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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THE LITTLE RIDEAU TRAGEDY. A QUARTET OF MURDERS.

HAWKSBURY, Ont., Jan. 2.—The usually peaceful village of Little Rideau, and, indeed, the whole country for miles around, for all the year past, is in a state of great excitement in consequence of a terrible crime, or rather a series of terrible crimes, committed in the village in the early morning. Little Rideau, the scene of the tragedy by which four members of a respected family have been foully murdered and three terribly wounded, is a small post village in Prescott County, situated some five miles from here on the Long Sault Rapids of the Ottawa River. Its population sparsely scattered does not exceed probably two hundred. Of these one of the most esteemed residents was Mr. William Euggles Cooke, a farmer, who with his family lived some little distance from its centre. On Monday evening after spending a happy New Year's day, the family had retired to rest, little dreaming of the pleasures of the occasion how brief some of their loved ones was to be the experience of the new year, and what terrible anguish was so soon to be brought on those who escaped the awful fate. In the employ of Mr. Cooke was a man named Frederick Mann, a young King's-shan lately out from London, and who had been but three months in their service. What motive this man can have had for the awful crime he has committed is at present an insoluble mystery. And indeed it is hard as yet, so great is the excitement and so many strong any accurate particulars of the circumstances. The murders were committed between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning. For a time the intelligence received was that Mr. Cooke and his children, George, Willie and Emma, had been murdered at the same time named, and their children, George, Willie and Emma, dangerously wounded by their servant man. It was then stated the murderer first attacked Mr. Cooke at the barn with an axe, killing him there; then Mrs. Cooke in the shed adjoining the house. Killing the house, he attacked George, who was in bed, inflicting probably fatal injuries. Willie, Emma and Maggie coming to the scene, the two first were dangerously wounded; the latter, however, succeeded in wrenching the axe from him and kept him at bay till the approach of a neighbor. He fled. A visit to the scene of the event has elicited further details, which tend to show that the murderer first attacked Emma Cooke in the upstairs steroom adjoining the house, strangling her with a rope. Mrs. Cooke, evidently having come to her daughter's assistance, was next strangled in the same way. He then attacked Mr. Cooke, who had gone to the barn-yard, where he killed him with an axe, literally chopping his head in two places. Then, entering the house, he proceeded upstairs to the room occupied by George, who was asleep, striking him, inflicting two fearful wounds in the temple with the axe, from which he shortly after died; then, rushing into Willie's room, struck him upon the thigh, inflicting a dangerous wound. Willie, although disabled, grappled with him, and the noise alarming his sisters, Maggie and Fannie, brought them to his assistance. In the struggle which ensued Maggie secured the axe. The murderer then seized a lamp and struck Fannie with it, wounding her severely on the head. He then fled down the back stairs. The girls, going the wrong way, met him in the dining-room armed with a poker, when he struck at them with it. They defended themselves and closed a door on him; Maggie ran to the front door, where she called a passer-by, who summoned assistance, upon hearing which the murderer fled, and was seen to cross the river, going in the direction of the St. Philippe station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Nothing further has been heard of him.

THE VICTIMS. Mr. Euggles W. Cooke, killed. Mrs. Cooke, killed. Miss Emma Cooke, killed. Mr. George Cooke, killed. Mr. William Cooke, wounded, probably fatally.

Miss Fannie Cooke, wounded severely. Miss Maggie Cooke, wounded slightly. The greatest horror is felt at the crime, and heart broken relatives who so narrowly escaped a similar terrible fate are the objects of deep and unfeigned sympathy. The bodies of the four victims, Mr. Euggles W. Cooke, Mrs. Cooke, Emma and George being laid out in it, and the floors, walls and doors bespattered with blood. Willie's wounds are so serious as to afford but slight hope of recovery. Frederick Mann is about five feet six high, rather slight, with fair complexion. He left without a coat, wearing plain grey pants and without a monocle.

CAPTURE OF THE MURDERER. LAURENCE, Que., Jan. 3.—Intense excitement has prevailed here all day, owing to accounts from persons who declared they had seen the murderer, after a description of him had been given. He took dinner in a farmhouse yesterday, about three miles west of here, and stopped in another farmhouse, seven miles east of here, last night, not being known by the people who befriended him. He was captured by Detective Latour, at this place, about four o'clock this afternoon. When taken he was in company with another man, at Cote St. Louis, a French settlement some ten miles east of here. Both were taken to Boderique's Hotel, LaSalle. The murderer is but a boy of about seventeen, with an innocent-looking countenance; so much so that no idea could be formed of him as being such a human wretch. Removing his cap, when a view is taken of his face, the murderer's head, which, when seen, will not soon be forgotten. He is abandoned to the youth who was captured with him, and, while Mr. Mann seemed quite unconscious or asleep on his

chair, or indifferent to everything going on around him, the other was wide awake, innocent-looking, and surprised at the scene before him. It is supposed that this other youth is only an idle tramp, and in no way connected with the murder. At six o'clock the murderer was taken on board the Western bound train for L'Orignal. Before leaving, a Methodist minister endeavored to talk to him, but received only sneers and impertinence at first, but he afterwards became somewhat interested and gave his brother's address to the minister, and asked him to write to him and tell his mother. Reports from the scene of the tragedy say that the family always treated Mann very kindly, because he was, according to his own story, an orphan. He was treated remarkably well for a servant, and seemed to be on very good terms with everyone. He gave no evidence of lunacy at any time.

THE INQUEST. An inquest was held yesterday afternoon, the jury being composed of Patrick Connors (foreman), Russell Kirby, John Little, Chauncey W. Mann, Louis Wilson, Telesphore Wilson, Malcolm Gallias, Felix Phillon, John Bloomer, Hilaire Bressan, Charles Wade, Edward Lightball, John Sittington. The doctors testified that an attempt at rape had been made on Miss Emma Cooke, the first of the victims supposed to have been killed, and it is the general opinion that the man in attempting his vile purpose on the young woman killed her. The evidence proved that she died by strangulation, and it is presumed that when he put the noose which caused death around her neck, he did not intend to kill her. Finding her dead, he seems to have become convinced that the only way of escaping detection was to do away with the whole family.

OTTAWA, Jan. 5.—Your correspondent paid another visit to the scene of the Cooke horror to-day. The bodies of the four victims are laid out in a spacious drawing-room in elegant metallic caskets. Hundreds of people from the surrounding district visited the house and in breathless silence, gazed upon the mangled forms of the poor unfortunates, who only a few days previous were full of good spirits, and in total ignorance of the terrible fate awaiting them. So great was the crowd that the medical attendants have issued positive instructions that the death chamber must be closed for the present, as it is feared that the bustle created will interfere with Willie, who is

SUFFERING GREAT AGONY from the wounds in his leg. He has been removed from the room over the kitchen, where he had the struggle with the murderer and where also lay the butchered body of his brother George. His left leg is badly mutilated. A deep gash appears in the thigh and another between the knee and ankle. The pain this morning was not so acute as last night, and the doctors are under the impression that he will survive unless mortification sets in. The symptoms this morning were far from being satisfactory. No immediate danger is apprehended, yet it was thought advisable to take his deposition in the event of his not recovering. Mr. Dartnell, Crown Attorney, and Mr. G. Johnson, County official visited the sick chamber yesterday and found Willie Cooke, although weak from loss of blood and nervous exhaustion, able to give, in a clear and concise way, the particulars of the terrible tragedy, so far as he knew. His evidence is substantially as follows:—On Tuesday morning about eight o'clock he was awakened by the

CRISIS OF HIS MOTHER, who occupied a bed in the same room as himself. He immediately sat up in the bed, when he observed young Mann approaching him with an axe in his hand. He asked Mann what he meant, when the latter ran towards him, and raising the weapon, aimed a blow at his head. He dodged in time to escape the blow, when he received another in the thigh, which fractured his left leg. Finding that there was no means of grappling with the murderous villain, armed, as he was, with such a deadly weapon, he got under the bed. He experienced some difficulty, as may well be imagined, in moving dexterously with a fractured limb; but he knew that he had to make a bold struggle for life, and accomplished the feat just as Mann had raised the axe to strike him the third blow. Just as he was dropping out of bed, however, the murderous weapon was embedded again in his left leg, this time in the calf. Nothing daunted, he crawled under, the blood spurted out of his painful wounds as freely as water from a fountain. Acting on first impulses, he

SEIZED THE VILLAIN, who was then standing close to the bed, by the bottom of the pants, in the hope of throwing him to the floor and dispossessing him of the axe. This he did not succeed in doing, but gradually got up to the brute's neck and seized him by the throat. It was at this juncture that the two girls came rushing into the room, having been attracted by the moans of their brother, George, and the noise consequent upon the desperate struggle that was going on. Fannie was the first to advance, with a nerve that would do credit to the bravest of the sternest sex. She rushed into the valley of the

SHADOW OF DEATH. "Stand back, or I'll brain you," shouted the infuriated villain, and his eyes flashed with a ferocity that almost made her scoundrel.

"HANG HIM." ROXBOROUGH, N.Y., Jan. 9.—A man who went by the name of Patrick O'Reilly has confessed to being one of the participants in the murder of Lord Owenduff and Under Secretary Burke in Dublin last May. He confessed as Hugh O'Donnell at Holly, Ontario County, and is now in jail at Albany.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the valley of silence, Down the dim valleys a valley—alone! And I hear not the fall of a footstep Around me—save God's and my own! And the hush of my heart is as holy As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices, Whose music my heart could not win; Long ago was I weary of noises, That filled my soul with their din; Long ago was I weary of places Where met but the human and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly; I craved what the world never gave, And I said: "In the world, each I deal, That shines like a star on life's wave, Is wreathed on the axis of the real, And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect, And I'll found the false with the true; I sought 'mid the human of heaven, And caught a mere glimpse of his blue; And I wept when the dawn of the mortal Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I told on, heart-tired of the human; And I mourned 'mid the masses of men Till I knelt long ago at an altar, And heard a voice call me, since then I walk down the valley of the divine, That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley? 'Tis the peace that comes with the divine; And I felt at the feet of the holy, And about me, a voice said: "Be mine!" And then rose from the depths of my spirit An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley? In the hush of the valley of silence, I dream all the night of that thing; And I have heard the dove of the valley, 'Till such find a word for a wing, That to men, like the dove of the deluge, A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach; And I have heard the dove of the valley, 'Till such find a word for a wing, That to men, like the dove of the deluge, A message of peace they may bring.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred:— And I have heard the dove of the valley, 'Till such find a word for a wing, That to men, like the dove of the deluge, A message of peace they may bring.

Do you ask me the place of the valley, Ye hearts that are hallowed by care? It lies far on, where the angels are there; And one is the dark mountain of sorrow, And one the bright mountain of prayer.

COLLISION AT SEA.

SINKING OF THESS, "CITY OF BRUSSELS" BY THE "KIRBY HALL."

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 6.—The steamer "Kirby Hall," which collided with the "City of Brussels," has arrived here and reports that the collision occurred at the estuary of the Mersey. The "City of Brussels" foundered almost immediately. Eight of her crew and two passengers were drowned. When the "City of Brussels" arrived in the vicinity of the Northwest light-ship at six o'clock on Saturday morning the fog was so dense that the captain decided not to attempt to make any headway, but to remain under steam near the light-ship. A careful lookout was kept, the captain and second and fourth officers being on the bridge, and a pilot also looking out. Bills were kept ringing and the horns frequently sounded. For some time the steamer lay in safety. Extra lookout men were posted in every part of the vessel. These measures had a reassuring effect on the passengers. Suddenly the sound of a vessel approaching was heard, and a large steamer only a few yards distant and moving quickly through the water loomed out in the fog. Almost instantly, and before any steps could be taken to avert it, a tremendous collision was seen to be inevitable. The bow of the "Kirby Hall" struck the starboard bow of the "City of Brussels" with tremendous force, cutting her down to the water's edge and almost half through. The "Kirby Hall" was on her maiden voyage, having left Glasgow a few hours before, and was calling at Liverpool to complete loading and embark passengers for the East. The moment the collision was seen to be inevitable everything possible was done aboard the "Brussels" to protect the lives of the passengers and crew. Even after the collision the passengers seemed unconcerned of the gravity of the situation and the terrible gap made in the forward part of the vessel. She was known, however, to be leaning rapidly. All the passengers were marshalled into their appointed places, so that there was no hurry for confusion. Life boats were saved out, boats were swung and every preparation made for an emergency. This proved to be a more critical and immediate danger than was anticipated. The passengers had been put into the boats and some of the crew told off to man these crafts, the captain and the remainder of the men containing aboard until after the safety of the rest was assured. The vessel got visibly lower in the water and those of the crew who had not escaped in the boats climbed into the rigging. In twenty minutes after the impact the vessel gave a tremendous lurch, flinging off those in the rigging and plunging into the depths with a fearful swirl. The scene was heart-rending in the extreme. The people in the boats were enveloped in darkness and those in the water without help. The "Kirby Hall," immediately after the collision, rebounded through the violence of the impact, and was soon obscured by the fog and unable to lower her boats or render active assistance. The "City of Brussels" boats picked up all that could be recovered, and the fog lifting, all were taken aboard the "Kirby Hall," when it was found that only two passengers were drowned. They were Italian stow-away passengers. Eight of the crew were lost, including the second officer, Young, and the carpenter, Woods. All the others are believed to have escaped. The "Kirby Hall," after searching for several hours, proceeded to Liverpool. The

ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

A great Missionary and Pioneer—How Responsible office was forced upon him.

[From the Catholic Record] It is the fifth day of June, 1861. The whole population of Isle-a-la-Croix, including the Indian and crippled, is assembled at the mission church. The holy sacrifices has just ended. Something unusual and extraordinary is taking place; a grievous sorrow has befallen the people; all are weeping, shedding tears abundantly. In front of the altar, in the bloom of youth, stands a venerated priest on whose countenance are visible that serene dignity, candor and true happiness which those only possess whose hopes are beyond this world. In a low, mournful voice, with words intermingled with paternal tears, he is addressing his congregation. From his lips issue the sentiments of a Christian, pure and tender heart, that is vainly endeavoring to soothe the sorrows of his afflicted flock. What is the cause of this sorrow, of these lamentations? Are they mourning over the loss of a parent dear? Are they paying the last tribute to a departed father, to a generous and beloved benefactor? No, such a loss could not cause so general a sorrow, so grievous a distress. Are they destined to perish, are they doomed to die under the onslaughts of an approaching enemy? No, such a destiny

COULD NOT SO EFFECT THE HEART OF A BELIEVER. Silence! let us learn the cause of this general affliction from the lips of the young missionary himself:—"Bory am I, my brethren, to be obliged to leave you; my heart aches over my departure; none more than I are effected. God calls me away from you, and notwithstanding my affection for you, He must be obeyed. Soon shall I return; hope in God and be consoled." This courageous young priest had, but a few months before, made the greatest sacrifices; he had abandoned his native land, bidden adieu to father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, all that is dear to Christian hearts; and with a solemn oath at the altar had made the vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. He had left the parental hearth with all its tender memories, with no hope of ever returning, with the moral conviction of never seeing again those whom he cherished and adored. In this and much more had he done, choosing to return to the cold, wild and uninhabited regions of the West, preferring to his own comfort and worldly happiness the salvation of those who know not the Saviour.

NO ONE BUT THE MISSIONARY HIMSELF has an idea of the hardships, privations, self-sacrifice and apostolic spirit displayed by the Gospel bearers of the vast Northwest, who, with no other weapons than faith, hope and charity, carry the light of Christianity from the sources of the Missouri to the ice-bound shores of the Arctic, journeying like the Apostle of old, "in perils of all descriptions, in nakedness, in hunger and thirst."

The venerated missionary, who is the hero of this short sketch, was leaving his flock; this and this alone was the cause of so many tears, of so general a sorrow. More beloved, more cherished, more adored than he by those will sons of the West none was there who bided them farewell. Why such a sudden departure? Why grievous upon the hearts of these poor unfortunates? Is the courage overcome by the miseries, by the hardships of the lot? Art thou returning to the smiling hearth of thy ancestors? Art thou weary of serving God? In his tearful eyes, in his sorrowful countenance, in his serene and kindly looks the careful observer can see at a glance that the Black Robe shored their sorrow, wished to remain with them, but was called away, and had to obey. He had the previous night received the startling intelligence of his nomination to the dignity of Bishop. These tidings, often received with joy and holy pride, had a different effect on the humble heart of the young priest. To him a youthful missionary of twenty-seven years of age, such an honor, such a dignity, which he had certainly never dreamt seemed impossible. O! it he certainly would not accept, and with this intention he set out for St. Boniface. Here awaited him another mission sent by

his OBLATE SUPERIOR, who, in the name of obedience, commanded him to depart immediately for France. For what aim the young missionary knew full well, but still was he resolved to fight the good battle to the end. Having received the benediction of his Ordinary, he embarked for Marseilles, whither, after a journey of three months, he arrived in the latter part of November. Balleff, himself unworthy of the episcopal dignity, confident that his refusal was for the greater glory of God and aimed with the power of pleading eloquence, had with the firm confidence of signing his point, "I am a new blooded man, protestant at the

GAMBETTA'S FUNERAL.

Imposing Demonstration in Paris—Two hundred thousand people in the procession.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—The car to be used in Gambetta's funeral cortege was specially designed by Bastion-Lepage, the painter. It moves on low black wheels, it is decked with silver. On it will be placed the catafalque as it now stands. The wreaths will be deposited at the base of the catafalque. At the four corners vases will be affixed, in which will be burning perfumes shrouding the coffin in vapor. Several oars will follow containing wreaths, the number of which are momentarily increasing. It has been proposed to bear Antoin Marceau's statue of *Gloria Victis*, now in the Place de Lafayette, on an artillery wagon before the coffin, as an allusion to Gambetta's services in 1870, but objections were raised by the authorities. As early as daybreak the aspect of the streets became animated. Flags draped with orange are everywhere displayed.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

DUBLIN, Jan. 2.—In the case of Delaney, charged with attempting to shoot Judge Lawson, Justice O'Brien ruled that the indictment was irregular, when a *nolle prosequi* was entered. The prisoner will be tried to-morrow on a second indictment, charging him with conspiracy to murder.

DUBLIN, Jan. 2.—Ex-Suspect McDermot has been committed for declaring that "innocent blood had been spilt by partisan judges and drunken jurors."

WATERFORD, Jan. 2.—The trial of Biggar, member of Parliament, for utterances in his recent speech here, began to-day. Leamy, member of Parliament, defended Biggar. The prosecution asked for the latter's commitment to answer to a charge of high treason, and he was committed for trial at the Spring Assizes; bail was admitted.

DUBLIN, Jan. 2.—Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary, has gone personally to inspect the distressed districts.

Three emergency balliffs were attached to-day by warrants in the county of Tipperary. In the struggle the balliffs fired at their assailants, killing one named Gleeson and wounding some others. Five of the attacking party were arrested.

DUBLIN, Jan. 3.—Two persons were arrested to-day, suspected of assisting at the attempted assassination of Field, one of the jurors in the Hyne case.

HALLINAMORE, Jan. 3.—John Sheridan, Jr., an ex-convict, found murdered two miles from here, was recently evicted. Two arrests have been made.

LIMERICK, Jan. 3.—A farmer was shot dead here to-day at Broadford, believed to be a sectarian murder.

DUBLIN, Jan. 3.—The receipts for the formation of the Irish National League were £1,200. The number of branches of the League is 300. Delaney was to-day convicted of conspiracy to murder Judge Lawson, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

DUBLIN, Jan. 3.—The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the emergency balliffs who fired upon the peasants in the county of Tipperary yesterday, and killed a man. The balliffs have been arrested.

Twenty-seven new sub-commissioners of the Land Act have been appointed. Applications under the Arrears Act, the time for receiving which terminated at the end of December, affect 180,000 holders. If they were all granted it would involve the payment of £300,000 by the State to the landlords.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—A priest in Donegal telegraphs that he accompanied Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary, on a tour of inspection in the Parish of Saint Columbkille. They visited twenty families and found that there was not a morsel of food in any of the houses.

DUBLIN, Jan. 4.—Orney, a tenant farmer, was beaten to death by a party of men near Claremorris. Orney's brother-in-law has been arrested on suspicion.

At a meeting of the National League, it was resolved to present Egan, Treasurer of the late Land League, with a service of plate in recognition of his services.

DUBLIN, Jan. 4.—John O'Brien, an active Fenianite, has been summoned for using insulting language against landlords in a speech at Bantry, death, in December, while establishing a local branch of the National League.

Ex-suspects Gilhooley and Hodnett have been examined with O'Brien on the same charge.

DUBLIN, Jan. 5.—Talbot, Chief Commissioner of Dublin, has resigned.

At a private meeting at the Castle to-day, the authorities obtained most important information, as a result of which there will be at least four prosecutions for perjury.

A husband and wife have been starved to death at Ballinalone. A large number of farmers, near Carrick-on-Shannon, are absolutely without stock or food.

COBLENZ, Jan. 5.—The jury have disagreed in the case of Ryan, charged with the murder of Sullivan. Witnesses deposed to seeing Ryan dragging Sullivan towards the river.

GAMBETTA'S FUNERAL.

Imposing Demonstration in Paris—Two hundred thousand people in the procession.

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THE FUNERAL CAR between the Esplanade des Invalides and Palais Bourbon. The drapery on the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde is particularly remarked. The deputations from the various departments are immense. They are massed in the Place des Invalides and along the Quai d'Orsay to Petit Bourbon, an area of 25,000 metres. A dense mass of spectators, the majority of whom have been in position half the night, occupy the streets all the way to the cemetery. The remainder of the city is deserted.

THE FUNERAL CAR has just arrived at the Quai d'Orsay in front of the Colonnade. It is preceded by six horsemen in black and white uniforms. The car is drawn by six horses, the coffin is covered with black velvet, which again is partially hidden by the tri-colors draped in orange and two natural palms with wreaths of *Immortelle*. The platform car is literally covered with wreaths. Bearers carry batons on which are also wreaths. The Regimental flags of the escort are draped with orange. The body of Gambetta was placed on the bearers at 10.20 amid the booming of cannon, the beating of drums and the sound of trumpets; the troops presenting arms.

THE PROCESSION started at half-past ten, headed by the relatives and friends of the deceased, representatives of President Grey, Ministers, Generals, including Gallifet, Senators, Deputies, including Clemenceau and other members of the extreme left; Brisson, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Peyrat, Vice-President of the Senate, headed by Senators and Deputies, respectively. The procession was nearly

TWO MILLION LONG. The Guard of Honor proceeding and flanking the catafalque, was composed of the Republican Guard, with the band playing a funeral dirge. It is estimated there were 200,000 in the procession, conspicuous among which were Freemasons in complete uniform. The advocates and students of Paris and the English delegation from Paris were present. At 12.30 the head of the procession reached the Boulevard de Sebastopol, while numerous deputations were still waiting in the Esplanade des Invalides to take their places in the cortege. The end of the procession will probably be still at the Palais Bourbon when the body arrives at Pere La Chaise cemetery. Numerous musical societies are playing in the procession besides the military bands.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—When the cortege arrived at Pere La Chaise, Deves, Minister of Justice, said he saluted the remains of a great citizen. The loss of such a man caused national grief. The fatherland mourned one who loved France passionately. The deceased had loved France and had faith in her destinies, even when hope seemed to be a defiance of the future. His resolution not to let her abdicate her place among the nations will be ever remembered. Apart from his heroic defence, his political principles and profound veneration for the will of the nation commanded admiration. His life was employed for France and the Republic. Though he descended prematurely to the grave, he left the country the freer master of its destinies. Under a respected popular government the Republic at home is pacific, and the activity of France abroad henceforth is beyond attack. The memory of Gambetta will remain in the hearts of all patriots.

Chauffor, on behalf of the Alsace-Lorraine societies of Paris, said that Gambetta was the life and soul of the defence at Belfort. He represented our distress after our mutilation, and he remained the representative of our invulnerable hope. He had truly declared that to the inhabitants of the lost provinces were doubly Frenchmen. A generous workman, he died trusting in the future. His work remains—both that which he accomplished and that which was his magnificent ambition of his life. Our tears for him are not sterile, or those of our despair. Our pain should be only that of men who return to work with fresh ardor. The great friend of Alsace-Lorraine is dead, but France lives and will respond to the appeals of her glorious destiny. "Vive la France."

Falstout said the honors paid to Gambetta were not to the man only, but they were the consecration of the memories of resistance to the triumphant invasion; they were a mark of gratitude to all who, at Gambetta's call, had died for their country.

Bisson, in his oration, dwelt upon Gambetta's efforts to promote Republican union and save France. He concluded: "Let not our grief be sterile. Over Gambetta's lies, accord which are reunited his islands, men of all parties, representatives of the army, children of the provinces, so dear to us, we swear we will labor to accomplish that union which was Gambetta's prayer."

THE DWARF'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VIII. THE INVOLVABLE SECRET.

Each among them wanted to go to the... the heads of each department should go in the name of their commander.

"O God most good!" he said aloud; "God of mercy and of clemency, receive into thy arms those men whom thou hast so suddenly withdrawn from life. Shall not the memory of his many virtues, of his benevolence suffice for Thy justice?"

"The night passed solemnly in the chamber of death. Sulpice prayed aloud by turns, and the others answered. Notwithstanding her weakness, Sabine had insisted on remaining beside her father. Kneeling by the bed, her hands resting upon the coverlet, she seemed utterly unconscious.

"You have come to ask for Sabine, M. Morvan?" said he. "I thank you for your kindness. The poor thing is very weak and broken down."

"She is in no danger, however," said the doctor. "She is a heroic child, and, being a true Christian, seeks strength from on high. I am less uneasy about her than about her unfortunate brother. M. Xavier has lost that wonderful vitality, which is one of the privileges of youth. He is in such a state of despair that I fear his mind."

"It is a terrible truth, sir," said the doctor. "Late hours and dissipation have told upon his constitution. Another shock would finish him. Happily, however, there is only an accusation as yet. He may be speedily released. Of course, I am perfectly convinced of his innocence; but will he be able to prove it?"

"Ah! you believe in him; you—think him innocent?"

"Yes, I am certain of it," said the doctor; "but M. Oby is of the same opinion. Unfortunately, M. Gaubert has accumulated evidence, and the sole witness of the murder is a creature who, though gifted with the greatest sagacity or intelligence, is unfortunately deprived of speech."

"Lipp-Lapp?" asked the priest.

"Yes; the poor creature seems to know that he is needed. Sometimes his eyes question us, and his lips, too, tremble. He gives a cry, and great tears roll down his cheeks. Have no fear; I will cure Lipp-Lapp, and set him on the trail of the murderer, and I warrant you he will find them out quicker than a whole squad of police."

"You are right," said Sulpice, after a moment's silence. "That poor creature may be the means which God will employ to make known the truth—the truth which has escaped the magistrates, and which it is not in my power to make known."

"But under such circumstances—"

"Our afflictions will not lessen your anxiety, sir; my father's friendship for you must survive him, for we are heirs to it. If ever you find yourself in trouble, believe me always ready to sympathize with you."

"Do you think your unfortunate brother has chosen a lawyer?" asked he.

"He will not hear of it, my dear Benedict, said Sulpice, 'he declines it.'"

"Let me go and see M. Renaud for you," said Benedict; "he is a young man of great talent in whom I have every confidence."

"Do as you like, my brother," said Sulpice, extending his hand, which the other warmly pressed.

"Then," said she, "I must dry my tears; if Xavier were to see me so overcome, he would believe his case hopeless. I will take your advice and put away this picture, which renews my grief."

Sulpice left his sister to go to M. Renaud's lawyer, engaged by Benedict, to place his talents and eloquence at Xavier's service. He had not been able to see him until the matter was made public. When they reached the prison, Xavier, as was usual in exceptional cases, was received by the director of the jail, who was ushered into a room of which the architecture resembled a chapel, and the first legal formalities were attended with so much courtesy and kindness, that Xavier warmly thanked the director.

"The latter, upon a word from M. Oby, had promised to pay every attention to Xavier, and to spare him as much as possible the horrors of prison life. A well-lighted cell, with newly whitewashed walls, was given him; a narrow bed, a table and a chair constituted its furniture. At his request he brought him writing materials. As soon as he was left alone he began a long letter to Sulpice. When it was finished he read it, and remained absorbed in thought, his elbows resting on the table and his head buried in his hands. A jailer coming into the cell aroused him from his meditations.

"What do you want?" asked Xavier. "I did not call."

"People never call here," replied the jailer; "I brought your supper."

"I am not hungry," said Xavier.

"As you please, sir," said the jailer; "but M. Gaubert has ordered a new examination, and it is better in such cases to keep up one's strength."

"What! is he going to question me again?" asked Xavier.

"The brother likely," answered the jailer. "How many times does he mean to put me to the torture?" said Xavier.

"Until his opinion changes, or his conscience is satisfied."

"The keeper went out. Xavier did not touch the coarse food set before him; he threw himself on the bed, though he could not sleep, his wearied brain seeking for some fallible means, some indisputable proof by which to convince the judge of his innocence. But he could not find any. His past career condemned him in anticipation. He could find no means by which to escape from the burden of this fearful accusation. Not one act of virtue or of self-sacrifice arose to plead for him from out the long years of his unprofitable youth. His time had been always spent in pursuits which were useless if not dangerous. He could number many companions of the gaming table, of his suppers and his revelry, but he could not count upon one friend. Benedict Fougerais alone had stood by him, and that not so much through liking or esteem for Xavier, as for Sabine's sake.

Sabine! What did she think of him? And Sulpice! With what anguish, he asked himself, would they too consider his past offences as sufficient reason to accuse him of such a crime! What mattered the opinion of the multitude if Sabine and Sulpice believed him innocent? The director of the prison came to see him. Xavier begged him to forward the letter which he had just written to his brother.

"You are still under secrecy," said the director; "but I shall send it as soon as possible."

The doctor also came to see him. He advised him to eat and keep up his strength; the director sent him in some lighter food, and Xavier managed to eat a little. During the evening he was summoned into the presence of M. Gaubert to undergo a second examination. When the summons came the prisoner trembled in every limb; since the evening previous he had been frequently seized with such nervous attacks, and they left him too weak and helpless to pass through this terrible ordeal. The jailer was obliged to repeat the magistrate's orders then Xavier rose with some difficulty, and followed him in silence. When he found himself in presence of the magistrate Xavier did not even hear the words addressed to him, but said in a broken voice:

"Sir, I am innocent; of course you do not believe it; you accumulate, to my ruin, a monstrous collection of facts and suppositions, in which you place the proof of my guilt. I repeat to you, as I shall repeat at the bar of justice, and as I shall proclaim to the world, that I did not murder my father. Your questions are horrible tortures to me; I am free to remain silent, and I declare that whatsoever you may ask me, I shall refuse to answer."

"Take care," said the magistrate, severely. "What more have I to fear," said Xavier. "I spoke to you at first with perfect frankness. I confessed my folly and my debts; my criminal attempt to rob my father of the sum he had refused me. I concealed nothing, and did not dissimulate. You had my effects searched. Did you find the money which you accuse me of having taken?"

"Your accomplice of course has the money," said the magistrate, sententiously. "But I have no accomplice, nor am I a criminal myself," said Xavier.

"Let us look at things in their true light," said the magistrate. "You took the key and opened the safe. While you were busy abstracting the money, your father, awakened by the noise, appeared. You, the son, were bewildered, stupefied, overpowered, by fear and remorse. Your accomplice, on the contrary, hoping to escape punishment by a new crime, threw himself upon M. Pomerel. A terrible struggle took place, in which, I admit, you may not have taken part. A third actor appeared upon the scene; it was Lipp-Lapp, who attempted to defend his master, and fell wounded in his turn. Your accomplice fled and you crept terrified to your room. I admit that you may have been merely the passive spectator of a murder. But a murder was committed. If you did not strike the blow, who did? Name the murderer if you do not wish the consequences to fall upon your own head."

"Sir," said Xavier, "my mind seems to wander and grow hazy. I scarcely know myself when I hear you picturing, with such terrible distinctness, events which you seem to see to render visible, tangible, and which weigh upon me and oppress me like some horrible nightmare. I will not answer you further, because I scarcely understand. I cannot answer farther, for I am becoming crazed."

"From this time forth you are no longer under secrecy."

"After the director had examined it," replied the magistrate.

"You tell me that I am no longer under secrecy," said Xavier; "but what is more sacred than a letter wherein I show to my nearest friends, without any shame or disguise, a heart crushed as mine is?"

"It is the rule," said the magistrate. Xavier followed the jailer. When he reached his cell he tore up the long letter which he had written to Sulpice, and contented himself with writing simply:

"Come! I am waiting for you."

The unfortunate prisoner passed a sleepless night. He counted the time told by the great clock, which he could hear striking the hour. The night seemed interminable to him. He paced his narrow cell, listened to the step of the jailer in the corridor without, half hoping, with a sort of vague hope, that it might be Sulpice coming to visit him. At last a jailer appeared.

"You are wanted in the parlor," said he. Xavier barely suppressed a cry of joy, passed through various halls till he found himself in a large room. He looked for Sulpice, but saw no one. At last the jailer pointed to where his brother stood motionless a little from the grate, separated by a strip of wall from a similar one. Xavier could not throw himself into his brother's arms, but even pressed his hand. Bitter was the disappointment, but he approached the grate and said, in a tremulous voice:

"Sulpice, my dear Sulpice, it is really you. You do not accuse me of this crime. In your heart you believe me innocent. And does Sabine know that I am not guilty?"

"We both pity you, and in your trial hold you far dearer than ever before. You were foolish, extravagant, but oh! you were not wicked."

"You do me so much good, Sulpice," said Xavier; "but oh! if others could hear you."

"God will make known the truth," said Sulpice.

"Weak and foolish as I have been, Sulpice," said Xavier, "I did not deserve that Heaven should send so terrible a punishment for my sins. I am innocent, but how convince the world of it—how prove it to the judge, who questioned me again yesterday evening and found so many strong arguments against me? Everything worked with such infernal smoothness, and there is so fatal an array of circumstances that, were I a judge and did such a one as myself appear before me, I believe that I would condemn him, as M. Gaubert has accused and condemned me!"

"Ah, misguided man!" said Sulpice. "He is right, as a man and a judge," said Xavier.

"The crime was committed and I was alone—alone. He told me I must find the other."

"The other, yes, the other" repeated the Abbe Sulpice, turning pale.

"The wretch whom he calls my accomplice," cried Xavier, excitedly, "I call the true, sole, and only murderer. But I am in prison, I cannot go in search of him nor assist justice. It seems to me that, were I free, I should know him without ever having seen him, such horror and remorse must his crime have left upon his face. Ah, that accursed wretch, who will bring him before the judge and the tribunal of justice to confess his crime and restore me my honor?"

"I will find him in this Paris, large as it is," cried Sulpice, half frenzied. "I will recognize the house. I will throw myself at that man's feet. I will say to him, Release me from my oath. I will not be like Cain—the murderer of my brother."

Xavier gave a cry.

"You know him," he cried; "you know him!"

But the Abbe Sulpice had already recovered from the brief hallucination during which he had disclosed the fact that he possessed the clue to the terrible drama that had convulsed the Pomerel household. Pale and tottering, he clung with both hands to the grating which separated him from his unhappy brother.

"So then I am saved," cried Xavier. "You will go at once to M. Gaubert and give up the murderer, and I will be cleared from the horrible stain which rests upon me, and the wretch will undergo the full penalty of his crime."

"I cannot do it," murmured Sulpice.

"Well," said the prisoner, "of course, that is right; you are a priest, and must pardon even the murderer of the best of fathers; you would pardon your own murderer. You will, of course, do what your conscience dictates, and grant to the wretch that mercy which he did not show his victim."

"I cannot even do that, brother," said Sulpice. "I cannot go to the magistrate and say, 'I know the man, and will tell you his name.'"

"Do you forget that the honor of our name is at stake?" said Xavier.

"I do not forget," replied Sulpice. "And that my life is in danger?"

"I know it."

"Yet you hesitate between your brother and this wretch?"

"I break my heart to see my brother here, but I do not hesitate."

"I do not understand—I am going mad," cried Xavier. "You have discovered the murderer, and will not denounce him."

"I did not discover him," said Sulpice; "he confessed it all to me."

"And what matters your oath of silence, if you did give such an oath to a murderer, when it will lead to my destruction? Who can release you from it? The Archbishop? The Holy Father himself? Why, he would tell you to speak."

"But," said Sulpice, "it is not merely a promise made to the criminal himself, Xavier; it is an oath made to God—a solemn oath from which no one can release me, not even the Pope. Yes, I know the name of him who murdered our father, and my lips would set you free, and I must still be silent. I beg your mercy and forgiveness, brother; for, even were you to die, I dare not disclose the name nor unveil the face of our father's murderer. Know that that which binds, and at the same time is killing me, is the sublime and terrible thing which they call the secret of confession."

"Ah," cried Xavier, "but it does not oblige you to let me die. I respect that secret; it guarantees the inviolability of a penitent's avowal; but when my head is concerned, it is different. You will not let me die, that you may remain faithful to your vow. When you swore inviolable secrecy as to the confessions, received by you in the tribunal of penance, of course you could not foresee being placed between your own brother and a murderer. If you are silent, Sulpice, it will not be the law that condemns me to die, but you. I will no longer believe the judges, but I will curse you."

"Ah," said the priest, "what you ask is impossible."

"You will let me be tried and condemned?"

"Yes."

"You will see me brought before the Court of Assizes, sooner than reveal the truth?"

"I would give my life to save you, Xavier," said Sulpice, "but I cannot be false to my duty."

"But your duty will make you a traitor, do you, my God, my God!" said Sulpice, falling on his knees, "the trial is too great."

Xavier, thinking that he had shaken his brother's resolution, continued:

"I know—how sacred you hold the word duty—I respect no other man or priest as I do you, Sulpice; yet, if you persist in this cruel silence, I shall no longer regard you with veneration, but with horror."

"Xavier," said the priest in a broken voice, "you remember when we were all children, we read books which described the agony of the martyrs. To urge them to apostasy, a mother, sister or friend was sent into the cell. They cast themselves before the new-made Christian, begging him to burn incense before the idols, and renounce the Crucified. They said to him what you now say to me, 'Sell your soul for love of us!'"

"Yes," cried Xavier, frantically; "sell your soul, renounce your God, be false to your priestly vow, risk eternal damnation if it is necessary, but oh, save me!"

"Wretched boy!" cried Sulpice, "you have lost your faith."

"I would trample the image of your God under my feet, if He obliged you to doom me to death. He is a cruel master who strikes me through your unrelenting honor as a priest. If you persist, Sulpice, I will appeal to the court; to the jury, to the whole world; He knows the guilty one, and will not reveal his name. And the law will oblige you to tell."

"You mistake, Xavier," said Sulpice; "it respects the rigorous law which seals my lips."

"And I who do not respect it," cried Xavier, "will curse you when the evidence accumulates against me. I will curse you when I hear my sentence from the judge and when the foreman of the jury gives the verdict of his colleagues. I will curse you when the presiding judge reads the death penalty, and my last words upon the scaffold will be to curse you."

"Misereere mei, Deus," murmured the priest.

His face was deathly pale; a mist gathered before his eyes; his brother's words seemed to pierce his very soul. Meanwhile, Xavier clutched at the iron bars, his features were distorted, his lips covered with foam, he seemed the very image of despair. His brother's heroic virtue roused him to fury. Unable to conceive the martyrdom which the hapless priest was undergoing, he overwhelmed him with outting reproaches and bitter taunts. At last, maddened at sight of him, and weary of offering his life in exchange for his brother's, Xavier cried, shaking the iron bars in his fury:

"Go, I say, go!"

"May I come again?" asked Sulpice.

"No," cried Xavier; "the very sight of you fills me with horror. May you be accursed! Cain! Cain!"

the desert with no angel hand to point out the spring of pure water; if I must bend beneath the burden of a sorrow unshared by men, do not pity me. God will keep account of it. But, my brother, Xavier, devote yourself to him; bring resignation into his soul. Though innocent of this crime, he has been guilty of many faults; teach him to accept the punishment patiently, that the heart of the Lord may not weigh heavier upon him. We may not see much of each other during the next few days; the work of justice is done in the shadow, and I must struggle against it."

"Forgive me that I cannot rise to your height," said Sabine.

"Alas! my sister," said the Abbe Pomerel, "were I abandoned to myself, I know too well how far my weakness might lead me."

They held each other's hands for some moments, their lips trembled, their eyes filled with tears; at last they bade each other a reluctant good-by, and Sabine went to her room.

Whilst the priest continued his task, and Sabine wrote in her diary the painful impressions of the day, Leon Renaud proceeded to the prison for a first interview with Xavier. The young lawyer was only twenty-eight years of age. A native of the South, he had brought from that land, where a burning sun looked down upon the sea, his taste for all that was great, his youthful ambition, his poetry and his eloquence. His examinations at the law school had been perfect triumph, and his debut had astonished even the veterans of the profession.

(To be continued.)

THE REV. DR. MCGLYNN ON "CORNERS."

In giving his testimony before the Senate Committee appointed to investigate "Corners" and "Futures," the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, New York, said:—I believe dealings in futures simply betting transactions, and a corner is simply making a monopoly to enhance the price of certain commodities. Gambling is not necessarily an immoral act, however. I am anxious to say that if gambling be not immoral, it is unprofitable and perilous, and it is well for the State to protect the people from it. Dealing in futures and making corners are synonymous with gambling and monopoly, and should be narrowed down, if not entirely done away with. It is the duty of the State to protect 'country cousins' from the shrewdness, adroitness and, I might say, rascality and chicanery of those individuals who induce them to speculate in futures. I understand a corner to be a monopoly, and all monopolies, although not essentially immoral, should be restrained. An unjust price is a price higher than fair and market values. The law of nature should be supplemented by civil law. The prices of food products, rent and the necessities of life are higher now than ever before. Anything that inflates prices of bread, shelter, clothing and fuel adds to the burden of the poor people and only raises their condition a degree or so above beggary. The present monopoly extent in the monopoly of land, the doctor advocated its nationalization, and said that if all land owners were compelled to pay to the State the assessed rental value of the property, the result would be most beneficial to the community. The ground rental, he added, is more than sufficient to defray all the expenses of the State, and if need be, I would abolish custom houses. I would have free trade, but I would insist on these taxes of assessed rental values.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida Water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped round each bottle, and in the paper of this pamphlet are the words, "Lauder's Florida Water," 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 STORY OF THE WAR.

(From the St. Johnsbury Caledonian.)

An interesting fact is brought to light by the presentation of the war drama, recently produced by the U. S. Army, in which the colors were in the play accompanied the national colors in the battle of Winchester. The tenth regiment was charging on the enemy's position. The boys were a high rate. There was an opening in the fence through which the color guards passed. The bullets were whistling about the heads of the boys as they reached the fence, and they hesitated a moment in the face of the leaden shower. Sergeant "Billy" Mahoney of Bennington bore the national colors, and as he passed through the open space, he paused, and observing the hesitation, he exclaimed: "Arrah, and will yer let a full blooded Irishman save yer country? Stand by yer flag! The boys soiled the fence at the patriotic appeal, and passed on. The brave color guard had not gone a rod before he was shot dead. Merrill Barker, of Kirby, carried the colors, and the state colors he was carrying to one of his companions and picked up the national colors. The shot had torn the flag from the staff until it hung only at the top, so that the boys had a string from his shoes and tied the flag at the bottom to the staff and joined the charging host. The flag went through the war in the colors, and the shoe string is now on the flag at the State capital.

Ten years ago, when the soldiers' monument was dedicated, his joy and enthusiasm at seeing the old flag still tied to the staff by his shoe string is said to have been indescribable.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AS A TEACHER.

From the London Telegraph.

Berlin, Nov. 27.—A charming trait is related of the German Crown Prince. He and the Crown Princess often visit the village school of Bornstedt and Eiche, near Potsdam. On Wednesday last he unexpectedly made his appearance at the Bornstedt school, and entered the room occupied by the German schoolmaster, who is a newly appointed master of the village school, and is now in the process of teaching the first class, and had hardly entered when a messenger arrived with a telegram summoning the master (Mr. Mathies) to come to his mother, then dying in a village near Spandau.

The Crown Prince insisted that the master should instantly depart, in obedience to the last request of his mother. "But how can I leave the children?" objected the master. "Never mind," answered the prince, "I will come to prepare the class for confirmation. Run away, and may you find your mother all recovered." Thus were the Bornstedt children spared for a whole hour in history by the visit of the Crown Prince, who possesses an intimate knowledge of the great Reformation period, and the life of the great Luther. The prince, who is now a young man, is a very intelligent and well-informed man, and is very popular among the people. He is very kind and generous, and is very much interested in the education of the people. He is very much interested in the education of the people, and is very much interested in the education of the people.



experience of what Irishmen can do for themselves and for their adopted country in every other clime where they have sought a refuge...

THE TRUE WITNESS

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WEDNESDAY... JAN. 10, 1883

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

JANUARY 1883. THURSDAY, 11—Of the Octave. St. Hyginus, Pope and Martyr. FRIDAY, 12—Of the Octave.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid...

It is announced that the new Dominion Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 8th February.

In Italy it is a crime to advise your neighbor to abstain from voting, even when neither of the candidates in a district are fitted for the office which they seek.

No sooner had Bismarck heard of Gambetta's death than he expressed his willingness to retire from public life and let the reins of power fall into other men's hands.

JOHN DILLON, the patriotic member for Tipperary, has postponed his resignation as member of Parliament until the first week of the session.

be an independent body of Nationalists, who will oppose and harass every Government that denies Ireland her rights.

In another column will be found the first installment of Mr. Parnell's Cork speech, which the English press have declared to be "unanswerable."

Tax influence and numbers of the Centre or Catholic party in the German Parliament are rapidly increasing. Bismarck, who has so long trampled on the rights and liberties of the Catholic people...

It has been stated that Mr. Gladstone is now the oldest member in the English House of Commons. This is scarcely correct, as there are two others who were elected to Parliament before the present Premier took his seat for the first time in 1832.

Ir Frederick Mann had remained in the slums of London and had not been induced to emigrate to Canada, we would have spared the horror and disgrace of one of the foulest and most terrible murders ever perpetrated on Canadian soil.

JOHN DILLON, the patriotic member for Tipperary, has postponed his resignation as member of Parliament until the first week of the session.

THE EX-REPUBLICAN

Sir Charles Dilke, the pet Republican of England, is gradually being transformed into a Monarchist. The cause is the blunders of office. He now thinks and admits publicly that during the past ten or twelve years he was guilty of "scatter-brained utterances."

THE "HERALD" AND MURDER.

It has taken the Montreal Herald exactly seven days to find out that a most brutal murder had been committed at Little Rideau. The Syndicate organ had been so busy denouncing the Irish people on account of a two-year-old murder that the atrocious deed committed at its own doors failed to attract its attention...

THE MONTREAL "HERALD'S" INFAMOUS CHARGES AGAINST THE IRISH PEOPLE.

The day before the Little Rideau horror, in which an emigrant ruffian from the London slums butchered an entire family, the Montreal Herald, in a tirade against the Irish people, charged them with "holding murder in light esteem," and with murderous instincts generally.

clearing his conscience and serving society, that a crime committed was impossible of tracing. The Land League stood convicted of all these and like crimes against divine and human law before it nominally ceased to be.

At length he got tired and confessed conditionally, and at once ceased to be the ringleader of the Ladies' League's benevolence. Putting the facts together—they are few, simple, and unchangeable—what inference is to be drawn?

The malignity and untruthfulness of this article are beyond comprehension; it mirrors a prejudice, a bigotry and a hatred which are idiotic. The Herald evidently wants to earn the unenviable distinction of being the champion mud slinger of the Canadian press.

Great capital is being made by the landlord party (the Montreal Herald included) out of the fact that while these prisoners, in the Huddy case, and the informer, Kerrigan, were suspects in Kilmalham and Galway under Foster's Coercion Act, the Ladies' Land League supplied them with food and clothing.

Edw. L. Stern, a millionaire and a prominent member of the Turf Club, and former Russian Vice-Consul, died in New York on Monday. He had been three times married, and as often divorced or separated from his wives, and his quarrels and law suits with them were the sensations of the time in New York and Paris.

created by the manner of their trial on the public mind is that it was grossly unfair. Evidently the infamy of the Montreal Herald's attacks upon the women of Ireland recoils on its putrid tongue and sticks in its living throat.

If the boy who was arrested in Dublin, for hissing the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is to be taken as a sample of the stuff the rising generation is made of, there is ground for the belief that opposition to English misrule in Ireland will be as stern and unrelenting in the future, as it is in the present and has been in the past.

In his inaugural address Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, advocated the principle of Woman Suffrage, and went so far as to assert that the right of women to vote is given them by the constitution of the United States.

All is not heathenish in the American Metropolis, and there is still some respect entertained for Christian sentiment and belief. Salmi Morse, who has spent hundreds of thousands to put his "Passion Play" on the boards, has been denied a license to do so by two Mayors of New York.

His brain of Gambetta has been put into the scales and the calculations of the scientific men who measure the intellect by the weight of the brain, are all upset by the announcement that the weight of the brain of the great French leader is but 35.36 ounces.

OBITUARY.

The Earl of Stamford is dead, aged 84. He was a Liberal Conservative. The sudden death is announced of Mr. Placido Tremblay, formerly of Lotbiniere. Barrett, the jockey who rode Lordillard's "Parole" in England, died at Saratoga on January 6th, of consumption.

France done to death? Has Bismarck signed a compact with it? Chansy's death is a great sorrow. The Germans feared him, as they dreaded Soboleff.

Intelligence has been received in Ottawa of the death in a Chicago hospital of a former civil servant, M. J. Stenson, a clerk in the department of the Secretary of State during the Mackenzie regime.

Major Francis Degress, a member of the largest firm of merchants and government contractors in the Republic of Mexico, died last night at Benicidillo.

It again becomes our sad duty to chronicle an untimely demise in the death of the late Mr. J. H. A. Riviere, which took place on January 3, shortly after six o'clock, at his late residence, 44 Banguiet street.

BAZAAR AND DRAWING AT MAIDSTONE.

A bazaar and drawing for the benefit of the Catholic Church (Rev. Father Molphy) at Maidstone, Ont., took place on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The drawing occurred Thursday evening and was under the supervision of the following gentlemen: Thos. Plant, Warden of Essex County; M. Twomey, Amherburg; L. Bush, Essex Center; T. F. Kane, Maidstone, and T. Moran, Maidstone.

THE LITTLE RIDEAU TRAGEDY.

[Continued from First Page.]
Nerving herself up, however, for the occasion she did not stand back, but rushed at him with a determination to do or die. Tiger-like she fairly leaped at him, as she came within range was able to avert the blow aimed at her head, and intended to choke the flight of a soul from a tenement of clay. Following this, however, came another, which took effect in the back of her shoulder. Her sister Maggie, in the meantime, had bravely rushed in, and seizing the uplifted axe, wrenched it from the villain's hand, but not before another gash had been made in her sister's breast.

HER SISTER'S DEATH.
Mann then fled. The neighbors were at once alarmed when the enormity of the crime was disclosed, and a thrill of horror sent through the country such as has never before been experienced in the annals of Ottawa valley history. Your correspondent to day met Mr. Kirby, of Ottawa County, who was just returning from the scene of the tragedy. Mr. Kirby is related to the Cooke family, and gives, perhaps, a more correct detail of the revolting crime than has yet appeared. Mr. Kirby's theory is that Emma Cooke got up at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and, as was part of her daily duty, visited the granary, immediately in rear of the kitchen to get some grain for the fowl. While there, Mann entered and attempted to take improper liberties with her. She resisted, and he resorted to a

PROCESS OF STRANGULATION,
to enable him to accomplish his heinous purpose. In order to carry out the idea successfully, he tied a piece of rope around the girl's neck, and drew it tighter and tighter until she became exhausted and could offer no further resistance. The probability is that she screamed during the operation, and it was this noise that attracted her mother to the granary. Mann then realizing that he had been detected in his terrible crime, conceived the idea of exterminating the entire household. Mrs. Cooke bears a mark on her forehead, and the probability is that Mann struck her with a blow from some blunt instrument, and while unconscious on the floor, removed the rope from the helpless form of Emma and tied it on her mother. When Mrs. Cooke's body was found, the rope was tightly drawn around her neck and she was tied to the leg of a table which stood in the centre of the granary. From here he appears to have traced his steps to the shed adjoining the barn, where Mr. Cook was feeding the swine. He must have come on to the old gentleman by surprise and

HACKED HIS HEAD
to pieces. From there he made his way back to the house and went up the kitchen stairs to the room occupied by the boys, intending first to get quietly rid of them and leaving the two young ladies for the last. How well these intentions were thwarted the brave conduct of the girls will explain. And the details of the tragedy become more generally known, the indignation increases. Last night a gang of masked men assembled at a private residence in L'Orignal and discussed the question of

LYING IN THE PRISON.
A prominent citizen, who incidentally heard of their intention, visited the house and finally persuaded them to disperse and allow the law to take its course. No such scene, he said, had ever been acted in the United Counties, and he trusted the citizens would go to their homes and not interfere with the administration of justice. Sheriff Merrick will certainly experience no difficulty in getting a man to execute the

DEATH SENTENCE,
for he has already several applications from well known residents of both L'Orignal and Hawkesbury, who have tendered their services.

OTTAWA, JAN. 9.—The Cook tragedy is still being discussed throughout the Ottawa Valley. The two brothers arrived at Calumet station this morning by the Canadian Pacific and proceeded to their desolate home, the scene of the horror. On entering the room, where lay the confined bodies of their father, mother, brother and sister, they sank beneath the weight of their woe. They were so terribly affected that friends were obliged to move them away from the room. All the efforts of those in attendance to assuage their grief were in vain, and for several hours

THEIR BODIES WERE BATHED IN TEARS.
Willie and Annie two of the survivors are doing well and the doctors say they are out of danger. The funeral will probably take place to-morrow. The bodies will not be interred in the family vault at St. Andrews for the present but on the Cook property. This decision has been arrived at owing to the prevalence of body smothering in the Montreal district. Sheriff Merrick has ordered a double guard to be placed over

THE PRISONER MANN.
He was photographed yesterday for the second time, as was also the Swede who was arrested with him. The latter sulked very much at the idea of being photographed, but was finally induced to consent on being told that the shadow was not intended for the gaze of the world outside the official authorities. One of the officials, who had a conversation with Mann yesterday, states that he acknowledges himself to be an atheist, and refuses to see a clergyman of any denomination. He coolly remarked to-day, that if there was any necessity for prayer, there would be lots of time in the sweet bye and bye. He denies that there is any truth in the rumor that he attempted to poison a family in Montreal, and adds that he did not remain in the city long enough to poison a cat. An effort is being made by some of the residents to work up sympathy for the prisoner on the ground that he was ill used by the Cook family and kept in a poverty stricken condition. This, however, is only confined to a few of the ignorant class. The prisoner has not yet referred to this matter.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—In the House to-day on the army appropriation bill, upon called attention to the high efficiency of the English army. Robinson (N.Y.) stated that he could not tell whether the gentleman's speech was an eulogy of the American or English army. (Laughter.) He would yield to no one in admiration of the American army, but he did not want to see its officers trotting after the representatives of monarchy, whether dressed in the uniform of an American soldier or dressed in the kilt of Argyle. (Laughter.) He was alarmed at the spread of English feeling that had invaded Texas. The glory of the English drum's beat was the sound of despotism and the death-knell of liberty wherever heard. (Applause.) He did not want an increase of the army or to imitate anything English. He wanted to blot out all that abominable feeling that was getting into the heads of snobs and dunces to imitate monarchy, without having the brains that surround it.

LOCAL NEWS.

Father Ryan, of Mobile, Alabama, who is to visit Montreal during this month and deliver a lecture, is not only an orator of distinction but a poet of high merit as his master piece, the "Song of the Mystic," in another column will show. Father Ryan's poems were issued as a volume in 1879, by J. L. Rapier & Co., Mobile.

Application will be made at the next session of the Parliament of Canada for an Act to amend the Act 45 Vic., cap. 71, intitled "An Act to incorporate the Great Eastern Railway," by providing that the capital of the company shall be six million dollars, that the said company be authorized to build a bridge across the River St. Lawrence near Montreal, and for other purposes.

An old man named Jacques Le Canadien, of La Tortue, near Laprairie, died suddenly last week from syncope of the heart, brought on by overdue excitement. Just previous to his death he had some angry words with his youngest son, the latter having upbraided him for having disinherited him and left all the property to his elder brother, although the old man's will had first been made in his favor.

On and after Monday, January 8th, a passenger train will leave the present city terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway (Quebec Gate Station), at 12.00, noon, arriving at St. Jerome 1.30 p.m., returning leave St. Jerome at 2.00 p.m., arriving at Montreal 4.00 p.m. The morning train will leave St. Jerome at 7.45 a.m. as at present, but will reach Quebec Gate Station at 9.30 a.m. The evening train will run as usual, leaving Montreal at 5.00 p.m., arriving at St. Jerome at 6.45 p.m.

In the Russian Capital the new winter refreshment at the fashionable restaurants is "Johnston's Fluid." It is well known that the artificial heat resulting from the use of alcohol is always followed by a chilling reaction; but "Johnston's Fluid Beef" supplies heat in a natural state, stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form, concentrated nourishment (rendering languid reaction impossible), and above all furnishing tone to the nerves and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle. Scientists have pronounced Johnston's Fluid Beef "A boon to the age."

OTATABRH.
A new treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three treatments. Particulars and Treatise free on receipt of stamp. MR. DIXON, 307 King street west, Toronto. 13-1f

CHANGES IN POST OFFICES ALREADY ESTABLISHED.
Offices closed—Conboyville Co., Brant, S.R. O.; Richmond Co., Halifax, N. S.; Trottier, Co. Arthabaska, Q. Names changed—Cove Head, Co. Queen's, P.E.I., to Stanhope; D'Iberville, Co. Provencher, M., to Naas, La Vaux, Dist. of Nipissing, O., to La Vase; Newry Station, Co. Perth, N.B., O., to Atwood; Rondeau Harbor, Co. Kent, to Rondeau.

NOTICE.
Each bottle of BRIGGS' ELECTRIC OIL will be accompanied by a corksewer, which is important that the cork be preserved and the bottle well corked when not in use to retain the strength of the medicine. It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Complaints or of the Urinary Organs; cures complaints arising from Colds, such as Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Cough, Asthma and Difficult Breathing.
A BUS FOR LADS.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it. 148-1s

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.
The lady members of St. Mary's Church, with that earnestness and zeal which has always characterized their actions when something for the benefit of the congregation was necessary, purpose purchasing a new organ for the church, and with that end in view intend giving a concert on the 23rd of January to aid them in raising the necessary funds. They have already, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, presented to the church a handsome marble altar, which not only reflects great credit on the fair donors, but enhances the appearance of the sacred edifice to no small degree. Due notice of the concert will appear in a few days, and it is to be hoped that, apart from the merits of the entertainment itself, its object will be kept steadily in view and a large sum realized.

ST. BRIDGETS T. A. & B. SOCIETY.
The annual meeting of the above Society was held in their hall, on Sunday, Jan. 7th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Director and President, Rev. S. P. Loerger; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Michael Lawlor; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Francis D. Daly; Rec. Secretary, Mr. John J. Moran (re-elected); Asst. Sec. Secretary, Mr. Wm. Smith (re-elected); Cor. Secretary, Mr. John O'Donnell (re-elected); Treasurer, Mr. John O'Donnell (re-elected); Cor. Treasurer, Mr. James Huff; Grand Marshal, Mr. John Condon; Assistant Marshals, Mr. M. Kellisher and Mr. James Connolly. This Society is doing a great amount of good in the cause of temperance and benevolence, there being a benefit of \$100 paid to the widow of a deceased member or to the widowed mother of an unmarried member. There is also a funeral benefit of \$40 paid to a member on the death of his wife. There is at present upwards of three hundred members on the roll-book, and new members being added to the list at every weekly meeting, makes it one of the most powerful organizations of the kind in the Dominion.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL.
At a meeting of the Skating Committee, Messrs. Perry and Sims were appointed to confer with the Curling Committee to ascertain if the project of having rinks on the river had been definitely abandoned, and if so, to make arrangement for an open air rink on either the Shamrock or Montreal Lacrosse Grounds, or the Champ de Mars, the latter to be preferred.

At a meeting also of the Snowshoe Committee, yesterday it was reported that the medals and prizes for races had been ordered. The Council Committee reported that their request for \$300 had been declined by the Executive Committee for want of funds. The snowshoe course was next reported upon and adopted. The start will be from McGill College gates up the usual track to the Pines, thence to the right and eastward to the refreshment booth at the top of Peel street, from there along the brow of the Mountain to near the Mount Royal Cemetery fence, down through Fletcher's field, ending at Droucher street.

The races will be held on Saturday afternoon, 27th, on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds, and will be nine in number; the principal event of the programme is the two-

mile race for the Carnival Cup. Messrs. Starke, Bocket and Larkin were appointed time-keepers; Mr. F. O. Henshaw, starter, and Messrs. Bovey, Rogers and Maltby, judges. The Track Committee will be composed of Messrs. Monk, Matthews, Sims and Mitchell, and the remainder of the Snowshoe Committee. The meeting then adjourned.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

On Saturday last Mr. Victor Barbeau, a well known resident of the Eastern Township, was driving in a box sleigh along the St. John's road, accompanied by three of his children. When nearing the crossing of the Champlain Junction Railway, the horse, which was young and restive, took flight at an approaching train, and bolted across the track, barely escaping being struck by the cow-catcher, and throwing the youngest child out of the sleigh on to the track. As soon as Mr. Barbeau could pull up his horse he returned to the crossing, where he found his little one quite dead, lying close to the rails. The most remarkable thing about the sad affair is that as far as can be ascertained from outward appearances, there are no marks of injury or bruises, the presumption being that the child must have been lifted off the track by the cow-catcher and killed at the same time by some blow.

EMERALD SNOWSHOE CLUB.

GREEN RUNNER'S STEEP-CLIMBERS.
The vicinity of McGill College Gates was made lively last evening, the occasion being the annual steep-climb for the green runners of the Emerald Snowshoe Club. There was a very large attendance of the members and their friends to see the "start." When time was called, the following members "toed the scratch": Messrs. Robert Larkin, F. Tigh, T. Prior, Frank McElroy, E. Kennedy and Joseph McGoldrick. The word "go" having been given, all started off at a rattling pace; on McTavish street, Larkin took the lead closely followed by McElroy, who evidently meant business, but one of his shoes got broken, and consequently he was practically out of the race. We have no doubt that if this gentleman had not met with a mishap that he would have pushed the leader very hard. The pace throughout the rest of the race was very fast, as will be seen by the official time at the close, viz:—

- 1. Robert Larkin..... min. sec. 21 40
2. E. Kennedy..... 23 00
3. J. McGoldrick..... 24 00
Mr. Joseph Boyle, as starter and Mr. J. G. Tamly, as timekeeper, were all that could be desired. Amongst others present we noticed the genial face of Mr. William Wilson, the Honorary President of the Club.

The time made by the winner is the best made by any club so far this winter. The prizes, consisting of two very handsome medals and a beautiful breastpin, were presented to the winners by Messrs. Michael Polan, John Hobbs and John Donohue, with suitable remarks from each. The winners were duly "bounced" in the most approved style. Supper was then announced as being ready, and, after being duly partaken of, songs, dances, etc., were the order of the evening until 10.30, when the order home was given. Just before leaving the President, Mr. Thos. Larkin, announced that the regular club steep-climb, open to all the members, would take place next Monday night from McGill College gate.

LE CANADIEN SNOWSHOE CLUB AT QUEBEC.

The visit of "Le Canadien" Snowshoe Club to Quebec appears to have given great satisfaction to the sister clubs and people generally of the ancient capital. The following condensed report of the proceedings is taken from the Chronicle of yesterday:—Saturday last was a gala day with our snowshoeing friends, the occasion being the visit here of "Le Canadien" Snowshoe Club, of Montreal. The members of the Aurora, the oldest local club in existence, the Waverley and other city clubs assembled at their headquarters and marched down town to meet and receive their Montreal visitors on their arrival on this side of the river by the G. T. R. Ferry. The members of the "canadien" made a splendid appearance. Their muster was very large, over 100 members joining in the excursion, including the President, Mr. Beauvais, and the Honorary President, Hon. Mr. Mercier. Every member was in club costume—white blanket coat, with red, yellow and green stripes, and red, white and blue badges and sashes. They were accompanied by the splendid City Band of Montreal, under the lead of Mr. Ernest Lavoie, which headed them in their march up town. On the way up the whole club was courteous enough to halt at the foot of Mountain Hill to greet the Chronicle office. The visitors were accommodated at the Albion Hotel, and in the afternoon responded to the invitation of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor to visit him at Spencer Wood. On the tramp out, a halt was made at the residence of His Worship Mayor Langeller, with whom Hon. Mr. Mercier is staying. By special invitation, as many of the members of city clubs as could make it convenient, accompanied the Montreal snowshoers to Spencer Wood, where all were hospitably received by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. In the evening a grand concert was given in the Music Hall by the Club. The programme was a choice one, and the audience enjoyed thoroughly every item in it. His Honor Lieut.-Governor Robitaille, His Worship Mayor Langeller and Madame Langeller, the Count and Countess de ses Maisons, Hon. H. G. and Madame Joly and Capt. Sheppard, A.D.C., occupied the seats of honor. The music, furnished by the City Band of Montreal, was very fine indeed, and their rendition of difficult pieces was greatly admired and frequently applauded. Before the concert began Mayor Langeller, in behalf of the citizens, cordially welcomed the club to Quebec. In a neat speech, which was heartily applauded, Hon. H. G. Joly, who visited the club at the Albion and addressed to them a few kindly words on their departure, marched with them to the Palais Station sur des rayettes.

"Le Canadien" club desire to express to the Grand Trunk Railway authorities their appreciation of the complete arrangements made for their comfort to and from the ancient capital.

PAIN AND SUFFERING

Is the common lot of all. Our earliest days give manifest proof of this, and we are never long permitted to forget it. If corns should in your case be the thorn in the flesh go at once and buy a bottle of FURNESS' LAMBS CORN EXTRACT, and be surprised at the rapidity the freedom from pain and the success that marks its work. N. C. Folsom & Co., props., Kingston, Ont.

The edito of the Catholic Telegraph (Ottawa) who opened a subscription to pay the debts of Archbishop Puroell, has received from the latter a contribution of \$60 given him at Christmas by an old friend, and which is all the money Puroell has.

THE "LOAVES AND FISHES."

THE MEN OF WEALTH AND MILLIONAIRES OF CANADA—THE OWNERS OF \$30,000,000.

"The richest man in Montreal, and therefore in Canada, since Sir Hugh's death, is currently believed to be Mr. Andrew Allan, but I think there are at least two men in Canada who nearly approach him in wealth." The words were uttered in an office not far removed from the Stock Exchange and Merchants Exchange rooms, the speaker being a gentleman well qualified to express correct views on the question under discussion.

"You will find on proper investigation that the richest men are the lumber merchants. Of course you will find many gentlemen, such as those connected with boot and shoe factories, with brewers, with large dry-goods houses, etc., who are worth their \$150,000 to \$300,000 apiece, but I am not speaking of such. Let us confine ourselves to those who are worth their half a million and over."

ANDREW ALLAN
must be worth \$3,500,000 at least, that is, he would be worth that in solid cash if all his steamship shares, his cotton shares, his telegraph shares, and other shares and assets, including real estate, were converted into money to-day, without any undue depreciation. I dare say, if you went to the mercantile agencies, they would rate him half a million more or less, but that is his business, they prefer to err in rating too low rather than too high, and doubtless they are right. As to

THE LUMBER MERCHANTS,
whose business is principally between Ottawa and Quebec, you can easily "rate" John R. Booth at \$1,500,000, and you can put down Brounston & Weston and Perley & Patte, lumber and saw-mill men, at \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. The two lumber firms of Cooke Bros. and Bryant, Powis & Bryant are reputedly wealthy also, they may be equal to the two last firms before-mentioned, but I would prefer to place them at \$500,000 to \$750,000. If you step into the country you will find a rich man in James McLearen, general store and lumber merchant of Buckingham, P.Q. He is worth about \$700,000. You can safely put down Hamilton Bros., lumber dealers, at \$500,000 to \$750,000, and Ross & Co., wholesale general merchants of Quebec, at \$1,000,000. Some people say that several of the firms I have mentioned are worth more money, but I prefer to avoid any appearance of exaggeration and to be under rather than above the mark.

ALLAN GILMOUR & CO.,
of Quebec and Ottawa, who were believed to be reduced in circumstances some years ago when one of the Mr. Gilmour's disappeared, are certainly in a splendid position now and their estate runs from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. Charles Roblin of Fapobiac, fish trader and ship owner, is a man of considerable wealth, and must be in a position to count up nearly 15 millions of dollars. Coming nearer home we reach the name of F. X. Beaudry, who is believed to be the largest holder of real estate in Montreal and worth over a million. The late Madame Masson, who was

SEIGNIORS OF TERRITORIES,
had property, cash and effects to the extent of \$500,000 to \$750,000. The estates Sir William Logan and Charles Wilson, are believed to run over half a million, and the estate Damaso Masson is over \$1,500,000. Thibaudet, Bros. & Co., dry goods, of Montreal, Quebec, London and Paris, must have acquired at least \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, and

SHAW BROS. & CASSELL,
leather manufacturers and traders, easily run over a million; some persons in Montreal who claim to have seen their statement, say that the senior partners are worth nothing short of \$4,500,000. You can put down Thomas Tiffin for \$500,000 at least. Charles Rodier, senior, threading machine manufacturer, is another man of wealth, and you can count on him as being worth \$500,000 to \$750,000. A. W. Ogilvie & Co., Montreal and Winnipeg, millers and flour merchants, have wealth estimated at \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

MONTREAL, FRENCH & CO.,
the wholesale dry goods importers, of Victoria Square, Montreal, are men of over a million, and so are J. G. McKenale & Co. and McKay Bros., J. H. R. Molson, banker, refiner and brewer, is a millionaire, or close upon it. E. & G. Curney, founders of Montreal and Toronto, are worth from \$500,000 to \$750,000, and Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, run over \$1,000,000.

MESSRS. GAULT BROS.,
the dry goods manufacturers and importers, are worth to-day \$1,500,000; without doubt their statement shows this. The wealth of Frothingham & Workman, the iron merchants, runs into the millions, some say to \$3,000,000, but the amount is uncertain. Another iron firm, that of Crutcher & Caverhill, is worth \$750,000 more or less. Alexander Buntin is a paper manufacturer living in Montreal, and may be worth \$750,000 to \$1,000,000. Of course, our informant continued, I am dealing with private firms and not estimating the wealth of public corporations, such as banks, insurance and railway companies, &c., whose comparative wealth may be gleaned from their respective capitals. The

BANK OF MONTREAL
has a capital paid up of \$12,000,000 and a reserve of nearly \$6,000,000. With its deposits, circulation, &c., it could probably handle close upon \$30,000,000. There may be a few men of over half a million in Western Canada, beyond those I have mentioned, but they are very few, if the right story is told, and I may tell you now that I have rather under-estimated than otherwise the wealth of the gentleman whose names I have mentioned.

On reviewing the above statement, we find that the names of thirty firms and gentlemen are mentioned as being worth from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000, and their combined wealth, if we take an outside estimate from the figures furnished us, by our not very sagacious informant, is \$50,000,000. In remarks relating to Mackay Bros., reference was had to the retired member of the firm solely. It is certain that Alexander Buntin is worth more than stated yesterday and is claimed to be a millionaire by many, and so is Mr. E. K. Greene, the fur merchant. Alonzo Wright, the "king of the Gaitaneu," is thought to have a fortune of fully a million dollars. Jas. O'Brien, wholesale clothier, of Montreal, and J. E. Mullin, wholesale grocer, are each thought to rate about a million. Prices Bros., "Kings of the Saguenay," are immensely rich.

The four tallest Ottawa men are said to be as follows:—Donald Fraser, 6 feet 2 inches; John Grant, 6 feet 3 inches; Richard Morley, 6 feet 4 inches; and Richard Rivardville, 6 feet 5 inches.

DOMINION IMMIGRATION RETURNS.

The report for last year from the Montreal office, is of the most gratifying description, both as regards the number of immigrants, their social condition, and the amount of capital they represent as having been brought into the country. The arrivals of a good class of domestic servants have been greater than ever before, but still the supply has fallen far short of the demand. The Canadian Pacific has absorbed all the unskilled laborers, so that the demand for them now is very great. The class of immigrants who came to settle in the Dominion last year was also considerably above the average, representing besides the large money capital, an unusual amount of intelligence and social worth. The health report is remarkably good, only two children having died during the whole year. The number of immigrants who entered the country via Halifax and Quebec during the past twelve months is in the neighborhood of forty-five thousand; the exact figures can only be obtained at the Halifax and Quebec offices. These 45,000 people represent an aggregate cash capital of about three million dollars. In April, Bay M. Bridges brought over a party of 450 people with a capital of half a million; another party in the same month of 355 people brought with them \$200,000, and in May a party of 1,027 persons had among them \$422,000. Besides the above, 12,893 immigrants came here via New York, Boston and Portland, representing a capital of \$245,500. Out of this vast number, the total reaching nearly 60,000, only some 513 had to be provided with free transport west of Montreal.

The number of children brought out during the year by Miss Billborough, Miss Rodgers, Lord Douglas and others who interest themselves in this work was 591; these are provided with substantial homes, or till such time remain in the institutions for that purpose. Of course the bulk of this great flow of immigration has gone to the Northwest; still the other provinces have had a goodly share; e.g., of the party of 1,027 mentioned above as having arrived in May, 370 set their destination as Winnipeg, while 400 were in the Province of Quebec and the remainder in Ontario. These numbers promise to be largely increased during the year 1883.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The nominations took place yesterday in various suburban municipalities for the coming municipal elections. In St. Lambert, Mr. Noel Mercier, Martin Craig and F. M. Snowdon were nominated and elected by acclamation. At Outremont Messrs. Thos. Hall and Denis Horrigan were elected, as well as Messrs. Sheldon Stephens and Wm. Morgan at Verdun. Mr. John Magor and Dr. Desrosiers were elected for Cote St. Antoine, of which municipality Mr. J. K. Ward, was again re-elected Mayor. Messrs. Octave Beaudin and Elie Gauthier were elected councillors for St. Jean Baptiste Village. Messrs. Lalonde, Desrochers and Bonville were re-elected for St. Onogene. The election for Hochelaga is being continued to-day. Mr. Holland had four majority at the close of the polls yesterday. A hard fight is taking place in St. Henri for the Mayoralty. Messrs. Charlebois and Daignault are the candidates.

The municipal nominations for St. David, near Sorel, resulted in the return of Councillors Dr. Comman and M. Valeria. It is probable that Dr. Comman, who is well known in political circles, will be re-elected Mayor of St. David.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.
HALIFAX, Jan. 7.—It was announced in the Catholic churches to-day that the consecration of the Rev. Father O'Brien, Arch-bishop elect of this diocese, would take place in St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday, the 21st inst. A committee was appointed to prepare an address and raise a purse of money for presentation.

BISHOP JAMOT.

FRENCH FALLS, Ont., January 8.—His Lordship Bishop Jamot, of Peterboro, visited here on Saturday last, and was met at the station by the congregation, and escorted to the church, where a beautiful service was held in behalf of the congregation was read by Mr. A. Macdonald, and also one in French, to which the Bishop made a suitable reply. Many children were confirmed on the following Sabbath.

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

Father Lorenz of Neisse has been forbidden to exercise any priestly function, and a young ecclesiastic has actually been summoned before the tribunal at Elgmarigan, in the principality of Hohenzollern, for having preached a terrible. The spiritual district in Germany 284 out of 913 parishes are vacant. The little diocese of Liepzig has 41 parishes without pastors. The president of the district of Lipstadt has sent a letter to Monsignor Droba, the Bishop, complaining that priests persist in saying their daily Mass, notwithstanding express orders given to the contrary. It is not surprising to find that the Landtag of Berlin have proved by statistics that vagabondage and crimes of every kind have increased during the last ten years. No country is likely to gain by the persecution and suppression of religion.

NEWS FROM ROME.

The conversion of Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes, daughter of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, a relative of the Duke of Portland, gives great satisfaction in Rome. The Italian Government, harassed by the clever articles printed by the Papal organ, *Moniteur de Rome*, has granted exequatur for five Bishops. The sixteen who remain on the list will very likely soon be invested with the temporalities of their respective dioceses. A beautiful engraving of Leo XIII., similar to the one of Napoleon I., made by Calmette, has been made by the French engraver, Joseph Meunier. His Holiness is much pleased with it. He has given a gold medal to the artist, and created him Knight of St. Gregory the Great. In view of Mr. Gier's late sojourn at the Vatican, the visit to the Pope of the Grand Duke Constantine and Nicolas created comment. A solution of the Russian religious problem seems to be pending, and it is thought that Polish Bishops will soon be nominated for the vacant sees. A castle of the middle ages is to be built in the Park of Valentino, in Turin, in time for the great exhibition of 1884. The corner stone was laid this week. The castle will be fitted up in antique style. It will overlook a beautiful lake, in which the "Bucconero," the great Venetian galley, will float. Monsignor Botelli was called here by Leo XIII. to receive his instructions before his departure for Constantinople. He remains a few days in Rome, and then returns to Montefiascone to make his last ordination. He will start for Constantinople about the middle of January. His predecessor, Monsignor Vannutelli, will stop a short time in Vienna, where his brother is Nunzio, before returning back to Rome. The Rev. Father Meschino, of the Order of Jesus, brother of the Prince of the same name, has an academy for young men in his own palace of Masimo at the Esquiline. He had an exhibition on Dec. 14, and distributed medals among his students. Cardinal Bacci was present. The Jesuitical character of this institution frets the Italian Government, but it can't meddle with the princely Massimo, allied to the house of Savoy, as with an ordinary Jesuit. The Jent Fathers of Beaumont College, near Windsor, have received from Queen Victoria her picture, bearing her signature, "Victoria Regina, March, 1882." The picture was hung in the refectory hall amid the cheers of all the students and professors. Her Majesty, you will remember, went to Beaumont after the recent attempt on her life, and was received with enthusiasm, the son of Gen. Wood reciting a poem in her honor. Last Thursday his Holiness received almost 1,500 of the young students of the Catholic schools of Rome. Prince Rospiigliosi and the Duke of Viano, who take great interest in the schools supported by Leo XIII., were present. The children of the Leo Asylum sang awfully before the Pope. His Holiness spent nearly two hours with the little ones, giving each of them, as a religious souvenir, a medal of the Immaculate Conception. It touched many of our Lord among the little ones. The list of the persons whose names are laid before the Sacred Congregation at Rome each year are worthy of canonization, or the minor honor of beatification, is compiled in the first fortnight of December each year, and a copy of it is sent to every Archbishop and Bishop in the Roman Catholic world. The list for the present year has already been sent out, and has by this time doubtless reached most of the prelates of Europe. It contains the names of 207 "venerables," as they are called, of whom eighty belong to Corsica, forty-four to Tongking, thirty-one to Italy, twenty-three to France, ten to China, ten to Cochin China, six to Spain, one to Portugal, one to Austria, and one to Poland. Nearly half the names are those of persons belonging to religious (particularly missionary) orders, the Dominicans heading the list with twenty.

Canon Villetto, who died at the advanced age of 94, was the dean of the chapter of St. Denis. Sixty years ago the Abbe Villetto was a military chaplain and afterwards became cure of Val Saint Germain, where his self-sacrifice during the cholera epidemic is to this day well remembered. In 1851 he was decorated by Napoleon III. with the Legion of Honor in the presence of 15,000 soldiers. His labors in the Crimea were also full of nobility and persistent zeal. In 1857 the Abbe Villetto was appointed to a canonry at St. Denis, and was made guardian of the Royal tombs. The Republic suppressed the office and took away the salary. He had protected his sacred trust during the Commune; but this was no title to the gratitude of the Republic. Canon Villetto was a member of many learned societies; and his death will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends, and by many military men who recollect this saintly and zealous priest in his earlier days.

At Moelian, near Quimperle, the Brothers of the Christian Schools have for years been engaged in teaching. They enjoyed thorough confidence of the parents and were beloved by the pupils. So scandalous a state of harmony and peaceful routine could not be allowed to continue. A certain M. Manrin, the primary inspector of Quimperle, arrived one day at the school, followed by another master. On entering he informed the Brothers that they must leave the building once, as he had received orders to install a new master. The mayor of the place had already refused his sanction to this tyrannous measure; but M. Manrin seems to have thought his permission worthless, for he ordered the Brothers to leave forthwith, and told the lay master who accompanied him to take his place and continue the lessons. The boys were wicked enough to cry "Vivent les Freres," and refused to go on with their lessons. This dreadful act of rebellion is spoken of with horror by the Republican papers. "These young clericals," they say, "must be taught that the Government will admit of no trifling with the dignity of its functionaries." The same papers find nothing but extenuating circumstances in the case of the rioters of Montcaux-les-Mines, thereby showing that their theories of liberty of conscience are hollow and delusory, and that their own aim is the forcible "laicisation" of France. No similar act of tyranny has ever been perpetrated since the conversion by violence of some Catholic villages in Poland to the "Orthodox Church," the method of conversion being the summary and blasphemous one of dragging each neophyte up to the altar rails, and of giving him Communion with the aid of two Russian soldiers armed to the teeth.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE NOMINATIONS.
PICKTON, Jan. 6.—At a meeting of the Liberal-Conservative Association of the County of Prince Edward, held at Pickton to-day, Mr. James Hart, of the town of Pickton, was unanimously elected as an independent candidate to oppose Gideon Hooker in the election for the Local Legislature.

LINDSAY, Ont., Jan. 8.—The Liberal-Conservative Convention was held here to-day, and was largely attended, every part of the Biding being represented. Several gentlemen were nominated, but retired, and Mr. Charles Fairbairn, Beve of Verdulam, was unanimously nominated as the Conservative standard-bearer for the coming local election. The proceedings of the Convention throughout were most harmonious, and, as Mr. Fairbairn is an exceptionally strong candidate, there is little doubt of his election by a large majority.

BREVITIES

General Chissey was buried at Chalon yesterday. Oteywayo has gone to Port Dumford, in Zululand. The Government are debanding the Provincial Police force of six men. Samuel Miles, aged 7, was found frozen to death yesterday on Toronto Bay. The Dominion Immigration Agent at Toronto has received information which leads him to expect a very large immigration this year.

Daniel Robins, a brickman and old employe of the Welland Telegraph, was killed yesterday at Niagara Falls, N.Y., in a collision.

John W. Munroe, formerly caretaker of the Catholic church, at Albert and Lyon streets, Ottawa, fell from a bridge he was working at in Dakota Territory, and was killed.



New Advertisements



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system...

ACHES. In the face of so many lives that are where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

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

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. No. 1478. In the District of Montreal, in the City of Montreal...

A PERFECTLY RELIABLE ARTICLE OF HOUSEHOLD USE. COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients...

THE ORLEANS PRINCES. The Orleansists of today are divided into two sections, the "Fusionists" who base their Orleansism upon the return of the Comte de Chambord to France...

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS. Woman can sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacturers of those CELEBRATED CHIMNEYS and BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY. Manufactured by a superior quality of material. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

CLINTON H. MENEELY. Successor to BELL CO. MENEELY & KIMBELLY. Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. DESTROYER OF HAIR! ALEX. ROSS' DEPLATORY. Removes hair from the face, neck and arms without injury.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR. A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the Dairy-men of America with an excellent article...

KIDNEY WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. As it is for all the renal diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

ARTICLES, EASILY MADE THAT ARE BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL. A novel and costly carpet is made entirely of Eastern rugs...

Plaster casts take gilding or bronze paint well, and if framed in black or plush look extremely well upon a light wall-paper.

Excellent scrap-baskets are now made of Japanese umbrellas. The modus operandi is simple. Rows of chenille are looped from spoke to spoke...

Home decorators are achieving great things with the aid of common pottery paint, which, applied to wet wood, gives it an embossed appearance.

"A new departure" in mantle lambrequins consists in embroidering a scattered design upon the material which covers the board itself, as well as upon the hanging.

Very inexpensive greens can be made at home by covering an ordinary clothes-horse or common wooden frame with dark felt or plush, upon which Chinese crape pictures can be mounted.

In England window curtains of stained glass, for the lower half of the window, are becoming usual, and are a very great improvement upon the ugly structures of woven wire and wicker which have done service for so long a time.

A pretty hall corner is easily made by the help of a carpenter. Corner shelves may be fitted into either side opposite the entrance, and serve to hold an ornamental pot with creeping plants or a bowl with gold fish.

The Germans cultivate ivy in their rooms with great success. Placing a root in a large pot by one side of a window, they will train it as it grows until it forms a pretty frame for the entire window.

The open fireplace, which is now universal in new houses, has become the subject of much attention. In the latest styles the facings are of exquisitely worked brass and enamel, while the centrepieces of porcelain and ornamental tiles in the same material add to the decorative effect.

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Medical. JACOBS OIL. The Great German Remedy for RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Eackache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains.

TOOTH SORTS DE CHOSES. The flowers are again the style. The widest latitude in wraps is permitted the season advances.

Persons of weakly constitution derive from Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphates of Lime and Soda a degree of vigor obtainable from no other source...

White tulle is used in the place of invisible hair nets to keep the front hair in good shape.

Large buckets of gilt, silver, jet, enamel and bronze are placed diagonally on the new bonnets.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

ROUGH ON BATS. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, stunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL. London, Jan. 3.—Several huge gaws have appeared in the walls of the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral. The tower will be demolished. The Cathedral is one of the finest in England.

It is a HUNGER? Some people think all proprietary medicines humbugs. In this they must be mistaken. A cough medicine like Ross' N. E. Down's Elixir has stood the racket of 63 years must have some virtue...

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIONS. A wood fire in the parlor is quite the correct thing. The fashionable colors for parlor furniture are plush in plain colors.

"BOOHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

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WITHOUT CONDITIONS OF SETTLEMENT OR CULTIVATION. Valuable sections are offered in SOUTHERN MANITOBA, along the South Western Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway and in the districts of the Souris, Pelican and White Water Lakes and Moose Mountains.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease...

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