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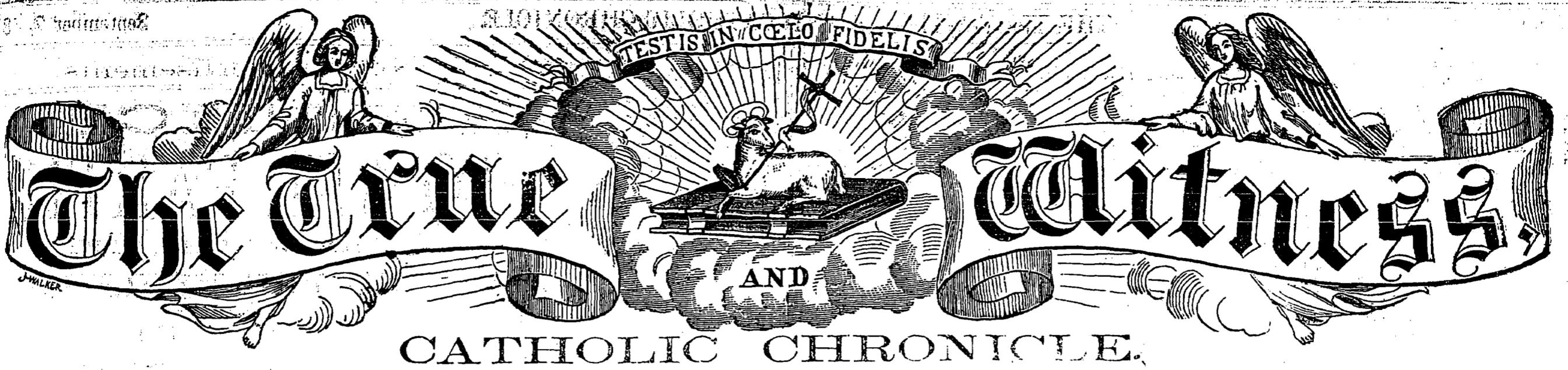
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VOL. XXXII.—NO. 5.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRELAND

The Land War.

BISHOP NULLY ON THE LAND BILL

The "Times" on the Tyrone Election.

Bishop Nully, of Meath, in a letter to Mr. Russell, points out that the Government only passed the Land Bill when it could not, with regard to its own safety and dignity, withhold it a moment longer. The true spirit of the Government is shown, he says, in its present prosecution of the man who made the passing of the Land Bill necessary. The resignation of the Whig candidate in Tyrone county, he says, will teach Mr. Gladstone the lesson that he cannot with impunity trifle with the just wishes of the people.

The members of the Irish Parliamentary party and the leaders of the Land League are organizing a testimonial to Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., a member of Parliament for Newcastle-Tyne, in recognition of his resistance to the Coercion Bill.

Mr. Parnell, speaking at Beragh, County Tyrone, declared the Land Commissioners, in a synopsis of the Land Act for the information of tenants, had endeavored to minimize the benefits of the Act by construing the clause prohibiting the increase of rent on account of the tenant's improvements so as to deprive it of all retroactive effect. Mr. Parnell said this showed the farmers the absurdity of expecting justice from the Land Commissioners. The only hope was in the Land League.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—The "Times" in a leading article, says:—Whether Mr. Parnell wins or loses the game in Tyrone and Monaghan he will be satisfied if he vindicates the title of the League to be still regarded as a living and vigorous organization, especially by its sympathizers in America. The same advantage might be secured by the continuance and multiplication of outrages. It is certain that the League will not abandon without a struggle the system by which its extraordinary power was acquired and which coercion only partly destroyed.

A Galway despatch says three "suspects" have been released, and four others were offered their release on signing a conditional pardon, but they refused.

Mr. A. J. Kettle has issued an address from Kilmalsham Jail as the Land League candidate for Parliament for the County Monaghan.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9.—The Marquis of Waterford has addressed a circular to his tenants, granting a permanent reduction to those who pay higher rent, with regard to valuation upon certain baronies, than the average of his estate at Curraghmore, and any tenant receiving such reduction will obtain statutory tenure for his holding. The Marquis also gives two tenants whom he was forced to evict the same advantages as would have accrued to them if they had been evicted after instead of before the passage of the Land Act. He proposes entering into an amicable agreement with his tenants, and he says he intends to carry out not only the letter but the spirit of the Land Act.

At a meeting of the Mitchellstown, County of Cork, branch of the Land League, a letter was read from Mr. Sexton, M.P., Secretary of the League, enclosing a cheque for £1,000 to pay the costs incurred by the evicted tenants at Mitchellstown estate.

A man-of-war brought a hundred police to Wexford, Ireland, who assisted in the eviction of a hundred and twenty inhabitants of Janinny.

A riot at Roscrea, County Tipperary, between the soldiers and the people, several persons were injured on both sides. Several arrests have been made.

DUBLIN, Sept. 8.—The result of the Tyrone election was as follows:—Mr. Dickson, the Liberal candidate, obtained 3,100 votes; Col. Knox (Conservative) 3,070, and the Rev. Mr. Rylett, Land League, 1,000. This was a crushing defeat for Mr. Parnell's party, and caused the greatest excitement and consternation in the Land League ranks.

The following is the corrected official return of the Tyrone polling: Mr. Dickson, 3,100; Mr. Knox, 3,084; Rev. Mr. Rylett, 907.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—A despatch to the Standard from Omagh says:—"A formal protest has been lodged in behalf of Colonel Stuart Knox, the Conservative candidate in the Parliamentary election in county Tyrone, declaring that the ballot papers in the boxes did not correspond with the return of the presiding officer, and that the number of votes given for each candidate by the returning officer did not agree with the number counted by the respective agents." The result of the Tyrone election was telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone, who sent a reply congratulating Mr. Dickson upon his success.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—Parnell arrived in Dublin to preside at an important meeting of the Land League to-day, at which Thos. P. O'Connor, Healy, Sexton, O'Kelly, and Redmond, members of Parliament, and several influential leaders, clerical and lay, will be present. It is said the meeting will influence the determination of the National Convention on the 15th inst.

At the Land League meeting, to-day, Parnell deprecated the idea that the Tyrone election was disastrous or unexpected. Nine hundred and four votes, he said, showed a great improvement in the county. If he had preached Land League doctrine in Tyrone two years ago he would not have escaped alive. The League had spent no money on the election. He advised tenant farmers not to be demoralized by the Land Act. The Executive Committee of the League would submit a programme to the coming National Convention. The movement was never in better position.

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

A GLANCE AT DONEGAL.

A Western Parish

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

GWEDDOR, Co. DONEGAL, Aug. 17.

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RELIGION IN DONEGAL.

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THE MICHIGAN HORROR.

DISTRESSING ACCOUNTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE—HUNDREDS OF PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH OR KILLED.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 8.—Ever hour brings more horrible stories from the fire regions of Sanilac, Huron and Tuscola counties. Money, medicines and surgical aid are being sent from Port Huron and Detroit. There are no particulars, but it is known that over 200 men, women and children were burned to death in Sanilac county alone, and as many as 160 more in Huron. Thousands of families are homeless and almost naked.

The village of Forest Bay and Huron City, both in Huron County, are gone. The *Evening News* special from Sandusky, Sanilac County, reports the entire central portion of that county was burned over and scarcely anything left. Twenty-three dead bodies were found along the roadside in Moore, Argyle, Custer and Waterton Townships; within fifteen miles of Minden over 200 persons are known to have been burned to death. The latest reports increase the horror of the disaster. The fire came with a hurricane of wind on Monday at noon, and the whole heavens seemed on fire. The inhabitants thought of nothing but to escape with their lives. Relief trains and boats are being sent from here to-day. Provisions, clothing, bedding and all the necessities of life are needed. Thousands of people who are destitute must be supported for months. In parts of Sanilac County it is feared that a pestilence will breed from the dead cattle, horses and sheep. Detroit today is emptying the stores of provisions, loading them on boats and sending them forward, the merchants having met and decided to help all they could.

A special from reputable citizens of Leamington says dead bodies are being brought in from all directions. It is now known that 500 were killed in Sanilac County.

DETROIT, Sept. 9.—Thus far it has been impossible to secure a complete list of the dead. Rev. Z. Grenelle, pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city, who was in Sanilac County at the time of the fire, saw fourteen dead bodies brought into Sand Beach, blackened and shapeless masses, in most cases. Even the sex could not be determined. In places he saw whole groups of dead, apparently families, reduced to an indistinguishable mass of roasted and blackened blocks of flesh. Near Deckerville, Rev. W. P. Allington found sixteen dead bodies. Around Lexington those known to have perished are Humphrey Hegdriker, Mrs. Frank Dannon, sister and child, Paul Wetzal, wife and five children, Mrs. Strong and two children, George Kratch, Michael Welch, wife and two children, Paul Whiteless, wife and five children, James Gibson and two sisters. In Paris Township, John Flyte Wager and wife and seven children and fifteen unknown persons perished, as also did Morris Ollford, wife and child, and the entire Day family of eight persons.

The fire crisis in Huron and Sanilac counties has passed, but sickening details continue to come. Two hundred and fifteen families have been burned out in the towns of Mariett, Flynn, Argyle, Evergreen, Moore, Lamotte and Eliner, and thirty-two deaths are reported. The fires in the burning district are mostly out now, and the desolate, many with their eyes burned out, scarred, disfigured and not a few demented, lie around the piles of ashes where only a few days ago they dwelt in comfort. Many persons are missing, and the exact loss of life cannot be known for some days yet. It is said that no less than twenty-seven dead bodies have already been found between Badane and Port Huron.

The Commercial College of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart is situated on a beautiful and large property in Athabaskaville. The course of studies extends over five years, and embraces all the branches of modern science. The system of education is vigilant and parental. The teachers apply themselves above all to study the character of each pupil, and win his confidence by marks of sincere interest, thereby to facilitate the means of developing his faculties, forming his heart and implanting in his mind habits of order, industry and virtue.

It is now said that the Princess Louise will return to Canada on the 20th of October.

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There are 40,354 dwelling houses inhabited in Donegal. There were 54,503 inhabited dwellings in 1841. These houses are divided in the government reports into four classes of "accommodation." The fourth class of houses comprises cabins only having one room and window. In this class there are 7,003 houses, or cabins, built of stone or brick—mostly stone, and 45 cabins. These mud cabins are rapidly disappearing. I visited one cabin yesterday built of sod, and thatched with straw. It had no windows. There was no chimney—only a hole in the thatch. There was no fireplace, and the heat was so intense that I could not remain a minute in it. It was a stable, and cow-house, and pigsty, and hen-roost, as well as a kitchen, nursery, and bedroom—as all of these "fourth class" cabins are. The door was off its hinges, and the open doorway served for window, ventilator, and chimney. More than half of the cabins in this parish are of the fourth class.

Of these 7,003 houses, 7,542 are inhabited by one (human) family; 55 "accommodated" 2 families each; 5 have three families each; and one has six families within its walls.

Third class houses are cabins having from 2 to 4 rooms and windows. There are 19,761 houses of this class. Six of them shelter 4 families each; 24 of them shelter 3 families each; 744 of them shelter 2 families each; and 19,722 are occupied by single families.

Second class houses are officially described as "what may be considered a good farm house, having from 5 to 7 rooms and windows." There are 12,019 such houses. One of them contains 5 families; 11 contain 4 families each; 42 contain 3 families each; 292 contain 2 families each; and the rest contain single families.

In the first class are ranked all houses of a "better description than any of the preceding classes." There are 1,110 houses ranked as first-class; but the "accommodation" is sometimes fourth class. One house is reported to have 10 families; another 8 families; another 7 families; 4 of them 6 families each; 2 of them 5 families each; 5 of them 4 families each; 20 of them 3 families each; and 65 of them 2 families each. The rest shelter single families.

RELIGIONS OF DONEGAL.

Of the 218,344 persons in Donegal, 165,270 are Catholics; 27,125 are Protestant Episcopalians; 23,080 are Presbyterians; 1,818 are Methodists; and 1,041 belong to other Protestant denominations. In Ireland the term Protestant is generally used to denote an Episcopalian or member of the Dissentiated Church. Among the "other denominations" there are 4 "Friends," 1 "Brethren" (Plymouth Brethren), 1 "Free-thinker," 1 "Anabaptist," 2 "Jews," 2 "United Presbyterians," 1 "Independent," 1 "No Profession," 5 "Non-Sectarians," 10 "Christians," 2 "Congregationalists," and 4 "Unitarians." Even of the large sects elsewhere, to give one illustration, there are only 126 Baptists in Donegal. These figures show that over 75 per cent. of the population are Catholics; over 12 per cent. Episcopalians; 11 per cent. Presbyterians; 1 per cent. Methodists; and only 0.3 per cent. scattering sheep of other flocks ecclesiastical.

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THE MIGRATION OF LABOURERS.

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Of these 7,003 houses, 7,542 are inhabited by one (human) family; 55 "accommodated" 2 families each; 5 have three families each; and one has six families within its walls.

Third class houses are cabins having from 2 to 4 rooms and windows. There are 19,761 houses of this class. Six of them shelter 4 families each; 24 of them shelter 3 families each; 744 of them shelter 2 families each; and 19,722 are occupied by single families.

Second class houses are officially described as "what may be considered a good farm house, having from 5 to 7 rooms and windows." There are 12,019 such houses. One of them contains 5 families; 11 contain 4 families each; 42 contain 3 families each; 292 contain 2 families each; and the rest contain single families.

In the first class are ranked all houses of a "better description than any of the preceding classes." There are 1,110 houses ranked as first-class; but the "accommodation" is sometimes fourth class. One house is reported to have 10 families; another 8 families; another 7 families; 4 of them 6 families each; 2 of them 5 families each; 5 of them 4 families each; 20 of them 3 families each; and 65 of them 2 families each. The rest shelter single families.

RELIGIONS OF DONEGAL.

Of the 218,344 persons in Donegal, 165,270 are Catholics; 27,125 are Protestant Episcopalians; 23,080 are Presbyterians; 1,818 are Methodists; and 1,041 belong to other Protestant denominations. In Ireland the term Protestant is generally used to denote an Episcopalian or member of the Dissentiated Church. Among the "other denominations" there are 4 "Friends," 1 "Brethren" (Plymouth Brethren), 1 "Free-thinker," 1 "Anabaptist," 2 "Jews," 2 "United Presbyterians," 1 "Independent," 1 "No Profession," 5 "Non-Sectarians," 10 "Christians," 2 "Congregationalists," and 4 "Unitarians." Even of the large sects elsewhere, to give one illustration, there are only 126 Baptists in Donegal. These figures show that over 75 per cent. of the population are Catholics; over 12 per cent. Episcopalians; 11 per cent. Presbyterians; 1 per cent. Methodists; and only 0.3 per cent. scattering sheep of other flocks ecclesiastical.

James Redpath.

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! In the land of Giants I was born, My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul!

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

That ride—ah! her life it came back to her like a bad nightmare. She kept her eyes turned away as much as she could from that rigid form, and ghastly face opposite, but in spite of herself they would wander back.

would Lady Helena never come? She might long way St. John's Wood, but she might surely be here by this time. It was half past ten, and tired out thinking, tired out with her day's work, she had fallen into a sort of uneasy sleep and fitful dream in her chair when she suddenly became half-conscious of some one near her.

And kissed her. It was her farewell. She pointed forward and hurried away. Edith went on. A door and curtain separated her from the inner room. She opened one, lifted the other, and husband and wife were face to face.

And Sir Victor, from his lodgings in Fenton's Hotel, followed his wife home every evening. It was his first thought when he arose in the morning—the one hope that upheld him all the long, weary, aimless day—the one wild delight that was like a spasm, half pain, half joy—when the dusk fell, to see her slender figure come forth, to follow his darling himself un-

shining upon her from his eyes. She was over kneeling by the bedside, holding his hands in hers—how, she could never have told.

somehow. No one suspected him, only Inez Catheron, returning to the nursery, had seen his instant flight, and stood stock-still, speechless and motionless as a stone. He remembered no more—the dark night of open oblivion and total insanity closed about him only to open at briefest intervals from that to the hour of his death.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY. An hour later, when Lady Helena softly opened the door and came in, she found the still so, his weak head resting in her arms as she knelt, her bowed face hidden in her falling tears hardly visible.

But Edith only drew him closer, and looked up with dark, imploring eyes. "No," she said, "no, no! I will never leave him again. I am not in the least tired, Lady Helena; I will stay and share your watch."

"But my dear—"

"O Lady Helena—sunt—don't you see—I want to do something—make reparation in some way. What a wretch—what a wretch I have been. Oh, why did I not know all sooner? Victor, why did I not know you? To remember what my thoughts of you have been, and all the time—all the time—it was for you that I die! I shall feel as though I were your murderer."

Her voice choked in a fearless sob. She had hated him—loathed him—almost wished, in her wickedness, for his death, and all the time he was yielding up his life in his love for her.

"You will let me stay with you, Victor?" she pleaded almost passionately; "don't ask me to go. We have been parted long enough; let me be with you until—" again she choked and added away.

With a great effort he lifted one of her hands to his lips that radiant smile of great joy on his face.

"She talks almost as if she loved me," he said.

"Love you! O Victor! husband—if I had only known, if I had only known!"

"If you had known," he repeated, looking at her with wistful eyes. "Edith, if you really had known—if I had dared to tell you all that I have told you to-night, would you not have shrunk from me in fear and horror, as a monster who pretended to love you and yet longed for your life? Sane on all other points—how would you have comprehended my strange madness on that? It is gone now—thank God—in my weakness and dying hour, and there is nothing but the love left. But my own, if I had told you, if you had known, would you not have feared and left me?"

She looked at him with brave, steadfast, shining eyes.

"If I had known," she answered, "how your father killed your mother, how his madness was yours, I would have pitied you with all my heart, and out of that pity I would have loved you. I would never have left you—never. I could never have feared you; and this I know—what you dreaded never would I have come to pass. I am sure of it as that I kneel here. You would never have lifted your hand against my life."

"You think so?"—still with that wistful, earnest gaze—

"I know so—I feel it—I am sure of it. You could not have done it—I should never have been afraid of it, and in time your delusion would have worn entirely away. You are naturally superstitious and excitable—morbid, even; the dreadful excitement of your father's story and warning were too much for you to bear alone. That is all. If you could have told me—I could have laughed at your hypocritical terrors, your cure would have been half effected. No, Victor, I say it again—I would never have left you, and you would never have harmed a hair of my head."

Her tone of resolute conviction seemed to bring conviction even to him. The sad, wistful light deepened in his blue eyes.

"Then it has all been vain," he said very sadly; "the suffering and the sacrifice—all these miserable months of separation and pain."

Again Lady Helena advanced and interposed, this time with authority.

"It won't do," she said; "Edith, you must go. All this talking and excitement may end fatally. If you won't leave him, he won't sleep a wink to-night, and if he passes a sleepless night, who is to answer for the consequences? For his sake you must go. Victor, tell her to go—she will obey you."

She looked at him beseechingly, but he saw that Lady Helena was right, and that Edith herself needed rest. It was easy to make one more sacrifice now, and send her away.

"I am afraid Aunt Helena is right," he said faintly. "I must consent to being exhausted, and I know you need a night's sleep, so that I may have you with me all day to-morrow. For a few hours, dear love, let me send you away."

She rose at once with a parting caress, and made him comfortable among the pillows.

"Good-night," she whispered. "Try to sleep, and be strong to talk to me to-morrow. Oh! she breathed as she turned away, "if the dixer of life were only not a fable—if the days of miracles were not past, if he only might be restored to us, how happy we all could be!"

Lady Helena heard her, and shook her head.

"It is too late for that," she said; "when suffering is prolonged beyond a certain point, there is but one remedy—death. If your miracle could take place and he be restored, he has undergone too much even to live on and be happy and forget. There can only be one ending to such a year as he has passed, and that ending is very near."

Edith went to her room—one of the exquisite suite that had been prepared for her a year before. She was occupying it at last, but how differently from what she had ever thought. She remembered this night twelve months so well, the strange vigil in which she had spent in taking her farewell of those letters and that picture, and waiting for the wedding-day to dawn.

To-night she slept deeply and soundly, and awoke to find the October sun shining brightly. Was he still alive? It was her first thought. Death might have come at any moment. She arose—slipped on her dressing gown, and rang the bell.

"It was Inez who answered in person.

"I heard your bell," she said as she kissed her good morning, "and I knew what you wanted. Yes he is still alive, but very weak and helpless this morning. The excitement and joy of last night were almost too much for him. And he remembers what anniversary this is."

Edith turned away, some of the bitterness, some of the pain of the loss she knew he was enduring filling her own heart.

"If I had only known if I had only known!" was again her cry.

"If you had—if he had told—I believe it might have been well. But it is too late to think of that—he believed differently. The terrible secret of the father has wrought its terrible retribution on the son. If he had told you when he returned from Poplar Lodge, you would have been happy together to-day. You are so strong—your mind so healthful—some of your strength and courage would have been imparted to him. But it is too late now—all is over—we have only to make him happy while he is left with us."

"Too late! too late!" Edith's heart echoed desolately. In those hours of his death she was nearer loving her husband than perhaps she could ever have been had he lived.

"I will send breakfast here," said Inez turning to go; "when you have breakfasted, go to him at once. He is awake and waiting for you."

Edith made her toilet. Breakfast came, and despite remorse and grief, when one is nineteen one can eat. Then she hurried away to the sick-room.

He was lying much as she had left him

propped up among the pillows—his face whiter than snow. By daylight she saw fully the ghastly change in him—saw that his hair was thickly strewn with gray; that the awful, indescribable change that goes before death was already on his face. His breathing was laboured and panting—he had suffered intensely with spasms to the heart all night, sleeping none at all. This morning paroxysms of pain had passed, but he lay utterly worn and exhausted, the cold damp of infinite misery on his brow, the chill of death already on hands and limbs. He lay before her the total wreck of the gallant, hopeful, handsome gentleman, whom only one year ago she had married.

But the familiar smile she knew so well was on his lips and his eyes as he saw her. She could not speak for a moment as she looked at him—in silence she took her place close by his side.

He was the first to break the silence in a voice so faint as hardly to be more than a whisper. "How had she slept—how did she feel? She looked pale, he thought—surely she was not ill?"

"I" she said bitterly. "O, no—I am never ill—nothing ever seems to hurt hard, heartless people like me. It is the good and the generous who suffer. I have the happy knack of making all who love me miserable, but my own health never fails. I don't dare to ask you what sort of a night you have had—I see it in your face. My coming brings, as it always does, more ill than good."

"No," he said, almost with energy; "a hundred times, no! Ah, love! your coming has made me the happiest man on earth. I seem to have nothing left to wish for now. As to the night—the spasms did trouble me, but I feel deliciously easy and at rest this morning, and uncommonly happy. Edith, I talked so much last evening I gave you no chance. I want you to tell me now all about the year that is gone—all about yourself."

"There is so little to tell," she responded, "it was really humdrum and uneventful. Nothing much happened to me. I looked for work and got it. Oh, don't be distressed! It was easy, pleasant work enough, and I was much better busy. I began to believe plenty of hard work is a real blessing to dissatisfied, restless people—you can't be very miserable when you are very busy—you haven't time for luxuries. I got along very well, and never was ill an hour."

"But, tell me," he persisted; "you don't know how I long to hear. Tell me all about your life after—after—"

"Hush!" she interposed, holding his hands tight. "You were the sufferer, not I. O, my poor boy! I never was half worthy of such a heart as yours. I am only beginning to realize how selfish and cruel and hard I have been. But, with Heaven's help, I will try and be different from this day."

She told him the story of her life, from the time of her flight from Powsy-place to the present, glossing over all that was dark, making the most of all that was bright. But he understood her—he knew how her pride had suffered and bled.

(To be Continued.)

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried its efficacy in curing Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Dysentery, Nausea, and Bowel Complaints, generally in children or adults. Every person should keep a supply on hand.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The authorities will refuse to allow the ultimate creation of the Club, though its members belong to the Progressist Democratic group, who obtained 11 seats in the Senate and 16 in Congress under Salmeron, Mazion and Monteros.

THE "HAPPY DESPATCH"

PARIS, Sept. 6.—A heathen Chinese went to a bathing establishment in the Rue de Goutle Dor yesterday, and blandly asked for a bath. No sooner was he in the water than he whipped a knife out of his tunic and performed in himself the operation known as the "happy despatch."

WIT AND HUMOR.

What glorious object does a boy getting up in the morning resemble? The rising sun, of course.

Who says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.

He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lot, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

Joaquin Miller says he has wept on reading some of his own poems. Right! so should we if we had written 'em.

"Your handwriting is very bad." "Yes; but don't you see, if I were to write better people would find out how I spell?"

The *Washington Critic* says the storm that took the roofs off the houses in that city didn't take off the mortgages by any means.

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "We should avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam; its tough enough as it is!" quickly replied the boarder.

A Mississippi puts it thus:—"At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."

"I'm sure," said a confiding old Boston lady, "that my son never drinks anything at night, because he's always so awfully thirsty in the morning."

A curious person wants to know if the alleged fact that swans always sing before they die may not be, in some way, interwoven with the acknowledged fact that they never sing after they cease to exist.

An old lady, sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, let fall her Bible with claps to it; and the noise partly awaking her, she exclaimed aloud: "What! you've broken another jug, have you?"

Two men in New York recently had a fight because they couldn't agree, by looking at a man, what his business was. One called him a country member of the Legislature, and the other said he was a bank burglar.

A little boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his sobs—"What was I crying about just now?"

A millionaire who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him: "I do admire a rich, green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

Mean folks in this world! There are! A West End father asked his son if he felt too tired or lame to go to the circus, and when the boy said "no," told him to go and bring up a scuttle of coal, and the boy couldn't say he wasn't able.

The man who invented the fifteen puzzle is now making patterns for the latest styles of oilcloth. The rumour that he had been struck by lightning last summer was a canard, published by his friends to throw hired assassins off the track.

"My brudders," said a wagwagg coloured man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, daris one place you can always find sympathy." "What? whar?" shouted several. "In do dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

SCIENCE IN FULL PROGRESS.

Thousands cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung diseases by Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected. These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souvielle's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Read the following notices:—

(From the Montreal Gazette, December 24th, 1880.)

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

Common Sense in Medicine.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)

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

POLITICAL TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

MADRID, Sept. 6.—Some sensation has been caused here among the Advanced Democrats, who were about to open a political club in Madrid similar to the Conservative Catholic and Liberal Clubs of the same kind, when last night a police inspector and several detectives, in plain clothes, entered the Club premises and ordered all present to disperse, and some to attend a Judge in Chambers, to render an account of the sundry speeches made at the general meeting of the Club last Sunday. It is supposed that now

A GREAT ENGLISH NUISANCE.

A correspondent writes:—"Tipping" commences the moment you leave the dock at New York. You have paid a very large sum for your passage, enough to entitle you to every comfort that money can buy. But there sets upon you immediately a horde of blood-suckers, who never let go till, gorged, they drop off at Liverpool. There is a sovereign to the man who makes your bed; there is the chambermaid, there is the table steward, the smoking-room steward, the deck steward; there are collections for asylums in Liverpool; there are collections for the man who attends the purser's room, where a select few are treated to a little refreshment at five in the afternoon; there are fees for showing the machinery of the vessel; there are tips for the Lord knows what.

Then there is the English hotel. You contract for your room at so much a day, and the sum is always a round one, and it is explained to you that you may order any meals from a bill of fare, the price of each dish being set down opposite its name. Very good, you say to yourself—I know now what I am to pay; and you fall to work. When you are through you rise and prepare to get out. The waiter stops you with an obnoxious smile in which there is much determination, and remarks, "The waiter!" You are made to understand that he expects a shilling. You give it him. Getting to your room you want a pitcher of water. A servant brings it, and waits till you give him a sixpence. You take a drink—if you do not drink—I know this from seeing other victims—you pay for the drink, and the servant who brings it to you expects and manages to get three pence. The boy who cleans your boots wants six pence, the chambermaid who sweeps your room wants a shilling, the boy who goes down to see if you have any letters wants six pence; and after paying for all this you get your bill. Understand, you have already paid exorbitant prices for each and every bit of service you have received; but, nevertheless, there in your bill is an item, "attendance four days, eight shillings." You pay it without a murmur externally, and hope you are done with it. Not so. As you leave the hotel there stands the entire retinue of servants—the boots, the chambermaid, the bar-man, the bell-boy—all with their hands extended, and every one expecting a parting shower of small coin. You pay it. There is no other way to do.

You get into your cab and drive to the station. The legal fare is one and sixpence. The cabbie expects sixpence in addition for himself; the porter who shows you what car to get into, with the uniform of the company on his back, expects fourpence for that; the other porter who takes your valise to the car door must be fed; and so on, and so on, forever and forever.

I tried conclusions with a hotel clerk in a city in England, but I shall never do it again. I went to bed at night with two candles on the mantel. It was bright moonlight, and as I had read my regular chapter in the Revised Testament in the office, I had no occasion for light. I simply wanted to get into bed; therefore I didn't light the candle at all.

The next morning I found in my bill—charge for two candles, two shillings. I protested.

"I used no candles," I said.

"But they were there," was the cool reply. "Perhaps you used matches,—it is all the same."

"But I didn't use matches, and, if I did, I had my own."

"We do everything for the comfort of the guests of the house. There were candles and matches for you."

He never blushed, but took the two shillings as coolly as possible, receipted the bill, and said, "Thank you," and hoped, if I ever visited the place again, I would call upon them.

It reminded me of the man who built a tavern in Indiana. A traveler stopped with him one night, and the next morning asked for his bill.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars," said the landlord promptly.

"Twelve hundred and fifty dollars for one day! It is outrageous."

"It is a little high," said the landlord, "but I'll tell you how it is. I opened this house exactly a year ago yesterday. I expected to make \$1,000 the first year, and you are the first customer I had. I ought to charge you a little more to cover insurance, but I like you, and don't want to be hard on you; \$1,250 will do."

I have orated much against the American hotel-clerk, and his diamond pin and cool insolence, but I shall never do it again. He is a babe in arms as compared with his English brother.

In fact, you cannot go anywhere in London without the everlasting and eternal tip, except the British Museum. Even Westminster Abbey, the most sacred spot in England, has its regular system of tips.

In the restaurants there is a charge on the bill for attendance, but, nevertheless, you are expected to tip the man who waits upon you. By the way, these waiters get no pay for their services; they pay the proprietors a bonus for their places.

The hackney-coach driver gets about two shillings a day from the proprietor of his vehicle, and makes his money from his customers. The man who drove us down to the Derby expected—and did not expect in vain, for he demanded it directly—two shillings each from his 12 passengers, notwithstanding the fact that we had paid \$12.50 each for our passage.

A CHICAGO GIRL AT CONCORD.

From the Inter-Ocean.

A young lady on the West Side has just returned from Concord. While there her uncle, who is a reporter on a sporting paper, took her to the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord. She heard some one read an essay on "The Absoluteness of Absolutism," and became infatuated with the doctrine taught.

"Chawles," said she to her lover the other evening (he is a clerk in a harness store), "Chawles, do you realize that you cannot differentiate the indissoluble absoluteness of the absolute?"

"No," he replied, to tell you the truth, I don't; and as it was the first time he had seen her since she got back, the suggestion uttered struck him with some alarm.

"Do you ever stop to inquire," she began again, "into the incoherence or the rudimentary incipience of the rhapsodical cogmentation of your thoughts of love?"

"Well, not to speak of, he said.

"Then, if there is one drop of blood in your heart that pulsates for me; if there is one occult, noose-like or psychological, that in the inconspicuity of your dreams, or in the perquility of your walking hours, absorbs a thought of me, I beg that you would eliminate any obtrusive or equivocal particles of distrust from the profound and all-transplous abnormality of your love."

"Great heavens, Maria, have you swallowed a dictionary?"

"No, I have not," she said, with a look of stern and forbidding displeasure; "I have been to the school of Philosophy at Concord."

WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

The Greek rising in Crete is spreading.

James Thorne, author of "Rivers by Rivers," is dead.

The death is announced of the eminent physician and medical writer, Archibald Billing.

The value of landed property in possession of the suppressed religious houses in France is \$140,000,000.

Major General Guard, after inspecting the Pictou, N.S., Garrison Artillery, said they were the finest corps he had seen in Canada.

There is some probability that the port of Halifax will be properly defended in the immediate future by a heavy battery of field guns.

Mr. Patrick Cosgrave, the well-known brewer, Toronto, died Tuesday week. He was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and came to this country in 1814.

Scotch farmers are said to be very discontented, the weather is bleak and cold, the wheat is a thin crop, oats are under average, turnips a failure, and barley scarcely up to the average.

The Customs collections for the port of Victoria, B.C., for August were \$404.75, and for August, 1880, \$177.49, the reduction being caused by the increased consumption of Canadian goods.

Clara Bell writes that the majority of her sex are either too fat or too lean to be pleasing without the kindly shaping of clothes. This is a strong argument in favor of wearing clothes.—*Louell Citizen*.

The Buffalo Express has an article against a proposed woman convention in its city. The editor of the Express still remains at home, but the doors and windows of his establishment are locked and barricaded.

Emma Abbott says that she would kiss the stage carpenter if her part required it. The stage carpenter is now in mortal terror lest some such necessity should be introduced into one of the new operas.—*Providence Sunday Star*.

The Government have issued orders prohibiting any party or parties from camping on any of the Canadian islands among the Thousand Islands without first obtaining permission from the Department of Indian Affairs.

An atrocious-looking scoop-bonnet has appeared which is called "Le Republique." A formidable-looking gilt sabre adorns one side of the crown, and the head of a stern-visaged eagle peers from amid a cloud of black lace on the other.

Near Constantine, Algeria, 61 persons were burned to death in one day in the recent forest fires. Many persons were wounded and 682 dwellings destroyed. The value of cattle, grain and other articles consumed will reach 200,000 francs.

A movement is on foot for the organization of a Catholic Colonization Society, whose field of operation will be in the diocese of Ottawa. Bishop Duhamel is patron of the affair. The counties of Ottawa and Pontiac will be the base of operations.

The Philadelphia News says "the husband of the most handsomely dressed lady at a watering place can easily be recognized by his shabby coat." That's what somebody remarked to us yesterday when we were carrying water from the street watering-trough for our horse.

Many fashionable ladies who adopt the antique style of dress are modeling their cuffs after the beautiful head of Psyche, waving the hair low over the forehead, drawing it back from the temples and twisting it low in the nape of the neck, allowing a few short ringlets to escape from the coils of hair.

Madame d'Huonstein, of the family of Montmorency-Luxembourg, has taken the veil as a Sister of the Annunciation; Madame Comand, of the family of De la Redorte, daughter of the Marshal Suchet d'Albouver, as Sister of St. Thomas of Villanova; and Madame D'Escara, daughter of the Countess Lobzeller, as a Carmelite.

An exchange says that "Joaquin Miller's penmanship makes the angels weep." From the ignorance displayed in the assertion it is very probable that the writer never happened into a composing room when one of the "angels" took his clay pipe from his mouth and commended with nature for a few moments over a page of the mountain poet's manuscript. Weep? Ah, no, no.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The original of Dickens' "Fat Boy" was a man named Budden, who lived at Rochester, England. When he was a boy he was exactly the Joe described by Dickens. After "Pickwick" had gotten into circulation, somebody called Budden's attention to the character. "This woke him up. He was a very active, energetic man, and he afterward made Mayor of Rochester, and later was elected to Parliament.

The London Telegraph put its foot in it when it ascribes Canada's prosperity and increase of population to "the beneficent rule of the Marquis," for as the Kingston News pointedly remarks:—"The Marquis has undoubtedly contributed as much to the prosperity of the country as he has to the increase of population." The English journal is seemingly but little acquainted with our semi-royal family.

The most fabulous stories of oil springs and creeks cannot equal that told of Ventura County, Cal., where, according to a local paper, there are deep, sluggish streams of oil pouring out of the mountain sides and covering acres of land. Mixed with the soil and hardened by the exposure, the crude petroleum turns into an asphaltum. Thousands of barrels of crude oil run to waste every day along these mountain streams.

Byron died in Greece in 1824, and Shelley was drowned off the Italian coast in 1822. Their careers have so long been the subject of history that one is at first surprised to learn that one of their contemporaries and friends has just died. They were both young, however, when their lives ended, and Edward John Trevelyan, their biographer, and the companion of Byron in his Greek campaign, had only reached the unusual but far from unprecedented age of 89 at the time of his recent decease.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Staten Island has for a month been suffering from one of the most serious droughts ever known there. Nearly all the wells and cisterns have become entirely dry. Vegetation is dying for want of moisture, and it is feared that if rain does not come soon the late crops will be ruined. As it is, the early cabbage crop will amount to little or nothing. In many cases water has to be carted a long distance. In some of the churches on Sunday prayers were offered up for rain.

Dollars, which might otherwise be thrown away by resorting to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for affections of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which does not deteriorate, and is thorough and pure.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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1 Year, \$1.50 per line.
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3 Months, 50 "

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For September, 1881.
THURSDAY, 15.—Octave of the Nativity. St.
Nicomedes, Martyr.
FRIDAY, 16.—SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cy-
prius, Bishop, Martyrs. SS. Euphemia
and Companions, Martyrs.
SATURDAY, 17.—Stigmata of St. Francis of
Assisi.

It is with great regret we have to announce
the death of Mrs. Alexander McDonald,
teacher, of Alexandria, Ont., which mel-
ancholy event took place on the 9th inst.

The fact that Courtney came in but third
at the Toronto Regatta shows conclusively
that his pretensions to being a rival of Han-
lan's were very poor. He was beaten by
Wallace Ross; he was beaten by Conley, and
those whom he left behind were pretty close
to him.

A respected correspondent, while approv-
ing of Father Nugent's emigration scheme
generally, thinks it would be well to know
the antecedents of those with whom children
are placed for adoption, as several cases have
come under his notice where the poor innoc-
ents were beaten, starved and worked to
death. The suggestion is a valuable one.

The Emperor almost devoured the old Kaiser
with kisses at Dantzig. It was most affecting,
and, although the despatches do not say so,
we have no doubt that every one wept at the
sight. It is not every day one sees emperors
gushing, though of late there has been a con-
siderable amount of it. The Holy Alliance
is, therefore, on its feet once more and the
French Republic trembles.

The appointment of the Revd. Father
Whelan, to the very important Parish of St.
Patrick's, Ottawa, in the room of the lamented
Vicar-General O'Connor, is a sign that youth
is not a bar to preferment in the church.
Father Whelan is a young man, but he is full
of zeal, piety, energy and intelligence. We
wish, as the Kaiser said to the Czar at their
late meeting, that he may live long and die
happily.

The contradictory reports concerning
President Garfield are enough to puzzle the
most intelligent. All we positively gather
from them is that the patient is not dead.
Secretary Blaine, in his cable despatch to
Minister Lowell, is hopeful, but fears for the
state of the right leg, while another despatch
hints at an abscess forming in the lungs, and
still another declares that the bullet is work-
ing its way upward! If the President rec-
overs it will be more than a phenomenon; it
will be a miracle.

HANLAN has withdrawn from the water, and,
the Montreal Witness might say, taken to the
whiskey. He has resolved to row no more.
He will settle down as a hotel-keeper, he
will get a corporation on him in a few years
and will be content to tell stories of his
prowess in the past to admirers of his beer
and himself. He has done a sensible act in
retiring. His laurels are bright; he can
count a great number of victories and but
one or two insignificant defeats. He has been
a wonder to rowers, just as Sayers was to
prize fighters until Heenan broke his arm.
He has gained renown for Canada and a com-
petence for himself. May he rest in peace
under his vine and fig tree, may his liquors
ever be good and his customers excellent
hands at paying.

Whatever worth is attached to the op-
inions of the New York Herald, it must be
admitted that its news is not unsound, if ex-
aggerated and sensational. The Herald has
within the past few years been treating on
Canadian canals and sounding a note of warn-
ing over them. The Herald has intelligence
enough to understand that Canada has un-
rivaled advantages of situation whether as
regards commerce or military defence
and that even if Yankeeedom has fifty
millions of a population and Canada less
than five, a time may come when the North

will once more conquer the South. It is
good policy on the part of the
Herald and other leading American papers to
talk as if we were anxious to jump into the
arms of Brother Jonathan, but it
would be stupid in our part to accept what
they say. The time must come when the
United States, broad as it is, will have been
filled up. Then will come the turn of
Canada, and when fortune, or rather destiny,
does pronounce in our favor, it will be de-
cisively. Our nation has better facilities
for training up heroes than that of our South-
ern cousins, and history teaches that the
North always vanquishes the South. Rome
subdued Carthage; Greece conquered Persia
and why not Canada walk over the United
States? In times past we made a successful
resistance against our friends, even when
they were flushed with victory over the
Briton. Think of DeSalaberry. We always
rolled back the tide of invasion, and shall
so continue if it be necessary. Let the Herald,
and the World, and the Star and the Sun of
New York attend to their own proper busi-
ness and talk less of annexation. It is we
who should do that, and we do not feel in-
clined as yet. Independence is more to our
liking.

That terrible Mr. Parnell! Will he never
cease? And will Catholic Bishops never
grow intolerant? The Reverend Harold
Rylett, Unitarian Minister, is Mr. Parnell's
nominee for Tyrone, and Bishop Nulty comes
forward and supports him. Parnell is not
effaced after all. He is, on the contrary, a
most formidable character whose nefarious
purpose is to elevate his countrymen and to
prevent them being beggars any longer. And
the worst of it is that he is just the kind of a
character to succeed.

The Emperors are trying to revive the
Holy Alliance, but it can hardly be done.
Europe has advanced a good deal since
Waterloo in radicalism, if not in religion. It
has lost respect for individuals, and kings are
nothing but men, ugly men, too, some of
them. There are no other Polands to be
partitioned, and France will not fall a victim.
If the new alliance be against any nation it
is against democratic France, which is show-
ing the world how well a people can get along
without Kings or Kaisers. If the volatile
French can do without Emperors, why cannot
the calm Germans, or the Austrians, or even
the Russians?

The Marquis de Blandford, son of the Duke
of Marlborough, is a sensible man. He is,
contrary to the traditions of his family,
liberal to the backbone. But however am-
bitious he may be of Parliamentary honors,
he has retired from the electoral contest in
Cambridgeshire fearing that the fair trade
flood would swamp him. The Marquis is
going to be one of the men of our time, a
second Mirabeau evidently. He has written
several articles for the Nineteenth Century all
of a democratic nature. He thinks there
should be no absolute property in land, and
that if the House of Lords should not be al-
together wiped out of existence, it should be
strongly remodelled.

Thousands of people grumble against the
sparrow nuisance, but have not the courage
to complain. Perhaps it would be disloyal to
complain. The Victorians of the Australian
continent introduced rabbits, because they
were dear little English pets, and now they
rise in rebellion against them. They are a
nuisance and they are worse. And so it is in a
measure with our sparrows. They are begin-
ning to frighten us already, but let us wait
until by and bye when our song birds have
been driven away, and it is the sparrows who
will be frightened by us. Although esthetes
and its very name are falling into disre-
pute at present, it does not follow that we
should all fall down before the critic of Phil-
istinism and consent to have everything
beautiful driven from Canada!

The fair trade excitement in England is
increasing in volume, but then so is the land
excitement. The leaders of public opinion
are aware that both commercially and agri-
culturally their country is going down hill,
but they find it is not so easy to set matters
right. It is difficult to make laws in England
altering commercial regulations, but even if
they were made, it is impossible
to tell whether they would answer
the purpose intended. All is known for
certain is that England grew wealthy under
protection laws, in force a long time, that
they were altered and she again grew wealthy
under a free trade regime, at least her upper
classes did, but fair trade will be only an ex-
periment. England manufactured for the
world and did the world's carrying trade for
three quarters of a century, but that was when
her navies ruled the ocean and her money
kept the European continental powers at war.
Now matters are changed; the European coun-
tries persist in manufacturing for themselves,
in developing their own industries, and, if
possible, in doing their own carrying trade.
With this view they impose tariffs on British
manufactures, and who can blame them
except he hall from Birmingham or Manches-
ter. Besides, there is America with its vast
wheatfields and its growing manufactures to
be taken as a potent factor in the great change
which is gradually taking place, and there
are even British dependencies which build
walls against the goods of the mother country.
All this would not be so bad for England if
she did not contain a population much larger
than she can support, without she eats up her
capital, or else that the outside nations are
generous and take her condition into account
in their tariffs. But they are unfortunately
selfish—all nations that are, and have ever
been, are so, and were so, and all they can do
is to let the surplus population emigrate.

And this, it seems to us, must be the
panacea for the ills of England. Fair
trade will not restore her to her
former commercial greatness no more than
will any effort of Italian statesmen restore
Italy to the commanding position she held in
ancient times. All nations will have to ac-
cept the inevitable destiny which tends to
equalize their chances in attaining fame and
commercial greatness. Formerly there used
to be only one great power—Assyria, or
Persia, or Greece, or Rome—which dominated
the world; now there are seven, including
the United States, and at no distant day there
may be a dozen all having equal pretensions
to greatness. Fair trade will be a failure;
it takes more than one to play that game.

Every newspaper, periodical or magazine
in the States is just enough to condemn the
Indian policy of its Government, but the
Government does not change its policy all
the same. Every official that we hear of
thinks it his duty to rob the Indian first and
to exterminate him afterwards, and yet he
goes to church, and perhaps flings
a dime into the plate with a free
hand and a freer conscience. Pub-
lic opinion forces the Government to make
a show of justice and send agents among the
Indians, but it is not potent enough to make
the agents honest. Is it that the Government
is more moral than its servants, or that the
temptation of dividing a blanket in two is
irresistible to a people whose most esthetic
population condescended to sell wooden
nutmegs to the unsuspecting emigrant?
The soul of this people melts in sympathy
for its wounded President, which is only right
and Christian, but has it no feeling for the
Indian? None at all, evidently, or else why
this eternal slaughtering. And yet Beecher
and Talmage and other great preachers tell us
the Indian is our brother, and that there will
be an hereafter for us all. They also point to
Quebec and Mexico and Chili and Peru as
papistically governed countries, but they fail
to inform us that in those wretched regions
the Indians are protected and saved even
if the Governments do not order the distribu-
tion of salt pork and blankets. There is surely
something rotten about American civiliza-
tion.

Egypt is in the throes of a revolution. The
Colonels of the national regiments have sub-
mitted an ultimatum to the Khedive which
has been accepted. They demand the as-
sembling of the "nobles" and the dismissal
of the Ministry. By the nobles is probably
meant the prominent native Egyptians, in
the shape of something like a real Egyptian
Parliament, and the dismissal of the Ministry
means the overthrow of foreign influence, for
an Englishman is Minister of Finance, and
a Frenchman of Railroads, the two most im-
portant positions in the country. A signifi-
cant fact in the complication is the refusal of
Cherif Pasha to take office in the new Ministry
except Italian interests are represented.
This shows that Italy is at the bottom of the
new intrigue. She is also ambitious of
power in North Africa, but up to this France
and England have excluded her, and have
agreed between themselves to divide the spoils,
but now that those two powers are jealous
each of the other is the time for the astute
Italian to enter on the scene. Italy cannot
forget her geographical position nor that
North Africa formerly belonged exclusively
to her. Speaking fairly, it would be well for
Egypt to have control of her own resources,
which are now drained for the benefit of Eng-
land and France. The fellahs, who are set
down as the real Egyptians, the descendants
of the Pharaohs and those who made slaves
of the Hebrews, are ground into the dust and
starved, even on the fertile banks of the Nile,
while the produce of the land increases the
wealth of Paris and London. Any change
would better their condition. But it is to be feared
that though the relations between England
and France are strained, they will take joint
action against the Egyptian army in what they
consider their own interests, and then we
shall have Italy, Turkey, France and England
looking at one another from four corners of a
quadrangular field; what complication may
arise cannot be predicted, but what is certain
is that the Europeans will not leave Egypt
without a struggle.

Mr. WALTER, Liberal member of the Eng-
lish Parliament, and proprietor of the London
Times, arrived in New York on Tuesday last
and was at once interviewed by a Herald re-
porter, which, was nothing but right and an-
ticipated, although it must be understood that
the Times would not accord the same honor
to James Gordon Bennett. The Times is
without doubt a true exponent of English
public opinion, and Mr. Walter is the very
essence of an Englishman. He has all the
good qualities of the English people and all
the bad; and when he speaks, even to a New
York Herald reporter, his words convey what
an Englishman thinks. The conversation
which passed between the two newspaper
men bore chiefly upon Ireland and the Irish.
They were roughly handled by Mr. Walter,
which is not surprising, considering that he is
an Englishman, an English journalist, and the
proprietor of the Times, but above all that he
is the very mouthpiece of Anglo-Saxonism.
He was proprietor of the Times in 1847 when
his paper exclaimed exultantly that the
"Celts were gone with a vengeance." He
was also proprietor of the same paper when
The O'Donoghue horsewhipped him in the
streets of London, but neither the exodus
nor the castigation softened his breast, and
he hates the Irish in Chicago just as he hated
them in Limerick, for it is in his nature as
representative of English public opinion.
When asked by the Herald reporter why it
was the Irish were so land hungry he answered
that it was a mystery, "for," said he,
"while they are crying for land in Ireland,

they loaf in drunken fashion round the great
(American) cities, and will do anything but
farm." There was a grain of truth in this
assertion of Mr. Walter, but only a grain, and
he knows it. If The O'Donoghue had not
horsewhipped him he might have con-
descended to tell the whole truth.
He might have told the reporter
that his countrymen had so robbed the Irish
that they were barely able to pay their pas-
sage to the Atlantic cities; that and nothing
more. Those of them who had money
enough to enable them to get to San Fran-
cisco became millionaires and rulers of that
future seat of Empire. They are the Mac-
kays, the Floods, the O'Briens, whom Walter,
like a true Englishman, worships from the
bottom of his stomach (we had almost said
his soul), and the soles of his boots he would
kiss for the millions which rested on them.
Is it any wonder that an immortal hatred
should exist between the Irish and the
English when such men as Walter go round
the world and proclaim it. Which is the
better or honest man we should like to
know, he or O'Donovan Rossa? Rossa un-
hesitatingly, and certainly the more courage-
ously, for Rossa threw his sloop pall in the face
of the Saxon jailer, who came to taunt him,
while Walter took his chastisement like a
Christian and an Englishman. This is what
Walter said in answer to the reporter, and it
is quite enough to give O'Donovan Rossa a
raison d'etre:—

"Oh, they would be very well if let alone.
They are very credulous, very ignorant and
easily managed, and can easily be convinced
by the people who live in this agitation that
they are the most oppressed people of the
earth, and, of course, there isn't a particle
of truth in that. There is nothing on the face
of the earth to prevent an Irishman from
being happy if he will only work and not get
drunk."

A late issue of London Truth, Mr. La-
bouchere's paper, contained an article on
Canada, which is not pleasant to read. It
attacks the Pacific Railroad, which it pro-
nounces a fraud, and it goes on from that to
others of our institutions, until it comes to
the end of the article, when it calls Canada
itself a fraud. This is hard, but it is not
honest. Truth prophesies that Ontario, the
only honest Province in the Dominion, will
soon annex itself to the United States. As
for Quebec, it is bankrupt beyond redemp-
tion; and as for the North-West, it is a poor
place, puffed to bombast by officials and land
speculators. But listen to Truth:—

"Canada is one of the most over-rated
colonies we have, but it is heartily 'loyal,'
and makes the loyal pay. Its astute
inhabitants know well how to take
John Bull's susceptibilities, but I have seen
nothing finer in the way of advertising than
poor Lord Lorne's 'tour' now in progress.
He has gone to the North, but just at the
right time, and the gushing accounts we
are receiving from the 'specials' who accompany
him are admirably adapted to create a
belief that the true land of promise
is to be found there at last. With such
soil to till, and among such Queen wor-
shippers, the distressed British farmer would
be in bliss. Of course, those who choose
can believe all that. For my part I know of
only one sound province in the whole Do-
minion—that of Ontario. 'It is the only
province,' as a shrewd land jobber said to me
once, 'where you can lend money on land
with any hope of ever seeing your own again.'
As for the country, as a whole it is poor, and
it is crushed with debt. The supreme Gov-
ernment owes about \$28,000,000 to this
country, and about \$25,000,000 altogether;
and every province has its separate debt, as
also has almost every collection of shanties
calling itself a 'city.'"

If there is much in the article which is
grossly exaggerated there is also much which
is true. We have absolutely too many
Governments, and there is more loyalty
spoken in Canada in one day than if judi-
cially distributed would answer for at least
one year. Truth is now looked to as one of
the most popular and "truthful" journals in
England, and a pertual, therefore, of its
utterances will enable us to see our country
through an English medium.

ATHLETICS AND ESTHETICS.
If the Atlantic cable is to be credited the
Irish are an inferior race, good for little and
whom it would be proper to exterminate, but
just as regularly as the cable tells us lies, it
is contradicted by current history, which
shows Irish names victorious all along the
line. It is not the philosophy of the Irish
which is achieving a triumph for them; they
leave that to the Scotch; it is not commerce;
they leave that to the English. The Parseses
of Bombay are both splendid philosophers and
successful merchants, but they don't rule. It
is, perhaps, a pity that they don't, but then
they don't; it is the English. The English
are muscular, and they are the mas-
ters, for, let us be truthful, it is
strength which rules. The Romans and the
Greeks were intelligent enough after the
Christian era, and religious enough and
philosophical enough, but they shrank and
withered before the northern barbarians who
knew not the letters of the alphabet. The
elegant resident of Alexandria, pupil of
Hypatia or sceptic of Orestes felt his know-
ledge of no service when the Goth came
along with his savage throng. Knowledge
is not always power, but muscle generally is.
Perhaps unfortunately. If muscle is power
the Irish will soon rule the world, despite the
tremendous efforts of their natural enemies,
the English, who are a commercial people.
For strength and bravery they are unrivalled.
British war office returns show that the Irish
of the Imperial army have far more than their
percentage of Victoria Crosses. Out of the 600
"Englishmen" who so bravely rushed upon the
Russian batteries at Balaclava there were
"321" Irishmen. All the British Generals
worth mentioning since Wellington's time
were Irishmen. All the American Admirals
were Irishmen, and at the present day all the
athletes and gymnasts of the American-
British-Irish world are Irishmen. Just

look at the incomparable Shamrocks!
Look at Hanlan, Courtney, Riley, and also
look at this young aspirant Conley, who on
Thursday swept past Courtney and Trickett
in Toronto Bay.

The Irish, therefore, should not despair.
The Atlantic cable is not the Angel Gabriel.
Their days of government are coming, coming
rapidly. Neither should they be too proud,
for they, also, like the Greeks and Romans,
will have to fade and die. Races are no more
immortal than individuals, though they be
longer lived. The cable and the press of the
present sneer at Irishmen, but they cannot
kill them, and if the social crowd also
conspire to defraud them they should
only smile. The Greeks tried to ostracize the
Romans; the English Saxons at first looked
with contempt on their Norman visitors, and,
if history is half correct, the Great Mogul
viewed the British with contempt when they
first begged his leave to establish factories
in his dominion. But muscle became power,
and let the philosophers say what they
please; it will be always power. The two
"Celtic" boat clubs at Toronto on Wednesday
started all before them; they were Irish who
had gone with a vengeance, and they evi-
dently had time to abstain from drinking to
practice rowing, Mr. Walter, of the London
Times, to the contrary notwithstanding.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.
THE TRAIN ROBBERY IN MISSOURI.
INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.
Mr. A. T. Lothrop, one of the passengers
on board the train which fell into the hands
of the Missouri desperados, arrived in Mon-
tréal last Saturday from the west. He had
been working a mine at Kokomo, Colorado,
and was returning on a visit to his friends in
Sherbrooke. He is a fine-looking man, who is
plainly evident has seen a good deal of
western life. Wearing a broad felt hat, cowhide
boots, together with his sunburnt, ruddy
complexion, he is to all intents and purposes
a complete specimen of a frontiersman and
hardy miner. He is accompanied by his
son, a youth of eighteen. A reporter of the
Post interviewed him this afternoon while he
was in the depot seeing to his luggage, pre-
paratory to taking the 3:30 train to his desti-
nation.

"I understand, Sir," queried the reporter,
"that you are one of the passengers who were
cleaned out at Independence, Mo., by the
train robbers the other night?"
"I was," was the reply, "but they did not
make a great haul from me anyhow."

"How was that?"
"Well, you see, we were all asleep in the
car. I guess it would be about one o'clock
in the morning when the train stopped. It
awoke me, of course, and I was just about to
get up and see what kind of a station we had
arrived at (for we all thought it was that
made the train stop) when four men, with
masks on their faces, and a revolver in each
hand, stepped into the car and commanded us
all to sit still. Two came in by one door and
two by another. My son had a cocked re-
volver lying beside him on the seat, but he
durst not use it, as all seemed to give up.
One of them, evidently the leader, cried, 'Out
with your pocketbooks.' We were only too
glad to obey. One of the robbers went
through the car with a bag and received the
purses. I had \$28 in one purse and \$800
in another. I dropped the \$28 one in the
bag, and they passed on, thinking they had
cleaned me out."

"The despatches say that while the ro-
bbers were inside the cars their comrades kept
up a continual firing outside."
"Not a bit of it; there was not a shot fired
the whole time. Everything was done in a
quick, quiet and business-like manner."

"I believe one fellow grumbled because
they relieved him of \$80, but the robbers
looked so wicked at him that he wilted almost
at once."

"Have the authorities any idea as to whom
were concerned in the deed?"
"It is supposed the desperados live around
Independence and are sheltered by the
farmers."

"Do you think they made a good haul?"
"There is not the slightest doubt of it.
One man travelling along with us lost \$2,000.
He felt it pretty bad I can tell you."

"How long did the affair last?"
"About five minutes. The passengers
seemed to comprehend the situation at a
glance and acted accordingly."

"Do you think Jesse James had anything
to do with the business?"
"Ye, I have not the slightest doubt.
About half an hour before the affair took place
we were reading a paper in which it was
stated that Jesse James had been re-captured.
Instead of that he captured us. Half an hour
before they stopped us they had wrecked
another passenger train a little further east,
and shot one of the brakemen. We took his
body with us to St. Louis where his friends
belong."

"Were the passengers very much frighten-
ed?"
" Well, no. A man out West has to be pre-
pared for any emergency, and all carry their
lives in their hands. My boy could have shot
them all, if he had only known who they
were, before it was too late. As it was he
thought it was better to sit still, especially as
a revolver was pointed at him."

Here Mr. Lothrop looked round and re-
marked that in Canada, anyhow, this sort of
thing was not likely to happen. He de-
clared his intention of going back to Colo-
rado in the course of a couple of months. He
said the next time the train stops at Inde-
pendence he will not have his pistol in a
sling.

LAND LEAGUE MEETING.
The weekly meeting of the Montréal Branch
of the Land League which was held yesterday
afternoon in St. Patrick's Hall was largely
attended.
The President Mr. P. Carroll, occupied the
chair.
The minutes of the previous meeting were
read by the Secretary and afterwards received
confirmation.
A communication from the Kilmallock
Branch of the Land League in Ireland was
placed before the meeting. The subject of
this correspondence was in connection with
the testimonial which is being gotten up for
the Rev. Father Sheehy, one of the imprisoned
suspects.
A letter from Mr. Ford, of the
Irish World, was also read. The Sec-
retary stated that he had received a receipt
from the Treasurer of the League, Mr. P. Egan,
of Dublin, for the last sum of \$500 which had
been forwarded to headquarters by The Post
and the Montréal Branch. The election of
several new members then took place, and the
monthly subscriptions were handed in.
When the routine business was concluded,
the subject of the coming National Convention

of the Land League to be held in Dublin was
brought by several speakers. It was finally
moved by Mr. F. A. Quinn, and seconded by
Mr. B. Connaughton, substantially as fol-
lows: That this branch of the Land League
will hold itself in readiness to adopt the pro-
gramme and follow the line of conduct
which may be marked out by the Convention.
This motion did not seem to meet general
approval as it was not considered strong
enough. It was consequently withdrawn,
drawn and was substituted by an amendment
proposed by Mr. C. Doherty and seconded by
Mr. Whelan, which called upon the conven-
tion to accept no half measures or compro-
mise, and to continue to demand the posses-
sion of the land for the people. This amend-
ment was accepted and will be carried, the
members immediately subscribing the amount
of expenses for that purpose.

Mr. F. A. QUINN was then called upon by
the Chairman to deliver his lecture on
"Michael Davitt and his principles."
As the lecture was not commenced till a
very late hour the Speaker was forced to dis-
continue his interesting and eloquent sketch
of Mr. Quinn will resume and finish the delivery
of the lecture at the next meeting.

BURGLARS AT WORK.
That burglars and gentlemen of that ilk are
operating in St. Gabriel Municipality, and with
some success, is indicated by the following state-
ment made to a representative of THE POST by
a resident on the Lower Lachine Road: About
one o'clock yesterday morning, the gentleman
in question before retiring for the night, made
a tour of his dwelling for the purpose of seeing
that all the doors and windows were properly
secured and fastened. While opening one of
the shutters in rear of the house, he was startled
at seeing a man standing on the veranda,
which runs along the rear of the dwelling.
Thinking he was mistaken he went to no good
purpose, he hurriedly went out, but found in the
morning that his dwelling had been burglarized.
The burglar was seen in the rear of the house,
and the articles in his possession were stolen
from the house. He was seen to be carrying
a bag of money, and he was seen to be carrying
arms. Being questioned as to his purpose he
replied that he intended camping out for the
night. Owing to the lateness of the hour, and
from the fear that his "pals" might be lurking
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SHORT TELEGRAMS.

Vesuvius has been in a state of eruption since Saturday. The Czar has left Peterhoff for Dantzic in the Imperial yacht. Potato blight has appeared in various sections of Nova Scotia. The Shah of Persia is preparing for a third visit to Europe in 1882. It is estimated that 32,000 Americans will visit Europe this season. The excitement over the recent massacre in Arizona still continues. Cholera has appeared at Aden. Thirty-seven cases have proved fatal. Three hundred and fifty French residents died from yellow fever in Senegal. A hundred Jews who escaped from Russia have left Brody on the way to America. Bismarck and Von Moltke are to be present at the meeting of the Czar and the German Emperor. Mr. Jefferson Davis arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, in the steamer "Bernard Hall," from New Orleans. The reports regarding the intention of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts to visit America soon are unfounded. The military budget of Russia has risen from 181,000,000 roubles in 1879 to 206,000,000 roubles in 1881. It is understood that the Czar initiated the approaching interview with the Emperor William of Germany. Six cattle, owned by a Goderich breeder and valued at over \$30,000, are now at the Point Lewis quarantine. The Frederickton Capital estimates the damage to farmers in New Brunswick by rain and floods at \$2,000,000. A St. Petersburg despatch says terrible fires have been raging for nearly a week in the oil wells at Krasninkoff. The present French Minister of War has abolished the drum, and the existence of the cuirassiers is now threatened. The Montreal Telegraph Company have commenced the erection of new offices in Ottawa on the site of the old ones. The Alsacian autonomists intend to present Dr. Korom, the newly appointed Bishop of Treves, as a candidate for the Reichstag. The Austrian Government intends to greatly increase its naval power on account of Italy's present superiority in that respect. Wm. Stephenson, for many years road master of the Canada Central, now Canadian Pacific railway, has resigned his position. The members of the Corporation of Dublin have subscribed nearly £1,000 toward the proposed exhibition of Irish manufactures. The Dublin Freeman's Journal authoritatively denies a rumor that the O'Donoghue intends to retire from his seat in Parliament. The meeting between the Czar and the Emperor of Germany will take place on board the iron-clad Hohenzollern, at the river Vistula. The Department of the Interior have received information that buffalo are plentiful in the immediate vicinity of Fort McLeod, on Canadian territory. The Brigade camp for Military District No. 4 has been formally opened at Mitchell's farm. The return of the officers and men in camp shows a total of 1,151. The death is announced of the Archduchess Marie Clementine of Austria, aunt of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and widow of Leopold, Prince of Salerno, in her 84th year.

A WRETCHED SCORE. A score of years is a long time to look back upon, but when attended with continual suffering, it seems almost a century; and all this pain could have been avoided if, when your liver commenced to trouble you, if you had taken Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1, trial size 10 cents.

SCENE AT AN IRISH EVICTION. ARMED MEN KEPT AT BAY BY PITBOARDS AND SCALDING HOT WATER—A WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER CARRIED OFF. What might well have formed a scene in a sensational drama, lately took place at Shanbough, near New Ross, in the county of Wexford, where resided in a farm house on the property of a Mr. Boyd, who barely escaped being shot on Sunday a few months ago with his son, the widow Holden and her daughter. She was under eviction but refused to go. Wherefore a strong body of cavalry, infantry, and police escorted the Sheriff with his posse of bailiffs, and crowd-bearers, ladder-bearers, pick-axe bearers, and hammer men. When the widow's house was reached NO SURRENDER was the order of the day, whereupon the cavalry formed an outmost, the infantry a middle, and the police an inner circle to protect the civil power, at whom the populace were jeering in by no means subtle tones. Fearing violence, the cavalry were ordered to draw their swords and the infantry and police to fix bayonets. The Sheriff entered the garden with the original writ of ejection, but found the door of the cottage fast bolted and barred, and every window secured. He knocked at the door and demanded entrance in the Queen's name, but the house might have been deserted for all the answer he got. He knew, however, that the inhabitants were within, and ordered the crowd-bearers to advance.

A SLEDGE HAMMER STRIKES the first blow on the door, which gives the signal of action to those within. From an upper window comes a deluge of boiling water on the men beneath, who drop their implements and run, sweating, from the scalding shower. A wild shout of triumph comes from the crowd, there is a short consultation among the chiefs of the expedition, and the bailiffs and their men again advance to the door, not at all with alacrity; again the boiling water leaps out at the windows on their heads and comes blissing into their faces through every space in the gaping door. One powerful fellow, who has been badly scalded on the shoulders and back, takes up a great stone, and with a giant effort, hurls it against the door, which shakes on its straining hinges, but doesn't give way. A long and heavy ladder is now used as a "battering ram," and before some of its impetuous blows the enfeebled door groans, gaps still wider, and

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, K. G.—THE GRAND MASTER OF THE MASONS WHO BECAME A CATHOLIC. [From the Weekly Register.] The Right Honorable George Frederick Samuel Robinson, K. G., P. C., first Marquis of Ripon, third Earl of Grey, second Viscount Goderich, and fourth Baron Grantham, was born in London on the 24th of October, 1827, when his father—commonly known as "Prosperity Robinson," a sobriquet he earned by the expressions of some exceedingly hopeful views on the material condition of the country, which were terribly falsified by the immediately succeeding monetary panic of 1825—was Prime Minister. A descendant of John Hampden on his mother's side, and of Oliver Cromwell on his father's, the boy found, in the Fourth, after some time, a name. He had no companions in the nursery—his only sister having died before his birth. In common, if we remember rightly, with the Duke of Argyll, the future Viceroy never went to school, but educated himself with the aid of tutors. A great reader, he has had the regret of necessarily curtailing the time once devoted to books. His mind early took a political bias, and he found his way into public life in 1849 as Attaché to Sir Henry Ellis's special mission to Brussels. Three years later he entered Parliament for Hull as an advanced liberal, and afterwards sat for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He first distinguished himself by the admirable manner in which he organized the Volunteer movement when Under-Secretary of War, under Lord Palmerston. Afterwards, while Secretary of State of India, he did equally good work, and gained experience of enormous value to him in the post he now holds. He served as President of the Council in Mr. Gladstone's administration from 1868 to 1873. Lord Ripon's mission to Washington on the Alabama dispute during that period will be well remembered. It was not thought at the moment that the bargain struck with the United States Government was one very favorable to this country, but time has proved, it has bound England and America together in bonds of amity, which a pact more flattering to ourselves might have failed to do. Lord Ripon, though the heir to splendid titles and broad lands, was always proud of his position as a representative of the people, and when he was summoned to the Upper House as Earl of Ripon, on the death of his father in 1859, he playfully complained that he had been dis-franchised. In the same year he succeeded his uncle as Earl de Grey, and bore the double title of Earl de Grey and Ripon till he earned his Marquise in 1871. At that date he had been married exactly twenty years—his wife being Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Vyner. While in office Lord Ripon has been not a little aided in making his party popular by Lady Ripon who was always a favorite with society, and few recent receptions have been more crowded with sympathetic guests than hers. Their only son, Earl de Grey, M. P., was born in 1853. From 1870 till 1874 Lord Ripon was the Grand Master of the English Freemasons, and it was in his connection with the craft that he owed, humbly speaking, his conversion to the Catholic Church. Earnest and conscientious in this as in all else, he took pains to examine the objection raised by Rome against secret societies. In the course of his reading he came to very unexpected conclusions; having heard his cousin, Lady Amabel Kerr (already a convert), speak of Father Dalgairns of the Brompton Oratory, he put himself into communication with that learned and lamented priest, and, after several months of controversy, consideration and correspondence, he finally made his submission to the Church, a submission, which, despite all the abuse it brought on him from the Protestant press—notably, to its lasting shame, from The Times—it may be confidently said he has never, for one moment, had reason to regret. It is known to all how zealously he has labored in the great cause giving, ungrudgingly, time and trouble to a variety of movements which have for their end the Glory of God. It is known also, though of course only in part, how freely he has opened his purse for charities, the pile of begging letters on his tables being a convincing proof, as he cannot help thinking, of the universality of the Church. But it is not publicly known, nor need it be, how interior is the life he leads, with what frequency he approaches the altar of God, or how he discharges the duties of life in the great position he now holds, with a conscientious industry which is the result of pious intention. The English laity has long been proud of its priesthood; and the priesthood may well look with pride on a laity that has such a man as the Marquis of Ripon among its leaders. It is said that the Viceroy boasts that as a Catholic he is not less a Liberal than he was as Grand Master of Freemasons; and it is a striking sign of the times that a great territorial magnate should be found to hold, as Lord Ripon holds, that the law of England ought to favor as much as possible a free and untrammelled use of the land by the present owners; that it ought to promote the distribution, and not the centralization, of property. The lines have fallen to Lord Ripon in pleasant places. Not to speak of his Lincolnshire estates, his Yorkshire property is a goodly heritage. Early in the last century a Mr. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had the misfortune to be expelled the House of Commons for dubious South-Sea transactions. His official life being thus cut short, the ex-Chancellor came to reside at Studley, which he had acquired by marriage with an heiress, and with calm wisdom devoted himself to landscape-gardening in the prevailing taste. His Temples of Plety and Honor, his Octagon Tower, and Gothic Tower still remain, and the little river Skell still flows through the canals and fills the lakes by which he sought to improve its natural course. Under his hands the property became, according to a contemporary judgment, "one of the most embellished spots in the North of England," and his son still further embellished it by the acquisition of the contiguous Fountains estate. Some twenty years ago the last surviving ascendant of Mr. Aislabie, an unmarried lady passed away, bequeathing her lands to the late Lord de Grey, one of whose ancestors, a hundred years before, had married the ex-Chancellor's sister. Upon his uncle's death Studley Royal passed to its present possessor. Fortunately for him, it is not a show-house. Its chief artistic treasures are its numerous portraits, among which is one of Lady Jane Grey by an unknown hand, and one of Dr. Johnson by Reynolds; and its most interesting architectural feature is the pretty little Catholic chapel recently added to it. Other principal attractions to the visitor to Studley Royal, apart from its charms of a social kind, are the wall-stocked covers; there is no better pleasant-shooting in England than such which they yield. Lord Ripon himself, though he is so near-sighted that he shoots with an eyeglass, is an excellent shot. And for those whose taste leads them to linger among the mouldered ruins of the past, there is Fountains Abbey. It is a spot which

may well tempt the least meditative into a reverie, so potent is the spell of its melancholy beauty and ancient stillness. The magnificent Church is yet almost entire, little but the roof being wanting to it. The chapter-house and refectory are hardly less perfect. It requires little effort of the imagination to people it once more with its former denizens, the monks of St. Bernard's Order so many generations of whom passed their lives there. Nature has done her best to heal the havoc which man has wrought. The Skell, from whose waters the Abbey took its name—Santa Maria de Fontibus—still flows through the valley, clothed with verdure. Good store of ivy does its office to "prevent and beautify decay," grass and flowers carpet the spaces so long untrod by the feet of the religious brethren. And in Lord Ripon the venerable structure has, we need not say, a most appreciative and reverential custodian. Far from his home Lord Ripon is remembered by his tenacity with singular affection. Their address to him when he left them, and his touching and Heaven-dependent reply to it, will be recollected by our readers, as will the letter also in which Colonel Gordon, on resigning his Secretaryship to the Viceroy, spoke of Lord Ripon's appointment as a special favor from God. And, indeed, he possesses qualifications which must tend to make his rule in India of benefit to our great dependencies. He is remarkably free from prejudice, with a sense of justice and duty so strong that neither party feeling nor religious bias could ever induce him, for the sake of expediency, to consent to measures that his conscience disapproved. An evening newspaper in London has long been determined that Lord Ripon shall leave India. It has announced again and again that his resignation of the Vice-Royalty has been sent in, that it is about to be sent in, or that it ought to be sent in; and in other quarters there have been rumors that the Governor General will bid farewell to India at the close of the year. These rumors are, we believe, absolutely devoid of foundation. The Viceroy's health is now happily restored, and he has no immediate intention of retiring from that post, the burdens of which may, we trust, be lightened for him by the knowledge that his absence does not lessen the affection and respect with which he is regarded by his co-religionists at home. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—This medicine has resisted every test which time, prejudice, and vested interest could impose upon it, and it at length stands forth triumphant as the most reliable remedy for those derangements of the system so common at the change of seasons. When the air grows cooler, and the functions of the skin are retarded, an occasional dose of Holloway's Pills will call on the liver and kidneys for greater activity, and compensate the system for diminished cutaneous action. As alternatives, aperients and tonics these Pills have no equal. To every aged and delicate person whose appetite is defective, digestion indistinct, and tone of health low, this medicine will be a precious boon, conferring both ease and strength. HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES. Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood, and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of helps in trouble, and tack it up on the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations. There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cents worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine, and put it in an empty, clean pepper or spice box with perforated top, then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet in with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn, the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour on it, and wrap the burned part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion, and a bottle of brandy. Have them ranged so that you could go to them in the dark, and reach the right remedy, but be sure never do it even if you know they have not been disturbed; always light the lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded, and that poison may be put in place of peppermint. THE LARGEST LANDOWNER ON THE CONTINENT. From the Bene (New) Gazette. Colonel Dan Murphy, of Halleck's Station Ohio county, came to California in 1844, and may be said to have made the country pay him well for his time. He is now probably the largest private landowner on this continent. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada and 23,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago for \$200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long, and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land, cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along. —Our young and talented Canadian violinist, Mr. Desève, has already made quite a name for himself across the line, and now holds a high rank in the profession. His talent has been deservedly recognized and fully appreciated, as he has just been named professor in the Conservatory of Boeton. Safes, Vault Doors, &c. FIRE-PROOF SAFES GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES VAULTS. Awarded First Prize at Toronto Exhibition. WAREHOUSES AT MONTREAL, No 31 BONAVENTURE STREET, ALFRED BENN, Manager. Estimates given for all classes of Burglar-proof work. A few second-hand Safes now in stock.

IS IT POSSIBLE That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer.—Post.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY. It is reported on excellent authority that some sweeping changes are to be made shortly in the management of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. The Government is only waiting the return of Sir John A. Macdonald from England to take steps in this regard. It is freely circulated in political circles that this place of confinement is to be closed and the prisoners removed to Kingston. This idea will undoubtedly be carried into effect if the management of the prison cannot be improved. Many of the guards it is complained are country farmers' sons who never had any experience in the duties of keepers. They make friendships with the convicts, which pave the way for constant insubordination and mutiny. At present there are over 350 prisoners confined in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, who have some forty guards over them. The number is quite sufficient to keep discipline up to the proper mark in the prison if they only knew how.

HOW TO GET SICK. Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL, Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!—Express.

Severe drought continues in Northern Illinois.

FROM TADOUSSAC. Tadoussac, Sept. 7.—Mr. J. Galbraith, Toronto, a Civil Engineer, and a well known voyager, arrived at Tadoussac at 7 a. m., having completed a canoe voyage through the Saguenay Bay territory. Starting from Lake St. Joseph on the 21st June he travelled down the Moose Factory, then crossed along James Bay to Rupert House, thence up Rupert River to Lake Misassini, thence to the height of land where he struck the source of the Saguenay, thence by way of Lake St. John to Tadoussac, having travelled 1,270 miles and made fifty camps, employing five different Indian crews. The canoe he used he purchased at Lake Superior, and voyaged through to Tadoussac. The canoe looks as she could go the same trip again. Mr. Galbraith is looking just like the man that is equal to such a voyage, feeling well and hearty after his trip. He speaks in the highest terms of the kind hospitality which the officers of the Hudson Bay Company evince towards him at different posts which he has occasion to touch during his trip.

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

1881. CANADA'S GRAND EXHIBITION 1881. TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL, FROM 14th to 23rd of SEPTEMBER. Under the Patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. \$25,000 IN PRIZES. This Exhibition promises to surpass any that has heretofore been held in the Dominion. IT IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS: AGRICULTURAL! INDUSTRIAL! HOBTICULTURAL! OPEN TO THE WORLD. With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged. Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, and for the Exhibiting of Processes of Manufacture. Many New and Interesting Features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition. Arrangements are being made for a GRAND EXPOSITION OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES, to be sent direct from Paris to Montreal, for this Exhibition. It is expected that contributions will also be sent from other Foreign Countries. The magnificent and world-renowned SS. "Parisian" will be in the Port during the time of the Exhibition. GRAND DAIRY EXHIBITION. Among the numerous Attractions SPECIAL PRIZES. On a magnificent scale are offered by the Exhibition Committee and the Produce Merchants of Montreal, for Exhibits of BUTTER and CHEESE! PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY! The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition. This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition. Grand Display of Horses and Cattle. Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p. m., each day commencing Friday, 10th September. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS! Arrangements have been effected to supplement the Exhibition proper by Special Attractions of an extraordinary character, embracing:—TORPEDO DISPLAYS IN THE HARBOR! Demonstrating by a series of thrilling experiments on the River, the destructive effects of Torpedo Warfare, in this instance, against Vessels of a large size provided for the purpose. GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS. TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS in the Evenings, especially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada. Also, ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION! HORSE-JUMPING! Grand Athletic Tournaments!! AND—FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c. A PROGRAMME OF ALL THE ATTRACTIONS WILL BE ISSUED AT A LATER DATE. Increased Facilities will be provided for Reaching the Grounds. Arrangements have been made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies to run Cheap Excursions and to issue Return Tickets at REDUCED RATES! Intending Exhibitors should send in their entries without delay. For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned. S. C. STEVENSON, Sec. Industrial Dept., 181 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal, 6th July, 1881. GEO. LECLERC, Sec. Agr'l Dept., 65 ST. GABRIEL STREET.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Don't judge a man by the umbrella he carries; it may not be his. No matter what rank vegetables may attain the cabbage will always be a head.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Cures all forms of bowel complaints in infants or adults. The most safe, pleasant and perfect remedy known. Purely vegetable and free from opiates or poisonous drugs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. DAME MATHILDA LABERGE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Auguste St. Jean, of the same place, trader, duly authorized...

Information is Requested respecting John, Andrew and Charles Madden, sons of Patrick and Nancy Madden, and natives of Castle town, Co. Donegal, Ireland...

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSMIC ELIXIR. Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS. Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliousness.

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT For Man and Beast. The most perfect liniment ever compounded.

Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond. Four Drawings Every Year.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. Will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion.

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

Church Ornaments. Manufacturers of CHURCH ORNAMENTS, STATUES &c.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacturers of Church Bells.

Miscellaneous. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.

Undertakers. CASKETS AND COFFINS. The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drew...

Medical.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years.

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

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

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

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

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

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER. Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable.

THE STATE Assayer and Chemist and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. Will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., MASHUA, N.H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Marble Working. NOTICE! We would respectfully call the attention of the public to our large and varied stock of MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, &c., &c.

CUNNINGHAM BROS., 411 91 BLEUVEY STREET. Farms For Sale.

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

Dye Works. THE WEALTH OF NATIONS consists in the individual economy of the people.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 CRAIG STREET. JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.

Books For Sale. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question.

Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt.

ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 CRAIG STREET. JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.

Books For Sale. THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question.

Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt.

LANE & CO., 361 BLEUVEY ST., Montreal.

Stove Polish.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. For beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability, and Cheapness, Unequaled.

LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal Agents. Registered in Great Britain in 1870.

Musical Instruments. BEATTY. Pianos Another bottle on high prices Raging War on the monopoly.

McGRAL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRUIT & PROVISIONS.

SITUATIONS VACANT. TEACHERS WANTED. Wanted by the R. C. Trustees, Hemmingford, two Female Teachers holding Elementary Diplomas.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. FARM FOR SALE. That splendid farm, formerly the estate of Mgr. J. J. Vinet.

PEACHES FOR PIES. In packing our peaches we have a great many perfectly ripe fruit.

Professional Cards. DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 237 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

DR. KANNON, M.D., M.C.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany.

J. N. ROUSSEL, NOTARY PUBLIC, Huntingdon, P.Q.

Musical Instruments. THE "WEBER." "All Artists give them the Preference."

THE "WEBER." "THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."

Used in all the Leading Convents of the United States. "There is an extraordinary richness and purity of tone."

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

MEDICAL.

POND'S EXTRACT. THE GREAT VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER AND SPECIFIC FOR INFLAMMATION AND HEMORRAGES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hemorrhages. Binding from the Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. It is a sure cure. Do not delay.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is the best dressing for all these affections.

Burns and Scalds. Heat and pain are relieved, and should be kept in every family.

Inflamed or Sore Eyes. It can be used without the slightest fear of harm.

Female Complaints. No physician need be called in for the majority of female diseases.

CAUTION. Pond's Extract. Has been imitated by many cheap and worthless preparations.

RUPTURE! THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO., 334 Bowery, N.Y.

THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER. Absolutely pure; it is the best in the world.

CONSUMPTION Positively Cured. Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's use of Dr. KISSNER'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders.

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

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Bank Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

FOR THE CURE OF Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers!

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt to meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and SORE ASTHMA.

Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 533 Oxford Street, London, in boxes and tins, at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 1/2, 4s. 1/2, 10s., 20s., and 30s. each, and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world.

NEW YORK PIANO CO., 226 & 228 St. James Street, Montreal.

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Medical.

LUBY'S HAIR RENEWER. A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey.

FOR Semiramis, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects.

THE Catarrh. For this disease, Cold in Head, etc., our "Catarrh Cure," specially prepared to meet serious cases, contains all the curative agents.

How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people premature bald or prematurely grey.

HAIR! How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people premature bald or prematurely grey.

THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICINE EVER MADE. An abbreviation of Hops, Buchu, Mandragora, and Dandelion, with all the best and most valuable properties of all other Bitters.

It is a possibly long and arduous task to describe the various and perfect uses of this medicine.

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THOUSANDS OF THE BEAUTIFUL and talented... who are a course of the saving pulmonic...

Finance and Commerce.

FINANCIAL. THE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, Sept. 13, 1881. Good mercantile paper continues to be discounted by the banks at 6 to 7 per cent...

WEEKLY REVIEW.

The past week has not been marked by any special event except extreme dullness in bank stocks. The transactions were limited in amount...

On Monday, 5th inst., the closing prices were: For Montreal, 199; Ontario, 70; Commerce, 144; Merchants, 125; and the closing prices yesterday (Monday) were: Montreal, 193; Ontario, 77; Commerce, 143; Merchants, 123...

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS. The trade situation has not materially changed since last week. A large business is still being done in dry goods, millinery...

the west, and in fact during the time when American grain would in the natural order of things have been pouring into this port...

GROCERIES.—The improvement noted previously was more marked, and the leading houses look for a brisk trade during the remainder of the month. Sugars.—The better feeling remarked last week caused buyers to enter the market more freely...

COFFEE.—Quiet and unchanged. We quote:—Green mocha, 32c to 37c; Java, 23c to 27c; maracabo, 21c to 23c; cape, 19c to 20c...

IRON AND HARDWARE.—A large number of hardware orders are expected to be placed before the close of the month, as travellers who have recently started are doing well...

LEATHER.—The market has been a trifle more active, particularly for Spanish and slaughter sole, but there is no speculative demand, as manufacturers prefer to purchase according to their needs and save the interest...

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—The market is still only moderately active, with no particular activity in any line. We quote: Bi-carb soda at \$3.10 \$3.20 soda ash, 1.50c to 1.65c...

WOOL.—There is a fair demand and prices are firm. Greasy Cape, on this market, is quoted at 18c to 19c; Australian, 23c to 30c; Canadian pulled, super, 34c to 35c...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NOTICE TO ALL PARTIES VISITING THE CITY DURING THE EXHIBITION: Buy your Ready-made Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods from the Largest and Leading Dealer...

I. A. BEAUVAIS' Clothing House. Emporium of Fashion and Headquarters of all the latest Foreign and Domestic Novelties. Largest Stock of Rich Fabrics to select from ever known in any market at prices never before quoted...

CITY RETAIL MARKETS—SEPT. 13. The supply of garden stuff, grain and poultry was large, but there was also a good demand. Dairy produce was firmly held, the supply of fresh fruit and tub butter and eggs being unequal to the demand...

BEAUVAIS' CLOTHING HOUSE. PANTS of dark colors, give good wear, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00 to 5.00. COATS " " nice patterns, \$2.75, 3.50, 5.00 to 10.00. SUITS " " assorted patterns, \$5.00, 6.00, 7.50, 9.00. SUITS of better class of goods, 50 popular styles, from \$10.50, 12.50 to 20.00...

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.—SEPT. 10. There was only a moderate demand for horse flesh this week, and the number of horses exported to the States scarcely exceeded 50. On the Corporation market a fine young black carriage mare, 15 hands, and weighing 1,025 lbs., sold for \$135...

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.—SEPT. 12. Since Monday morning last there arrived at the G. T. R. sheds, Point St. Charles, 1,200 cattle, 1,260 hogs, 487 sheep and 4 horses. The market ruled dull to-day for everything except butchers' cattle, which met with a moderate enquiry...

Advertisement for I. A. Beauvais' Clothing House. Includes sections for 'New Advertisements', 'Notice to All Parties', 'Finances and Commerce', 'Weekly Review', 'Commercial', and 'S. Carsley's Prices'. The main advertisement for Beauvais' Clothing House is the largest, featuring a list of clothing items and prices, and a list of books for sale.