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VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 16

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON ON THE

Providential Expulsion of Catholic Children from the Public Schools.

JAMES VINCENT O'LEARY, S.T.D., by the Grace of God and favor of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Kingston, to the Faithful of the City of Kingston.

DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST: The Bishop of a diocese and the flock intrusted to his care are one in Christ, bound into unity of spirit and organic life by the action of the Holy Ghost...

ORIGIN OF THE QUARREL. A year or more ago, when all was peace between us and the authorities of the Public Schools, a statement was made in the daily papers in the name of the Public School Inspector...

PREDICTED RESULTS HAVE BEEN ATTAINED. For, in the fulness of our heart's gladness and gratitude to the God of mercies, we announce to you that the helpless little children of our flock, heretofore abandoned to the guardianship of the most bigoted enemies of their faith and their souls' salvation...

INSPECTOR KIDD. The foregoing statement of the Inspector was made in the month of September, 1886. About five months later Mr. Kidd, nothing daunted by the official contradiction of what must be called his injurious accusations against the Catholicity of St. Mary's Catholic congregation, made bold to speak as follows at a meeting of the School Board...

To M. Flanagan, Esq., City Clerk. It is true that "quite a number of Catholics," wishing to take advantage of the Public Schools, applied to you on or before the 9th day of last February to have their names placed on the assessment roll as Public School supporters...

ANSWER: I have no recollection that any number of Catholics called on me at any time for any such purpose. Had they made the demand referred to, I possessed no power to alter the assessment-roll without authority from the Court of Revision.

Very Rev. Father Hand, Vicar-General. I was welcomed on his return from Europe, He gave an account of his travels in Ireland and Italy...

tion and reverberated through the Board room, "Yes, 'expelled' was the proper word, shall serve for a perpetual warning to them and those who shall come after them, to give ear to the precepts and admonitions of the Church of God and abhor the very thought of ridding the faith and salvation of their offspring by withdrawing them from the holy influence of religion, and placing them under the care of men notorious for their hostility to the Catholic name."

REGULATIONS REGARDING THE READING OF THE BIBLE AND PRAYER IN THE PUBLIC AND HIGH SCHOOLS. No. 7. "The clergy of any denomination or their authorized representatives shall have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils of their own church, in each school-house, at least once a week, after the hour of closing of the school in the afternoon."

WEEKLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION BY THE CLERGY OF EACH DENOMINATION. No. 4. "In order to correct misapprehension, and define more clearly the rights and duties of Trustees and other parties in regard to religious instruction in connection with the Public Schools, it is decided by the Council of Public Instruction that the clergy of any persuasion, or their authorized representatives, shall have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils of their own church, in each school-house at least once a week, after the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon."

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CATHOLIC NEWS ITEMS.

Spain will send 30,000 pilgrims to Rome, headed by the noblest families in Madrid.

The Archoconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, has 1,061,885 members. They are found in every part of Christendom.

Two new parishes are being organized in St. Paul, Minn., St. James' for the English speaking, and St. Agnes for the German speaking Catholics.

Cardinal A. Pellegrini died Nov. 4. He was born in Rome Aug. 11, 1812, and was created the archbishop of St. Mary Aquino by Pius IX. Dec. 28, 1877.

The Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Mary at Namur, Belgium, has appointed Sister Anastasia, Superior of one of the convents of the Order in Texas, to the office of reverend Mother of the Order in America, with headquarters at the convent in Lockport, N.Y.

Mgr. Thouvier, an Italian missionary, was lately elected by the King of Italy the cross of commander of the order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, in recognition of the missionary's success in effecting the release of M. de Savoignon from the Abyssinian tribes.

Before leaving Ireland, Mgr. Perovic paid a second visit to the great ecclesiastical college at Maynooth, Ireland, where 320 students of other colleges in the world can show—were assembled to greet him.

At a recent audience granted by the Pope to Bishop Flood, of Trinidad, the latter presented a memorial to the Holy Father, signed by the bishops of the West Indies, with the request that His Holiness would wear the soutane made from it at the celebration of his Jubilee Mass.

Our priests and other spiritual leaders have been again and again teaching, nay, more, anxiously exhorting us not to enter into mixed marriages. No matter what the wealth is; no matter how evenly tempered the pair may be; each should think of the duty of the other, and the wife thinks that, true, the husband, when he got married, promised that he would permit his wife to follow the True Faith, and gave her permission to bring up her children in her faith, but still the old heresy is rampant in the husband's mind.

Cardinal Gibbons has appointed a committee to prepare for a proper celebration of the centenary of the coming Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. The American Church will be represented in Rome at the Jubilee by more than a score of Archbishops and Bishops, by half a score of Cardinals, and by delegates from every religious community in the world.

HORRIBLE MARINE DISASTER.

An Emigrant Ship Run Into in the English Channel.

Over One Hundred and Thirty Lives Sacrificed—The Description of the Wreck by the Survivors—The Captain Dies at his Post—Useless Boats.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The steamer W. A. Scholten, Captain Taat, which left Rotterdam yesterday for New York, was sunk by a collision with the steamer Rose Mary, of Hartlepool, at 11 o'clock last night, ten miles off Dover.

The steamer Ebro, of Santander, rescued seven of the crew and passengers, and landed them at the Sailors' Home. One hundred and forty of the passengers are missing.

At the time of the accident a dense fog prevailed. The Scholten was struck on the port bow by the Rose Mary. Immediately after the shock was felt the Scholten's passengers, all of whom had retired for the night, rushed on deck in their nightgowns.

The officers were cool and self-possessed, and remained on the bridge to the last. Several persons proceeded to life-preservers and leaped into the sea. Within twenty minutes of the shock the Scholten was engulfed. All those who had put on life belts floated and were rescued by the boats from the steamer Ebro, which cruised around until 4 o'clock in the morning.

The survivors were supplied with clothes and everything possible was done to ensure their comfort.

THE PASSENGERS' ACCOUNTS. Differ regarding the circumstances of the collision, and the reports of the officers of the Scholten clash with those of the officers of the Rose Mary. Some of the passengers state that the evening's mercurial had ceased and most of the passengers had retired to their cabins, only a few remaining in the saloon, when a tremendous crash was heard on the port bow.

Following is a list of the persons saved and landed at Dover: Passengers—Sarah Zeherman, Caroline Muller, Carl Muller, Svet Ostellime, Fred Stepany, Sara Gold, Maria Zehler, T. Robinson, Vandam, Eoghrum, Camiljohn Robinson, R. Eowannoff, Albert Hensler, Madeline Simiel, Anna Konig, C. B. Andante, Judi Levensen, H. Faktor, S. Wille, E. Shook, S. Alper, J. Schott, E. Casarich, Charles Miles, A. B. Bergstein, G. Appleby, E. Schatzmeier, F. Wills, Ebancolet Reiter, J. Stredak, G. Teske, Mayer Schalameter, L. Crevell, Sara Spitz, Marie Hoppeberger, C. Barz, Moritz, Ayria, Holsinger, Kennekamff, Melkelsch, Link, Felling, Meyer, Dvorais, Stom, Febers, Wsgendon, Garlske, Zeltoven, Gaber, Hollman, Barto, Elekvoys, Korzig, Beodius, Kableagen, Mandevoyce, Jacob Dvovels, Dreisen, Reekers, Nielsen, Deble, Bohms, Springemay, Linsparter, Danowar, Koks.

Among the bodies landed at Dover are the following:—A woman with a letter addressed "Hursen, Rue Ste. Gilles, Brussels"; Goldschmidt, a cigar dealer of London, with linen marked "Jacket"; A. Jewel, with a letter addressed Lebenstein Hermann, 198 Stanton street, New York; a man with a letter addressed "John Koehnel, Sandusky"; Henry Blaro, of Ohio, the sole cabin passenger; Freedman, a merchant of Kaval. The other bodies are mostly those of females. The engineers, after being in the water three hours, was rescued and landed at New Haven. A Genken, L. D. Frielich and A. Hamerton were saved. The body of Rive Ball has been identified. The quays at Dover were crowded throughout the day with people who came to watch the recovery of bodies. No bodies were recovered during the morning because the tide was running to the eastward, but many were brought back with the ebb. Darkness prevented the recovery of more bodies, but many boats and trugs have put to sea on the chance of picking up others in the morning. Many of those whose bodies have been recovered look as if they had been frozen to death.

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IRENE THE FOUNDLING; Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER XX.

WAR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

It was a Sabbath morning in the latter part of October. A clear and frosty day had risen in a cloudless sky, the wind blew northward in a college breeze, the smoke from the village chimneys, and the leaves of the magnificent forest trees, which surrounded the village on the north, east and south, had grown brown and sear, but the great plantations of the level valley on the west were still verdant. While on the west, faintly outlined in the distance, rose the Cumberland mountains.

An old man, with a basket on his arm was walking down the broad sidewalk past the cottages, from which came the fragrant odor of coffee, a sure indication that breakfast was preparing. The old man glanced to cast his eyes towards the eastern part of the town, and paused in amazement.

In a field about twenty acres, as if they had risen by magic, were scores of snowy tents. Sentries were on duty, their burled arms glittering in the sun, and hundreds of gray-coated soldiers were passing and repassing, white clouds of smoke from their camp-fires rose in the frosty air.

While the old man was looking beyond the streets and houses at the encampment on the hill, a neighbor, walking up the other side of the street, called him with:

"Rather sudden appearance, ain't it?" pointing to the camp, over which the Confederate flag was floating.

"When did they come, Mr. Williams?" said the first old man.

"Last night," replied Mr. Williams, crossing over to where the other stood. "Can't you guess what's in the wind?"

"No," was the answer.

"Mr. Williams, a corpulent, smooth-faced man of sixty, called out to the boys are strong enough now to take the Junction, and they are on their way."

"How many are they?" asked the first old man, who was tall and thin, with long, gray hair. He spoke evidently with some concern.

"About three thousand in all, with five pieces of artillery."

The cannon and the ammunition wagons were plainly to be seen from the street.

"And so they are on their way to fight the Abolitionists at the Junction?" said the first old man, thoughtfully.

"Yes, Mr. Jones, and your son, Hiram, is in that crowd and my son Seth. They'll make it quite lively for old Colonel Holdfast," replied Mr. Williams.

"Yes, they will," said Mr. Jones, stroking his gray beard.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and the frosty air grew warm and genial. By nine o'clock the forces were in motion, the long lines of cavalry and infantry proceeding slowly and cautiously towards the Junction.

The good citizens of Saagtown had recovered from the excitement into which the appearance of the troops had thrown them, and the church bells were calling them to worship, when the boom of the cannon shook the hills.

All was instant excitement. The cannon shot came from the direction in which the troops had gone. It was followed by another and another, until the roar of artillery shook the hills and valleys for miles around, and then the rattle of muskets and the rattle of muskets.

The villagers were gathered about in anxious groups, when a single horseman, dressed in gray, galloped furiously into the village. The men crowded eagerly about him to inquire how the battle had gone.

"There had been no battle," he said, "but their advance guard had met the advance guard of the Union troops, and a skirmish had ensued, a battery on either side having opened."

"We are falling back to more advantageous ground," he added, "and will be in the village in fifteen minutes."

The excitement, of course, redoubled. There was no shouting in the church, but the women and children were hurled away from the village, and the stern-faced who remained, looked and bared their homes and gathered, armed and resolute, in the streets. Stragglers from the army came in first, then followed the infantry and artillery. There was a long embankment on the north side of the village, where the earth had been partly washed and partly cut away. This embankment was nearly as high as a man's breast, and a fence ran along its top for a quarter of a mile to the east of the village. Behind this natural fortification the principal part of the infantry formed in lines. The artillery was placed in an orchard, where there was a dense growth of trees to mask it.

The advance of the Union forces came on slowly, and it was an hour after the entrance of the Confederates into the village before the deployed skirmishers came in sight. The women and children were hurled away from the village, and another burst on the air at once, and then the balls came rattling rapidly against the houses.

The engagement became general, and the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry was deafening. The Sabbath morning, dawning so serene and calm, had been followed by a noon of bloodshed, terror and strife. The neat village cottages were shattered and balls had crashed through window lights and shutters. The little stone church had been struck by cannon and shell, and one building had caught fire and burned to the ground.

Finally, the Confederate lines began to waver and give way, and the bugle sounded the retreat. They fell back, column behind column, in regular order, passing through the village, closely followed by the victorious troops.

No longer had the last column left the village than the frightened inhabitants, who had been hiding in the woods at some distance away, began to peep forth upon the terrible scene.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, returning, found occasionally, here and there, in the street, a ghastly form. A man lay dead at the gate of Mr. Jones; some were even in the houses, while one was lying across the sidewalk in front of the church. Their houses had been struck with balls, but not near so badly shattered as might have been expected. Two or three cannon balls were lying in the street and fragments of exploded shells strewn on the ground.

The occasional dropping shots in the distance told that both armies were moving. Colonel Holdfast seemed determined to hold fast to Colonel Scramble this time.

The struggle we have described in this chapter is not recorded by most historians, and, if mentioned at all, is only considered a skirmish, yet the citizens of Saagtown thought it the most terrible battle of the war.

No one of the Tompkins family had left their home. During the night Irene had been awakened by the rumble of wheels and

the tramp of hoofs, and, looking from her bedroom window down the broad road, saw long lines of dark, silent figures marching in the direction of Saagtown. For more than an hour those silent dark figures, with their brilliant bayonets glittering in the cold moonlight, marched on and on past her window in seemingly never-ending procession—horsemen, artillery and baggage wagons rolling by. Then the line was less solid and finally broken—an occasional group of soldiers by the roadside, a single soldier was to be seen on the road, and the rest were to be seen on the hills.

Irene knew well what was the intention of the Confederates. She had recognized one form among those hosts that marched by in the moonlight, and, at sight of him, had groined by in the window recess with a strange pain at her heart.

The whole family was aroused by the passing troops, and all rightly guessed their object. Through the long morning they sat watching on the veranda. Irene, pale and beautiful, leaning against one of the columns of the great porch running about the northeast side of the house, heard the first roar of the artillery, that ushered in the day's strife, and, during the long two hours that the battle raged, she stood motionless, except that her white lips covered in silent prayer. She saw the advance of the column in rapid march coming down the great road from Saagtown.

"Defeated!" she murmured. "O, Heaven, is he among the dead? Both may be slain!" Little did she dream how close were the pursuers. One vast retreating mass of troops in gray poured down the hill, and, among the last of the Confederates, she saw the dark face of Oleah. His company was the last to descend the hill, and the rear was not half way from the summit when a line of blue coats appeared on the brow of the hill and quickly fell in line.

White puffs of smoke filled the air, and a rattling discharge of fire-arms followed. Irene, forgetful of danger or too horrified to fly, stood motionless as a statue. She saw one or two of Oleah's company fall, and saw their comrades wheel their horses and dash back among the panic-stricken troops. He returned them almost instantly and returned the volley, driving back the advance of the Union troops, who immediately rallied and came on again to the conflict.

"Who was that?" asked Oleah; "you have something to tell me."

"But it is not to slay your brother," interrupted Yellow Steve. "Shame on you both! Put up your swords, lest I take them from you and break them on my knee. Yes, Oleah, go, and go quickly. Your enemies are all around you."

"Hilloa!" cried another voice, "what does all this mean?" and Uncle Dan Martin, the scout, stepped out of the woods, with his rifle ready cocked in his hand.

Oleah, hearing others advancing, sprang into the bushes and made good his escape. Abner looked after him for a single moment, and when he turned to speak to Yellow Steve that mysterious person had disappeared.

"Who was that?" asked Uncle Dan, hastening forward to where his bewildered captain stood.

"One was my brother Oleah, the other was that strange negro, who calls himself Yellow Steve."

"Where did he go?" asked the scout.

"I don't know," answered Abner. "His ways of appearing and disappearing are quite beyond my comprehension."

"I'll catch him," replied Uncle Dan. "I know the track of the fox and mink, and I know, and I'll set a trap, which will get him yet."

"Will you?" cried a mocking voice some distance up the path, and looking up, they saw the mysterious black, standing by the trunk of a tree, his arms folded on his breast, a look of defiance in his gleaming eyes. Almost simultaneously with the discovery came the crack of Uncle Dan's rifle. When the smoke had cleared away the black had again disappeared.

The place all about was searched, but no trace of him could be found.

"I believe he is the devil," said Uncle Dan. "I never missed a squirrel's head at that distance in my life."

"He is certainly a very extraordinary person," said Abner.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRAY JOE'S MISTAKE.

Uncle Dan had long prided himself on his skill in woodcraft, and, to be thus outwitted in his old days, was more than he could endure. He plunged recklessly into the brush, which was so dense that no object could be seen a dozen feet away. He ran several narrow risks, coming two or three times almost into the rebel lines.

"To think that a nigger should get ahead of me that way! It's too much!" exclaimed the old man, as he leaned against a tree, and listened to the occasional shots which awoke the echoes of the forest. "But what do I want with him, if I should catch him? My business is to lead the army through the woods, and not to be following a strange nigger up and down."

A crashing of the underbrush told him that some one was advancing, and, a moment later, Corporal Grimm and Sergeant Swords with half a dozen soldiers came up to where the old man stood.

"Hilloa, old boy!" said Sergeant Swords. "Pansin' to view the land ahead?"

"No, I've been trying to git a pop at a nigger," replied Uncle Dan.

"What are niggers doing here?" said Corporal Grimm. "When dogs fight for a bone, the bones seldom fight."

"The bone is in these woods, but I'll be hanged if I know what it's here for. Let's be moving on."

"Dye know the lay of the land?" asked Sergeant Swords.

"Every foot," said Uncle Dan.

The long line of Union skirmishers was moving slowly through the thick woods, and the line of Confederate skirmishers was retreating at the same pace to cover the rear of their army. The crack of rifles rang out frequently, but it was seldom with effect. It was evident that the Confederates were making for their stronghold beyond the Twin Mountains. The line of their retreat led by the foot of the mountains, where stood Uncle Dan's cabin.

With some anxiety Uncle Dan watched the movement of the retreating mass of soldiers. Among them was one short fat little fellow on foot, whose legs were too short to ably execute his prodigious exertions to keep pace with his companions; his little gray coat-tails were streaming in the air, or whipping wildly against the trees. The officers who were in advance, among them were popping away at the fleeing rebel with their revolvers. Still he fitted on among the retreating line, and under the lower branches of the trees, straining every nerve to keep up with his swifter companions. The soldiers were gaining on him rapidly, and it was painfully evident that when he reached open ground, one of these many loaded guns must bring him down. His companions, who were several rods in advance, suddenly turned abruptly to the left, which he, evidently too terrified to comprehend which way he was going, kept straight ahead.

Creak, creak! went the pistols of Grimm and Swords, and the bullets whizzed uncomfortably near our short friend's head.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy! I shall be killed!" he cried in tones as will and shrill that his fear could not be doubted. He reached the thicket bordering Wolf Creek—crash, crash, bang!—he went through the thicket into the creek. The splash was plainly heard by his pursuers and, in spite of themselves, they could not repress a laugh.

In a moment they were at the bank and beheld a half-drowned little man, sneezing and coughing as he struggled to the bank and clung to so pendant vines.

"Ham, hem, or Lordy!—ahew—hem, hem!"—oh Lordy, ahew! he murmured. "I'll—ahew—quit this horrible soldier—ahew—business. Oh! Lordy, I know I shall be killed. Achew! oh, Lordy, I want to quit this, I never was made to be a soldier."

"Hilloa!" cried Uncle Dan. "Come out of there, and tell us who ye are."

He looked up on the bank, seeing the soldiers, with a very pleased under the water. In a moment more he came up to breathe, and "Come out of that!" don't be playing

trud-turtle," cried Uncle Dan. "Ef I ain't mistaken, ye are Patrick Henry Diggs, and yer lost."

It really was Diggs, with a yell of recognition and delight, he scrambled up the bank.

"O, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan!" he cried, falling almost exhausted at his feet. "Save me, save me, save me!"

"Save ye from what?" said Uncle Dan.

"From being shot and drowned and killed. Oh, I solemnly swear that I will never have anything more to do with this soldier business. It is only run, run, from beginning to end, and then plunging head first into a muddy stream. Oh, I'll quit it, I'll quit it! Heaven forgive me, Uncle Dan!" he cried, vehemently.

"This is a sorry business, Diggs. What are ye doing?" said Uncle Dan, seriously.

"Running for my life," answered Diggs.

"Get up," Diggs, said the old scout, solemnly.

The little fellow arose, looking more like a school-boy who was going to be thrashed.

"Diggs," said the old man, and there was not the slightest trace of jest in his tones; "what war ye doing with the rebels?"

"If you please, sir, hem, hem," began Diggs, greatly confused, turning pale as death and beginning to tremble, "I—I was taken prisoner with these two gentlemen," pointing to Corporal Grimm and Sergeant Swords.

"No, you were not," said both at once. "We were never taken prisoners."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—hem, hem—I gentlemen, please hear me through, and I can explain all this to you. I was taken prisoner by the rebels one night, when I went out with these two gentlemen, and they—hem, hem—I mean the rebels, kept me for a long time until they made me go with them to-day, and you found me with them."

"Do you mean to say that ye have been a prisoner all this time?" asked Sergeant Swords.

"Yes," said Diggs, after a moment's hesitation.

"Then what was ye doing with a gun in yer hand, when we come on ye and the others?" said Corporal Grimm.

"You are mistaken, it was some one else," said Diggs, becoming confused.

"No, I am not. We all saw you throw it away and run with the rest," said the Corporal.

"Well, it was one I had just picked up. I was tryin' to escape, when you came up, and I ran with the rest."

"But here ye are with the cartridge-box belted around you," said the Sergeant, and you have the gray uniform on."

Diggs was too much confused to reply, and his eyes dropped under the searching glance of the soldiers.

"Diggs," said the old scout, with great earnestness in his tone, "I'm afraid it will go hard with you. You are a deserter and a spy. It's a sorry business, Diggs."

"O, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, promise me you will not let me be hurt!" cried Diggs.

"Come along. You shall be treated as a prisoner of war, but I can't say what a court martial may do about your desertion."

"O, Uncle Dan, you won't let them shoot me, will you? Say you won't, and I'll do anything in the world you want me to do. I'll enlist in your army and fight on half rations."

"You've listed a little too much already," said Uncle Dan. "This tryin' to save two masters won't do."

"Oh, please me, you will not let them take me out and shoot me." Poor Diggs broke down and sobbed like a whipped school-boy.

"Hush up blubberin'. Be a man, if ye've got any manhood about ye, and come along." They now began to retrace their steps back to where the main army had paused.

"Bat, Uncle Dan, you have known me from a child, and you know my father before me. Say that you won't have me killed!" sobbed Diggs, as he walked along with a soldier on either side of him.

"That's beyond my control," replied Uncle Dan. "I'll turn ye over to the authorities, and I can't make promises."

Poor Diggs felt his heart sink within him. His very breathing became oppressive, and the soldiers who walked by his side seemed like giants of vengeance.

"Oh, what must I do, I know I shall be killed," thought Diggs. He reflected on his past life and commenced preparing for his exit from this world.

In his mind he opened a double-column ledger account of the good and the bad acts of his life. He tried to think how many times he had prayed. They were few. Daily on occasions like the present, when his danger was imminent, he remembered with horror, now that when the danger was gone, he had always forgotten his good resolve, and mentally blamed himself for his weakness. The bad column ran up so rapidly that it seemed impossible for the account to be balanced.

"If I ever can get out of this, I'll mentally ejaculated, 'I shall devote my life to the Lord's service. I will be a preacher; I would make a capital preacher; I was meant for a preacher, I know. If the good Lord will only get me out of this scrape, I will not go back on my word, sure.'"

When Uncle Dan's party came up, they found Colonel Holdfast, Colonel Jones and Major Fleming holding a consultation under a large tree.

"Here is Uncle Dan, the scout, the very man we wanted," said Colonel Holdfast. "But who have you here? Did you find your prisoner in the home of the beaver and muskrat?"

Uncle Dan explained how they captured Diggs, and then the scout was instructed that he was to pilot two of the regiments through the woods to Saagtown, while the other was to follow up the retreating enemy. Uncle Dan understood in a moment how matters stood. There was no danger from the retreating Confederates, but it was very important that fortifications be thrown up at Saagtown.

Poor Diggs spent the night following in the jail building with several other prisoners. He passed weary hours in prayer, good resolutions and in the firm determination to be a preacher, if the Lord would get him out of this scrape.

"When the devil was slob, the devil a monk would be." When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

Major Fleming, to whom was left the task of completing the rout of the Confederate forces, was a bold, energetic man. He pushed forward with no delay after the demoralized and retreating enemy. The silence of war was yet new to both sides, and, while bravery and tact was displayed, an early day of the war, there was a lack of the veteran's skill.

The retreat was up Wolf Creek toward the mountains, through the rough, wild region. The advance of the Confederates came to where Uncle Dan's cabin stood. It so happened that Joe, who had often been Uncle Dan's companion, was at the cabin, which kept always ready for the old man's return. He stood in the doorway and watched the advancing through, his mild, blue eyes wide with wonder.

"Do you come from the land of Canaan, and is the familee over whero my father dwells?" he asked of the rough soldiers, who passed at the spring to drink.

"Come from Canaan? No; we come from here," replied one, with a laugh at his own wit.

"Have you seen my father?" asked Joe, in astonishment.

"No; but we have seen the devil," replied another, "and he is close at our heels."

The poor fellow looked alarmed. He vaguely comprehended, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, what a devil!" he cried, in tones as plaintive, so pitiful that they might have softened the hearts of stone.

"Do run," said one of the soldiers, "run for your life, and hide among the rocks. There are plenty about here."

"No," said a third, "fight them. Here is a gun, handin' him a musket. Take this and shoot the first one you see."

Joe took the gun, but no dangerous light shone in his blue eyes.

"I will fight no one but the Philistines," he said, thoughtfully.

"He was stunned and confused, and stood by the spring, with the old musket in his hands, as group after group of armed soldiers hurried by."

"Hilloa, Joe, what are you doing?" said a familiar voice, and Howard Jones came towards him.

"I am here to assist Samson slay the Philistines," replied the poor lunatic.

"Put that down," said Howard, taking the gun from him and laying it on the rock, pointing to the west, "and don't take any gun in your hands. If any one says 'halt' stop at once."

Howard Jones hurried on, hoping rather than believing that Joe would follow his advice.

"Hello, where are you going?" cried another soldier, as Joe started away.

"Fleeing from Sodom," replied Joe.

"Well, sir, don't you flee. Pick up that gun and fight the d— Yankee. Shoot 'em as fast as they come out of the woods." Joe, always obedient, took up the gun again and remained automaton-like, to obey the last speaker.

"For shame, Bryant!" exclaimed Seth Williams, who came up at that moment. "He is crazy. Would you have him expose his life that way, when he doesn't know what he is doing? Put the gun down, Joe, and go that way," said Seth, pointing to the west.

"Go to Mr. Tompkins; he wants you."

Joe hastened to obey, and Seth hurried on.

There seemed to be some fatal attraction about that long line of moving men, with bayoneted rifles and glittering bayonets, to poor Joe. He had not gone a dozen rods before he paused to look back at them. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they went on and on, and he looked till his weak mind became all confused with wonder. As the dangerous reptile chains the bird it seeks to destroy, and draws it involuntarily to its death, so poor Joe felt involuntarily drawn towards that moving line of gray coats and glittering steel. Who were they? Where were they going? When would that long line end?

They kept passing, passing, passing, so many men, and so many alike, that poor Joe finally concluded it must be only one man, doomed for some misdeed to walk on, and on, and on forever, never advancing on his endless journey. Joe forgot Howard Jones and Seth Williams, and, pausing, gazed on in mute wonder.

But the main body had at length passed. Then the line became broken, and only straggling groups of horsemen and footmen went by; then these finally came at longer intervals, but in larger groups. Joe thought the end must be near.

The rear guard of the Confederates paused in front of Uncle Dan's cabin, to check the advance guard of Major Fleming.

"Eh!" cried the officer. "Deploy skirmishers and then advance."

"They're almost upon us, lieutenant," said an subordinate officer, riding in from the woods.

"Let 'em come," said the first speaker. "Take shelter behind trees or rocks, and make sure of every head that peeps out of the woods."

The men, about fifty in number, sprang to cover. The officer in command, chancing to look around, saw Crazy Joe, still spell-bound with wonder.

"Hey, fellow," he cried, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"Well, then, come here and I'll give you something to do."

Joe obeyed. One look in his face was enough to betray the poor fellow's weakness.

The lieutenant knew that he was crazy, but, reckless of what the poor fellow's fate might be, he pointed to the musket Joe had laid on the rocks, and said:

"Pick that up, get behind those rocks, and when I say 'fire' shoot at the men you see coming from those trees."

Joe knew nothing else to do but obey, little dreaming of the consequences that were to follow.

"What do you expect that crazy chap to do?" asked a soldier, as he rammed a ball down his rifle.

"He can shoot, and his bullet may strike a blue coat."

"Brace up and look more soldier-like," said one.

"Who grased yer hat?" asked another.

"When was yer hair cut?" put in a third.

"What ye got in the pockets of that great coat?" said another.

"Attention!" cried the lieutenant. "Here comes the enemy. Steady! Be sure of your aim, and fire only when you have it."

The Union skirmishers advanced cautiously, and the Confederates blazed away, taking care not to expose their own persons to the sharpshooters in the woods below and above. The fire from the woods became deadly, and the lieutenant ordered a retreat just as the Union forces in the woods, receiving reinforcements, made a charge.

"Run, run for your lives!" cried the lieutenant, setting the example.

A storm of leaden hail swept around Uncle Dan's low cabin, rattling against the walls and shattering shade trees in front of it.

Joe's face was now white with terror. The dread moment had come. He saw the men about him take to flight, and, in his simplicity, he threw aside the unused gun and followed them. He had not gone far before he changed his course, running off to the left, down the creek bottom, where the grass was tall and dry. The Confederates kept straight on across the woods, making for the mountain pass.

A detachment of soldiers came up to the cabin, and, seeing Joe in flight, the others, already out of range, levelled their guns upon him.

"Hold!" cried an officer, in the uniform of a United States captain, as he galloped up to the group.

He was too late, before the word was fairly uttered a dozen rifle shots followed. The captain Abner's companion, who was with him, saw Joe hurrying

up his hands, reel and fall. "You have hit him, and he was a poor, crazy fellow."

In a moment Abner was beside the prostrate Joe from the ground. A deadly pallor had overpread his face; his blue eyes were glazed, and he was gasping for breath.

"Who is it?" he hurriedly cried. "Major Fleming, riding up to the spot, where the young captain was supporting the dying man on his knee."

"Is it a poor fellow called Crazy Joe, and some of our men have shot him by mistake?"

"It is not a mistake," replied the officer, "he is our prisoner. He had a musket in his hands, and he was gasping for breath."

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and to wonder at the porvorenness and wick- edness of this generation. The next day, the next, and the next without any new news from the outside world. Diggs asked the soldier, who brought their mess twice a day, at each visit, what their mess was to him, the soldier on each occasion answered that he did not know.

On the fifth day after his arrival at the prison, he was called to the door. It was not long after ten o'clock in the forenoon that half a dozen soldiers, headed by a sergeant, were waiting outside the prison. He was ordered to come out, and once more stood in the open air.

There was no jostling this time. Mr. Diggs found it all serious business. The officers were not long in arriving at a verdict. They retired into another room for a few moments' consultation, and returned with their verdict, which Colonel Holdfast read. It was simply the terrible word: "Guilty!"

"Stand up, prisoner, that sentence may be passed," said the Colonel. The prisoner did not move. He had fainted outright on hearing the verdict pronounced. The regimental surgeon was present and administered restoratives, and Diggs was held up by two strong soldiers.

"In view," began the Colonel, "of the accumulative and convincing character of the evidence against you, proving you to be a spy, you are condemned to death."

THE WORSHIP OF SERPENTS. The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

A FALSE NOTION prevails with many married ladies that to nurse their own babies is always desirable. This notion is proved false by the improvement, speedily perceptible, produced by Lactated Food in thousands of puny infants that had mother's milk and worse baby foods have made punier.

NOT BETWEEN THE ACTS. Wife—This is the night we go to the theatre, John. Husband—Yes, my love. W.—What is the play? H.—A melodrama. W.—How many acts? H.—Four.

DRESSES DYED WITHOUT RIPPING. Coloring dresses and any heavy garments can be done without ripping, by using Diamond Dyes. Be careful to have a kettle or a tub moved about.

DOMESTIC READING.

Retreat, silence and detachment are necessary to keep us in meditation. When hope is disappointed and blasted, submission should be a virtue, not a necessity.

God sometimes withdraws from the soul all His sweetness and consolation without depriving it of grace. The world estimates worth at so much per annum; God, by intrinsic values, witnesses it by generous deeds and heroic sacrifices.

When the devil suggests discouraging thoughts, we must seek help in the remembrance of the blessings, without number, that we have received from God. The public welfare is too often sacrificed in the interest of personal interests, which are the rich mines, so successfully worked by designing and unscrupulous politicians.

When hunters want to trap wild beasts, they make a broad passage to the entrance to enter which is fatal. And so far apart are the sides of it at the beginning that a creature is within the boundary before it knows it. And so it is with this broad gate that stands presenting an apparently hospitable but delusive invitation to us all. It is easy to begin a wrong course.

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THE BROAD AND NARROW WAY.

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BOSTON IN LUCK.

At the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery in New Orleans, Oct. 11, three of the big prizes were captured by Boston men. Mr. Frank Ginsburg, who held one tenth of ticket number 13,646, drew one-tenth of the capital prize of \$50,000.

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WOMEN WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Mrs. John Minton is worth \$2,000,000. Mrs. Kate Terry is worth nearly \$6,000,000. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott counts her wealth at \$5,000,000.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is worth about \$8,000,000. Mrs. Edwin Stevens, of New York, has \$15,000,000. Mrs. Henry Green, of New York, is worth about \$3,000,000.

Mrs. Robert Golet, worth \$3,000,000, owes her fortune to hardware. Mrs. Jayne, the widow of the patent medicine man, is worth \$3,000,000.

Mrs. Martin O. Roberts is the eight millionaire widow of a mining king. Mrs. Martin Bates was left \$1,500,000 which she has made in dry goods.

Mrs. Joseph Harrison, the widow of the man who built the first railway in Russia, has \$4,000,000. Mrs. Jane Brown received from her husband's estate about \$4,000,000.

Mrs. Josephine M. Ayer, who gets her money from patent medicine, is estimated to be worth \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. N. Y. Mail.

Mrs. CHAR. SMITH, OF JAMES, OHIO, WRITES I have used every remedy for sick headache, but I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Pills did more good than all the rest.

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due." "A watch that won't run doesn't need any chain."

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

LADY CAKE—A pound of sugar, one of flour, a half pound of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs. Rub the butter with the sugar to a cream, add a little of each of the eggs and flour alternately.

GINGERBREAD.—One-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of hot water, two cups of flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda.

LEMON CAKE.—Three-fourths of a pound of flour and two ounces of butter rubbed together in a dry state; then add three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon and one egg. Bake in small cakes on a tin.

Taffy—Three pounds of tressle, two pounds of moist sugar, one-half pound of butter, flavored with a few drops only of essence of lemon or of peppermint; boil it one and a half hours, watching all the time that it does not boil over, as it is apt to do if not attended to and stirred near the end.

Milk frosting—Ten tablespoonfuls sweet milk and one half cup of sugar; beat till three minutes; take off and stir until quite white; put in a lemon, sprud quickly before getting too hard, wetting the knife in cold water. Very nice.

White cake—One half cup butter and two cups of sugar, worked to a cream, the whites of seven eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one-third cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, flavor with vanilla, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Jelly cake—Two cups white sugar, three eggs, one cup lard whipped with a fork until light and smooth, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoon cream tartar, 3/4 cups flour. Flavor with essence of lemon.

Ham croquettes—Chop the ham very fine and season with pepper and salt. With a little flour in hand, make up small balls and dip in beaten eggs, roll in crumbs of bread or cracker, and fry a light brown in hot lard.

Cookie—Two heaping cups of sugar, one half cup of lard, one cup of buttermilk; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda and two of baking powder in the buttermilk, flavor with lemon, four enough to roll easy.

Muffins—One cup of milk, three eggs, small piece of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt. Bake in muffin rings.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Some good things are heard now and then in the elevated railroad cars, and the advice of a noted physician to a young man who complained of nervousness, loss of vision, night sweats and poor appetite; the other morning is one of them.

"Throw away your cigarettes and eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast," said the learned doctor, "and you will not need any medicine. Indian corn is essentially an American institution. As the sample food of our country, it is really said to have originated by the foundation of this great American Republic."

A DISGRACED MINISTER.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 16.—A sensation has been created in church circles here by the publication of grave charges against the Rev. Thompson W. Hirtzer, pastor of the Loraine Street Methodist Episcopal Church. A secret meeting of the Official Board of that church was held last evening, at which the prosecuting witness appeared. The matter was thoroughly discussed and formal charges against the reverend gentleman were filed with Rev. Dr. Hoyt, presiding elder of the district.

THE WEIGHT OF WOMEN'S CLOTHES. The modern woman is well ballasted. If she had the wings that go with the celestial qualities the romancers ascribe to her, they had need be of good size and stoutly feathered to lift her and her paraphernalia above the ground.

THE BISHOP OF GOULBURN, New South Wales, speaking lately at a banquet, said that it was his desire to see a Catholic newspaper in every Catholic home throughout his diocese. It was only in the thoroughly Catholic journal that all events and circumstances connected with our progress in the Church, were fully and accurately chronicled, and while he did not wish to offer a word of complaint about the local press, he certainly wished it to be known, and wished it to be published, that he considered it the duty of every Catholic who could possibly afford it, to take a Catholic paper one penny.

YOUR CATHOLIC PAPER FIRST. The Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales, speaking lately at a banquet, said that it was his desire to see a Catholic newspaper in every Catholic home throughout his diocese. It was only in the thoroughly Catholic journal that all events and circumstances connected with our progress in the Church, were fully and accurately chronicled, and while he did not wish to offer a word of complaint about the local press, he certainly wished it to be known, and wished it to be published, that he considered it the duty of every Catholic who could possibly afford it, to take a Catholic paper one penny.

PERSONAL CHARMES.

HOW THE DELIBERATE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT BECOMES A THEORY. What is the Deliberate method? It is a method of culture of the voice, so as to read and speak in sweetly modulated, yet strong and deep tones, and the same course of training acquires grace and ease and the development of chest and lungs that ensures health and adds to personal charms, the methods employed are worthy investigation.

So thank our reporter, who called upon Mme. Gray, the noted actress of the Oratory and Physical Culture, at one of our leading hotels. As he entered the room a lady tall and well proportioned came with graceful movement toward him. A well shaped head, crowned with a wealth of iron gray hair, dark, brilliant eyes, beautiful melting brows, were noted as she approached. When she spoke it was with a voice sweet and low, yet with a wonderful compass.

"What is the secret of this power of vocal expression you seem to have?" "Secret? There is no secret," laughed Mme. Gray. "I was when I had one of the sweetest voices of my time. Any one can acquire a full, resonant voice, that will never tire or grow hoarse. All vocal disabilities may be overcome, hesitation, stammering, stuttering, soon disappear under proper training."

"Does this training affect the physical system?" "Yes, it will develop the bust to almost ideal perfection. Gentlemen will add four or five inches chest measurement in as many months."

"It is desirable from a point of beauty, then?" "Yes, ladies gain the roundness of waist, taper of arm and hand, and the perfect poise, ease and grace in movement, that add so much to personal charms."

"Health, I should think, would be benefited, also?" "Indeed it is. Lung and throat troubles, nervousness, narrow chest and thin arms are done, and female weaknesses largely overcome."

"It seems to be a regular panacea." "No, I am sorry to say that some organs cannot be made good in this way after they have been injured as mine were by a sojourn near a southern swamp. Before I tried physical culture and Wagner's safe cure, I was a confirmed invalid. I was unable to enjoy a single day of life, and it was only a few years since I overcame a serious liver trouble. I owe much to Wagner's safe cure, and I do not hesitate to acknowledge it."

"And the consumption tendency?" "Disappeared after the use of this remedy, and I had learned to breathe. I now breathe one in twenty breaths, in such a way as to fill the air-cells, to expand the strong muscles at the base of the lungs, which should do the labor of expelling air. Hence, if kidney disease prevails, the lungs affected by the kidney poisoned blood soon give way."

"You are not a system of the Deliberate theory?" "Yes, and I greatly rejoice when the great teacher gave me his ideas. They corresponded to those I had long taught, for I am a pioneer in this work, and have devoted life and energy to teaching the world that women may gain vocal accomplishments, health, grace and beauty at the same time by these methods of cultivation."

"You are not teaching?" "Yes, at the School of Oratory and Physical Culture at Syracuse, N.Y., a permanent institution, now in very successful progress."

OBITUARY.

At Levis, Quebec, on the 8th inst., after a protracted illness, caused by disease of the bone, we regret to record the death of Margaret Bernadette, youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick Warrane, and grandchild of the late Rev. Thomas Warrane, of this country, who died some months ago. She was a young lady of very advanced mind, of sedentary habits, and an exemplary Christian. She was very much beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing her, more especially by the pupils of the Sisters' Convent School, of which she was a member, and by the friends of her death, accompanied by the good Sisters of the convent, repaired to the residence of her bereaved parents to take a last look at the face of their youthful companion, and with tears streaming down their youthful faces, tendered to her beloved sister a written memorial of their heartfelt sympathy at the loss of their young friend, of which letter we subjoin a copy.

"Largely do we share your deep affliction at the loss of your cherished sister Maggie, our loving companion, whom we never imagined would have been snatched from us so soon by that grim messenger death, in the spring time of life, just when she was imparting to others the light of her faith and the love of her heart. The flowers are still fresh on Mary's altar, which was the object of our dear companion's daily care and the witness of her ardent piety, when like those lovely frail blossoms with which she loved to deck Our Lady's shrine, she gently dropped, in a few moments of painful suffering she was no more to be seen in this mortal coil, where she is unknown. Our regret, however, is possessed every quality that could endear her to our hearts. She constantly edited and charmed us by her great spirit of piety and charity. Long and sadly shall we miss her loving smile. But it is wrong, it is selfish, to wish her back to this mortal world, since her pure soul has already been admitted into Heaven. Let us then humbly bow before the Divine decree, and lovingly resign our dear Maggie into the hands of her beloved Saviour, remembering that the separation is not forever, for one day we shall meet the dear one, when will be the joy of our hearts. We shall be united. Blessed be the dead who die in the Lord."

THE PUPILS OF THE ENGLISH CLASS.

THE PUPILS OF THE ENGLISH CLASS. The modern woman is well ballasted. If she had the wings that go with the celestial qualities the romancers ascribe to her, they had need be of good size and stoutly feathered to lift her and her paraphernalia above the ground.

The writer grieves to submit to eight and ten pound dresses, and to see a woman who walks the streets looking like a dewdrop and feeling like a lump of lead.

The long and dignified ragnan that covers the figure from top to toe has possibilities in the way of beads that are not granted it for nothing, and it improves them to the full. Forty pounds it is said to weigh; there are fairy tales of fifty, but the writer speaks only where he knows. The bonnet hardly knows the meaning of avoidance until it makes the acquaintance of that black lining jet, but then it weighs down the scales in right lordly fashion. Four pounds is little enough for a glittering, beaded crown, and there are beads that submit to eight and ten pound dresses, and to see a woman who walks the streets looking like a dewdrop and feeling like a lump of lead.

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press itself, that they should have a Catholic press in their midst, so that the affairs of the Church in the Colonies should be placed prominently before the people. He objects to Catholics taking good papers of any kind, but he would rather see his opinion and give it as a piece of earnest advice to their Bishop, that they should take a Catholic paper and pay for it. His Lordship emphasized the justice and necessity of Catholics paying regularly for the Catholic paper when they received it.

It was unreasonable to expect that they could go on reading and profiting by their Catholic paper without paying the bills when they were sent to them. It was right that the Catholic press should be supported, for it was doing a great work, and every man that took a Catholic paper should make a point of honestly discharging his financial obligation to the publisher that paper, so that the Catholic press might flourish and prosper as it deserves.

JOEY'S AMERICAN SPEECH.

His Reply to a Toast from the New York Chamber of Commerce—He Looks for an Amicable Settlement of the Fishery Question.

New York, Nov. 15.—The annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce held to-night at Delmonico's was a great success. Covers were laid for 212, and among those who attended were the president of the chamber, Charles Smith, who presided, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Interior, Lamar, Mr. H. H. Brown, Chairman of the Governor's Council, Sir George Campbell, Mr. Halliday Stewart, M.P., and a number of gentlemen prominent in every walk of life in all parts of the United States. After three hours' attention had been given to the menu, President Smith arose and addressed the assemblage. At the conclusion of his address letters of regret were read from President Cleveland, Governor Hill and Senator Sherman. After the toast of the President had been drunk and responded to by Mr. Lamar, "The Queen of Great Britain" was drunk standing, and then Chauncey M. Depew responded to the toast of "The United States; with a government by the people and for the people. They are the friends of honest labor and the enemies of Anarchism. In proposing the health of Mr. Chamberlain, the president said: "We are very glad to welcome as our guest to-night a gentleman who has always been conspicuous in his friendship for this country. He has come to us representing the government of his native country in an important diplomatic service in the honor of a question which has been the cause of bad blood between our Canadian neighbors and an important section of our country. It seems to me, gentlemen, that our guest is fully equipped by long business, as well as public experience, to accomplish the desired result. I hold it to be good for our country that Mr. Chamberlain, as Cabinet Minister, as member of Parliament and in private life, officially and unofficially, has shown himself on all occasions to be the strong friend and protector of the sailor. We may be sure that as far as justice will permit his sympathies will be extended to the seaman, who has the largest interest in the settlement of this question."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S REPLY. Mr. Chamberlain said: "I thank you for the kindly words in which you have introduced me to the chamber, and I assure you I appreciate the honor you have done me in inviting me to share the cordiality of this chamber and representative institution; and, if I may be allowed, I should like to take this public opportunity to say how much I have been touched by the universal kindness with which I have been met since I landed on your shores. It has deepened the feelings of goodwill and regard I always expressed for the people and institutions of this country. (Applause.) The Englishman will always find much to interest him, much to astonish him in your country, but, after all, the differences between us are less than the resemblances (applause), and it is only a new phase of the development of our common civilization, and I am more than ever convinced that with the changes that guard to these two great nations, whose history and traditions are our joint heritage and pride, that their general amity and good will are the guarantee of the prosperity and progress of the world. (Applause.) I am well aware that the kindness with which I have been received here is due to the noble and generous claims of my own, but it is due to my official position, as well as to the representative and pacific character of the mission I have undertaken. I bring with me also to the fulfillment of my task, I can assure you, the universal sympathy of every Englishman whose opinion is worth heeding. (Applause.) And in the settlement of the task that neither side might develop into something which might impair the good relations which have existed hitherto between the two countries, which have now been brought so closely together that old prejudices have disappeared and personal interests have given place to increased respect, consideration and added friendliness, and I do not doubt that we shall be able to settle amicably any differences which may have arisen. I do not look forward to any settlement of the question which we have to discuss which shall give undue advantage to either party. I do not think that all the evils of the fishery question in discussion with the representatives of the shrewdest nation of the world, but if I could I would not do it, for it is not the interest of any great nation to make a settlement which is unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. (Applause.) Such a settlement can be made between business men as will be satisfactory, if we can, in the settlement of the question in dispute, and which will only tend to impair and prevent such settlement. You know what great events from trivial causes spring. Some of the fiercest wars have sprung from petty misapprehensions, and it is the highest patriotism to remove the cause of increased respect, consideration and added friendliness, and I do not doubt that we shall be able to settle amicably any differences which may have arisen. I do not look forward to any settlement of the question which we have to discuss which shall give undue advantage to either party. I do not think that all the evils of the fishery question in discussion with the representatives of the shrewdest nation of the world, but if I could I would not do it, for it is not the interest of any great nation to make a settlement which is unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. (Applause.) 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THE TRUE WITNESS IN PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE Post Printing & Publishing Co. 761 CRAIG ST., Montreal, Canada.

WEDNESDAY.....NOVEMBER 23, 1887 COMMUNICATIONS intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper only, or they will receive no attention.

"The Post is honest and consistent."—Ottawa Citizen. Think you kindly, brother. Next to being good and doing good, it is to feel that we are appreciated.

A GREAT Catholic congress will be held in London next summer of all English-speaking communities in the world, to discuss the attitude of the Catholic Church towards education in general.

AND so the Central Bank went up because those who managed it didn't know how to do banking business. The fact is that this bank was run in the interest of a little ring who got all the credit they wanted.

LIBERALS can point with excusable pride to two facts which prove them free from the prejudices of race and religion. The Protestant Liberal majority in the Federal Parliament selected Mr. Laurier, a French-Canadian Catholic.

AGAIN the inherent viciousness of the Canadian banking system has been demonstrated in the closing of the doors of the Central Bank at Toronto. Our great statesman at Ottawa can find time to pass boodle bills.

SCORE one more for O'Brien. He has, with able assistance, no doubt, been able to secure a suit of tweed, and has kept his word not to wear the prison uniform.

It is a remarkable fact that not one newspaper in Canada supporting the Government of Sir John Macdonald has published a word of sympathy with the Irish people in their present struggle against the inhuman policy of Balfour.

Our pious contemporary exhibits a great deal of righteous indignation over Bishop Cleary's denunciations of bold-faced school girls.

Witness is editorially shocked to the extent of half a column, ending with the remark that the "Bishop's bad language with regard to the morals of our school girls is simply and utterly atrocious."

A GAZETTE despatch says the Leinster Regiment frantically cheered and shouted "God Save Ireland!" at Doughty's trial. You wonder if this is the old 100th Royal Canadian.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER's nepotism is appointing his own relations to lucrative positions in connection with the Canadian wing of the Fisheries Commission.

NEW YORK Legislature has fixed a date for the abolition of the car stove at the 1st of May next. Various substitute methods have been tried, and it is claimed that steam may be successfully used.

THE Rome correspondent of the Dublin Nation warns the public against false reports sent abroad from that city for the purpose of misleading foreigners.

"Several papers that published a statement as to the establishment of a commission to inquire into the Law of Guilt are grossly wrong in their accounts of what has occurred. The Holy Father has done nothing that could be interpreted as indicating a disposition to accept any settlement that would impair the rights of the Holy See in any respect.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the Toronto Globe on the social isolation and loneliness of young men and women in cities, and pleading for more Christian endeavor to provide places of rest and recreation for these strangers.

"Might not the Evangelical churches sometimes get a useful hint from the Catholics? A lady friend gave me a suggestive fact from her own experience. Some years ago she came to Toronto to attend the Normal School.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE IN IRELAND. It was not surprising that the mention of Hon. Edward Blake's name by one of the speakers at Sunday's National League meeting should have evoked the enthusiasm it did.

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Our pious contemporary exhibits a great deal of righteous indignation over Bishop Cleary's denunciations of bold-faced school girls, who are unfortunately too common everywhere.

Mr. Blake enters on the field of British politics there can be no doubt that he would immediately take a prominent position.

BISHOP CLEARY AND HIS TRICKS. We have received the following telegram: BROOKVILLE, Ont., Nov. 19.—The anonymous communication, dated "Napane, 10th Nov. 1887," published in the Gazette and Witness on the 15th inst. against me is a foul calumny concocted by desperate men.

We have already remarked upon the attacks made upon Bishop Cleary and gladly publish the Lordship's emphatic repudiation of his slanders. In order that the public may have a clear understanding of the question which has given rise to these calumnies, we to-day publish the Bishop's pastoral to the people of his diocese concerning the recent trouble in the schools at Kingston.

We may say that we expected that the Gazette's attack on the Bishop was not altogether warranted by fact, and refrained from commenting on the alleged libel on Canadian girls until there was time to see whether it was true.

In the Gazette we find the following:— BROOKVILLE, Ont., November 19. To the Editor of the Gazette: The anonymous communication dated Napane, 10th November, published by you on 15th inst. is a foul calumny, concocted by desperate men.

To this telegram the Gazette appends the following apology:— We have only to say, in reference to Mr. Cleary's despatch, that the report which he refers to was published in perfect good faith. It did not originally appear in the Gazette; it was copied from an Ottawa journal, and has been extensively reproduced throughout the Ontario press.

THE ANARCHISTS OF CHICAGO. At the funeral of the executed Anarchists, Chicago was astonished to see the numerical strength of the party holding the doctrines for which they died. The Herald of that city says:— "The demonstration has perhaps no parallel in history. Four men, executed for a crime, put to death as murderers by the most shameful death known to modern society, were peacefully entombed in the same community in which they met their death, with more honors than have been accorded to some of the greatest heroes and benefactors of the race.

Lady Anne Blunt, who was so brutally maltreated by the police on the occasion of her husband's arrest, has on account of being the grand daughter of Lord Byron, revived the memory of the poet's verses and speeches in behalf of Ireland.

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF BYRON AND CASTLEREAGH. Lady Anne Blunt, who was so brutally maltreated by the police on the occasion of her husband's arrest, has on account of being the grand daughter of Lord Byron, revived the memory of the poet's verses and speeches in behalf of Ireland.

These are the practical views of men engaged in the trade, and though they may appear trivial in some respects in comparison with the greater questions of securing an amicable arrangement between the two nations, they are really of first-class importance. It has frequently been pointed out that the careless or wanton destruction of nets, fishing gear, and other property by American fishermen is one of the most annoying contingencies to which the people of our fishing coast are subject when visited by Americans.

Not an accusation against the horde of church-goers, who in their self-righteousness to-day rejoice in Lord Castlereagh's death. We conjoin to the Duke a death which would be the chairman of this county, who is called Sheriff by the brutes in human disguise, who clamour for the life and blood of the poor, not against the jury who obeyed the mandate of the brutes, but against the workmen, because they stood calmly by when five of their best men were foully and brutally murdered.

We have suffered long enough, Now let us bitterly hate. The harangue caused an irresistible outburst of applause. The untamed language was the key which unlocked the pent-up hatred.

It is fun to read in the Irish papers of the sorrows of Lansdowne's Luggacurran emergency. It appears that when the gentle, benevolent, tender-hearted Marquis had no more use for the drunken ruffians whom he employed to desolate the homes of his tenants, he turned them on the parish.

Mr. Weldon—Where is he to get employment? Mr. Orford—Let him go to Lord Lansdowne. Lord Lansdowne got the flower out of him and he comes back here then. Mr. Weldon—He went there of his own free will—nobody sent him.

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ATTAACKS ON BISHOP CLEARY. Two of our English morning papers have lately made open display of their ordinarily ill-disguised bigotry in an unbecomingly attack on Bishop Cleary, of Kingston.

Two of our English morning papers have lately made open display of their ordinarily ill-disguised bigotry in an unbecomingly attack on Bishop Cleary, of Kingston. It is not long since the Duke of Argyll in the Nineteenth Century Review took Professor Huxley severely to task for certain strictures given to the world on the scientific opinions of the Dean of St. Paul's as set forth in a reported copy of a sermon.

THE GREAT PROBLEM. Rev. A. A. Miner, the well known Boston prohibitionist, preached Anarchism from his pulpit last Sunday, and a large part of his congregation went out of doors before he had closed his sermon.

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HEAR OUR FISHERMEN. Gloucester fishermen have raised such a howl over their alleged grievances that it almost would seem that only they had cause of complaint and were the only parties entitled to a hearing. It is, therefore, refreshing to hear what our fishermen of the Maritime Provinces have to say regarding the matters in dispute.

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those who have no purpose to serve and only desire to get at the truth, that any transaction which cannot be squared with the teachings of Christianity, which is at variance with the golden rule, is destructive of true religion and inimical to the interests of society.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

In a letter addressed by us to the public journals two months ago, in defence of the claim of this diocese to the foremost place of honor in the Province for its zealous maintenance of Separate School education, we referred incidentally to the action of the Inspector and Trustees of the Public Schools in this city and pointed out how ridiculous they had rendered themselves by their unwarranted and senseless boasting.

In the interval between the publication of the Board's "expelling" resolution and the issue of our Pastoral Letter condemnatory of it, the following communication was made to our fellow citizens through the Kingston Daily News, Oct. 22nd, 1887:— "It is estimated that the resolution passed by the School Board at the recent meeting, expelling the children of Separate School Pupils, will not affect over half a dozen pupils. It is estimated that there are about forty Roman Catholic children now attending the Public Schools, but the parents of all them, except of about half a dozen, are supporters of the Common Schools."

Here we have the number "fifty or sixty," as announced on the 5th of last March, brought down to an "estimated forty," of our Catholic children in attendance at the Public Schools. Decision is irrevocable. Before adducing our table of statistics showing the position of Catholics in those schools before and after our denunciation of the Trustees, we must promise that all available methods have been employed by us for the discovery of the true state of things, which, for the reasons already stated, it was difficult to ascertain.

CATHOLIC PUPILS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS ON 22ND OCT., 1887. I. Children of parents, both Catholic: From Kingston city, 1 family, 5 children. From the country, but within the area of municipal taxation, 5 families, 10 children. From the country, outside Kingston City and Township, 1 family, 3 children. Total—7 families, 18 children.

All those children, without exception, have been transferred from the Public to the Separate Schools since the publication of our Pastoral Letter on the Public School Trustees resolution, Oct. 23rd. The parents of the 10 children who reside in the country within the municipal limits (at G.T.R. depot), have always desired to educate their children in the Separate Schools. But they had no Separate School nearer to them than a mile and a half, while they had a Public School at their door. Their children, whose ages range from 4 to 10 years, were too young to make the long double journey every day and in every season of the year; and, moreover, it would be dangerous for children so young to cross the unfenced K. & P. railway track twice daily.

their Baptism; that, being Catholics, they may be good religious and virtuous Catholics, not half-and-half nor neutered, that is, neither indifferent nor Apostolics, of whom, unhappily for families and for society, there are too many; at this side of the Atlantic.

THE BOARD'S CHAMPIONS. It is satisfactory to observe that the Public School Board's edict of perpetual degradation issued against a half dozen innocent Catholic children, uncondemned of crime and uncondemned, has happily awakened an echo of approval in the city or in the Province from any public body, any decent journal, or any individual of recognized public merit or social influence. With regret, however, we feel bound to notice a letter addressed to both our local dailies by a person named D. H. Marshall and dated from nowhere. Common belief attributes the authorship of this communication to a warlike son of toil who enjoys fittingly the same patronymic and is familiarly known in the city.

MR. MARSHALL. But, accustomed as we are to scanning the utterances of man straitened between the utterances of the laws of honor, we read their lines in their natural sequence and in the spirit of their antithesis of classes. We cannot suppose Mr. Marshall, a Professor in Queen's University, to be ignorant of the English language as the Trustees of the Public School, who in their silly apology addressed to the journals, try to excuse themselves for ordering the "expulsion" of Catholic children because there was not among the whole ten of them sufficient knowledge of English to enable them to express their guilty intent in less criminal language.

THE TRUSTEES AND THE TORONTO "MAIL." The only other champion of the Kingston Public School Board is the Toronto Mail. DIGNUM PATRILLA OPERUM. Warfare against the Catholic Church, come whence it may, or how unworthy soever be the cause of the assailants, is welcomed by that journal as an occasion for putting out its scorching and scathing "word" against "the world" which is strictly forbidden to touch with unholy hand. (2 Kings i. c. 14, v. Pa. 104, 15 v.)

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION. A grand religious ceremony took place at the Providence Convent, on Saturday, when the following ladies took the veil: Maximilienne Laurin, of Valleyfield; M. Alexina Doyon, of Montreal; M. Zenobie Beauchamp, of Massachussetts; Philomene Esther Nolin, of Stamburget; Eugenie Mailloche, of St. Anne; Julieanne Fuseret, St. Ursule; Milda Anny Sauter, of Louville; Eugenie Dupuis, of St. Simon; and Veronique Trudel, of Nicolet. Rev. Father Faubert, chaplain of the Sisters of Charity, officiated.

the attainment of the former implies "freedom" from the latter—"a good liberal education free from the dogmas of the Church of Rome." He seems moreover to have let out more of his mind than he intended by referring to the "chances," which he regrets having been lessened, of the Catholic pupils acquiring, through the Public School lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic, that would set them "free" from the restricting hands of "Christian dogma"—the enslaving hands of Rome.

THE SCHOOL BOARD TRUSTEES AND MR. MARSHALL. The Trustees have little cause for thankfulness to Mr. D. H. Marshall for his interpretation of their pious intentions or for his respect to their unwisdom. Neither can they feel complimented by his censure upon their downright fatuity, because they have unintentionally given Bishop Cleary a chance of writing the Pastoral Letter which undid their whole mission, and rendered their spousal attack into an armistice of Catholic defence and salvation of our little ones.

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By a PATRIOT'S BIER. FIVE THOUSAND IRISH NATIONALISTS AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN J. BRESLIN. [New York Herald, Nov. 21st.] Irish nationality had a marvellous representation yesterday at the bier of John J. Breslin. Five thousand men went thither to look their last on the dead patriot. All funds were hushed in that solemn presence.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW. October, 1887. Philadelphia: Hardy & Mahony, Publishers and Proprietors. The October number of the Review opens with a paper by Rev. S. F. Simmons, entitled "The Progress of the Missionary Society of the United States." It deals exhaustively with the Agnostic objections to Christianity and is well and powerfully written.

THE MESSIAH OF THE SACRED HEART. Illustrated. Published by The Geun, Philadelphia, Pa. November, 1887. The contents of this magazine of Catholic devotion are as follows: "Garcia Moreno," Frontispiece; "Death and a Living Christian Art," Illustrations; Where the Dead Lie Sleeping, by Meyerheim; by Gabriel Max, The Lion's Bride; The Last Greeting, St. Julia, Virgin and Martyr; Our Lord raising Jairus' Daughter to Life; The Private Life of Archbishop John Cardinal, III., (Eymon) Archbishop of Bourges; Church of the National Vow, Paris; Why Reparation is Due, (with Illustration Pieces); "The Heart of Jesus Pleaded"; "The Invalid's Clock"; "Morning," Poem; "The Reader," Some Historical Blunders—English Books and American Readers; "General Intentions for November, 1887," Souls in their Last Agony; "Apostrophe Notices"; Approbation, Recent Aggravations; Correspondence—Treasury—Thanksgiving.

THE ROLL OF HONOR. To the Editor of THE POST: Sir,—The following have been authorized by the Montreal Branch of the Irish National League to solicit and collect subscriptions towards the Anti-Confession Roll of Honor. The names of the subscribers and amounts contributed will be published in THE POST and TRUTH WEEKLY. Persons not called upon by the collectors may forward to Mr. B. Connaughton, treasurer of the Montreal Branch of the Irish National League, Grand Trunk street, Point St. Charles, E. J. O'Leary, 230 St. Antoine street; Martin Hart, 35 St. James street; Michael Kelly, 38 St. James street; James Donohue, 10 King street; James Fitzpatrick, 10 Roy Lane; James Burke, 32 St. James street; James McArthur, Notre Dame street; James Rosch, P. J. Darcy, 47 Aylmer street; James Mullally, Papineau square; B. Connaughton, Grand Trunk street; J. A. Cannon, 33 Murray street. Lists will be placed in the following hands this week, as notices received from the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, treasurer of the L.N.L. of America.

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Beef, Iron and Wine. As prepared by M. E. BREZIER, of New York. It is a valuable tonic for all persons of both sexes and of all ages. Dehydrated and should be taken in its natural state.



LIVE IT DOWN.

There is a future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.

True the cloud is like a pall; Error ever weaves such things; But the sky is over all; Morn'g light upon its wings.

Yes, I know men look askance, Dreading any pitch to touch; With a wondering glance, Women to pity overmuch.

Patience with irrit meek, Bear rebuffs a little while, Till true friends shall kindly speak, Meeting you with sunny smile.

Labor! Oh, the worth of work; Chasing away thoughts away! Never weary duty shrink, Whichever way by day;

Ask forgiveness—and forgive, Yet indulge not memories dark; For you seek may nobly live, Though for once you missed the mark—

Not too easy. That I own; What is easy that is worth? Life a struggle, hid or known, Even from the hour of birth;

I have cheered you? That is well; You will ponder on my words— So you will; and I can tell They've never touched some answering chords.

Till the wrong may be forgot, Or remembered only be; Like a half-erased blot, Which men do not care to see—

THE JESUITS AND THEIR METHODS. (From the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

In the wide field of employment to which the Society of Jesus for the last three centuries has devoted its energies the Christian education of youth has ever held the prominent place.

Then, to the surprise and delight of the gentleman, she would return in no time, putting on her gloves, and he would subsequently tell his friends that no girl ever lived who could dress as quickly as his Mary Ann.

Then the gentle sister says to little Tommy, before company: "Here, you blessed baby, come with us and get some cookies," and she finishes the sentence in the pantry: "Now take care of your little head, if you dare."

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the system, and is especially adapted to women's peculiar ailments.

"She's a terror," said he to me. "She looks like a nut-cracker. To think of that nose and chin on the next pillow for the rest of my life is enough to make me swear I'll never go to bed."

CLEANLINESS THE KEY TO HEALTH. It has been ascertained, by actual computation, that there are 2,800 holes or pores in every square inch of the human skin.

DIAMOND DYES. FOR SILK, WOOL, COTTON, and all Fabrics and Fancy Articles. Any one can use them. Anything can be Colored.

THE DIAMOND GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE & COPPER PAINTS. For gilding Fanics, Frames, Lamp, Chandeliers, and all kinds of ornaments.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. MONTREAL, P. Q.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE. OLARA BELLE HAS WELL DEFINED IDEAS ON THE METHOD AND WHY.

Some old doctor of divinity wrote a book entitled "How to Choose a Wife." The rules that the old man laid down would work well in buying a Christmas turkey.

"Oh! my goodness!" would cry the doubtful one. "I didn't dream it was so late, but it was ready in one minute."

Then the gentle sister says to little Tommy, before company: "Here, you blessed baby, come with us and get some cookies,"

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the system, and is especially adapted to women's peculiar ailments.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowings, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back,

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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000

Louisiana State Lottery Company. Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes.

"We do hereby certify that the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managing and controlling the Drawings throughout Louisiana, are conducted with honesty, fairness and good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING. In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 13, 1887. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

100 Prizes of \$500 approximating to \$50,000. 100 Prizes of \$100 approximating to \$10,000. 100 Prizes of \$50 approximating to \$5,000.

3,139 Prizes amounting to \$1,055,000. For full details, see full information, apply to the undersigned.

REMEMBER. That the presence of Gonorrhoea, if neglected, is a source of danger to the system, and that no one can possibly divide what number will draw a Prize.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATE OF LIME SODIUM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs.

HAGARD'S YELLOW OIL. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

LOW COST HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM. 30 cuts with specifications, estimates, and a full description of desirable MODERN houses.

HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine Rank Amongst the World's Possessions.

IMPERIAL HAIR COLORING. No. 1. Black. No. 2. Dark Brown. No. 3. Medium Brown. No. 4. Chestnut. No. 5. Light Chest. No. 6. Ash Blonde. No. 7. Ash Blonde.

NO. 1850. SUPERIOR COURT DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Signora Maria Santa Impini, a wife common as to property of Barnetti Francesco, a laborer, both of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, praying to be separated as to property, from this day, of the said Barnetti Francesco, Defendant.

DAVID, DEMERS & GERVAIS. Attorneys for Plaintiff.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE. Near Montreal. AFFILIATED TO LAVAL UNIVERSITY. FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

St. Laurent College, NEAR MONTREAL. The re-opening of the Classes will take place on the 1st SEPTEMBER NEXT.

AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH. Burlington Route. CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS. FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE. BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPESIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ERYTHELMA, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN.

A NEW INVENTION. NO BACKACHE. EASY.

McShane Bell Foundry. 212 St. Grand de Belle.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean.

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ALLAN LINE.

UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF THE CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.

1887--Summer Arrangements--1887. This Company's Lines are composed of the following double-ended, Olive-bucco Iron Steamships.

Vessels. Tonnage. Commanders. Nantuxian, 3,100, Bunting. Parian, 2,400, L. V. H. Smith, R.N.R.

THE SHORTEST SEA ROUTE BETWEEN AMERICA AND EUROPE, BETWEEN ANY FIVE DAYS AND BETWEEN LAND AND LAND.

The Steamers of the Liverpool, Londonderry and Montreal, sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAY, and from Quebec on FRIDAY, call at length upon the route.

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THROUGH BILLS OF LADING. Persons desirous of bringing their friend from America can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates.

H. & A. ALLAN. 4 India street, Portland. 80 State street Boston, and 25 Common street, Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED. WILLIAM O'KEEFE left New York twelve years ago for California. His sister is very anxious to hear from him.

MAGIC LANTERNS. AND STEREOPICTIONS. All sizes from 100 to 1000 feet. For Public Exhibitions, etc.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition."

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. MONTREAL, P. Q.





Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY RESIGN. PRIME MINISTER ROUVIER'S CABINET FEATURING IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS, Nov. 19.—Soon after the Chamber of Deputies met to-day the Extreme Left moved an interpellation of the Government on the question of its domestic policy.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—M. Goblet was summoned to the Elysee palace this evening and requested to form a cabinet.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy. Are you sore distressed? Listen to the welcome bidding—

A BLAZING CIRCUS. BARNUM'S "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" NEARLY TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—A special to the Globe from Bridgport, Conn., says that the main building of Barnum & Bailey's "greatest show on earth" was entirely destroyed by fire this morning.

leap across the main building, that the firemen, made no attempt to save it, but turned their streams upon the "chariot" building and car ahead, which they succeeded in saving.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD. DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—Mr. Clancy told the meeting at Steppaside yesterday that he had seen a letter which had been smuggled from Tulla, more full written in O'Brien's blood.

LANDLORDS COMING DOWN. DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—At a meeting of Limerick landlords yesterday, a resolution was adopted favoring dual ownership of land.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD. DUBLIN, Nov. 21.—All the suppressed League branches in West Clare held their usual meetings yesterday.

O'BRIEN'S JAILERS OUTWITTED. THE PLOCKY EDITOR SECURES A SUIT OF TWEED AND WEARS IT.

DUBLIN, Nov. 19.—Dr. Romayne, of Cork, visited Wm. O'Brien in Tullamore jail on Thursday. He stated that if the present harsh treatment of the prisoner is continued it will cause his death.

HONORING POPE LEO. VIENNA, Nov. 18.—The Hungarian pilgrims to Rome to attend the Pope's Jubilee will start for the Holy City on Monday, headed by Cardinal Hony.

ANARCHIST ENGEL'S FAREWELL. WHAT THE PAPERS LEFT BEHIND HIM CONTAINED. CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—From the papers of our murdered companion, George Engel, is the heading of an article printed in the Arbeiter Zeitung to-day.

There is but little to be said on the egg question, only that fresh, homemade are in demand and meet with ready sale.

MILK COWS. There seems to be a good demand for good milk cows, but those offered during the week cannot be classed as standard, far from it.

A SHIPPING STANDARD.—The importance of first impressions upon the minds of young people and of early training and association has been the theme of teachers and moralists from the beginning.

HOW THE SHIPPERER IS TREATED. St. Matthew's reported to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword at the City of Ethiopia, in Egypt.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece. St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the Temple, and there beaten to death with a fuller's mallet, and then thrown into the sea and devoured by a pillar of fire. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION. ORANGEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 15.—At half past eight o'clock this evening the house of Scott Act Inspector Anderson, on Secora avenue, was again blown up by dynamite.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. MONTREAL MARKETS. MONTREAL, Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1887. The markets to-day were well filled with the fat of the land, and all departments showed marked activity.

Butter market has undergone no change of late and its demand for shipment seems to have gone by. For the past few days ordinary lots have found a more ready sale, while a first-class article has been held firm with less callers.

Good veals seem to be mostly out of date, and there is very little enquiry for the stock offered, as it is in no way acceptable.

Game and Poultry. All of the markets were well filled, and early in the day business was active.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. QUOTATIONS. BUTTER. Creamery fine, 21c @ 25c. Western, 15 @ 18 1/2.

Some articles have been made up at 11 1/2c, although some sales are reported at high as 12c, but those were "private," and notwithstanding the exports for the week will reach fully 50,000 boxes.

The call for hops seems to be falling on the decline, the brewers are well stocked, especially the large ones, and the smaller ones are not over anxious to stock up heavily.

Just now there seems to be more active demand for potatoes, and we understand, several orders for shipment to the States have been received and are being filled at about 15c per bushel.

GRAIN. Corn, per bushel 32 lbs., \$0.32 @ \$0.33. Peas, 0.75 @ 0.80. Corn, 0.55 @ 0.65.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, FOR THE municipality No. 1 St. Jean Chrysostome, a Female teacher, holding a first-class elementary diploma in French and English.

Commercial Notes. At St. Albans on Tuesday 30,000 pounds of turkey were shipped for Boston.

At London, Ont., there is a large quantity of barley being held, waiting buyers at late prices, but no sales reported.

At Milwaukie wheat was stronger, and moved up 1/4c, closing at 73 1/2c cash, 73 1/2c December, 86 1/2c May.

At Chicago Tuesday there were received 70,846 bushels of wheat, 173,219 of corn, and 118,721 of oats.

The Ogdenburgh, N. Y., Journal says:—"There are about 300 tons of unsold cheese, on the Canton Board of Trade, remaining to be shipped when sold, besides about forty-five tons of creamery butter."

At Quebec potatoes are selling at 50 cents a bushel, and the Telegram says householders will do well to buy in their winter supply without delay, as owing to the demand in the United States potatoes are being bought up by the car load in that city and a further rise is early predicted.

"Saturday" says the Lindsay, Ont., Post, "was one of the biggest days in grain this season, the deliveries, chiefly barley, being immense, and teams coming in from far and wide attracted by the good prices and honest dealing of Lindsay market. Prices for barley are somewhat lower, in sympathy with a general decline of a few cents."

The market to-day was fairly well supplied, fresh pork is plentiful and so is the supply of chickens and turkeys.

At Little Falls, N. Y., yesterday, the sales of cheese were 1,240 boxes at 10 1/2c, 820 boxes at 10 3/4c, 310 boxes at 11c, 115 boxes at 11 1/4c, 360 boxes on commission, 600 farm dairy at 10c to 11 1/2c, and 80 packages dairy butter at 10c to 22c.

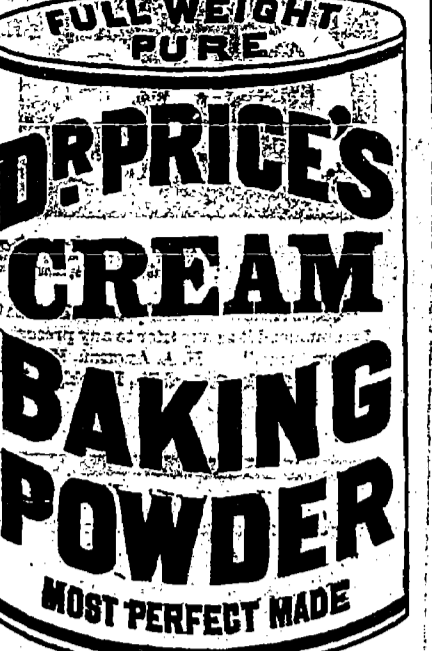
A Liverpool cable of yesterday says:—"There is a good demand for finest September cheese at 55c to 60c, fine qualities sell briskly with prices tending up, secondary firm but not active."

At Toronto the butter supply was reported fairly good and the feeling somewhat easier. Low grades are quoted from 11c to 14 1/2c, medium, 15c to 18c; straight dairy, 19c to 22c; large rolls, 19c to 22c.

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The good editor of the Portland (Oregon) Sentinel, Mr. H. J. Lindberg, has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning. We do not know him personally, but he is quite right.

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