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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WHAT ENGLAND REQUIRES.

So far as England is concerned the chief interest in the meeting of Congress must be fixed on the new arrangements in Armenia, and on the means of protecting what, to use the words of Lord Salisbury's circular, may be called the Government of Constantinople. This country cannot expect that the other Powers should go out of their way to prevent territorial changes at such a distance from themselves as Armenia. The interests which we possess in that province we must protect for ourselves. That fact was clearly recognized in the despatch by which Lord Derby, and the speech by which Mr. Cross, specified the territorial interests of England in the Ottoman Empire. It was then clearly pointed out that the way to the Persian Gulf must be a matter of deep concern to a country charged with the safety of India; and Lord Salisbury's circular further indicated an objection to letting any part of the caravan route from Trebizond to Persia fall into the hands of Russia. That route would be cut if the Russians were to keep Bayazid; but it would be very surprising to hear that they would run any risks for the possession of such a town and the little strip of adjoining territory. Russian diplomacy does not merit the praises usually bestowed on its astuteness if it has not, after the visit of Count Schouvaloff to St. Petersburg, seen the folly of attempting to keep Bayazid. On Batoum it may possibly lay more stress. Batoum, the Russians say, would have been transferred to them in 1829 but for the blunder of a copyist in the Treaty of Peace, and they value it because they have no safe port in their Caucasian territory. On the other hand, there are obvious and grave objections to the transfer of that town. It has never been taken by the Russians, all their desperate efforts to capture it having been defeated by the gallant resistance of the Turkish garrison and the armed inhabitants. The people of Batoum and the adjoining territory are also strenuously opposed to the transfer of themselves or their home from the Sultan to the Czar. They have declared that they will resist rather than allow the Russian troops to enter the place. The Congress would have a curious sequel if an attempt to enforce one of its decrees should be accompanied by bloodshed, and if a "war of deliverance" should end in a case of unwilling servitude. If Russia should enforce its claims to Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan, England will have a right to consider by what means the Ottoman territories may best receive security in the future. Lord Salisbury's circular leaves no doubt, on the other hand, that this country will insist on the making of another important change in the Treaty of San Stefano. The limits of the Southern Bulgaria cannot be allowed to come as far south as the Egean Sea. All the seaboard must be allowed to remain under the direct power of the Porte, which will, therefore, have free access to the rest of its dominions. The proposal that 50,000 Russian troops should occupy Bulgaria for two years is needlessly menacing. No doubt the Government of St. Petersburg will see that 20,000 men would be an amply sufficient force, and an occupation of six months a sufficient time. Such a change would remove many of the objections advanced by Austria. Another menace to the peace of Europe would vanish were Russia to abandon all claim to territorial compensation if Turkey should fail to pay the pecuniary indemnity; and Lord Salisbury's circular renders it clear that in this respect the English Plenipotentiaries will make no compromise.

Only two points are expected to present grave difficulties—namely, the war indemnity and Antivari. The result of the Congress, it is anticipated in Berlin, will be far more favorable to Russia than appears to be imagined in England. The fate of Bessarabia, it is supposed, is sealed, and Russia will sit astride the Danube with the consent of Europe.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S DEATH—ITS CAUSE.

London, June 27.—The announcement of the death of the Queen of Spain was received with profound sorrow and sympathy throughout Europe. The feeling in Spain almost approaches consternation. For several days the palace in which the Queen lay dying was the centre of incessant inquiries. Hopes were raised at the crisis of the disease that her vigorous constitution might triumph, but her condition was made doubly perilous by the fact that she expected to become a mother before the end of the year. She died about noon in the arms of the King, and surrounded by the royal family. The remains will lie in state to-day, and be conveyed to the royal mausoleum at the Escorial for interment.

FALL OF AN EVANGELIST.

About three years ago, a young man named Furan left Montreal in order to try his fortune at the other side of the line. After stopping for a short time at some of the small towns and villages of New York, he settled down in Syracuse, and, although unsteady when he arrived, he soon changed his mode of living, and became a most temperate, in fact, a model man in the town. The Evangelical business being then in its height, he soon became associated with some of the Christian Young Men's Society's members, and possessing rather a good education, he was before long promoted to the position of Evangelist, and it is said, he labored well, and faithfully for some time. His conduct did not, however, continue to be exemplary for any length of time, and one fine day he broke his pledge, and, being observed by the brethren, was degraded from his high office. How he succeeded for some time is not known, but on the 23rd instant, he

made his re-appearance in Montreal, took the pledge, and joined the Young Men's Christian Association; but here again after a few days he fell from grace and resumed his indulgence in liquor, and after several days intoxication was last evening, (as stated in our first edition) arrested by Detective Cullen, on the charge of having burglar's tools in his possession. He was brought before the Magistrate this morning, and remanded for trial.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

VIENNA, June 27.—A Berlin correspondent states that the proposal for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria was entirely disapproved of by the Congress, but the Powers have now resolved to empower Austria to occupy these provinces.

The "Press" says Roumania having refused a large money indemnity for the retrocession of Bessarabia, and also the proposal to divide Bessarabia, Russia now proposes, through Bismarck that Prince Charles should become the future Prince of Bulgaria. This is opposed by Roumanian statesmen, but they express a fear that Prince Charles will accept.

A Berlin correspondent says the pour-parlers between Austrian and Turkish plenipotentiaries relative to Bosnia and the Herzegovina, cause expectations. The Turks when the subject is discussed, may abandon the reserve they have hitherto maintained.

Gortschakoff will attend Friday's Congress. It is understood that Russia claims no influence, even upon the Danube. The pour-parlers seem to show that the Bessarabian question is so arranged that Russia only claims territory as far as Kilia, at the mouth of the Danube.

A special states that the Queen of England was informed on Wednesday, that the Congress would probably end in ten days. At Thursday's sitting, Bismarck declared he should be obliged, by fatigue, to absent himself for a long time from the Congress, unless the delegates were resolved to come to an agreement privately, on the main questions, so as to permit their prompt settlement in the Congress—the minor matters being left to the Commissioners. Count Corti, the Italian delegate, replied promising a compliance with the suggestion.

A correspondent states the memorial of the Bosnian delegates will only accelerate the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, as a counterpoise to Russia's occupation of Bulgaria.

At Wednesday's sitting, Gortschakoff, who had to be carried to the Council Room, and who spoke with effect in a trembling voice, said the remarks he was about to make were prompted by a love of truth, and of his country. His colleagues had made concessions on the part of Russia, far surpassing what she had thought of making. He was far too well aware of the feeling which actuated his colleagues to raise objection to concessions they deemed it their duty to make. He merely wished to state that Russia had made those sacrifices from a desire for peace, and that she had no narrow or selfish aim.

Lord Beaconsfield expressed his admiration of Gortschakoff's sentiments. He acknowledged in the name of the Congress, that a desire for peace actuated Russia, and hoped that the same sentiment would continue. The correspondent adds:—"It is thought that this is Gortschakoff's last appearance at the Congress."

A Berlin correspondent states that there will be no re-assembling of the Congress in

the autumn, as it is intended to settle everything definitely now, and merely leave the details to the Special Commission.

Greece will decline to participate in the Congress in a consultative capacity.

London, June 27.—A despatch from Berlin reports that Beaconsfield desires the Turks to retain Batoum. The "Post" thinks there is good prospect of his wishes being fulfilled. The "Post" says:—"We understand it is proposed to divide Asiatic Turkey into fifteen provinces, the governors of which are to be named for a fixed term, and an English consular resident is to be appointed at the capital of each province. Another project before the Congress is that if the Porte consents, but not otherwise, Austria shall take over the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Berlin

The Provincial Correspondence confirms the reports that the question of formation of new States, especially of Bulgaria, is now substantially arranged. The Serbian question will be discussed on Friday. At to-day's sitting the pacific disposition of the Powers was more marked than ever. It was decided that Consular as well as Military Commissions should be appointed to fix the frontiers of Bulgaria and Roumelia. The Greek Plenipotentiary has been officially informed that he will be admitted.

A political correspondent says: Notwithstanding grave representations, especially on the part of Bismarck, the Turkish delegates in Congress continue stubborn, and their obstinacy is calculated to lessen the probability of peace. It is certain to-day that the plenipo-

take no part in the labors of the Congress, and that the management of the Russian case would devolve on Schouvaloff. It is understood the causes of this step are his ill-health and disapproval of the concessions made in the Congress.

Pour-parlers between Austria, Russia and Turkey relative to Montenegro, Servia, Bosnia and Herzegovina commence on Thursday. England also will participate in the pour-parlers, in which the question of Western Roumelia and Greece will be raised, but not thoroughly treated until a succeeding stage.

The majority of the Plenipotentiaries favor giving to Greece of Crete, and advancing her frontier to the river Kolamos and the Pindus Mountains. Another correspondent says the Turks refuse to surrender Shumla unless the Russians are withdrawn to Adrianople, and threaten to leave the Congress if a cession of territory to Greece is discussed.

It is possible that the Roumanian question will be considered on Friday. The Roumanian delegates have presented a memorandum to the Congress, claiming that their territory should be rendered neutral and left intact and not subject to the passage of Russian troops.

Roumania also claims an island at the mouth of the Danube, a war indemnity, and a definite recognition of her independence.

A correspondent believes that Western Roumelia, Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia are to have equal liberties with Eastern Roumelia wherever the representative assembly will be established.

The Prince of Bulgaria will not be elected by universal suffrage, but by a duty chosen delegate, the election to be subject to ratification by the Powers.

There is some doubt as to the day on which the next sitting of Congress will be held but it most probably will be Friday.

A Berlin correspondent learns that Lord Salisbury has announced that the Congress will probably end on the 6th of July.

A correspondent says all the questions relative to Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria are now settled.

Berlin, June 28.—The sitting of the Congress to-day lasted three hours. Gortschakoff was present.

It was decided, in accordance with the proposal of the British plenipotentiaries, to entrust to Austria the task of occupying Bosnia and the Herzegovina, in the interests of the peace of Europe, the duration of occupation was not fixed, and full liberty is left to Austria with regard to the organization of the provinces. It is believed, however, that she will follow the plans drawn up at the Constantinople conference. Congress unanimously adopted the proposal of the French plenipotentiaries that Europe should refuse to recognize the independence of Servia unless the Servian laws were relieved from their present disabilities, Congress decided to appoint a commission to examine into the question of the agrandizement of Montenegro will probably also be referred to the Commission.

Another Berlin despatch says that the Turkish protest against the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina is so favorable that Congress left the question in abeyance. The Russians are reported willing to make Batoum a free port if no objection is made to the annexation of Bessarabia.

On Saturday the Congress will hear the views of the Greek Plenipotentiaries, who yesterday received the necessary credentials. The general impression in high Russian circles is that the Congress will result in a temporary relief, but not in real permanent relief.

A Berlin despatch says Gortschakoff announced on Wednesday he would henceforth

despatches state the Powers are averse to a mixed European occupation of Bulgaria and Roumelia after the withdrawal of the Russians.

A Vienna correspondent, discussing the Turkish frontier line along the Balkans, from a military point of view, says: It is a line not easily defended. A Vienna despatch says as a result of pourparlers between the Plenipotentiaries regarding Greece, it is proposed that the Hellenic question be settled directly between Greece and the Porte, within the limits designated by the Congress. Austria will also be empowered by Congress to treat with the Porte respecting the frontier of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

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After the resignation of that gentleman, and on the advent into power of the Reform Ministry, under the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, he was appointed Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Anglin has always been a consistent reformer in politics, and one of the ablest men of the party now in power in Canada. In appearance he is a large, full developed man, of dignified deportment, and as Speaker of the Commons has given

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ONLY A DOLL.

Polly, my doll! why don't you grow? Are you a dwarf, my Polly? I'm taller and taller every day!

DORA.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH. Author of 'Nathalie,' 'Adèle,' 'Queen Mab,' &c.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Yes, it was all gone, indeed, and with it had departed the new life which had been so pleasant—the admirers, the parties, the intellectual society, the little luxuries, the many comforts.

Mr. Ryan tried to remonstrate, but opposition only confirmed Mrs. Courtenay in her purpose. Seeing her so determined, Mr. Ryan desisted.

Mrs. Luan still looked at her mistrustfully. She had come back to fetch her niece and take her away, actuated by one of those wonderful maternal presentiments which fail so rarely.

In respect Mrs. Luan's caution was not needed. John had no intention of making open love to Dora. He had not done so since she had four hundred a year, and he would not do so now that she had not a shilling.

"Good-by, dear girl," said Mr. Ryan, kindly. "I shall keep my eye on Mr. Brown, you know, and if anything turns up, why you may rely upon me."

"Time to go, John," said Mr. Ryan. "Yes it was time, and spite Mrs. Luan's watchful eye, John took Dora in his arms and kissed her."

"Oh such a dear old place," said Mrs. Courtenay, whom they had found at the station; "I am sure you will like our apartments, Dora and that dear old thing, Madame Bertrand."

CHAPTER VIII.

The often-boasted charm of novelty was not felt by Dora when she awoke the next morning and looked around her. The little room, with its dingy old-fashioned furniture, not one article of which was endeared by familiarity.

"And yet I shall be happy here in spite of you, you poor little room!" she thought, as she rose and dressed herself. "I never had such bed-curtains before. I shall remember that when I am dull, and be thankful."

Those curtains were certainly peculiar, more peculiar than beautiful. Dora sat down on the edge of the bed to look at them. They were of a dull lilac tint, which many a washing had faded, and they represented the fortunes of the fair and much tried Griseldis.

probably had a taste for flowers, for he had made himself a garden high up among the buttresses. A sort of terrace he had fashioned there, and had brought mould to it, and then filled it with stocks and lilies.

The street itself was narrow, steep, and very old. It had been of some note in the days of Henry. Presidents and members of the Parliament of Rouen had dwelt in those large hotels, with quiet grass-growth courts in front and broad gardens behind.

It will be very quiet," she thought, "Already a sort of torpor, the forerunner of the life she was to lead, stole over her. She looked down the street, and at its narrow close she saw the green lazy river, with a black boat gliding down, and thus looking and leaning on her window-sill, Dora fell into a vague yet not unpleasant reverie.

"Well, my dear," said her mother's voice behind her, "how do you like this?" "Dora turned round, smiling brightly. "It is very picturesque and peculiar," she replied.

"Picturesque and peculiar!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, with that little shrill raising of the voice by which she expressed astonishment. "My dear, it is simply enchanting. I have not felt so happy for years as I have felt since I came here; and Madame Bertrand is the most delightful old creature you ever saw!"

"And they all adored her, save one," said Mrs. Courtenay. "He was a Monsieur Theodore, and after behaving abominably, coming in and going out at all hours, and calling her Bertrand," quite short, as if she were a man, he ran away without paying the poor old soul."

"My dear, I tell you she is old—old!" remonstrated her mother; and in the same breath she informed her that breakfast was ready, Madame Bertrand having condescended so far as to prepare it.

"But you shall have another look before he day is out," said Dora aloud. "I am talking to the room, aunt," she added, smiling at Mrs. Luan's startled face.

"How I should have hated that man!" she thought, her bright eyes flashing. "Some sour old bachelor certainly had these curtains first. What woman would choose such a subject for night or morning contemplation?"

She was dressed by this, and opened the window a little impatiently. Stranger still than within did everything without look to her unaccustomed eye. On the opposite side of the narrow street stood an old church, at the corner of a dark alley. It had long been disused for worship, and was now the storehouse of a large foundry.

"Twopence for nails, and twopence for flowers," triumphantly said Dora, looking at her aunt's total, fourpence!" Mrs. Luan was mute; but, if she had dared, she would have said that the fourpence were ill-spent.

There was something almost appalling to Dora in the thought, and the evening of that first day was not calculated to contradict it. It was a spring evening, hot as summer, yet they remained within, for whether should they have gone? Mrs. Luan, who never felt dull, perhaps because she never felt merry, was busy with her patchwork.

"I suppose I shall have to take some interest in you," she thought; "but you are not animate enough for me. I wish one could make slips of living creatures, and watch them growing. It would be pleasant to see the tips of a pair of brown, furry ears shooting up, then bright eyes, then a round head, then the rest of the creature; but the ears would be the really pretty part of it. I should like to have a kitten so, or a pup; but where is the use of liking anything more? I, who could not see a bird fly but I longed for it, must now learn to be as sober and demure as any nun."

"I must study," she thought—"nothing else will do." So she went and fetched Dante, and did her best to fathom one of the most obscure of his difficult passages. But neither would that answer. Study cannot be taken up as a foil against passing tediousness. She is an austere mistress, and requires undivided worship. Besides, there rose sounds from below which disturbed Dora. Madame Bertrand had friends who spent the evening with her. Their loud talking and louder laughter came up to Dora as a sorrowful comment on the present, and a no less sorrowful remembrance of the past.

"Dear me!" she said, innocently, "I thought I was at one of our parties, and I had fallen asleep whilst Mr. Gray was telling me of a scientific experiment. It is such a relief to find it a dream! Poor Mr. Gray! how he used to prose!"

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CHAPTER IX.

A brave heart will go through more than Dora had to bear. After all, her lot was not so hard. She had the shelter of a roof, daily bread, raiment, all the things that thousands struggle for so wearily, and can so seldom win. She had these, and with them leisure, a few books, the companionship of two beings who loved her, and a happy, sunny temper, to make all good. If she sometimes heaved a little regretful sigh, it was because she was still young, and she did not know the wonderful blessings of peace. Give her a few years more, and let her go forth and be tossed in some lonely boat on the waves of life, and how she will look back to this safe haven, and pine for its sweet shelter! Happy girl! Neither passion which is wasting, nor sorrow which is cruel, nor care which is remorseless, is with you now. So this is still your golden time, and these are still your halcyon days, though Rouen is rather a gloomy city to live in.

But though Dora, more through temperament than from any philosophical appreciation of the blessings which remained to her, was happy and contented; though Madame Bertrand said it did one good to see the demoiselle's bright face, and grow poetic with her neighbors when she once broached that theme; though everything, in short, seemed as it should be, still Dora heaved that little regretful sigh we have spoken of. It came probably because no human life can be free from it. We may be sure that on the day when Napoleon was crowned in Notre Dame he heaved a sigh for Corsican hills, or for having eaten cherries with a pretty girl in an orchard when he was sub-lieutenant—for any

thing, in short, which he had no more. It is the mortal lot to repine. Saints, fret over their sins, and sinners lament their lost follies, and every one has suffered some deprivation or other. Dora's was money, and with money, the loss of comfort, and pleasures, and enjoyments, which that modern lamp of Aladdin summons forth at its bidding from the dark recesses of life, where they sleep so soundly, so far as the needy are concerned. The cruel enchanter Brown had taken her lamp away; the spell was gone, and some trouble was the result. On most days she defied her fate, and forbade it to vex her; and on other days, as we said, she sighed.

Her mother and her aunt, who shared her loss, did not deny its existence, but they were not prepared to sympathize with Dora when she felt dull now and then. The sound of her native language had not yet lost its charm for Mrs. Courtenay, and Mrs. Luan professed herself delighted with the cheapness of Rouen. So Dora, behaved like a true stoic. She endured and did not complain.

Rouen is a picturesque city, and Dora liked the picturesque and found made herself pleasures out of it. The solemn gloom of Notre Dame and Saint Ouen, the glorious painted glass in Saint Vincent and Saint Patrice, the wonderful facade of Saint-Maclou, or the exquisite court of the Palais de Justice, gave her many a delightful hour. But one cannot live on architecture, and Dora often felt restless, and scarcely happy, even though these magnificent memorials of the past were daily within her view. She missed something—something which Athens itself, and the Acropolis, which glimpses of Olympus and Mount Athos could not have supplied. The open space and border of heath, the view of a gleaming or stormy sea, which she had had from her mother's cottage in Ireland, often came back to her with a sort of passion. Oh! that sad memory did not stand between her and that past! For a year back again in the old country, with the bracing sea air, and with it the breath of liberty, far, far away from those grand frowning Gothic heaps of stone.

Rouen has few attractions as a modern city—and they were fewer than they are now—and these Dora quickly exhausted. The theatres she did not visit, her mother did not care for excursions, and the feminine delight of looking in at shop windows she seldom indulged in. She was still young, and not insensible to the charms of elegant and costly attire. So it was rather hard to see velvet and silks which she must now never wear, or jewels that could no longer be hoped for as a good yet to come. The gate of all luxurious enjoyment was closed upon her; and if Dora was not wise enough to scorn such vanities, she was too proud to indulge in weak and useless regret.

To stay very much within was therefore one of the features of her lot, and such tranquillity is utterly obnoxious to youth. She sometimes longed for motion with a feverish restlessness. She did her best to conquer the unquiet mood, and she tried to make herself home pleasures, but this was no easy matter. Madame Bertrand's cat did indeed steal up to her, but she only slept and purred. So Dora made friends with a host of sparrows, whose nests were in the old church. She bribed them with crumbs, and soon so tamed them that they would come and flutter past her open window, and if she sat very still, peck on the ledge whilst she looked on. She also opened a flirtation with the little rosy boy in the opposite house, and she seldom appeared at her window but he was to be seen at his laughing and nodding to her. A silent interest she likewise took in the doings of the lame professor and his pale wife; and altogether she made the best of her lot, but, as we have said, she could not help feeling restless now and then.

That unquiet mood had been very strong upon her on a bright day in summer, when, in the afternoon, Mrs. Courtenay suddenly expressed the wish to partake of some Fromage de Brie. "I should like it, oh! of all things," she exclaimed, raising her voice in her little shrill tone. Dora looked up from her work, and supposed the wish was one her mother could satisfy.

"Oh! no!" was the slightly plaintive reply. "I would not touch one of the cheeses they sell about here; and Madame Bertrand's woman lives miles away, at the other end of Rouen—miles away!" "I shall go and fetch you a cheese, mamma," quickly said Dora, throwing down her work. "My dear, it is ever so far away. Oh! so far—miles!"

"Then it is the very thing for me," gaily said Dora. "I feel just now as if I should like to go to the edge of the world and look over." "My dear!" expostulated her mother. "I should!" wilfully said Dora. "Oh! for one good peep out of this world, and to see the stars spinning!"

The journey to fetch the cheese Mrs. Courtenay longed for, promised no such prospect, and was described by Madame Bertrand as something formidable; but Dora was bent on going, and she went. She had not walked ten steps when, as she passed the house where the lame teacher lived, she heard a groan of distress coming from beneath the archway. The gate, as is usually the case on the Continent, stood wide open, and Dora put her head in and saw a lamentable picture. A little woman, very old, and very poorly dressed, was sitting on the last step of the stone staircase, staring at half-a-dozen of broken eggs and some spilt milk. An earthen bowl and a plate also lay in fragments near her.

"Can I help you?" asked Dora. "Can you pick up milk?" was the sharp retort, "or mend broken eggs?" "Yes," gourd-humoredly replied Dora, "I think I can do both."

coming in from the street. "That was too bad of them." "Go you way," was her angry reply. "Go to you, old fippery, and let me be quiet. Don't touch them," she almost screamed, as in going up the staircase, the stranger seemed likely to tread on the two eggs which Dora had put on the broken plate. "She is bringing me more; but I will have these too."

Even as she spoke Dora appeared underneath the archway, followed by a child with a cup of milk, and four eggs on a plate. "There," she said, gaily, "they did come to you, after all; and they are all yours, the cup, the plate, the milk, and the eggs," she added, taking them from the child's hand to present them to her.

"The cup too?" screamed the old woman. "Yes, yes, the cup too," replied Dora, gravely. "Are you glad?" "Ravished!" was the ardent reply; "enchanted! Oh! the beautiful cup! Why, who are you?" she suddenly exclaimed, glancing from the gifts to the giver, and shading her eyes with her hand to see her better.

Dora stood before her bright and smiling, with the little donations in her hands. She saw that her protegee was dazzled with her blooming, radiant face and it amused her. To charm animals, allure children, and conquer ill-tempered people, was gift; she knew it, and she liked it. "I thought I should prevail over you," was her triumphant, though unspoken boast, as the old woman still stared like one confounded.

"Good bye," she said, aloud; "the child shall carry these up for you," and handing both milk and eggs to the little girl who had brought them, Dora nodded and went her way. "Who is she, oh?" asked the receiver of the milk and eggs. "She lives opposite," replied the child, glibly; "and she sits at her window. Such a beautiful demoiselle!"

Unconscious of her double triumph, Dora went on her way. The distance was great, but it was reached at last. Dora bought the cheese, and with the precious dairy carefully wrapped up, so that no untoward accident should cause it to break, she turned homeward. The cheesemonger lived very far away, and the sun was now near its setting. As Dora went down a steep street, she saw all Rouen beneath her. It was a picture! Many a poor, struggling artist, living in a dull, smoky city, would give a year of his life to have the chance of painting such a one. The gleaming river, now dark purple, now flowing gold, wound through the old town, and passed beneath the bridges; church towers and spires rose above the dark sea of roofs, and appeared in fine clear lines on a sky of pale azure; luxuriant verdure and rounded hills framed the magic picture over which spread a haze both soft and bright. It was beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, and Dora stopped and gazed in deep admiration. But neither that nor the long walk which had tired her could quell the restlessness within her. She had brought it out, and she was taking it back. Her life was a dull life, and Dora had tasted another life than this. She had had a life full of fervor and hope with her lost brother in Ireland; she had had a life of intellectual pursuits and social pleasures in London, and now she was lingering the last bright years of youth away in a French provincial town. In short, Dora felt not merely restless, but dull.

It is sad to say it, but more than one-half of the human species, of womankind, is sorely troubled with that modern complaint of dullness. After all, there was some good in the olden time, when men fought and strove, and women sat at home and spun wool, and both liked it. Yes, there was a philosophy in the spindle and distaff, or in the silk and worsted, no doubt about it. When Matilda and her maidens sat down to their tapestry and worked in tooth-sit the history of the Norman Conquest, they were thus saved many a trouble and many a weary hour. Of course there was sorrow in these days, and there was love too, easy, natural love, which came and went like a gentle epidemic, but we doubt if these medieval women were haunted with the ideal, or if they made their moan because they failed to secure variety. Peace, which we prize so little, was one of their blessings. A calm and tranquil life they had led in the main. Strong walls were raised, and men wore heavy armor, that these ladies might sit in quiet and work on canvas strange warriors on gant horses, or quaint trees, with birds never known out of fable perched on the boughs. We have improved all that, to be sure; but then let us not complain if we are called upon to pay the penalty of the improvement.

Vain admonition! Dora had a warm, genial nature; she loved her mother and she liked her aunt, but she longed for a life in which there should be some other purpose than to make the two ends of a narrow income meet. That longing was strong upon her as she stood and looked at dusk, gathering over the city below her. With a sigh at its uselessness, she roused herself from her reverie, and went down the street at a quiet pace. To reach home sooner she took a short cut through one of the narrow lanes that were to be found within the shadow of Notre Dame. A gay twilight still reigned there. As she passed by one of the low shops, with beetling first-floors over them, Dora saw some books on a stall outside. Had she ever seen them there before? It seemed not to her. The shop was not a mere second-hand bookseller's shop; many wares were sold within it. There were portfolios of drawings in stands inside near the door; in a corner she saw some old portraits, with fixed eyes staring through the gloom. A few plates of old Rouen ware, a worn-out box of carved wood, a shattered Etruscan vase, and a heap of ancient tapestry, appeared in the window above the book stall. At once Dora's thoughts flew back to the days when her brother and she were engaged in the catalogue. She paused and looked at the old bric-a-brac shop with a sad troubled eye. Oh, ye days gone by, how you can haunt us! It was a pain to linger there, and yet Dora could not bear to go. A light burned in the shop; its rays fell on the stall outside. She took up a book to stay and look a little longer. The book itself woke kindred recollections. She remembered how she had once propped her brother Paul with a piece of girlish folly, and how he had answered her with a "Read Epictetus—read Epictetus"—a tantalizing injunction, since he read it in the classic original. Now the book Dora had taken up was an old French translation of Epictetus. Her heart beat as she opened its pages; then, as she glanced over them, and read a few maxims, the calm and divine wisdom of the Phrygian slave won on her by its beauty. (To be continued.)

It takes less time to get over one's own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbor's good fortune. A firm of tanners in Picton, Nova Scotia, have ready for shipment to England upper and fine leathers to the value of \$7,000. The firm will, in a few weeks, ship another consignment of similar value, to the same market. These are experimental shipments, but there is every prospect that the business will pay well, in which case the firm will go into it extensively.

"THERE IS BLOOD ON THE MOON."

[It was believed by the ancients that blood spots appeared on the moon before wars.] There is blood on the moon! Will it pass away soon? Dread portents are afloat...

There is blood on the moon! Will it pass away soon? Dread portents are afloat... Astronomer, what of the red spot on the face of the moon? Will it pass away soon?

IN MEMORY OF MR. MACGAHAN.

TRIBUTE TO THE VALIANT YOUNG AMERICAN JOURNALIST FROM THE RACE HE DESIRED TO BE RESCUED FROM THE TURK.

[Special Cable despatch to the N. Y. Herald.] LONDON, June 24, 1878.

The Daily News has received a telegram from the President to the Town Council of Philippopolis expressing profound regret for the loss of John A. MacGahan...

A REQUIEM MASS.

The President of the Town Council states in addition that a requiem mass in memory of the dead journalist has just been celebrated at Philippopolis...

A NATION'S GRATITUDE.

The President ends his message in the following brief and pathetic manner:—"The Bulgarians will ever retain a feeling of the deepest gratitude toward their illustrious benefactor, who, by his touching narrations, gained for our sorely tried nation the sympathy of the world."

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES' TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAD COLLEAGUE.

To the Editor of the London Daily News.—Sir,—I never suffered a severer shock than when travelling this morning from Wales my eye lighted on the words, "Death of Mr. MacGahan," on your placard, displayed in the Gloucester railway station...

London, June 11, 1878.

A YOUNG CONGRESSMAN'S OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT ON A LADY.

The lull succeeding the adjournment of Congress was suddenly interrupted to-day by the disclosure of a scandal, the details of which are the universal theme of discussion here to-night. The person figuring most conspicuously in the affair is a young Congressman from one of the Southern States...

The story of the outrage, for such the scandal amounts to, as narrated by General Rosser and others who were actors or eye witnesses of the occurrence, is as follows:—On Tuesday night last, between ten and eleven o'clock, General Rosser escorted a lady to a fashionable and well known restaurant on Fifteenth street, above the Treasury Department...

Thus commanded he listened, and they both heard the noise of a woman in the adjoining supper room crying and moaning. Eventually the words, "For shame; oh, do not, I pray you; let me go away; help!" came successively and distinctly through the intervening wall.

"There, General, you ought to go and see what is the matter," said the frightened lady listener on the outside, and prompted by the suggestion the chivalric Rosser went round to the door of the room, and finding it locked, and hearing still the sounds of a struggle, burst it in. To his great indignation, he discovered the Congressman above described, all flushed with wine, offering a lady a most gross insult. The General, who is a man of great stature and strength, seized the offender, who is of barely medium height and of dandy figure, and hurled him against the wall, knocking him almost senseless. The lady, so gallantly rescued, fainted at her delivery. She was soon brought to with the aid of restoratives and taken home in a carriage. She is a most estimable and beautiful person, and is the sister-in-law of a Northern Congressman, whose wife, her sister, is also famous for her beauty. Her adventure is the unfortunate consequence of an innocent acquaintance of a man whose character was concealed from her in the glare and brilliancy of the society in which she encountered him. In the gaiety of the capital the artless wife, away

from her husband, saw no danger in the attentions of a man who was a fellow Congressman and often companion of her brother-in-law. Owing to the eminent respectability of all the parties concerned the affair was hushed up, and would, perhaps, have escaped the present revelation, had not a few words concerning it escaped one of these parties at a breakfast table this morning. From the breakfast table it spread abroad, and was soon whispered about the city and is on every lip to-night.

BOOTH'S CONFESSION.

[From the Washington Star, June 22.]

The statement which comes from Louisville that the package containing the statement of John Wilkes Booth, made previous to his assassination of President Lincoln, was burned at Wormley's restaurant on the night of the assassination, in the presence of Hon. Samuel J. Randall and others, is incorrect. A gentleman who was at the Spotswood Hotel, in Richmond, that night, to-day made the following statement to a reporter of The Star:—Mr. Randall and Colonel John W. Forney, J. T. Ford, E. B. Hart of New York; D. C. Torrey, of this city, and a number of other gentlemen, were at the Spotswood Hotel, in Richmond, that night. About midnight an orderly sent by the commander of the troops at Richmond came to Colonel Forney and announced the assassination. Not knowing the extent to which it had gone, the officer advised Colonel Forney and his party to leave at once for the North. As the government had stopped the running of trains to and from Washington, north and south, the party were obliged to take a special train for City Point. From there they were brought to Washington on a government tug, the only boat to leave at that time. Therefore Mr. Randall could not possibly have been present at the alleged meeting at Wormley's restaurant.

In regard to the sealed package which the despatch says was burned on the night of the assassination, a gentleman well informed on the subject to-day said to a Star reporter:—"Booth certainly wrote a statement previous to the assassination, which is supposed to have explained his reasons for the commission of the deed, and deposited it with one of the proprietors of the National Intelligencer, with instructions to publish it the following day, provided he heard nothing from him to the contrary. It is well known that the document was kept for some time, but the parties holding it becoming alarmed lest they should be implicated in the assassination, destroyed it. Its publication would undoubtedly have explained the whole matter, and relieved several parties who were connected with the plot for abducting President Lincoln and taking him to Richmond to be held as a hostage, but who knew nothing whatever of the plot to assassinate him."

FASHIONS.

Taste is divided into two distinct camps; one comprehends a short jupon, just touching the ground, the polonaise with floating fronts, and fitting closely to the waist by means of a mastic leather belt. The other mode consists of a jupon with drapery and tunic; a high bodied peasant corsage, with fluted platha, of the Virgin fringe, but in any case the leather belt is a necessity—no lady can now do without this novelty—hardly a month old. Those who dislike belts can compromise the matter by selecting two bands of the same stuff as the corsage, crossing, and buttoning them to the waist. This plan is particularly suitable where the platoon is worn, either plaited or coultre. The season, as much as fashion, is tyrannical as to the choice of materials, but all kinds of Zephyr linens—Vichy, Irish, Lyons, &c., are fresh-looking and so in the ascendant. Bands of embroidery are the most elegant trimming for the costumes; the bands are either white, cream, colored, or of united shades. It is worthy of notice that ladies renounce plaits in these toilettes, on account of the ironing. The torkon, or mircourt lace, is much in favor, but the Russian lace, owing to its color and design, is in request from its elegance. Foulard is worn worked up with embroidered China crape, allied with faille and grenadine, embroidered or with satined stripes, is also a favorite, of course in hot weather. In the way of mantelets, the most elegant, light and cheap, is in China crape; the edges are in spanglo mambout fringe. The same pattern is to be met with in cashmere. Black is rather a favorite color just now for bonnets and is to be met with in crin and straw, for the latter, the border is well raised on the left side, lined with black velvet, a gold galoon ornamenting the border, buckles of the same material in front, and feathers intercrossing and falling on each side.

AMERICAN EXPORTS AND THE STRIKERS IN ENGLAND.

Consul General Badeau, at London, has sent to the department of State a Dispatch relating to the disastrous strikers of British operatives and the influence of the competition of American manufactures in the markets of England. In the discussion between the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire and the weavers now on strike there, it is in the comments of the press thereon, it is generally, although unwillingly, conceded that a potential influence has been exerted by American competition in diminishing the English cotton trade at home and abroad. England now sends to this country less than one third the quantity of goods she sent in 1860, while on the other hand, it is stated that 30,000 pieces of cotton goods have been shipped weekly to England for two or three years past from New York and Boston. Some say that these goods have been sold at a loss to realize cash, but this is denied by good authorities, who admit, however, that the profit is but small. The London Times attributes the increase of American manufactures at the cost of British industry to the superior quality and equal, or cheaper, prices of American cotton; besides general domestic advantages in process of manufacture. The Saturday Review declares

that American products are profitably competing with British goods not only in the Eastern markets but in England itself, and attributes the decline of the Eastern trade to the "fraudulent" policy of English manufacturers, who have lost their customers by palming off on them adulterated goods, as well as to the fact that the American cotton manufacturers can produce at a less cost than the British. General Endau advocates the policy on the part of American manufacturers of carefully maintaining the superior standard of their wares, and comparatively unremunerative rates for a time, by which means, adding to our natural advantages, a still greater share in the coveted trade, if not in England, certainly in China and Japan, may be diverted into American channels.—Scientific American.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TAY, SCOTLAND.

The railway bridge across the Tay was formally opened on the 31st of May, and the regular service of trains was commenced the day after. This bridge is a triumph of engineering skill. It is 3,450 yards in length—very nearly two miles. This considerably exceeds the length of any other bridge in the world, the one at Montreal not excepted. It is also the lightest structure of the kind. It contains 85 spans, 11 of which are each 245 feet long, the rest varying down to 28 feet. It has cost about £350,000, or \$1,750,000. In its construction there have been used 3,700 tons of cast iron; 3,500 tons of malleable iron; 87,000 cubic feet of timber; 15,000 casks of cement; and 10,000,000 of bricks. By slight gradients the bridge rises from both ends into the middle. On the south side, the first girder is 70 feet above the water level. The rising gradient is 1 in 363, giving a clear water way of 88 feet in height. This is continued for a considerable distance, and then the northern shore is reached by a descending gradient of 1 in 74. This bridge makes communication with the south and north of the east coast of Scotland to be had in an hour's shorter time than was before possible. To complete the work of securing the traffic of the North by the North British Railway, so far successfully accomplished by this bridge, another gigantic work is projected, viz.: the bridging of the Firth of Forth at Queensferry. If this latter work is carried through as proposed, it will be without exception the greatest engineering effort in the world. Two of its spans will have to be 1,500 feet each, and be on an elevation of 600 feet above the water.

ROMANTIC SUICIDE.

Early on Wednesday morning, Count Aubriet de Pevy, a French nobleman, lately resident in London, committed suicide in the Thames, at Windsor. While the Military Police were patrolling the river-side shortly after midnight, Privates Somerville and Tuck, of the 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, found near Hills Ferry a heap of clothing, neatly arranged, and with a black bordered mourning envelope pinned to the coat. The envelope bore the words, "My last impressions. To be opened. Count Aubriet de Pevy." Mr. Chief Superintendent Hayes, of the Windsor Borough Police, was immediately informed of the occurrence, and instructed the Humane Society to drag the stream, but before this could be done, the body of the unfortunate nobleman, attired only in his shirt, drawers, and socks, was discovered near The Cobler, east of Windsor Bridge. The corpse was removed to the Angler's Rest, Bier-lane. With the clothing were found a sword-stick, some jewellery, and other articles, also an envelope containing photographs of the deceased and his countess, the date of the latter's death being written on the back of the picture. There were also two visiting cards, one surmounted by a coronet, with the words, "Aubriet de Pevy, 4 Abbeville street, W." while the other bore the address, "Madame Aubriet de Pevy, 12a, Cornwall road, Vestbourne Park." In addition, there was a newspaper paragraph headed, "Singular Death of a French Countess in Langham street," giving details of the sudden death of the Countess, and to which was attached a piece of paper with the following: "My clothes and property to be taken to the railway station. Care of the station-master." Upon opening the letter pinned to the coat, two sheets of note-paper were found thus addressed: "Count Aubriet de Pevy's last impressions; at the disposal of any inquest and the press," some extracts from which are appended:—

I have resolved to die. To be free of this world, which is, after all, but a kind of experimental hell, where bad and good are mixed in disorder, may be considered a blessing. Montaigne says:—"What has mankind to complain of? If there is only one way of coming into this world, there are a hundred ways of getting out of it." I think one of the gloomiest ways is the water, and therefore choose it as a preferred death-bed. There is any spot where I can plunge in. I hope, indeed, for a better world. I do not fear death, although it may be disagreeable to our senses. I take it from a higher point of view. I know that as soon as we have separated from the human frame of this world (never to revive again) we are immediately supplied with a new body, but more ethereal. It has our shape and form, is like us, but more beautiful, less or more, according to what we are worth. As to the wicked, they bear the stamp of what they are. This is in reality the resurrection, as it ought to be understood; and we also undergo immediate judgment, and are sent to the different parts of the spiritual world, and left to ourselves. The good enjoy theirs at once. The wicked are kept under subjection and severe laws; but there is always a door open to them if they purify—for God is ever merciful. I leave the world these simple truths, highly respecting the founders of many religions, and one in particular—Jesus of Nazareth. He was a well-informed man, who wanted to free his country from the abuses of priesthood and the oppression and tyranny of kings and Caesars of that day.

CANOVA'S NAPOLEON.

There exists in India a sculptured effigy of Napoleon I. by Canova, viz., the colossal statue, 16 palms high, in Carrara marble, completed and sent to Paris in 1811, and now in possession of the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The statue is nude, and holds in the right hand a globe surmounted by a winged figure of victory. This statue has a brief but curious history. When the Allies entered Paris in 1815, for the second time, Canova, who was in the train of the allied sovereigns, was extremely anxious to know what had become of his masterpiece. Baron Denon, Curator of the Museum of the Louvre, denied all knowledge of the work, nor could the attendants of the ex-Imperial palaces furnish any information. One official, however, had a hazy recollection of the Empress Maria Louisa having expressed herself as extremely shocked at the representation of her august consort in so complete a state of nudity from his traditional boots, buckskins, and gray great-coat. At length the statue turned up, half unpacked, in a lumber room at the Grande Meuble. The triumphs of 1811 had been followed with terrible swiftness by the disasters of Moscow and Leipzig, and the colossal memorial had been wholly forgotten. Of course it had now become the property of the French Government. Louis XVIII., however, would have none of it, and presented the marble to the Prince Regent. Had Canova's Napoleon possessed as much as a kiln, the figure might have been retained by royalty; but, like Hans Brunneman's mermaid, it had "nodings on." So George IV. presented it to the Great Duke, and at the foot of the grand staircase at Apsley House the sumptuous effigy stands to this day.

DUPLEX TELEGRAPHY.

In practical effect, five new cables have been laid across the Atlantic within the last few days, but it has been done so noiselessly that the newspapers have scarcely noticed it. The New York Graphic explains how it has been accomplished. It says:—We described, some days ago, how the process of duplex telegraphing had at last been successfully adopted by the cable companies, and explained how, as soon as this was done, the capacity of each cable was at once nearly doubled. It was not only as if five new cables had been laid down; it was better than this, because the expense of the new lines had been saved, and the companies suddenly found themselves in the position of a railway line which had its track doubled without expense, or of a farmer who found his stock all bearing twins, and his fields producing two crops where one only had been expected. The insensibility of the newspapers to this sudden doubling of cable facilities is all the more surprising in view of the fact that the event furnishes an excellent argument for the immediate reduction of cable tolls—a reduction beneficial alike to the press and the public. Twice the business can now be done over the wires as could have been possible when the messages could be sent only one way at a time. This additional business can be obtained, no doubt, by the lowering of the rates, and it would be well for the journals to join in demanding this. In itself, the successful adoption of the duplex system to deep-sea telegraphing is a significant and valuable scientific triumph. Perhaps, ere long, it will be found that even more than this can be done and the capacity of each cable increased fourfold by the use of Edison's quadruplex.

HYDROPHOBIA AND RABIES.

There is a broad distinction between hydrophobia in the human species and rabies in the lower animals. The term hydrophobia is often applied to both diseases, but rabies in a dog is an entirely different disease. It has been, and still is, a subject of dispute whether rabies can originate spontaneously in the dog or must be communicated by inoculation. The weight of testimony appears to oppose the idea of spontaneous origin, although numerous cases have been cited where contact with a diseased animal appeared to be inoperative. Rabies in a dog is not a contagious disease, but it is thought by many to be especially likely to occur during the dog-days. But statistics show that this is not the case, as the disease occurs at all seasons indifferently. The first symptoms of rabies usually consist in a change in the temper of the dog, which becomes sullen and snappish, and which often bites those around it, even without any provocation. The appetite becomes capricious, food often being refused and all kinds of rubbish swallowed; the dog often utters dismal howls. It is in this stage that the dog wanders from home, apparently under the influence of maniacal excitement, biting all dogs and human beings whom it happens to meet. It is to be noted that the dog does not exhibit any of the dread of water which is such a painful symptom when the disease affects man. The whole course of madness in the dog is run in from four to eight days, the majority of cases proving fatal about the fourth or fifth day. If it be true that hydrophobia never occurs except from the contagion of a rabid animal, it follows that with the extinction of rabies the danger would necessarily disappear. It is believed by Sir Thomas Watson that if all dogs were to be subjected to a quarantine of several months, the disease would die a natural death. The difficulty is, however, that in order to utterly eradicate the disease, we must include in the quarantine all cats, foxes, and wolves, all of which animals have been known to communicate hydrophobia. Hydrophobia resembles diseases of the zymotic class, which, though always mortal or less prevalent, only occasionally prevail with epidemic intensity.

SABBATARIAN RULES LIFE.

It is seldom that a case is more pithily put than we find it in the following "rules of life—for rigid Sabbatarians"—by Amiel Brown the whimsical non de plume of a distinguished writer, who is always ready to help a good cause. We find in the Free Sunday Advocate—

MR. PARNELL AND MR. M'C. DOWNING

—A PERSONAL ENCOUNTER.

Parliament had (says a London correspondent) a narrow escape from a great scandal recently. When the debate on the Scotch votes was on, two Irish members were within an ace of assaulting each other on the floor of the House of Commons. One section had opened the Scotch vote on the logical ground that if good was not done to the Irish fisheries, harm should be done to the Scotch fisheries. Irish "generosity," which one hears of occasionally, was not very conspicuous in this proposal. However, in the course of the discussion, Mr. Downing (a Home Ruler of the purest water), quite disgusted with the opposition to the Scotch vote, turned on Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Connor Power, and told them they were deliberately obstructing the business of the House. The moment he resumed his seat, Mr. Parnell, who sat directly behind him, bent forward and hissed the words "Traitor, informer," into the astonished ears of Mr. Downing. Now, Mr. Downing is by no means of a placid disposition; rather the reverse. What he did then was to turn sharply round and call Mr. Parnell a liar. Again Mr. Parnell hissed the word "Informer" from between his teeth. Mr. Downing raised his clenched fist, and had not his arm been seized by another member, he would have then and there struck Mr. Parnell. He was in a terrible passion, and required to be held down in his seat. "If you," said he to Mr. Parnell, "said that to me outside this House, I'd punch your head!" Of course the House saw the commotion in the Irish ranks, but little knew the violent nature of the business.

NATURALISTS PORTFOLIO.

THE HOUSE-BUILDER MOTH.—This insect is common in many parts of the West Indies, and is in some places so plentiful as to do considerable damage to the fruit trees. As soon as larva is hatched from the egg, it sets to work in building its habitation; and even before it begins to feed, this industrious insect sets to work. The house is made of bits of wood and leaves bound together with silken threads secreted in the interior. When the creature is small, and the house of no great weight, it is carried nearly upright; but when it attains size and consequent weight, it lies flat and is dragged along in that attitude. The entrance of this curious habitation is so made that the sides can be drawn together, and whenever the creature feels alarmed, it pulls its cords and so secures itself from foes. In this domicile the transformations take place, and from its aperture the male insect emerges, when it has assumed its perfect form, and takes its flight.

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.—The difference between a crocodile and an alligator is thus set forth by one who evidently knows whereof he speaks:—"I know the alligator as I know buffalo, and Nile crocodile is no more like South American alligator than a subsidized bargaining missionary is like a sincere Christian. The reptiles before us were from fifteen to eighteen feet long, sandy yellow in colour, not at all black, thicker and shorter in the head than the alligator, and so supple and little as to turn themselves almost double when alarmed, with the ease of any acrobat. The alligator when turning moves the entire body. The Nile crocodile is always a dangerous antagonist. The alligator in Southern swamps, at best, sport for convalescents and boys in Florida. Even in his native element, the alligator will die at the approach of man, whereas I am told by native hunters that in the water the crocodile invariably attacks, deeming itself its mightiest invader."

A DOG SEVEN DAYS IN A FOX-HOLE.

A somewhat remarkable incident, exhibiting the tenacity of life in a dog, has just occurred in the Cuyahoga district. Recently, a valuable fox-terrier, the property of Mr. Riggs, of Turrit, went amissing, and though every means was resorted to in order to recover the animal, no trace of its whereabouts could be ascertained. After several days it occurred to the gamekeeper Mr. Leech, that the dog might have entered a fox-hole in proximity to the mansion-house, and had been unable to get out again. Though this did not appear very probable, Mr. Leech commenced to dig along the hole on the sixth day, but without success. Still believing that the dog might be there, he resumed his labours on the seventh. After removing a great amount of earth, and having called out, he heard distant moans from the dog. Redoubling his exertions, and assisted by the young laird, they speedily unearthed the poor animal, which had thus been confined for seven days without sustenance.

THE PROGRESS OF BOTANY.

A Belgian journal of horticulture has given some curious figures showing the rapid increase in our knowledge of the vegetable kingdom. In the Bible about 100 plants are alluded to; Hippocrates mentioned 234; Theophrastus 500, and Pliny 800. From this time there was little addition to our knowledge until the Renaissance. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Gesner could only enumerate 800, but at its close Bauhin described 6,000. Tournefort in 1694 recognized 10,146 species; but Dinnius, in the next century, working more cautiously, defined only 7,294. In the beginning of this century, 1805, Persoon described 25,000 species, comprising, however, numerous minute fungi. In 1819 De Candolle estimated the known species at 30,000. London in 1839 gave 31,731 species, and in 1846 Professor Lindley enumerated 66,435 dicotyledons and 13,952 monocotyledons in all 80,387; but in 1853 these had increased to 92,920, and in 1863 Bentley estimated the known species at 125,000.

THE CHANGELING TREE TOAD.

This curious batrachian is a native of many parts of America, being found as far north as Canada and as far south as Mexico. It is a common species, but, owing to its faculty of assimilating its colour to the tints of the objects on which it happens to be sitting, it escapes observation, and is often passed unnoticed in spots where it exists in great numbers. This is a strange species, as it possesses the capability of changing its tints to so great an extent that its true colour cannot be described. It is usually found on the trunks of trees and old mossy grown-stones, which it so nearly resembles in colour that it can hardly be detected even when sought. The skin of this creature will, in a short time, pass from white, through every intermediate shade, to dark brown, and it is not an uncommon event to find a cross-shaped mark of dark brown between the shoulders. Old and decaying plum-trees seem to be its favourite resting-places, probably because the insects congregate on such trees.

IT WAS THE DEPARTING COLLEGE GRADUATE WHO HEAVED A PAIL.

—Louisville Courier-Journal. That was when he bethe retreat. Boston Com. Bulletin. And sang with feeling Omega-n. New York Com. Advertiser. It was alpha the best that he left when he did, as—but phi! Some one should have dells blow at these jokes, which are all Greek to us. Boston Transcript. Now, who will kappa climax to this gamma-n?

THE TEST AND CORPORATION ACT—WEIGHING THE CORPULENT.

It is seldom that a case is more pithily put than we find it in the following "rules of life—for rigid Sabbatarians"—by Amiel Brown the whimsical non de plume of a distinguished writer, who is always ready to help a good cause. We find in the Free Sunday Advocate—

dred dollars; and shall, for any such offence committed after the date of his conviction for such first offence, be deemed guilty of an unlawful combination and confederacy, and shall be punished as hereby directed for that offence. 2 V. (2) c. 8, s. 8.

9. An whereas certain societies have been long accustomed to be held in this Province, under the denomination of lodges of free-masons, the meetings whereof have been in great measure directed to charitable purposes—nothing in this Act shall extend to the meetings of any such society or lodge, holden under the said denomination and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the said societies of free-masons; Provided such society or lodge has been constituted, by or under the authority of warrants, in that behalf granted by or derived from any grand master or grand lodge in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 2 V. (2) c. 8, s. 9.

Nothing can be clearer than this. It does not, indeed, mention the Orangemen by name, but it indicates them in every other way. Other secret societies existed here when that act was passed, as well as the Freemasons, yet the one is exempted from the provisions of this law, the others are not. Here, then, is the issue. If we must have an Orange procession; if the troops must protect an illegal society; if these things must happen, then let the Mayor call out the troops and place himself at their head. Better our chief magistrate in such a position than the three gentlemen who would convert the magistracy into a Tooley street combination. If the Orangemen must be protected, then they must be searched in the public thoroughfares. All law must not be suspended this year, and if law must triumph, then the Blake Act must be enforced, and the Orangemen subjected to a strict search. At all events, it is time for the Catholic population to move, and to work with some energy and will, and let the public officially know how they look upon the situation.

DOMINION DAY.

On Monday last eleven years ago the "Dominion of Canada" was proclaimed amidst the plaudits of an united people. Old Canada made place for the New, and the conflicting interests of many governments were consolidated into one. The stripping provinces, with a bound, sprang into manhood when the Confederacy was proclaimed, and the *feux de joie* which then announced the birth of a nation was but the herald of a people's long-continued joy. From four provinces, the "Dominion of Canada" has come to possess, with the exception of Newfoundland, all British North America, from ocean to ocean. To-day, to be a Canadian, is something of which no man need be ashamed, for a national spirit has, to some extent, replaced a local one, and men experience the impulse which national dignity confers upon a people. Since then, Canadians have experienced the laps and mishaps of fortune; they have gone through a crisis unparalleled in the history of the country; they have fought their party fights with a bitterness of warmwood; they have patted parties deadly hostile to each other on the back; they have had political scandal of every hue, and riots which resulted in deeds of violence and death, and yet within there are no men who are not to-day prouder of the land they live in than they were before that land became the "Dominion of Canada." It is the privilege of all freemen to differ, and with vigorous assault to attack principles hostile to their own, but that privilege ceases when it infringes on the law, or acts in opposition to the constitution. Let us dispute and quarrel as much as we will, but let it be within the limit of the law, and who knows but during the next decade of our national existence—one year of which has unhappily been spent in turmoil—something may be done to wipe out the fell spirit of fanatical partisanship. Differences we must have in New Canada, as there were differences in the Old, and difference will exist for ever; but there should be no difference when Canada is in question, and on Monday next we can, for that day at least, put aside the cause of political strife, and remember that it will be Dominion Day.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Canadians may rejoice if the news we publish this morning is true—that Lord Dufferin has consented to remain with us for four years longer. We believe that all over the Dominion the announcement, if confirmed, will be received with satisfaction. Lord Dufferin is a man in a million, and at this time, when fanaticism runs high, when party strife is verging into fierce denunciation, and when the element of social eruption surrounds us, it would be difficult to find a man who could so well guide us through the "spoils and arrows of outrageous fortune" as he. The Canadian who cannot be satisfied with such a man is formed for chronic disaffection. Irishmen above all should be proud of the brilliant statesman to whom Canada looks to as her sheet anchor, and to whom Canadians of every hue render homage, not unmixed with some degree of national affection. It is something for Irishmen to know that men of their race stand prominent on the scroll of statescraft, and that as India had its Mayo, so South Australia had its Gavan Duffy, so has Canada its Dufferin. No matter how much we may differ in detail, yet we can all take pride when we see men of our land carrying their way to the highest eminence of statescraft, and surrounding their names with the sanctity of a loyal and a contented race.

if a meeting can be arranged. The Hamilton Band stipulates that the contest must take place at Toronto, a condition with which the City Band may find it difficult to comply. The late contest has been unfortunately construed into a party affair, and some neutral town would be a safer place for the competition than either Toronto or Montreal. We do not profess to champion the cause of the City Band in this matter on the merits of its performance. Upon that count we shall have nothing to say, but we are convinced that there has been enough of animus shewn against the band to warrant us in believing that the *furor* against it is pure spite. We have heard old musicians declare in favour of the award, while others have declared against it, but we do not believe that there is the shadow of a proof that there has been collusion. We believe the judges acted fairly, and we hope that another contest will prove the justice of the award.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

(It will be understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.)

THE COMING TWELFTH.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.
SIR,—As the Orange Anniversary approaches the uneasiness of the public increases, and the property holders of the city are becoming alarmed. The opinion weighs upon the public mind that the Twelfth of July will either pass off quietly or that there will be blood-shed and desolation, and "woe in Montreal" whether Tom Robinson comes from Kingston or not; that in fact the proceedings of last year will be but as child's play to what will happen this year. Why this should be so seems a mystery; the authorities being cognizant of preparations and events as they transpire. I am sorry to learn that the Hon. Mr. Joly has refused Mr. Taillon's request to legislate on the matter. The Premier seems to be entirely wrapped up in affairs financial, but seems to forget that the lives of Her Majesty's subjects are more precious than gold. And after all, does not the 12th of July involve a heavy expenditure of dollars. Mark how much money the Quebec riots cost the Premier. There is, in my humble opinion only one way to cure the evil and that is a radical one, let the Government prevent the Orangemen marching. If a formidable secret society sprang into existence to-morrow here in Montreal, having for its object the establishment of a Communist Government, how long do you suppose the authorities would refrain from action? Now, the Orange is a secret society, and mischief and disturbance follow in its track wherever it goes. We learn by cable that there have lately been party riots in Belfast, in which several persons were killed, and if the Orange procession takes place the people of Belfast will also learn by cable that the good city of Montreal is not a whit behind its sister. What do the Orangemen require? Is their religion in danger? If so, the thirty or forty Protestant clergymen who have entreated them not to march must be dead to the interests of their church. Their marching commemorates a battle in which the Irish Catholics were defeated, which means that every year for ever and for ever, they are to be reminded of their past misfortunes, and that, too, when they are so willing to forget them. Let the Orangemen be liberal and refrain and all will be quiet; let them march and sad results will follow.
Yours respectfully,
AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT.
Montreal, June 28, 1878.

"THE PEACE OF MONTREAL."

Montreal, June 28.
To the Editor of the Evening Post:
DEAR SIR,—Under the above heading, in your editorial of yesterday, you condemn the action or rather want of action on the part of the Government in not submitting to the House a measure for the suppression of Party Processions and ask "Where is Mr. McShane?" Now, Sir, as there are two sides to every question I would rather ask where are our Irish Societies? What have they done to strengthen Mr. McShane or assist him in carrying such a measure. Have they in the first place consulted any legal opinion as to the competency of the Provincial Legislature to pass a law making that an offence here which is permitted and sanctioned in the other Provinces of the Dominion. If so, have they framed a bill which will cover all the ground in this matter? If they have done all these things and asked Mr. McShane to take charge of this bill, then I can easily understand your attack on Mr. McShane, but if not I fail to see how he can be charged with an attempt at playing "three-card-trick game," or with avoiding the issue with strategic tact. As for the "ugly rumors which have been circulated about the course Mr. McShane intends to pursue," I can only say: let the work be properly inaugurated, let the St. Patrick's Society or the St. Patrick's National Association, draft a bill to meet the exigencies of the occasion and I am sure that Mr. McShane will spare no effort to carry it through. I regret exceedingly being obliged to take up Mr. McShane's defence in this matter, but as I would consider myself guilty of physical cowardice were I to stand quietly by and see a friend, ill-treated, so should I consider myself in the present case guilty of even greater moral cowardice were I to allow his patriotism to be impugned or his character assailed without entering my humble protest.
Yours truly,
HOPKINS.

[If this is intended as a defence for Mr. McShane, then it does him an injustice. There is no necessity to wait for any society. Mr. McShane knows what the people—the people who placed him where he is—he knows what they want, and we repeat "Where is he?"
To the Editor of the Evening Post.
MONTREAL, June 27, 1878.
DEAR SIR,—One would think there was not excitement and trouble enough existing already over the approaching Orange holiday in honor of St. William, without the newspapers piling on the agony. I suppose the more exciting the news, never-minding its truth, the greater demand for the paper. I think the few extra dollars gained in this way, it is not for the Toronto Telegram, there would have been no such thing as

a riot in Toronto over the advent of O'Donovan Rossa, and the N. Y. Herald was lately nearly successful in bringing about a riot. We all understand the allusion of the Irish landlord, "don't nail his ear to the pump," and in like manner we understand the sensational sheets of the day, when now and then, "Oh, please don't turn out on the 12th of July, it will be wrong; don't wear your regalia, and refrain from playing party tunes." When all the while the poor Orangemen are minding their business, and the Buffalo Irishmen doing the same. I don't want to teach you your trade Mr. Editor, and I don't know how, but if the newspapers would deal with facts as they occur and not strive to manufacture them it would be better for the public peace.
Yours, etc.
PEACE.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

DEAR SIR,—Judging from last night's issue of the Montreal Daily Witness, one would fancy that the President of the Irish Catholic Union was interviewed *apropos* of our Irish Catholic friends of Buffalo, and that he gave it as his opinion that it was all a *canard*. Now, the President of the Union refused, three times, any interview with newspaper reporters, so that what appeared in last evening's Witness can be taken for what it is worth. There exists, Mr. Editor, in the Union, a committee on "Foreign Relations," and whatever this committee may have done towards inviting our friends from Buffalo, I know not; but much I may be permitted to say, that whether the Irish Catholics of Buffalo come on the 11th of July, or any other day, to Montreal, they will be received with as much welcome, and their stay in the city will be made equally as pleasant as that of the Barlow Grays.
I remain, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient serv't,
JOHN E. McEVENUE.
June 29th, 1878.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

SIR,—With your kind permission I would make a few suggestions in relation to the petition of the Orangemen of Montreal for protection. In the first place, why should that body arrogate to itself the word "Loyal" in its petitions, manifests and pronouncements, on all possible occasions, thus casting indirect reflections on other classes of Her Majesty's subjects and especially upon Protestants? In the second place what "riotous mob" has "openly threatened them with violence" for I do not remember any mob assembling lately in this city, except that which fell sympathizing around the Hamilton Orange band on Tuesday night last might be deserving of the appellation. In the third place, if the Orange association is so overpoweringly loyal why should it be so very secret and why should a secret society obtain military protection? for, in my humble opinion, the Socialists, the Intrinsicates and the Communists might with equal justice lay claim to the same privilege, the more especially as their movements, like those of the Orange body, are preceded by angry signs and followed by bloodshed and wailing? The foregoing, Mr. Editor, are the remarks, and now for the suggestions, which shall be equally brief. I would respectfully suggest the petition signed by John Hamilton be amended so as to add the following to the original:—
We, the extreme Loyalists, in fact the only loyal people in the British Empire, or if you like on the surface of this rebellious hemisphere, want police and military protection in Montreal only, for in other places we can protect ourselves, and prevent others from doing likewise in our civil and religious rights, as the appended abstract of historical facts will show. Your petitioners on St. Patrick's Day 1867, in the good town of Peterboro, turned out in a body, seized a cannon despite the Mayor and other corporate powers, and turned it on the Irish Catholics, procession in defence of Civil and Religious Liberty; and on the same glorious day stabbed a young girl wearing a green shawl.
Your petitioners also notably proved themselves excruciatingly loyal when they insulted their future King at Kingston and Belleville in 1860.
Your petitioners, when breaking up a social dinner party, on a certain St. Patrick's Day in Toronto, and chasing one of the diners—a certain Thomas D'Arcy McGee—over the roof of houses for his life, forcibly illustrated their love of the British Constitution, at the same time killing one Sheedy.
Your petitioners, loyalty was trembling in every limb with religious and political fervor when they battered the head of a Catholic procession in Toronto, in August, 1875.
Your petitioners, animated by the glorious memory of open and closed bibles and free speech, and all those other incentives which urge them on to deeds of heroism, displayed in the strongest manner their unalterable attachment to law and order when they burned down the Parliament buildings here in Montreal in 1849.
Your petitioners, having an idea that Catholics, and ordinary Protestants, possess no rights which Orangemen are bound to respect, would like to have an army to protect them while they abuse the Papists in Montreal.
Your petitioners, such is their attachment to the Church and the Bible, religiously abstain from Church throughout the year, except on the immortal Twelfth, and then play sacred music on the way, such as "Croppies lie down," "We'll kick the Pope before us," and the "Protestant Boys," and if the Papists don't like them and choose to be insulted, why, it merely proves their ignorance of the fine arts, and especially music. And your petitioners shall never pray (except on the 12th, when they swear).
Yours truly,
JOHN AMILTON.
Montreal, June 29, 1878.

VILLA MARIA CONVENT.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
The annual distribution of prizes of the above well known institution, took place on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. The proceedings were opened with vocal and instrumental music, and was performed in a manner which reflects much credit on the Sisters of this Convent. The prizes were presented by the Rev. Mr. Rousselot, Curé of Notre Dame de Grace, assisted by Rev. Mr. Marchal, Rev. Mr. Hayden, Granville, Rev. Mr. Levesque, Rev. Mr. Beauchamp.
The Medals of Merit and Diplomas, Cross of Honor and Crown of Excellence, were awarded to the following young ladies:—Miss J. Bond, of Montreal; Miss Bruneau, Miss Dunn, Miss Archambault; Miss Royal, from Manitoba; Miss Alice Myers, Miss Annie Myers, Miss Eugénie Decarie, Miss Marie Louise Leblanc, daughter of the late Sheriff Leblanc, of this city. The first-mentioned young lady received, in addition to the above honors, a special gold medal as a sequel of the honors she received last year.
Ald. HOLLAND said there was danger ahead. He wanted to know if Orangemen were to be assailed by ruffians simply because they were Orangemen?
Ald. KENNEDY said it seemed to him as if they were to have a 12th of July in the Council before six o'clock. He felt sure if the Orangemen went to Church as citizens no one would attempt to molest them. However, it had been before shown, there were two ways of going to church, one with a prayer book, the other with a revolver and 60 or 70 rounds of ammunition.
Ald. THURMALL said the Orangemen had voted for Mr. McShane. There was hypocrisy in the Council. The Party Processions Act had been sent to Parliament, but the Premier declared that it must take its place on the orders. The Orangemen were entitled to their rights as citizens, not as an illegal body. They were not recognized in England and should not be here. He thought the Orangemen would not walk in a provoking manner with ribbons and banners, and trusted some agreement would be made to protect the City within the meaning of the law.
Ald. STEPHENS said there had been a good deal of riot in the city during the past year, which had the effect of injuring the trade of the city. He did not want to discuss the merits of the Orange or Green, Blue or Red, but he assured the Mayor that if he did not act as in duty bound, others would undertake that task and the peace of the city would be preserved, and assurance would be given that citizens would not be shot down in the streets.
Ald. KENNEDY said the matter could be put in a nutshell. Ald. STEPHENS had said some very hard things but he was not to blame. For his part he knew that respectable Catholics and Protestants would unite in clearing both parties of the streets on that day.
Ald. ROSSIGNY suggested that the troops might be called out to prevent the Orangemen from walking as a body.
Ald. THURMALL asked why parties were not prevented from walking through the streets to insult their neighbors. The conduct of the Orangemen had been the cause of creating a depression in trade which was proving disastrous to the city. He said that members of this Council had telegraphed to the Cabinet of Quebec, asking them not to pass the Party Procession Act.
Ald. STEPHENS asked for names.
Ald. THURMALL replied that the members who were guilty knew from their own consciences that they had acted unjustly and with hypocrisy.
Ald. DONOVAN said it was evident that the authority of the Mayor was to be superseded, as it had been last year. In fact, they had been just plainly informed that such was the intention of certain parties. There were some queer magistrates in Montreal. He hoped the Legislature of Quebec would prevent, by legislation, a mere handful of Orangemen from insulting about seven-tenths of the population.
We were threatened with an invasion of Orangemen, and there was nothing to prevent an invasion of the other party. If the Orangemen insisted on walking our streets would be nothing but butchers' shambles, for the Catholics, French Canadian as well as Irish, were determined they should not be allowed to march through our streets playing their ritual tunes. The Mayor would be justified in issuing a proclamation making it illegal for any body of men to congregate in the streets on that day, and 10,000 special constables might be sworn in for that purpose. The Catholics would not allow themselves to be annoyed, and there could be no peace unless the Orange procession was repressed. "The Orangemen had no right to insult the Catholics, with bands of music and party emblems, and would not be allowed to do so long as it could be helped. The material interests of the city were suffering, and there could be neither peace nor prosperity until the illegal body was suppressed.
Ald. CHESBROUGH said the peace of the city should and must be maintained at all hazards, no matter who the sufferers may be. He said the Orangemen had a legal right to walk until prevented by Act of Parliament, and that by law three Magistrates had the same power as the Mayor in calling out the troops in case of emergency. Citizens were determined to have the peace kept at all hazards, and to see that no man is oppressed.
The Mayor thought that Ald. STEPHENS, who took such an interest in the present matter, and made such a "fiery speech," did not show such interest in the welfare of the city, when he, as a member of the Lord Committee, signed a warrant for \$6,000 in the chain-stone account, in excess of the actual delivery to the Corporation.
Ald. STEPHENS denied this, and referring to the 12th business, said he hoped the outside public would do what he deemed best.
Ald. MULLIN said that the procession was an insult to Catholics, and could not be considered in any other light. He felt that such a demonstration was great an insult to Catholics as could be offered by a foreigner pulling down the National flag.
During the debate on the Orange question there were good many persons in the galleries who seemed deeply interested in the proceedings. The speeches of Aldermen Stephens and Chesbrough were especially remarkable for their bitter tone, and Alderman Mercer was scarcely less excited; while the French Canadians, as well as Aldermen Mullin, Donovan and Kennedy, were calm and respectful in their expressions, and said nothing to offend even the most ultra-Orangeman.
The Council then adjourned.

FATHER BURKE.

His Sermon at Kilreece.
"THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE MOTHER OF GOD."
The beautiful little parish church of Kilreece, in the diocese of Clonfert, has the distinction of being the first in Ireland placed under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes. It was dedicated on Sunday, June 24th. The good Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan (who has given more than one wonder before now of his remembrance of the wonders wrought under his own eyes in the famous Frenol grotto), pontificated on the occasion, and the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. T. M. Burke. Kilreece is set on the crest of a bare hill, rather more than midway between Ballinasloe and Loughrea. A few miles off lies the bleak line of positions on which was fought out the last pitched battle of the Williamite wars, the famous field of Aughrim, now marked only by the ruins of a few redoubts. The only monument that marks the spot where the cannon-ball carried off the head of General St. Ruth and thus decided the fate of that day, (and very probably the political future of Europe), is the name of the unfortunate Frenchman cut on a white-thorn tree.
High Mass being over, the Very Rev. T. M. Burke, O.P., preached the dedicatory sermon, which he devoted chiefly to a glowing exposition of the attributes of the Immaculate Mother of God, of the prerogatives that preceded her birth from the beginning of time, and her apparitions upon earth, as her Assumption, into Heaven, taking for his text the words from the Apocalypse: "Behold a great sign appeared in the heavens; a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under

her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The first apparition of the Blessed Virgin took place in heaven ages before Mary sprang into existence upon earth. God conceived her in His eternal councils as she appeared in the sight of angels on the first day of their creation; and the rebellion that cast Lucifer out of heaven was the result of adoring the Man-God in what he considered a nature inferior to his own. Mary was thus made the sign of the eternal victory of God over the principle of evil. Her second apparition in the design and mind of God was when the curse of original sin and death fell on our first parents, and when the vengeance the Almighty denounced against Satan was that a woman's heel should yet bruise his head—that she should break his dominion upon earth as she had baffled his ambition in heaven. Having spoken of how frequently the Old Testament, in the persons of Judith, Deborah, and the Mother of the Maccabees, prefigured a greater woman yet to come, the preacher touched on the infinite mysteries of the Blessed Virgin's stainless conception and of her glorious motherhood, and passed then to a consideration of her apparitions upon earth since the day when, after her pure death, the angels bore her incorruptible body aloft from sphere to sphere, while the morning stars sang around them, and all the sons of God rejoiced as her Divine Son crowned her queen of all things that God had made. As the Almighty had permitted her to appear in promise and to be prefigured by the great Jewish women, so also since Mary's assumption she had sometimes appeared upon earth—always in the same character, always fulfilling some glorious design of God, always the type, the promise, and the guarantee of God's victory over His enemies. Thus did she appear on that glorious day, thirteen hundred years ago, at Ephesus, when the whole people of God with one voice proclaimed her *Mater Dei parva*—God-producing mother—and so put an end to the pestiferous heresy of the Arians. So, centuries later, when Dominic was praying at the midnight hour, bewailing the miseries of the time—when in that most Catholic land of Provence the churches were in flames, the Bishops and priests were driven into exile, and confusion and bloodshed covered the land—in that midnight hour of his anguish appeared the figure of Mary, with her Divine child in her arms and the Rosary beads in her hand, bidding him go forth and preach the Gospel under this new form of prayer, and that he should heed the age. And Dominic went forth in the power of Mary, Queen of the Rosary, and he changed the face of the earth as if a new pentecost of faith and love had passed across the world.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

[From a Correspondent.]
St. John's Hall, Bond street, was crowded by the elite of the city, to witness the interesting proceedings which take place at the end of the scholastic year. De La Salle Academy has become highly popular as a first-class commercial and literary institution both in Canada and the United States, as more than half the number of boarders—the whole being 125—hailed from the "other side." The choruses and solos were given in excellent styles, and the debate on "Whether Greece or Rome produced the greatest man," was the feature of the evening. John O'Donohue, barrister-at-law, and Mr. Alderman Hughes paid a high and well-deserved tribute of praise to the good Brothers, who are laboring so zealously and successfully without any remuneration except food and raiment in the cause of education, which is perhaps more important now than at any other period of the world's history. In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, who presided at a similar entertainment at the College of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, the prizes—rich and well-selected—were given away by Fathers Bergin, Cathedral; Vincent, St. Michael's College and others, and the gold medal by Mrs. Hughes.
A VISIT TO THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.
On Friday, the 21st June, the Minister of Justice, Honorable R. Lafontaine and his Deputy, Mr. F. L. Lash, visited the Penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul.
The writer had a good opportunity to inspect the prison-grounds and observe the general outline and management of the Institution.
St. Vincent de Paul is governed on the congregated system, in contrast to the solitary, which is yet the system in some prisons in England and the United States. Many points may be argued for and against either of these, yet we judge by the appearances on our late visit, we may safely say that our system in Canada is advantageous to both Government and individual.
We first visited the main buildings or cell-houses containing in all 237 cells. These cells are small, 8x3, hardly sufficiently large for the confinement of men, and considering the small amount of air which has access to these rooms, we could not but wonder when told that the sanitary condition of the prison is excellent. There are at present 287 prisoners confined in the Institution, and as will be seen by the number of cells, not sufficient to accommodate all, hence other apartments, such as School rooms and Hospital have been temporarily changed into Dormitories. Seeing the necessity of more room, the Government is now erecting a new cell-house, 140 feet long, 45 feet wide and 30 feet high, which will contain 120 cells, and furnished with all modern improvements, good ventilation and airy rooms. This building is erected by convict labor, and promises to be a fine structure and a credit to the Institution. We have also inspected the different shops, in which almost all necessary articles in use in the prison are manufactured.
Dr. J. A. Dechesneau, the present Warden, who has been in office since December, 1875, deserves credit for the able management during his administration. The discipline of the prison is good, the convicts labor cheerfully and their faces express general satisfaction.
It is not to be expected that in a penal institution where all kinds of dispositions and characters are congregated, we find none of whom will complain of severity or even injustice, but he who thinks that such places can be governed by smiles and entreaties only, will find his mistake if he studies the physiognomies of some we encountered in our rounds.
Rev. Father Joseph Leduc, who is chaplain for the Catholic inmates for a long number of years, devotes his entire time and efforts to the benefit of those under his charge, and we are glad to say that many have left his fold better men, and remember with feelings of gratitude the instruction received while in prison.
Rev. J. Allen, who has also for a long period the chaplaincy of the Protestant prisoners, is laboring zealously in his field and advancing the teachings of the Gospel amongst his congregation.

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CITY COUNCIL.

STORMY MEETING—THE ORANGE QUESTION.

Ald. MERCEUR said that before the regular business came up he would ask the Mayor what steps he had taken to insure the peace of the city on the 12th of July.
His Worship then read the following reply:—
It seems to me that I cannot, with any justice, be expected to enter into negotiations or make any promises which could be implied as recognizing in any way such a body as the Orangemen, but I may say that I will keep a vigilant eye over any parties who may attempt to disturb the public peace on the 12th of July, and will rely on all peaceable and orderly citizens, irrespective of creed or nationality, to assist the authorities in maintaining the peace of the city.
In reply to a question from Ald. JEANOTTE, His Worship said the Party Processions bill was before the Legislature, but it was doubtful if it would be passed before the 12th.
Ald. MARSHALL said he would speak as quietly as he would wish on the subject. From what he could learn, and he had made considerable enquiry, there would be a large influx of visitors here on the 12th of July, and there was trouble to be anticipated. He thought preparation should be made in advance, in order to prevent a repetition of the deplorable events of the last 12th of July.
Ald. HOLLAND said the matter was a most serious one. The city was threatened with riotousness from all parts, and some plan should be adopted for the protection of the city and its inhabitants. National and religious prejudice should be set aside. The explanation of the Mayor was to his mind unsatisfactory.
Ald. LABRETT raised a point of order, as there was nothing before the chair.
Ald. DONOVAN—Your Worship, what I wish to draw your eye to is your own conduct, that's your game.

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Passing over many other apparitions—fresh within the memory of us all, but a few years ago, still remembered by the young, witnessed by their own Bishop of Clonfert, examined by thousands of priests and hundreds of bishops, witnessed by the sneering and sceptical who came there to scoff and criticize, but not to pray—but twenty years ago, a little peasant child, tending her sheep—a little child with no other knowledge save to rehearse her pure and sinless little heart with the baptismal vows of innocence upon it—bathed the vision of a woman—a woman apparently clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and the stars of glory around her head—a woman with upturned eyes and hands, as one who was accustomed to look upon God. The child was terrified at the vision, and shrieked away, until this woman spoke her in the sweetest accents, and told her not to be afraid, and said, "Go, say this place is mine." Men came, and the child pointed out distinctly the place of the vision, but the child's words would have gone but a very little way, indeed, even to impress those who heard her, much less the world without, but a strange fountain of water broke forth from that arid rock, and the blind came and took of the water and put it to their sightless eyes, and their eyes opened and they saw. They brought the lame, and the paralysed, and the sick, and the dying, and the drooping head, and the languishing heart from which all hope of health and life were gone—they brought them with words of despair upon their lips, they laid them down there, they took the water from out of the rock where Mary had stood with her virgin feet—they threw that water, and the hearts that were languishing unto death suddenly revived again, the paralysed limbs sprang up as if the Lord Himself had spoken to them as of old, and said, "Take up thy bed and walk"—the hearts that were despairing and drooping once more opened to hope and to joy, and those who were brought there helpless were the first to enter the neighboring church, and there before Mary's altar, before the image that was erected as nearly as could be on the spot of the child's vision, to intone a *Te Deum*, and go back rejoicing in the fullness of health. But greater miracles than those were wrought. Men had come to that grotto of Lourdes with the darkness and blindness of infidelity upon their minds—men had come there not believing in God and scoffing at Mary—men had come there upon whose seared hearts and desolate souls no ray of hope, or faith, or love, seemed ever destined to shine again—men had come there with hearts hard as the nether millstone, only to assure themselves by the sight of the credulity and superstition of their fellow-men; but after a time their reluctant knees began to bend, their hearts began to beat faster, and yet more softly; tears from eyes that had never shed tears before came forth, and the men who believed not God were the first to intone the *Credo* and give glory to God and to Mary. In this 19th century, that boasted it would not believe anything unless it saw God, in His infinite mercy, condescending even to the very repulsive spirit of the age, made His power visible, tangible, demonstrable through the influence of Mary in her *cave of miracles* at Lourdes. What wonder that when their Bishop came home, smitten with that inexplicable feeling that must come upon any man when he finds himself brought face to face with the ordinary laws of nature, what wonder that in the warmth of his zeal he proclaimed the glory of this great woman, whom the angels acclaimed at the dawn of creation—whom the Church of God would acclaim to the last day of her millitary? What wonder that he placed this diocese under the shadow of her name, and protection, and that while wonder was added to wonder in the grotto of Lourdes, and all the world was lost in amazement, for this diocese was reserved the great glory to send forth, in the name of Ireland, a national banner which hung in that most blessed place, and told every stranger from the ends of the earth that Ireland was forgiven amongst the nations to do honor to Jesus Christ, and to Mary. Their grace given to them was being increased by an additional grace to-day. They need not now cross the sea to meet their mother in the fulness of her power, for here, in this beautiful parish church, under the invocation of Mary, her shadow would fall upon them, her protection, abide with them; and here, in this holy place, consecrated to God, there would dwell the same fountain of grace, and all who came there, miraculously power, ready to flow for their intercession.

ART, MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

M. Villameant has put forth the sixth volume of his "Memoires d'un Journaliste," containing an account of travel and imprisonment during his checkered career.

Sir James Stephen, Q.C., is at work upon a second edition of his "General View of the Criminal Law of England," which will be published in the course of the year.

M. C. Hippian, who has already written instructive books on public education in the United States and other countries, has now issued "L'Instruction Publique en Russie."

The latest about William Tell is a labored historical book by K. L. Muller to prove the reality of the entire tradition of Tell and the liberation of the three forest cantons of Switzerland.

Karl Blind contributes an essay to the June number of The University Magazine on "Vjera Sausgitch and Constitutional Aspirations in Russia," containing many details of the trial hitherto unknown abroad.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., is about to print in Mayfair a new chapter of his work on "New Ireland," called out by the murder of Lord Leitrim and the reopening of the question of landlord and tenant in Ireland.

A London firm are to issue Shakespeare's "King John," together with "The Troublesome Reign of King John, as acted by the Queen's Players c. 1589," edited with notes and introductions by Rev. F. G. Flay.

Lord Macaulay said that in his experience of men proficient in oriental tongues, he had never found one who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature in India and Arabia.

The volume of "West-point Tic-Tac" which Homer, Lee & Co., have in press will contain the largest poem yet produced by Bret Harte. It relates the love-life of "Cadet Grey," and is enlivened by three stirring bugle-songs.

It is not a little funny that Wheaton's great treatise, "The Elements of International Law," has just appeared in Chinese and has been again reprinted in London, while there is not a copy of this American book to be bought in America.

The death is announced of Dr. Heinrich Leo, Professor at the University of Halle, Germany. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years, and for more than half a century had been professor of history at the Royal University of Halle.

A work entitled "The Dramatic List," by Mr. C. E. Pascoe, is being prepared for publication in London. It will give biographical sketches of prominent living actors and actresses, with critical comments on their talent, extracted from the current press.

"The Suppliant of the Holy Ghost" is the title of a very novel devotional work published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. It is a paraphrase of the Vini Sancte Spiritus, printed from a manuscript of the seventeenth century. It contains many beautiful prayerful reflections.

A Goethe society has been founded at Vienna, after the pattern of the English Shakespeare societies. Its object is to found a Goethe library, and to issue editions of Goethe's chief works at a price sufficiently low to place them within the reach of all classes.

GREAT BRITAIN.

[From our Exchanges.]

A MILITIAMAN DROWNED.—A few days ago, as a private in the Royal Surrey Militia named Callingham was being marched to the barracks as a prisoner by an escort, he suddenly broke away from the guard, and, making for the river Weir, at Guildford-bridge, he jumped into the stream, and before assistance could be obtained he sank and was drowned.

BOAT ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF SIX LIVES.—At Fleetwood, Lancashire, on Monday, a distressing accident occurred to a party of pleasure-seekers. A number of ferry-men and boatmen, with their friends, were going to the Lancaster sports in a boat, when it was capsized in a sudden squall, and six persons were drowned. Another man saved himself by swimming two miles to land.

LORD DERRY ON HOSPITALS.—A bazaar in aid of the Stanley Hospital has been opened in Liverpool by Lord Derby, who spoke of the necessity of such institutions for the working classes, with many of whom, as things stood, it was hardly possible to put by sufficient to meet the enormous expense caused by serious illness, especially when it was the head of the family who was ill, and to whom it was a mere mockery to talk of making any considerable provision for the future.

SIR JOHN LEBACK, speaking recently at Maidstone, said the time in which we lived was not one of entire satisfaction. There was an enormous expenditure on military objects, not only in England, but all over the world, and there was a constant danger of war, for they never seemed to have a time of peace, but only a series of truces. The gradual alienation of one nation from another was very discreditably, too, to the common sense of Europe, and when a fresh political question arose it seemed to be synonymous with war. He hoped that the Congress would be the beginning of better things, and he was sure they would be deeply indebted to the eminent statesmen who would represent this country if they led to the introduction of another state of things and to a reduction of armaments.

A HEALTHFUL PRACTICE.—Loosen the clothing, and, standing erect, throw the shoulders well back, the hands behind, and the breast forward. In this position draw slowly as deep an inspiration as possible, and retain it for an increased effort for a few seconds, then breathe it gradually forth. After a few natural breaths, repeat the long inspiration. Let this be done for ten or fifteen minutes every day, and in six weeks, time a very perceptible increase in the diameter of the chest and its prominence will be evident.

HUNGER OR COLD FEEL ON EXCESSIVE WEARINESS, may prevent sound sleep. Persons who do not sleep well should eat moderately of plain, nourishing food, not tempt the appetite; this aggravates the disease by making too much blood; on the other hand if too little is eaten, the nerve tissues are starved, and make too little hydro-carbon; neither leave off study altogether, nor exercise too much.

GERMAN SOCIALISTS IN LONDON.—On Wednesday a meeting composed of German Socialists was held at the Blue Posts, Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, Mr. Schneider presiding. The chairman protested against the feeling which prevailed in London against the Socialists, on account of an impression which existed that they were in some way connected with the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Germany. Now, however much that body thought the deposition of the Emperor desirable, and the abolition of the present form of government in Germany likely to be for the good of the country, they had never believed it possible to hasten the ends they had in view by the assassin's bullet or knife. Mr. Solhausen moved a resolution in which the meeting repudiated any sympathy with the two persons who attempted the life of the Emperor of Germany. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Schumering, and carried unanimously.

ALARMING BALLOON ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening, a balloon, named the Alexandra, made an ascent from the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, in charge of Captain Morton, who was accompanied by a young Manchester solicitor. The ascent and passage over the city were successful, and it travelled in a northerly direction towards Huddersfield. On reaching Marsden Captain Morton lowered his course, to avoid a cloud charged with rain, when a series of sudden squalls struck the balloon, and turned both it and the car completely over. The two men grasped the ropes, and managed to hold on for some time hoping the apparatus would right itself. At length Captain Morton climbed to the valve, and managed to open it. This brought the Alexandra rapidly down towards the earth; but the grappling-irons proved of no use as there was nothing for them to catch by. When about 40 feet from the ground Captain Morton found he could hold on no longer. He dropped to the ground, falling on his back and breaking his left shoulder. His companion was still grasping the ropes; but on being told to let go for his life he also fell and was greatly stunned. The balloon continued its course for some distance further, and landed at Sherburn, in Yorkshire.

A volume entitled "Characteristics of Leigh Hunt" has been brought out in London by an anonymous author, who in early youth was a correspondent of the essayist. Its object is to present to readers unfamiliar with Leigh Hunt some examples of his writing which best reveal his distinctive traits.

The Ritualists are not deterred by the judgments recently obtained against them. Of late the Catholic practice of making spiritual retreats has found much favor amongst them, and no less than twenty-five of these were in full activity lately. They were attended by hundreds of benefited clergymen. An exchange says:—"The religious event of the day, the one which gives rise to the greatest controversial speculation, is the fact of the attendance of Dean Stanley at the mid-day service at St. Albans, Holborn, on Sunday, and his having witnessed, without wincing, the celebration of low Mass with Ritualistic observance. The Dean appeared, moreover, to watch the proceedings with the greatest interest, staying till the elevation was over. Contrary to all Protestant custom, the service had been preceded by a sermon from the Rev. H. Stanton, imploring the prayers of the faithful for the repose of a departed soul. All this—in defiance of the law which has just attacked Muchonchie, and his silent, obstinate defiance, which shrinks, not from prosecution, but, on the contrary, seeks the opportunity of explanation to which that prosecution would compel—is driving the law to despair. It is found to be powerless in no many cases that it is growing timid in attack, and is compelled to suffer trespass rather than risk the defeat."

IRISH WIT AND ANECDOTE.

If the walls of the Dublin "Four Courts" could speak, how many a pleasant story and witty repartee and sparkling bon mot they could tell! Let me recall and string together some of these pearls of anecdote and wit, some of which, though perhaps not altogether new to lovers of anecdote, may well bear repetition.

The first Viscount Guillemore when Chief Baron O'Grady, was remarkable for his dry humour and biting wit. The latter was so fine that its sarcasm was often unperceived by the object against whom the shaft was directed.

A legal friend, extremely studious, but in conversation notoriously dull, was once showing off to him his newly-built house. The book-worm prided himself especially on a sanctum he had contrived for his own use, so secluded from the rest of the building that he could pore over his books in private quite secure from disturbance.

"Capital!" exclaimed the Chief Baron. "You surely could, my dear fellow, read and study here from morning till night, and no human being be one bit the wiser."

In those days before competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honourable — He was telling Lord Guillemore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court.

"I say to the fellows that are bothering about foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath; for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"No great wonder in that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it."

The father of the Lord Chancellor—afterwards Lord Plunket—was a very simple-minded man. Kindly and unsuspecting, he was often imposed upon, and the Chancellor used to tell endless stories illustrative of his parent's guileless nature.

One morning Mr. Plunket, taking an early walk, was overtaken by two respectable-looking men, carpenters apparently by trade, each carrying the implements of his work.

"Good morning, my friends," said the old gentleman; "you are early afoot. Going on a job, eh?"

"Good morrow kindly, sir. Yes, we are, and a queer job, too—the queerest and the most out-of-the-way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you've lived long in the world, and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your honour, so I may as well tell at once. We're going to cut the legs off a dead man."

"What?" cried his hearer, aghast. "You don't mean?"

"Yes, indeed; 'tis true for me; and here's how it came about. Poor Mary Neil's husband—a carpenter like ourselves, and an old comrade—has been sick all the winter, and departed life last Tuesday. What with the grief and the being left on the wide world with her five orphans, and no one to earn bit or sup for them, the craythur is fairly out of her mind—stupid from the crying and the fret; for what does she do, poor woman, but send the wrong measure for the coffin, and when it comes home it was ever so much too short! Barney Neil was a tall man—nigh six feet we reckon—him. He couldn't be got into it, do what they would, and the poor craythur hadn't what would buy another. Where would she get it, after the long sickness herself had with five children to feed and clothe? So, your honour, all that's in it is to cut the legs off him. Me and my comrade here is going to do it for the desolate woman. We'll just take 'em off at the knee-joints and lay them alongside him in the coffin. I think, sir, now I've told you our job, you'll say 'tis the queerest ever you heard of!"

"Oh!" cried the old gentleman, "such a thing must not be done. It's impossible. How much will a new coffin cost?"

The original manuscripts of Schiller and Goethe's correspondence were successively refused at the price of 4,000 thalers by the royal libraries at Berlin and at Munich. They were finally bought by Cotta, the publisher, to save them from being broken up or going abroad, though they have been published before.

The Home Ministry in Paris is to publish a volume of fac-similes, containing Papal Bulls, diplomas, charters, and autographs from the seventh to the eighteenth century, under the title of "Musée des Archives Départementales." The documents are drawn from the various provincial archives in France, and they consist of all sorts of documents.

The house of Rothschild has a reputation for being rather sharp, but always honest. Some years since a client hypothesized, some bonds and was unable to redeem them, and he supposed they were sold for his account. A few weeks since he was notified that a balance was due him, as the bonds advanced, and after deducting his interest, they handed the surplus over to their client.

flour and finely chopped suet, a pinch of salt and a little water. Roll it out thin into a large piece, place this over a well-buttered basin, and push it in so as to line the basin with it; cut it off all around so as to leave enough to fold up; roll out the trimmings to such a size as to cover the top of the basin. Pare, core, and slice a quantity of good, sound apples. Put them in the basin with brown sugar, to taste, and either some chopped lemon peel, two or three cloves, or a little grated nutmeg; and a small piece of fresh butter, pack the apples tightly in, put on the cover of paste, turn up the edges and press them down, tie a floured pudding cloth over, and put the basin into a saucepan full of boiling water, which should come well over the pudding. Boil from two to three hours according to size.

One of the deserved punishments which people suffer from the folly of squeezing their feet into narrow shoes and boots is an ingrowing nail. The following treatment is recommended for its cure.—First get rid of the narrow shoe, so that the toe may be unconfined, and the nail allowed to recover its natural breadth, which, however, it does not do very quickly. Then proceed to relieve the sore skin by the side of the nail of its pressure. It is of no use, however, merely to cut away the pressing nail even freely, and then to press a piece of lint under its edge, which is as painful as it is useless; for the nail, if it is not otherwise managed, will drop in the course of a few days, upon the old spot, and again render it "angry." The proper treatment is thinning the whole length of the middle of the nail, from its roots to its end as much as possible, and this is best done by scraping it previously with the sharp edge of glass, again and again, till the middle of the nail is as thin as writing paper, and will readily bend under the pressure of the finger nail. This is, at first, a rather painful operation, but the scraping must be done with a light hand.

MILITARY NEWS.

The war at the Cape has undergone another change. Sandhill is reported to be suing for peace; the Government has demanded an unconditional surrender. On the northern border the natives are openly hostile. Griqualand is surrounded by the rebels, and the Government has sent reinforcements to its relief.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—During the American civil war, there were two volunteers lying beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars in a Virginian sky. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war. What made you join the army, Jack?" "Well," he replied, "I had a wife, and I loved peace."

LIUT.-COL. ALFRED P. BOWLEY, aged 50, late of the 64th Regiment, at Carlton-hill, London. In 1857 and '58 he assisted in suppressing the mutiny in the North-West Provinces. He was engaged at the defence of Cawnpore and defeat of the Gwalior mutineers, and actions of Kales, Nuddes and Kerkeroulie, capture of Bareilly, affairs of Shahjehapore, Bunnai and Mahomdie.

DAILY CHRONICLE.—Although the Governor was able to congratulate the colony on the rapid progress which is being made with public works, he intimated that the imposition of additional taxation would be necessary in order to meet the expense of the war. This is where the shoe pinches in the colony, and we fear that the financial burden will be very severely felt.

It has been decided to re-introduce whistles as a portion of the equipment of sergeants of infantry, and a pattern has been sealed. It is made of German silver of the best quality, and is about 1 1/2 in. long and 1/4 in. in diameter. A ring at the end affords means of attaching it to the uniform, but it is intended to be carried in a pocket in the tunic.—Military Record and Volunteer News.

SUSPENDING THE FACTORY ACTS.—The operations of the Factory Acts have been suspended at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in order that the cartridge boys may work overtime, and it is understood that the suspension is to last for three months. This has become a necessity owing to the insufficient supply of suitable boys and the consequent delay in various branches of manufacture, to the detriment of the public service.

THE LONDON SCOTTS RIFLES were inspected lately at the Horse Guards Parade, by Colonel Gips, of the Scots Guards, to which regiment the corps is attached. Notwithstanding the storm which occurred in the course of the afternoon, the muster of the Scottish was exceedingly good, there being nearly five hundred of all ranks on parade, in six companies of thirty files. Colonel Gips addressed the regiment, commending the drill generally, more particularly referring to the marching, which he considered unusually good.

RECRUITING FOR THE MARINES.—Recruiting for the Royal Marines is being actively prosecuted, and the recruiting officers are taking measures for making known the advantages of that branch of the service. Men who have served their first period in the army may enlist in the Royal Marines, if of good character and of the required standard, which is 5 ft. 7 in. for the infantry battalions and 5 ft. 8 in. for the Marine Artillery. Service in the army will reckon for pension and good conduct allowances if the man joins within a year of his discharge.

THE "EURYOICE."—The arrangements for raising the "Euryoice," which were approaching completion, have had to be entirely abandoned for the present owing to the heavy gale of Tuesday, which necessitated the letting-go of everything. The "Malta" and "Grinder" tugs collided, carrying away the latter's quarter. Three of the boats used by the divers had their bows knocked in, rendering the use of sails imperative to cover the damage and get the craft into harbor, and two of the lighter-keepers sustained rather severe injuries during the gale.

A VOLUNTEER RIOT.—An important investigation was ordered recently concerning a violent disturbance between companies of the Truro and Falmouth Volunteers at battalion drill. The Truro corps were taunted by the Falmouth corps with cowardice in not volunteering for active service, which the Falmouth corps had done. A conflict with sticks, stones, and bayonet-scarabards commenced at the Truro Railway Junction. The officers and railway officials were powerless to quiet the fight. On the train arriving, the Falmouth men retreated into the carriages, many being mingled helmets and accoutrements.

THE KAFFIR WAR.—According to our latest detailed news from the Cape, the rebel chief Sandhill, who has given so much trouble by the obstinate defence of the strong positions he occupied in the Amatola mountains, has, it is said, sent a message to the effect that he does not want to fight any more against the Government. It is supposed that he and his followers are beginning to feel the want of food, and are, therefore, growing weary of the war. Sandhill has been told that he can only have peace on the terms of unconditional surrender. It is the general opinion in the colony that the power of the Kaffirs must now be broken once for all.

AN IRISH VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—In connection with the Irish Rifle Association, a memorial has been prepared, and has received some signatures in Dublin, running thus:—"We, the undersigned residents in Ireland, in view of the present unsettled state of Europe, beg to tender to Your Majesty (the Queen) our services in support of the honour of the Empire. We are prepared, and hereby ask, to be enrolled under regulations similar to those governing the volunteer forces in England, Scotland, and the Colonies. We desire thus to prove that we are not behind any portion of Your Majesty's subjects in our readiness to make personal sacrifices for the purpose of strengthening the defences of the Empire." They ask the Chief Secretary, Mr. Lowther, for an interview, and he has appointed next Friday to receive them in London. Lord Monck took the chair at the meeting yesterday at which the arrangements for the deputation were made.

When it was mentioned in Parliament that the Begum of Bhopal had offered her services to England, one of the Scotch members said he hoped the Government would not in any manner encourage begum-y.

THE TIMES.—The Kaffir tribes are numerous, warlike, and vigilant, and the permanent success of Sandhill or of Krel might have had the effect of sending the fiery cross among them, and stirring up an universal outbreak, which would seriously have menaced the stability, if not the existence, of the colony. We know what excitement was caused among the Kaffir tribes, even among those fairly reconciled to their European neighbours, by the failure of President Burgers and the Boers in their attack on Secocconi, on the distant frontiers of the Transvaal. What might have been the effect of a decisive defeat of the colonial forces in the attempt to suppress the rebellion of Sandhill it is not very pleasant to conjecture.

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WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchasers served during week ending June 22nd 1878..... 561.
Same week last year..... 561.
Increase..... 1248.

DISTANT FRIENDS.

Our advertisement the other day about Samples was not intended as a country advertisement, but strictly for the city. We have a large and rapidly increasing country business, which we consider quite separate from our local trade. Both city and country customers are served exactly alike as regards prices and terms. We have one party whose special business it is to attend to all orders received by mail, and who now sends samples to any part of the Dominion.

The following extract from an order received this morning from a city in Ontario speaks in our favor, and shows how an advertisement may cause either loss or gain. In this case it caused us to lose the sale of several silk dresses, and evidently caused a loss of money to one customer:

A. Carsley, Montreal:
Dear Sir,—Your favor with samples of Silks received. Sorry to say the ladies made purchases here, not thinking you would send samples, and they regret it more owing to having to pay almost double for same qualities as your silks. I return samples herewith as per letter.

S. CARSLY'S LACE & FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT & FRILLS.

Good Muslin Frills, 10c per doz.
Fine Muslin Frills, 10c per doz.
Superb Muslin Frills, 30c per doz.

A choice assortment of Frillings in Crepe, Lace, Muslin, Tulle, etc. Newest styles. Prices very low.

LADIES' TIES.
Ladies' Lace Ties from 13c to 25c.
Ladies' Silk Ties from 10c to 15c.
Ladies' Fringed Silk Ties from 3c to 7c.
Ladies' China Silk Scarfs, Embroidered Ends, from 6c to 25c.

LADIES' LACE SETS.
Ladies' Lace Sets, 42c, 50c, 75c, 90c.
Ladies' Fine Lace Sets, Choice Patterns, \$1.05 to \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.60.
Ladies' Real Lace Sets, \$5.00.

RIBBONS.
The New Fringed Edge Ribbons, just the thing for Ladies' Ties, from 2c, 3c, 5c, 8c, 10c, 12c, 15c.

SASH RIBBONS.
In Navy, Cardinal, Coral, and a variety of the newest shades, 3c, 4c, 5c, 7c, 10c, 15c.
For all Colors and Sorts of Ribbon, go to S. CARSLY, 398 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

CANADA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000.

Deposited with Dominion Gov. \$50,000

JOHN WINER—President.
CHARLES D. CORY—Manager.

MONTREAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

THOMAS SIMPSON, Esq.—Chairman.
EDWARD MURPHY, Esq.,
D. J. REES, Esq.,
HON. JUDGE B. RHELOT, Esq.,
JOHN LEWIS, Esq.

ALL CLASSES OF RISKS ACCEPTED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Montreal Office.—117 St. Francois Xavier St.
WALTER KAVANAGH, General Agent.

BURY & MCINTOSH,
ASSIGNERS AND ACCOUNTANTS,
MOLSONS' BANK CHAMBERS,
Corner St. James and St. Peter Streets.
(Entrance on St. Peter Street.)

GEORGE BURY, JOHN MCINTOSH,
Official Assignees. Accountants.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY,
Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y.
Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells.
Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.
Send Illustrated Catalogue sent free.
Feb 20, 78-28

HOUSEKEEPERS

IN TOWN AND IN COUNTRY, REMEMBER
No. 97, Rideau Street,
You are respectfully invited to see our new premises, also to examine one of the best selected stocks of

General Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Provisions
YET OFFERED IN THE CITY OF OTTAWA.
Our experience in business and a united effort on our part, will enable us to place goods to the public at the most reasonable prices in accordance with a just, legitimate business. Our direct importation from home and foreign markets allows us also to give the best value, and as in the past, we desire to give reasonable accommodation to our customers.

Remember the place—Second door east of our old stand, Rideau street, which premises run directly back to the market on George street and opposite our wholesale Warehouse.
Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Wines, Liquors and Provisions, will receive our special attention. Choice Butcher will be kept in stock constantly.
Yours very respectfully,
P. HASKERVILLE BROS.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER.

Received daily by Express from the Eastern Townships, very choice,
AT THE
EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE
DRIED BEEF,
BEEF HAM,
SUGAR CURED HAMS,
SMOKED TONGUES,
PICKLED TONGUES,
CAMPBELL'S BACON (in select cuts.)
AT THE
EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE,

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

AT THE
EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE
THOMAS CRATHORN,
198 St. Catherine Street.

MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, AGAZINES, &c. (Price) List and Circulars sent free.
HENRY MOSHANE & CO.,
Aug 2, 1878. Baltimore, Md.

SATISFACTION!

NOTHING LIKE SATISFACTION!

We are satisfied with the business done in the Ready-made Department, having sold more Ready-made Clothing this spring than we have for the last six years. Our prices are so low and give so much satisfaction that every buyer becomes convinced that I, A. BEAUVIAS is the cheapest House in the City for Ready-made Clothing and haberdashery.

Beauvias' Pants.....\$1.50
Beauvias' Pants.....\$1.75
Beauvias' Pants.....\$2.00
Beauvias' Pants.....\$2.25
Beauvias' Pants.....\$2.50
Beauvias' Suits.....\$3.00
Beauvias' Suits.....\$3.25
Beauvias' Suits.....\$3.50
Beauvias' Suits.....\$3.75
Beauvias' Regatta Shirts......25
Beauvias' Oxford Shirts......30
Beauvias' White Shirts, Collar attached.....\$1.00

Our assortment of haberdashery is all reduced—Linen Collars, Ties, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Socks, Underhirts, Drawers, White Vests, &c., &c.
MR. R. DEZIEL, respectfully invites purchasers to give him a call before going elsewhere, as he can serve them to advantage at

I. A. BEAUVIAS,
190 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

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

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

T. J. Doherty, B.C.I. C. J. Doherty, A.R. B.C.I.
JOHN D. PURCELL, A. M. B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
146 St. James Street,
Opposite the Canadian Bank of Commerce,
Montreal, May 29, 78-ly

MULLARKY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 8 Helen Street, Montreal,
May 2, 77. 1-38-y

FOGARTY & BRO.,
BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS,
245 St. Lawrence Main Street,
CORNER ST. CATHERINE STREET.
Dec 5, 77 6-m

W. E

JODON & CO.
IRON FOUNDERS.
 STOVES, MACHINERIES, &c.
 SALES ROOMS,
 309 St. PAUL STREET, Montreal.
 FOUNDRY AT
 LONGUEUIL, Prov. Quebec.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA.
 QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1878.

THE
IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE,
 FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE.
 OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.

FOR SALE AT
JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.
 HENRIEY'S HOTEL,
 QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877.

MR. JOHN BURNS,
 DEAR SIR,—The COOKING RANGE which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction. I can highly recommend it to persons who may be in want of such, and the BROTHER, which I am much pleased with. You can use this certificate with my entire approbation.
 Respectfully yours,
 P. HENRIEY.

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 Now is the time to leave your orders, which will be properly attended by
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THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE

Is unequalled in light running, beauty & strength of stitch, a range of work, stiffness of motion and a reputation attained by its own merits. It is the cheapest, most technically constructed machine on the market, and the least liable to get out of order of any machine now being manufactured. A complete set of attachments with each Machine. Examine them before you purchase elsewhere.

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 First-Class Fit and Workmanship guaranteed.
 A large assortment of Gents' Haberdashery constantly on hand.

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 Superior Bell of Copper and Tin, for Churches, Schools, Fairs, Fairs, Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms, &c. &c. Fully warranted.
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 June 27] MONTREAL. [46-52
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A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—combining the most valuable and beautiful ingredients for the growth of the Hair, keeps the roots in a healthy condition, prevents dandruff, and leaves the Hair soft and glossy.
 Price, 25c. per bottle. For sale at all Druggists.
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 ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MAJOR LANE.
 A HOPELESS CASE OF SMALL-POX CURED BY THE MIC-MAC REMEDY.

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 DEAR SIR:—I telegraphed for a package of your Small-Pox Remedy, and on Monday, I received the following day. I would have instantly responded and forwarded the money, but thought I would wait the result of its trial. I found the medicine myself so as to render everything secure; and I am proud to be able to state that it produced almost instantaneous relief. It was a malignant case of Small-Pox—in fact, there was no hope rested on any side; but by the application of your famous Remedy it easily yielded. Enclosed I send you a five dollar bill. Please acknowledge.
 Your truly, Row. W. A. HENNEBERRY.

Price, 85 per package.
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 (From the Commercial Review.)

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 In great variety.
 Also, a large assortment of
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 The best and most reliable place to get cheap, stylish and serviceable Hats.
 Come and see my DOLLAR HAT. Furs at wholesale prices.
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 White Saxony Flannels, 17c, 22c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c.
 White Welsh Flannels, 25c, 30c, 35c, 38c, 40c, 45c.
 Scarlet Saxony Flannels, 17c, 20c, 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c.
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 Plain Colors, in Blue, Pink, Magenta, Amber, — all selling at 25c and 30c.
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 Stocks of White Blankets, selling from \$1.75 to \$4.00.
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 Unbleached Table Linen,—price from 25c. to 40c.
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 Napkins in endless variety,—price from 75c. per dozen.

Boiler Towing.
 Heavy Stock of Towing,—prices: 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c, 12c.
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 Bath Towels, selling at 8c, 10c, 12c, 15c.

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 Horrocks White Cottons,—full stock.
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Tweeds, Coatings, &c.
 Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c.
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 Good line of Scotch Tweeds, only 40c.
 Extra large lot of English Tweeds, only 70c.
 Splendid assortment Scotch, only 80c.
 Extra quality English Tweeds, only 90c.
 Real English Tweeds, only 1.00.
 Special lot Silk Mixed, only \$1.
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 Best Tweed of England Tweeds, only \$1.35.
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 Basket Coatings, only \$2.20.
 Extra large lot Coatings, selling at \$2.40.
 Best mink Diagonal Coatings, 50c.
 Extra fine Tweeds, only \$3.15.
 Large lot of double width Tweed Coatings,—prices, 75c, 90c, \$1, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$1.50.
 Overcoatings in Beaver, Whiskey, Blankets, Cloth, Pilot, Naps, in endless variety,—price, 90c.

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 Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers,—prices, 35c, 50c, 75c, 85c, \$1.
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 Men's Tweed Shirts,—price 75c.
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Endless Variety of Ladies' and Gents' Kid Mitts, Gloves, &c. Prices low.
 Call early and Secure the Bargains.
 Oct 31st-12-ly

Our Retail Establishments.
THE EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE OF J. G. KENNEDY.

It has been the aim of the Commercial Review, in the exhibits we have made of the various branches of industry with which our country is surrounded, to point out those establishments that can be fairly called representatives of their trade. And while, as a general rule, we have taken only those which do a wholesale business, we have not overlooked those in the retail trade, which, from the magnitude of their operations, deserve especial mention. Within the last few years a great change has taken place in the clothing trade. Ready-made goods are now produced in as fine fabrics and as good styles and make as are the most of custom-made suits. In fact, there are many of our best citizens who buy ready-made clothing can be obtained in the most excellent manner, and none of their acquaintances are aware that their stylish suit do not come from a fashionable tailor. Especially has this feature of the trade been apparent during the hard times and when economy was a necessity. The most extensive retail clothing house in this city is that of Messrs. J. G. Kennedy & Co. No. 31 St. Lawrence street. We had the pleasure of visiting this establishment a few days since, and we can safely assert that a larger, finer or more stylish stock of clothing would be hard to find. The building occupied by them is four stories in height, and is filled to repletion with every class of goods in the clothing line, comprising men's, boys' and youths' ready-made clothing in every variety, and also the finest ready-made cassimere, doerings, &c. On the first floor is the stock of overcoats, suits, &c. in the latest styles and makes, and sold at prices to suit the times. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a customer who could not be suited in his department. The measuring and cutting department is also on this floor. Here the finest custom-made clothing can be obtained at the most reasonable prices. The third and fourth floors are devoted to clothing of every description. They carry at all times a fine stock of tweeds, broadcloths, &c., &c., in bulk. Their clothing of excellent quality and first-class workmanship and finish, cannot be surpassed. We commend any of our readers who really want superior ready-made clothing to a durable custom-made garment at bottom prices to pay this house a visit. They are sure to be suited by going to this fine establishment.—Adv.

P. O'NEIL,
 DEALER IN
Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store.
 The best quality of PRESSED HAY always on hand at Reasonable Prices.
 A CALL SOLICITED AT
 273 WILLIAM STREET.
 March 10 '78 6 mos

DR. NOBILING'S FAMILY.
 The German papers which have just come to hand reveal the curious fact that even in Germany the identity of the would-be regicide, Nobiling, was not established for several days after all the facts concerning his life, social position and residence were published in the Herald, which alone was able to give its readers correct information as to the man's social position and antecedents. There is now no longer the slightest doubt as to the absolute correctness, even of the smallest details published in these columns about the man who stepped his hands in the old Kaiser's blood. He was at one time employed in the civil service of the King of Saxony, and his Dresden residence was on the third story of a house in the Victoria strasse, No. 19. Nor is there any longer doubt that the man is, a lunatic, and not the agent of socialism or any secret conspiracy, as alleged by the police.

An examination of his papers reveals the curious fact that this man left Germany for England about one month before his attempt on the life of the Emperor, with the idea of settling the Eastern question. It appears he was under the delusion that he had discovered the solution of that knotty problem, and that it was only necessary to call the attention of English statesmen to his proposition to secure its adoption. Filled with this notion, he set out for England well supplied with money, and through his family influence obtained an entrance into the best society of the British capital. On this expedition he went well supplied with arms, as was his wont when travelling. Little is known of his movements while in England, except that his efforts to have his scheme for the settlement of the Eastern question adopted by the British nation was not successful, and that he returned to Germany disgusted with the want of appreciation and intelligence shown by Lord Beaconsfield and company. He had, however, one great success while in the British capital, about which he was never tired of boasting on his return.

By some means he had gained access to the Throne Room at the London Palace, and, by bribing one of the servants, had been allowed to seat himself on the throne of the Empress of India, which fact he considered had covered him with honor. Whether this was a fact or merely one of his many hallucinations it is now difficult to decide, but the fact is quoted in Germany as proving that the man had no sympathy either with republicanism or with socialism, and that it is unjust to hold either party responsible for the acts of a man who was suffering from hereditary insanity.

Nobiling, it seems, has all his life been a great hunter and passionately attached to the chase. He was the possessor of an immense armory of splendid weapons, and it seems, was a very good shot. On other occasions he had exhibited signs of insanity, and one of his college chums writes to the German police to say that even in his school days he was looked on as a somewhat crazy fellow. It is also related of him that on one occasion, wishing to go on board one of the little steamers which ply on the Elbe and finding his way blocked, he drew a revolver and tried to force his way *vi et armis*.

So far from sympathizing with Socialism it seems that on several occasions he attended meetings in which he made himself prominent by his fierce and unmeasured denunciations of the party. It seems, therefore, that neither political nor social reasons had anything to do with his crime, and that on the contrary his attempt to kill Kaiser William was the outcome of some unusually violent attack of insanity. He could scarcely have had any sympathy with Socialism, as he was rich, and his family was also very well to do in the world.

It is said that the first words the Emperor William spoke after the shooting on his arrival at the palace were, "I don't understand why they are continually shooting at me." And later on, when the Count Perpotcher told him that the gala performance at the Opera in honor of the Shah had been given up, he said, "That is not right; why should the people be deprived of their amusement?"

A touching story is told of the way in which the news fell upon his people. In the Hindersin strasse, one of the fashionable faubourgs of Berlin, live his stepfather, Mr. Von G., a retired major of the Prussian army, and his mother. On the evening of the attempt to kill the Emperor William the old couple were sitting quietly over their coffee, chatting about indifferent topics, when their attention was suddenly called to one of the royal carriages, which rushed by their house and pulled up at the residence of Professor Langenbeck, one of the most famous physicians in Berlin, whose house is at No. 3 Roon strasse, a little distance from their own dwelling. The old Major immediately felt that something important had occurred, an impression which was strengthened when he saw two gentlemen in military uniforms and two high civil functionaries in the royal livery step out of the carriage and hurriedly enter the house of the physician, with whom they set out in a few minutes, driving at a furious pace. The major immediately said to his wife that some important personage must have fallen suddenly sick, they were carrying off the Professor in such a hurry.

But the matter was well high forgotten when about half an hour later another carriage drove up to the door, but this time it was a hired one, a drovsky, and out stepped a lady dressed in black, who was immediately recognized by Nobiling's mother as her daughter.—one of the sisters in a city hospital. The lady was deadly pale and seemed terribly excited.

"Mein Gott! mein Gott!" the mother exclaimed as she rose and ran to meet her child. "What is the matter with my daughter?"

Before the lady could reach the door it was opened by the alarmed mother, who folded her daughter in her arms. In answer to the inquiries addressed to her the daughter begged that she would first be allowed to enter, and on reaching the door she sank down on a chair. Her eyes wandered quickly round the room, as though searching for some one she found not, and before the astonished family could ask the cause of her trouble and evident alarm she asked, in a trembling voice, "Where's Karl?"

"Karl is not home," replied her mother, and noticing that the pallor of her daughter's face increased, the mother became alarmed, instinctively feeling that some misfortune had happened. "Mein Gott! mein Gott! what's the matter girl?" she cried.

"Karl was not here to-day; he visited us yesterday," said her stepfather. "But why do you ask? What is the matter?"

"Have you not heard? Oh! have you not heard?" cried the daughter, tremulously. "No; for Heaven's sake speak, girl! What is the matter?" cried her mother.

"Emperor William was shot to-day in the Unterden Linden."

"The Emperor shot! Who did it?" cried the Major and his wife, in one breath, the Major jumping up full of terror.

The daughter's face grew livid as she answered—"The murderer's name is Karl Nobiling. I heard the name shouted along

the street, amid the curses and the imprecations of the people. I heard it shouted through the city, as I sat in my room, and came here to seek my brother. He is not here!"
 But her mother heard her not. As her son's name was pronounced the poor woman sank back on her chair in a swoon, while the old Major stood there before her, motionless as a statue, his head bowed down under the weight of shame and sorrow that had fallen on his family.

While the afflicted family were still engaged ministering to the unhappy mother another carriage drove up, and two of the higher police officials stepped out. They had come to request the presence of the afflicted mother and her husband at the Police Headquarters. The daughter requested permission to accompany her parents, which was immediately given, and the sad party drove off. During the drive, Nobiling's mother sat motionless and looked out on the vast masses of people like one dazed. It was a terrible trial, for on all sides the name of Karl Nobiling was shouted amid curses and imprecations, which were taken up and echoed back by 10,000 tongues, as though the very stones of the city had found a voice to curse Karl Nobiling, the murderer of the Kaiser. But the mother spoke not, nor gave any sign. She stared out wonderingly on that immense maddened multitude until she arrived and sank sleeping on the couch of her blood-stained own.—N.Y. Herald

A MODEIN LOVE LETTER.
 MY DEAR MISS M.—Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churning-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow-linen trousers. As a gossling sunbath in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstasie rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the eyes of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When first I beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like the cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice.

My tongue refused to wag; and, in silent adoration, I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swallows a tumbler of hot whiskey-punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lit myself up by my boot-straps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell-rope for singing school. *Day and night you are in my thoughts.* When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her salmon colored couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tune-fell in the apple-tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig rises from his bed, and grunts, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels to droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the loving birds come home at milking time, *I think of thee;* and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skivered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold; in their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids lurching like a cohort of ants in an old army creaker, when their fire lit me, upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar fingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unpledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hill side. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or follows in cakes of home made sugar. I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the eloquence of my love as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June lugs of despondency luzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lugs of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears like a thousand mimms nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubt like an old cheese bored with skipper.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kiten's first water. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so long I for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee Doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a topknot plume on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are sweetened toddy altogether. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affection, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture.

If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life—an untimely branch; and in coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

Yours affectionately.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A LADY.
 I mentioned yesterday (says a London correspondent) an accident to the Princess of Wales in Rotten Row. By a curious coincidence another, but much more serious, accident happened to another equestrienne, a Miss Nowington, later in the afternoon. Her horse bolted, carried her out of the Row into the public highway, where it suddenly broke and attempted to clear the park railings, which are seven feet high and tipped with sharp spikes. The lady was thrown clean over the railings into the park, and the horse's throat falling on one of the spikes he was impaled and bled to death in five minutes. At least twenty members of Parliament, among them Lord Hartington, Major Nolan, and others, witnessed the terrible occurrence. The lady sustained serious, but it is hoped, not fatal injuries.

Turkey, it is stated, will accept whatever England decides relative to Bulgaria. It is thought that Russia will ultimately give way in her demands.

In order not to alarm the public by the continual "abortive" sittings of Congress, a postponement will take place at the next sitting to allow of the representatives of England, Austria and Russia coming before Cothen-gress with some agreement.

INTERESTING ITEMS.
 "The highway act"—Garotting.
 The Derby (clean) sweep—Dizzy.
 A racing fixture—The winning post.
 The best thing on "The Oaks"—Acorns.
 A popular sovereign—One pound sterling.
 "Derby cracks"—Knocking down "velist-ers."
 Standing orders—Two glasses of bitter, please, miss.
 A miss-guided man—The defendant in a breach-of-promise case.
 When is a bullet like a half-crown? Why, when it's spent, of course!
 "The straight tip."—"A Leading Article"—The winner of the Derby.
 A "Licensed Victualler"—A man who pays for his dinner before he eats it.
 The "grand stand"—Treating your friends all round out of your winnings.
 A tip for gunpowder makers—Never blow up your workmen on the premises.
 The tramp who was kicked down the door-steps is unconditionally opposed to rapid transit.
 "Beauty and booty" was the cry of the young man who kissed the girl and was kicked by her father.

The betting mania—The abundance of female novelists proves that many ladies subsist entirely by bookmaking.
 A man never knows whether a joke of his is good until he shows it to some one else. Then he knows it is bad.
 Where the shoe pinches.—Isn't it natural that a farmer should grumble when a party of huntsmen tread on his corn?

An abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who is in his secret heart, steadfastly resolved not to suffer imaginary ills.
 "Every cloud has a silver lining." Robinson says he wishes he could say that of his purse.
 Vestiges of an old Roman camp have been discovered near Berne, Switzerland, and among the relics dug up are vases, coins, knives, and bronze clasps of antique pattern.

CHEAPSIDE

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOSEERY

COTTON, MERINO, LAMBS WOL... fants White Sox, Nos. 1 to 6... Children's White Sox, 1 to 6...

Underclothing

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

Canadian Hosiery

We are now offering an excellent make of Cotton Hosiery, of Canadian manufacture...

FIRSTLY—They are manufactured in Canada... SECONDLY—They possess great merit...

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

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

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, Up-stairs (East side)

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

Dress Goods

New Canterbury Cord, in seal brown, green, navy blue and white green... Boston Cord, all colors, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, etc.

Grenadines

Plain Black Iron Grenadine, 2 1/2 to 4 1/2... Black Gilt Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares

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

Corsets—Crompton Make

Queen Bess Corsets, with shoulder straps and skirt supports... Corsets for Children...

Domestic Goods

English Prints, from 6c to 17c per yard... Brown Cotton from 7c up... White Cotton for extra bargain in 3/4 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard...

Gloves

The best assortment of Gloves, all kinds and makes at CHEAPSIDE.

ALEXANDRES!

IOUVIN'S! JOSEPHINES! Best Makers.

Umbrellas

Cotton, 30c up... Zambini and Alpen... Ladies and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties

A magnificent assortment. GO TO CHEAPSIDE, 437 and 439 NOTRE DAME STREET, FOR BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

A. A. MURPHY, PROPRIETOR

(ESTABLISHED 1810)

TEACHER'S CONVENTION—A Convention of the R. C. Separate School Teachers of Ontario will be held at Hamilton, on the 23rd of July next.

Full particulars will be announced in a few days. C. DONOVAN, THOS. O'HAGAN.

June 24.

POPE LEO XIII. ON VOLTAIRE

The Roman correspondent of The Pilot, writing on June 4th says: The Catholic societies and unions in Rome visited the Vatican on Ascension Thursday and were received in audience by His Holiness in the Consistorial Hall.

"It is grateful to us to receive the sentiments which you express to us, of most faithful devotion and of invincible attachment to Our person; and much more is it grateful to us to receive them on this solemn day, sacred to the Ascension of Jesus Christ into Heaven."

"It cannot be denied, dearly beloved children, that the holding festival for men like Voltaire, scoffers of the Faith and of His Divine Author and end, without morals and without dignity, clearly reveals how low our age has fallen, and how rapidly it runs to its ruin."

"Not alone, however, to the Catholics of France does this work of preparation belong, but rather to all, since in the honors rendered to Voltaire, the faith, the conscience, and the Christian piety of all believers are outraged."

"The principles and the teachings of Voltaire passed as a deadly inheritance, not to France alone, but were spread abroad everywhere, and everywhere produced the most bitter fruits of unbelief. It belongs, then, to all Catholics to protest with deeds, and words against impudence so great. Above all, it belongs to you O Romans. Your Rome is the centre of the Divine Religion of Christ, against which Voltaire, this leader and standard-bearer of modern unbelief, waged so rude a warfare; your Rome is the See of the Vicar of Him against whom he launched the most horrible blasphemies."

"It was then, quite just, dearly beloved children, that, your religion being offended you should be moved courageously to repel the outrage; and you seconding the generous impulse of your heart, had already done so, do so also to-day in Our presence, and will always do so by the frank and open confession of your faith in the midst of an incredulous world, with the constant exercise of the good works to which you have laudably dedicated yourselves."

"These words of the Holy Father have created a considerable sensation in Rome, and have occupied the minds of men in other parts besides."

Prof. Justin Winsor has an article on "A Choice of Cyclopedias" in the June Literary World. His conclusion is that "Almost any fair book of reference, thoroughly understood, and used with a frequency that gives facility of consultation, and a knowledge of what to expect from it, is every way better than the best, slightly comprehended, and rarely used."

Good Useful Black Lustrines, only 9c per yard... Good quality of New Black Lustrines, to be sold at 12c, 15c and 18c per yard.

S. CARSLY'S KID GLOVES. Ladies' Kid Gloves in immense variety of qualities, colors, shades and styles, 38c, 42c, 50c, 55c, 75c, \$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. Dne Philomena Price, wife of Joseph Briere, Plaintiff, vs. The said Joseph Briere, Defendant.

\$10 REWARD. LOST, on or near the MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS, on THURSDAY, the 1st instant, a Ladies' OPEN-FACED GOLD WATCH.

TO ONE AND ALL—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use WILSON'S PURE COD-LIVER OIL and Lime, a safe and sure remedy.

THE FEMALE PRISON.

How it is Conducted—Admirable Arrangements—The Regulations—Industrial Details—A Model Institution.

Yesterday afternoon a representative of the Post made a visit to this institution for the purpose of learning something of the manner in which it is conducted. The building, which is situated on Filliam street, is built of stone, and has been in use about a year.

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LATEST CANADIAN NEWS.

Messrs. Upper and Murphy have the contract for the Pembina Branch of the Canada Pacific Railroad.

The Victoria Standard says: Mr. Bunster, M.P. for Vancouver Island, ran a race of 300 yards with a butcher, being defeated after a stiff contest by six inches.

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THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES IN LORETTO ABBEY

took place last night. Archbishop Lynch and Miss McDonald, daughter of the Lieut.-Governor, made the presentations in Park Hill.

The Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of Western Ontario, has a letter in the Mail and Leader addressed to the editor of the Globe in reference to the remarks recently made by that journal about the Orange association.

"It is gratifying to us to receive the sentiments which you express to us, of most faithful devotion and of invincible attachment to Our person; and much more is it grateful to us to receive them on this solemn day, sacred to the Ascension of Jesus Christ into Heaven."

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1878.

PREMIUM LIST

OF ELEGANTLY BOUND CATHOLIC BOOKS, SUITABLE FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGES, SEPARATE SCHOOLS, CONVENTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES, PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, AND ALL CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

We have marked the following List of Books at the lowest net prices, which we have made expressly for the Premium Season of 1878.

Address all orders to D. & J. SADLER & CO., Catholic Publishers, 275 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

FATHER JEROME'S LIBRARY, fancy paper covers, 12 vols. in box. Per box... \$1.00

FATHER JEROME'S LIBRARY, fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box. Per box... 1.00

LITTLE CATHOLIC BOYS' LIBRARY, 22 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 1.25

LITTLE CATHOLIC GIRLS' LIBRARY, 22 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 1.32

CATHOLIC BOYS' LIBRARY, 22 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 1.45

CATHOLIC YOUTHS' LIBRARY, in four cloth covers, 5 vols. in each series, 18 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, per series of 12 vols... 1.75

CATHOLIC YOUTHS' LIBRARY, in one series, 12 vols. in each series, 18 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, per series of 12 vols... 2.61

SISTER MARY'S LIBRARY, 21 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 2.00

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PAROCHIAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY, square 21 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 2.40

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, containing "Miser's Daughter," "One Hundred Tales," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 1.25

THE COTTAGE AND PARLOR LIBRARY, containing "Bessy Conway," "Elton Preston," etc., 16 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 1.87

SADLER'S FIRESIDE LIBRARY, containing "Orphan of Moscow," "The Poor Scholar," etc., 18 no. Fancy cloth covers, 10 vols. in box, per box... 4.00

SISTER EUGENIE'S LIBRARY, containing "Sister Eugenie," "The Father," etc., 18 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 4 vols. in box, per box... 2.40

YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S LIBRARY, containing "Lives of the Saints," "Illustrated Tales," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 3.20

LORENZO LIBRARY, containing "Lorenzo," "Tales of the Angels," etc., 24 no. Fancy cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 1.87

ALFONSO'S LIBRARY, containing "Alfonso," "The King," etc., 12 no. Fancy cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 3.00

THE IRISH LIBRARY, containing "Irish Wit and Humor," "Irish Soldiers in every Land," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 3 vols. in box, per box... 2.40

CANON SCHMIDT'S TALES, 12 no. Fancy gilt buck and sides, 5 vols. in box, per box... 2.00

CONSCIENCE LIBRARY, 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 7.25

FATHER FABER'S LIBRARY, containing "All for Jesus," "Foot of the cross," etc., 12 no. Fancy cloth, 9 vols. in box, per box... 7.90

LEONARD LIBRARY, containing "Leonardo," "Simon Peter," etc., 12 no. Fancy cloth covers, 4 vols. in box, per box... 4.52

IRISH HISTORICAL LIBRARY, containing "Irish History of the Past," etc., 12 no. Fancy cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 2.40

CALISTA LIBRARY, containing "Calista," "Catholic Legends," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 10 vols. in box, per box... 5.00

CARLETON'S LIBRARY, containing "The Black Prophet," "The Gentleman," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 9 vols. in box, per box... 6.50

GERALD GRIFFIN'S LIBRARY, containing "The Collegians," "Life of Griffin," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 10 vols. in box, per box... 6.70

FABIOLA LIBRARY, containing "Fabiola," "Life of St. Elizabeth," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 4.00

ST. ALOYSIUS' LIBRARY, containing "Life of St. Aloysius," "St. Theresa," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 12 vols. in box, per box... 10.80

MAGUIRE'S LIBRARY, containing "Irish in America," etc., 12 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 3.00

LADY FULLERTON'S LIBRARY, containing "Mrs. Gerald's Story," "A Story of My Life," etc., 8 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, 3 vols. in box, per box... 2.50

YOUNG CATHOLIC'S LIBRARY, in 4 series, 6 vols. in each series, 18 no. Fancy gilt cloth covers, per series of 6 vols... 1.80

CARDINAL MANNING'S LIBRARY, containing "Glorious of the Sacred Heart," "St. Vincent de Paul," etc., 12 no. Cloth covers, 5 vols. in box, per box... 3.34

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Any of the above books can be had separately. Lace Pictures from 15 cents per dozen upwards. All orders promptly attended to.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 NOTRE DAME STREET, Montreal.

NOTICE

THE COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of Incorporation, giving it power: 1st. To become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the assets recorded to Permanent Building Societies according to the laws in force. 2nd. To discontinue and abandon the system of allotments. 3rd. To reduce its capital to twenty per cent of the amount now subscribed, except in so far as respects the holdings of present borrowers, who will remain shareholders for the full amount advanced to them. And if they prefer not to retain such shares, power to make arrangements with them for the repayment of what is due on their loans will be asked. 4th. To increase its capital stock from time to time; to create a reserve fund; to continue to issue temporary shares, if thought proper; to make any other arrangements for the payment of claims due to the Society; and to invest its moneys in public securities; and to accept personal liability to any other person or persons, as collateral security for loans made by it. And generally for all other powers necessary for the proper working of the said Society. H. JEANNEAU, Sec. Treas. [From the Cleveland Herald, June 8.]