The St. John street railway is in good working order all along the route, and is well patronized.

The Rev. Pere Roy, cure of Lotbiniere, who has been under treatment in the General Hospital, has so far recovered as to leave there to-day for his parish.

Another miracle at the shrine of St. Anne is reported as having occurred last Sunday. It was announced to the pilgrims who went down on that day by the Rev. Father Gauvreau that a miraculous cure had been operated that morning on the person of a crippled boy, twelve years of age, from Crane Island, who had walked away from the Holy Table healed, leaving his crutches behind him.

Barefooted pilgrims, ladies of the highest respectability, are to be seen daily on the Beauport Road, en route for the holy shrine of St. Ann's.

Amongst the remains found by the workmen at the delapidation of the Jesuit Barracks, two have been fully recognized.—Father DeQuen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, and Brother Selgeois, architect of the convent, who suffered decapitation from the blood-thirsty Iroquois during the Sillery massacre, on the 17th August, 1655.

Grand preparations are already in progress of formation for the jubilee reception of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne. Illuminations, torchlight processions and a grand chorus of 100 voices in the Skating Rink are among the principal features of the festivities.

OTTAWA, August 20.—In a letter to this morning's Herald, ex-Mayor Waller strongly objects to the Union men of Montreal visiting this city on the 5th September, to attend the Union picnic of this city. The Herald, commenting on the letter, says editorially:—"Under existing circumstances, and considering the present state of feeling in certain quarters, it would be a graceful and proper course for the Union to pursue in persuading their friends at Montreal to postpone their proposed visit to Ottawa for a time at least."

At the Police Court this morning the following cases, in connection with the recent troubles, were disposed of.—John Lunny, Catholic, striking a Young Briton, \$20 and costs. Wm. Liburn, Protestant, of Montreal, carrying a revolver, \$50 and costs. Joseph Miller, Catholic, disorderly, discharged. Jas. Fraser, Protestant, disorderly, \$5 and costs. James O'Neil, Catholic, throwing stones, \$50 and costs. Thomas Campbell, carrying a loaded revolver, committed for trial. A large number of cases were laid over.

The Rev. Father Belland was ordained priest of the Oblate Order on Sunday morning, at St. Joseph's College, by His Lordship, Bishop Duhamel.

OTTAWA, August 21.—In this morning's Herald, Mr. J. J. Kehoe, Grand President of the Union, replies to Ex-Mayor Waller's letter of yesterday in reference to the visit of the Montreal Union to this city. Mr. Kehoe says that it is too late to "persuade," as action has already been taken by the Montreal Union to visit this city on the 5th proximo.

The leading Orangemen here say that all the Orange Young Britons who have appealed from the Police Court, or have been committed for trial, will be cleared by a County of Carleton jury when their cases come up.

TORONTO, August 21.—The Globe has again mounted the Orange horse to-day, and attempts to ridicule the evidence of Sir Francis Hincks given at the Orange trial in Montreal. It says the opponents of Orange processions in Montreal ought not to call any more witnesses like Hincks, unless they want to defy oppression and make mob law final and supreme.

The Mail to-day refers to the treatment by the Government of O'Donoghue, who figured in the Red River troubles, and says it was infamous, but as he had not a province at his back he was made a victim, and did unmanly months ago through the duplicity and dishonesty of the Ministry. The Irish Canadian says Mackenzie pandered to the Orangemen by over-riding the views of nineteen-twentieths of Montreal magistrates and covering an Orange procession on the 12th of July with 3,000 Orange bayonets, a most wanton and criminal act.

KINGSTON, August 21.—Considerable party feeling has been manifested in the city recently between members of the junior Roman Catholic and Protestant associations, and several small street fights have taken place. To-day, at the Police Court, John Steacy, jr., was fined \$20 for being engaged in one of the rows. It is said he does not belong to any sectarian society. Warrants are out for other young men.

Wm. McLaughlin, a bailiff, was arrested this afternoon for carrying a loaded pistol and threatening to use it.

OTTAWA, August 24.—Mr. Jos. Tasse, of the Translators' Department, has definitely decided to accept the Conservative nomination for Ottawa, the conditions upon which he agreed to do so having been complied with by the Conservative Association of this city. The conditions are said to be that Tasse was paid \$2,000 yesterday, and that all his election expenses are to be paid besides. The Conservative meeting for the nomination of candidates will be held at the By Ward Market Hall to-night. Messrs. Currier and Tasse are certain to receive the nomination.

Mayor Bangs and Dr. St. Jean will likely be the Reform candidates.

At the Conservative meeting on Saturday night, Messrs. Currier and Tasse were nominated as the Conservative candidates. The leading Conservatives in this city claim that they will elect their candidates by over five hundred of a majority.

A large excursion party from Montreal, accompanied by the St. Jean Baptiste Band, arrived in this city yesterday morning, and left for home last evening.

A mass meeting of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union is called for to-night, to take into consideration the question of inviting the Montreal Union men to this city on the 5th proximo. A large number of the Union are strongly in favor of the Montreal men visiting the city on the above date.

It is rumored to-day that the Reformers of this city are trying to induce the Hon. R. W. Scott to accept the Reform nomination for this city. He is the only man that has any possible chance of defeating J. M. Currier, the Conservative candidate.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Archbishop Lynch of Toronto has gone to Algoma on a visit to Bishop Jamot.

The ground was white with snow Tuesday morning at Battersea, Ont.

A number of families have left Quebec to settle in the Saguenay District.

Rails have been laid on the New Brunswick Railway to within nine miles of Grand Falls.

Work has been commenced on the new St. Louis Gate, Quebec.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sheriff of Montreal, is at Halifax.

The Ontario scores for next year's Wimbledon Team are very high.

Track laying has been commenced on the Q. M. O. & O. Railway between Hull and Almyer.

Experiments in raising sugar cane, made near Grimsby, Ont., have proved very successful.

An Orange Young Briton, named Foster, has been committed for trial at Ottawa, for having a revolver in his possession during the recent riot.

The contract for the completion of the Belleville and North Hastings Railway to Madoc, has been let to E. O. Bickford. Work is to be finished by 1st November.

A brakeman named Stein was killed on the Brantford and Tilsonburg branch of the Great Western Railway Friday. He was standing on the top of a freight car which jumped the track and fell on him.

A man named Cheekley, living in Ottawa, has been arrested for having counterfeit bills in his possession, which were sent him by his brother in Milwaukee, as he says, without being aware that they were counterfeit.

One Boyle, who is under arrest in Chicago, is also accused of complicity. The three are to be tried at Ottawa.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP OF CANADA.—It is reported that the post of Governor-General of Canada was first offered to the Earl of Dunraven, and that the subsequent appointment of the Marquis of Lorne was by the Queen's desire and not altogether with the approval of Lord Beaconsfield.

A startling telegram comes from Victoria, B. C., via San Francisco, to the effect that the Attorney-General has introduced a resolution to memorialize the Queen, setting forth the grievances of the Province, and asking to be allowed to withdraw from the Confederation if the terms of union are not complied with by the first of May next.

The Kingston Daily News, "which was wont to be so gay" in describing the doings of the Young Britons, has changed its tone and now fiercely assails them. Is this because election times are come and the poor devils have no votes? Speaking of the row there on Saturday evening, the News says editorially:—"The good feeling which has existed between Protestants and Catholics for so many years in Kingston should not be broken up because certain parties may be offended by foolish expressions of roughs on either side. We may state that the Young Britons of this city repudiate all connection with the row, and say that the parties who were in it do not belong to either of the City Lodges. We hope this is true, but we know the fellows who were most loud-mouthed were those who claim to belong to the organization."

LORETO ACADemy.—It will be observed that the next term of this institution commences on the 2nd Sept. next. It will reopen, we believe, with an increased attendance, and with all parties encouraged by the successful past to go in cheerfully and heartily with their work. Arrangements are now in progress that will add greatly to the health, and to the training facilities enjoyed by the pupils, and to the attractiveness of the Academy. The new feature comprises the changing of Hutton's Grove from an ordinary farm bush into a fine park, with broad avenues for riding and driving, arbours and cosy seats for rest and recreation, croquet grounds, and broad green swards for exercise and amusement.

The Grove comprises about twenty-five acres of fine maple and beech, with a considerable number of evergreens, affording shade everywhere and natural arbors wherever wanted. There are a number of splendid beeches and maples, and two or three giant elms. A winding carriage-drive is being made near the outer part of the Grove, and is almost entirely in the shade. It is proposed to have the young ladies go to the Grove twice a week, and while a couple are detailed to cook dinner, thus receiving useful instruction in that necessary acquirement, the others may pursue their studies, or walk or play, or take a gallop around the park, for which purpose there will be horses. A neat frame kitchen has been built in the ground, and is supplied with all the necessary utensils. The plan is a capital one, and will be heartily seconded, we have no doubt, by the young ladies themselves. The work of clearing out the forest has been considerable, and though much will be done within the next two or three weeks, it will take another season before it will be completed. We may add that the chopping of the larger fallen timber has been done by Father Stafford himself, who evidently finds as much enjoyment in the exercise as Mr. Gladstone does. We should in fact be almost inclined to pit him against the "People's William," though in our opinion Father Stafford chops a cut a little too slanting.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN. The adjourned meeting of the self-appointed Liberal leaders assembled in the Long Room of the Mechanics' Hall again last night, Mr. Geo. Horne in the chair. Amongst others present was the Hon. Mr. Holton.

The CHAIRMAN, after a few explanatory remarks, said in his most sarcastic style that he never thought much of the Post, and thought still less at present. He quite agreed with the gentleman who raised objection to the presence of Mr. L. P. Murphy at the last meeting. He said that a committee had called upon the Hon. Mr. Holton, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. R. W. Sheppard, Messrs. Hugh McKay and J. McKay, and each and every one of those gentlemen refused to stand in the Liberal interest or to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, in fact, he would not accept the nomination. At this announcement a heavy silence sat on the tongues of all present.

The Hon. Mr. Holton said that the present meeting was not only not a representative reform meeting empowered to make nominations, but that it was not even a respectable one. In his constituency the electors were composed chiefly of three elements, French Canadians, Irish Catholics, and Irish Protestants, the latter of whom he might term—speaking politically—Scottish Reformers. After making a nice speech with his usual candor and eloquence, Mr. Holton repeated his assertion as to the meeting, after which it was dissolved. The Irish Catholics who were present feel that there was little sympathy between them and the promoters of this Liberal caucus.

POLITICAL EOTES. M. Jules Gareau is the Liberal candidate in Temiscouata. Mr. Frechette is coming out on the Liberal ticket once more. Mr. Sheriff Jarvis has received the writs for the Toronto elections. Strong efforts are being made to induce Sir Francis Hincks for the West. Dr. Tasse has consented to oppose Dr. St. Jean (Liberal) for Ottawa City. Dr. Larratt Smith has declined to come out for West Toronto in the Liberal interest. The Hon. J. C. Abbott is coming from England to contest the county of Argenteuil. A meeting of the friends of the Hon. Mr. Lafamme was held at Lachine on Thursday.

It is expected that Mayor Bangs will be nominated for Ottawa in the Liberal interest. The Rev. Mr. May, Anglican clergyman, is out in the Conservative interest for Carleton County.

Mr. Sparks, of Ottawa, has issued an address to the electors of Carleton in opposition to Mr. Rochester. Both are Conservatives.

Quebec advises say the Conservatives are re-organizing under Mr. Coursol and that the Hon. R. Masson is retiring from public life on account of ill health.

An attempt is being made to bring out Mr. Tourangeau to oppose the Hon. Wilfred Laurier in Quebec East.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, first cousin of George Canning, the whilom British Premier, is a contributor to the Nineteenth Century for August. He is past 90.

In regard to the ceremony of the investiture of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury by the freedom of the city of London, the New York Herald says:—

The ultra-radical papers are not complimentary, certainly. "The poetic muse," says one of the most bitter of them, "could only have done justice to the tattered bunting, the tinsel dragons, the floral efforts, the corporation plate, Lord Beaconsfield's star and snuff-colored liveries, by parodying Bishop Heber's lines on Pharaoh issuing from hundred-gated Thebes in pursuit of the Prime Minister's ancestors as they fled across the desert to Suez."

Mother of humbugs! how the diamonds glow'd, As, deck'd with Sars and Garter, Israel rold! And, robd' in rags, those brazen wheels before, The scamp'ring roughs in Jingo lingo swore. It is said that at the Duke of Connaught's marriage in February next a wedding tea will be substituted for the traditional wedding breakfast. Lord and Lady Carrington having led the way in this direction. A new departure in the matter of bridesmaids' dresses is also likely to occur. The Carringtons were delighted to read that the dresses of the ladies who engaged in the ceremonies of their marriage were "simple, cool, and very pretty."

Mr. R. Assheton Cross, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, speaking at a banquet in Liverpool, after a hopeful forecast of the situation of Great Britain, said the great duty of the Government now is to retrench as much as possible.

Baron Blackburn, one of the Lords of Appeal, Sir Robert Lush, Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, England, Judge Charles R. Barry, of the Court of Queen's Bench, Ireland, and Sir James Fitz-James Stephen, Q.C., an eminent jurist, have been appointed Commissioners to consider changes in the draft of the Penal Code which was submitted at the recent session of Parliament, and to present an amended Bill at the next session.

FRANCE.

Count de St. Vallier, speaking at a banquet here, said the principal aim of his mission to Berlin was to assure the security of France by dispelling distrust and establishing good relations between France and Germany. In this he had "so far" been successful.

A gang of burglars composed of two Americans and three Englishmen has been captured in a hotel at Sorrento. They recently effected an entrance into a wealthy pawnbroker's office in Naples and escaped with a large booty. About the same time valuable articles of gold and silver were missing from several churches. A merchant's house was also invaded by the same gang, it is supposed, and robbed of precious plate.

A French paper says that Lord Beaconsfield had not sooner returned to London from the Congress than he wrote over to Paris for twenty-five new novels, the more extravagant the better. Were this true, Lord Beaconsfield would not be the first eminent statesman who has frequently sought similar recreation. Meternich, Alexander I. of Russia, and Gregory XVI. were all readers of Paul de Kock.

During the recent Congress at Berlin the King of Italy telegraphed his representative to see the Crown Prince and insist on having a slice of territory handed across the Alps in the proposed division of the spoils of war. Fritz saw Bismarck and begged him to induce Austria's cession of Trieste and Trent; but, although the Chancellor brought his batteries to bear upon Count Andrássy, Francis Joseph refused pointedly to pull up a single peg along his southern frontiers.

New York, August 20.—Subscriptions to the Fenian Skirmishing Fund have fallen off from \$1,000 per week to only \$118 since O'Donovan Rossa resigned the Presidency.

Paris, August 22.—President MacMahon has pardoned or commuted the sentences of 80 Communists.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.

There was a very large attendance of market gardeners and farmers at our city markets to-day.

VEGETABLES.—Have greatly reduced in price, and are of a much superior quality. Tomatoes are selling at 20c to 25c per bushel; potatoes, 50c to 55c per bushel; sweet corn, 6c per dozen; onions, 9c per string; cabbage, 10c to 15c per dozen; carrots, 13c to 15c per dozen; cucumbers, 30c per bushel; rhubarb, 10c per bunch; red beets, 15c per dozen; turnips, 10c per dozen; vegetable melons, \$1.00 to 2.00 per dozen; celery, 30c per dozen; beans, in pods, 30c per bushel.

FRUIT.—Still remains brisk. Apples are very plentiful, and sell at from \$1 to \$2.25 per barrel; peaches, \$3 to \$3.50 per box; Bartlett pears, \$10 to \$12 per barrel; green gages, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per box; blue plums, \$2.50 per bushel crate; grapes, 10c per lb.; melons, \$2 to \$3 per dozen; blueberries, 50c to 60c per box.

POULTRY.—Business in this line was rather brisk to-day; prices remain unchanged. Spring turkeys, \$1 to 1.25 per pair; spring geese, \$1 to 1.10 do; spring chickens, 25c to 60c do; wild pigeons, 20c to 25c do; eggs, 11c to 12c per doz.

GRAIN.—Remains very firm, and prices are unchanged. Oats, 80c per bag; bran, 70c do; corn, 55c to 80c do; flour, \$2.30 do; Indian meal, \$1.20 do; moulie, \$1.20 do; old peas, \$1 do.

Hay and Straw.

There was a fair amount of business done in this line to-day; the supply was not very large, and prices remain firm. Hay sold at \$8 to \$10 per 100 bundles of 1,500lbs. Straw, \$5 to \$7 per 100 bundles.

St. Gabriel's Cattle Market. A very large number of cattle were offered for sale at this market to-day, and buyers were numerous.

Wool—Sold at from 80c to 45c per lb. Mr. Harper bought a head at \$42 per head; James McShane, M.P.P., purchased 162 head for shipment to the British markets.

Hogs—Were also in good demand, and sold at from \$4 to 4 1/2c per lb. J. W. Dennis sold Mr. Harper 316 hogs at 4 1/2c, and \$14 extra.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during month August 24th, 1878—4,689 Same month last year—3,882 Increase—766

THE CRISIS IS OVER! At least one should say so on entering our Store, as it is crowded all the time.

They come by thousands to CARSELEY'S RUNNING SALE. Good Oxford Shirting for 6c. A splendid choice of superior quality Oxford Shirtings, in all the new stripes, regular prices, 10c, reduced to 6c only.

NO MORE HARD TIMES, when you can get a splendid quality Washing Print in choice patterns for 5c.

The fair sex say when they want something new, neat, and stylish in Dress Goods, they are sure to find it AT CARSELEY'S.

Your choice for 13c. From over 500 pieces of Spring, Summer and Winter Dress Goods for 13c. Short lengths of Dress Silks, 45c yard only. A splendid lot of black and colored Silk and Satins in short lengths, reduced from \$1 and \$60 to 45c only.

Beautiful Striped Skirting, only 13c. Superior quality Fancy skirting in all the newest patterns, only 13c. NEAT UMBRELLAS FOR 55c.

500 Brazilian Umbrellas, superior quality and finished, with handles, with patent cups and chains, only 55c. Linen Costumes \$2.00, reduced to 1.00. Linen Costumes \$3.50, reduced to 2.50. Linen Costumes \$4.25, reduced to 3.50. Linen Costumes \$5.50, reduced to 4.50. Linen Costumes \$7.75, reduced to 4.50. Linen Costumes \$8.50, reduced to 5.50.

These are the cheapest Linen Costumes ever offered to the public in Montreal. A large stock of Black Alpaca Costumes—prices from \$5.50.

Handsome Stuff Costumes—prices from 7.50. A lot of Wrappers to be sold for only \$1.50, worth 2.50 and 2.55, made from the best English print.

Ladies' Cotton Underclothing at desperate Low Prices. Ladies' Cotton Drawers, from 30c. Ladies' Slip Waists, from 40c. Ladies' Chemises, from 50c. Ladies' Night Dresses, from 55c. Ladies' Bustles, from 40c.

Call and see our Ladies' Underclothing. S. CARSELEY, 393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. And 8 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

D. PHELAN, MANUFACTURER OF PRIME SOAPS AND CANDLES, Orders from Town and Country solicited, and promptly attended to.

Nos. 289 & 301 William Street, July 22. MONTREAL. 49-g.

NOTICE! THE COUNTY OF HOQUELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of incorporation, giving it power:

- 1st. To become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the privileges accorded to Permanent Building Societies according to the laws in force. 2nd. To discontinue and abandon the system of mortgages. 3rd. To reduce its capital to twenty per cent of the amount now subscribed, except in so far as respects the holdings of present borrowers, who will remain shareholders for the full amount advanced to them. And if they prefer not to retain such shares, power to make arrangements with them for the repayment of what is due on their loans will be asked. 4th. To increase its capital stock from time to time; to create a reserve fund; to continue to issue temporary shares, if thought advisable; to create a lien on the shares for the payment of claims due to the Society; and to invest its moneys in public securities, and to accept personal, in addition to hypothecary guarantees as collateral security for loans made by it. And generally for any other powers necessary for the proper working of the said Society.

H. JEANNOT, Secy. [From the Cleveland Herald, June 8.]

NOTICE.—Notice is given that Elizabeth Myette, wife commencing in biens, of Andre Mose, of the City and District of Montreal, painter, duly authorized a cetera en justice, has, on the day of July instant, instituted an action for separation as to property, against her husband, before the Supreme Court in Montreal. A. HOULE, Attorney for Plaintiff, 25-5 Montreal, 9th July, 1878.

THE CELEBRATED HALL "CHAMPION" THRASHING MACHINE.

Improved for 1878.

DRIVEN BY HORSE OR STEAM POWER.

OVER 3000 IN USE IN CANADA.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO DELIVER, ON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY orders, our Celebrated Hall Champion Thrashing Machine, to be driven by Horse or Steam Power. These machines have been without a rival for the past FIFTY YEARS. Nearly all the other Thrashing Machines are imitations of the Hall Machines, and have failed to give entire satisfaction. The Hall Machine has been

THE STANDARD THRASHING MACHINE!

In the United States and Canada ever since introduced by the late JOSEPH HALL in 1828. The Hall Champion Thrashing Machine has been gradually and carefully improved each year as experience proved wise and desirable. No changes have been hastily made and called improvements. The greatest possible care has been exercised in the construction of all the working parts of the machine so as to save the necessity of repair and prevent annoying delays which are caused by breakages. Nothing but the very best of material has been used throughout the machine, and the workmanship is unsurpassed. Our machines are supplied with our

Patent-Diamond-Pointed-Cylinder-Teeth!

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

We are building a special machine for STEAM THRASHING—with 36-inch cylinder and 42-inch grain belt, and we also supply a Steam Engine, which we guarantee to drive our Thrasher in a first-class manner as rapidly as it can possibly be fed. Our Engine is made from the most improved material throughout the United States, and gives the most perfect satisfaction. It is simple in construction, easily and perfectly governed, and not liable to accidents or to get out of order, and all danger from sparks entirely removed.

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Brown's First Lines of English Grammar. Do Unitates. Murray's Grammar abridged by Putnam. Murray's do revised by Kearney. Murray's Large Grammar. Metropolitan do with analysis. Stepping Stone to do. Butler's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec. Do do for the Diocese of Toronto. Keenan's Doctrinal Catechism. Catechism of Terrence. Boyd's Elements of Rhetoric. Quackenbos' First Lesson in Composition. Do do Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric.

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