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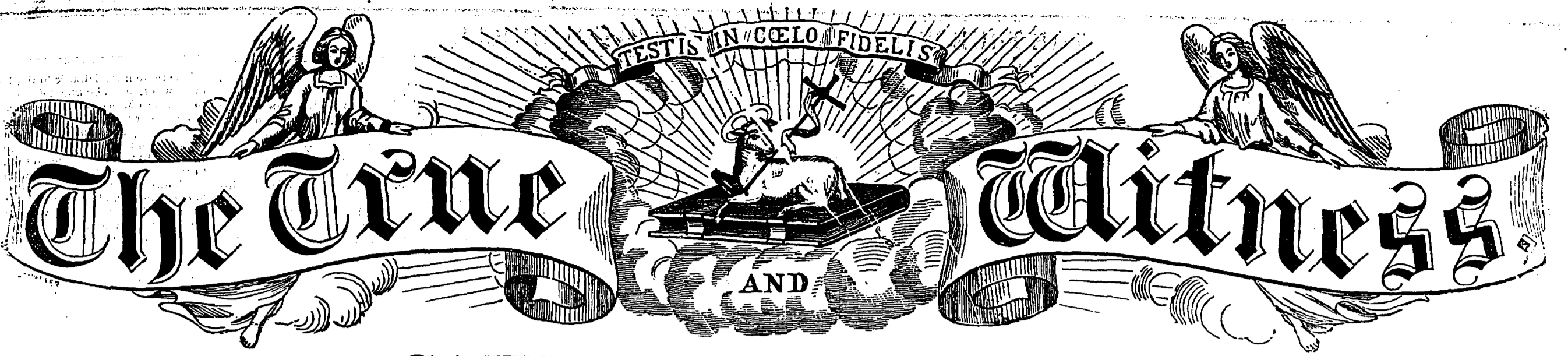
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 2.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

AULD SCOTIA CELEBRATES HER GAMES.

HER SONS IN CONVENTION.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

The tenth annual convention of the North American United Caledonian Association was held last Wednesday in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Col. Stevenson in the chair.

The chairman thought it advisable to appoint a committee to prepare a report which the minutes were being read, and thus save time and trouble.

This was done previous to the reading of the minutes. Colonel Stevenson, the chairman, then arose, and delivered a spirited address, the substance of which is as follows:—

FELLOW SCOTCHMEN.—I deem it quite unnecessary to monopolize your valuable time in a long address. I, however, must avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for your presence here to-day, and I most cordially and heartily welcome you to the city of Montreal. (Applause.)

The annual reports from different societies throughout the United States and the Canadas belonging to the association were read by the secretary, the majority of which spoke of success, showing prosperous conditions.

A communication was read from the Boston Caledonian club in regard to its withdrawal from the association a year ago. On motion of the 1st vice-president, it was resolved that the communication of the Boston club be noted on the minutes of the meeting, and an answer returned expressing the hope that the Boston club would at an early date see its way clear to affiliate with us.

The chairman then said that he was instructed by the president of the Caledonian society of Montreal to inform the delegates present that they would be supplied with tickets of admission to the concert in Mechanics' hall to-night, as well as to the gathering to-morrow. The members of the press would also be supplied.

It was moved by Mr. McEntyre that the meeting adjourn until two o'clock this afternoon. Carried.

AFTERNOON SITTING. The treasurer's report was submitted as follows:

Table with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENSES FOR YEAR. Includes items like 'To cash on hand as per last report', 'By account paid express', 'By printing, L. D. Robertson', etc.

The following motions were put:— "That competitors in all games will choose their positions by lot." Carried. "That competitors in the highland dance must appear in costume." Carried. "That boys under 18 will not be eligible to enter into dance or bagpipe competitions, but special prizes offered for such competitions." Carried.

games must be members of Caledonian clubs or societies, and no honorary member shall have the right to compete in the games of any club." Lost.

Amendment to by-law No. 3.—That the clause be added, "No two clubs within a radius of twenty-five miles of each other can hold their games on the same day, the claims to precedence in the matter being subject to decision of the board of managers." Lost.

To be inserted in the by-laws after the rule for "Sword Dance."—Reel Dancing. The competitor dancing the greatest variety of steps, with the greatest degree of grace and precision, with correctness of time and position, will be esteemed the winner. Carried.

That an amendment be made in the by-laws of the association, providing that the annual meeting of the convention shall not be held previous to July 15th.—Carried.

The committee on credentials reported that they had received since the morning credentials from the Richmond Caledonian Club, Messrs. Phillips and Graeme, delegates.

On motion, it was decided, after some discussion, to hold the next annual meeting at Pittsburg, Pa., on or about the 4th of July, 1880.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS. The following gentlemen were elected office bearers for the ensuing year:—

President, Hon. Thomas Waddell, Pittsburg, Pa.; 1st vice-president, Mr. William Robb, Philadelphia; 2nd vice-president, Mr. David Walker, Toronto; secretary, Mr. D. T. Keller, Jersey City; assistant secretary, Mr. J. Shields, Syracuse, N. Y.; treasurer, Mr. W. M. Somerville, Ottawa; committee, Mr. D. Guthrie, Montreal; Mr. W. Adamson, Albany.

Mr. Waddell, the president elect, on taking his seat delivered a short address. He was under the impression that the association had made a mistake in electing him. He, however, would do his best in their interest with the assistance of his co-officers.

Mr. D. Guthrie, vice-president, Mr. David Walker, of Toronto, 2nd vice-president, and other newly elected officers also briefly addressed the meeting, returning thanks for the honor conferred.

THE CONCERT. The concert at the Mechanics' hall at night was very largely attended, the entire seating capacity being called into requisition; and from every point of view the entertainment was an undoubted success. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Robbin, who briefly addressed the audience and introduced the several vocalists as their presence was called for by the programme.

THE PROCESSION. At an early hour last Thursday the appearance of the sky gave a promise of disagreeable weather, but was afterwards fulfilled. It is not probable, however, that the ardor of our Scottish citizens in the pursuit of their national games will be in the slightest degree dampened by the unwelcome rain, although it is possible that the number of spectators on the Montreal race grounds will not be so great as it would be if the day was a bright and pleasant one.

Among the many prominent persons present, His Worship Mayor Rivard, Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, Stevenson, Crawford and Whitehead; Messrs Andrew Robertson, Alex. McIlroy, William Wilson, F. B. McNamee, Wm. Stafford, and J. B. Holland were most observable.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS. The games and athletic contests were conducted under the supervision of Chief McKinnon, of Belleville, who is prominent on the field by a lavish display of medals won at various gatherings. The ground is somewhat spongy, and affords only a poor foothold for

the competitors. A detachment of the Fifth fusiliers are ranged around the ground, and maintain excellent order, reserving the roped-in portion for the entire use of the judges and competitors. Pipers McNeill and Duncan continually traverse the track surrounding the grounds, and by the sweet strains evoked from the pibroch, encourage the athletes to sustain the accredited renown of "Auld Scotia's" muscle.

After the sports came THE BANQUET. The various delegates re-assembled at the Mechanics' hall at 9 o'clock, where a banquet had been prepared for their consideration.

A fair sprinkling of ladies graced the tables with their presence. The chair was occupied by President Robbin. On his right were seated Hon. Thos. Waddell, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Hon. John Quincy Smith, United States consul-general, F. B. McNamee, president of St. Patrick's Society, Colonel A. A. Stevenson, Rev. Mr. Campbell, Andrew Robertson and Edward Mackay.

On his left were Mayor Rivard, Messrs Edward Rawlins, president St. George's society, Thos. Sutton, representing the Irish Protestant Benevolent society, Fred Brown, president of the German society, D. McGowan and James Stewart. Among the guests were Messrs R. Angus, Dr. Wanless, Robert Benny, Wm. Wilson, president St. Patrick's National society, Wm. Tuttle, F. D. Lawrence, R. McKeown, Rev. J. B. Green, Hamilton Corbett, Chief Elder, ex-Chiefs Sheden and Robb, Messrs W. B. Smith, Arthur Stewart, Mr. Goodfellow, Philadelphia, David Walker, ex-president T. Adamson, Toronto, ex-Chief Nicholson, ex-Chief Craig, Messrs. Melrose, Laing, J. B. Fleming, James Nott, Wm. Robertson, Oliver Robinson, of the Scotsman, New York; Peter Ross, of the Scottish American, New York; Chief Somerville, John Smith, Ottawa; John Letham, Ivory Shield, Syracuse; Jas. S. Lyon, George McNoe, W. Brown, Buffalo; A. C. Maxwell, Donald Robertson, — McIntyre, St. Catharines; John Constable, Thorold; J. G. Hamilton, Auburn, N. Y.; George Davidson, Brooklyn; David T. Kealer, Jersey City, and many others.

Death in the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

The community of sisters, under whose self-denying care the convent of the Good Shepherd in this city is conducted, has just lost from its ranks one of its most zealous members, through the death of Sister Mary Ligouri, which occurred on Tuesday morning, after an illness of over a year's duration, borne with truly remarkable patience and fortitude.

Sister Mary, whose worldly name was Ellen Brown, was a daughter of Mr. John Brown, health inspector of this city. She took the vows of religion four years ago next month, and was at the time of her death 26 years one month and 19 days old. Of an exceedingly amiable and happy disposition, Sister Mary, from the time of her novitiate, made herself a general favorite; ever ready to sacrifice her own comfort for the good of others, she was constantly to be found in the home of sickness, supplying the wants of the poor and helpless, and never hesitating to succor even those who suffered from the most malignant infectious diseases.

There is a promise of a revival of wide trimmings and sashes. These are folded into an "width" that may be required for the belt, while the "bow" at the left side of the waist, as also the drooping ends, show the full width. Roman sashes are again worn, forming large loops at the waist.

HOME RULE NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Keep one consistent plan from end to end.—Horace. Dublin, Thursday.

The victory at Ennis is regarded here as elsewhere as the greatest triumph that has yet been scored for the Home Rule cause. The greatest anxiety prevailed throughout the city between the day of nomination and that of the polling to know how the contest would terminate. Indeed, many of the Dublin Home Rulers, who, it remarkable for anything, it is for moderation, went in siding with home rule as against Whiggery with a spirit and an earnestness that redeemed many a former error whether of omission or commission. There are so far as I can ascertain two reasons for this change. The first, being also the most commendable, is that the people are beginning to see that nothing in the nature of Rip-Van-Winkleism will achieve success in the home rule interests.

Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Irish University Bill. To the editor of the London Times. Sir.—Grattan said just before his death, now more than fifty years ago, "England is not one country; it will take a century before she becomes so."

Let us look honestly into whatever keeps us apart: The Irish say that in our treatment of their demand for a Catholic university they have a signal grievance. Some of us maintain that there is no grievance at all. Others think that there is a grievance, but that it is a very slight one.

Take Protestant Prussia. In the Rhine province there is a large Catholic population. Accordingly in the university of Bonn there is a Catholic faculty of theology as well as a Protestant; and for philosophy and history there is a system of double chairs; so that in those debatable matters the student, Protestant or Catholic, may find teachers of his own communion. Here, too, the professors are all of them appointed and salaried by the state.

Let us come to England. Here we have a university instruction of the same type. Oxford and Cambridge are places where the religious instruction is that of the Church of England, and where it would be impossible to find a Roman Catholic filling one of the chairs of philosophy or history. The Scotch universities are places where the religious instruction is Presbyterian, and where it would be impossible to find a Roman Catholic filling one of the chairs of philosophy or history.

and rendered tenacious by Orange fury, shows to his cost. To my own recollection he was one of the first to assist in the anti-slavery movement by which he risked the good will of his brother clergymen, from whom for his advanced ideas and influencing devotion to liberty and country he is now all but ostracised. His purity of purpose, his zeal for the truth, his devotion to country, and the clear insight he has of the English government system in this unlucky land, with the free voice with which he contended against English cruelty and Scotch sham rendered him unpopular with the agents of English power in the north.

HILL O' HOWTH.

Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Irish University Bill.

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minority." In England and Scotland old endowments have been made to follow the will of the majority, and supplemented by state grants which provide the majority with a university instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. In Ireland, so far as old university endowments they follow as every one knows, that of the minority. At Trinity college, Dublin, the Irish Protestants have a university instruction of the type that the Irish Catholics want. Trinity college is endowed with confiscated Catholic lands and occupies the site of a suppressed monastery. The Catholic majority in Ireland is neither allowed the use of the old endowments to give it a university instruction such as it desires, and such as in England and Scotland we make the old endowments give us, nor is it allowed the aid of state grants.

There is really nothing like it, I repeat, in Europe. To treat the Irish Catholics in this way is really to have one weight and measure for ourselves and another for the Irish. It is, however, we may dress the thing up to our own minds, to treat Ireland still as a conquered country. It is a survival from the state of things when no Irish Catholic might own a horse worth more than £5. The Irish cannot but feel it so to be so.

The way in which, in order to cheer our consciences, we deny or excuse the wrong inflicted can only make it the more irritating to the sufferers. A Scotch member leads that Scotland stipulated at the union for the maintenance in the universities of certain state grants to religion—grants which would not be conceded fresh now. How it must stimulate the feeling for home rule to hear of the Scotch nation thus stipulating for what it wanted and preserving it in virtue of such stipulation, while in Ireland the desires of the majority in a like matter are to be overruled.

Or we plead that we cannot now aid a Catholic university in Ireland because we have made the English and Scotch universities and Trinity college, Dublin, undenominational. Perhaps this must be to a Catholic the most irritating plea of all. We have waited until our universities have become thoroughly of the character that suits us, and then, when the Anglican character of the English universities, the Presbyterian character of the Scotch universities, has got thoroughly established and is secure for the next generation or two, at any rate, we throw open our doors, declare tests and subscriptions abolished, pronounce our universities to be now perfectly undenominational, and say that, having made them so, we are precluded from doing anything for the Irish Catholics. It is as if our proceedings had had for their very object to give us an armaguard against the Irish Catholics. But an Irish Catholic may say, "All we want is an undenominational university just like yours. Give us a university where the bulk of the students are Catholic, where the bulk of the teachers are Catholic, and we will undertake to be open to all comers, to accept a conscience clause, to impose no tests, to be perfectly undenominational." We will not give him the chance.

It is said that the Government bill is "something more than a full satisfaction of all that is reasonable in the Irish Catholic claims." The Government bill is like the claimant: it keeps changing; as one gazes at it. It seems admitted that even in the lowest view of the Irish Catholic claims it is not an adequate satisfaction of them to give Ireland an examining board all to itself, instead of an examining board with its headquarters in London. Nor is a system of prizes and competitions what is wanted. Too much of these is even less salutary, probably, for the young Irishman than for the young Englishman. But such a system is plainly insufficient. The Times has lately said that some of the best subjects for university training are to be found among those who are capable of taking a creditable degree but not capable of winning university prizes. But it seems that, besides prizes for competition, there will be grants to assist students who can reach a certain standard, and here, perhaps, is an indirect mode for conveying state help to a Catholic university. The student who passes will hand over his grant to the university as the price of instruction for his next year and for another grant. It is not unlikely that in the hope of thus working the Government bill the Irish Catholics may accept it. They must judge for themselves.

My object, sir, in this letter is not to discuss the Government bill. My object is simply to bring home to the mind of the English public that in the matter of university education the Irish Catholics have a great and real grievance, and what it is. At present we have one weight and measure for ourselves, another for them. But a spirit of equitableness on this question is visibly growing. Among the country gentlemen on the ministerial side there is still found, indeed, in larger numbers than one might have expected, a spiritual progeny of Sir Edward Knatchbull. But almost everywhere else, among politicians, among the dissenters, in the newspapers in society, there is a manifest and a most encouraging advance in the fairness of mind with which this question is treated. We begin to acknowledge to ourselves that as to their higher education the Irish Catholics are not equitably dealt with and to seek to help them indirectly. More may not at this moment be possible. But some day we shall surely perceive that both they and we should be gainers—both their culture and our influence upon it—by our consenting to help them directly.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MATTHEW ARNOLD. The cargo steamships of the Allan line which have arrived at the ports of Liverpool and Glasgow up till this date this season, took out 3,270 cattle, 21 calves, 59 hogs, 70 horses and 13,506 sheep, which were all landed in good order, with the exception of 4 cattle and 122 sheep, and of these three cattle were embarked in an injured condition, and died or were slaughtered shortly after leaving port.

Weaving the Web.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said, As she stood by the loom in the rosy light...

CHAPTER XIV.

The plans of Ivan Ogareff had been laid with the greatest care, and unless some unlikely circumstance should occur they must succeed...

CHAPTER XV.

MICHAEL STROGOFF was not, had never been blind. A purely human phenomenon, at once moral and physical, had neutralized the action of the red-hot blade...

Michael Strogoff, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

By Jules Verne.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

A circumstance altogether natural, was the cause, from his arrival at Irkutsk, of there being frequent relations between Ivan Ogareff and one of its bravest defenders, Wassili Feodor.

One knows with what anxiety this unhappy father was devoured. If his daughter, Nadia Feodor, had left Russia at the date assigned by the last letter he had received from Irkutsk, what had become of her?

Wassili Feodor could not find any solace for his sorrow until he had an opportunity of fighting against the Tartars—opportunities which were too seldom to be his.

Now, when Wassili Feodor was informed of the unexpected arrival of a courier from the czar, he had a presentiment that this courier could give him some tidings of his daughter.

Wassili Feodor went to find Ivan Ogareff, who availed himself of this opportunity to have daily relations with the commandant. Did the renegade think he could turn that circumstance to his own profit?

Whatever was the case, Ivan Ogareff met with skillfully joined eagerness all the advances made to him by the father of Nadia. The latter, the very next morning after the arrival of the pretended courier, went to the palace of the governor-general.

Ivan Ogareff did not know Nadia, although he had met her at the post-house of Ichim the day on which she was there with Michael Strogoff. But then he had paid no more attention to her than to the two journalists, who were at the same time in the post-house.

"But at that time," asked Ivan Ogareff, "had your daughter to leave Russian territory?" "At nearly the same time as you," replied Wassili Feodor.

"I quitted Moscow on the 15th of July." "And Nadia also had to leave Moscow on that date. Her letter told me so expressly." "She was at Moscow on the 15th of July?" asked Ivan Ogareff.

"Yes, certainly, at that date." "Very well!" replied Ivan Ogareff. Then recollecting himself: "But, no; I was forgetting. I was about to confound dates," added he. "It is, unfortunately, too probable that your daughter has had to cross the frontier, and only one hope remains, that she may have stopped on receiving the news of the Tartar invasion!"

Wassili Feodor hung down his head! He knew Nadia, and he knew well that nothing would prevent her setting off.

By this statement Ivan Ogareff had just committed, gratuitously, an act of real cruelty. With one word he could reassure Wassili Feodor. Although Nadia had passed the frontier under the circumstances described in a former chapter, Wassili Feodor, by comparing the date on which his daughter was certainly at Nijni-Novgorod and the date of the order forbidding any one to leave it, would without doubt draw this conclusion: that Nadia could not have been exposed to the dangers of an invasion, and that she was still, in spite of herself, on the European territory of the empire.

Ivan Ogareff, obeying his nature, which was that of a man whom the sufferings of others could not move, might have said that word. He did not say a word.

Wassili Feodor withdrew heart-broken. After that interview his last hope was destroyed.

During the following days the grand duke several times asked for the pretended Michael Strogoff, and had him repeat all that he had heard in the imperial cabinet of the new palace. Ivan Ogareff, prepared for all those questions, answered without ever hesitating. He did not conceal designedly that the government of the czar had been altogether taken by surprise by the invasion; that the rising had been prepared with the greatest secrecy; that the Tartars were already masters of Moscow; and, finally, that nothing was ready in the Russian provinces to throw invaders.

Afterwards, Ivan Ogareff, entirely free in his movements, began to study Irkutsk, the state of its fortifications, their weak points, in order eventually to make use of those observations if any circumstance should prevent the consummation of his treason. He devoted himself more particularly to the examination of the Bolchaia gate which he intended to treacherously to surrender.

Twice at night he came to inspect that gate and the fortifications around it. He walked about there, without any fear of exposing himself to the missiles of the besiegers, whose first posts were at least a verst from the ramparts. He knew well that he was not exposed—may, even that he was recognized. He had a glimpse of a shadow which had glided to the foot of the ramparts.

Sangarre, risking her life, had just come to try to put herself in communication with Ivan Ogareff. Besides, the besieged for two days had enjoyed a tranquillity to which they had not been accustomed since the Tartars first invested Irkutsk.

It was by order of Ivan Ogareff. The lieutenant of Keofar-Khan had wished that all attempts to carry the town by sheer force should be suspended. Thus, after his arrival at Irkutsk, the artillery was absolutely silent. Perhaps—at least he hoped so—the vigilance of the besieged would be somewhat relaxed. In any case, at the outposts several thousand Tartars were ready to hurl themselves against the gate when deprived of its defenders when Ivan Ogareff should let them know the hour for an action.

Meanwhile, that could not be long delayed. They must make an end of it before the Russian corps should arrive in sight of Irkutsk. The resolution of Ivan Ogareff was taken, and that very night, from the top of the rampart, a note fell into the hands of Sangarre.

It was the following night, the night from the 5th to the 6th of October, at two o'clock in the morning, that Ivan Ogareff had fixed for delivering up Irkutsk to the Tartars.

The grand duke and his officers began to ask themselves if they had not been led into error, if it had really entered into the plan of the Bolchaia gate should be without defenders, at that moment when he should deliver it up to the Tartars. Thus at that moment, it would be indispensable that the attention of the besieged should be drawn to another point of the city. Hence, a diversion agreed upon by the emir.

That diversion had to take place along the suburbs of Irkutsk, up and down the right bank of the river. The attack on those two points would be made very earnestly, and, at the same time, a feigned attempt to cross the Angara on its left bank. The Bolchaia gate would then be probably abandoned, especially as on that side the advance posts, which were said to be some distance off, would seem to have been collected together.

The 5th day of October had come. Before twenty-four hours, the capital of Eastern Siberia ought to be in the hands of the emir, and the grand duke in the power of Ivan Ogareff.

During all that day, an unusual movement was taking place in the camp of the Angara. From the windows of the palace, and from the houses of the right bank, one could see distinctly that important preparations were being made on the opposite heights. Numerous Tartar detachments were seen moving towards the camp, and thus hourly re-inforcing the troops of the emir. This was the preparation for the diversion which had been agreed upon, and it was being made in the most ostentatious manner.

Moreover, Ivan Ogareff did not conceal from the grand duke that some attack was to be made on that side. He knew, he said, that an assault would be made at the two extremities of the town along the river, and he counseled the grand duke to reinforce those two points more directly menaced.

The preparations that had been noticed, coming to the support of Ivan Ogareff's recommendations, it was necessary to take some account of them. Thus after a council of war which was held at the palace, orders were given to concentrate the defense on the right bank of the Angara, and at the two extremities of the town, where the fortified terraces rested on the river.

This was precisely what Ivan Ogareff wished. He evidently did not reckon that the Bolchaia gate would remain without defenders, but they would be there only in a small number. Besides, Ivan Ogareff was about to give to the diversion such importance that the grand duke would be obliged to oppose it with all his disposable forces.

And, indeed, an incident of an exceptional gravity, devised by Ivan Ogareff, was to powerfully aid in the accomplishment of his projects. For even if Irkutsk had not been attacked at points distant from the Bolchaia gate, and along the right bank of the river, that incident would have sufficed to draw the chief body of the defenders to the place where Ivan Ogareff wished precisely to bring them. It would cause at the same time a most terrible catastrophe.

All the chances were then that the gate, being free at the hour fixed, would be given up to the thousands of Tartars who were waiting under the thick cover of the forest on the east.

During that day the garrison and population of Irkutsk were constantly on the alert. All the measures, which were required to repel an attack on points never before threatened, were taken. The grand duke and General Voranoff visited the various posts which had been strengthened by their orders. The picked corps of Wassili Feodor occupied the north of the town, but with the injunction to march at once to where the danger should be most pressing. The right bank of the Angara was protected by the only artillery at their disposal. With these measures, taken in time, thanks to the opportune recommendations of Ivan Ogareff, there was every reason to hope that the prepared attack would not succeed. In that case, the Tartars, discouraged for the time, without doubt would defer for a few days any new attack against the town. Besides, the troops expected by the grand duke might arrive any hour. The safety or the loss of Irkutsk hung on a thread.

On that day the sun, which had risen at twenty minutes past six, had set at 5:40. Twilight would still have to struggle with night for two hours. Then, space would be filled with thick darkness, for heavy clouds hung still in the air, and the moon would not appear.

This profound obscurity would favor more completely the plans of Ivan Ogareff. Already, for some days, an extremely keen frost had come as a prelude to the rigors of the Siberian winter, and on that night, the cold was still more piercing. The soldiers posted on the right bank of the Angara, being forced to hide their presence, had not kindled any fires. They therefore suffered dreadfully from great lowering of the temperature. At some feet below them the ice blocks floated past, following the current of the river. During all that day they had seen them in close ranks floating rapidly between the two banks. That circumstance, observed by the grand duke and his officers, had been considered as fortunate. It was evident that if the bed of the river became obstructed, the passage of it would become altogether impracticable. The Tartars would not be able to manage either rafts or boats. As for attempting to cross the river over the blocks of ice, when the cold should have joined them, that was not possible. The field newly cemented would not have been strong enough for the passage over it of an attacking column.

But Ivan Ogareff did not regret that cir-

umstance, although it appeared favorable to the defenders of Irkutsk. For the traitor knew well that the Tartars were not seeking to cross the Angara, and that at least on that side the attempt would only be a feint.

Nevertheless, towards ten o'clock at night, the state of the river visibly changed, to the extreme surprise of the besieged, and now to their disadvantage. The passages up to that time impracticable, suddenly became feasible. The bed of the Angara soon became free. The floating ice, which for some days had come down the river in great quantities, disappeared and very little could be seen between the two banks.

The Russian officers, who had noticed this change in the state of the river, made it known to the grand duke. Besides it was explained in this way: that at some narrow portion of the Angara the floating ice had accumulated and formed a barrier.

We know that such was the case. The passage of the Angara was therefore open to the besiegers. Hence the necessity for the Russians to watch with greater attention than ever.

In the camp of the Angara there was plenty of agitation as was proved by the lights constantly flitting about. At a verst up above as also down below the point where the fortification slopes down to the river, there was a dull murmur, which proved that the Tartars were on foot, waiting for some signal.

Again an hour passed by. Nothing new. Two o'clock in the morning was about to strike from the clock tower of the cathedral of Irkutsk, and no movement had taken place to disclose the hostile intentions of the besiegers.

The grand duke and his officers began to ask themselves if they had not been led into error, if it had really entered into the plan of the Tartar to attempt to surprise the town. The preceding nights had not by any means been so calm. Firing had been kept up from the advanced posts, and shells had hissed through the air, and this time there was nothing of the kind.

The grand duke, General Voranoff, their aids-de-camp, waited therefore, ready to give their orders according to the circumstances.

It has been stated that Ivan Ogareff occupied a room in the palace. It was a pretty large room situated on the ground floor, and its windows opened out upon a side terrace. One need only step a few paces on this terrace to overlook the course of the Angara.

A profound darkness reigned in that room. Ivan Ogareff, standing near a window, was waiting for the hour of action to arrive. Evidently, the signal could only come from him. Once this signal was given, when most of the defenders of Irkutsk should have been called to the points openly attacked, his plan was to leave the palace, and go to accomplish his work.

He waited, then, in the dark, like a tiger ready to spring upon its prey. Meanwhile, some minutes before two o'clock the grand duke asked that Michael Strogoff—it was the only name he could give Ivan Ogareff—should be brought to him. An aide-de-camp came to his room, the door of which was closed. He called him.

Ivan Ogareff, motionless near the window, and invisible in the darkness, took good care not to answer. The grand duke was then informed that the courier of the Czar was not at that moment in the palace.

Two o'clock struck. It was the moment that action had been agreed on with the Tartars, who were ready for the assault. Ivan Ogareff opened the window of his room, and he placed himself at the north angle of the side-terrace.

Below him, in the shade, flowed the waters of the Angara, which roared as they broke against the piles of the buttresses. Ivan Ogareff drew a flint from his pocket, and lit with it a piece of cotton wool, impregnated with priming powder, which he threw into the river.

It was by the order of Ivan Ogareff that torrents of mineral oil had been cast on the surface of the Angara! Springs of naphtha had been discovered above Irkutsk, on the right bank, between the village of Poshkavsk and the town. Ivan Ogareff had resolved to employ this terrible means for setting fire to Irkutsk. He therefore made use of the immense reservoir which contained the combustible liquid. He had only to make a few canals to draw in streams into the river.

There he had made that very night, some hours before, and this is why the raft which was carrying the true courier of the Czar, Nadia and the fugitives, was floating on a current of mineral oil.

Michael Strogoff was touched at last his goal! He was at Irkutsk! "To the palace of the governor!" said he to Nadia.

In less than ten minutes afterwards both arrived at the entrance to that palace, the massive stone walls of which were being licked by the long flames from the Angara, without, however, their being able to set the structure on fire.

Beyond the house on the bank were all in flames. Michael Strogoff and Nadia entered without difficulty into the palace which was open for all. In the midst of the general confusion no one noticed them, although their clothes were dripping with oil.

A crowd of officers came for orders, and soldiers running to execute them blocked up the grand saloon on the ground floor. There, Michael Strogoff and the young girl, in the midst of so great a crowd, found themselves separated from each other.

Nadia, distracted, ran along the lower rooms, called her companion, and asked to be led before the grand duke.

A door leading into a room that was inundated with light, opened itself before her. She entered, and she found herself unexpectedly face to face with him whom she had seen at Ichim, whom she had seen at Tomsk, in the presence of that man whose cursed hand, an instant later, would have delivered up the city.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried she. On hearing his name pronounced, the miserable wretch trembled. His true name being once known, all his plans would be ruined. He had only one thing to do; to kill the being, whoever it might be, who had just pronounced it.

Ivan Ogareff threw himself on Nadia; but the young girl, with a knife in her hand, placed her back to the wall, resolved to defend herself. "Ivan Ogareff!" cried again, Nadia; knowing well that detested name would bring succor to her.

"Ah! you shall be silent!" said the traitor. "Ivan Ogareff!" cried, a third time, the intrepid young girl, in a voice whose hate had increased tenfold the force.

Drunk with fury, Ivan Ogareff drew a dagger from his belt, rushed upon Nadia, and forced her back into a corner of the room. It was all over with her, when the wretch, suddenly knocked down by a tremendous blow, rolled to the ground.

"Michael!" cried Nadia. It was Michael Strogoff. Michael Strogoff had heard the appeal of Nadia. Guided by her voice he had arrived at the room of Ivan Ogareff, and he had entered by the door which had been left open.

"Fear nothing, Nadia," he said, as he placed himself between her and Ivan Ogareff. "Ah!" screamed the young girl, "take care, brother! The traitor is armed! He can see well!"

Ivan Ogareff had risen, and believing that he had the advantage over a blind man, he threw himself upon Michael Strogoff. But with one hand he seized the arm of him who could see well, and with the other, turning aside his weapon, he threw him a second time to the ground.

Ivan Ogareff, pale with fury and shame, remembered that he was carrying a sword. He drew it from the scabbard and returned to the combat. He had also recognized Michael Strogoff a blind man! He had only, in short, to deal with a blind man!

Nadia, terrified at the danger which threatened her companion in such an unequal struggle, ran to the door calling help. "Shut that door, Nadia!" said Michael Strogoff. "Do not call any one, and let me do it! The courier of the Czar has nothing to fear to-day from this wretch. Let him come at me, if he dare! I am waiting for him."

Meanwhile, Ivan Ogareff, gathering himself together, as it were, like a tiger, did not utter a word. The noise of his step, his very breathing, he would have wished to keep back from the ear of the blind man. He wished to strike him before even he had any warning of his approach, to strike him with a certain blow.

The route from Irkutsk to the Ural Mountains was free. The grand duke was to hasten to return to Moscow, but he delayed his journey in order to assist at a touching ceremony which took place some days after the entry of the Russian troops.

Michael Strogoff had sought out Nadia, and in the presence of her father, had said to her: "Nadia, my sister still, when you left Irkutsk to come to Irkutsk, had you no other regret but that of leaving behind you your mother?" "No," replied Nadia, none whatever.

"So that not any part of your heart has remained down there?" "None, brother." "Then, Nadia," said Michael Strogoff, "I do not believe but that God, in bringing us together, in allowing us to pass through these great trials together, has wished us to be united forever."

"Ah!" said Nadia, as she fell into the arms of Michael Strogoff. And turning toward Wassili Feodor: "My father!" she said, blushing deeply. "Nadia," said Wassili Feodor, "my joy will be to call you both my children!"

The marriage ceremony took place in the cathedral of Irkutsk. It was very simple in its preparations, but very beautiful in the concourse of the military and civil population, which thus wished to show its gratitude to the young couple, whose strange journey had now become legendary.

Alcide Jolivet and Harry Blount of course assisted at the marriage, of which they wished to give an account to their readers. "And does not that make you envious to imitate them?" asked Alcide Jolivet of his companion.

"Fshaw!" exclaimed Harry Blount. "If, like you, I had a cousin!" "My cousin is not any longer marriageable!" laughingly answered Alcide Jolivet. "All the better," added Harry Blount, "for they speak of difficulties which are about to rise between London and Peking."

"Would you not like to go to see what is passing there?" "Why, my dear Blount?" cried Alcide Jolivet. "I was about to propose it to you." "This is how the two inseparables set out for China!"

Some days after the ceremony, Michael and Nadia Strogoff, accompanied by Wassili Feodor, started on their journey to Europe. That road of sorrows was only one of happiness on their return. They traveled very rapidly with one of those trains which glide like an express over the frozen steppes of Siberia.

Meanwhile arrived at the banks of the Dinka, just opposite Birsokos, they stopped there one day. Michael Strogoff sought out the place where he had interred poor Nicholas. A cross was planted there, and Nadia prayed for the last time on the tomb of the humble and heroic soul which neither the one nor the other would ever forget.

At Omsk, old Marfa was awaiting them in the little house of the Strogoffs. She pressed in her arms that noble girl whom in her heart she had already a hundred times called her daughter. The brave Siberian, on that day, had the right to own her son, and to say that she was proud of him.

After some days passed at Omsk, Michael and Nadia Strogoff returned to Europe, and Wassili Feodor being well fixed at Saint Petersburg, neither his son nor his daughter had any occasion ever to leave him, only when they went to see their old mother.

The young courier had been received by the Czar, who attached him specially to his person, and decorated him with the cross of Saint George. Michael Strogoff afterwards attained to a high post in the empire. But it is not the history of his successes, but the history of his trials, which has deserved to be chronicled.

THE END.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE. By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "East Lynne," "Oswald Gray," &c.

"If you can make the supervisors think 'tis nonsense, and take you off the duty, the employers will be obliged to you."
"Not at all, sir. We could be moved on to the heights up there, and keep quite as good a look-out. Better, I think, and there we should be out of danger."
"You must be very vigorous men to fancy there'danger down there. A child might keep himself from it."
"Being on the watch constant, perhaps he might; but one gets off the watch sometimes."
"Chilly to what you take to warn you on a thank's night," laughed Ravensbird.
"No, indeed, sir; you're out there; we take nothing, and don't care; it would be as much as nothing, and doesn't matter. But when a comrade gets drowned, all in a half hour, one can't tell for certain how or why, it puts us to think that what has happened to him might happen to us. I say, sir, don't you lean over so far; it makes me twitter to see you. You might be took with giddiness."
"I am all right; my brain is strong and my nerves are steady. I like looking down from heights."
"It's more than I do," returned the man.
"And that would be a nasty fall. It might take life, and it would be sure to break limbs."
"I don't covet the fall. Good-night, if you are progressing onwards."
"The preventive man passed on, and Richard Ravensbird turned around and walked to the officer's den. During his colloquy with the officer he had kept a continual look-out in the direction of the castle, but had seen no signs of any approach. He took his station in the chapel in one of its gray, dark corners, near to a window aperture; and scarcely had he looked again, when he saw some one sauntering slowly toward him, whom he soon recognized to be Herbert Dane.
"Then Sophie's right!" he muttered.
"Mr. Dane came up whistling, leaning against the ivy that trailed around the doorway, and looked back the road he had come, whistling still. Ravensbird likewise continued to look; for he was sheltered from observation.
Presently a light figure, swift of foot, and enveloped in a gray cloak, came running along. The hood was drawn over her head, but for her voice, the servant would not have known her for Lady Adelaide.
"My darling Adelaide!"
"I was quite determined to come to-night; and see what a lovely night it is! But we were later than usual at the dinner-table."
"Is the gallant captain at home?"
"Not he. He is dining on board some yacht that is in the bay. Squire Lester is dining with us. Herbert, between all my admirers, I think I shall go deranged. I have pretty trouble to stave off attacks. The squire is growing demonstrative now."
She laughed merrily as she spoke, and Herbert Dane held her closer.
"The squire's nobody, Adelaide; he may be kept at arm's length, or summarily dismissed. The one I fear is nearer home."
"You need not fear," she impulsively answered. "I hate and despise him; he may be a man that men esteem and women admire; but because he has set his love on me, I hate him."
"He is the Honorable William Dane, and his purse is full," was the bitter answer.
"No mean rival."
"Oh, Herbert, my dearest, why will you torment yourself? Don't tell me—have I not repeatedly told you—that I only care for you, and that nothing in the earth or above it, shall tear me from you? I will never marry but you. I am obliged to appear to tolerate him; I even give him gracious marks of your favor to keep him in good humor, but you know why I do this. I don't let my aunt suspect that I care for you; I am obliged to let her think I shall marry him. We should be separated forever; forever, Herbert."
"Things cannot go on long as they are going on now. He will insist upon an explanation. Stave it off as you will, it must come."
"Yes, I know it must come."
"And what then—when it does?"
"Oh, I don't know," she carelessly replied.
"Let us throw worry to the winds, and leave the future to the future. Some one may have left you a fortune by that time, Herbert," she merrily added.
"Ah, that they would! that I might claim my darling Adelaide!"
"Why do you come so seldom now to the castle? I don't know when you have been there before to-day?"
"Because I cannot contain myself," he answered with emotion; "or I fear I cannot. When I see him paying you attentions as a matter of course, as though he made sure of you, my hands tingle to knock him down."
"I wish he was in the sea!" uttered Lady Adelaide.
"Inedible words. Spoken not in wickedness, but in her careless impetuosity. Herbert Dane laughed, as if he would welcome the fact with all the pleasure in life. And Richard Ravensbird, from his hiding-nook, threw up his hands menacingly toward Herbert Dane, as though they tingled to put him in it.
"Mr. Dane and Lady Adelaide moved from the entrance, and began to pace slowly around and around the chapel outside, conversing confidentially, she drawn a loss to his side. It was their general walk when they met there; keeping close to the dark ivied walls, their presence and movements could not be detected from a distance, should there be any stragglers about. Richard Ravensbird caught a sentence now and then, sufficient to hear that their themes of conversation were the future, and mocking ridicule of the credulity of the Honorable Captain Dane. His blood bubbled up to boiling heat, as it had done in the interview with Sophie; but he had no resource but to force it down to calmsness.
They lingered together for about a quarter of an hour, pacing around continually, and then Lady Adelaide, enveloping her head once more in the hood, flew back alone to the castle. Mr. Dane leaned against the ivy, and watched her to it, as he had watched her alone. Prudence suggested that she should go alone. That the Lady Adelaide, giddy girl, should trip out in the moonlight within the precincts of the castle, might be thought nothing of, did any prying eye observe her; but for her to trip out with Mr. Herbert Dane would have set eyes speculating and tongues wagging. Next, when she was fairly on, Mr. Herbert Dane sauntered away, and he was followed after a while, by Richard Ravensbird. The latter had decided on his line of conduct; for he was a man given to form plans with prompt decision, and to execute them firmly.
The following morning, Lady Dane, her son, and Adelaide met at breakfast. Lord Dane never rose so early. Adelaide was dressed in a flowing muslin robe, whose prevailing tint was peach color, while lace open sleeves shaded her wrists, matching her blue collar; her cheeks were flushed; her blue eyes were bright, and her auburn hair gleamed in the morning sun.
"You were home late last night, Harry, were you not?" Lady Dane observed to her son.

"Rather so," he replied. "It was past twelve, I think. Moncton said I got talking over old days, and the time slipped away."
"I suppose the yacht leaves this morning; or has left?"
"Not until to-night. Her captain found out something wrong in her, some trifling damage to be repaired, which was the reason she did not go to the bay; and they could not get it completed yesterday, so they don't leave until evening."
Lady Adelaide looked up.
"Colonel Moncton will be here, then, to-day?"
"Very probably. He gave me a half promise last night that he would come for my introduction. I know you will like him, Adelaide. And he is looking forward to the future pleasure of welcoming you to his own home."
She tossed back her pretty head somewhat defiantly.
"I don't know about liking him. Many of your friends, whom you praise up to the skies, I don't like at all, Captain Dane."
"Captain Dane!" he echoed; and there was a pained irritation in his voice, reproachful tenderness in his glance.
"Harry, then," she good-humoredly rejoined, for Lady Dane had turned her disapproving eyes upon her, "if you are ashamed of the other name."
"Not ashamed of it, Adelaide; but I like a different one from you."
"Oh, dear," sighed Adelaide, half laughing, half in petulance, as she threw herself back in her chair. "How crooked and contrary things do go in this world!"
"What goes crooked with you, Adelaide?" asked Lady Jane.
"Oh, I don't know, aunt. Plenty of things. Sophie was as cross as two sticks this morning, and my little canary is ill."
"Grave sources of discomfort," said Captain Dane, with a smile; "but scarcely sufficient to make you unhappy, Adelaide."
"Do you dine on board the yacht again to-night?" was all her rejoinder.
"I shall get Moncton to dine here, if I can," was his reply, "should it not interfere with his sailing. But I expect they will be putting to sea about that time."
"At what hour does the tide serve?" asked Lady Dane.
"High tide at ten to-night. They'll be off by nine, I dare say. Adelaide, would you like to go on board and inspect her? She is a beautiful little thing, and Moncton would be so pleased to welcome you."
"She gently shook her head.
"No, thank you, Harry; I don't care for yachts. But I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of Colonel Moncton, should you bring him here."
"As Captain Dane was quitting the room after breakfast, his servant accented him: "Could you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes, sir?"
"What about?" asked Captain Dane, feeling a sort of surprise.
"I wanted to say a few words upon a matter personal to yourself, sir."
"Very well. I am going to my room to write letters; you can come now."
They proceeded to the captain's apartment. Ravensbird held the door open for his master to enter, and then followed him in; and the door was closed upon them.
Lady Dane rang the bell for the servants to clear away the breakfast things; and it was done. She then reached her prayer-book and began reading to herself the morning psalms, as was her custom upon the conclusion of breakfast. Adelaide did not care to join in the exercise, and Lady Dane would not press it; she was wise enough to know that noise can be forced into religion. It must come spontaneously, of their own conviction, their right feeling; and she hoped it would in time come to Adelaide. She sat in her easy chair near the fire; Adelaide stood behind her, looking from the window.
It was one of those warm, balmy, brilliant mornings that we sometimes get in early spring. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, the hedges were putting forth their green, and the spring flowers were opening. But not at any of those pleasant objects though they were, gazed Lady Adelaide; genial sun, the calm sky, the shooting hedges, and the smiling flowers were as nothing to her; she did not cast a thought to the blue expanse of sea, stretched out in the distance, or to its steady vessels sailing along; she did not heed the cheerful villas near, or the busy laborers at work on the farm-lands; no; her attention was fixed on something else.
A stride upon the very gate where you saw him yesterday, was Herbert Dane. He might often be seen there; was it so favored by him because it was in full view of the castle windows, and of a beautiful face which was wont to appear at them? He had discarded the fishing-rod of yesterday, but he held in his hand a silver-mounted riding whip, with which he kept switching, first his own boots, then the bars of the gate. Think you Adelaide could see any other object, with him in view? As she appeared at the window he raised his hat, though so far away; a stranger would have seen nothing in the act but the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman; Adelaide probably saw much, and imagined more.
How long she stood there, looking, she could not have told, for she was taking no heed of the time; ten minutes it may have been. And then she was abruptly startled, as in fact was the whole castle, by unusual sounds of anger and contention on the corridor above. Lady Dane started from her chair in alarm, and Adelaide sprang to the door and pulled it open.
Captain Dane and his servant, Ravensbird were quarrelling—quarrelling as it appeared, for the voices of both were raised in a fierce passion. Both seemed in violent anger, in uncontrollable excitement; the captain was red with fury, the servant was livid; and just as Lady Dane and Adelaide appeared, the captain pushed the man to the top of the stairs, and kicked him down them.
Ravensbird stumbled as he got to the foot, where stood the ladies. He took no notice of them, but he turned around, looked up defiantly at his master, and raised his clenched fist.
"Take care of yourself, Captain Dane," he hissed. "I shall never lose sight of this insult until I have repaid it!"
"Good heavens, Harry!" uttered Lady Dane in agitation, as the man disappeared down the lower stairs, "what is this about? What has he done?"
"Never mind, mother; he won't trouble the peace of the castle a second time. I have dismissed him."
"But what had he done?"
"The wicked hound!" burst forth Captain Dane. "He would have traduced one who was dear to me."
Richard Ravensbird was already outside the gates of the castle, first ordering one of the wondering footmen to send his clothes and other property after him. As he passed Herbert Dane, who was still astride on the gate, the latter was struck with the ghastly, enraged look of his face.
"What's up, Ravensbird?" he hastily asked.
"The man stopped, and answered, giving each word its full force."

"I have been kicked out of the castle, sir."
"Kicked out of the castle!" repeated Herbert in astonishment. "By whom? Not by its lord?" he added with an attempt at a joke.
"I have been ignominiously kicked down stairs, in the sight of Lady Dane, and ordered out of the castle. He who did it was my master. But let him look to himself. There are some insults, sir, that can only be wiped out by revenge. This is one."
"And what on earth was it for? How had you offended him?" reiterated Herbert.
"I was endeavouring to do him good, to serve him; and my friendly words—friendly I meant them to be—were taken up in a wrong light. Let him take heed to himself, I say."
Ravensbird strode on, and Herbert Dane watched him, beginning again gently to switch the little whip, which, since Ravensbird's approach, had been still.
"A queer customer to offend, he looks just now," quoth he. "What a livid face of anger it was! I think Mr. Harry had better take heed to himself."
Nothing more came out, as to the cause of the squabble in the castle. Lord Dane, to whose ears the noise had penetrated, summoned his son, but the latter would enter into no details. Ravensbird had behaved infamously and he had given him his merits, as all that could be got from Captain Dane. Colonel Moncton came up in the course of the morning, and paid a short visit. He was introduced to Lord and Lady Dane and Adelaide and then he and Captain Dane went out together. Adelaide watched them from the windows; they were strolling about arm-in-arm. She saw them go inside the ruins of the chapel; she saw them standing on the heights and looking down at the strip of beach and the sea underneath; it appeared that Captain Dane was pointing out the features of the locality to his friend. The colonel had declined the invitation to dinner; they should be getting away, he said; but he asked Captain Dane to dine with him on board "the Pearl" instead, and the promise was given.
Somewhat, then to the surprise of Lord and Lady Dane, when they assembled in the dining-room at seven o'clock, Captain Dane entered, and sat down with them.
"How is this, Harry?" inquired his father.
"I thought we were not to have your company this evening. Is the 'Pearl' gone?"
"I changed my mind about going, and have dispatched an apology to Moncton."
The answer was delivered in a short, cold tone, as if the speaker did not care to be questioned.
Lord Dane looked at his son keenly; he thought something had occurred to annoy him.
"You are letting that affair with Ravensbird vex you, Harry," said he.
"It has vexed me, very much indeed."
"Harry, you must take care of that man," observed Lady Adelaide. "I hear he vows vengeance against you."
Captain Dane smiled contemptuously.
"How do you know that, Adelaide?" asked Lord Dane. And the question—or the aving to answer it—brought a pretty blush to her face.
"I met Herbert Dane when I was out this afternoon, and he said Ravensbird had passed him on his way from the castle, uttering threats of revenge," she replied. "Herbert said he would not care to have Ravensbird for an enemy; he thought he could be a powerful one."
A peculiar smile of anger, mixed with irony, flitted over Captain Dane's face.
"If I have no more formidable enemy than Ravensbird, I shall not be hurt," he sarcastically uttered.
After that he relapsed into silence, and, when addressed, answered only in monosyllables. Nearly everything put before him he sent away unheeded; there could be no doubt that he was smarting from some inward annoyance or vexation.
Lady Dane and Adelaide quitted the dining-room, leaving the two gentlemen together. The former hoped that Lord Dane would succeed in drawing from Harry what was amiss. Harry was her favorite son, and it pained her to see him like this. She took her easy chair, sat down in it before the fire; and, in thinking over matters, dropped into her usual after-dinner sleep.
Then came the turn of Lady Adelaide—the moment for her stealing out to the tower; yet she was not sure that night of meeting Herbert, for he had told her in the day he did not think he should be able to visit there. She loved him far too much, however, not to run the chance, and with quiet movements and stealthy tread, she slipped down the staircase, seized the old gray cloak from its hanging hook, threw it on, stole out at a side door, and across the grass. Very quietly went she, for she was late; if Lady Dane had been one minute dropping off to sleep that night, she had been five-and-twenty.

CHAPTER III.
They bore Lady Adelaide into the hall—a spacious room, hung around with pictures, which opened from the left hand side of the great gateway. On that side, on the ground floor, there were two apartments, the hall and the dining-room. At the back of the hall a handsome stair-case wound up to the floor above and near the foot of the stair-case a door opened to some back passages which led around to the kitchens and the apartments of the servants, on the other side the gateway.
Adelaide was shrieking still, sobbing and crying in strong hysterics; she was evidently under the influence of some powerful terror. The servants put her into a large arm-chair, took off her cloak, and ran for water and for smelling salts; Lady Dane chased her hands, and somewhat anxiously demanded of her what had happened, and where she had been.
Lord Dane was in the dining-room alone. He pulled sharply the silken string, tied to his chair and attached to the bell-ropes, and when Rufin, the butler, answered it inquired haughtily what all that unseemly noise meant.

The Priest in the Poor House.
The Catholic Times, in its last issue, informs us that the priest who for sometime had been an inmate of a New York poor-house has been transferred, by order of Bishop Wadhams, to an insane asylum in Montreal conducted by the Grey Nuns, and will be kept there in the future at the expense of the diocese of Odensberg. The hue and cry raised all over the east was too much for the bishop's nerves and he was forced to yield to public clamor. The people will not stand such outrages on their clergy. They will insist that those who hear their confessions, give them holy communion, marry them, christen their children, visit their sick and anoint their dying; those who preach to them, labor for them, shall not be forced into a poor-house when ill-health renders them unfit for duty.
But we should not blame bishop Wadhams. He was powerless to aid. The old guaranty bishops have heretofore enjoyed that they too would not be forced into a poor-house is the accident of their holding the church property in their own name. This immunity will soon vanish and bishops will be as poor and unprotected as priests. The church property of this diocese will soon be in the hands of lay trustees, and then what provision will there be for the bishops of this city in case both are incapacitated for duty? None. They will be as poor as priests. What we want is organization. We want synods. We want diocesan laws. We want confidence and conference. The bishop should have his support assured; and the priest his place assured. Hap-bazard priests make hap-bazard bishops. Let us dress rank, to use a military phrase. Let us infuse order into the American church. Let the bishops, priests and people go hand and hand, heart beating responsive to heart. And the future of this country is assured to the church of God. A long pull, a strong pull and, above all, a pull together, will accomplish wonders among our people. Let this cold feeling of estrangement be banished forever, and let peace and concord and unity reign supreme in the councils of this American church. The doctors should get their people to pray that annual synods may soon become a fixed institution in our midst.—Western Watchman.

Foreign Notes.
Exeter Hall, London, the hot bed of ill-illuminated Protestantism, the head-quarters of philanthropists, to be sold by auction and put to whatever use a purchaser may choose to turn it.
London Truth.—What has been the result? When Mr. Gladstone was in office his budgets averaged £18,000,000 per annum. The budget now averages £21,000,000 and there is a heavy deficit which will have to be met.
Fair Mail Gazette.—The New Zealand anti-slavery journal is giving us a glowing account of the New Zealand anti-slavery journal, which has just been published in the North Island, and which has had long acquaintance with the anti-slavery cause which will be unavoidable.
Some time ago the Czar of Russia conferred the St. Stanislaus order of the second class on the Rev. Dr. Paderewski, the author of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," of Berlin, a journal which loses no opportunity of vindicating the ways of Russia, as well as the Czar, of whom the great canon manufacturer, has just been distinguished by his Imperial Russian majesty by a similar honor.
The Austrian military journal "Feldztg." and the Prussian military journal "Militarische Anzeiger" have both given up all responsibility for the death of the ex-Prince Imperial. There was no possibility, says the "Feldztg." of saving the Prince, who was shot from his horse, and he fell to the ground; and the "Militarische Anzeiger" adds that the Emperor himself was present at the scene of the disaster, and that he saw the Prince fall.
The German "Feldztg." gives some curious details of the efforts made by small patriots to save the Prince. The Emperor was in the neighborhood at the time, and he was discharged from his own resources if he were allowed to remain. Then seeing that his appeals were vain he sent to his barn for five or six of his best horses, and he drove them to the front, decked with diamonds, he said. "These are my favorites; the jewels they wear are worth \$500,000; they are all yours if you will only leave me five minutes to pack my trunk."
London Truth.—More Russian barbarities! The reign of terror in a Russian game being up, the Vienna correspondent of the "D. Z." has discovered that the "Moscovites" have been guilty of the horrible crime of shooting the sailors who were chained. Has he ever seen a game of English convicts, manacled and chained together, and set at Waterloo station, and the convicts would have been shot by the Russian military and landed into the train which was to take them to Portland?
London Vanity Fair sings—
The season wanes, and sadness reigns
In empty chambers, where the light
Of holiday revelry has been
But lately through the festive night.
The cats do strut in Bellevue square
With their tails high and their eyes
But one low swell adorns Pitt Mall,
And a grass is growing in Myfair.

Telegrams.
Africa.
London, August 21.—Intelligence has been received from the west coast of Africa that a dispute arose between King Amachere at New Calabar, and one of his chiefs. The latter left town with his people, and took possession of the oil markets, blockaded the creeks, and stopped all traffic. It is feared the outbreak will become general.
Lisbon, August 21.—A despatch says the German traveler Otto Schult, who has just returned from Africa, has made an exact survey of the region between Ouango and the Casai rivers.
England.
Lisbon, August 21.—The Times announces that the authorities have decided that the evidence before the court martial in Africa does not justify the conviction of Lieutenant Carey. The finding of the court is accordingly quashed, and Lieutenant Carey retains his rank. He will be released from arrest to-day.
Italy.
A Plot to Poison the Pope.
Lisbon, August 21.—A Rome despatch says the Pope has received an anonymous letter from Baltimore, warning him against attempts to poison him, but the letter contained so many references to the Pope's private life that it is believed that it was posted in America merely as a blind.
Cuba.
Havana, August 21.—Francisco Carrillo, an ex-chief of the late insurrection, has written a letter to a Havana paper, saying he had read the attack which General Salamanca made in the Spanish cortes on General Martinez Campos for the manner in which the latter had pacified Cuba, charging Campos with having bought the adhesion of the insurgents by distributing among them \$85,000,000, of which Bonachea received \$25,000, and Carrillo \$12,000. Carrillo says this is utterly untrue.
Russia.
Moscow, August 21.—The judgment of the military tribunal against a number of Nichilists whose trials terminated here on the 17th, has been published. Five were sentenced to die hanged, one woman to exile to Siberia, and 22 other prisoners to 10 years penal servitude.
The Zulu War.
Lisbon, August 21.—Advises from Cape Town of the 5th inst. say Sir G. Wolsey arrived at Lorkes Drift on the 2nd inst. Cityway is north of the Black Umfolosi river with a small following. The Umfolosi and Pondeas attacked a tribe friendly to the British on the 1st of August. The latter were obliged to retire. The attack was renewed three days afterwards. Reinforcements were sent. The Zulus are now more peaceful.

Canadian Industries Encouraged By the Military Authorities.
St. Helen's island was, last Wednesday, the scene of an interesting experiment which possesses not only a local interest, but affects the future armament of the whole Dominion. The occasion was the efficient test of an old smooth bore 32 lb cannon, which had been converted into rifled gun on the Palliser principle through the instrumentality of Messrs. E. E. Gilbert & Sons, engineers, St. Joseph street. There were present Hon. Mr. Masson, minister of militia, and Lieut. Col. Fletcher, Bacon, De Loubinere, Harwood and other prominent persons interested in modern warfare.
The gun experimented with to-day is the result of eighteen months' close application and study on the part of the Messrs. Gilbert. In March, 1878, they received permission from the government to proceed with the conversion of a smooth bore. The cost was to be borne by themselves, and if the gun withstood a successful test, the cost was to be defrayed by the militia department. They accordingly agreed to perform the work and trust in the safe fulfilment of their contract for recompense. They had to manufacture the necessary tools and machinery. This involved a considerable outlay. Judge, then, of their chagrin and disappointment when the first gun proved worthless under a hydraulic test of 200 pounds to the inch.
Not disheartened by the many obstacles opposing their progress, the Messrs. Gilbert selected another smooth bore to demonstrate the feasibility of its proper conversion from the British authorities. The thorough manner in which they proceeded their labors was minutely witnessed to-day by the severe test to which the gun was subjected.
The operation consists in boring out the old gun, and inserting a coiled iron tube. This tube at its breech end, for about 35 inches, is turned down, and a coil is struck over it, which brings the tube to an equal thickness throughout its length. The object of this is, should the tube become split in the vicinity of the charge, the coil would prevent the powder acting on the cast-iron, and by a spiral groove in connection with the gas chamber through the cast-iron casing convey the fact to the detachment, who would immediately cease firing. The end of the barrel is closed by means of a wrought-iron cup-shaped plug, screwed in. The barrel is prevented from sliding around by a pin screwed through the cast-iron casing into the barrel underneath the charge; and from moving forward by a cast iron collar screwed in at the muzzle. The work incidental to the experiment was performed by a detachment of B battery, under Sergeant Howard, and supervised by Major Finser. The guns were charged by an electric battery furnished by Messrs. Gilbert, the electric tubes being supplied from the battery stores. Everything being in readiness, a live round shell was inserted with a charge of powder powder. The artillery party fell back, and Hon. Mr. Masson touching the battery, fire and smoke belched forth, and the ball speeding on its way buried itself deep in the earthen target.
The reverberation had hardly been re-echoed from Mount Royal before the party were clustered around the cannon in quest of perceptible effects. Noise whatever could be discerned. Another five pounder was discharged, followed by two eight pound shells in rapid succession. A further examination revealed no flaws or fractures, and a ten pound shot was shoved in. The party retired behind trees, and reclined beneath inequalities of the ground, in expectation of dire results. The battery sent forth its electric spark, which inflated the powder; a quick, sharp explosion was the only evidence of the discharge of the deadly missile, which pursued its shrieking course until buried in the embankment. Every lineament of the destroyer was examined. The evidence of the explosion was apparent, not even the lacquer of the gun was disturbed. After the discharge of the ten pound shell the old carriage swung violently and recoiled a distance of thirty feet. The gun weighs three tons and fifteen hundred weight. It is fitted with a tall-tale which records the presence of the slightest quantity of gas. The presence of an imperceptible crack would also be made aware. At noon the detachment prepared to take an impression in gutta serena of the interior of the gun. As this operation generally occupies several hours the company adjourned to a marquee where a lunch was discussed, during which Hon. Mr. Masson arose and after expressing his pleasure at witnessing the experiments he proposed the health of the contractors, Messrs. Gilbert & Co. His expressions of satisfaction were generally concurred in by the large assemblage.

British Crops and Grain Trade.
Lisbon, August 19.—The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, says: "A week of warm and sunny weather, although interrupted by an interval of incessant rain on Saturday and Sunday night, has done wonders in maturing cereals. At the same time the previous damage cannot be obliterated. An examination of the wheat crops proves that the plant has been starved, not only in the ears which are sown and cut, but many of them are barren at the base and top. Neither wheat nor barley will be ready to cut much before the end of the month. If barley there will probably be a better crop if fine weather continues, as, despite the gloomy anticipations, it promises by no means badly in some of the southern counties. Scotch advices of the condition of cereals are, on the whole, favorable, but the lateness of the season causes much anxiety. The smart advance in wheat of a month ago seems to have quite expended its force, as the enormous shipments from America and very heavy arrivals have quite upset the London trade during the past week. The fine weather also, no doubt, had a marked effect in depressing prices. It was manifestly impossible to make headway against American shipments, and values consequently declined 1s per quarter for red and fully 2s for white on the fortnight. The demand, as usual at this season of the year, has been merely a retail nature. Feeding stuffs, however, have been active, especially maize, which sold freely at rapidly advancing prices consequent upon the moderate supplies both in Liverpool and London, and the deplorable condition of English potatoes, for which maize will have to be used as a substitute. New mixed American maize has risen 2s per quarter on the fortnight, with very little offering. Round corn has risen almost equally. Barley, oats, beans and peas have been in good request in London and the provinces at 6d to 1s per quarter advance on the fortnight.
At ports of call during the week trade was quiet for wheat off coast at a decline of about 1s per quarter, with a fair demand, however, at the reduction. The arrivals are moderate. At the beginning of the week maize advanced 3d to 6d per quarter, but since then it has been quiet and the improvement has been slow. Buyers have been reluctant to operate in forward wheat in consequence of large shipments advised by cable from America, and the little business done has been at a decline of 6d per quarter. Maize for shipment shared the quieter feeling quoted for arrival cargoes. Barley improved 6d, a quarter. The sales of English wheat last week were 18,594 quarters at 49s 6d per quarter, against 26,234 quarters at 44s 3d per quarter for the same week last year. The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending August 9th were 1,911,375 cwt. of wheat and 181,179 cwt. of flour.
With a continuance of fine weather in France there is reason to believe that the total crop of wheat will exceed that of last year and afford farmers a fair return.
At Mark Lane on Monday the supply of English wheat was small and the sales were slow at about the late rate. Foreign arrivals were excessive and declined a shilling per quarter, with a fair demand at the reduction. On the whole, a good deal of steadiness was observable, as it was reported that Sunday's rain had seriously laid the crops in some districts. Flour and barley were quiet. Maize declined 6d and oats 3d per quarter.

Private Judgment.
A bitter, in a recent defence of the Quakers, makes a good point against the private judgment readers of the Bible. He says: "If the Bible given immediately by the Holy Spirit, which was the case, it would be as if through the medium of human writers in an old and decrepit language. Shall the spirit of God be so limited by the spirit of man? This certainly is a fair argument as against our Protestant friends. If they believe that a private inspiration is a private judgment, it gives us an excellent reason why they should not receive them and a direct inspiration revealing from a credible person of his own free choice, and believe the Bible because the church which infallible hands it to us is inspired and exhibits its hidden meanings. We understand, however, by another of his reasons, that we are not to be misled by any other human-existing institution; and reasoning on its existence—its antiquity of time—its authority, and we recognize that only the mind of God could be so perfect and indestructible a system."
Catholic Interest.

An American's Opinion of Montreal.
We clip the following from the Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union:
I believe all tourists agree as to the beauty of the city of Montreal. And it certainly can claim many points of view which can be seen from no other place in the world.
The American traveler comes here, not only to see the magnificent view of the city, but also to see the city of Montreal, which is a beautiful city and is driven first to Mount Royal, the grand mountain park that overlooks the city. There are many fine buildings in the city, but the most striking feature of the city is the numerous churches of many denominations, including the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches. The city is also famous for its numerous hospitals and charities, and for its numerous educational institutions, including the McGill University and the Bishop's University.
The city is also famous for its numerous hotels and restaurants, and for its numerous public buildings, including the Parliament Buildings and the Montreal City Hall. The city is also famous for its numerous parks and gardens, including the Mount Royal Park and the Point St. Charles Park.
The city is also famous for its numerous museums and libraries, including the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and the Montreal Public Library. The city is also famous for its numerous theaters and concert halls, including the Grand Theatre and the Grand Concert Hall.
The city is also famous for its numerous shopping districts, including the Rue St. James and the Rue St. Nicholas. The city is also famous for its numerous public squares and parks, including the Place St. Jacques and the Place St. Louis.
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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Subscribers when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS, and thereby save us much time and trouble in attending to their correspondence.

Our Convents, Colleges, &c.

As the season is now approaching, when all our educational institutions will be re-opened for the instructions of our youth, the time is appropriate for us to call the attention of the Rev. Superiors to the advantages the TRUE WITNESS offers for making the fact known to parents and guardians, circulating as it does in every village and county in the Dominion of Canada, as well as in many parts of the United States, and being read by most of our people who can afford to give their children a good education; the TRUE WITNESS is second to no other journal for bringing the merits of our various educational institutions before the public.

Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the TRUE WITNESS, which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion, are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

The Anglo-Saxon.

An editorial writer in the last issue of the Canadian Spectator is highly amused at our attempt to show that Canada is not Anglo-Saxon, but while admitting the general correctness of our figures, throws ridicule on the specific statement that the Marquis of Lorne, Sir John Macdonald, the Hon. Messrs. Blake, Mackenzie and Masson are Celts. How then are we to judge if not by names, and pedigrees of old families. If we meet a man named Gurth having a square head we immediately set him down as an Anglo-Saxon, incorrectly perhaps, but still with every probability of being right. In like manner if we encounter a person of the name of O'Neill, Macdonald, McCarthy, or McCallum, we come to the conclusion that the prefix O or Mac at once defines his Celtic origin. Writers on ethnology agree that, speaking generally, the French, the Irish and most of the Scotch are of the great Celtic family, and so, whether with our contemporary the Spectator, we flippantly trace the foreign marriages of certain families in order to prove that black is a kind of dusky grey or contend that McDonald is pure Norman, we must finally fall back on the historian for anything like the truth. We must take his authority for the fact—that a certain nation is Gothic and a certain other nation Celtic. If France, Ireland and Scotland are Celtic, then, though of course with very great exception, we can come to no other conclusion than that Canada, settled chiefly by natives of those countries, is also Celtic, or at least that the Celtic element largely preponderates. A stranger arriving from England, where Saxon or Gothic blood prevails, and travelling through Canada, is at once struck with the great difference between the shape of the head and the contour of the face of those he left behind and those with which he now comes in contact, and, in fact, any hatter paying attention to what we may term the scientific branch of his business, will at once recognize the difference in the shape of the head of an Anglo-Saxon and that of a Celt when measuring them for a hat. We recommend the last mentioned fact to the Spectator as a peg on which to hang another witty article. At all events, and no matter what race we have sprung from, we cordially agree with our contemporary that it were much better to drop the name Saxon, and take up that of Canadian instead.

Too far East is West.

Once upon a time—except the Catholic Church itself—and there was no body of Christians so united and so well disciplined as the Presbyterians. The gloomy doctrines of Calvin and John Knox were strictly taught and vigorously observed, and we betide the man or woman who expressed dissent, even from the most trifling shred of a dogma as laid down by the Geneva Apostle. The bare idea of question could not be toler-

rated. The Church of Scotland wrapped itself round with a religious fog, which was considered orthodox, and in this manner did the people consent to receive it unhesitatingly and unquestioningly. The chief subject taken by the ministers for their sermons was hell with its eternal torments, which they kept continually before the eyes of all congregations in all its horrors, without one glimpse of the brightness of heaven, to relieve the mind. They continually spoke of God's vengeance, but seldom or never of God's mercy, and the clergyman, who could draw the most diabolical picture of the infernal regions and the universal depravity of the human race and their future punishment, was accepted as the best and most eloquent preacher. That gloomy state of things, however, was too terrible to last very long, and consequently a secession took place and the Free Kirk of Scotland was formed, a body not altogether implacable in its hatred to the Catholic Church, nor so dismal in its belief in universal damnation. Within the past decade a still greater change has been effected among the Presbyterians, in many instances a complete reaction, for instead of believing in the almost universal damnation of their forefathers some of them go so far as to doubt the existence of future punishment altogether. Too far east is west. Scarcely a week passes, certainly not a month, that we do not hear of distinguished converts from Presbyterianism to Catholicity, and the expulsion by the Presbyterian Synod of heterodox ministers from its body. The latest instance is that of the Rev. Mr. Macrae, a clergyman of Glasgow, belonging to the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Mr. Macrae preached heretical doctrines from the pulpit, and wrote free-thinking articles in the newspapers, which quickly came to the ears and eyes of his religious confederates. This preaching and writing went to show that there was no eternal punishment, no personal but merely an allegorical devil, and, in fact, the Reverend Mr. Macrae did away with the uncomfortable doctrines taught by his fathers in their generation, in the most cheerful manner possible. The Presbyterian Synod could not stand this. They assembled and solemnly excommunicated the heterodox Mr. Macrae. They next sent the Rev. Mr. Boyd to his church to promulgate the resolutions expelling the offending clergyman, which were ordered to be read from his own pulpit. But resolutions are easier framed than carried out, as the Rev. Mr. Boyd learned to his dismay, for, when seeking admission on the following Sunday to carry out his instructions, the church door was slammed in his face, and the congregation told him and the Synod, as plainly as words could convey their meaning, that they wanted neither him nor his doctrines, and were perfectly satisfied with their own pastor, who was not eternally throwing their women into convulsions with gloomy denunciations. The Scotch papers are now engaged discussing the matter, and we hear that several clergymen of the Presbyterian church sympathize with the Rev. Mr. Macrae in his resistance to the synod. If the synod would check this serious state of affairs they might, by attending the Catholic churches in their neighborhood, learn from the preachers how to describe the bright as well as the dark side of the future, and, while inculcating the doctrine of future punishment for sins unforgiven, hear them promise a glorious and immortal reward for the good and pure.

The Live Stock Export Trade.

It is pleasing to note that the Canadian export trade in live stock, more especially cattle and sheep, which was only fairly commenced a little over two years ago, is rapidly developing into one of the largest sources of revenue to this country. Efforts were put forth some two or three years ago by some of our enterprising western cattle dealers, to make the exportation of live stock to Europe a staple trade of the country, and at the time of the first large shipments there were not wanting those who predicted a failure, so far as Canada was concerned, on the ground that the then present supply would be soon exhausted, and that sufficient would not be forthcoming to meet the brisk demand which had sprung up in Great Britain. So far from these predictions being fulfilled, we are able to state that the trade has been rapidly growing, ever since its commencement, until now it is admitted to have assumed important dimensions. Canadian beef and mutton have all along been preferred by the people of Great Britain, to either that raised by their own stock dealers or by Americans, and Canadian exporters have been able also to undersell all other dealers in the British markets. Our farmers, more especially those of western Ontario, prompted by the good prices paid, and for other reasons which may be mentioned further on, turned their attention more to the raising of thoroughbred stock, and the result is, in spite of many difficulties, that a large and growing trade has been established. Each year the live stock shipments have shown a considerable increase on those of the previous one, and notwithstanding the serious effects of the slaughtering of diseased cattle shipped from this side of the Atlantic at English ports last spring, and the consequent embargo which prevents the shipment of American cattle from Canadian ports, the total shipments of cattle and sheep from Montreal and Quebec to Europe during the present season will be manifestly largely in excess of those during any previous year. Last year the total shipments of horned cattle from these two ports during the season of navigation amounted to 18,955 head, of which not more than 11,000 head were Canadian. During the first month of this year, from the 9th May to the 7th June, there were shipped 7,260, all Canadian; and yet,

notwithstanding the constant weekly drain upon the supply, the trade is still carried on almost as brisk as ever. All the distillery and winter-fed cattle having been exported, good grass-fed animals began to come forward almost immediately; and for several weeks past exporters have been shipping them to the British markets. In most instances they have given satisfaction, although of course the others are preferred, but large numbers not quite suitable for the English butchers were turned out to graze in England. We understand the supply of this class of cattle in the country is yet very large, and that they will likely be brought forward in increased numbers during next month. All the available vessel accommodation is reported to be engaged for six weeks to come, but it will have been noticed that recently the shipments of sheep are much larger, in proportion, than those of cattle. This is, perhaps, not to be regretted, since a Toronto cattle exporter, on his return home from England, informed us the other day that just at the present time beef is not in very active demand, owing entirely to the hard times, brought on by the depression in trade and manufactures. He thinks, however, that all offering will be wanted a little later on in the season. Prices for first-class quality of stock have not yet declined, and this fact, together with the prospects of still higher figures being paid, should tend to stimulate our farmers to a greater determination to raise none but the best thoroughbred animals. Experience has taught that stock-raising is profitable to farmers in more than one way; it has proved an excellent means of enriching the soil, there is nothing like a change of crops for this purpose, and in the event of the grain crops proving a failure, or of low and unprofitable prices, such as ruled last year, we think a good prosperous trade in live stock would be appreciated. There is any amount of land in Canada which can be dedicated to what may grow into a staple export, filling the place of our fast disappearing lumber trade, and with the required banking accommodation and legitimate encouragement from the Government we do not see why the trade should not increase so rapidly that not only would we seek markets in Great Britain, but in some of the continental nations of Europe as well. There are many suggestions which might be thrown out for the improvement of the cattle trade, chief among them being better and safer accommodation, precaution against deterioration on voyage and loss by death, but no doubt the keen business men engaged in the shipment of live stock will see to these things in their own interest.

The Canadian Pacific and Emigration.

The newspapers are beginning to talk of emigration once more. The subject can scarcely be avoided in connection with the Canadian Pacific railroad, which, if it be constructed at all, must be constructed in a great measure by emigrants, and supported by them when it is constructed. The cablegram which we publish in this issue, makes the subject still more interesting, as it partly develops the plan of the Canadian Government, and points to the fact that it is by an extensive emigration scheme they ultimately hope to make the proposed railroad a success. And, in fact, this is their only policy, for while we have, no doubt, in our own towns and cities a class of men who, if assisted, would gladly help to build up the railroad and then settle the lands adjacent, it is not numerous enough to carry out the gigantic work in its entirety. Hence the wise policy of looking to the overcrowded British islands for assistance while giving our own laborers and agriculturists the preference. When we say the British islands we must be understood to include Ireland, a country the existence of which the Honorable J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, seemed to be ignorant of in his late instructions to the emigration agents in England to secure a delegation from that country to visit Canada and judge for themselves the inducements held out to the distressed farmers should they determine to emigrate in large numbers. Of course we have no objection to the stalwart yeomanry of "Merric England," quite the contrary. We lament the depression which makes the homes of their ancestors no longer their own and welcome them to this prosperous Dominion with open arms, but at the same time the Minister of Agriculture needs to be reminded that the oppressed tenant farmers of Ireland, especially of the west, have equal, if not prior, claims to assistance and encouragement. There are, moreover, lots of broad and fertile lands for all, English, Irish and Scotch, and if we particularly the Irish it is because they are in most need. The tenants farmers of the west of Ireland have, up to this, held on to their small holdings with a tenacity truly marvellous; have held on to them despite rack-rents and middlemen, oppressive agents and absentee landlords, and now that after a fierce struggle they are likely to yield them with the same reluctance almost as they would their lives, would it not be showing shrewd legislative wisdom to induce such lovers of farms to come to Canada and help to build up the great Northwest? Nor need it for a moment be supposed that those small farmers of the land beyond the Shannon would by any means be pauper immigrants. They are a patient and frugal race, possessed of small means saved from the grip of the landlords. Most of them have put by small sums with the very purpose of ultimately emigrating, if the law obliges them to give up their farms. They are not laboring under the terrible disadvantages of those who in '48 fled from plague and famine with little worldly goods but the clothes they wore on their backs. The Irish farmers are surely entitled to the same privileges as those of England, Russia, Norway or Iceland—a fact

which ministers of agriculture and emigration agents would do well to bear in mind. That they make in this connection it may not be amiss to enquire what our emigration agents in Ireland are doing? There are, we believe, two of them, Mr. Larkin in Dublin, and Mr. Foy in Belfast, drawing very fair salaries, but rendering little or no service in return. Of Mr. Foy of the pamphlets much is not expected by way of helping intending settlers from the west; perhaps it is not in his province, but what is Mr. Larkin about? Does he, like the Minister of Agriculture, ignore the existence of the very country in which he lives and moves, or does his knowledge of geography teach him that it is merely a district adjoining the south midland counties of England? Mr. Larkin has a fine field for his abilities as an emigration agent just now in the Connaught land agitation, and it is in that Province he should be instead of enjoying the beauties of the capital, admiring, perhaps, the scenery surrounding the city of Dublin and its picturesque bay. We should sincerely like to hear from Mr. Larkin, and should also like to hear that the Minister of Agriculture has sent him also instructions about a delegation.

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It pleases us well that we are seldom called upon to criticize the utterances of our respected contemporary, the Irish Canadian, but it would please us still better if we never had occasion to do so at all. The Irish Canadian is eccentric, but it is honest, and if it is often inconsistent and allows itself to forget its policy of the week previous it is a matter which only concerns itself and its readers. Take it for all in all and it is an able advocate of the cause which it champions. As such we honor it. At times, however, the Irish Canadian falls into the bad practice of abusing its best friends, either directly or indirectly, and in this we cannot endorse its policy, which is a narrow one, and not at all calculated to serve its interests or carry out its views. For our own part we realize the difficulties lying in the path of journals like the Post and Irish Canadian without trying to throw further obstacles in their way; we know that instead of their number being smaller it would be well if they were greater, and hence when an Irish Catholic journal is called into existence (except it be as a hired political hack) we welcome its advent with all cordiality and cheerfulness. We regret that our contemporary does not always adopt the same plan, though we would charitably believe that when it attacks conferees it is more through the aggressive spirit natural to it than in a narrow selfish policy that fears competition in trade. There need be no such fear; the constituency of Canada is large enough to support even half a dozen journals such as the TRUE WITNESS and Irish Canadian. These remarks are called for by the tone of our Toronto contemporary in its last issue in relation to the quarrel of the ship laborers of Quebec. In its previous issue its Quebec correspondent falls foul of the Post in this wise:—"Capitalists may strive to crush them, hired scribblers may revile them, but shame on the journal that, calling itself Irish, makes this Society, so largely composed of Irishmen, the object of its hostility. Considerable latitude is given to newspaper correspondents, and it is not to be supposed that their views are always those of the editor, but when this same sentence we have quoted above is taken by the nose and placed in the editorial column the week after, thus adopted as the opinion of the editor of the Irish Canadian, we have cause for complaint against our contemporary. And first we may state that we have asked for the production of the article in our columns that so much hurt the patriotic soul of the Quebec correspondent, and it has not been produced. Will the Irish Canadian contend that the late bloody riots in Quebec are not to be lamented, or that some party or parties are not to blame? For our part we care not which, and we are inclined to the opinion expressed more than once before that our compatriots merely defended themselves from invasion, and that if they did not they would be worse than fools. But let the Irish Canadian divest its mind of the delusion instilled into it by its fierce correspondent that there is such an Association in Quebec as the Irish Ship Laborers' Union. No such Society or organization exists. The Ontario contemporaries of our conferees must chuckle inwardly at its efforts to shield the English and Scotch from any blame that may attach in the matter to the English-speaking ship laborers, and show up the Irish, the whole Irish, and nothing but the Irish. The Quebec correspondent does not state that even now there are French Canadians remaining in the Parent Association, and that the Irish only compose an accidental majority in it, just as in Toronto, for obvious reasons, they would compose a minority. We are just as ready, and we have actually as much right, to defend our countrymen in Quebec as our Toronto contemporary; have done so, and shall again, but we shall never be guilty of taking advantage of their troubles to deal a conferee a sly hit below the belt.

The Russian Ships.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 21.—Concerning the reported negotiations at St. Petersburg for the construction of several additional vessels in this country for the Russian government, Abraham Barker says his son, when last heard from, was about to start home from St. Petersburg whither he had gone to advance American interests. The impression here is that Barker has succeeded in obtaining a vast ship building contract. He will bring nearly \$20,000,000 to Philadelphia, or Philadelphia and Chester.

The Quebec Riots.

We clip the following from the Ottawa Free Press: "The Editor of the Free Press: Sir—Will you kindly allow me space to correct an impression which an editorial in one of your contemporaries of Saturday last, sent me, has created in Quebec, and which is likely to be very, viz: 'that the rioters, or rather, as the writer terms them, "waifs of the ocean," "borders of outlaws," &c. whose "hereditary funds are conserved by murder," and "consist of two "opposing factions—French and Irish." Now, sir, a more unjustifiable attempt to shield the English and Scotch portion of the Quebec Ship Laborers' Union at the cost of the Irish members could hardly be conceived, as it is well known by every person who has resided in Quebec, that the union is composed of French, English, Irish and Scotch, and the difficulty, therefore, exists between the French portion on the one hand, and the English speaking members on the other. I can see no good reason why your contemporary should single out the Irish portion of the union for public execration. I remain, sir, Yours, A QUEBECER.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties.

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are entirely harmless to the human system. The smallest and most delicate child can and will eat them, because they are pleasant to the taste, and will do their work speedily and thoroughly upon the worms.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN AT HOME.

Since his return from Rome to England his eminence Cardinal Newman has made several important addresses to various committees and societies who have called upon him to tender their congratulations upon his elevation to the Sacred college. One of these deputations was from the Irish Roman Catholic university, consisting of three members of the Cui Bono club, who went to the Oratory at Birmingham, to present to the cardinal a congratulatory address with a collection of fac similes of the national manuscripts efforts for the advancement of the university education of Irish Catholics; his lectures on the scope and nature of university education and the great work he had accomplished as rector in moulding their newly-formed university. In reply Cardinal Newman said: "Gentlemen—In thanking you for the address of congratulation which you have done me the honor to present, I am led especially to express to you the pleasurable wonder I have felt, on receiving its separate portions as they succeeded one another and on collecting my thoughts upon them, at the minute and most friendly diligence with which you have brought together and arranged before me what might be turned to my praise during the years in which I filled the distinguished and important post of rector of your Catholic university. I know well—or, if this is presumptuous to say, I sincerely believe—that a desire to write Ireland was the ruling motive of my sermons and doings while I was with you. How could I have any other? What right-minded Englishman could think of his country's conduct towards you in times past without indignation, shame and remorse? How could any such man but earnestly desire, should his duty take him to Ireland, to be able to offer up some small service in expiation of the crimes which his own people in former times committed there? This wish, I believe, ruled me; but that in fact I had done any great thing during my seven years there has never come home to me, nor have I had by me any tale of efforts made or of successes gained in your behalf such as I might produce supposing that I were asked how I had spent my time and what I had done while rector of the university. I cannot then deny that, diffident as I have ever been in respect of any outcome of my work in Ireland, it has been a great satisfaction to me and a great consolation to find from you and others that I have a right to think that those years were not wasted, and that the Sovereign Pontiff did not send me to Ireland for nothing. There is another thought which your address suggests to me, namely, that on looking back to the years when I was in Ireland, I have, as it would seem, good hope, after all, that I had my share of success there. We must none of us, therefore, be discouraged if during the twenty years which have elapsed since we have had so many difficulties and a success not commensurate with them. The greater the work the longer it takes to accomplish it. Tantum valet Romanum condere gentem. You, indeed, gentlemen, are not the persons to be accused of want of courage; but zealous men, though not discouraged, may be disappointed. Let us, then, recollect that our cause is sure to succeed eventually, because it is manifestly just, and next because it has the blessing of the Holy See. We must be contented with small successes when we cannot share great ones, and we shall gain four objects surely if we resign ourselves to a progress which is gradual."

Shortly after Cardinal Newman returned to Birmingham he assisted, in full canonicals, at a ceremonial high Mass in the Oratory. The church was densely crowded with the former pupils and friends of the cardinal from all parts of country, who had taken this opportunity of paying homage to him on his elevation. After the singing of the Gospel, the cardinal delivered a discourse upon a passage from the sermon on the Mount, comprised in the Gospel of the day. In the afternoon he officiated at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in robes appropriate to the function, having jeweled mitre and crozier. The cardinal was afterwards presented by the members of the Oratory school society with a handsome set of vestments, and an address was read by Lord Lennox of Howard, congratulating him on his elevation. In reply to this address the cardinal said: "I thank you very much for the address of congratulation which you have presented to me on the great dignity to which the Holy Father has raised me. Besides the honor, he has done me this great service, that his condescension has, in God's mercy, been the means of eliciting on my behalf so much kind sympathy, so much deep friendliness, so much good will, of which the greater part was until now only silently cherished in the hearts of persons known and unknown to me. I do not mean to say that I did not believe in your affection for me. I have had many instances of it, I have rejoiced to know it, and I have been grateful for it; but I could not, till I had read your short and simple words, realize its warmth, its depth, and what I call its volume. Your letter is the best reward, short of supernatural, for much weariness and anxiety in time past. Nothing, indeed, is more pleasant than the care of boys; at the same time, nothing involves greater responsibility. A school such as ours is a pastoral charge of the most intimate kind. Most men agree in judging that boys, instead of remaining at home, should be under the care of others at a distance. In order to the due formation of their minds, boys need that moral and intellectual discipline which school alone can give. Their parents, then, make a great sacrifice, and also make an act of supreme confidence, in committing their dear ones to strangers. You see, then, what has made us so anxious, sometimes too anxious—namely, our sense of the great trust committed to us by parents and our desire, if so be, to impart a blessing from above upon their children. No other department of the pastoral office requires such sustained attention and such unwearied services. A confessor for the most part knows his penitents only in the confessional, and perhaps does not know them by sight. A parish priest knows, indeed the members of the flock individually, but he sees them only from time to time. Day schools are not schools except in school hours; but the superiors in a school such as ours live with their pupils and see their growth from day to day. They almost see them grow, and they are ever tenderly watching over them, that their growth may be in the right direction. You see now why it is that the few words of your address are so great a comfort to me. Yes, they are a definite, formal answer to the questionings, searchings, of heart and anxieties of twenty years. Of course, I know that I have been wonderfully blessed in the set of boys whom we have had to work for; we have had very good material. Also, I know when you speak so kindly of my personal influence and guidance that this is a reference to more than myself, and that I can only occupy the second or the third place in any success which we can claim. However, if we have desired your best good, if to have prayed for it, if to have given much time and

which ministers of agriculture and emigration agents would do well to bear in mind. That they make in this connection it may not be amiss to enquire what our emigration agents in Ireland are doing? There are, we believe, two of them, Mr. Larkin in Dublin, and Mr. Foy in Belfast, drawing very fair salaries, but rendering little or no service in return. Of Mr. Foy of the pamphlets much is not expected by way of helping intending settlers from the west; perhaps it is not in his province, but what is Mr. Larkin about? Does he, like the Minister of Agriculture, ignore the existence of the very country in which he lives and moves, or does his knowledge of geography teach him that it is merely a district adjoining the south midland counties of England? Mr. Larkin has a fine field for his abilities as an emigration agent just now in the Connaught land agitation, and it is in that Province he should be instead of enjoying the beauties of the capital, admiring, perhaps, the scenery surrounding the city of Dublin and its picturesque bay. We should sincerely like to hear from Mr. Larkin, and should also like to hear that the Minister of Agriculture has sent him also instructions about a delegation.

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Virgo Predicanda.

If through the endless ages bright shall be the deathless name of her who for Bethulia dared to peril life and fame. How deep the homage, praise and thanks man's grateful heart should prove. To her who for his ransom bore the martyrdom of love!

IRISH OBSTRUCTIONISTS

Sketches of the Men Who Worry the House of Commons—Their Allies and Recruits—Concessions Gained by Their Policy from the Tory Ministry—How Ireland Rewards Their System.

When the obstructing policy was inaugurated, a coup of sessions ago, the public roared against its leaders...

THE LEADER OF THE PARTY. Notwithstanding the accession of members and power to the ranks of the Irish filibusters...

THE RESULTS OF OBSTRUCTION. These men have been able to match the strongest debaters of the house on the ground of parliamentary sharp practice...

THE FUTURE OF THE SYSTEM. What will be the future of obstruction it is impossible to prophesy. Its advocates claim that in the general election...

Burying the Dead. We find a very interesting letter from our friend W. T. W., in a late New York World...

produced by the sharpening of a saw. He has not any very profound knowledge of politics, but possesses an acute mind and shrewd practical common sense...

OCCASIONAL OBSTRUCTIONISTS. In addition to these four leaders there are many men of prominence belonging to the extreme right of the party...

THE EDUCATION QUESTION. The education question, especially in its university phase, and as presented in Ireland, differs exactly to the same category...

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES. In 1845 the late Sir Robert Peel, who was a conciliatory and far-seeing, established provincial colleges, known as the Queen's colleges...

THE NEEDS OF CATHOLICISM. Thus the real want of the Catholics in this country is provision for education; and all the proposals for an educational settlement...

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL

ARCHBISHOP McHALE'S TELEGRAM

Irish "Lords" Who Are Not "Irishmen."

(From New York Herald Correspondence.) DUBLIN, July 31, 1879.

We are in the throes of an undeveloped movement which may lead to an important crisis in Irish politics, or may, like so many of its predecessors, waste itself effectually.

THE GOVERNMENT BILL.

The government, having rejected the Roman Catholic proposals, have themselves brought in a bill which simply enables Catholic students, wherever educated, to pass a graduating examination before the senate of the Queen's university.

JUSTICE BY INSTALLMENTS.

So pressing is the need felt for reform in this matter that most of the Irish members of parliament incline to accept this miserly scheme of the government as an installment of justice.

IRISH VOLUNTEER BILL.

The history of the Irish volunteer bill has been strangely navigated. Its reception in the house of commons was most encouraging, and the first symptoms of opposition gave way before the manly, straightforward attitude of the introducer of the bill.

A Hot Weather Sermon.

It's a minister. Poor man. He is quite preached out. He wants a rest this hot weather. Let us send him to Europe, to the Adirondacks, to the White Mountains.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

An Imperial Commission Asked For. The following cablegram appears in this morning's Globe:—London, August 20.—The colonial secretary has not found it advisable to recommend a guarantee for the Canada Pacific railway extension...

THE GREAT AND ONLY Hair Restorative.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS. DAVIS L. C. H., Nov. 8, 1878. CHAS. LANGLEY & CO., San Francisco: Dear Sirs—take great pleasure in informing you of the result of the use of your CARBOLINE in my own case...

lar facilities to those already possessed by those of other beliefs. It has always been said by the opponents of the Catholic claim that this would be to give the bishops sole control of the secular education of Irish Catholic youth.

AGRICULTURAL.

PEAR TREES. Why is it that the pear tree does not flourish in every locality? This question is often asked. Probably it is not owing so much to climate influences as to a want of organic or mineral manures in the soil.

THE BALD HEAD'S FRIEND.

WONDERFUL Discovery. The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from petroleum and which effects a complete and radical cure in cases of baldness, or where the hair, owing to diseases of the scalp, has become thin and tends to fall out.

CARBOLINE!

A Deodorized Extract of Petroleum as now Improved and Perfected in Absolute Purity and Efficiency. What the World Has Been Wanting for Centuries.

How to Destroy Canada Thistles. Thistles are the pests of some farmers, but they can be easily killed. In meadows, cut them about the middle of August, or after they have gone to seed.

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This Establishment, under the distinguished patronage of His Grace the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the Archdiocese, affords every facility for a thorough Educational Course.

Board and Tuition, per Session of ten months, (payable quarterly in advance) \$130. For Circular and further particulars, address BRO. TOBIAS, Director.

For Sale. PLANING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber.

BEATTY Pianos Another battle on high prices Raging War on the monopolist raised. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full report (sent free) before buying YANOR or BEATTY.

BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO. Church School, First-st. Financed, low-price, warranted. Catalogue with 700 illustrations, prices, etc., sent free.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.



ALBERT WEBER, NEW YORK, Maker of the finest PIANOS in the world, has his Wholesale and Retail Store for the Dominion in their beautiful Rooms, 133 St. James Street, Montreal.

PRINCIPAL CONVENTS In the United States; the leading Music and Art of Her Majesty's Consort, the Empress, and all celebrated Pianists declare them unequalled by any other pianos for Durability, Power and Purity of Tone.

OWEN MCGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill Streets.



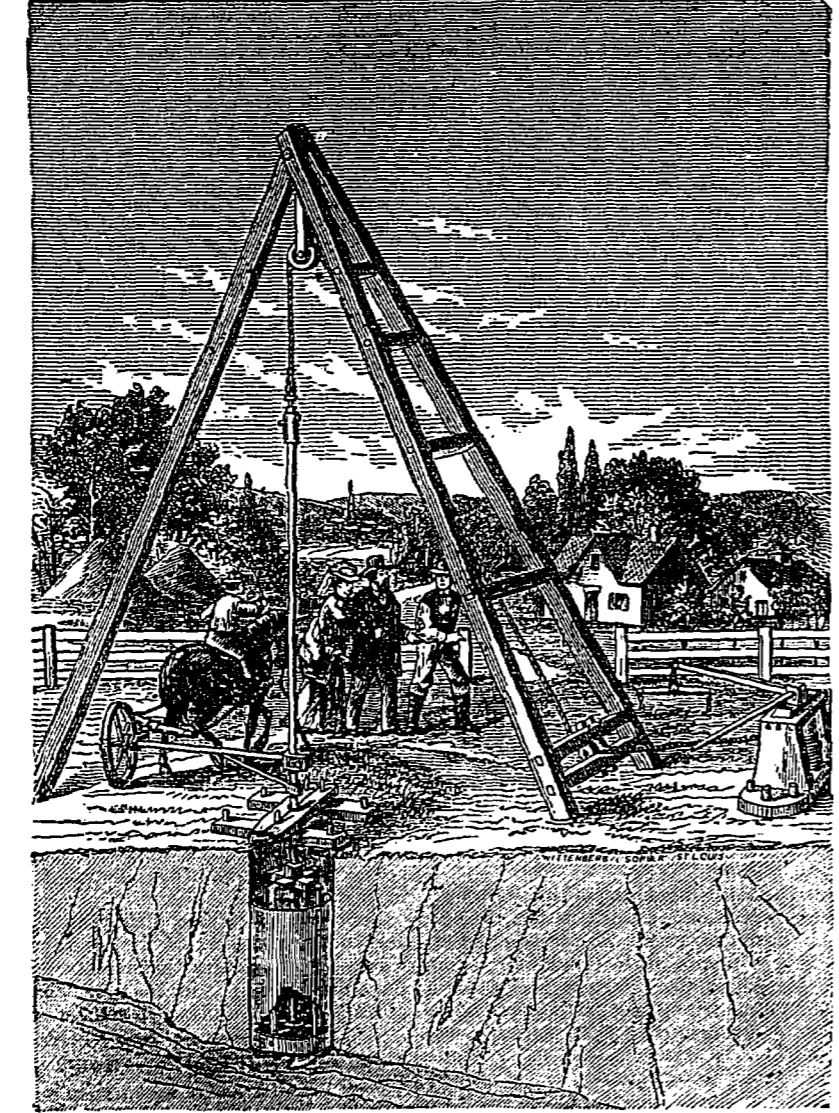
Alterations and repairs in Furs thoroughly and promptly executed.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1875.

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

MR. JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE. HENOEY'S HOTEL, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877.

\$25 to \$50 PER DAY CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER!

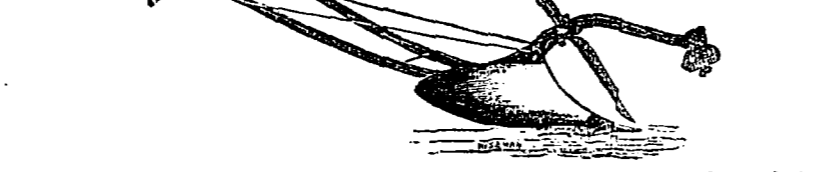


WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. FOUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARD PAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

FROST & WOOD, Smith's Falls, Ont. MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, such as MOWERS and REAPERS, HORSE HOY RAKES, STEEL PLOUGHS, etc. etc.



The above Cut represents the No. 8 Plough made by us, and extensively used throughout the Dominion. It has all the advantages of a solid Iron Plough at about half the cost.

EMPIRE WORKS, MONTREAL (PAGE'S OLD STAND) Manufacturers of every description of Agricultural Implements, including MOWERS, REAPERS, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c., &c.

The above represents the WRIGHT PATENT CULTIVATOR. This is the best Cultivator ever offered for Corn, Potatoes, and all Root Crops. The Hilling attachment is easily removed please send for Illustrated Circulars and our "Farmers' Gazette," with terms to Agents.

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The Loretto Convent Of Lindsay, Ontario. Classes will be RESUMED on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 80 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL. Mr. T. CARLI has the honor to inform the Clergy, Religious Communities and the public generally, that he will continue the business in his name, and that in his Store will always be found the best assortment of Religious Statuary, Paintings and Decorations, Architectural Ornaments, Croziers, Cofferets and all executed at the shortest notice.

THE MILD POWER CURES HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Specifics

Been in general use for 20 years. Everywhere proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering.

For sale by DRUGGISTS generally. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Treatment and Cure of Disease (144 pp.), also Illustrated "Catalogue," sent free on application to "Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, N. Y."

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

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured so many cases of these distressing complaints as the Extract. Our Pain-killer is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc.

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled by the Extract. Our Catarrh Cure, and our Earache and Toothache Remedies are great aids in arresting internal bleeding.

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Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is a sure cure for all cases of Sore, Ulcer, Wound, Sprain, Bruise, etc.

Burns and Scalds. It is a sure cure for all cases of Burn and Scald. Use the Extract immediately.

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Female Complaints. No physician called in for the majority of female diseases if the Extract is used. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION. Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture embossed on the surrounding wrapper.

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Cheapest Catholic Weekly Printed in the English Language. Its Price is only \$1.50 Per Annum, or \$1.00 for eight Months.

If five or more persons club together, and send their names with the money, they can have the "TRUE WITNESS" for only ONE DOLLAR a year.

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Many readers of the "TRUE WITNESS" have taken it for from one to thirty years, and we would ask them to help increase its circulation and influence by speaking of its unparalleled value to their friends and neighbors, and get them to enroll their names among our grand army of subscribers.

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Ave Maria. DENIS FLORENCE McCAHY. Hail, O Maid Immaculate; hail, predestinated Virgin Mother of our God, through whom regenerated Earth salvation finds, heaven joy, best model contemplated; Make my lays thy fitting praise, O Virgin consecrated.

Mary all our misery, our woe, through thee have found; And forgiveness from on high hath through thee obtained; 'Tis through thee that o'er the sea shines out hope's star so splendid; And the light is on the waves, the sheltering port extended.

Full of every saving cure, in heavenly garden growing; Hear my sad plaints, weak and poor, all thy aid bestowing; Look upon this face, whose tears are overflowing; Heal the pain of heart and brain which to thee am showing.

Grace it is, O Virgin, that such charms in thee are hid; Clothing thee with lilies, scattering o'er thee roses; All the flowers that virtue showers round thee it dispense; And the light within, without, sweetly it exposes.

The Lord, the King of all things, hath made for our redemption, in thee His chosen Daughter, His vessel of election; A storehouse of all healing things that owe to Him subjection; That they may cure our sickly souls and lighten our dejection.

Is with thee the Trinity, as within a dwelling; Pious and sanctity over the world dwelling; Making thy perfection far beyond the dwelling; Type to all of highest life and crown of all excelling.

Blessed art thou; do thou bless those who thee are blessing; Make them praise thee fervently all thy worth confessing; Pour on all thy sweetness, thy seal their souls impressing; That each day in holiness they may be progressing.

Amongst women beautiful, fairest by formation; Thou broughtest forth the angel King for our redemption; Sacred from night of sinfulness by special dispensation; Thou wert made the worthiest of all God's creation.

And blessed is that God who all things hath created; Who within thy mothers womb thee hath conceived; And blessed be the father who thee hath generated; And blessed be thy most sweet breasts, and blessed be the thine that thee hath fed.

The fruit of thine, O Lady, is the angels' fruit; The fruit which they enjoy is the fruit of all the sainted; The sweetness and delight, which the prophet's pen hath painted; The fruit which they enjoy is the fruit of all the sainted.

Thy Son's blood, O Lady on the hard cross streaming; Mix'd with water, saved us, through the darkness gloaming; For a grave so mighty, partly from thee beaming; Let us raise our songs of praise, our eyes with glad tears teeming.

When the great King entered as a habitation; Tabernacle rather for His adoration; Where He learned to battle for the world's salvation; Bless'd be thy eye be it we pray through every generation.

HOME READING. Laundry Notes.

French chalk is a specific for grease-spots. It should be scraped on the spot and left on until it absorbs the grease. Two or three applications are sometimes necessary for the purpose.

Clear water will not injure the most delicate silk if, when split, it is at once rubbed dry with a clean, soft cloth—a handkerchief, for instance. The stain is caused, not by the drying, but by the dust on the edges of the spot drying with it.

When black or navy blue linens are washed soap should not be used. Take instead two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (after having been washed and peeled), into which a spoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens in this and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side.

Importance of Self-Reliance. There is no one element in a man's character that contributes more to his success in life than confidence or self-reliance in his own ability. A half-hearted man is unstable, and will never excel.

When we reflect that a power of endurance can be imparted to the brain, and that weak minds have been restored to strength by Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, we cannot but conclude that the subtle power is really ponderable matter.

OTHER ODOROUS WATERS UNDERGO MANY variations of aroma as they fade into insipidity, but MURRAY & LAWSON'S FLORIDA WATER passes through no such gradations. As it is when sprinkled upon the handkerchief or the garment, so it remains—delicate, refreshing, and delightful to the last.

Another Communication from Mr. George Sewell, dated Moncton, N. B., June 24, 1878.—"I, H. Robinson, Esq.—Dear Sir—I write you in May last, informing you of the wonderful cure your 'Phosphorated Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lactophosphate of Lime' had made in my case, and, at the same time promising to write you from time to time to let you know how I was getting along."

The above are facts, and believing that ingratitudes are of the unpardonable kind, I feel it a duty to tell you of what, under a kind Providence, your preparation has done for me. Wish you every success, &c., &c. For sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.

EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GRAVEFUL AND COMFORTING. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Ephraim has provided our breakfast tables with a delicious food, devoid of grease, tiring, and many heavy doctored bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maledices are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well clothed with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—'JAMES EPHRAIM & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.'

THE MILD POWER CURES HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Specifics. Been in general use for 20 years. Everywhere proved the most Safe, Simple, Economical and Efficient Medicines known. They are just what the people want, saving time, money, sickness and suffering.

