

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# The Times and Witness

ESTD IN CELO FIDELIS

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1883.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## DAVITT'S LETTER

### PARNELL vs. GLADSTONE

#### THE LEADERSHIP OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

#### The Fortunes of the Liberal Government.

#### OVERTHROW OF THE FEUDAL LAND SYSTEM.

#### INDICEMENT OF THE WHIG REGIME BY THE LANDLORDS.

The Sligo Election—"Imported Candidates" Edward Johnston, the Imperialist, and the Editor of the "Kerry" Southern, to be the Choice of the Party.

(Special Correspondence to THE POST and THE WITNESS.)

DUBLIN, July 28, 1883.

The position of Mr. Gladstone's Government is certainly not a happy one. Every day brings some fresh disgrace for an Administration already discredited beyond the hope of political redemption. England insulted by the French at Tarnateva is followed by England humiliated at the hands of M. de Lesseps; and to add, if possible, to the bitterness aroused in the Liberal ranks at the abandonment of the Suez Canal project, it is an open secret that this step was forced upon the Gladstone Cabinet in consequence of Mr. Parnell's resolve to cast thirty-five votes in favor of Sir Stafford Northcote's Opposition motion, with which the Government proposals were to be met. This would have insured the rejection of the Government scheme by Parliament, and a defeat of so serious a character, at the present critical juncture, would simply mean the overthrow of the Gladstone Ministry and the formation of another cabinet if not an appeal to the country.

The London Times endeavors to deprive the Irish party of having compelled Mr. Gladstone to abandon his canal scheme; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last evening has courage and honesty enough to admit the truth. "Does the Times suppose," observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the attitude of Mr. Parnell will do nothing to the education of the Government? We should say that on the contrary the knowledge of a determination of those thirty-five votes did make all the difference as the Irishmen suppose. Alas! it is no joking matter, but a truth of a very formidable sort."

THE FORTUNES OF THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT continue to fate no better over here in Ireland. The Land Commission, in its reply to the indictment of the House of Lords, has virtually admitted that the policy of the Land League, in proposing to submit "test cases" for the Land Courts, was a sound one, which had the Land League not been suppressed, would have simplified the working of the Land Act and have effected an immense saving in the cost of its administration. This implies a censure upon the Government for the proclamation of the Land League, and is a strong and valuable testimony, by a Government tribunal, to the foresight and wisdom of that organization.

The defeat of the O'Connor Don was expected by all but Government supporters, and his ignominious rejection by Wexford is another added to the reverses which the Gladstone Cabinet are encountering almost every day in its home and foreign policy. The end cannot be far off, and the next general election will put a seal of extinction upon the composite Liberal party, as at present organized, in Imperial politics. This will be an undoubted gain to the cause of reform, both in Ireland and Great Britain. A Radical or Democratic party, under the leadership of Joseph Chamberlain, will be the most prominent factor in the English politics of the future; and such a party will be powerless against a Conservative in the House of Commons, unless it can count upon an Irish Democratic representation for support, and Mr. Parnell will be sure not to make a bad bargain for Ireland in such a contingency.

THE DEATH OF DENIS O'CONNOR, M.P. for Sligo, and brother of the O'Connor Don, leaves another parliamentary seat vacant, for which a contest is sure to take place. The landlord-whig-tory, or "coalition" party, will try its fortune again and probably have the same standard-bearer who failed so miserably before the historic walls of Wexford. Sligo county is a "mixed" constituency, numbering 3,265 voters, out of a population of about 100,000. At the last general election Sexton polled 1,550, Denis O'Connor 1,600 and Col. King-Harman (landlord candidate) 1,250. The land agitation was the controlling influence at that time, in Ireland, and something like a union was effected between the National party and the bishop, Dr. Gillooley, on the understanding that Denis O'Connor, representing the weak Home Rulers, should be allowed to run with the National candidate, Thomas Sexton. No such union is now possible as Dr. Gillooley is one of the most pronounced opponents against Mr. Parnell's party in Ireland, after Cardinal McOvane. A number of priests in the diocese are also hostile, and this combination, together with the neglect of the county on the part of the National party, since the suppression of the Land League, will encourage the coalition party to try conclusions with Parnell in the

constituency which has sent one of his most eloquent followers to the House of Commons.

The National candidate will be named on Monday next, and on his selection will mainly depend the issue of the contest. A strong local man is not likely to be forthcoming. A selection from outsiders will, therefore, have to be made, and quite a number of names are already speculated upon in the press. A strong prejudice exists everywhere in Ireland against what are called "imported candidates." Men from England, chiefly, of whom nothing is heard until a vacancy for parliamentary honors induces them to profess national sentiments.

Continued on 3rd page.

### SCOTCH NEWS

EDINBURGH.—HEALTH OF THE CITY.—The mortality in Edinburgh last week was 18, and the death-rate 18 1000. There were 12 deaths under 1 year and 23 above 60, of which 6 were above 80 and 1 92.

Official information has been received in Belfast that the Girvan route between Belfast and Glasgow, via Stranraer, which has been closed for a good many months, will be reopened on the 1st of August. The disputes which existed for a time between some of the railway companies have at length been settled in a friendly manner, and there is every reason to believe that this popular service will not be again interrupted.

Messrs. Tom & Cameron, general merchants, Chesapeake street, have just received from a client in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, one of the largest nuggets of gold which has ever been in the city. It was found on the estate of Fortuna, about 40 miles from Surinam. It is almost pure gold, weighs 63½ oz., and is worth about £250 sterling. The nugget, which has been sent to this country, is to be forwarded to the Dutch Exhibition at Amsterdam, may be seen for a few days at the premises of Mr. Alexander, jeweller, Buchanan street.

It will bring sadness to many in the North of Scotland (writes a correspondent) to hear of the death of William Cameron, a graduate of Aberdeen with highest honors, and scholar of Magdalen College, which melancholy event took place on the 10th inst., when he was incautiously bathing after being overheated, at Sixrig, near Bonn, upon the Rhine. His body was afterwards recovered, and received interment in the Protestant burying ground, with every demonstration of sorrowful sympathy. A brilliant career has been prematurely closed. Great sympathy is felt for his father, Mr. Duncan Cameron, Ardenier.

Rejoicings took place at Droonach and other neighboring towns on Tuesday on the return home of Sergeant Mackay, the winner of the Queen's Prize. At Tain station, Captain Matheson, a number of volunteers, and a large crowd of civilians awaited the train, and gave the sergeant a right hearty reception. On arriving at the Mound, in Sutherlandshire, a carriage and four awaited him, and he was driven to Droonach, where he was entertained to luncheon by Major Fraser and the officers of his company, nearly 300 persons being present. Triumphant arches had been erected, and flags floated over the principal buildings.

On Tuesday six drapers in Dumfries were brought before Sheriff Hope at the instance of Mr. J. H. Maitland, H. M. Inspector of Factories, charged with employing dressmakers and milliners in their workrooms after four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, 30th June. They all pleaded guilty, but had statements made on their behalf, generally to the effect that it was quite an exceptional occurrence, and in several instances that it was done without the employer's knowledge. The following penalties were imposed, being £1 for each girl and expenses.—Robert Barbour, £3 7s 6d; Charles Wallace, £2 7s; W. Leuder, £3 7s; John Luke Scott, £2 9s; W. McGowan, £3 8s; James Robertson and Miss Dickson, £3 8s.

On Saturday afternoon, while the Leith Swimming Club were holding a swimming gala at the Marine Parade, an exciting scene occurred in connection with a long diving competition for a gold medal, presented by Commodore Simpson. A young man named Jamieson dived from the boat, and grave alarm was caused at the length of time he remained under the water. On coming to the surface at some distance away, it was observed that Jamieson was in an unconscious condition. A man named Alexander Malcolm, residing in Main street, Newhaven, jumped into the water immediately, without divesting himself of any of his clothes, and succeeded in bringing Jamieson to the shore. The means taken to restore animation proved effectual, and Jamieson stated that he only became insensible when reaching the surface of the water. He was under water for 2 minutes, 20 seconds, and the distance travelled was 85 feet.

### AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

(Special by Cable.)

DUBLIN, August 8.—Poole has been committed for trial to answer a charge of murdering Kenny. Mrs. Kenny was a witness to-day. She was the person referred to by the Crown Solicitor as the witness from America. She corroborated the evidence of witnesses who swore they saw Poole and Kenny on the night of the murder. A policeman testified that he had seen Dalton watching Westminster Abbey, the House of Commons and Lambeth Palace.

DUBLIN, Aug. 9.—A hundred paupers have petitioned the Guardians of the North Dock Union to pay their passage to Canada or the United States, as they are unable to get work at home.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, says the proposed demonstration on Parnell's estate has been abandoned, because of a misunderstanding with the railway. The Government had not interfered.

LONDON, August 10.—The Standard says the

Government has decided to provide an additional £100,000 to aid Irish emigration the money to be taken from the British Exchequer, instead of from the church surplus. Parnell will not go to America, but will remain to perfect the organization of League branches throughout the United Kingdom, the number of which he expects to be greatly increased by the time the elections come on. Prominent members of the National party will be sent to the United States and Canada to carry out Mr. Parnell's plans. William Redmond M. P. for Wexford, and his brother, James E. Redmond, M. P. for New Ross, will both go to Australia. In consequence of the recent instructions from Rome it is feared that there will be considerable difficulty experienced in getting the priests to attend the League meetings, and that a great many of their parishioners, following their lead, will also hold aloof.

The Irish Laborers' bill passed through committee of the whole last night by a majority of 33. Mr. Trevelyan introduced a bill to aid the Irish working people by establishing a system of tramways in Ireland. The bill includes a clause appropriating £200,000 to aid emigration.

DUBLIN, Aug. 11.—It is understood that the Government of New South Wales has consented to allow the informers that went out on the steamer *Fathan* to land, and has promised to protect them, as far as lies in its power.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—A mass meeting will be held at the Cooper Institute on the 27th of August to raise funds for the defence of O'Donnell, who killed the informer Carey.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 10.—O'Herlihy, who was acquitted on the charge of treason, was arraigned to-day charged with conspiracy to murder. The Crown offered no evidence and the prisoner was released.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—The Most Rev. Michael Logue, Bishop of Raphoe, writes that the people in the County Donegal have passed safe by through the crisis of distress, saved chiefly by the charity of the Irish people throughout the world.

DUBLIN, Aug. 8.—Michael Davitt received an ovation from the population of Kilkree, county Clare, yesterday. In a speech he said that the Government were reduced to such weakness that they could not protect the life of one of their vilest instruments.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION.—MR. PARNELL WINS ANOTHER VICTORY.

(By Cable from special Irish News Agency.)

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The Government proposed to advance one hundred thousand pounds sterling out of the Church Fund to promote assisted emigration against the violent protests of the Irish members.

An amendment to the Land Act was introduced, permitting companies to purchase lands on same terms as tenants. If the Fishery Bill is carried it can be said that the present session is fruitful in Irish reforms. The bill is a curious medley, and will be strongly opposed by the Irish party.

MIGRATION VERSUS EMIGRATION.

Mr. Parnell demanded migration for a hundred thousand additional laborers. The bill passed its third reading, and without doubt it is the most important item of legislation since the Land Act.

WORK OF THE SESSION.

Altogether the session has been fruitful in reforms for Ireland. Bishop Gilhooly telegraphed to Mr. Parnell approving of his selection of Lynch as a candidate for Sligo. Chief Secretary Trevelyan introduced this morning the anxiously expected Tramways Bill. It proposes a guarantee of two per cent. on two millions sterling, conditional on the baronies accepting responsibility for two per cent. additional.

### NOAH'S ARK DISCOVERED.

FINDING OF THE ANCIENT VESSEL IN A GLACIER ON MOUNT ARARAT.

A Constantinople contemporary announces the discovery of Noah's Ark. It appears that some Turkish Commissioners appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made inquiries of the inhabitants (Q. 1,725 in their report). These had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish Commissioners, however, are bold men, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded. The ark, one will be glad to hear, was in a good state of preservation, although the angles—observe, not the bow or stern—had been a good deal broken in its descent. They recognized it at once. There was an Englishman among them who had presumably read his Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient gopher wood of Scripture, which, as every one knows, only grows on the plains of the Euphrates. Erecting an entrance into the structure, which was painted brown, they found that the Admiralty requirements for the conveyance of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided into partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get; the others being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glaciers they could not tell. It, however, on being "uncovered" it turns out to be 300 cubits long; it will go hard with disbelievers in the book of Genesis. "Needless to say," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have been entered into with the local Powers for its speedy transfer to the United States."

Rumors have reached Halifax of a murder along the shore between Hainan galleys and English.

## A BRITISH SPY.

### The Role Filled by James McDermott.

#### HOW THE SPY SAVED THE INFORMER'S LIFE.

#### Startling Revelations about his Career—An Inside View of his Mysterious Movements—Some Facts about him which are Published for the First Time—Denounced as a Baser Scoundrel than Carey.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Several new links were added yesterday to the chain of anonymous circumstantial evidence which is being forged for the benefit of Chevalier James McDermott. To a reporter a gentleman, whose connection with nearly all the Irish national organizations qualifies him to speak, said: "Within the past two days I had an interview with one of the two men who came to this country for the express purpose of killing McDermott, and he reproached himself bitterly for having allowed the traitor to slip through his fingers. This inviolable of whom I speak said that they would have got away with McDermott on one occasion before he left this country but for an unfortunate circumstance."

"What was that?"

"When he was within their reach he was also in the company of a newspaper man named Muldoon. The two were in a carriage, and they did not care to take the risk of hurrying the innocent Muldoon while trying to punish the guilty McDermott."

"What was the future programme of the avenger of whom you speak?"

"He had already engaged passage for Europe and was equipped with a pocketful of English sovereigns, evidently supplied by sympathizers on 'his side.'"

"But is he in danger of being captured on the other side also?"

"I suggested to him what seemed the certainty of his capture; but he only replied doggedly that he had to obey orders, and proposed doing so whether it meant capture or death."

"What are the proofs against McDermott?"

"They are now accumulating very rapidly, and you would be surprised at some of them. For instance, it is said to be susceptible of proof that after the men on the other side found reason to suspect McDermott, they laid traps into which he fell quite unsuspectingly. They would tell him of a meeting which was not to take place, and at which various revolutionary plots would be hatched, and sure enough the police would be around the place and at the time they named. This is one of many tests to which he was subjected, and all went to confirm his treachery."

"It has been alleged that McDermott was in some way responsible for Dr. Gallagher's arrest. What is there in that story?"

"There is a good deal in it, I can assure you. McDermott proposed that he should go to Cork and organize a band of conspirators to carry out any kind of secret warfare that might suggest itself, no matter how diabolical. And for this purpose he obtained \$300 of the funds of the Fenian Brotherhood. With this money he went to Ireland in the early spring, with O'Herlihy, Featherstone and Dalton. Featherstone was an alias for an Irishman who had been obliged to flee to this country a few years ago. In Cork McDermott organized the circle and became the leader of the men who were to blow up buildings in London, Liverpool and Dublin. We have positive information as soon as McDermott reached Cork he gave away Gallagher and his companions, of whose mission he had been informed by Bosa. McDermott sent Dalton to Liverpool, where he was arrested under circumstances which left no room for doubt that McDermott had informed on him. While in Cork McDermott called Bosa for \$100 each for himself and O'Herlihy, with the request that the cheques should be sent to O'Herlihy. Two cheques for £20 each were sent as requested, but were seized by detectives before they were opened by O'Herlihy whose arrest quickly followed. McDermott gave the whole matter away. Soon afterward Deasy, Featherstone and Flanigan were arrested and with the exception of McDermott and five or six men who escaped to this country, every man whom McDermott had induced to join in his fictitious plots was in the hands of the Government. McDermott himself never could have escaped if the English detectives wanted him. It is as clear as daylight that he was in their confidence, and that they interposed no obstacle to the flight of their paid spy from the country. McDermott, it is understood, accused Featherstone of having given the business away. He did this for the purpose of trying to clear himself."

The subsequent movements of McDermott can be briefly sketched. After his romantic escape, as he describes it, from the English detectives, McDermott arrived here and posed as a patriot. He then went to Montreal, Canada, where he styled himself "the inviolable suspect" and denounced the British Government, while the story was started that he was holding secret communication with Geo. A. W. Stuart, the defunct secretary of the Board of Education. No wonder that people were surprised at the check and coolness of McDermott, not only in trusting himself on British soil once more, but making declarations which would cause the arrest of an ordinary individual.

"How do you account for this?" asked the reporter.

"Very easily, said the informant in the above narrative. 'He knew he was safe in Canada or in any portion of the British dominions. The English Government would not harm a hair of his head. He was altogether too valuable to them to allow him to suffer a day's imprisonment.' 'It is said that he knew he would be in danger in New York before he left Montreal?' 'He did know, but he was brought here by decoy letters. After failing to identify the man who shot at him, he went out on the street, and there recognized eight men who had been driven from Ireland, as they believed, by him. He went to the Morton House. When they traced him there he fled to Coney Island. There he was found, but he had two detectives with him. Later, three others were seen with him. One was Inspector Mallon and another was Detective Joyce, both of the British secret service. He was at the West Brighton Hotel. The men who followed him did not kill because they would have been obliged to kill one of the detectives also. He saluted with Mallon.' 'Perhaps he deceived the British Government as well as his countrymen?' 'I think not. It would be impossible. They verify everything. He offered that letter Bosa gave him to a Montreal detective, saying, 'You can make a lot of money with that out of the Government.' The detective declined it.' John B. East, editor of the *Irish Nation*, said that McDermott was a scoundrel. 'He has long been known as an unprincipled man and his connection with the English Government has been proved beyond a doubt by his arrest. He was hounded out of New York and when he went to Montreal he was hounded from that place and finally obliged to leave the country.' 'THE PHOENIX PARK TRAGEDY. In addition to other high national crimes placed to the charge of McDermott, it is asserted that he indirectly led to the conviction of the Phoenix Park murderers. 'How is that?' asked the reporter of a man who was driven from Ireland in consequence of McDermott's revelations. 'McDermott saved the life of Carey, the informer,' he said, 'without whose testimony conviction would have been impossible. It was arranged to murder Carey in the court room on the way from the witness stand to the private room where he was kept. In his progress from the witness stand to his room he had to pass the dock in which the prisoners were standing. One day one of those prisoners was in a position to kill Carey, but, strange to say, the informer was not brought past him. McDermott, who knew the plot, gave it away to the authorities, and thus saved Carey's life.' 'Did McDermott not try to get Parnell's name mixed up in some scheme to liberate the Phoenix Park murderers?' 'He did, and in this way: A plot was made to rescue the prisoners. Money was wanted—£1,000, I believe. McDermott suggested that the Land League funds should be drawn on. Parnell had to be consulted about that, and his reply was that the money could not be given for such a purpose, adding that 'it would be better to be shot than hanged.' McDermott communicated to the Government all that was going on, and was at one time sanguine that he would get Parnell involved."

It is positive that McDermott was well supplied with money when he returned from Europe. Many of his friends were surprised at his flash financial condition, and were surprised where the money came from. There were few of them who took any stock in the story that the fugitive ex-secretary of the Board of Education allowed any of his stolen money to fall into McDermott's hands. A prominent public official informed the reporter to-day that he saw in McDermott's possession several drafts for money deposited by him with John Munroe & Co., bankers, of Paris, and payable to him at the office of the firm in New York. He did not see the amount of the drafts, as McDermott covered the figures with his hands, but it is his opinion that they represented considerable money.

Continued on Eighth Page.

### Religion in Madagascar.

O'DONNELL ON THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, M. P., seems to be as thoroughly posted up in the politics of Madagascar as in the local affairs of his own borough of Dungarvan. In a long letter to the papers he gives details as to the troubles between the English and French in that island, which show that our Government is not so entirely blameless as its friends would fain make it appear. The English missionaries have had a good deal to do in stirring up strife—all in the interests of the Gospel and Lancashire cotton goods. Mr. O'Donnell says that the pious evangelist gentlemen are the owners of stores for the sale of English soft goods, from which they derive much profit. He has also found out that, with the spread of Bible truth, the French in this soul-inspiring article has not been quite free from association with the same agencies. The missionaries, as in duty bound, hate the French Jesuit, and display much skill in getting up international quarrels in their regard. So that in Madagascar, religion is turned to good account in promoting the interests of war and commerce.

THE TURF.

At Brighton, Eng., on Thursday, the race for the mile selling plate was won by Leopold de Rothschild's five-year-old colt "Faterior" with Lord Callaghan's three-year-old filly "Yandura" second, and Lord Rossmore's five-year-old bay gelding "Fassano" third. "Faterior" won by two lengths, with the same distance between second and third horses. The betting was 7 to 4 on "Faterior," 5 to 1 against "Yandura," and 10 to 1 against "Fassano."

### When My Days Were Young and Fair.

BY HUGH FARRER McDERMOTT.

Do not sing that song again,  
For it fills my heart with pain;  
I am bending to the blast,  
And it tells me of the past,  
Of the years of long ago,  
When my days were young and fair,  
And my heart as light as air;  
When one feeling filled the breast,  
And one image gave its rest,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
I have lived my weary brain;  
It brings sadly back the time  
When my manhood felt its prime;  
When the comrades dear and true,  
Closer, warmer, fonder grew,  
In the hour of friendship's proof,  
When the false ones stood aloof,  
And their friendship was but show,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
I have lived my weary brain;  
And I'm passing fast away;  
On the dark and downward stream  
I'm a wreck of olden dream,  
And it puts me on the rack,  
At the weary looking back,  
At the end and at the flow,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
It distresses my weary brain;  
Ah! too well, alas! I know  
It is time for me to go,  
And to leave to younger eyes  
The mild mystery of the skies,  
And the nighty world I tread,  
And the grander age ahead.

There's a mist upon the river,  
And there's bleakness on the shore;  
And in dream I miss forever,  
While sad music waits me o'er.

### IRISH IMMIGRATION.

THE GOVERNMENT'S SCHEME FOR DEPOPULATING THE COUNTRY—FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE COMING NEXT SPRING—STATE-AID EMIGRATION—A COLLOSSAL SCHEME.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—The Government have decided to officially undertake to aid Irish emigration on a colossal scale. The proposition made by Mr. Stephen, or the Canadian Pacific Railway, on behalf of a syndicate of Canadian railways has been practically abandoned. Mr. Stephen offered to settle 50,000 Irish poor in families of five each upon stocked and equipped farms in the neighborhood of Winnipeg, paying all the expenses of moving and settling them, providing the Government loaned the syndicate one million pounds without interest for ten years, the syndicate in turn to take mortgages for five hundred dollars upon each farm without interest for the three first years and at three per cent. after that, the settlers to have the option of securing their

holdings in free simple at any time upon the payment of five hundred dollars. The Government at first favored the proposal, but the Catholic priests in Ireland opposed it so strongly that the Cabinet finally refused to entertain the matter unless the Dominion Government guaranteed the repayment of the loan. Sir Alexander Gait, ex-High Commissioner to London, and Sir Charles Tupper, his successor, both endeavored to secure this guarantee, but failed, owing, it is understood, to the opposition of Lord Effingham, who has strong faith in the future of Canada, and who bent his energies to secure direct action on the part of the Government in favor of the largest possible emigration to Canada. The Canadian Government having finally decided to lend no official endorsement to any railway scheme of emigration, the Government took up

Lord Defferin's plan, and to-day decided on undertaking to carry them out. A special conference was summoned at the Mansion House, and after a long discussion an elaborate scheme of assisted emigration resolved upon, based upon the principles of the United States Homestead Laws. The details of the scheme are not yet ready to place before the public, but it has been decided to move from Ireland and settle in Canada two hundred thousand poor Irish families. Ten thousand families, to average five persons each, aggregating 50,000 people, will be moved next spring, and the transportation will be continued as rapidly as the territory to be occupied can be got ready. Those to be moved next spring will, it is understood, be placed upon the lands offered by Mr. Stephen, which the Government will accept. These lands will be divided into

sections of ONE HUNDRED ACRES, each section to be provided with all the buildings, equipments animals, seed and food necessary for beginning farming upon unbroken land. Each settler will be given his homestead free for the first three years, and after that will be required to pay as rent three per cent upon \$500, but may at any time acquire absolute title upon payment of the latter sum. It has not been decided where the second fifty thousand emigrants will be located. It is stated that in order to overcome the certain opposition of the Parnellites the Government will hold out all possible inducements to the poor in the congested districts to freely enter into the Government's plan.

MEETING IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

A meeting in favor of State aided emigration was held in the Mansion House to-day. Earl Shaftesbury presided. A resolution was offered to provide for the sending of two hundred thousand persons to Canada, and other British colonies, and for procuring them farms in new homes; the money to be advanced by the State, which would take mortgages on the farms as security. The Archbishop of Canterbury supported the resolution, which was adopted.

An agitation in "an' foot in Ohawa," led by a city alderman, to "take the incomes of civil service employes this year

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

The subject of the sermon was the uses of pain; the argument, that all real good comes through pain.

Real confidence in God can be shown, he said, only when we are blind, and cannot see how our sufferings are to lead to any good end.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror; for the Manichees would tell you, at the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers.

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BRET HARTE'S NEW ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffective lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods.

"Hil, mister! come and pluk up your game. Halo there!" The challenge fell unheeded on the empty woods.

"And yet," said he whom the woman had called the Sheriff, "he can't be far off. It was a close shot, and the bear he dropped in his tracks. Why, wot's this sticking in his claws?"

The two men bent over the animal. "Why, it's sugar, brown sugar—look!" There was no mistake. The huge bear's fore paws and muzzle were streaked with the unromantic household provision, and heightened the absurd contrast of its incongruous members.

The Sheriff was apparently of the same opinion, for he followed his companion's example, and once more led the way. The spurs tinkled, the torches danced, and the cavalcade slowly re-entered the gloom.

The wood sank again into repose, this time disturbed by neither shape nor sound. What lower forms of life might have kept close to its roots were hidden in the ferns or passed with deadened tread over the bark-strewn floor.

Seen in that stronger light, the monstrous tree near which the dead bear lay revealed its age in its denuded and scarred trunk, and showed in its base a deep cavity a foot or two from the ground, partly hidden by hanging strips of bark which had fallen across it.

He raised his head so carelessly and listlessly that he did not otherwise change his attitude. Stepping from behind the tree, the woman of the preceding night stood before him.

"I reckon all along it was you who shot the bear," she said; "at least some one hidin' yer," and she indicated the hollow tree with her hand.

"I don't know anything why don't you say so, instead of cackling like a d-d squaw there. P'raps you reckon you kin find the trail too."

"Go to the devil then," she said curtly. "Not before a lady," responded the other. There was another laugh from the men, the spurs jingled again, the three torches reappeared from behind the tree, and then passed away in the darkness.

For a time silence and immutability possessed the woods; the great trunks loomed upward; their fallen brothers stretched their slow length into obscurity. The sound of breathing again became audible; the shape reappeared in the aisle, and recommenced its mystic dance.

The woman laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Look yonder at the roots of the tree. You're a d-d smart man for a Sheriff, ain't you?"

The man uttered an exclamation and spurred his horse forward, but the animal reared in terror. He then sprang to the ground and approached the tree. The shape lay there, a scarcely distinguishable bulk.

"I reckon that's the kind that kills at forty rods," she said, with a hysterical laugh. "But I say, pardner, you look as if you were fixed to stay," and she stared ostentatiously around the chamber. But she had already taken in its minutest details, even to observing that the hanging strips of bark could be disposed so as to completely hide the entrance.

Seeing that either from indifference or caution he had not accepted her meaning, she looked at him fixedly and said: "What is your little game?"

"What are you hiding for—here, in this tree?" "But I'm not hiding." "Then why didn't you come out when they hailed you last night?"

"Because I didn't care to." "All right—then if you're not hiding, I'm going too." As he did not reply, she went on: "If I can keep out of sight for a couple of weeks, this thing will blow over here, and I can get across into Yolo. I could get a fair show there, where the boys know me. Just now the trails are all watched, but no one would think of looking for me."

"Then how did you come to think of it?" he asked carelessly. "Because I know that bear hadn't gone far for that sugar; because I knew he hadn't stole it from a cache—it was too fresh, and wot'd have seen the torn-up earth; because we had passed no camp, and because I knew there was no shanty here. And, besides," she added in a low voice, "maybe I was huntin' a hole myself to die in, and spotted it by instinct."

There was something in this suggestion of a hunted animal that, unlike anything she had previously said or suggested, was not exaggerated, and caused the young man to look at her again. She was standing under the ohmaney-like opening, and the light from above illuminated her head and shoulders.

The pupils in her eyes had lost their feverish prominence, and were slightly suffused and softened as she gazed abstractedly before her. The only vestige of their previous excitement was in her left-hand fingers, which were incessantly twisting and turning a diamond ring upon her right hand, but without imparting the least animation to her rigid attitude.

"Well," she said. "Speak up. Am I going to stop here, or have I to get up and get?" "You can stay," said the young man, quietly; "but as I've got my provisions and ammunition here, and haven't any other place to go to just now, I suppose we'll have to share it together."

She glanced at him under her eyelids, and a half-bitter, half-contemptuous smile passed across her face. "All right, old man," she said, holding out her hand, "it's a go. We'll start in housekeeping, at once, if you like."

"I'll have to come here once or twice a day," he said, quite composedly, "to look after my things and get something to eat; but I'll be away most of the time, and what with camping out under the trees every night, I reckon my share won't incommode you."

"I don't see the papers," he replied curtly. "They say there's a picture of me in the Police Gazette, taken in the act," and she laughed.

"I'm not a little abstracted, and turned as it is to go. I think you'll do well to rest a while just now, and keep as close hid as possible until this afternoon. The trail is a mile away at the nearest point, but some one might miss it and stay over here. You're quite safe if you're careful, and stand by the tree. You can build a fire here," he stepped under the chimney-like opening, "without its being noticed. Even the smoke is lost and cannot be seen so high."

The light from above was falling on his head and shoulders as it had on hers. She looked at him intently. "You travel a good deal on your figure, pardner, don't you?" she said, with a certain admiration that was quite sexless in its quality; "but I don't see how you pick up a living by it in the Carquinez woods. So you're going, are you? You might be more sociable. Good by."

"Good by!" he leaped from the opening. "I say, pardner!" He turned, a little impatiently. She had knelt down at the entrance so as to be nearer his level, and was holding out her hand. He did not notice it, and she quietly withdrew it.

It suddenly occurred to the woman Teresa that in the young man's height, supple yet erect carriage, color, and singular gravity of demeanor there was a refined aboriginal suggestion. He did not look like any Indian she had ever seen, but rather as a youthful chief might have looked. There was a further suggestion in his fringed buckskin shirt and moccasins, but before she could utter the half-sarcastic comment that rose to her lips he had glided noiselessly away, even as an Indian might have done.

her eyes on the darkest corner of the cavern and became motionless. "What did she see through that shadow?" Nothing at first but a confused medley of figures and incidents of the preceding night; things that would not have happened but for another thing—the thing before which everything faded. A ball room, the sounds of music, the one man she had cared for in all her life—the haunting orientation of his unfaithfulness; herself despaired, put aside, laughed at, or worse, killed.

As they carried him away he had laughed at her—like a hound that he was; he who had praised her for her spirit, and incited her revenge against others; he who had taught her to strike when she was insulted; and it was only fit he should reap what he had sown. She was what he, what other men, had made her. And what was she now? What had she been once?

She tried to recall her childhood. The man and woman who might have been her father and mother; who fought and wrangled over her precocious little life; abused or caressed her as she sided with either, and then left her with a circus troupe, where she first tasted the power of her courage, her beauty and her recklessness. She remembered those flashes of triumph that left a fever in her veins—a fever that when it failed must be simulated by dissipation; by anything, by everything that would keep her name a wonder in men's mouths, an envious fear to women. She recalled her transfer to the strolling players; her cheap pleasures, and cheaper rivalries and hatred—but always Teresa! the daring Teresa! the reckless Teresa! adroit as a woman, invincible as a boy; dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa!

She had lashed herself in a frenzy, as was her wont, with gestures, ejaculations, oaths, adulations and passionate apostrophes, but with this strange and unexpected result. Heretofore she had an audience of some kind or quality, if only perhaps an humble companion; there had always been some one she could fascinate or horrify, and she could read her power mirrored in their eyes. Even the half-abstracted indifference of her strange host had been something. But she was alone now. Her words fell on apathetic solitude; she was acting to viewless space. She rushed to the opening, dashed the hanging bark aside, and leaped to the ground.

The profound silence remained unbroken. Her shrillest tones were lost in an echoless space, even as the smoke of her fire had faded into pure ether. She stretched out her clenched fists as if to defy the pillared asterites of the vaults around her.

"Come and take me if you dare!" The challenge was unheeded. If she had thrown herself violently against the nearest tree trunk, she could not have been stricken more breathless than she was by the compact, unshattered solitude that encompassed her. The hopelessness of impressing these cold and passive vaults with her selfish passion filled her with a vague fear. In her rage of the previous night she had not seen the wood in its pre-frozen immobility. Left alone with the majesty of those enormous columns, she trembled and turned faint. The silence of the hollow tree she had just quitted seemed to her less awful than the crushing presence of these mute and monstrous witnesses of her weakness. Like a wounded quail with lowered crest and trailing wing, she crept back to her hiding place.

Even then the influence of the wood was still upon her. She picked up the novel she had contemptuously thrown aside, only to let it fall again in utter weariness. For a moment her feminine curiosity was excited by the discovery of an old book, in whose blank leaves were pressed a variety of flowers and woodland grasses. As she could not conceive that these had been kept for any but a sentimental purpose, she was disappointed to find that underneath each was a sentence in an unknown tongue, that even to her untutored eye did not appear to be the language of passion. Finally, she re-arranged the couch of skins and blankets, and, imparting to it in three clever shakes an entirely different character, lay down to pursue her reveries. But nature asserted herself, and ere she knew it she was asleep.

So intense and prolonged had been her previous excitement that the telenon once relieved she passed into a slumber of exhaustion so deep that she seemed scarce to breathe. High noon succeeded morning, the central shaft received a single ray of upper sunlight, the afternoon came and went, the shadows gathered below, the sunset fires began to eat their way through the groined roof, and she still slept. She slept even when the bark hangings of the chamber were put aside and the young man re-entered.

He laid down a bundle he was carrying, and softly approached the sleeper. For a moment he was startled from his indifference, she lay so still and motionless. But this was not all that struck him; the face before him was no longer the passionate, haggard visage that confronted him that morning; the feverish air, the burning color, the strained muscles of mouth and brow, and the staring eyes were gone, wiped away, perhaps, by the tears that still left their traces on cheek and dark eyelash. It was the face of a handsome woman of thirty, with even a suggestion of softness in the contour of the cheek and arching of her upper lip, no longer rigidly drawn down in anger, but relaxed by sleep on her white teeth.

With the little, soft tread that was habitual to him, the young man moved about, examining the condition of the little chamber and its stock of provisions and necessities, and withdrew presently to reappear as noiselessly with a tin bucket of water. This done he replenished the little pile of fuel with an armful of bark and pine cones, cast an approving glance about him, which included the sleeper and silently departed.

It was night when she awoke. She was surrounded by a profound darkness, except where the shaft-like opening made a nebulous mist in the corner of her wooden cavern. Providentially she struggled back to consciousness slowly, so that the solitude and silence came upon her gradually with a growing realization of the events of the past twenty-four hours, but without a shock. She was alone here, but safe still, and every hour added to her chances of ultimate escape. She remembered to have seen a candle among the articles on the shelf, and she began to grope her way toward the matches. Suddenly she stopped. What was that panting?

Was it her own breathing, quickened by a sudden nameless terror, or was there some thing outside. Her heart seemed to stop breathing while she listened. Yes! it was a panting outside—a panting now increased, multiplied, redoubled, mixed with the sounds of rustling, tearing, crunching and occasionally a quick, impatient snarl. She crept on her hands and knees to the opening and look out. At first the ground seemed to be undulating between her and the opposite tree. But a second glance showed her the black and gray, bristling, tossing backs of tumbling beasts of prey, charging the carcass of the bear that lay at its rook, or contesting for the prize with glutinous snoked breath, sidelong snarl, arched splines, and recurved tails. One of the bold-est had leaped upon a buttressing root of her tree within a foot of the opening. The excitement, awe and terror she had undergone culminated in one wild, maddening scream that seemed to pierce even the cold depths of the forest as she dropped on her face, with her hands clasped over her eyes in an agony of fear.

Her scream was answered, after a pause, by a sudden volley of firebrands and sparks into the midst of the panting, crowding pack; a few smothered howls and snaps, and a sudden dispersion of the concourse. In another moment the young man, with a blazing brand in either hand, leaped upon the body of the bear.

Teresa raised her head, uttered a hysterical cry, slid down the tree, flew wildly to his side, caught convulsively at his sleeve, and fell on her knees beside him. "Save me! save me!" she gasped in a voice broken by terror. "Save me from these hideous creatures. No, no!" she implored, as he endeavored to lift her to her feet. "No—let me stay here close beside you. So," clutching the fringe of his leather hunting shirt, and dragging herself on her knees nearer him, "so—don't leave me, for God's sake!"

"They are gone," he replied, gazing down curiously at her, as she wound the fringe around her hand to strengthen her hold; "they're only a lot of cowardly coyotes and wolves, that dare not attack anything that lives and can move."

The young man responded with a nervous shudder. "Yes, that's it," she whispered, in a broken voice; "it's only the dead they want. Promise me—swear to me, if I am caught or hung or shot, you won't let me be left here to be torn and—ah! my God! what's that?"

She had thrown her arms around his knees, completely platonizing him to her frantic breast. Something like a smile of disdain passed across his face as he answered: "It's nothing. They will not return. Get up!"

Even in her terror she saw the change in his face. "I know, I know!" she cried. "I'm frightened—but I cannot bear it any longer. Hear me! Listen! Listen—but don't move! I didn't mean to kill Curson—no! I swear to God, no! I didn't mean to kill the sheriff—and I didn't. I was only bragging—do you hear? I lied! I lied—don't move. I swear to God I lied. I've made myself out worse than I was. I have. Only don't leave me now—and if I die—and it's not far off, may be—get me away from here—and from them. Swear it!"

"All right," said the young man, with a scarcely concealed movement of irritation. "But get up now, and go back to the cabin." "No; not there alone." Nevertheless he quietly but firmly released himself.

"I will stay here," he replied, "I would have been nearer to you, but I thought it better for your safety that my camp fire should be further off. But I can build it here, and that will keep the coyotes off."

"Let me stay with you—beside you"—she said imploringly. She looked so broken, crushed and spiritless—so unlike the woman of the morning—that, albeit with an ill grace, he tacitly consented and turned away to bring his blankets. But in the next moment she was at his side, following him like a dog, silent and wistful, and even offering to carry his burden. When he had built the fire, for which she had collected the pine-cones and broken branches near them, he sat down, folded his arms and leaned back against the tree in reserved and deliberate silence. Humble and submissive, she did not attempt to break in upon a reverie she could not help but feel had little kindness to herself. As the fire snapped and sprinkled she pillowed her head upon a root, and lay still to watch it.

It rose and fell, dying away at times to a mere lurid glow, and again, agitated by some breath scarcely perceptible to them, quickening into a roaring flame. When only the embers remained, a dead silence filled the wood. Then the first breath of morning moved the tangled canopy above, and a dozen tiny sprays and needles detached from the interlocked boughs winged their soft way noiselessly to the earth. A few fell upon the prostrate woman like a gentle benediction, and she slept. But even then, the young man, looking down, saw that the slender fingers were still aimlessly but rigidly twisted in the leather fringe of his hunting shirt.

CHAPTER II. It was a peculiarity of the Carquinez Wood that it stood apart and distinct in its gigantic individuality. Even where the integrity of its own singular species was not entirely preserved, it admitted no inferior trees. Not was there any diminishing fringe on its outskirts; the sentinels that guarded the few gateways of the dim trails were monstrous as the serried ranks drawn up in the heart of the forest. Consequently the red highway that skirted the eastern angle was bare and shadesless, until it slipped a league off into a watered valley and refreshed itself under lesser sycamores and willows. It was here the newly born city of Excelsior, still in its cradle, had, like an infant Hercules, strangled the serpentine North Fork of the American River and turned its life current into the ditches and flumes of the Excelsior miners.

West of the new houses that seemed to have accidentally formed its single straggling street was the residence of the Rev. Winslow Wynn, not unfrequently known as "Father Wynn," pastor of the First Baptist church. The "pastorage," as it was cheerfully called, had the glaring distinction of being built of brick, and was, as had been wickedly pointed out by idle scoffers, the only "freeproof" structure in town. This sarcasm was not, however, supposed to be particularly distasteful to "Father Wynn," who enjoyed the reputation of being "half fellow—well met" with the rough mining element, who called them by their Christian names, had been known to drink at the bar of the Polka Saloon while engaged in the conversion of a prominent citizen, and was popularly said to have a "gospel starch" about him. Certain conspicuous outcasts and transgressors were touched at this apparent unbending of the spiritual authority. "The rigid tenets of Father Wynn's faith were lost in the supposed catholicity of his humanity." A preacher that can justify man when he's his'n! How into him without jawin' about it, ought to be allowed to waste with sinners, and splash about in as much cold water as he likes! "Was the criticism

Continued on 3rd page.

one of his converts. Nevertheless it was true that Father Wynn was somewhat loud and intolerant in his tolerance. It was true that he was a little more rough, a little more frank, a little more hearty, a little more impulsive than his disciples. It was true that often the proclamation of his extreme liberality and brotherly equality partook somewhat of an apology. It is true that a few who might have been most benefited by this kind of gospel regarded him with a singular disdain. It is true that his liberality was of an ornamental, insinuating quality, accompanied with but little sacrifice; his acceptance of a collection taken up in a gambling saloon for the rebuilding of his church destroyed by fire, gave him a popularity large enough, it must be confessed, to cover the sins of the gamblers themselves, but it was not proven that he had ever organized any form of relief. But it was true that local history somewhat accepted him as an exponent of mingling Christianity, without the least reference to the opinions of the Christian mission themselves.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn's liberal habits and opinions were not, however, shared by his only daughter, a motherless young lady of 18. Nellie Wynn was, in the eye of Excelsior, an unapproachable divinity, as inaccessible and cold as her father was impulsive and familiar. An atmosphere of chaste and proud virginity made itself felt even in the starched integrity of her spotless skirts, in her neatly gloved fingers tips, in her clear amber eyes, in her languid red lips, in her sensitive nostrils. Need it be said that the youth and middle age of Excelsior were madly, because apparently hopelessly, in love with her? For the rest, she had been expensively educated, was profoundly ignorant in two languages, with a trained misunderstanding of music and painting, and a natural and faultless taste in dress.

The Rev. Mr. Wynn was engaged in a characteristic hearty partying with one of his latest converts, upon his own doorstep, with admirable *à fresco* effect. He had just clasped him on his shoulder. "Good-by, good-by, my boy, and keep in the right path; not up, or down, or round the gulch, you know—no, ha!—but straight across lots to the shining gate." He had raised his voice under the stimulus of a few admiring spectators, and backed his convert playfully against the wall. "You see we're going in to win—y'ou bet. Good-bye! I'd ask you to step in and have a chat, but I've got my work to do, and so have you. The Gospel must keep us from that—must it, Charley? he, ha!"

The convert (who elsewhere was a profane expression, and had become quite imbecile under Mr. Wynn's active heartiness and brotherly horse-play before spectators) managed, however, to feebly stammer with a bluish something about "Miss Nellie."

"Ah, Nellie. She, too, is at her teeth—trimming her lamps, you know the parable of the wise virgins," continued Father Wynn, hastily, fearing that the convert might take the illustration literally. "There, there—good bye. Keep in the right path." And with a parting shove he dismissed Charley, and entered his own house.

That wise virgin, Nellie, had evidently finished with the lamp, as she was fully dressed and gloved and had a pink parasol in her hand as her father entered the sitting room. His hiss of teeth seemed to fade away as he removed his soft broad-brimmed hat and glanced across the too fresh-looking apartment. There was a smell of mortar still in the air, and a faint suggestion that at any moment green grass might appear between the interstices of the red brick hearth. The room, yielding a little in the point of cold, seemed to share Miss Nellie's freshness, and, barring the pink parasol, set her off as in a vestal's cell.

"I supposed you wouldn't care to see Brace, the expressman, so I got rid of him at the door," said her father, drawing one of the new chairs toward him slowly, and sitting down carefully, as if it were a hitherto untried experiment.

Miss Nellie's face took a tint of interest. "Then he doesn't go with the coach to Indian Spring to-day?"

"No, why?"

"I thought of going over myself to get the Burnham girls to come to choir meeting," replied Miss Nellie, carelessly, "and he might have been company."

"He'd go now if he knew you were going," said her father, "but it's just as well he shouldn't be needlessly encouraged. I rather think that Sheriff Dunn is a little jealous of him. By the way, the sheriff is much better. I called to cheer him up to-day" (Mr. Wynn had, in fact, tumultuously accelerated the sick man's pulse), "and he talked of you as usual. In fact, he said he had only two things to get well for. One was to catch and hang that woman Teresa, who shot him; the other—can't you guess the other?" he added, archly, with a faint suggestion of his other manner.

Miss Nellie coldly said not. The Rev. Mr. Wynn's archedness vanished. "Don't be a fool," he said, dryly. "He wants to marry you, and you know it."

"Most of the men here do," responded Miss Nellie, without the least trace of coquetry. "Is the wedding or the hanging to take place first, or together—so he can officiate at both?"

"His share in the Union Ditch is worth a \$100,000," continued her father, "and if he isn't nominated for District Judge this fall, he's bound to go to the Legislature anyway. I don't think a girl with your advantages and education can afford to throw away the chance of shining in Sacramento, San Francisco, or, in good time, perhaps even Washington."

Miss Nellie's eyes did not reflect entire disapproval of this suggestion, although she repressed with something of her father's practical quality.

"Mr. Dunn is not out of his bed yet, and they say Teresa's got away to Arizona, so there isn't any hurry."

"Perhaps not. But see here, Nellie, I've some important news for you. You know your young friend of the Outquint woods—Dormanz, the botanist, eh? Well, Brace knows all about him. And what do you think he is?"

Miss Nellie took upon herself a few extra degrees of cold, and didn't know.

"An Injin! An out-and-out-and-chorok. You see, he calls himself Dormanz—Low Dormanz. That's only French for 'sleeping water'—his Injin name, 'Low Dormanz'—"

and those Eastern clergymen as a magnificent specimen of a young Californian. You forget what an occasion you made of his coming to church on Sunday, and how you made him come in his buckskin shirt and walk down the street with you after service!"

"Yes, yes," said the Rev. Mr. Wynn, hurriedly.

"And," continued Nellie, carelessly, "how you made us sing out of the same book. 'Children of our Father's Fold,' and how you preached at him until he actually got a color!"

"Yes," said her father; "but it wasn't known then he was an Injin, and they are frightfully unpopular with these Southwestern men among whom we labor. Indeed, I am quite convinced that when Brace said 'the only good Injin was a dead one,' his expression though extravagant perhaps, really reflected the sentiments of the majority. It would be only kindness to the unfortunate creature to warn him from exposing himself to their rude but conscientious antagonism."

"Perhaps you'd better tell him, then, in your own popular way, which they all seem to understand so well," responded the daughter. Mr. Wynn cast a quick glance at her, but there was no trace of irony in her face—nothing but a half-bored indifference as she walked toward the window.

"I will go with you to the coach office," said her father, who generally gave these simple paternal duties the pronounced character of a public Christian exercise.

"It's hardly worth while," replied Miss Nellie. "I've to stop at the Watsons', at the foot of the hill, and ask after the baby, so I shall go on to the Crossing and pick up the coach when it passes. Good-by."

Nevertheless, as soon as Nellie had departed, the Rev. Mr. Wynn proceeded to the coach office, and, publicly grasping the hand of Yuba Bill, the driver, commended his daughter to his care in the name of the universal brotherhood of man and the Christian fraternity. Carried away by his heartiness, he forgot his previous caution, and confided to the expressman Miss Nellie's regrets that she was not to have that gentleman's company. The result was that Miss Nellie found the coach with its passengers awaiting her with uplifted hats and wreathed smiles at the Crossing, and the box seat (from which an unfortunate stranger who had expensively paid for it, had been summarily ejected) at her service beside Yuba Bill, who had thrown away his cigar and donned a new pair of buckskin gloves to do her honor. But a more serious result to the young beauty was the effect of the Rev. Mr. Wynn's confidence upon the impulsive heart of Jack Brace, the expressman. It has been already intimated that it was his "day off." Unable to summarily resume his usual functions beside the driver without some practical reason, and ashamed to go so palpably as a mere passenger, he was forced to let the coach proceed without him. Discomfited for the moment, he was not, however, beaten. He had lost the blissful journey by his side, which would have been his professional right, but—she was going to Indian Spring! could he not anticipate her there? Might this not be a pretext to come from that meeting away from the prying eyes of West's town? Mr. Brace did not hesitate, but, adding his fast Buckskin, by the time the stage had passed the Crossing in the high road he had mounted the hill and was dashing along the "cut off" in the same direction, a full mile in advance. Arriving at Indian Spring he left his horse at a Mexican *posado* on the confines of the settlement, and from the piled debris of a tunnel excavation awaited the slow arrival of the coach. On mature reflection he could give no reason why he had not boldly waited it at the Express office, except a certain bashful consciousness of his own folly, and a belief that it might be begrudgingly apparent to the bystanders. When the coach arrived and he had overcome this consciousness, it was too late.

(To be continued.)

The huge, drastic, gripping, eickeling pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists. 22 we

The statement of the officers of Copeland a bankrupt, Boston, shows liabilities of \$2,101,000; assets \$1,603,000.

SCIPIO, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879. I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARBEN

Georgia has about 15,000 members of Masonic lodges.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE.

All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McEale's Compound Bitter Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McEale, chemist, Montreal. 95 ft

HANLAN AND COURNEY.

St. Louis, Aug. 9.—President St. John, of the Model Club, the best rowing authority in the West, says Hanlan told him recently that at Chattanooga Courtney made a proposition that Hanlan for \$8,000 should lose the race. Hanlan agreed, intending to get Courtney on the water and beat him. A meeting to arrange details was fixed, which Hanlan did not attend, and within an hour it was announced that Courtney's boat was out.

WHY COURNEY SAWEED HIS BOAT.

St. Louis, Aug. 8.—The *Globe-Democrat* reports an interview between its representative and the backer of Hanlan at the time of the noted race with Courtney. Hanlan's backer discloses that three races had been arranged between Courtney and Hanlan, the latter to win the first, the former to win the second, and the third to be given to the one whomsoever the most money was bet against. Hanlan accordingly won at Loshine, but at Chattanooga Hanlan, finding his friends betting on him, refused to stand by Courtney. The latter seeing he could not win sawed his boat.

By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a sound mind and a sound body.

On Thursday a terrible boiler explosion occurred at Niagara with a loss of \$700,000. The farm, near Port Williams, Ont., killing instantly P. Caldwell, and, at the same time, scalding and cutting Mr. L. Howland.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL DAVITT.

WELL KNOWN IRISHMEN

of pronounced patriotic sympathies residing in England and Scotland are, of course, not included in this category, as this class of our countrymen in Great Britain has given some of our ablest public men to the National Movement, such as Messrs. Healy, Justin McCarthy, John Barry and Arthur O'Connor. The objection I speak of is confined to men who have no record of work accomplished or attempted in England, in connection with the cause of Ireland, and whose only qualifications for an Irish constituency reside in a ready profession of fidelity to Mr. Parnell, and an ability to maintain themselves in London, during the session of Parliament. Mr. Parnell is not likely to select one of this type with whom to fight the O'Connor Don in a county where a formidable clerical element will be arrayed on the opposition side. Opinion here in Dublin inclines to the putting forward of Mr. Edward Harrington, editor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, who has just been imprisoned by the Government in a most wanton disregard of the commonest sense of justice. John Dillon strongly favors such a candidature. It would be an emphatic protest against a contemptible act of petty vengeance on the part of Dublin Castle, while it would carry out the old theory of the Land League, that those who are singled out for political persecution by the English Government for their fidelity to Ireland should be selected by the Irish people for such honors as it is in their power to bestow. It was under exactly similar circumstances that his brother, Mr. Timothy Harrington, was elected, when in prison, for the County of Westmeath. ENCOURAGING PROGRESS.

While pushing ahead towards the original goal of the Land League—the complete overthrow of the feudal land system—it refreshes the journey considerably to have to look back occasionally upon what were our two opposing parties at the beginning of the struggle now engaged in mutual conflict over the administration of the Land Act. The brand of discord which was so often flung into the councils of the National Party, in the past, by combined Whigs and Tories, is now hurled back into the West-English ranks, and we, who have so often allowed ourselves to be thus divided and weakened, are now witnessing the effects of a similar policy upon the following of our political adversaries. One day we are treated to hysterical cries of "A coalition party to the rescue!" as the danger of a compact Nationalist movement is decried by Liberal and Conservative organs; but when the gallant borough of Westford spurns the coalition candidate, the O'Connor Don, and gives its representation to a young man who is at present away beneath the Southern Cross, at work for Ireland, we find the would-be allies again upbraiding each other for the miserable pass to which they have both been brought.

The Excuse of Lord's assembly of landlords—has elected a committee, which was appointed last year to inquire into the working of the Land Act on the way in which the Land Commission has administered that measure. The Commission is accused of having systematically resorted to partial judgments, by which rents have been invariably reduced, and landlords threatened with ruin. The Commissioners resort, at once, upon the Lord's committee, in the following spicy manner:

"It appears to the Commissioners," observe Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Messrs. Vernon and Litton and Lord Monck, "that the Lord's Committee have departed from the correct constitutional principle which protects the grounds of judicial decisions from being investigated by such a body as the Committee, and that, where the rule does not apply, they have lost sight of a principle quite as sacred, by condemning absent men without calling on them for their defence. They, therefore, submit that the report ought not to be regarded as an impartial verdict of a parliamentary tribunal." This language, to the House of Lords, for that assembly's opinion upon reductions of rent in Ireland, is resented by the landlord *Express*, and the Land Commissioners are lectured, in turn, for their "revolutionary" proceedings. "Everything connected with the Land Act," sighs the despairing champion of landlordism, "is a new, strange, revolutionary. It was new to depart from the principles of property and contract; it was strange to assert that the scientific generalizations of political economy had no application to Ireland; it was revolutionary to do all this at the bidding of unscrupulous Land Leaguers. It was both new and strange, though not revolutionary; that the House of Lords should sit in judgment upon the action of courts which purported to be courts of justice." But, perhaps, the strongest and the most revolutionary proceeding of all is that these judicial persons should rush into print to defend themselves against the verdict of a "parliamentary tribunal."

TO THIS LANDLESS INDENTMENT OF THE WHIG GOVERNMENT Land Court and its deluge of official Whig organ, the *Northern Whig*, replies; and when I praise the following remarkable quotation by the observation that this identical journal is one of the bitterest foes of the Land League and war, in common with every other anti-national paper in Ireland, a supporter of landlordism previous to the land agitation, your readers will perceive how thorough the work of the past four years has been, and how near we are approaching to the final collapse of the landlord system of land tenure. As this question, from a journal hostile to the national cause, summarizes the work that has been so far accomplished in "the land war" between the Land League and Irish landlordism its admissions will be read with satisfaction by your Irish, and with interest, I hope, by your other thousands of readers who have had "the Irish question" constantly before them for some time back:

"There was a time when the great question was, 'What is to become of the tenant-farmers of Ireland?' The question is now, apparently, what is to become of the landlords? They themselves, if we may judge by Lord Montague's paper read lately in a Dublin acknowledgment of the agrarian discontent of generations has at last produced a social revolution which has shaken the whole framework of Irish society. They declare that they do not know the people. The loyalty, the deference, the subsmissiveness, which conquests and confiscations of generations could not destroy, have given way under the pressure of an agrarian crisis without parallel in Irish history. In some parts of the west, as well as south, the peasant, it is said, will hardly touch his hat to his landlord. It is a great change from the time that four families, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare, the Boyles, the Ponsonbys and the Berksfords, as Mr. Froude tells us, by their county influence and their private boroughs, were the political sovereigns of Ireland. Now the landlord class has been swept almost completely out of political life, and the worst possible candidate for a county is a landlord. They have 'been practically effaced. It may seem ungenerous to remind them that in the day of their power they forgot themselves, and imagined that nothing could touch them in their position of privileged irresponsibility. They would take no warning; they would make no concessions; they were deaf to the appeals alike of justice and of compassion. But the time came at last—and it is a humiliating commentary on their worth as a class—that the whole land of Ireland had to be put in Chancery, as it were, to be taken so completely out of their hands that they are now powerless to evict and powerless to fix the rents paid for their lands. Even the *Times* has come to throw them over, suggesting that they were formerly kept as buffers between the Executive and the masses; but their power has been shattered, and the question now is, whether their intervention is any longer an advantage. The *Spectator* is almost justified in saying, in reference to the recent attitude of the landlords, that not only is their power of resistance gone, but that their wish to resist is going, and that they do not even care to maintain their territorial ascendancy."

IT IS TRUE, AND SAD AS 'TIS TRUE, that we have not reached this stage in the settlement of the Irish land question without deplorable occurrences marking, in crimson stains, the steps of reform, and giving to the historian deeds of blood to record as well as evidences of social progress. For a time these acts that were but accidental to a movement which aimed at the abolition of a system to which agrarian crime and outrage were incidental, robbed us of external sympathy, by confounding the excesses of a contest with its essential character. Time, however, is rendering justice to the Land League. Its enemies have said and done their worst, but truth is at last asserting itself and reversing the aspersions of calumny by the force of unbiased fact and reason. Opinion, which forgot in moments of prejudiced feeling, that crime of an exceptional nature is born of exceptional laws of injustice, and no more exhibits itself in the social organism without cause than does inherited or induced disease in the human frame, is now arriving at the same philosophical conclusions as to the origin of Irish crime which Macaulay has drawn from similar acts of humanity in connection with every other social or political revolution from the beginning of society. "We deplore the outrages," wrote the great essayist, "which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we are that a revolution is necessary. The violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live." "It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?"

FROM HAMILTON.—A gentleman writes: "I have suffered for four years with night losses and general weakness, caused by abuse. I had tried all the advertised medicines; and a number of eminent doctors, and found no relief or benefit. I have used twelve boxes of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and am entirely restored." See advertisement in another column. For sale by Lavolette & Nelson.

GENERAL LYNCH. LIMA, via GALVESTON, Aug. 10.—A telegram from Valparaiso announces the appointment of General Lynch as Vice Admiral. This is confirmed by subsequent despatches from Santiago. The President in a telegram congratulates General Lynch and Colonel Martorello upon their success at Huamachuco, and says that the victory will be doubly glorious if it leads to peace and the establishment of a regular government for Peru.

date for a county is a landlord. They have "been practically effaced. It may seem ungenerous to remind them that in the day of their power they forgot themselves, and imagined that nothing could touch them in their position of privileged irresponsibility. They would take no warning; they would make no concessions; they were deaf to the appeals alike of justice and of compassion. But the time came at last—and it is a humiliating commentary on their worth as a class—that the whole land of Ireland had to be put in Chancery, as it were, to be taken so completely out of their hands that they are now powerless to evict and powerless to fix the rents paid for their lands. Even the *Times* has come to throw them over, suggesting that they were formerly kept as buffers between the Executive and the masses; but their power has been shattered, and the question now is, whether their intervention is any longer an advantage. The *Spectator* is almost justified in saying, in reference to the recent attitude of the landlords, that not only is their power of resistance gone, but that their wish to resist is going, and that they do not even care to maintain their territorial ascendancy."

IT IS TRUE, AND SAD AS 'TIS TRUE, that we have not reached this stage in the settlement of the Irish land question without deplorable occurrences marking, in crimson stains, the steps of reform, and giving to the historian deeds of blood to record as well as evidences of social progress. For a time these acts that were but accidental to a movement which aimed at the abolition of a system to which agrarian crime and outrage were incidental, robbed us of external sympathy, by confounding the excesses of a contest with its essential character. Time, however, is rendering justice to the Land League. Its enemies have said and done their worst, but truth is at last asserting itself and reversing the aspersions of calumny by the force of unbiased fact and reason. Opinion, which forgot in moments of prejudiced feeling, that crime of an exceptional nature is born of exceptional laws of injustice, and no more exhibits itself in the social organism without cause than does inherited or induced disease in the human frame, is now arriving at the same philosophical conclusions as to the origin of Irish crime which Macaulay has drawn from similar acts of humanity in connection with every other social or political revolution from the beginning of society. "We deplore the outrages," wrote the great essayist, "which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we are that a revolution is necessary. The violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live." "It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?"

FROM HAMILTON.—A gentleman writes: "I have suffered for four years with night losses and general weakness, caused by abuse. I had tried all the advertised medicines; and a number of eminent doctors, and found no relief or benefit. I have used twelve boxes of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, and am entirely restored." See advertisement in another column. For sale by Lavolette & Nelson.

GENERAL LYNCH. LIMA, via GALVESTON, Aug. 10.—A telegram from Valparaiso announces the appointment of General Lynch as Vice Admiral. This is confirmed by subsequent despatches from Santiago. The President in a telegram congratulates General Lynch and Colonel Martorello upon their success at Huamachuco, and says that the victory will be doubly glorious if it leads to peace and the establishment of a regular government for Peru.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of the pamphlet are the words, "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water marked or stamped in pale transparent letters. Hold a leaf up to the light, and if genuine, you will see the above words. Do not buy if the words are not there, because it is not the real article. The water mark letters may be very pale, but by looking closely against the light, you cannot fail to see them.

A London correspondent sends to a New York paper the startling information that "Jenny Lind is growing old." It doesn't seem possible! and the report will not be credited in this country until it is corroborated by somebody more reliable than a London newspaper writer.

Cramps are immediately relieved by taking a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a little milk and sugar; it takes about two minutes to relieve the worst cases.

It will be news to many lady readers to learn the value of ostrich leathers that are exported from the Cape. Last year over 253,000 pounds of leathers were exported, the value being \$1,093,989. This is sevenfold what it was ten years ago, so that the habit of wearing leathers must have grown.

What are the desirable qualities in a whisker dye? It must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

A new use has been found for cotton. Manufactured into duck it has been successfully introduced as a roofing material. Aside from its cheapness it possesses the advantage of lightness as compared with shingles or slats; it effectually excludes water, and it is said to be a non-conductor of heat.

THE LITTLE MODEL REPUBLIC. VALPARAISO, CHIL.—Senator Ricardo Stiven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

The great Fisheries Exhibition in England brought out in view hundreds of big, strong, fishy fishermen, and some of the critics admired them and went into raptures over them, and then looked in despair at the little, insignificant and stolid-faced dudes who represent England in certain parts of London.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMING OPERATIONS FOR AUGUST.

Harvesting the corn crops should almost mainly engage the farmer's attention this and the succeeding month. Wheat, by being allowed to stand too long, or till fully or dead ripe, suffers much loss, not only by shedding, whereby all the prime grains are lost, but the sample is deteriorated in value, as the bran, by over-maturity, increases in thickness. Avoid cutting or binding in wet weather—it adds much to the beauty of the grain that the straw is perfectly dry when bound into sheaves; let the sheaves be made small, and care should be taken to draw out all succulent weeds before they are tied up.

Barley, from its quickly vegetating powers, is the grain of all others, the most liable to damage from a wet or damp harvest time, as it is particularly liable to grow both standing and in the sheaf; it should be on that account cut expeditiously in dry weather, bound and stooked when arrived at a sufficiently ripe state, which is indicated by the straw assuming a bright golden color, from nearly the bottom to the top, and the ear bending down. A favorable opportunity should be seized to save this crop at this period, for as soon as the entire ear leaves the straw it gets peculiarly brittle under the ear, and the slightest wind "shakes the barley."

Oats, being the hardest of all our cereal crops, takes least damage in bad weather; in fact, a shower is thought to improve the sample in color. At the same time, it should not be neglected on this account, as is too often the case. It should be cut much earlier than is usual, particularly those sorts which are more liable to shed than others, such as the potato and the black oat, which, weather permitting, should be cut while the grain is soft. Like the weather, it will fill and ripen in the sheaf and stook, and not be so liable to shed. When there is much grass in oats a good way to win or dry the crop is not to tie and stook the sheaves in the usual manner, but to set each sheaf on its end by itself, tied by the top and spread round in the shape of a best-sheep and left in this way for a few days, when, if dry, it may be tied and stooked, or if the weather were fair, left until fit for stacking, when the sheaves may be tied and carried to the baggard. Oats so full of grass that in the usual way they could scarcely ever have been dried sufficiently well for stacking have often been made perfectly sound by the above plan.

Oats are much more liable to shed than most other grain, and in favorable localities he sooner ripe than wheat. When the straw turns from a bright yellow to a whitish yellow color, and the first and second knots assume a yellow color, instead of the bluish green one, it should be reaped bound immediately into small sheaves, and stooked, and the less handling it gets afterwards the better.

Peas are fit for reaping when the lowermost pods are ripe, for if the crop is left standing till the upper pods are ripe, the bottom ones will burst, and the most valuable portion of the seed be lost; after being cut they should be left in the eard, and only once turned, from the liability of the ripe pods bursting; when sufficiently dry let them be housed or stacked at once; it is desirable to give this crop as little handling or tossing as possible, as every shift they get the prime grain is lost. The straw makes excellent fodder, when chaffed, for cows or horses.

BEANS.—Unless in very favorable localities, beans seldom ripen in this country sooner than the end of September. They require very dry weather in the harvesting. When the leaves begin to lose their green color, and the bottom, or greater portion of the pods, turns black, the crop should be reaped with a sickle, bound into small sheaves with straw bands, and set up in stooks to dry.

STACKING.—When thoroughly dry, lose no time in carrying the corn to the hedges and stacking it. Round stacks of a size only to be easily secured at once in the barn, are best. Let the sheaves be long and the heads short; and no time should be lost in well and securely thatching stacks immediately after their formation is completed.

GRAZING CATTLE.—The greatest possible attention, is requisite this month to the weeding and hoeing, both by hand and horse-hoe, of the crops of parsnips, carrots, turnips, mangel, cabbage, &c.

STABLE TURKIPS, or the yellow early Arrington turnip, can be sown after peas, beans, or corn crops. Where desirable, they give a plentiful supply to sheep, particularly ewes with early lambs, in November, December, and January.

CABBAGE has become, like parsnips and carrots, as much a farm crop as it has been hitherto a garden one. It will be, therefore, necessary that sowings be made as early in the month as possible. Early York, Wellington, Norpareil, Fulham, or Yanack, some for planting out early in October, to come in early, and the greater portion should be kept over for planting out in February and March for a general crop. The drumhead, green Savoy, hundred-headed cabbage, and borecole, for planting out during the spring months for a general late crop.

LAYING DOWN WITH CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS.—This month is the best in the year for laying down with permanent grass seeds. There are many chances against spring-town seeds; but those sown at this season have everything in their favor. The ground should be well pulverized and thoroughly cleaned for their reception. A little rape seed may be sown amongst grass seeds at this period with advantage—say about 4 lbs per Irish acre, if the land be rich; if poor, double that quantity may be sown.

RAPES may be sown till the middle of next month, but the earlier the better. On stubble land it may be of much advantage to apply some manure; plough it in lightly; harrow and roll; sow the seed at the rate of from 10 lbs per statute acre to 20 lbs per Irish acre; bush-harrow and roll; if the land be dry, plough into wide sets; but if inclined to wet, plough into eight feet ridges, with the furrows well cleaned out. Where the precaution was taken of sowing rape seed early in June, much more valuable crops will be obtained by transplanting it, particularly if some manure can be applied. Plough the stubbles as soon as the corn is out and removed; have ready the rape plants, and place some active boys or girls along the lines of ploughing, each having a bundle of plants; let them lay the plants in every third furrow, fifteen inches apart from plant. Manure with three-pronged forks put a little manure on the roof of each plant; the next turn of the plough covers the roots. Or the land may be treated in the same manner as for turnips, by ploughing harrowing, opening drills, depositing the manure and seed therein, and plant the rape plants on the crown of the drill. Excellent stolen crops are grown in this way for cows and sheep, and they are particularly valuable at the time ewes are lambing.

DAIRY COWS during hot weather in this and previous month should be housed in the best of the day and supplied with green food. They will be let out to the pasture in the cool of the evening.



WALNERS SAFE CURE FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, whatever it may be. The great medical art authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Heretofore WALNERS SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Rheumatism, and physical troubles generally, the great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions sold as just as good. For Diabetes ask for WALNERS SAFE DIABETES CURE. For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont., Rochester N.Y., London, Eng. 1217

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.



Ontario Pulmonary Institute, No. 125 Church Street, opposite the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Ont.

M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D., M.C.P.S.O.—Proprietor. Permanently established for the cure of all the various diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest—Catarrh of the Larynx, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrhal Ophthalmia (More Eyes), and Catarrhal Deafness. Also, Diseases of the Heart, Under the PERSONAL direction of Dr. Williams, the Proprietor. The only institute of the kind in the Dominion of Canada.

All diseases of the respiratory organs treated by the most improved Medicated Inhalations combined, when required, with proper constitutional remedies for the nervous system, stomach, liver and blood, and the throat. IN CATARRH—Inhalations dissolve the hardened concretions that form in the nasal passages, soothe inflammation, heal all ulcerated surfaces and cure every form of catarrhal affection, no matter how long standing or from what cause it may arise.

IN THROAT DISEASES—Inhalations remove granulations, reduce enlarged tonsils, soothe inflammation, heal ulcerated sores, throat, restore the voice when lost or impaired, and arrest all stages of consumption after all hope by other means is past.

IN BRONCHITIS—Inhalations perform wonders by restoring the mucous membrane to a healthy action; also immediately soothing the cough and effecting entire cures in the most obstinate cases, whether in the acute or chronic form.

IN ASTHMA—Inhalations immediately arrest the paroxysms and effect entire cures in every case by removing all unnatural obstruction and by restoring the delicate mucous membrane of the air cells to their normal condition. The cures are usually permanent.

IN CONSUMPTION—Inhalations loosen the phlegm, cause increased formation of the blood, assist assimilation, remove consolidation of the lungs, empty and heal cavities with wonderful promptness, arrest hemorrhages, stop all wasting away of the lungs, soothe pain, overcome all shortness of breath, and, in fact, cure all the earlier and very many of the later stages of consumption after all hope by other means is past.

By the system of Medicated Inhalations Head, Throat and Lung Affections have become as curable as any class of diseases that afflict humanity. The very best of references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured. If possible to call personally at the Institute, write for "List of Questions" and "Medical Treatise."

Address, ONTARIO PULMONARY INSTITUTE, 125 Church Street, Toronto, Ont. P. S.—We employ no travelling doctors. Mention Montreal Post and True Witness.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

THE TRUE WITNESS

IS PUBLISHED BY The Post Printing & Publishing Company 761 CRAIG ST., Montreal, Canada.

Subscription, per annum (in advance), \$1.00

TO ADVERTISERS. A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in "THE TRUE WITNESS" for 10c per line (single), first insertion, 10c per line every subsequent insertion.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Subscribers in the country should always give the name of their Post Office. Those who remove should give the name of the old as well as the new Post Office.

The Post Printing & Publishing Company, MONTREAL, CANADA.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1883

CATHOLIC CALENDAR AUGUST, 1883.

THURSDAY, 16—St. Hyacinthe, Confessor. FRIDAY, 17—Octave of St. Lawrence. SATURDAY, 18—Of the Octave of the Assumption. St. Agapitus, Martyr.

MONDAY, 20—St. Bernard, Abbot, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. Cons. Bp. O'Connor, Omaha, 1876.

TUESDAY, 21—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.

WEDNESDAY, 22—Octave of the Assumption. SS. Timothy and others, Martyrs.

The total number of visitors to the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, from the opening up to last week was 874,764.

HOME of the leading magazines of England are far from being exclusive. The next number of the Nineteenth Century will, it is stated, contain an article on Fenianism, to be contributed by Mr. James Stephens, the well known Head Centre.

QUEEN VICTORIA is quite angry with the poor Duke of Teck, who is married to a first cousin of Her Majesty, for having permitted his household effects to be sold out by the sheriff. Her Majesty might have prevented the scandal by paying his debts, which she could very easily afford to do in behalf of the reputation of a member of the royal family.

In another column will be found our weekly letters from Michael Davitt, special correspondent of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS. The letter contains a comprehensive review of the political situation and a brilliant description of the principal events of the day.

There has been no sentence passed during late years which has given more satisfaction to the community, and especially to the female portion thereof, than the one which Judge Dugas pronounced yesterday against a miserable wretch who had attempted to outrage a child of tender years.

The people of Great Britain and Ireland do considerable travelling within their own eight little islands. A return just issued relating to the railways of the United Kingdom shows that at the end of 1882 the number of passengers conveyed, exclusive of season ticket holders, was six hundred and fifty-five millions, or an average of about twenty times a year for each inhabitant.

The Quebec Government seem bent on carrying on the work of retrenchment. It is only a few weeks ago that Hon. Mr. Mousseau announced that the Cabinet had acted on the recommendations of the Civil Service Commission, whereby the Government effected a saving of some fifty thousand dollars by weeding out superfluous servants and cutting down his salaries.

The other day we called attention to a certain anomaly in the administration of the liquor law, whereby a simple clerk of the court was enabled both to curtail the effects of the License Act and balk the good intentions of the Magistrate, who had resolved on

punishing offending liquor sellers by depriving them of their licenses. Ald. Grenier, who is acting chairman of the Police Committee, has acted promptly in the matter, and has given instructions to the clerk of the Recorder's Court to institute all actions for infractions of the liquor law under the Quebec License Act, which empowers the Magistrate to deprive the offender of his license, and not under the old Act 42-43 Vict., which allows the Magistrate to impose a fine only.

SOME Canadian gentleman is going to have an easy thing of it during the term of our next Governor General. An Ottawa despatch informs us that an officer to be known as the Dominion ad-de-camp will be appointed at Rideau Hall on the arrival of the Marquis of Lansdowne. His duties will consist in supervising the list of invited guests to the Hall. It is probable, we are further told, that a well known and prominent resident of the Dominion will be appointed to fill the position, which will be an important one owing to the discrimination which will have to be used in issuing invitations. This innovation will be a perfect sinecure, and the people of Canada will fall to see why a large expenditure of money should be incurred on an "Inspector of Guests" for Lord Lansdowne when the Marquis of Lorne and all his predecessors were never in need of such a piece of flunkeyism.

We acknowledge to-day the receipt of fifty dollars from the Irish residents of Eganville, Ont. as their contribution to the National Testimonial for Mr. Parnell. The time is approaching when the subscription list will have to be closed; and still there are thousands of Irishmen in this city and throughout the Dominion who have failed to respond to the national appeal. This apathy does not speak well for Canadian Irishmen; it is much to their discredit. Has generosity or a keen appreciation of sacrifice and of devotion to Ireland ceased to be the characteristics of Irishmen in the Dominion? Money subscribed to the Parnell Testimonial Fund is given, not to Parnell only, but to the whole Irish cause. The Irish leader is in need of nobody's charity; but the Irish cause is in need of the continued help and support of Ireland's sons; and it is by strengthening Parnell's hands that Ireland's salvation will be advanced and eventually secured.

When the English detectives went through the sham performance of arresting the notorious James McDermott, of Brooklyn, on board the steamer which arrived yesterday at Liverpool, he said he would call on the American Government to protect him. McDermott is in no need of American protection, for he is amply shielded by the English Government. The infamous spy was undoubtedly under Government patronage while he was in Canada recently. If he was not, why was he not arrested and tried for open attempts to work up dynamite plots; Any other man who was not in the pay or secret service of the Government would have been slapped into jail without a moment's notice if he had uttered a quarter of the treason which McDermott was ever ready to spout, even in the presence of detectives. McDermott is too thick with Government officials to have even a hair of his head hurted. In the meantime it is a shame and a scandal for the English Government to allow this wretch to work up bogus dynamite plots and afterwards arrest and condemn his dupes to penal servitude for life on the strength of his information.

Ms. P. Lacroix, acting Building Inspector, is at present engaged in drawing up a plan whereby the Corporation will be enabled to keep a record of all buildings and steam engines erected in this city, according to class, construction, number, and value. By section 1688 of the Code, builders and architects are jointly and severally responsible for any defect in the erection of buildings for the space of ten years. Mr. Lacroix now proposes that when a building is to be constructed no work should be allowed without at first obtaining a permit from the building department, and in order to obtain this permit a plan and specification should be left for the approval of the Building Inspector. This should contain plan of foundation, class of masonry, brick work, number of stories, class of roof, approximate cost, name of architect and builders. By means of this record the Inspector would be in a position to furnish clues to all builders and architects and to supply generally reliable information as to the value of buildings erected annually, as is done in the principal cities across the border. As things are now conducted, the Building Department is practically ignorant of the most essential statistics in this respect.

Public men and especially public writers, in England, have, on frequent occasions, displayed woeful ignorance of the affairs, the land, the resources, in fact, of the whole life of the Canadian colony. The only clear notion many had of the country was that it was some place around the North Pole. When speaking or writing of Canada or Canadians, they generally erred on the wrong side and in a manner to depreciate the country. During the past few years this policy of detraction has been abandoned, and now nothing too good can be said of the Dominion. In fact, we are given credit for things which are quite impossible. The Canadian Gazette, published in the English metropolis, says that we "have marked the boundary line between Canada and the United States, where it runs through the great lakes by stone piers, which have been sunk in the water till they are eight feet above the surface

at high water mark." That a paper, published in the interests of Canada, should endorse and ventilate such an ignorant absurdity, is quite incomprehensible. Just imagine Canadians drowning and suffocating themselves in building stone piers in a depth of water ranging from one to a thousand feet, through the middle of lakes that could swallow up the whole United Kingdom! If Canadians are satisfied with leaving the boundary line an imaginary one on terra firma, it is not likely that they would build a stone mason's line across veritable seas.

TEXAS is an idea—one, however, that is being rapidly dissipated—that the Irish are the greatest whiskey drinkers in the world. It is nothing uncommon to see, on the stage and in the novel, an Irishman represented in the character of a rollicking tippler, who is never so happy as when he has a good supply of the stuff that forms the richest source of government revenue. This charge, like so many others maliciously levelled against Irishmen, is far from being borne out by the facts. The latest revenue returns show that in 1882 the quantity of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom was 38,377,820 gallons, of which 19,208,829 gallons were distilled in Scotland, 10,124,467 in England, and 9,046,461 in Ireland. Now, as to the consumption of this immense quantity of whiskey, England swallowed 18,811,494 gallons; Scotland managed to put down 6,502,956; while Ireland did away with only 5,239,815. In the matter of whiskey drinking therefore Irishmen cannot hold a candle to their neighbors across the Channel, the Scotchman drinking two gallons to the Irishman's one. And as to Englishmen punishing seventeen millions of spirits, besides the innumerable millions of beer and porter, to which national justice is done, it is a whiskey phenomenon which sets Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the English temperance advocate, almost crazy. Such facts as these only make liars of those people who would give Irishmen the most prominent place on the intemperance list. Truth will always assert itself even if it has to tunnel its way through mountains of calumny and prejudice.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, the editor of the Regina Leader, makes the astounding statement in a recent article that "there never was a truer friend of Ireland than Mr. Goldwin Smith." Who or what has turned Mr. Davin's head that he should thus libel Mr. Smith, and insult the Irish people by classing him among the warmest friends of Ireland? Has the prairie editor of the North-west neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, that nothing has ever fallen from the pen or from the lips of Goldwin Smith but the most bitter denunciations of, and the most fulminated calumnies on, the Irish people. Will Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin please read A. M. Sullivan's recent article published in the Nineteenth Century, (and reproduced by the English, American and Canadian Press) in reply to Smith's furious appeal to the British Government to exterminate the people from Ireland, before he again ventures to assert that this rabid English writer is "the truest friend Ireland ever had." Following this sardonic statement Mr. Davin adds another which has neither sense nor reason: "Although a historian who has studied great movements, and who therefore ought to know that 'God's mills grind slowly' Mr. Smith has become palestricken by what may prove the violent, but passing, eruption of a disease which has received its death blow." Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin may be a flashy writer, but he is not a solid writer, and apparently is an untruthful one. Wake up, sir, and come to your senses!!!

Governor BEN BUTLER, of Massachusetts, does not believe in pardoning criminals because they are rich and educated and belong to aristocratic families. His Excellency was recently urged by a great mass of eminently respectable people to pardon Chase, the notorious Fall River defaulter, because he (Chase) was a well cultivated and highly connected gentleman who had been a model Church member before he was detected in his wholesale robberies. The Executive Council of the State also strongly recommended that a pardon be granted on account of Chase's previous good character and general intelligence. Butler took the sensible ground that these qualities only made his dishonesty all the more intolerable, and that these were the very reasons why Chase ought not to be pardoned. He ought, on the contrary, the Governor held, to the disgust of the eminent and 'unchawed' people who sought the pardon, to be punished all the more severely on account of his superior knowledge and advantages. Butler is a Governor who has a backbone that does not bend or crack under the pressure of maudlin and misplaced sentiment. He carries his democratic principles everywhere he goes and whips the rich as well as the poor, the cultured as well as the ignorant, the aristocratic as well as the vulgar, into the common path of duty. Butler lays down a wise and sound principle when he holds that culture and rank instead of being an excuse for crime augment the criminality of the deed and raise a barrier to all sympathy for the criminal highly connected and well cultivated. If there is to be social order, crime has got to be punished, and if crime is punished somebody has got to suffer, whether he comes from a mansion or from a hovel.

In an article on the appointment of Lord Lansdowne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada, La Minerve takes Mr. Gladstone severely to task for having selected such a man for the position. After referring to the numerous and emphatic protests which have been entered against the appointment of the

Marquis and to the deep discontent which exists among the citizens of Irish origin, our contemporary expresses the hope that the coming of Lansdowne will not be marked by any hostile manifestation. In commenting on the action of Gladstone's Cabinet, La Minerve asks if "the Imperial Ministry could not have refrained from selecting an Irish Lord on this occasion?" "Mr. Gladstone," it says, "ought to know that Irish emigrants make up a considerable portion of our population, and despite the indifference which he has always shown towards the colonies, could he not have taken this fact into account? Lord Lansdowne may possess all the qualities required in a Governor-General for ordinary times; but on account of circumstances, on account of events in which he has been mixed up in Ireland, his nomination irritates an important part of our population. Some have tried to dissipate this unfavorable disposition by explaining that Lord Lansdowne has always been good towards his tenants. We would like to believe that this is true, and the testimony of a certain priest from County Kerry has been quoted by some in support of the pretension. But this does not prevent Lord Lansdowne from being among the number of famous landlords against whom the Irish people are at present engaged in waging war. We sincerely believe," concludes La Minerve, "that in such a state of affairs it would have been better to wait till the end of the crisis before sending us an Irish Governor. Lord Dufferin himself should not have been chosen in 1873, if circumstances were the same as to-day."

A DYNAMITER IN THE PAY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

It is now generally admitted that the notorious James McDermott, of Brooklyn, was not only a fierce dynamiter, but that he was one of those well paid cut agents of the English Government, which allowed him to talk dynamite boldly and openly on the public squares, the better to ensnare poor misguided youths into his traps and get them to endorse his bogus plots against the Queen's status and the Parliament Buildings and the like, for the purpose of delivering them up as victims to British justice. It is not very creditable to a civilized Government to have such a villain and infamous wretch in its service. It is a terrible thing to encourage any man to earn a livelihood by selling the liberty and the life of his unfortunate dupes and victims. A few days before his hurried departure for Liverpool McDermott showed a friend a check for \$10,000 drawn by the Secret Service Department of the British Government. It was dated after the betrayal of O'Reilly, Featherstone and Dalton. The Brooklyn Eagle, which seems to be pretty well informed on the doings and conduct of the spy and dynamiter, says in regard to his arrest: "It is remarkable that this same Liverpool police, to whom, it is alleged by the Irish Nationalists he betrayed Featherstone, should now arrest him on the steamer, before he attempted to land, on the charge of conspiracy to murder public officials. McDermott is not such a fool as to play fast and loose both with the English police and with the Irish secret societies here, and after being shot at by the one party rush into the arms of the other. Such a course is inconsistent with his well known acuteness and diplomacy, and certainly gives color to the suspicion that after being shot at in New York he crossed over to Liverpool because his life would be safer in a British prison than in America. If he had no understanding with the Liverpool police, and if his former story was correct that he had to leave England to avoid arrest on the principle that 'a burned child dreads the fire,' England would have been the last place in the world he would have gone to. But if he had really betrayed his confederates, if he had given information to the British Government, or to the police of Liverpool which enabled them to arrest one or more conspirators and to obtain secret evidence which was used against them, and if McDermott discovered on his return here that all his movements had been watched and that he had been doomed to death as an informer, it is easy to understand that he would think himself safest in a British prison, as Benedict Arnold fled for safety, after his treachery to the American patriots, to a British ship.

Such, at all events, will be the interpretation put upon McDermott's extraordinary return to England and arrest there by those who already had their suspicions of his fidelity so strongly awakened. If innocent, it is the last thing a rational man would have done, especially if he had really been engaged as a conspirator against British public officials and knew that the British Government were on the look out for him. The sentences passed upon Brooklyn "suspects" or conspirators by the Lord Chief Justice of England have not been so light that a Brooklyn man would voluntarily run the risk of them. On the other hand, the Benedict Arnold theory is quite intelligible, for the man who had given information to the British officials would have a claim on their protection."

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN RACE.

During the past three days our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen have been holding their annual national celebration at Flatbush, N.Y. The gathering was an immense success, being large, orderly and representative. A goodly contingent from Montreal attended, and Messrs. Chapleau, Laurier and Frochette delivered orations apropos of the occasion, and worthy of the reputation of the speakers. The chief features of the celebration were a parade, picnic, fireworks, speeches, and a grand illumination in the evening. The late French-Canadian celebrations at Essex and at Windsor, Ont., proved also to be very successful reunions.

The presence of Sir Hector Langevin and other leading public men on these occasions, proves that they are not the insignificant local meetings that some narrow-minded people represent them to be. There is to be another grand convention of French-Canadians in Massachusetts on the 18th of September next. The programme to be discussed on that occasion is one worthy of notice for the scope and practical nature of its aims. It is as follows:—"The social and intellectual conditions of the French-Canadians in the United States, and the means of improvement. The political and social welfare and future of the race. The French language, its use and preservation in families. The French-Canadians and the working classes. The position of the French-Canadian race in America, the preservation of its memories and the teaching of its history. Statistics concerning the race in the United States—the number living in each community represented at the convention—the number of employees in each branch of industry—the number to be naturalized and the number that has been naturalized within a year—the number of children under fourteen attending public schools, and the number attending the schools controlled by the Catholic Church—the number of French Canadian newspapers published showing how they conform to the customs of the race, and what encouragement they give to the societies and conventions."

From the above it will be seen that the French Canadians are alive to their interests in the United States, and that they are determined to make themselves felt as a factor in the affairs of that country. This is eminently right and proper in view of the unjust and groundless calumnies lately levelled against their nationality by State officials and partisan statisticians. The French Canadians in Massachusetts to-day number over 70,000, and among them are found numbers of sober, industrious, self-made men of wealth and position who reflect credit on their race and honor on the American Republic. For sobriety, morality and the exercise of the domestic virtues, the laboring class, whether skilled or unskilled, will compare favorably with the same grade of any other people in the dominion of Uncle Sam. They are today a power in the Eastern States, with their churches, schools, reading rooms and newspapers; and no official libeller can, in future, afford to nickname them "the Chinese of the East."

At the meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," held in this city last year, it was shown that, of all the peoples inhabiting this northern Continent the French Canadians stood first in "lumber" power—were the strongest, the healthiest and had the largest families. In point of fecundity they seem indeed, to be singularly favored—for the Psalmist tells us that "children are a blessing from the Lord," and pronounces "happy the man who hath his quiver full of them." Happy then must be the people whose marvellous multiplication enabled them to increase from 8,000, the original number of colonists when immigration from France finally ceased to 1,500,000.

In the United States, and sometimes nearer home, they have been sneered at because they are poor; but honest poverty is not a crime. If they are not at the top of the commercial ladder to-day, everybody knows it is not because of want of ability, but because they were the original peasantry of the country—the first land owners, and until lately have not had occasion to compete with the sharks and sharpers of trade and commerce. If they are poor, what Longfellow said of the Acadians is equally applicable to the French Canadians:—"The richest are poor, but the poorest live in abundance." Nevertheless within a comparatively recent period they have developed a marvellous shrewdness and aptitude for business pursuits. Such names as Senechal, Hudon, Beaudry, Quintal, Chaput, Granier, &c., &c., belong to men who would take a front rank in any business community.

We are told, time and again, that they are ignorant, but the quality of ignorance more properly belongs to those who know so little as to prefer it against them. It is well known that their Classical Colleges are the best on this continent. They have a literature distinctly their own, and their authors, historians, poets, journalists stand so high that several of them have been crowned with coveted honors by such European institutions of learning as the French Academy. It is well for their calculators to remember that it was the French Canadians who Christianized and civilized this North American continent, and thus laid the foundations of that social and commercial prosperity for which others claim credit to-day. In view of the claims of others that they have done everything for trade and commerce here, and no other people anything—the French Canadians may well exclaim with the great Latin poet:—"Hos ego vericulus teci, tuique alter honores."

ENFORCED DESTITUTION AND EMIGRATION IN IRELAND.

When one considers a few of the facts and figures contained in the annual report of the Registrar-General for last year, it is not to be wondered at that there is destitution in unhappy Ireland. These figures speak of the agricultural condition of the country, and show that large tracts of once cultivated lands are now lapsing into wilderness, that tenements and cabins—once the homes of a guileless people—are ruthlessly levelled to the dust, and hearth-fires quenched for ever by the incubating nightmare of landlord rule and oppression. Decline, decrease and diminution constitute the refrain of this melancholy report. There are 34,000 acres more devoted to the accommodation of English bullocks than

in 1881. In round numbers 22,000 acres have been added to the total of "waste" lands, whilst 100,000 have relapsed into a state of bog and marsh. Cereals have fallen off by over 20,000 acres, green crops by over 21,000. There are nearly 7,000 acres less of flax, and 39,000 less of meadow and clover than in 1881. Besides, there were nearly a million and a half tons of potatoes less than in the preceding year. These Government figures are a terrible condemnation of the system that extirpates the people and turns the land into a desert and calls that desert peace.

But this is not all. Mr. Ernest Hart, Commissioner of the Irish Political Committee, has returned from his visit to Donegal, where he found no fewer than 14,000 persons subsisting upon the alms of the priests, derived from American charity. These people, he says, are living on a pennyworth of Indian-meal a day. He adds, that in Ireland there are 4,000,000 acres of land, formerly under tillage, now returning to a state of nature. In his report to the Government he recommends, instead of spending money on emigration, the lending of money at one per cent to a substantial company which will redeem this land and settle upon it the tenant-farmers, who in a few years would become proprietors of their own holdings of 30 acres each. Sir Joseph N. McKenna, M. P. for Youghal, has published a pamphlet, in which he traces the growth of taxation in Ireland since 1851, when it stood £1 12s. 2d. per head of the population, up to 1871, when it stood £2 6s. 2d. per head. The figures for the last decennial period are not available, but he observes there is nothing to modify or radically alter the aspect of the case for the better since then. From this it will be seen that taxation in Ireland has been forced up, within the period mentioned, to an increase of 14s. per head for every Irish head in the country; whilst the taxation for Great Britain within the same period of time has actually been lowered 3s. 3d. per head. This is one of the many instances of that much-vaunted "British fair play" to which Ireland has been systematically treated for over three centuries. Three years ago, when the Land Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons, the Irish Bishops—at all times the best guides and counsellors of their people—met in solemn council to consider the provisions of the Bill, and after due deliberation drew up a series of amendments which they forwarded to Mr. Gladstone with the respectful request that he might be pleased to have them inserted in the Bill, in order to make it really effective for good to the mass of the tenant-farmers of the country. Mr. Gladstone returned the Bishops a windy and evasive reply, and when the Bill became law, the Bishops had the not unexpected mortification of seeing that not one of the eighteen amendments suggested by them had been incorporated in the Bill. About two weeks ago the Irish Bishops once more in council assembled, adopted a series of resolutions charging the "chronic state of misery and want" now prevailing in certain districts of the country on the "misgovernment of Ireland." Their Lordships show that in the congested districts where the people suffer most, there are lands now running into grass, or unreclaimed, more than sufficient "to maintain in comfort and happiness the surplus population of such congested districts." They condemn a "recent remedial legislation" (that is, the Land Bill), as not "having extended in any appreciable degree to the deserving but destitute classes." They also very properly denounce "State aided emigration as unwise and impolitic, tending only to promote disaffection amongst the Irish race at home and abroad."

It is in face of this state of affairs and with this knowledge put in their possession, both by their own accredited agents and by the bishops and press of Ireland, that the British Government has proposed and decided yesterday to exterminate the Irish on a colossal scale—the number to be deported having been placed at the enormous figure of 200,000 people. It is in face of these damaging facts that Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Secretary, obtained the passage of a vote, a few days ago in the Commons, granting £100,000 (or \$600,000) for emigration purposes. It is said that whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad, and it is consoling to know that the insanity of the British Government on the Irish question will lead to their speedy and complete overthrow. The Cabinet is divided against itself. It is slowly but surely losing the confidence of the people. It has shown itself to be a weak-kneed, shuffling, compromising, self-contradicting, makeshift, miserable Government, and the sooner the once "grand old man" is relegated to the obscurity of his Homeriole studier, and the pamphlet advocacy of republican freedom in Italy, the better will it be for the interests of Britain general and of Ireland in particular.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

The British Government, actuated by a tender regard for the welfare of its Irish subjects, has at last struck upon a happy plan of remedying their grievances. They are to be expatriated by the hundred thousand to the wild prairie lands and snowy region of the Canadian North-West Territory. The Government, we are told, are firmly bent upon carrying out this latest scheme of Irish extermination. That scheme is as follows:—Two hundred thousand Irish are to be deported in families of five each. Next spring ten thousand families, averaging five each, amounting to fifty thousand people, will be moved, and the transportation will be continued as rapidly as the territory can be got ready for them until the whole 200,000 are brought over. They are to be placed on Government lands, divided into sections of 100 acres, each section of

farm to be provided with buildings, equipment, animals, seed and food necessary for beginning farming upon unbroken land.

Each settler will be given his farm free for the first three years; after that, he will be required to pay as rent three per cent. upon \$500, but may, at any time, acquire the absolute title on payment of the full \$500.

These terms and conditions of settlement appear beautifully attractive upon paper, and, no doubt, to the ears of the impoverished, famine-stricken peasantry of Ireland, they will sound like angel voices calling them to a "land flowing with milk and honey."

When the British Government, child-like and bland, comes to the Irish people with its proposals of peace and plenty and permanent homes, rent free in a Crown colony—let the people beware, there's a snake in the grass.

The Greeks are to be dreaded, even when they come offering presents. In these tempting offers of land settlement, the British Government takes good care to say nothing about the unparalleled rigors of the climate in the Northwest where, in winter, the mercury ranges from 30 to 68 degrees below zero.

The immigrants are not told that the buildings are thin, moveable, wooden shanties incapable of giving sufficient shelter to a "nanny-goat."

So, the English Government of to-day—worthy sons of worthy sires—offers the victims of its oppression and misrule, their choice of two places—the wilds of our Northwest prairies, or the slimy cells of the poorhouse.

Never before has the Gladstone Government showed such blundering incapacity to deal with the Irish question as on the present occasion. Surely the old man must be in his dotage, otherwise he would not countenance, at this hour, wholesale emigration as a remedy for Irish grievances.

known, for Irish grievances; and never, until these remedies are adopted, will the Gladstone Government, or any other Government succeed in settling the Irish question.

PARNELL TESTIMONIAL FUND

All subscriptions to the Parnell Testimonial Fund, opened in the columns of THE POST and THE WITNESS, should be addressed to the editor, Mr. H. J. O'Leary, who has consented to act as treasurer.

- Previously acknowledged..... \$482 25
D & J McCarthy, Sorel..... 15 00
D B Gallagher, Andover, N.S..... 5 00
E O'Leary, Montreal..... 1 00
Thos. Heffernan do..... 2 00
Thos. Mulcahy Orlilla..... 10 00
Rev. John Connolly, P.P., Biddulph, Lucan, Ont..... 10 00
John Gannon, Orlilla..... 2 00
Per B. Jones, Brickley, Ont..... 5 50
Mat Murphy Montreal..... 1 00
Per P. Galvin, Eganville, Ont..... 50 00

H. J. O'Leary, Esq., Treasurer Parnell Testimonial Fund. DEAR SIR,—Please find inclosed the sum of fifty dollars for the above testimonial, and publish in the next issue of THE POST and THE WITNESS.

The following are the names of the subscribers to the above fund in Eganville, Ont., through Mr. P. Galvin: Patrick Galvin \$2 25, George Bros. 4 00, Daniel Lacy 2 00, Martin Gorman 1 00, James McDermott 1 00, John Casey 2 00, James Higgins 1 00, Simon Howard 1 00, Patrick Higgins 1 00, Lawrence Curley Jr. 1 00, Patrick Brennan 3 25, Thos. Qualey 1 00, Nicholas Bulger 1 00, Thos O'Donovan 1 25, William Gorman 1 00, Thos Devlin 50c, Wm Power 1 00, William Hagerty 1 00, Patrick McGrath 1 00, John Hooper 1 00, Edward Bennett 75c, Michael Furlong 50c, Joseph O'Neill 1 00, Michael Kerney 1 00, Thos Power 1 00, John Roy 1 00, Dr. Downing 1 00, Morgan McGrath 1 00, Mrs Michael Conway Barklase 50c, Hugh Gallagher 1 00, James Gorman 1 00, John McCann 1 00, John A. Hickey 1 00, Mrs M Daley, Barry's Bay, 50c, Joseph Doyle, Brudenell 1 00, Bernard Rodden 1 00, Michael Daley 50c, Gen Dwyer 50c, Pat Hartly 1 00, George Ferrigo 1 00, William O'Donnell 50c, John Billings 50c, James McKernan, Reeve Grattam 1 00.

LOCAL NEWS.

About 1,000 pilgrims from St. Anne de Beaupre passed through the city yesterday from Ottawa.

A GOOD MOVE.—The advocates of temperance should congratulate themselves on the introduction of "JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF" into the leading saloons of the city. It has become quite a favorite, and has almost entirely displaced whiskey.

A handsome gold medal, which is to be the first prize for the bicycle road race which takes place on Saturday next, has been added to the already large number of prizes presented by the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, and is now on view in the window of Mr. Carmody, Bleury street.

THE IRISH RELIEF FUND. Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the Treasurer of the Irish Relief Fund in this city, received the following letter from His Grace Archbishop Crooke, which explains itself:

MY DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed favor and remembrance, £80 sterling, are to hand. Accept my best thanks with the assurance that the wish of the generous donors shall be duly attended to in distribution.

Mr. THOS. BUCHANAN, Treasurer of the Irish Relief Fund, has forwarded by Mr. Buchanan to Archbishop Crooke since April last, the total amount being close on \$1,100. This fact speaks well for the generosity of the Irish citizens of Montreal.

COBNS! COBNS! COBNS! Discovered at last, a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. FURNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort.

GRAND CELEBRATION. The St. Jean Baptiste Society of this city intend next year to celebrate the 50th anniversary of its existence on a grand scale.

TEACHERS WANTED: to subscribe for our PUBLISHED JOURNAL, only \$1.00 a year. Our TEACHERS' AGENCY is the largest in the United States.

THE COTE INQUEST. Mr. Coroner Jones held an inquest yesterday afternoon upon the body of J. B. Cote who was drowned last week at Lacine.

GRAND CHEAPSALE.

A semi-annual sale will take place Monday, the 6th instant. No deception. We offer the best show, in all departments, for the dull season ever offered in Montreal.

N. E. HAMILTON & CO., 65 Notre Dame Street West. (Old St. Joseph Street.)

THE LATE MR. BORGASE.

A meeting of the members of the Bar of the St. Francis District, was called at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning and the following resolutions passed: 1. The members of the St. Francis section of the Bar have learned with deep regret of the sudden death of their friend and confere George Henry Borgase, whose great talents and learning had achieved for him a high position at the Bar, and whose gentlemanly bearing and high sense of honor had gained for him the respect and esteem of the profession in every district of the Province.

For COUGHS and COLDS there is nothing equal to DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE. Every bottle of it is warranted and can, therefore, be returned if not found satisfactory.

THE YAMASKA DROWNING ACCIDENT.

A large meeting of students of St. Mary's College took place in the Oly Hall last week evening to express sympathy with Oly Paradis in his sad affliction at the loss of his two sons. Among those present were Deputy Oly Nagale, Hon. Mr. Mercier, Assistant Oly Clerk P. O'Meara, Rev. M. St. Jean, of Montreal College, and a large number of former students of St. Mary's Academy, of once students.

FOR EMILE PARADIS. Mr. H. Gauthier, "A. Barcelo, "G. Labine, "A. Corleat, "J. Gauthier, "F. Hurtubise, "Mr. E. De Coutr, "Z. Bruchonette, "D. Bruchonette, "J. Mount, "B. De Coutr, "N. Rivet.

FOR EUGENE PARADIS. Mr. E. De Coutr, "Z. Bruchonette, "D. Bruchonette, "J. Mount, "B. De Coutr, "N. Rivet.

Addresses were then delivered by Hon Mr Mercier and Mr P O'Meara. CATARRH. CATARRH—A new treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and Treatise free on receipt of price. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. 13-4f

OBITUARY.

Edouard Dabufe, the French painter, is dead.

Mr. O. F. Smith, Manager of the Bank of British North America in Quebec, died in that city on the evening of August 13.

Dr. Mosher, formerly Surgeon-General of the State of New York, was found dead in his bed at Albany on the morning of August 13th.

Mr. Alex. Mitchell, father of Grand Treasurer Edward Mitchell, and one of the oldest Freemasons in Hamilton, Ont., died in that city on August 7th.

Nathaniel Smith Richardson, D.D., editor of the Church Guardian, New York, was found dead in bed at Bridgeport, Conn., on the morning of August 7th of apoplexy. He was author of several religious works.

The Parish of St. Martin has lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens in the person of Mr. Joseph Oyle, who died on Friday last, August 10th, at the advanced age of 70 years. Mr. Oyle had been Mayor of the Parish for over 20 years, and was universally beloved and respected.

The Finest Present you can make your Daughter,

On her return from school, is one of those fine pianos to be found at the stores of the N. Y. Piano Company. These instruments are among the finest in the world, including the celebrated N. Y. Weber, and all their pianos and organs are sold at very reasonable prices.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S LETTER.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE. CAREY'S DEATH A JOY TO IRELAND. And a Blow to England.

THE POWER AND UBIQUITY OF THE IRISH RACE.

The Despairing Tone of the Government.

THE LAND LEAGUE FIGHT: SUPPORTING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Bankrupt Landlords—Dying Kicks from a Monster System—A Bold Stand against Police Terrorism—Tillage Disturbances—Lady Kenmare—A Tenant's Story—Victims no longer Pay and are Considered a Luxury.

Special Correspondence to THE POST and THE WITNESS.

KILKEE, Co. CLARE, Aug. 14, 1883. If a stranger to the world of Irish politics had chanced to enter Dublin on Monday evening, or Tuesday morning, last, he would have imagined, from the exulting looks of the passers by, and the excited demeanor of the groups of people to be seen in every street, that some great national event had just occurred, and that popular rejoicing was about to break forth, in consequence.

Justice with empire is like honesty with individuals. It is the best policy. It would not fill prisons, breed invincibles, kill Government officials, manufacture dynamite, or begot obnoxious legislation in the House of Commons and paralyzes legislation. It would do just the contrary of all these, and those of England's public men who are being marked out by public opinion as the steadiest of the most future are recognizing this, and are preparing the popular mind of England for a revolution in the policy of governing Ireland.

REGISTERED A FAR JUSTER DEGREE in everyone's opinion than did the sentences from Judge O'Brien in Green street Court House.

If the theory of invincible agency in the execution of Carey be a correct one (and I doubt this very much) that singular body has done something to retrieve the position it has hitherto held among Irish secret societies. It had given more information to the Government than any of its predecessors. The jaunty bearing of Corrydon, during the State trials of 1847, was decency itself compared with the callous atrocity of James Carey while sending Joe Brady to the gallows.

The blow has shattered the credit of Dublin Castle with informers. If they cannot be saved from the consequences of their treachery, they will not volunteer for Her Majesty's Battalion of Testimony in Ireland, and it is this, and the mere "removal" of Carey, which covers the Government with confusion and gives to O'Donnell's act its true force and significance.

Meanwhile how has this expensive luxury of eviction affected the landlords? Lord Oloocurry has lost over £6,000 since the evictions on his Murroe estate. Loyd Apjohn has lost at the rate of £1,000 a year, and is now vainly trying to sell the property.

Major Leslie is in the bankruptcy court, and a Receiver has been appointed and a fruitless effort made to dispose of the estate in Dublin; while the remaining landlord whom we have been fighting in this district, a fellow named Lysaght, is also on the shambles and is hopelessly endeavoring to sell out.

Time was in Ireland when loss and ruin were all on one side, and that the side of an additionally persecuted people. Those days have gone by forever. Eviction may still be carried out, but not with impunity, nor without incurring heavy financial punishment to the landlord. It is becoming a luxury too expensive for landlords to indulge in, and the sight of some of this rapacious class bringing upon themselves the ruin which they vainly sought to inflict upon their tenants will teach a very salutary lesson to their very obnoxious brethren throughout the country. Could those of your readers in Montreal who,

HELPING THE LAND LEAGUE to make this stand for the protection of our tenant farmers, have journeyed with me while going over these districts and tenant after relative positions of landlord and tenant after the fight of the past two years, they would have felt as proud as I could not help experiencing myself as at the change that has been wrought, in so short a time, in the social status of our people.

maintained in Ireland in defiance of its people's will and of constitutional right is now being either broken or blunted. Imprisonments for political offences have but multiplied offenders. The gallows could neither terrify the slayers of England's Secretaries nor wring a syllable of fear or regret from Joe Brady and his companions when confronting them with death.

THE POLITICAL GARRISON OF LANDLORDISM is being overthrown, while those of our people whom it has banished from Ireland in the past are now leaping in universal combination against the power that exiled them. The success of the National League in Dublin will be acted upon simultaneously in London, Washington, Montreal and Melbourne as readily by our race in the lands of which these are best known cities as in any county in Ireland; while at the very heart of the British Empire in England's House of Commons, the power of Ireland to make reprisals is not only manifested, but confessed and deplored by exponents of English opinion, as a menace to the very existence of parliamentary institutions.

Does not this look very much like the beginning of the end of that system of rule which has begot this state of things for England? There is such a thing as retributive justice for nations as well as for the Carey's, by whom they seek to trample upon a people's rights; and the ubiquity of the Irish race, which leaves no corner of the wide world a safe retreat for an Irish traitor, is becoming, day by day, equally menacing to the power that employs him in its rule of Ireland.

During the past week I have been inspecting what Thomas Sexton has appropriately called the wounded soldiers in the Land League fight-evicted tenants. Under any circumstances this would be a painful mission to go upon in Ireland. To see men, women and children deprived of the homes—no matter how poor—round which the few happy memories of a persecuted existence must cling, and listen to the tale of wrong and privation that is ever the accompaniment of the social crime of eviction, is, of all the experiences of human suffering, the saddest and most depressing.

Still it is satisfactory to know that eviction is no longer what it was in Ireland. While the power of its infliction is being rapidly struck down in the inroads we are making upon landlord supremacy, the scenes of heart rending misery so often depicted as stories of Irish evictions are no longer associated with this exercise of the landlord's vindictiveness upon his impoverished victims. This change was brought forcibly before my mind on Monday and Tuesday last while employed in visiting some forty evicted families in the districts of New Pallias and Murroe, in the County of Limerick.

Accompanied by the patriotic parish priest of Ballypenny—one of the old guard of intrepid Land League sogahts, Rev. Michael Ryan, I paid visits to the huts on which these families have been residing since the evictions took place, now close upon two years ago. In no single instance did I find a family otherwise than comfortable. The "Land League huts," with which they were provided when turned out of their own houses, are roomy, snug and clean. They are each provided with a cooking stove and other necessary domestic requisites. I did not hear a murmur of complaint from a single one of these forty families. They confidently relied upon the support of the "Land League" while holding out against the landlord, and declared their resolve

TO "REMAIN OUT" until their original terms of settlement were accepted. These farmers belonged to the class known as "comfortable." Their holdings were rented at an average of £80 a year. They could have paid their landlords at the time of the No Rent manifesto, but they struck against the old rack-rents, sold their stock and "went out" on principle, as recommended at the time. The price realized by such sale is safe in bank, while the Land League has charged itself with the support of themselves and families. In many instances the huts are built light opposite the house from which the family was turned out. Every one of the houses and farms thus sanctified remains untenanted.

No "land grabber" dare occupy the one or offer to rent the other. Lord Oloocurry has lost over £6,000 since the evictions on his Murroe estate. Loyd Apjohn has lost at the rate of £1,000 a year, and is now vainly trying to sell the property.

Major Leslie is in the bankruptcy court, and a Receiver has been appointed and a fruitless effort made to dispose of the estate in Dublin; while the remaining landlord whom we have been fighting in this district, a fellow named Lysaght, is also on the shambles and is hopelessly endeavoring to sell out.

Time was in Ireland when loss and ruin were all on one side, and that the side of an additionally persecuted people. Those days have gone by forever. Eviction may still be carried out, but not with impunity, nor without incurring heavy financial punishment to the landlord. It is becoming a luxury too expensive for landlords to indulge in, and the sight of some of this rapacious class bringing upon themselves the ruin which they vainly sought to inflict upon their tenants will teach a very salutary lesson to their very obnoxious brethren throughout the country. Could those of your readers in Montreal who,

HELPING THE LAND LEAGUE to make this stand for the protection of our tenant farmers, have journeyed with me while going over these districts and tenant after relative positions of landlord and tenant after the fight of the past two years, they would have felt as proud as I could not help experiencing myself as at the change that has been wrought, in so short a time, in the social status of our people.

which the renowned Irish general of that name performed his famous exploit of capturing the siege and ammunition train, which were on their way to the Williamite army that was encamped before the city of Limerick. The rock tumbled abruptly from the plain of

THE GOLDEN VALES

which extends from the town of Tipperary to the banks of the Shannon, and commands a view of a rich but thinly populated country, that is almost entirely given over to dairy farming. At the very foot of the Rock a new church is being built by the Rev. Michael Ryan, and as I learn from a Father Michael, as his people lovingly call him,—that he has been collecting cards abroad in the States and Canada for subscriptions towards the expense of building "St. Bridget's Church." I hope that all of my countrymen who take pride in St. Bridget's name will help, if they can, one of the best and most patriotic of Ireland's priests to erect this church to the memory of one of our national saints, on a spot where religion will watch over and guard the neighboring rock, which is a natural temple to Irish patriotism and valor.

DEING KICKS FROM A MONSTER SYSTEM.

Although rack-renting and capricious eviction are almost dead in Ireland now, there are not wanting instances in which landlords endeavor to retain the old despotic power over the actions and belongings of the tenant, despite the law of the Land Act. One of the most unscrupulous of these landlords is the Earl of Kenmare, Catholic peer and lord chamberlain of the Queen's household, who claims to own ninety-one thousand acres of land in the County of Kerry.

MICHAEL WARREN'S STORY.

Eighteen years ago I was asked by Mr. Galway, the then agent of Lord Kenmare, to take a farm on the estate, which I did, at £1 per acre. Shortly after that time the farm was one of the best of my land was stripped of deep sod which was cut and carted away for the purpose of making new flower beds in front of Lord Kenmare's mansion. The man who was to do the agent, but only got, in return for the injury done to my holding, the reply, that by tilling and manuring the ground, for a few years, I would be able to get the soil back as good a condition as the remainder of the land. I have manured and sub-soiled six additional tiller acres more, and the soil is now as good to me, as well as repeatedly dressing the entire holding, until it is now in excellent condition. In 1861 I had two acres of the farm ploughed up for growing wheat. It was ordered by one of Lord Kenmare's men and informed that I should have to lay this down again to grass as it was not fit for wheat. I was ordered to plough up another two acres, although the stails were above ground at the time, and for hesitating to do this I was served with notices to quit the farm.

Immediately after this, that is on the 6th of May, 1861, I was served with a writ for twelve months' rent, which I paid at once, in addition to the costs of the proceedings. The writ was to quit having expired in November 81 I was served, in the following March, with an ejectment, and Mr. O'Connor Morris, the County Judge, gave a decision for possession against me, notwithstanding my having put in, according to the provisions of the Land Act, an original affidavit in support of my claim. I was served, I, however, lodged an appeal against this illegal proceeding on the part of the County Court Judge, and Mr. Justice Barry, before whom it was tried in the County Court, gave a decision of Mr. O'Connor Morris. The landlord resolved not to be beaten.

BY THE LAW OF THE LAND.

In November last an action was brought against me in the County Court, for the purpose of ruling me by writ for over-holding, and damages were laid at £100. The case was heard before Chief Justice May, who commented largely on the Land Act, and I was ordered to quit having expired in November 81 I was served, in the following March, with an ejectment, and Mr. O'Connor Morris, the County Judge, gave a decision for possession against me, notwithstanding my having put in, according to the provisions of the Land Act, an original affidavit in support of my claim. I was served, I, however, lodged an appeal against this illegal proceeding on the part of the County Court Judge, and Mr. Justice Barry, before whom it was tried in the County Court, gave a decision of Mr. O'Connor Morris. The landlord resolved not to be beaten.

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LAND ACT.

Such is the story of an intelligent, industrious and respectable farmer, which was brought before me by Mr. Michael Warren, a member of the Land League, the other day, and which I have but transcribed from Michael Warren's own statement as written by him for the information of our body.

Some important facts, bearing on the state of Ireland at the present time, are deducible from this action of Lord Kenmare, and which I will now describe. The original cause of this persecution of Warren was his doing what he had a legal right to do—tilling his land. This natural use of a tenant agent, for which the law of the land was distasteful to Lady Kenmare, and resistance to a capricious and unjust interference with the tenant's legal right has resulted in ruin to the man who dared to do his duty.

It is plain from this that the Land Act is not powerful enough to protect tenants who have a legal right to till their land, and that the only remedy is a resort to the legal machinery of the various law courts for the purpose of defeating the end for which such Act was passed.

THE RACK-RENTING SYSTEM.

In order that the land might be, as near as possible, earnestly devoted to cattle breeding, from which higher and surer rents could be obtained, "congested districts" under this system usually consist of a locality into a mountain or boggy portion of which a number of small farmers have been crowded from off the surrounding land, upon which the rack-renting system was a part of an estate continuous to the principal residence of the landlord, from the windows of which he could see the growing crops of the tenants, and the lady of the house would have her aesthetic ideas of the harmonies of nature offended by the spectacle of growing potatoes and the production of flowers. It is true that such acts are but dying kicks of Irish landlordism, but they still point to the necessity for a continued warfare against until it is torn up by the roots and its infamies abolished for ever in Ireland.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, 'TWO. Toronto, August 8.—Last evening a large crowd assembled in St. Mary's (R.C.) Church to witness a marriage ceremony; the bride and groom being respectively Rev. V. G. Rooney and Miss Mary Ann O'Connell. The ceremony was present ready to perform the ceremony when a telegram message arrived stating that the young lady was dead. The bridegroom, however, had been so long, and that her husband was still living. The dispatch was dated "Barrie." The proceeds of the wedding were for the benefit of the "Land League."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES OF CANADA.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

"Oh, it was worth being broiled on all the gridirons of Paganism to give name to such a noble river. The only stream on earth that approaches it in power, purity and majesty, if we except the Amazon, is the Oregon. As we came dashing down through the Tetonian Ty-

lands we saw a three-masted schooner lying with her bowsprit high and dry on the rocks. But the masts were almost hidden in the swift eddying waters. Here had been a wreck. Very deep, and very dangerous too, to unskilled boatmen, on these rapids of the upper St. Lawrence.

The sensation of shooting the steepest of the rapids here is almost thrilling. Four strong armed Indians obliging to the wheel, their black eyes flashing with excitement, their long hair in the wind, the roar of the foaming waters, the creaking and the creaking of the ship, the swift and perilous passage, the rounding down in the deep eddying at the end, the long breath of satisfaction, the silence that is broken with shouts of delight, the congratulations of awestruck friends whose hands you held in awe and silence as you were dashed down the roaring cataract.

DOWN THE RIVER FROM QUEBEC.

We are accustomed to count this a very short stream; so it is comparatively. But I am here at Quebec still five hundred miles from the sea. And I sailed quite as far on the river to reach here. The surveys of this river show six thousand miles of shore, so numerous are the bays and crooks and inlets of the St. Lawrence.

I had long heard, as many of you have no doubt, of a dark and mysterious river away to the north-west of Quebec, called by many the "River of Death." And I resolved to visit it since it is very easy of access, and the two hundred miles of travel one round of rest and pleasure on board of spacious steamers. I found on boarding ship at the bottom of the natural settlements of Quebec that about a hundred other persons had the same object in view; and that whatever might be the pleasure of the trip I could hardly hope to be a Columbus on this voyage of discovery. A dozen or so of us were Americans, mainly from the Eastern States, induced here by Mr. Howell's descriptions of the wild "Styx"; as he names the dark and silent Saguenay in his brilliant "Chance Acquaintance." Here we met a dozen or so Englishmen from over the sea; some journalists from almost anywhere like myself; and then forty native English Canadians. We notice French Canadians travel but little, save in the way of making pilgrimages to the little shrines and churches that here and there bless the shore of this beloved river. I forgot to say also that we had the New Brunswick poet with us; a youth of great promise and honorable achievement.

Odd sight to see people come aboard at a pleasure trip, isn't it? Go early, get a front seat on the hurricane deck and see them climb the gang plank with their blankets. You will learn by and by that they are human nature. There is the girl on the look-out for a bean! She bullies her mother, is miserable. Something has been left behind. With both arms flat, a fan on her side big enough to mount a windmill, a bag on her belt bulging with fragrant handkerchiefs, a poodle at the other end of a string and still the is unhappy! But she will get aboard, will blow a bit, cool down, and by the time we swing over into the middle of the mighty river she will be looking and behaving beautifully. Then in the back ground is the stout Englishman bullying the cabin man. He also has bundles and boxes and a string with a dog on the other end. And don't he roar and threaten, and puff and blow, and get red in the face! And he enjoys it too. Ten to one he will end by giving Oddie a shilling more than he asked in the first place. It is the fight that is in him; the bully of honest old John Bull. And here comes the shortest and the best humored little woman ever seen. She rolls out of the carriage, and rolls up the plank. She also has a dog; the shortest dog I ever saw. He is too short, in fact, to sit down. And, as if she wanted to make him still shorter she has his tail cut off. She could make one more improvement; cut off the other end. And here comes the self-made English gentleman. He also has a dog; two of them, not counting his valet. These dogs are chained together with a brass chain, they have brass collars; the valet's coat gleams with brass buttons; in fact, the whole show is brass and dog. The truth is, with all respect to a prevailing Canadian taste; I think there is altogether too much dog here. I don't like dogs; not dogs in arms, anyhow; nor dogs in doors. In heaven mythology, the dog is set outside to watch, many-headed or otherwise. Even down to the gates of hell he keeps the doors without.

FOR THE SAGUENAY OR RIVER OF DEATH.

The Isle of Bacchus, once famous for its grapes and the traditional jollity of its early inhabitants, is now named Orleans, and its whole territory is one line of villages and happy peaceful homes. General Wronski, conqueror of Quebec, says the old chronicles, "pillaged" its fertile and famous shores from one end to the other. Fifty miles further on is Murray Bay, the Newport of Canada. A pretty bay, peaceful, restful, the air full of ozone, and the name of Malaria unknown to the inhabitants. I find I can get a furnished cottage, here, for one hundred dollars for the season, while it would cost me fully one thousand in Long Branch, New York; living proportionately; cats fifty-

cents and one dollar a day. The Society good, moral and honest. And as I think, cultivated; if not wealthy. The diversions are fishing, game and hunting. The Americans are quietly getting a foothold, as well as some of the other similar, but less important points which we touch and pass before coming upon the side of

THE FIRST HOUSE EVER BUILT IN CANADA.

And here stands to-day the oldest place of worship in the two Americas. Here at the mouth of the river of death first landed the French, September, 1534; about fifty years only after Columbus discovered the New World! The river is wide like a sea, although we are four hundred miles from the open ocean. The scene is much like the Bay of Naples. The air is certainly vastly superior in purity and sweetness. The soil is tawny and dotted with plateaus of birch and pine and cedar, which seem to have fled up the rugged rocks that rise gradually and gracefully back from the water. Here these trees hover in the steepest and most inaccessible places as if to escape the axe. For ah, it is cold here for half the year or more and the "habitant" must have his roaring wood fire. Still how secure this spot is with its one humble little bit of a church set as a dot on the map to wait the first coming of the white man to all the mighty North. Trade and strife and progress and battle have gone by the other way. But the little wooden church with the weight of many centuries on its bowed shoulders stands there in the grass alone looking forever out on the great Bay, peace in its heart, promise of rest like to this on its holy altar. And how poor it is, and the people all along here, too, in this land of stone and snow. I wish some wealthy pilgrim would come this way and help to build its walls more secure. For although it is kept in repair and is always open to worshippers and the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit it, yet it is sadly in need of help, and just here a little money in this little bit of toiling church would go far.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON A BOTTOMLESS RIVER.

This river of death, or Saguenay, is bottomless. "You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry," says Mr. LeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all Her Majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new, indeed were it not so, I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unapproached. It is full of currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon came shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above the period to a sea and stood there a glowing period to a great day, we drew back from Tadoussac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny and head-land we slowly steamed up the silent river of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark waters from every living thing. On the right hand great, naked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand granite and slate and granite, and all silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate; only the great massive monomy of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, in its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or winter, spring time or autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts, with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes, are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And no man has settled here. For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears:

"We were the first that ever burst Upon that silent sea."

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel canted against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in the hollow of God's hand.

No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon that filled the caisson with her silver and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains; only the stars that hung above us locked in the stony elms of these everlasting hills.

A RIDE WITH THE NEW BRUNSWICK POST.

About two in the morning, while the steamer kept on hunting her way up the river of death between the quiet and lonely granite capes the poet and myself retired for a little sleep. We had seen enough for a day, for a lifetime, indeed. But one thing yet remained. We must see the sun rise on this remarkable river.

At four the steamer ground against the wharf, and soon the bellowing of cattle and the crowing and cackling of fowl, all of which were being barked with much noise to the vessel by the garrulous French Canadians, told us that in this part of the land silent death did not hold sway. This was the end of our journey. The vessel was to turn back here; and seeing we had but little time to stay I sprang out of my bed, and in a moment, in my rough western way, had my clothes on ready to climb the hill on the other end of the wharf and, looking back, confront the sun. But not so my companion. He had not yet even begun to lather his face. He had not yet even divested himself of his night gown. He had not yet even a stocking on his foot. A poet who is only twenty-four years of age and is conscious with the rest of the world that he is really a poet, is so careful of his toilet, and takes more time to tie an even a string than it does for me to pitchfork on to my back a whole suit. I was impatient of his delay, furious. I pulled his waist, which he had been wearing the night previous, although past the middle of July, right on over his night gown, forced his feet into a pair of slippers, drove his tall beaver down over his head and so led forth down the greasy plank out on the wharf for the hill. Here turning about we saw the glorious sun burst suddenly and in full splendor over this amber river, which now in the

full light looked as tawny as the desert, if, for. But for all that the poet was not happy. He was holding the collar of his waist lightly about his neck, with both hands, stooping down low so as to conceal his pink ankles, and wondering how in the world he could ever get back to the ship and safely in his stateroom without being seen.

Suddenly there were two short sharp whistles, and looking down we saw that the noisy crowd of French peasants had melted away from the wharf and the steamer was about to start. There was nothing to do but run for it. And run we did. But a man in slippers does not make a good record. As for myself the less said of my speed with one leg the better. But alas for all our running; the ship pushed off and was soon caught in the edging pools of the amber river. "Two women grinding at a mill; one shall be taken and the other left." And that is about all that the poet said as we two stood there alone shivering on the wharf. We were both left. Twenty-five miles below, by a very tortuous course, the steamer on her down trip would pull up at Hal Hal Bay for an hour. By taking a ten mile out over the mountains we could reach Hal Hal Bay. But whether before or after the steamer left remained to be seen. This course alone remained. For I submit that a poet as well as the son of a wealthy and aristocratic English rector ought not to be seen shivering too long on a river bank in such a plight. But soon sympathetic people gathered around. But the poet turned his back on all and stood gazing on the rising sun, while I bargained with a dashing driver to try and head off that steamer. We climbed into a calèche, up the hill, and on we sped; a dozen dogs at our heels. The poet looked straight ahead and held on to his throat with both hands as we dashed through the town at full gallop, the dogs increasing in noise and numbers at every jump. Then the poet lost his hat. But no time now to stop for hats. Besides the dogs had it in ribbons no wonder those who were searching for him could gather no tidings. Their inquiries had all been presented along the southern side of the Gulf of Imid, while he and his party had worked round the head of the gulf and crossed over to the Black Sea shore. Never should he forget the fatigues of that journey. Fortunately they allowed him to lie down for a few hours at night, making up for him as comfortable a bed as they possibly could with leaves and ferns, the Captain covering him up with his own cloak. On the third day they reached a hill overlooking a small village called Nihori, always working through the brush, with scouts thrown out on all sides to give timely warning of the approach of any one. Here his troubles came to an end. A pleasant bivouac was arranged round a hollow tree, an old oak, the spacious interior of which made a famous resting place, and for the next eight days he did nothing but eat and sleep. He was kept well supplied with good food, fresh bread, with roast mutton, and pilaf, the provisions being brought every day from Nihori by one of the band, who paid for them out of the money courteously borrowed of Mr. Corpi by the Captain. They were not very communicative either as to their antecedents or their future movements, but he gathered sufficient from their conversation to know that they were all Greeks from Macedonia and the greater portion of them escaped convicts—old hands at the profession. The band was not a large one, as it is but newly formed—only eight men besides the Captain. They were all armed with Chassepot rifles and French cavalry revolvers.

A GENTLE BAND.

Captain Evangelino, the leader, was especially attentive. He regretted exceedingly the necessity he was under of compelling his captives to march so much on foot, but there could be no rest for any of them until they had reached a place from which it would be safe to communicate with his friends. No wonder those who were searching for him could gather no tidings. Their inquiries had all been presented along the southern side of the Gulf of Imid, while he and his party had worked round the head of the gulf and crossed over to the Black Sea shore. Never should he forget the fatigues of that journey. Fortunately they allowed him to lie down for a few hours at night, making up for him as comfortable a bed as they possibly could with leaves and ferns, the Captain covering him up with his own cloak. On the third day they reached a hill overlooking a small village called Nihori, always working through the brush, with scouts thrown out on all sides to give timely warning of the approach of any one. Here his troubles came to an end. A pleasant bivouac was arranged round a hollow tree, an old oak, the spacious interior of which made a famous resting place, and for the next eight days he did nothing but eat and sleep. He was kept well supplied with good food, fresh bread, with roast mutton, and pilaf, the provisions being brought every day from Nihori by one of the band, who paid for them out of the money courteously borrowed of Mr. Corpi by the Captain. They were not very communicative either as to their antecedents or their future movements, but he gathered sufficient from their conversation to know that they were all Greeks from Macedonia and the greater portion of them escaped convicts—old hands at the profession. The band was not a large one, as it is but newly formed—only eight men besides the Captain. They were all armed with Chassepot rifles and French cavalry revolvers.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Quebec Aug. 2nd, 1883.

LETTER FROM MEMBER OF CONG BRESS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Washington, D. C., Feb. 16th, 1882.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find one dollar, and will you send me some of N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsam Elixir, by express. I have a bad cold, as has almost everyone else here, but cannot find the Elixir, which I use frequently at home, and consider a most valuable medicine; in fact, the very best remedy for a cough that I ever used. W. W. GROUT, To HASSAY, JOHNSONS & LLOYD, Burlington, Vt. Down's Elixir is sold by all Druggists throughout Canada. 25-41

BRET HARTE.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WRITER.

Bret Harte is a thoroughly American poet. He represents in a strong degree the impulsive, democratic and plain spoken element of the American people. That he is a man of brilliant wit, wide information and strong purposes is proven by the success he has achieved.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1838. He inherited from his parents English, German and Hebrew blood.

In 1854 the family removed to California, and in the rude mining settlements, surrounded by characters, lawless, immoral and profligate, the young man received impressions which were stamped upon his memory so forcibly that, in later years, it became an easy task to reproduce them for the public with his pen. During the first three years in California, he passed through the varying hardships and frequent changes of occupation which seem to attend invariably the earlier steps of genius.

For a time he was compositor in a printing office, then he mined for himself, with most indifferent results. The life of a school teacher, which followed gave a new incentive to the literary tastes which had been awakened in the printing office and a year's work as express messenger threw him into continual contact with the various characters and life studies which he has given to the world.

In 1857, he returned to the compositor's case, in the office of the Golden Era of San Francisco, and it was here that a few Bohemian sketches, rapidly dashed off, for copy, attracted the attention of the editor, and he was assigned a place in the literary department.

Much of the work which came from his hand at this time bears all the marks of keen wit and pungency of expression which characterize the articles and sketches which he has retained in the complete edition of his writings.

In 1863, his first sketch appeared in the east, which was followed by frequent efforts, until in 1869, he became the editor of the Overland Monthly. In 1871, he came to Boston and was connected with the Atlantic Monthly.

His "Heathen Chinee" did for him what "Thaetopsis" did for Bryant; threw him into the front rank of contributors for popular favor. "The Luck of Rosing Creek," "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "Miguel," etc., sketches of California life, which he published in the Overland Monthly, established a reputation for him which he has admirably sustained by the brilliancy of his wit, his undiminished ability and the versatility of his genius.

"Men must work and women weep, So runs the world away." But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

THE MEN OF THE HILLS.

M. CORPI'S PLACANT SOJOURN AMONG GREEK BRIGANDS AND HIS RANSOM.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19, 1883.—M. Corpi, whose capture by a band of brigands was announced a short time ago, has at length been released upon the payment of a ransom to the amount of \$1,100. He had left Constantinople on the first day of July to inspect a silk factory belonging to the family at a small village called Tepekton, near Caramoussa, on the Southern shore of the Gulf of Imid. There was a piece of land in the vicinity which he wanted to buy, and on the Thursday afternoon he went out with the "Tchorbeje" (headman) of the village to take a last look at the ground before closing the bargain. He never dreamt of the slightest danger, for the place was almost within a stone's throw of the village, and no one during his three days' residence at the factory had mentioned the existence of brigands. He went perfectly unarmed, secure, as he thought, in the company of the Tchorbejes. The inspection was over, and he was just lighting a cigarette preparatory to returning when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a lot of wild looking fellows armed to the teeth. He was not frightened in the least, for he knew what their game was, and felt sure that his ransom would be speedily arranged. Indeed, they were not bad fellows at all, these brigands, and he should always look back with pleasure to the few days he spent in their company.

A GENTLE BAND.

Captain Evangelino, the leader, was especially attentive. He regretted exceedingly the necessity he was under of compelling his captives to march so much on foot, but there could be no rest for any of them until they had reached a place from which it would be safe to communicate with his friends. No wonder those who were searching for him could gather no tidings. Their inquiries had all been presented along the southern side of the Gulf of Imid, while he and his party had worked round the head of the gulf and crossed over to the Black Sea shore. Never should he forget the fatigues of that journey. Fortunately they allowed him to lie down for a few hours at night, making up for him as comfortable a bed as they possibly could with leaves and ferns, the Captain covering him up with his own cloak. On the third day they reached a hill overlooking a small village called Nihori, always working through the brush, with scouts thrown out on all sides to give timely warning of the approach of any one. Here his troubles came to an end. A pleasant bivouac was arranged round a hollow tree, an old oak, the spacious interior of which made a famous resting place, and for the next eight days he did nothing but eat and sleep. He was kept well supplied with good food, fresh bread, with roast mutton, and pilaf, the provisions being brought every day from Nihori by one of the band, who paid for them out of the money courteously borrowed of Mr. Corpi by the Captain. They were not very communicative either as to their antecedents or their future movements, but he gathered sufficient from their conversation to know that they were all Greeks from Macedonia and the greater portion of them escaped convicts—old hands at the profession. The band was not a large one, as it is but newly formed—only eight men besides the Captain. They were all armed with Chassepot rifles and French cavalry revolvers.

NEW CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

Rome, Aug. 9.—At the Consistory just held, the Pope appointed eight bishops for Portugal, two for France, two for Mexico, one to Columbia, one to Austria, and eight to Italy. The Pope appointed M. Wm. Bioriani, bishop coadjutor of San Francisco, with the right of succession to the archbishopric, and Rsv. Joseph Rademacher, bishop of Nashville. A palladium was granted Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

McKinlay, Tex., Aug. 8.—Fifty thousand people attended the Confederate reunion today. Gen. Cable, in his speech, declared that England and America can never have more than an unnatural friendship "while Americans and the purple clad are linked by hooks of steel." He hoped to live long enough to lead ex-Confederates under the Stars and Stripes in a contest against England.

BURNED WITH A POKER.

TERRIBLE STORY OF CRUEL TREATMENT AS RELATED BY A SALEM GIRL.

SALEM, August 8.—Mrs. Lucy Fyer, a widow, who keeps a boarding house at No. 48 Charter street, has had in her employ a girl now 15 years of age, named Jennie Harding, whom she took from the Little Wanderers' Home about eight years ago. It is claimed by the child that she has been persistently abused at times ever since. Her story is as follows: On Sunday last she was ordered to bring down the lamps. She thought she had brought them all, but it was found that she had left some of them, and Mrs. Fyer asked her why she had not brought them all. She replied that she had, when Mrs. Fyer struck her in the face, and taking a red hot poker from the stove hit her with that, and then caught her by the hand and burned her arm in several places. One of the marks being five inches in length and half an inch wide. At one time she stripped her entirely naked and tied her hands behind her with a clothes line and her feet with a tag to a rocking chair, and kept her there all night. On Saturday last, after the burning, Jennie left the house and walked up the railroad track to the house of a lady, who brought her to the police station, where her story was told. She was kindly cared for. A warrant was issued for Mrs. Fyer's arrest, and she will be before the court to-morrow morning.

THE TRYING PLACE.

Quite an air of the operatic "Fra Diavolo" was thrown over the whole proceedings. Guided by the peasant the Croats marched for some four hours and a half along the plain at the head of the Bay of Imid, until at the foot of a mountain they came across the trunk of a newly felled tree. The most perfect silence had been enjoined upon the men up to this moment, but the peasant, now opening his lungs to their fullest extent, gave utterance to a loud, shrill cry, evidently a signal, as a few minutes afterward an individual whose multiplicity of arms proclaimed him at once to be one of the band made his appearance from the bush. With a brief nod in recognition of their presence the brigand asked the Croats if they had brought the money, and receiving their assurance in respect to the same, immediately set to work to light a fire. Soon after the smoke had commenced to curl upward a similar signal was observed at no great distance. Starting off with their new guide the Croats came to another newly felled tree, seated upon which were two other brigands. Rising at once they started off, beckoning the others to follow, and plunged into a dark ravine so thickly stocked with forest trees and undergrowth as to be almost impenetrable. Reaching the upper end of the valley another fire was lighted, and as soon as the answer to the signal was observed two of the Croats were ordered to remain, while the third, bearing the ransom, started off with the brigands. No 1 for the top of the mountain. Arriving at a small hollow on the crest of the heights, the guide, taking one of the long silver mounted pistols from his belt, fired it in the air, upon which, as if by magic, M. Corpi appeared surrounded by his brigand friends. The money was gravely counted, and then M. Corpi was informed that he was at liberty to leave when he wished.

REV. FATHER WALSH.

The ex-Treasurer of the American Land League—His Farewell Sermon to his Parishioners—His Efforts in behalf of Ireland will be the Brightest Jewel in that Diadem of Glory.

WATERBURY, Conn., Aug. 8.—Rev. Father Walsh, late Treasurer of the Land League in America, leaves Waterbury, Conn., for a parish in Rhode Island. The announcement was made at the last Mass on last Sunday, and was received by the large congregation with many evidences of regret. Father Walsh made the announcement himself, and said that the heavy responsibilities which were placed on him as pastor he found himself unable to bear, owing to his health, which he was certain could not bear such a heavy strain many years. So he asked the bishop to give him some other parish where the duties would not be so heavy and where he would have an opportunity of a much needed rest. He had asked the bishop to place him as near as he could to Providence, R. I., where he would be near his sister and mother, so that he could comfort the latter during her declining years. "The part I took in Irish affairs," he continued, "I do not regret. The history and tradition of Ireland must be false if I have erred in the part I have taken to benefit Ireland. I am certain that when I stand before the judgment seat of God to answer for the deeds of my life in this world that the efforts I made in behalf of Ireland will be the brightest jewel in that diadem of glory which I expect the Almighty will give me as a reward for my labors in this life." Father Walsh concluded by asking all present to remember him in their prayers, as they would be always in his. During the address several members of the congregation were forcibly affected. There never was a priest in Waterbury so beloved by the people as Father Walsh was. Rich and poor found a true and sincere friend in his noble and confiding nature, and the prayers and best wishes of his parishioners go with him to his new parish. All the Catholic societies throughout the city held special meetings on Sunday and Monday evening for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to present to Father Walsh as a mark of their appreciation of the services he has rendered to the Catholics of Waterbury during the years he has spent amongst them.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Counsel for the delicate.—Those to whom the changeable temperature is a protracted period of trial should seek the earliest opportunity of removing all the obstacles to good health. This Ointment, perseveringly rubbed upon the skin, is the most reliable remedy for overcoming all diseases of the throat and chest, Quinsy, relaxed tonsils, sore throat, swollen glands, ordinary catarrh, and bronchitis, usually prevailing at this season, may be arrested as soon as discovered, and every symptom banished by Holloway's simple and effective treatment. This Ointment and Pills are highly commended for the facility with which they successfully contend with influenza; they ally in an incredibly short time the distressing fever and teething cough.

NEW CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

Rome, Aug. 9.—At the Consistory just held, the Pope appointed eight bishops for Portugal, two for France, two for Mexico, one to Columbia, one to Austria, and eight to Italy. The Pope appointed M. Wm. Bioriani, bishop coadjutor of San Francisco, with the right of succession to the archbishopric, and Rsv. Joseph Rademacher, bishop of Nashville. A palladium was granted Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

McKinlay, Tex., Aug. 8.—Fifty thousand people attended the Confederate reunion today. Gen. Cable, in his speech, declared that England and America can never have more than an unnatural friendship "while Americans and the purple clad are linked by hooks of steel." He hoped to live long enough to lead ex-Confederates under the Stars and Stripes in a contest against England.

BURNED WITH A POKER.

TERRIBLE STORY OF CRUEL TREATMENT AS RELATED BY A SALEM GIRL.

SALEM, August 8.—Mrs. Lucy Fyer, a widow, who keeps a boarding house at No. 48 Charter street, has had in her employ a girl now 15 years of age, named Jennie Harding, whom she took from the Little Wanderers' Home about eight years ago. It is claimed by the child that she has been persistently abused at times ever since. Her story is as follows: On Sunday last she was ordered to bring down the lamps. She thought she had brought them all, but it was found that she had left some of them, and Mrs. Fyer asked her why she had not brought them all. She replied that she had, when Mrs. Fyer struck her in the face, and taking a red hot poker from the stove hit her with that, and then caught her by the hand and burned her arm in several places. One of the marks being five inches in length and half an inch wide. At one time she stripped her entirely naked and tied her hands behind her with a clothes line and her feet with a tag to a rocking chair, and kept her there all night. On Saturday last, after the burning, Jennie left the house and walked up the railroad track to the house of a lady, who brought her to the police station, where her story was told. She was kindly cared for. A warrant was issued for Mrs. Fyer's arrest, and she will be before the court to-morrow morning.

THE TRYING PLACE.

Quite an air of the operatic "Fra Diavolo" was thrown over the whole proceedings. Guided by the peasant the Croats marched for some four hours and a half along the plain at the head of the Bay of Imid, until at the foot of a mountain they came across the trunk of a newly felled tree. The most perfect silence had been enjoined upon the men up to this moment, but the peasant, now opening his lungs to their fullest extent, gave utterance to a loud, shrill cry, evidently a signal, as a few minutes afterward an individual whose multiplicity of arms proclaimed him at once to be one of the band made his appearance from the bush. With a brief nod in recognition of their presence the brigand asked the Croats if they had brought the money, and receiving their assurance in respect to the same, immediately set to work to light a fire. Soon after the smoke had commenced to curl upward a similar signal was observed at no great distance. Starting off with their new guide the Croats came to another newly felled tree, seated upon which were two other brigands. Rising at once they started off, beckoning the others to follow, and plunged into a dark ravine so thickly stocked with forest trees and undergrowth as to be almost impenetrable. Reaching the upper end of the valley another fire was lighted, and as soon as the answer to the signal was observed two of the Croats were ordered to remain, while the third, bearing the ransom, started off with the brigands. No 1 for the top of the mountain. Arriving at a small hollow on the crest of the heights, the guide, taking one of the long silver mounted pistols from his belt, fired it in the air, upon which, as if by magic, M. Corpi appeared surrounded by his brigand friends. The money was gravely counted, and then M. Corpi was informed that he was at liberty to leave when he wished.

rescue and was shot and wounded. The Indians then took an axe and hacked his head to pieces, when they attempted to make good their escape, but a number of miners who had reached the scene shot one of them down and arrested another. The third escaped. The infuriated citizens constituted themselves a jury and hanged the captured Indians on the spot. The next day Colonel Barry ordered the Indians to produce the escaped Indian, when he was quickly delivered up and promptly hanged.

EGANVILLE NEWS.

"The Forty Hours' Devotion," or adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exhibited in the Roman Catholic Church here, which commenced on last Sunday and ended on Tuesday, the 7th inst., the Rev. Messrs. Byrne, Marlon and Shea officiating, has been well attended throughout, the parish church being densely crowded, and hundreds receiving the Sacrament, which speaks well for the devotional spirit manifested by the parishioners, and is also creditable to the piety of the respected and indefatigable pastor, the Rev. M. Byrne, whose attention for long years to the spiritual wants of his parish is worthy of all praise. The evidence of his zeal in the cause of the Church is shown not only in the fine appearance of the parish church and grounds, and erection of a Convent—a large and handsome stone structure—but also at Douglas by the erection of a solid stone church and a fine dwelling house and grounds, all the result of piety perseverance, which overcomes no ordinary obstacles, in a section of country comparatively young and rough, and the great majority of his parishioners being poor struggling settlers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The Irish leaders denounce as a spy James Mc Dermott, of Brooklyn, whose arrest in England for alleged Fenianism has been cable.

NEW MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, send a roll containing seven good pieces of music, with the remark that they are "seven times as good as one good piece of music," which is true enough. We have room only for a word of description; in addition to titles and prices. "Picnic Polka" (50 cts.) by La Hache must be good, as the picture title represents the picnic at that supreme moment when the ice-cream is being passed. "My Philomena" (Viellebechen mein), (40 cts.), by More, must be more than a common piece, or it wouldn't have a German name. "Bedoua Fantasie" (30 cts.), by Haezen, is a tasteful German piano piece. "Of Course" (35 cts.), Song by Roedel, is a musical description of a pretty lovers quarrel. "Song of the Helmet" (35 cts.), is from a French opera. "I love you best" (35 cts.), by Wellings, is a fine English ballad. "Gently lead us" (30 cts.), by Theophil, is a new song to the old words, "Gently, Lord."

POISONED AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

SIXTY-NINE PERSONS AFFECTED—ONE DEATH. COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 8.—A dispatch to the Daily Register from Camden, says: "At a festival given by the ladies of the Baptist church on Friday night, sixty-nine persons were seriously poisoned by eating ice-cream flavored with vanilla. During the night they were attacked with violent cramps and vomiting, followed by a high fever. Such a length of time had elapsed before medical aid was summoned that antidotes proved ineffective. The symptoms resembled those of arsenical poisoning. The eldest daughter of B. Silver died Sunday morning, and the lives of twelve other persons are in danger."

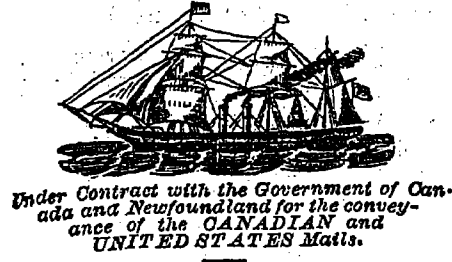
JACOBS OIL THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatic Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and ALL OTHER PAINFUL AILMENTS. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle. THE CHARLES A. VOELGER & CO., Baltimore, Md. U.S.A.

N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAM ELIXIR. Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle. DOWNS' ELIXIR.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. S. F. NEWCOMB, Greenfield, O., says:—"In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forgetfulness and disinclination to think, move or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new life and vigor."

R. No. 66. For Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, Treatment. Positive Cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only. No dangerous doses of Opiates or Opoids. Infallible, Hygienic, Curative, Preventive. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle. AMERICAN AGENCY "G. B. MEDICINE CO." Detroit, Mich., or Windsor, Ont. Sold in Montreal by L. J. LAVIOLETTE & NELSON.

Allan Line.



Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of the CANADIAN and UNITED STATES Mails.

Table with columns: Yessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists various ships and their details.

The Shortest Sea Route between America and Europe, being only five days between land to land.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY AND QUEBEC MAIL SERVICE.

Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every MONDAY, calling at Lough Killybegs to receive and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched.

Table with columns: FROM QUEBEC, Sailing, Date. Lists ship names and departure dates.

Table with columns: FROM HALIFAX, Sailing, Date. Lists ship names and departure dates.

Table with columns: FROM HALIFAX, Sailing, Date. Lists ship names and departure dates.

Table with columns: FROM HALIFAX, Sailing, Date. Lists ship names and departure dates.

Persons desirous of bringing their friends from Britain can obtain Passage Certificates at Lowest Rates.

Through Bills of Lading granted at Liverpool and Glasgow, and Consignments made in London, Halifax, Boston, Baltimore, Quebec and Montreal, and from all Railway Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow, via Baltimore, Boston, Quebec and Montreal.

For Freight, passage or other information apply to John J. Allan, 50 State Street, Montreal.

HEALTH FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Basks Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels. Giving tone, energy and vigor to these great organs.

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

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD. And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten.

MAKE HENS LAY

FARMERS. Needing any FARM IMPLEMENT! And the BEST OF ITS KIND WILL SAVE MONEY BY CALLING.



COSSITT'S, 51 MCGILL STREET, Montreal. P.S.—Headquarters for Wilkinson's Ploughs.

R. J. LATIMER, Manager.

30 DAYS TRIAL DR. DYES' VOLTAIC BELT. Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

DESTROYER OF HAIR! ALEX. ROSS' DEPLETORY. Removes hair from face, neck and arms without injury.

WELL'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR. A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the best colored butter.

WELL'S RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR. A NEW DISCOVERY.

WILL'S MANUAL! THE WORLD'S GREAT BOOK OF SOCIAL AND BUSINESS FORMS.

BAIRD & DILLON, Publishers. Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated CHIMNEYS and BELLS for Churches, etc.

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

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET. MR. GLADSTONE ON THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE CANON BERNARD TRIAL. TORONTO, Aug. 8.—In the trial of Canon Bernard, charged with abstracting securities representing several million francs.

THE SLAYER OF CAREY. LONDON, Aug. 8.—Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, the man supposed to be identical with O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey.

A BABY WITH A HEAD MEASURING 26 1/2 INCHES. BOSTON, Aug. 8.—Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, of Somerville, has a baby four months old.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. BY REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT. The latest and most crushing answer to Ingersoll's infidel arguments.

SUICIDE OF AN ADVOCATE AT SHELBROOKE. SHELBROOKE, August 7.—Mr. George H. Borlase, advocate of this city.

AN IRISH OPERA. Speaking of opera, a few persons of musical taste had an opportunity the other evening to hear some selections from a new production of that class, entitled "Amergin."

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the consumption, and for all other forms of pulmonary disease.

BAKERS' MANDRAKE BITTERS. THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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

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

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated CHIMNEYS and BELLS for Churches, etc.

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

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET. MR. GLADSTONE ON THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE CANON BERNARD TRIAL. TORONTO, Aug. 8.—In the trial of Canon Bernard, charged with abstracting securities representing several million francs.

THE SLAYER OF CAREY. LONDON, Aug. 8.—Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, the man supposed to be identical with O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey.

A BABY WITH A HEAD MEASURING 26 1/2 INCHES. BOSTON, Aug. 8.—Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, of Somerville, has a baby four months old.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. BY REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT. The latest and most crushing answer to Ingersoll's infidel arguments.

SUICIDE OF AN ADVOCATE AT SHELBROOKE. SHELBROOKE, August 7.—Mr. George H. Borlase, advocate of this city.

AN IRISH OPERA. Speaking of opera, a few persons of musical taste had an opportunity the other evening to hear some selections from a new production of that class, entitled "Amergin."

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the consumption, and for all other forms of pulmonary disease.

BAKERS' MANDRAKE BITTERS. THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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

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

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated CHIMNEYS and BELLS for Churches, etc.

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

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET. MR. GLADSTONE ON THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE CANON BERNARD TRIAL. TORONTO, Aug. 8.—In the trial of Canon Bernard, charged with abstracting securities representing several million francs.

THE SLAYER OF CAREY. LONDON, Aug. 8.—Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, the man supposed to be identical with O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey.

A BABY WITH A HEAD MEASURING 26 1/2 INCHES. BOSTON, Aug. 8.—Mrs. E. C. Dickinson, of Somerville, has a baby four months old.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. BY REV. LOUIS A. LAMBERT. The latest and most crushing answer to Ingersoll's infidel arguments.

SUICIDE OF AN ADVOCATE AT SHELBROOKE. SHELBROOKE, August 7.—Mr. George H. Borlase, advocate of this city.

AN IRISH OPERA. Speaking of opera, a few persons of musical taste had an opportunity the other evening to hear some selections from a new production of that class, entitled "Amergin."

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the consumption, and for all other forms of pulmonary disease.

BAKERS' MANDRAKE BITTERS. THE ONLY VEGETABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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

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

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated CHIMNEYS and BELLS for Churches, etc.

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Sick headache and relieve all the troubles attendant on a bilious state of the system.

BRITISH-AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, 112 and 114 King Street West, TORONTO.

WANTED AT ST. SOPHIE. County Terrebonne, two Female School Teachers capable of teaching French and English.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER. Qualified to teach English, French, Latin and Greek.

THE TROY MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture a superior quality of Bells.

ADVERTISING. Contracts made for this paper, which is kept on file at office.

TILL WARNED, OR BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT. People will continue to weaken their systems by the use of the ordinary disagreeable drug.

DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 287 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bell of Pure Copper for Fire Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 1511.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 1511. Notice is given that Catherine Mullins, wife of James Murray.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 1511.

WANTED for a Priest's House and Church, a well recommended boy or middle-aged man.



IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

London, Aug. 14.—There was a long debate characterized by much obstruction on the part of Irish members in the Commons last night, on a vote for legal expenses incurred in the recent criminal prosecutions in Ireland. Mr. Harrington alleged that Miles Joyce who was executed for participating in the murder of the Joyce family, was judicially murdered despite the fact that evidence of his innocence was accessible to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Callan declared the Government could have brought the Phoenix Park murderers to justice without the evidence of Carey, but that Harcourt contrived to have Carey accepted to connect the Irish members of Parliament with the murders. Mr. Farnell repeated his charge of jury packing in Ireland, and the reckless desire of the Government to procure convictions and strike terror among the people by a tyrannical use of secret inquiry. Mr. Porter, Attorney-General for Ireland, said that as long as atrocities in Ireland went unpunished, the means of enquiry allowed by law would be used without shrinking. When Mr. Harrington charged Lord Spencer with having Joyce hanged, although innocent, he was called to order and then modified his statement as mentioned. Mr. Healey was also called to order for using violent language against the officers of the Crown. Mr. Farnell, as a protest against the conduct of the Government, moved that the amount of money provided for in appropriation be reduced. The motion was defeated by 24 to 93.

THE CATHOLICS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Montreal Académien says that several churches are in course of construction in the diocese of Halifax. A church is being built at the flourishing city of Yarmouth. The large wooden church at Church Point, Olvera, county of Digby, is too small, and is to be replaced by a brick edifice costing \$30,000. The brick is being made by the local inhabitants, who will assist in the work of construction. Another church is in course of construction at Zel Brook, which will be finished by next September. It is also said that a new church will be built at Ines. It will thus be seen that the Catholic Church is doing well in the county of Yarmouth.

THE NINTH GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE "AMERICAN ST. OEOILIA SOCIETY"

will, as previously announced, be held on the 21st, 22d and 23d days of August in Cleveland, Ohio. The general programme is as follows: On Tuesday, August 21st, at 9 a.m., official reception of the choir and guests in the "Father Mathew Hall," and general rehearsal. At 8 p.m., first production (concert) by the choir of St. Procop's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Peter's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's Seminary choir, Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Detroit, Mich.; St. John's Church, Defiance, O.; St. Paul's Church, Port Wayne, Ind., and Benediction in St. Peter's Church. On Wednesday, August 22nd, a Requiem Mass will be said at eight o'clock for the deceased members of the society, in St. Joseph's Church. At 10 a.m., Pontifical High Mass in the same church. The sermon in English will be preached by the Right Rev. R. Gilman, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. At three o'clock in the afternoon, meeting of the society members, in "Father Mathew Hall." At 7 p.m., the second concert and Benediction will be given in St. Mary's Church. Thursday, August 23rd, at 8 a.m., High Mass in St. Peter's Church. Ten a.m., Pontifical High Mass, St. Peter's Church; sermon by the Rev. Fr. M. Marty, D.D., Bishop of Yankton, Dakota. In conclusion, Benediction and Te Deum. The following Masses will be produced: "Requiem, Gregorian chant, and the Missa 'Ascendo ad Patrem,'" by Palestrina, on Wednesday. The Missa "in honorem St. Caeciliae" by J. Singenberger, and the Missa choralis in "Stetit duplicitus," on Thursday. The members of the Society, and all taking an interest in Ecclesiastical music, are hereby cordially invited to be present on this occasion. Free quarters may be secured by applying to the Rev. F. Westerholt, 116 Dodge street, Cleveland, O. Those preferring a hotel will receive reduced rates by informing Rev. F. Westerholt, No. 116 Dodge street, Cleveland, O.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE FATHER O'HAGARTY.

The funeral obsequies of the Rev. W. O'Hagarty, P.P., V.F.F., Camus and Olinnell, took place on Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, and was presided over by his Lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry. The following clergymen attended the funeral:—The Rev. Hugh O'Hagan, Derry; the Rev. Father McCall, P.P., Waterville, Derry; the Rev. Father McKay, Waterville; the Rev. Father Mattie, P.P., St. Johnston; Rev. Father McKenna, P.P., Stranorlar, and many others. The Rev. Charles O'Hagarty, Toronto, Secretary to Bishop Lynch, was one of the chief mourners. The solemn office commenced at 11 o'clock at Murling, the chanters being the Rev. Patrick McKenna and the Rev. Charles O'Hagarty. The Bishop presided during the office. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Charles O'Hagarty, Father Longhrey and Father McKenna assisting. The body, encased in a beautifully mounted and polished oak coffin, was taken to the hearse, which then proceeded to Strabane, followed by nearly a hundred cars and carriages. The funeral was attended by a number of magistrates and members of the medical profession, whilst many persons had travelled a considerable distance in order that they might be present. On the way to Strabane the roads were lined with persons anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. On the arrival of the funeral cortege at Strabane chapel, the Bishop performed the ceremonies of the grave. The remains of the deceased clergyman were consigned to their last resting place in a grave where already are buried Father McHugh, Father McCafferty, and Father Brown.—Derry Journal.

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

Loans decrease, \$320,900; circulation ditto, \$191,000; specie increase, \$161,700; legal funds, \$9,500; deposits, \$1,535,500; reserve, \$67,500.

PAPAL CONFERENCE AT ROME.

London, Aug. 13.—The chief prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and America will assemble at the Vatican in November next. The Pope desires to consult as to the means of maintaining friendly relations with all the Powers. St. Louis, Aug. 13.—It is stated that before holding a conference with American archbishops in Rome a preliminary council will most likely be held in Baltimore. The Pope has invited each religious order of the United States to send delegates to a conference at Rome.

Continued from First page.

A BRITISH SPY.

THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS—HOW THEY WERE ENTRAPPED BY JAMES MCDERMOTT.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.—The Eagle publishes what it claims to be an official history of the Fenian Brotherhood, his betrayal of the dynamite conspirators, &c. It says McDermott learned that Dr. Gallagher and his brother were going to England to blow up buildings, and followed them, having first obtained a letter from O'Donovan Rossa authorizing him to correspond for his paper. In Dublin McDermott sought Mrs. Oddy, who supplied food for the Phoenix Park murders, and by lavish use of money, wormed from her the names of the persons who paid her for supplying food to the assassins. She only saw his true nature when she learned of the arrest of the parties whose names she gave him. Featherstone, Rossa's accredited agent, was then in Cork and McDermott did not succeed in entrapping O'Malley. McDermott convinced Featherstone that he was not a spy, and became quite intimate with him, although O'Malley warned him repeatedly. At a meeting of the dynamites McDermott made a blinding speech, and proposed to poison Captain Plunkett, resident magistrate for Cork. That night the plans for the Liverpool explosions were decided on. Next day McDermott left for London and met O'Connor under the name of Dalton. The day after his arrival at London, Sir W. V. Harcourt stated in Parliament that he had been offered information for £10,000 of numerous plots for the destruction of public buildings, and McDermott showed Dalton all the public buildings, and he in the personage who gesticulated so violently in the company of Dalton opposite Westminster Palace. It was decided by McDermott and Featherstone that a box of nitroglycerine should be brought to Liverpool by Dassy. Dassy was warned not to take any documents to Flanagan to whom the dynamite was consigned, but before he left McDermott gave him a note to Flanagan signed with Featherstone's name, stating, "This is Dassy, a good man, and a person who brings you nitro-glycerine." Dassy was arrested on his arrival, and the note led to the capture of Flanagan and the conviction of him and Dassy. That night McDermott got drunk in Cork, and O'Malley got possession of his note-book. Following the arrests of Dassy and Flanagan came the capture of Featherstone, O'Herilly, O'Grady and Morgan. The night of the arrest McDermott disguised himself as a minister and urged O'Malley to fly with him, but the latter knew this would be the signal for his arrest and declined. When Featherstone was arrested he saw he had been duped by McDermott. The conspirators also learned that McDermott was a witness at a secret enquiry when the Cork conspirators were held for treason. They tried to induce him to return to Cork for the purpose of killing him, but he escaped to France. On returning to the United States several attempts were made to kill him, but they failed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 16-13-cw

The Rev. Fathers Agnew and Wright, missionaries from Scotland, who have been sent by the Bishop of Galloway to assist the Catholics of Canada and the United States to assist the poor and small Catholic congregations in many of the cities and towns of Scotland to build Catholic schools, have arrived in Boston from Canada. The condition of the Catholic in many of the Scotch towns is described by the Bishop as being very deplorable indeed, inasmuch as being few in numbers and poor they cannot, unaided, establish schools, and such a change in the school law is threatened as will render it impossible for them to maintain Catholic schools hereafter where none are established within the next year! The Bishop fears that in the districts which remain unprovided with Catholic schools, the faith will assuredly disappear. Father Wright has spent some time in Halifax and Cape Breton, and the States, where he was received with the greatest kindness and courtesy by people of all classes, Protestants as well as Catholics, and his appeal on behalf of the destitute, in whose cause he labors, was liberally responded to. Bishop McLaughlin says: "The question before me, as a pastor of souls, is really, whether in many districts of the diocese our holy faith is to continue and flourish, or else to perish utterly; whether in these districts the souls of the present and future generations of children are to be irretrievably lost, or to be saved. Issues like these may well fill me with my grief and anxiety. Allow me to add, in the words of our Divine Master—for whom and in whose name I ask your help,—'It is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'"—MATT. xviii. 14.

ALWAYS AS SURE AS SUNSHINE.

On Tuesday, July 10th, the (158th) Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, Gen'l G. T. Beauregard of La, and Jubal A. Early of Va, (whose integrity and veracity are unassailable), had, as usual, the entire management, and announce over their own signatures the result. Ticket No 37,348 drew the first capital prize—Lieut Josiah Chane (a good name, by the way to win) of the U.S. Army, at Fort A, Lincoln, Dak, drew \$30,000, two-fifths, at cost of \$2, and he was paid by the Bismarck National Bank; Messrs A. T. De Bann and Co., of Cairo, Illinois, took another \$15,000, costing \$1; Messrs. Gunz, Botte, of Cairo, Ill., and A. B. Gibson, of Cairo, Ill., another \$15,000, or \$15,000. Ticket No. 95,397 drew the second prize of \$15,000, and one-fifth, or \$5,000, went to Theodore Voigt, 25 Avery street, Boston, Mass.; another to J. T. Moore, of Burgin, Ky, through the Farmers' National Bank, Danville, Ky; and others in Toronto, Canada, Galveston, Texas, and elsewhere. Ticket No. 6,763 drew the third prize of \$10,000, held by Mr. Chas. D. Thompson, of No. 22 East 14th street, New York city. Any one applying to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La, can hear all about the honest workings of this institution; which gives \$1,000,000 to the Charity Hospital, of New Orleans alone, and has distributed millions of dollars. The next (160th) drawing takes place Tuesday, Sept. 11, at New Orleans.

Finance and Commerce

FINANCIAL.

Yesterday afternoon in New York the failure of Cool, Ward & Co, was announced, with liabilities understood to be under \$60,000. The Vanderbilt system now consists of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, 450 miles, quadruple track; Lake Shore, 550 miles, double track; Canada Southern and Michigan Central, 550 miles, double track; North-Western, 4,500 miles; Nickel Plate, 550 miles, or a full 6,500 miles of double and quadruple track. In the money market rates of discount are 6 1/2 to 8 per cent., and of call loans 5 to 6 1/2 per cent. Sterling Exchange is nominal at 8 1/2 to 9 1/2 prem. for 60-day bills between banks; 8 1/2 prem. cash over the counter; 9 1/2 to 9 3/4 prem. for demand bills. Drafts on New York are down at par to 1-10 prem. The local stock market to-day was dull but steady. There are parties in the market who look for a reaction in favor of the "bulls." New York and Chicago were stronger.

Stock Sales.—27 Montreal 197; 27 do 197 1/2; 50 Canada 132 1/2; 50 do 132; 100 Northwest 52; 50 Canada Pacific 53 1/2; 25 do 54; 100 Gas 174. As compared with the opening, prices of stocks in New York at 1:40 p.m. were stronger and 1/2 to 3/4 higher. Western Union sold at 76 1/2. St. Paul & Manitoba was 1 per cent higher at 107, and Canada Pacific was 1 1/2 better at 55 1/2. Money ruled steady at 4 per cent.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

The conditions governing the trade of this city are all favorable for a large distribution of merchandise during the fall months. The great confidence of our bankers and business men, but they are calculated, we trust, to throw out a solemn and sudden warning against reckless trading and the undue expansion of credit. If these American financial disasters have inspired Montreal mercantiles with a due appreciation of the necessity of regulating business transactions on a cash or shorter credit system, only good will result. As it is, the banks, which are very numerous, are too ready in their eager competition to carry forward and assist men who are not capable of sustaining and engineering important business ventures. The fine weather of late has greatly improved the appearance of the crops, about which there is now little cause for anxiety.

GRAIN.—Sugar is steady, and there is a very good demand. In molasses, we hear of sales of Barbadoes aggregating about 400 puncheons at 40c, and we quote 40c to 45c. In fruit, Valencia raisins are attracting more attention at present low prices, sales being reported at 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 c. Currants are firm at 6c to 6 1/2 c. The tea market shows no features and prices are unchanged. Sugar refiners are sold up very closely, and the demand continues good. Low grade yellows are very scarce. Yellows range from 8 1/2 to 9c, with some inferior quality offering for less. Nova Scotia whites have been active at 6 1/2 to 8c. Syrup.—The demand for this article has been more active, and a large movement has taken place at steady prices. We quote 3 1/2 to 5c as to quality.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—The demand is a hand-to-mouth one. Bars are 16 1/2 per ton higher, and screw quoted 1 1/2 to Liverpool at 25 68 1/2 per ton. In Canada plate there has been a rather limited movement at \$2 20 for good brand. Tin plates are quiet at \$5 25 for 1 1/2 inch and \$4 40 for 1 1/4 inch. Tin and copper are unchanged. In general hardware there has been a fair distribution of both heavy and shelled goods, quotations remaining steady. Oil sales are quoted at \$3 per keg for 3 inch and upwards at 4 months and 10c per keg off for cash. Window glass is steady at \$1 55 for first cut. Pig Iron.—Cottrell \$21 75 to 22 00; Langloan \$21 25 to 21 50; Gartscherie \$20 50 to 20 75; Summerville \$20 50 to 20 75; Eglington \$18 25; Daimington \$19 00; Siemens \$21; Bar Iron \$1 90 to 2 00; Hoop and Bands \$2 50; Sheets \$2 75; Tin Plates, Charcoal, I O \$5 00 to 5 25; do Cokes \$4 40; Canada Plates, Penn. \$3 10 to 3 20; Ingot Tin, stat's 23 1/2; do Lamb and Pig, 2 1/2; Ingot Copper, Beaver 18; do Montana, etc, 17 1/2 to 17 3/4; Lead \$3 90.

LEATHERS.—As orders for boots and shoes are coming in somewhat slowly at the factories there is not much change to note in the leather market, which is quiet. Nearly all buyers who make their appearance seem to know exactly what they want, and will not be tempted to operate beyond original intentions, especially as the offering enables them to fill their wants without exertion. Business has not reached any greater volume, and is about equally divided all through the list. Inducements to buy are not made presently. Dealers generally expect the month to close on a better market, and anticipate that manufacturers will shortly begin to cut up more freely. We quote: No. 1, B. A., 25c to 24c; do No. 3, 30c to 21c; China, No. 1, 22c to 23c; do No. 2, 20c to 21c; Buffalo, do No. 1, 20c to 23c; do No. 2, 20c to 21c; slaughter, No. 1, 27c to 28c; English sole, 46c to 48c; rough helling hide, 32c to 34c; harness, 25c to 30c; waxed upper, 33c to 37c; do grained, 35c to 38c; do Scotch grained 38c to 39c; buff, 14c to 16 1/2c; do pebbled, 13 1/2c to 16c; split, ordinary to choice, 22c to 30c; do under juniors 18c to 19c.

LUMBER.—The stock on hand in the yards is ample of most kinds, although there is a slight scarcity of good sound birch and ash. The distribution is fair for the season, and, if not so free as last year, is of satisfactory extent. Buyers handle about the usual quantity, and there is no special feature in the situation. Prices are steady. We quote:—Pine, 1st quality, per M, \$35 to 40; do 2nd, \$22 to 25; do shipping cuts, \$15 to 17; spruce, per M, \$12 to 14; do culls, \$9 to \$10; oak, per M, \$40 to 45; hard maple, per M, \$20 to 22; soft do \$16; basswood, \$18 to 20; black walnut, 1st and 2nd \$100 to 110; do 1st \$100 to 120; do culls \$60 to 65; hemlock, per M, \$9 to 10; cherry, per M, \$80 to 85; elm, soft, \$16 to 18; do root, \$25 to 30; cedar, round, per foot, 6c to 16c; do flat, 4c.

FISH.—A quiet tone prevails in this market in which no practical change has occurred. The demand is moderate. New Gaspe dry cod has sold at \$5.50 to 5.75 per quintal. British Columbia salmon is steady at \$15.50 to 16.50, and North Shore at \$17.50 to \$18 per barrel. New Cape Breton herrings are quoted at \$6 to 6.50 per barrel. No. 1 green cod has sold at \$6, and No. 2 at \$5 per barrel. Whitefish is quoted lower at \$5 to 5.25; and trout steady, at \$5 to 5.25 per half barrel. Mixed codfish is unchanged at 5c to 6 1/2 per lb. Oils.—Cod oil is dull and easy. Lined cod oil is quiet and steady. Cod liver oil has declined, now quoted at \$1 30 to 1 40. Cotton-

seed and Olive have sold at former rates. We quote Seal, steam refined 7 1/2 to 7 3/4 c, do pale 6 1/2 to 6 7/4 c, do straw 6 1/2 to 6 3/4 c, Ood, Newfoundland 6 1/2 c, do Gospe 6 1/2 to 6 3/4 c, do Halifax 5 1/2 to 6 c, Lined, boiled 5 1/2 to 6 c, do raw 5 1/2 to 5 7/4 c, odd liver 1 30 to 1 40, cottonseed, best per wine gal, 6 1/2 to 7 c, do inferior 6 1/2 to 6 5/4 c, olive oil 1 00 to 1 10. Petroleum.—Without notable change in price is somewhat firmer in tone, owing to the stiffer views obtaining at the refineries. The trade here is quiet and for consumptive purposes. We quote car lots 15c, broken lots 15 1/2 c, and single barrels 16c to 17c. Wool.—The market for the better descriptions of foreign wools is firm and a trifle more satisfactory to sellers who have the stock well in hand. The movement has been fair for the season. Ordinary Cape is quoted at 17 1/2 to 18 1/2 c, and superior light at 21 1/2 c. Australian ranges from 18c for common up to 30c for extra superior. Canadian wools are quiet. A supers quoted at 30c to 35c, and B at 25c to 26 1/2 c. Black wool unchanged at 24c to 25c.

Bar.—The market has not shown any change either in form or in the volume of business. Purchases are made in a hand to month manner, while prices are fairly steady. We quote: Factory filled, per bag \$1 15 to 1 30; tens 48c to 50c; eleventh 45c to 46c; half bags 65c to 67c; quarters 37 1/2 to 40; Higgins'ureka, per sack \$2 40; do half sack \$1 20; do quarters 60c; Ashton's per sack \$2 40; do quarters 60c.

LOCAL COMMERCIAL, AUG. 14.

Pork and lard are easier. Business was of a limited nature at within quotations. Large lots would probably be shaded. The egg market was steady at 17c to 18c as to quality, sales being made to-day at the latter figure. Asbes were firm at \$5 per 100 lbs. for pots. Mess pork, Western per barrel \$17 00 to 17 50, Hams, city cured per lb. 12c to 14 1/2 c, lard 12c to 14c. Butter.—Market very dull. We quote nominally, creamery 18c to 20c, Townships 16c to 17c, and Western 13c to 14 1/2 c. Cheese.—As might have been expected there was no desire to open negotiations to-day, buyers in most cases anticipating lower prices, with the situation in consequence greatly nominal. The tone is very weak and the market is about 1/2 c lower at 8 1/2 to 9 1/2 c. Canada red winter wheat \$1 20 to 1 21, do No 2 white winter \$1 15; spring wheat \$1 16; corn 61c to 62c; peas 98c to \$1 00; oats 34c to 35 1/2 c; rye 68c to 70c; barley nominal. Ocean freights remain firm. In flour there is a very steady market for the leading brands of fresh ground. Superior was sold this afternoon at \$5 35. Sales were reported of 150 bushels superior at \$5 30, 150 bushels superior at \$5 45, and 250 Ontario bags (with flour) at \$2 25.

Flour Inspection.—Statement of flour inspected for week ending 11th August (L. A. Boyer, Inspector).—Superior extra 6,660 bushels; extra superfine 2,122; Spring extra 1,223; superfine 124; fine 201; middlings 2; rejected 5; sour 224; total 10,567.

The following barges left Kingston on Saturday for this port laden with 95,235 bushels corn:—Alfred, 13,100 bushels; Kersas, 22,000 bushels; Eagle, 18,380 bushels; Duluth, 19,500 bushels; A, 9,745 bushels; Arthur, 12,900 bushels.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

Mr. Kimball, of the Montreal Horse Exchange, sold one pair of bay horses to Mr. Hazard, of Rhode Island, for \$450. A number of Exmore ponies and first-class horses will be sold by auction at the Exchange this (Tuesday) afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock. Mr. Maguire, of the College street market, has just received information that 17 horses were shipped on the SS. "Corean" of the Allan Line, on the 9th inst, belonging to Mr. G. W. Bayler, of Melbourne stock farm, Washington, Ill. A number of horses will arrive to-day on the SS. "Lucerne." Mr. Maguire sold one horse, 3 years old, weight 1,400 lbs., for \$120; one bay pony for \$95; one brown horse for \$75; one bay horse, 7 years, weight 1,200 lbs., for \$152 50.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

The continuance of large shipments of cattle from the Atlantic seaboard has produced a decidedly weaker feeling in the English markets, as indicated by cable advices from Glasgow, published by us a few days since. Liverpool and London cables also report a decline of 1/2 to 3/4 per lb, good Canadian steers being quoted down to 8d per lb in both markets. Sheep remain steady in Liverpool, London and Glasgow at 9d. A large purchase of cattle has just been made by Mr. F. R. Lingham in the American market, involving a cost of about half a million dollars. Mr. James McShane, Jr., M.P.P., has chartered the Lerland Line steamers for the month of September with a carrying capacity of 4,000 head of cattle, the cattle to be purchased by Mr. McShane in Chicago. There were shipped from Montreal and United States ports during the past week, 7,035 head of cattle and 13,668 sheep, which shows an increase of 3,260 sheep, and a decrease of 661 cattle, as compared with those of the week previous.

The following were the shipments of cattle and sheep from Montreal during the past week:—

Table with columns: Cattle, Sheep. Lists various breeds and counts, total 2,494 cattle and 12,168 sheep.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.

The surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, operating from their different offices, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Mich., and Winnipeg, Man., are treating more patients suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Pharyngitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Otitis Media, and any other institution in the world. We will treat no case we think incurable. We can help every case and cure the majority we undertake to treat if patients will strictly follow our directions. By the use of cold inhalations conveyed to the diseased parts by the Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souville, of Paris, and the special surgeon of the French army, and other proper local and constitutional treatment, we are curing thousands of cases of the above named diseases every year. Write enclosing stamp for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly, which will give you full information and reliable references. Address International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Ontario street, Toronto, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P.Q., 81 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich., or 106 Alexander street, Winnipeg, Man.

BIETH.

BURGESS—On Sunday, the 5th inst, the wife of Mr. Edward W. Burgess was delivered of a son. O'LOHAN—At No. 152 Languan street, on Sunday, the 5th inst, the wife of H. J. O'Lohan of a son.

DIED.

SULLIVAN—In this city, on the 8th inst, Bridget O'Connor, aged 80 years, beloved wife of Patrick Sullivan. GAFFNEY—At his residence, No. 207 Ottawa street, after a long and painful illness, Bartholomew Gaffney, aged 49 years and six months. Brooklyn, N.Y., Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill., papers please copy. PARADIS—Drowned at Yamaska, P.Q., on the 8th inst, Marie and Eugene, aged 18 and 20 years respectively, sons of Herolice Paradis, Chief of Police. POX—At the Hotel Dieu, on the 8th inst, Catherine Boland, beloved wife of James Pox, aged 45 years, native of County Limerick, Ireland. BARRY—In this city, on the 11th inst, Thomas Frederick, youngest son of O. A. Barry, and grand-son of Thomas Barry, Collector of Customs Richmond Station, Quebec. MOORE—On the 12th inst, Ellen Grace, second daughter of James T. Moore, aged 1 year and 11 months. GARTY—At Quebec, on Friday, the 9th inst, Catherine Trihey, wife of Denis Garty, and sister-in-law of Mr. J. B. Lane, of THE POST.

AGENTS WANTED!

TO SELL THE FOLLOWING BOOKS

- Teaching Truth. Bibles, Prayer Books. Glories of Mary. Life of Christ. Faith of Our Fathers. Life of the Blessed Virgin. Lives of the Saints (Illustrated). Life of O'Connell. History of Ireland. Glories of Ireland. Household Book of Irish Eloquence. The Irish National Library. Moore's Poetical Works. Speeches from the Dock. New Ireland. Ireland of To-Day. Father Burke's Sermons and Lectures. Mirror of True Womanhood and True Men as We Need Them. Treasure of Pious Souls.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

TERMS CASH WITH ORDERS.

S. CARSLAYS

BABY LINEN DEPARTMENT. Ladies Requiring Baby Linen should Visit Carlsley's Baby Linen Department.

EVERY ARTICLE REDUCED IN PRICE.

INFANTS' MUSLIN DRESSES, Beautifully Embroidered FROM 75c.

INFANTS' CHRISTENING ROBES, New Style, FROM \$1.50

INFANTS' CASHMERE CLOAKS, Trimmed, Quilted Satin FROM \$1.75

INFANTS' CASHMERE CLOAKS, Richly Embroidered in New Designs, FROM \$3.50

S. CARSLAYS

395, 395, 397 ND 399 NOTRE DAME ST.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourself! Postmaster-General Graham having published a circular and malicious falsehood in regard to the claims of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue. Amount of prizes paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date: Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcott, Manager \$1,383,300 Paid to Louisiana National Bank, J. H. R. O'Leary, President, 463,900 Paid to Louisiana State Bank, Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President, 125,100 Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President, 88,550 Paid to Union National Bank, S. Chavaron, Cashier, 64,450 Paid to National Bank, E. L. Carriere, President, 57,000 Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Casard, President, 30,500 Paid to Commercial National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier, 37,000 Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toboy, Cashier, 13,150 Paid to Mutual Bank, Ed. J. Jos. Mitchell, Cashier, 8,200 Total paid as above \$2,233,650 Paid in sums of over \$10,000 in various offices of the Company throughout the United States... 2,027,410 Total paid by all... \$4,261,060 For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations and for our loyalty and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U.S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is consecrated by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens. M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000 Tickets only \$5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawing National Bank, and we claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is consecrated by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens. M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

INCORPORATED IN 1868 FOR 25 YEARS by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes with a capital of \$1,000,000. Total reserve fund of over \$550,000 has since been added. By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was renewed by the present State Constitution adopted December 25, A. D. 1878. The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly.

A SPECTACULAR OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS B. AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1883—160th Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000. 100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

Table with columns: LIST OF PRIZES. 1 CAPITAL PRIZE \$75,000. 1 do do 25,000. 2 do do 10,000. 2 PRIZES OF \$5,000. 1 do do 12,000. 1 do do 10,000. 1 do do 10,000. 20 do 500. 100 do 200. 500 do 100. 1000 do 50.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES. 9 Approximation Prizes of \$750. 9 do do 500. 9 do do 250.

1987 Prizes, amounting to \$285,500. Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Make P.O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, 147 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Ordinary letters by Mail or Express to M. A. DAUPHIN, 14 607 Seventh St., Washington, D.C.

PARTNERSHIP.

I have admitted F. X. Major as partner in my firm. The business will be carried on under the name and style of E. CING-MARS & CO. E. CING-MARS.

NOTICE.

In announcing the above partnership we beg to inform our friends and the public in general that we have marked down our entire Stock at an enormous reduction in order to make room for our New Fall and Winter Goods. E. CING-MARS & CO. Dry Goods Merchants, 308 Notre Dame Street West. Formerly St. Joseph.

WANTED—POSITION AS

Teacher of English, French