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JEAN INGELOW'S BEST POEM.

An empty sky, a world of heather, Purple foxglove, yellow of bloom; We two among them wading together, Shaking out perfume, treading perfume.

Crows of bees are giddy with clover, Crows of grasshoppers skip at our feet; Crows of larks at their merriment hang over, Thanking the Lord for the life so sweet.

We two walk till the purple die, And show dry grasses underneath is brown; But one little streak at a distance lie, Green like a ribbon to frank the down.

Over the grass we stepped into it, And God, He knoweth how blithe we were! Never a voice to bid us eschew it; Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! We kneeled beside it, We parted the grasses down and shewn; Drop over drop there fitted and shined, A tiny green beck that trickled between.

Hand in hand, while the sun peeped over, We tapped the grass on that youngling spring, Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover, And said: "Let us follow its westering."

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather Till one step over the tiny strand, So narrow, in sooth, that still together, On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever, On either margin, our songs all done; We must move apart, while she singeth ever, Taking the course of the sloping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow; "Cry 'Return' at their cannot come," We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow: Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

A little pain when the beck grows wider, "Cross to me now"—for her wavellets swell; "I may not cross"—and the voice beside her faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No becking path; ah! no returning—No nosed crossing that ripple's flow; "Come to me now, for the west is burning;" "Come on it darkly"—ah, no! ah, no!

Then cries of pain and arms outstretching—The beck grows wider, and swift, and deep; Passionate words, as of one beseeching—The loud beck drowns them; we walk and weep.

A heavier swell, a swifter sliding; The river hasteth, her banks recede; Wing-like talk on her bosom gliding, Bear down the lily and white the reed.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver, And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide, How hard to follow, with lips that quiver, That moving speech on the far-off side.

Farther, farther—I see—I know it! My eyes burn over, it melts away; Only my heart to my heart will show it As I walk desolate day by day.

And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—A knowledge greater than eric can dim; I know, as he loved, he will love me truly—Yea, better—even better than I love him.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of 'Nathalia,' 'Adèle,' 'Queen Mab,' &c.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"What a pity Doctor Richard is not a friend of ours," she sometimes thought, "it used to do me good when he came. His fancies are rather wild sometimes, and one does not exactly know when he is in jest or in earnest; but he used to set me thinking, and I feel the want of it now that he is gone. It is wonderful all I learned from him when he came and stood behind my chair and advised me. Some of his criticisms were so many rays of light. I know I want a critic, and mamma and aunt admire all I do."

But requisite though his presence was to Dora, Doctor Richard came not. Then she did her best to remember all that this judicious critic had said. And memory brought it all back to Dora. Looks, words, the very intonation with which they had been spoken, returned so vividly that it sometimes seemed Doctor Richard himself stood by. And she never asked herself why she thus brought this stranger in her life, when he had evidently sought another path than that which she trod—why she compelled him to be thus with her in spirit, when his will kept him so far away in body.

Some of the ancient philosophers thought that a man could be struck with a thunderbolt and neither know nor feel it. Perhaps they came to this strange conclusion from their knowledge of what happens in the mysterious world of a human heart. There, indeed, the thunderbolt may fall, and leave us unaware of its presence. The great calamity, the crowning sorrow of our life, may have come to us, and we may not even suspect it so sudden and so invisible was its approach. If such a grief had come to Dora, her ignorance of the cause she had no cause for such dullness, that she led a useful active life, with many legitimate sources of interest in it, she argued against herself, and resisted the enemy; but, unluckily, reason too often took Doctor Richard's voice, and spoke in his language.

Dora was sitting with her mother and Mrs. Luan. It was evening-time; the lamp with its green shade, gave a circle of light on the table, and left the room in a soft brown gloom, through which you caught dim outlines of furniture, with here and there a speck of light from some bit of china or gilt frame on the wall. Mrs. Luan was engaged on her patchwork, Mrs. Courtenay was busy with a game of patience, and Dora was mending linen. They were very silent, but the wind moaned without, and now and then a gust brought a heavy pattering shower of rain against the window-panes.

"How different it would all be if Doctor Richard were here!" thought Dora, and a thrill passed through her at the thought; "then instead of this heavy silence, we should hear his full, genial voice talking pleasant wisdom, or no less pleasant paradox. How he would preach me out of this dullness of mine, if he knew of it! How he would go about enquiring the last time he came! Was it the last? Depend upon it, Miss Courtenay," he said, "the great drama of ninety-three was hastened by the feeling which the French call *amour*. There must have been dreadful weariness in that pompous old Versailles, with its routine, and its endless round of solemn gayeties. These long-clipped avenues, and statues, and vases, and water-works, looking all so formal in the bright hot sun, made one pine for variety. Anything for a change. So welcome Voltaire, welcome Rousseau, welcome that insolent barber Figaro, who sapped so gayly the foundations of the old regime. Welcome, above all, the Encyclopedie. There is a charm about impiety when all else fails."

"Yes, this had Doctor Richard spoken; and as she recalled his language, and wisely admonished herself with it, Dora seemed to see Doctor Richard himself sitting in yonder vacant chair, and looking at her across the table with those genial brown eyes, in which he could put no small amount of mirth and humor. The vision brought no blush to Dora's cheek, no emotion to her heart; but it was pleasant, though brief.

"What a pity he does not like our society as much as we like his!" she thought, honestly; "but it is no great wonder. It must be dull to come and sit here with us, and yet I am selfish enough to wish that he would come again!"

As she confessed thus much to herself, her mother pushed the cards away, and exclaimed a little pettishly:

"How dull you both are! I wish Doctor Richard would come in," she added.

Dora could not help smiling at this coincidence in their wishes.

"But you are not ill, mamma," she said, "so why should he come?"

"Not ill!" replied Mrs. Courtenay, looking much injured—"and pray, how do you know that I am not ill?"

"But I may hope, mamma, you are not so, gravely answered her daughter.

"I do not feel at all well," triumphantly rejoined Mrs. Courtenay, sitting up in her chair and looking around her with a sort of exultation at her superiority over her daughter and her sister-in-law—"I have the most extraordinary buzzing in my right ear."

"Spite this ominous symptom Dora testified no great anxiety, and Mrs. Courtenay saw it and looked offended.

"I think you might send round for Doctor Richard," she said a little warmly; "I really think you might, Dora, seeing me so poorly."

"But, mamma," argued Dora, "you were so well a while ago, that it seems a pity to disturb Doctor Richard needlessly."

"Uselessly!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice in mingled amazement and indignation. "Uselessly!" when I tell you I am quite poorly, and when Dr. Richard has only to cross the street to come to us."

Dora did not reply but bent her burning face over her work. She felt ashamed to send for Doctor Richard without cause, and she longed to do so, yet did not dare to indulge that longing. For suppose it should afflict him to be disturbed from his reading? A while ago she had stood at the window and looked down the street, and she had seen a light burning in Doctor Richard's casement; sure proof that he was within. What right had she to intrude on his solitude? But Mrs. Courtenay could be wilful when she chose; and she now persuaded herself that she was very unwell indeed, and that it was quite unkind of Dora not to send for Doctor Richard, and what she thought she said. Thus urged, Dora hesitated, then at length yielded.

Madame Bertrand was much amazed at Mrs. Courtenay's sudden illness; but, obligingly went to fetch Doctor Richard at once, whilst Dora sat in her vacant chair. She wanted to see Doctor Richard before he went upstairs, and to make some apology for thus disturbing him. But there was no need to do so. Madame Bertrand came back alone. The house was locked up—Doctor Richard was gone.

"And when he goes away," added Madame Bertrand, "it is for days and weeks."

"Then how do his patients manage?"

"He has no regular patients," replied Madame Bertrand, "in my impression, she confidentially continued, 'is that he goes about the country bleeding, extracting teeth, and so on; and when he has made a little money, he comes back here and buys a heap of rubbish with it.'"

Dora laughed at this vision of an itinerant doctor, and went back to her mother, who looked much injured on hearing that Doctor Richard had probably left Rouen.

Days passed on, and he did not return. Dora asked Monsieur Merand if it was Doctor Richard's habit to forsake his patients thus without warning.

"Patients!—he has none. Besides," he tapped his forehead—"hem! you know."

"Indeed I know nothing of the kind," replied Dora, gravely; "and if I thought so, Doctor Richard should certainly not attend on my mother."

Monsieur Merand looked alarmed.

"Do not tell him I said so!" he exclaimed, hastily; "I do not wish to injure him, poor fellow! He wants all the money he can earn. He is as poor as Job, you know."

He stared at Dora as if to see the effect his words produced upon her. To all seeming they produced none. She went away, looking rather pensive; but no other expression save that of thoughtfulness appeared on her face.

Two days later, however, Dora came home looking so bright and gay, that Mrs. Courtenay cried—

"My dear, what has happened? Are the Redmore mines coming up?"

"No; but a child was run over, and—"

"My goodness! is that why you look so delighted?"

Dora blushed, and Mrs. Luan stared at her.

"Monsieur Merand wants a new drawing," said Dora apologetically, "and as I was talking to him Doctor Richard came in carrying a poor little thing that had just been run over. I helped him to undress it; and he had pricked himself awfully with the pins. I also assisted in bandaging its poor little leg; but it did little good there, for Doctor Richard said it was no herculean after all. I know I was as pale as a ghost."

"You are not pale now," remarked Mrs. Luan.

"No, I came home so fast, mamma," she added, turning to her mother. "Doctor Richard will look in upon you this evening."

"Who wants him?" almost angrily said Mrs. Luan.

"Aunt, why do you dislike Doctor Richard?" asked her niece. "I wish you had seen how kind and tender he was with the child; and when I got her to tell me her name and abode, and he went off with her in a cab, Monsieur Merand said to me, 'Do you know why he does not send that object to the hospital?—because he means to feed as well as cure it!'"

"What right has he to give away?" asked Mrs. Luan, still gloomy. "He is too poor to give."

"The poor give more away than the rich," rather indignantly said Dora.

Mrs. Luan's answer was to take off her cap and fling it on the sofa.

"How often she does that now!" thought Dora. "I wonder if I ought to mention it to Doctor Richard?"

But another of the well-woven links of fate was around her, for on reflection she resolved to be silent.

"We shall wait tea for Doctor Richard," said Mrs. Courtenay. Dora assented, and Mrs. Luan went and put on her cap and looked sulky.

"The evening was a warm one, and Dora went and sat by the open window. A faint breeze came from the river up the quiet street, which seemed to steep in gray shadow. How calm all those ancient houses looked in their decaying age!—how pathetic in its way that bit of green up amongst the buttresses of the poor old church crumbling away in ruin, with these bright flowers and that joyous vine growing as it were, out of the same heart!"

"Poor thing!" thought Dora, with a sort of pity, "it does its best to be beautiful to the last! I wonder how it looked on the day of

its consecration five hundred years ago, when it was first opened to human worship? It was bright and strong and new then. Every one of its outlines was sharply chiselled; every one of its ornaments was painted in gaudy blue, deep violet, strong red, or pure gold. Doctor Richard, I remember, told me once we can have no idea of the revel of color in those mediaeval times. We are too apt to fancy them gray and stern as they look to us now, through the dimness of so many hundred years."

Her thoughts had gone thus far when the sound of a step up the street made her look down. She saw Doctor Richard coming slowly, and as his look was never once raised to the window, she could scrutinize him as closely as she pleased. He looked pale and somewhat worn.

"He had had trouble," thought Dora; "but what trouble? His carriage is not erect and free as it used to be."

"I wish Doctor Richard would come," a little quaintly said Mrs. Courtenay; "I confess I want my tea."

"He is coming, mamma," answered Dora, leaving the window.

"They soon heard him talking below to Madame Bertrand, who in a loud, plaintive voice informed him that she had been dreadfully ill during his absence."

"Such pains as she had had in all her limbs?" Then followed a separate description of each particular pain, after which came Doctor Richard's prescription.

"Madame Bertrand is a very good sort of woman," superciliously said Mrs. Courtenay, "but she does take liberties. To think of her keeping Doctor Richard in that way!"

Doctor Richard's entrance put an end to the cause of her displeasure.

"I am so glad to see you, Doctor Richard!" she cried warmly; "I was so sorry you were away—and, goodness me! where have you been all this time?"

She looked at him with the most innocent curiosity beaming in her face.

"I have been in the country with one of my patients," he replied quietly.

"Then he has patients," thought Dora. "Is it pretty about there?" asked Mrs. Courtenay—"I mean the landscape, you know."

Doctor Richard smiled.

"Yes," he said, "it is pretty according to the present day's idea of beauty; or I need scarcely tell you, Mrs. Courtenay, that the beauty of a landscape is as much subject to the laws of fashion as a lady's dress."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, amazed; "I never knew that!"

"It is a fact, I assure you," he gravely replied; "Switzerland and the Highlands are going down, like Byron's poetry. The fast generation which is coming on will probably call Mont Blanc an old-fashioned—I use a mild word—and scorn the Trochæus."

"I cannot say that I admire them much myself," confidentially said Mrs. Courtenay; "not that I ever saw them, I confess," she frankly added.

"To see is by no means necessary for admiration or dislike," returned Doctor Richard, with unimpaired gravity; "since either is a matter of fashion. The fact is, the sublime will soon be pronounced a bore. We are getting tired of it. Even the Romans got wearied of their classical landscape, and one of their later poets complained that he knew the woods of Mars and the cave of Vulcan as well as his own house. We are in the same predicament. We know it all too well."

"Is commonplace so old, Doctor Richard?" asked Dora, with a merry laugh.

"Do not laugh at it, Miss Courtenay. Commonplace is one of the powers that be, and will make you rue it."

Doctor Richard spoke in a tone of grave rebuke, which roused Dora's mirth anew.

"Dora has a horror of commonplace," remarked Mrs. Courtenay. "Such a charming man as Mr. Brown was, and he admired Dora so much; but she thought him commonplace."

"And was he not ravaged upon Miss Courtenay?" asked Doctor Richard, without noticing the blush which this indiscreet revelation brought up to Dora's cheek.

"Oh! yes," innocently answered Mrs. Courtenay; "he was our banker, and took all our money."

"The thief!" said Mrs. Luan. "It was her money he wanted!"

"Oh! but I had admire Dora," returned Mrs. Courtenay, a little jealously. "He said her hair was like gold!"

Dora spoke her head, and a meaning, half-rueful, half-comic, passed across her expressive face.

"I am afraid the gold he admired was more substantial than that which Nature has given me," she said. "At all events, not feeling sure of obtaining the one, he took care to secure the other."

"The thief!" said Mrs. Luan again.

Dora laughed, and her clear, ringing laugh showed how far all thought of care was from her just then.

"He has done me good service, aunt," she said; "but for him I should never have known I was a little bit of a genius in the way of drawing. Oh! Doctor Richard," she added, suddenly becoming grave, and fastening an earnest look on his face, "do wish you would tell me the truth—I do not mean these drawings, but the whole truth—about these drawings of mine. It seems to me at times that I must be laboring under a pleasant delusion. Here am I earning plenty of money, and all for such commonplace performances. It is incredible."

Now, neither Mrs. Courtenay nor Mrs. Luan liked this imprudent speech, and neither gave Doctor Richard time to reply.

"My dear, you draw beautifully," cried Mrs. Courtenay.

"Monsieur Merand does not give you half enough," said Mrs. Luan; "a cheat like the rest of them. I hate the French!" she heartily added.

"You hate the French!" cried Mrs. Courtenay.

"Mamma!" inquired Dora.

Mrs. Courtenay was magnanimous, and made a sign implying that she would take no notice of the insult.

"Do tell me the truth, Doctor Richard," resumed Dora. "What are your drawings worth? You know. Do tell me how far I can rely, for instance, on my talent as a means of support."

She spoke very gravely, and leaning back in her chair, looked with rather sad earnestness at Doctor Richard. Now, Doctor Richard, who was usually so gay, so composed, so much of a man of the world, for once looked thoroughly disconcerted.

"My dear Miss Courtenay," he said, trying to rally, "the terms Monsieur Merand gives you are a test of the value of your drawings. That you draw well, very well, I have often told you, and I say so again."

He spoke so emphatically that a bright, happy blush stole over Dora's face, and made it as fresh and glowing as a young Aurora's. If Doctor Richard had been more polite than truthful, he was rewarded for his sin by so radiant a smile, and a look so bright that, whilst they lasted, they made Dora's countenance the most bewitching he had ever seen. Joy not vanity, innocent triumph, did that beaming face express, till, as if ashamed of her own

giveness, Dora tried to laugh it off by saying: "Your verdict is so favorable, Doctor Richard, that I will believe every word of it, and seek to know no more. And now, do tell us something about your little patient."

There was not much to tell, but Mrs. Courtenay uttered a little scream of horror, and little screams of relief, according as Catherine's state was described; and Dora listened and thought Doctor Richard's conversation delightful, and without saying anything about it at home, called on the injured child the next morning, on her way to the Picture-gallery.

Catherine, who had a temper of her own was in a towering passion, and screaming at the pitch of her shrill voice, when, after crossing a damp court-yard, Dora entered the chill and dark room in which Catherine's mother lived. The child was kicking violently in her bed—kicking is one of the infantine protests most in use in every country; her mother vainly tried to soothe her, and Doctor Richard stood looking on helplessly with a linen bandage in his hand, when the door opened, and the bright face of Dora appeared amongst them.

"Some good angel sent you to tame this little lioness!" said Doctor Richard, gayly; "Now we shall go on."

Dora smiled and looked doubtful; but mothers cannot always charm their own children, and there is a sweet and natural freemasonry between youth and childhood. Dora had scarcely sat down by Catherine, and taken her hand, when the child ceased crying, stared, and finally smiled.

"You are accustomed to children," said Doctor Richard, with a keen look.

"Not at all."

"A natural gift, then. Yes, children are wonderful physiognomists."

His look rested on her bright face with that complacency which such bright faces as hers ever inspire. "Am I getting vain?" thought Dora, ashamed at the glow of pleasure which overspread her countenance. "Granted that he admires me, need I be any the prouder for it?"

Oh! if wisdom would only come at our call, or what would often be as great a boon, if a truer and a keener knowledge of our inner self than we have were granted to us in the crisis of existence! If we could know the why and wherefore of much that we care not perhaps to scrutinize too closely, and scan our own springs of feeling and action as they rise within us—if we could do all this, how different a lot might be ours! But there is a languid pleasure in ignorance. To see through a mist, to hear as in a dream, to be borne down the tide of life, and idly played with by its waves, instead of bravely swimming our way to shore against them—all these things are fraught with a perilous sweetness. Happy, but surely few, are they who know how to resist that seducing torpor ere it be too late to repel it. Some forewarning Dora felt, however, for after putting on the bed of the little sufferer the attentions she had brought it, she rose to go. Doctor Richard looked injured.

"Will you not stay and manage her whilst I dress her leg?" he asked.

Thus adjured, Dora remained. Doctor Richard expressed himself highly satisfied, with the state of the injured limb.

"I dare say the little creature will be able to get into mischief again," he said, gayly; "and of course she will do so, with that careless mother of hers. Pity," he thoughtfully added, "one cannot stop the growth of some children, put them in cages, and hang them up like canary birds. Look at this child, Miss Courtenay—she is lovely, with delicate, refined features, and if her great-great-ancestor had only been a baker, or a butcher, or a groom in William the Conqueror's train, we should now have her portrait in a book of beauty, and be told in the letter-press how the infantine features, etc., of the honorable Adeline Fitz-Norman, etc., were the purest models of the Anglo-Norman type so remarkable in the English aristocracy, etc. I am really sorry I am not acquainted with this young lady's Scandinavian pedigree. For all we know, she may be a lineal descendant of Rollo himself. I am afraid you will think me a man of insatiable curiosity, Miss Courtenay, but lost pedigrees are one of my torments. I believe in race, in the transmission of form and feature, of mind, and of certain defects and qualities. Now, I want to know what has become, for instance, of the descendants of the Scipios, the Græci, the Julii, and *autres gens* of our race, all old Romans who are the misery of our childhood. I want to know if I owe them a grudge, and should like to pay it out. But a Grecian tide, leaving behind it an endless Gothic sea, has swept away every sun-token of the past. It is impossible to doubt but that some of these renowned families still flourish—only where are they? Blood of inestimable value flows in their veins, but this rare treasure not being apprehensible by any of our senses, its possessors live and die unconscious of their own greatness. I always felt convinced that my washerwoman in Rome had been an empress—I mean in the person of one of her ancestors, for the transmigration of souls is not one of my doctrines—and that Benedetto, the fustian, was a remote cousin of Catherine's. He had the man's audacious blubbery, even as he had his features. Unluckily, yet! he had no knowledge of his illustrious ancestry! I had a great mind to enlighten him, but forsook, lest I should render him too much dissatisfied with his humble lot; for, you see, I can tempt my fancies with a certain amount of prudence, Miss Courtenay."

Doctor Richard was sitting on the edge of the child's bed as he spoke thus, with much composure and his usual fluency. Dora, leaning back in her chair with her portfolio on her knees, looked at him thoughtfully.

"He must have some little income," she thought, "some slender provision between him and want. The tone and substance of his remarks—and how strangely he does talk!—both tell of leisure. I believe he likes his profession; but, poor fellow, I fear it does not like him."

Spite the patient in the country, Dora did not think Doctor Richard a busy or a prosperous man. He had been with the child before she came, he stayed when she now rose to go, and she had scarcely been an hour in the picture-gallery, when Doctor Richard stood behind her chair. He did not remain long, however; he had to go and read in the library, he said.

"I want to get the song of Roland," he informed Dora, "I want to get back to Horace and Roncevaux, and the mighty horn and Durandal, the heroic sword, and Oliver and Ganelon, and above all, to that grand death-scene, when Archbishop Turpin blesses the dead and dying heroes, and then dies himself, leaving Roland, as was fitting, to die last, with all these noble knights lying around him. Do you read old French, Miss Courtenay? No! what a pity. There are some rare treasures here."

Now, Dora, being but mortal, thought she could give Doctor Richard a little useful hint toward practical wisdom.

"I must work, not read," she said, demurely.

"Work!" good-humoredly replied Doctor Richard, "is one of the modern mistakes. We are born to be as well as to act, and thinking

is one of the many forms of action, whatever matter of fact may say. So I keep to my creed, and venture to blame yours."

"Oh! but I do read," said Dora blushing; "but I have little time and few books."

"Then, as I have the command of a large library, allow me to lend you some. You will find the catalogue at Madame Bertrand's, and can mark the volumes you prefer."

Dora looked so happy as she turned round, that Doctor Richard exclaimed gayly:

"Come, you are a reader, after all!"

But he gave her no time to stammer her thanks; before they were half uttered he was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

The catalogue was waiting for Dora, on Madame Bertrand's table when she went home. "How kind he is!" she thought; "but to her sense of that kindness succeeded surprise when on looking over the catalogue she saw how valuable and extensive a collection was thus placed at her command. Doctor Richard seemed to know no one in Rouen; this library must belong to his patient in the country. But that patient did not seem to take up much of Doctor Richard's time."

Early though it was when Dora called on Catherine the next morning, Doctor Richard was already with the child. He was alone with her too, and pulling the string of a little pastebord puppet to unuse her. He stood with his back to the door, and did not see Dora.

"Faster!" said Catherine, who lay in her bed looking on gravely at Doctor Richard's performance—"do it faster!"

"So," suggested Doctor Richard, giving the figure such a jerk, that its legs and arms both shot out in horizontal directions, "is that right?"

"No," was Catherine's peevish reply, and she turned her head aside and shut her eyes.

Dora now approached, and Doctor Richard turned round and saw her.

"Good-morning, Miss Courtenay," he said, gravely; "You find me verifying the truth of that saying, uttered by a woman of genius, that we are all born kings. This young lady, I can assure you, is born a queen. I offered to stay with her whilst her mother went out on some necessary errand, and all the return I have got for my kindness is that she has neither screamed, nor kicked, nor attempted to bite. In all else I have been treated with the most absolute contempt. Well, well, he added, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and looking down kindly on the little creature, who still kept her eyes shut, "this brief royalty is the compensation granted by Nature for all the future maltreatment of society. And after all, Miss Courtenay, is not life full of such attentions? My belief is, that the 'Arabian Nights,' for instance, and all such stories of enchantment and buried treasure, were meant to charm the poor man into a more patient endurance of his barren life. It is glorious to sing diamonds and pearls, and have the wealth of an Emperor, even though it be but for a moment. But the most glorious bit of all is to be Haroun-al-Raschid—to go about the streets of Bagdad at night with Giafar and Mesrou, and set every wrong right again—to give a lastinudo to this man, and a purse of gold to the other one, 'Happy Caliph!'"

"The 'Arabian Nights' are amongst the books you so kindly offered to lend me," said Dora; "and I confess that, not having read them since I was a child, I have asked for them."

"And for Macchiavel's 'Prince'?" he said, glancing over the list she handed him. "Do you really wish for that book, Miss Courtenay?" He looked up at her in surprise.

"I do," frankly answered Dora; "Mr. Ryan would never let me read it. He would not help to ruin my political principles, he said; and I confess that famous book has all the charm of forbidden fruit for me."

"You shall have it. I shall play the part of serpent in this temptation, since you are so willing to be Eve. But you will be disappointed, for, woman-like, I dare say you will run away with your first impression. And yet, you see, this Macchiavel deserves consideration. He was one of the few pitchers who go to the well and do not come back as empty as they went. But for all that you will be disappointed."

"I am not such a girl, nor yet so ignorant a girl as Doctor Richard imagines," thought Dora, a little displeased. "I suppose he considers Macchiavel's pitcher too full for me. I require something more readable—something that will do between the last sweet crocheting or the new quadrille. Paul was not so. He thought nothing above or beyond his sister."

Unconscious of offence, Doctor Richard once more devoted his attention to Catherine, who had opened one eye, then the other, and who finally uttered an imperious "Give it to me," referring



[For the Post.]

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY W. J. MACLEA.

Foul murder, stalks bold in our land, And hatred gleams sharp from each eye, While bigotry carries the wand, That waves out a brother to die.

The color that God, in his power, Redacts the bright spot on our feet, Was never put there to oppress; The rainbow it mingles their hues, When that bright "are of promise" is seen, This lesson we never should lose, While wearing the Orange and Green.

Let the echo of slumbering years Die away in the gloom deep and vast; Let the ocean of heart bleeding tears Dissolve like the dew that have passed; Let each man a Canadian be, (Tho' his birth place may live as a dream,) Wear a leaf of "fair Canada's" tree, 'Steal of haunting the Orange and Green.

Let the deeds of our sires but awake, What was good in each true loyal breast, What was bad in each evil heart, Our Country—its gods be the best; Let our hearts beat together in view, To honor our "Country and Queen," The paths of the just don't remove, By flaunting the Orange and Green.

Montreal, July 20th, 1878.

MR. BUTT IN THE FOUR COURTS.

[From Mayfair.]

The career of Mr. Butt has inverted the programme of most successful barristers. Politics are his aim, and legal distinction his means. He is successful as an advocate, and he values his success because it gives him prestige as a statesman. Other men, with his gifts and his opportunities, would long ago have found a sheltered and well-feathered retreat in the seat of honor of one of the Four Irish Courts. There were crises in the advocate's life when he might easily have passed into the moneyed insignificance of a judge, but that time has now passed by. It was indeed, said that Lord Beaconsfield had offered the Chief Justiceship of Ireland to the head of the Home Rule Party. But there may be two grounds for denying the rumor. It is doubtful whether it would be offered; it is scarcely doubtful whether it would be refused. There is a tide in a lawyer's career; and Mr. Butt has abstained from mounting with the flood to be stranded on the Bench. Activity suited him better, and his ambition has blighted with its own spoils the reward. He is often spoken of as a typical Irishman, and all stories that are told of him reveal the well-known Celtic characteristics. He is the lineal descendant of one of the greatest of his fellow-countrymen (Bishop Berkeley), whom, however, he does not in the least resemble.

At the bar this brilliant promise soon ripened into achievement. As an advocate he was known for his identification of himself with the wrongs of his client. It belonged to the impulsive Irish nature to throw itself thoroughly into the case and speak with a heartiness which was felt, not simulated. His brother barristers recognized him an advocate the more dangerous, because he never took small points or cared to win on other grounds than those of the merits of his case. Though something of a demagogue, he always kept himself well with the Bench, but his greatness was rather rhetorical than dialectic. It was when, having marshalled his case, his own witnesses dexterously treated, those of his antagonist made to appear as little moment as might be, the judge propitiated, and with the whole court interested—it was when, with this foundation carefully laid, he would rise to address the sympathetic jury, that the quality of the orator displayed itself. As he advanced in his speech, passing from one dignified sentence to another, his words seemed to tell not only on his hearers, but on himself. He worked himself into a mood in which the fever of his eloquence fused his great thoughts into language that was always impressive, and on great occasions impassioned and fervid. Like a well-graced actor on the stage, he hurried his audience along with him, so that his words seemed rather to express their thoughts than his own. It was rarely that the jury were not with him, for it was his skill as an advocate never to fall into the foolish blunder of appearing to be clever. He deployed more of the attributes of eloquence than mere words and sentences. The manner was frank and sincere. He seemed to feel the injustice he denounced, and to sympathize with the wrongs of the client he represented. Then, too, he was a great judge of men, and had a kind of instinct how to handle them. It is told that once he was going down to defend a prisoner, by whose friends he was specially, and at great cost, retained. It was known to them, and communicated to him that one man who might be on the jury had boasted that he would be proof against Butt's eloquence, which should never prevail against himself. The man was in court, and happened to be summoned on the jury. The prisoner's attorney was for having him peremptorily challenged, and pointed him out to Mr. Butt, who, from the story he had heard, was interested about him. Mr. Butt, however, liked the look of the man, and refused to challenge him. The case proceeded, and, at last, counsel was heard for the defence. The prejudiced juror stood up and turned his back on the advocate, and it was only the remonstrance of his fellow jurors that prevailed upon him to sit down. Then Mr. Butt twirling that penknife between finger and thumb *meo meo*, proceeded with his speech. The case was one which lent itself peculiarly to the awakening of national susceptibilities. The recalcitrant juror relaxed, became interested, sympathetic, enthusiastic. The changes of his mood stimulated the orator, who turned all the resources of his great powers against this one listener, and when, with a magnificent peroration, he ended his speech, the hostile juror was the first to propose that the jury should give their verdict without leaving the box.

The most remarkable of the Home Ruler's speeches were what the *Times*, in a very eulogistic article published at the time, termed his "Duffiads." Three times the Government put Gavan Duffy on his trial. On each occasion Mr. Butt defended, fighting the prisoner's case single-handed, and in the teeth of very strong evidence, securing a disagreement amongst the jury. At last the prosecution was abandoned as hopeless, and the subsequent career of Charles Gavan Duffy, knighted and holding a high political appointment in Melbourne, is now well known. Political trials are always better remembered than other cases of litigation and next to the "Duffiads" the most noted of Mr. Butt's orations was that in defence of O'Meara, in which, however, he had the able assistance of the late Chief Justice Whiteside. In 1850 Mr. Butt came to London, and the circumstances of his career will be well fixed in the

recollection of many members of the House. Whatever is in Hansard may, in a sense, be said to be in history, and Mr. Butt's welcome of Mr. Butt, after the proceedings before a committee of the House, was a gratifying incident in the lives of two of its eminent members.

Mr. Butt remained in London till 1864, when again he was seen in the forum where he had fought and won many a battle. In that period of fourteen years chance had been busy in the Irish Courts of Law. Many familiar faces and many old friends had disappeared from the scene. Men, who were minor in standing and much less gifted in intellect, had passed from the bustle of the inner bar to the dignified retirement of the Bench. The popular advocate, returning to his old haunts, missed many an old friend, and found himself surrounded on all sides by new faces and strange names. Chief Baron Pigot was, however, still in office, a judge yet remembered for his laborious conscientiousness and an almost microscopic accuracy of detail, but not gifted with rarer power of making rapid analyses of fact and of blowing away the chaff and husk of evidence so as to present to the jury the grain which was to prove the material of their verdict. It was before the Chief Baron that the case in which Mr. Butt appeared for the plaintiff was to be taken, and interest of various kinds drew large crowds to the Court. Amongst the witnesses to be examined was Hudson, the great contractor, popularly known as the "Railway King," and whose house at Albert Gate, now in the occupation of the French Embassy, was humorously called "Gibraltar," because for so many years it had never been taken. But the keenest desire was to see the great advocate whose fame was becoming a tradition in the halls of the Four Courts. The action was almost a hopeless one to bring, as its object was to deprive a bankrupt of his certificate on the ground of a previous secretion of a part of his property under circumstances which would disentitle him under the Act. The bankrupt himself did not appear at the trial, but his medical attendant was called to explain his absence. Pressed in cross-examination, he admitted that his patient's malady was not a very serious one. "And, in fact, gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "your verdict will be the best cure of his ailment." The doctor then left the box, and Mr. Butt addressed the jury. "I'd like to see gentlemen," he said, "the doctor draw up this prescription of which he speaks. I do not understand such matters myself, and yet I think I can fancy how the precious recipe might run. Would it not be something like this:—

R. Speeches of Counsel - a libel  
Judge's Charge - a quackery  
Verdict of Jury - a dr and no scruples.

An Irish audience were not slow to recognize the happiness of this *improvisation*, the judge being the Chief Baron, and the jury consisting, by consent, of only eleven members. He then passed from banter to a masterly handling of the evidence; and, "Oh, gentlemen," he said, "there are strange coincidences in this case. And the very moment when all earthly scenes were closing round the eyes of John Sadlier on the snowy tracts of Hampstead Heath, the golden gates of bankruptcy were opening up to the defendant the avenues of wealth and power." The speech produced a powerful impression, but could not win the victory for the plaintiff.

REMARKABLE ADMISSIONS BY A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. W. A. Johnson, of Weston, Canada, has written a book entitled "The Populists and the Church," in which occurs the following:—"We have three hundred years of Protestantism, the abandonment of the Church for the private opinion of the individual—done for the world; and what has been the triumph of Gospel teaching and an open Bible? It has alienated countless millions from the Church, and imperilled or destroyed their eternal salvation. It has made Germany infidel, Switzerland Socinian, the British Isles a happy hunting ground for schism and dissent, and has left the home of the Pilgrim Fathers a propaganda for Mormonism, free love and all uncleanliness. Where once was peace and unity in the human family, they are now weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get his head above the others." It has been the dread Pandora's box, setting free the demons of lust, selfishness and avarice."

LOOK OUT FOR THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The eclipse of the sun will take place, weather permitting, on the afternoon of July 29th (Monday next). The usual way to look at the eclipsed sun is through a piece of glass darkened by smoke. The Chinese take a pair of water and look into it, seeing the sun there. This is the better way. The eclipse may be regarded as the return of that July 18, 1850, when the shadow of the moon crossed Hudson Bay Territory, the Atlantic Ocean, Spain and Africa. During its progress the dark shadow of the moon will first strike the earth in the province of Irkutsk, Siberia, in longitude 117.32 east of Greenwich, and latitude 55.14 north. Its course will at first be east-northeast, but will gradually change to east, and after leaving Asia, to southeast. It will cross Behring Straits in latitude 66.40 north, in easterly direction, pass a little northeast of Sitka, cross the British Possessions towards the southeast, and enter the United States in longitude 38° west of Washington. In this country it will sweep over the western end of Montana Territory, the Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming Territory, Denver, Col., and Northern and Eastern Texas, entering the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Galveston. It will then pass over the most of the island of Cuba and Southern San Domingo, and leave the earth a little southeast of the latter island. Within this country the breadth of the shadow will be about 116 miles. The eclipse will be visible as a partial one over all the United States, Mexico, and British America on the afternoon of Monday, July 29.

The Lincoln election case is still undecided. So far, Mr. Rykert is said to be eight votes ahead of Mr. Neelon. The latter, however, intends carrying to the Court of Appeal the votes put on by the County Judge and struck off by Mr. Justice Patterson.

Busl fires are raging to an alarming extent up the Ottawa. Along the line of the St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway they are very bad, and great damage both to the railway and the timber limits have occurred. A good steady rain of a few days' duration is looked for to stop the fire fens.

Probably no great man ever had such a tribute of regard paid to his memory as has been paid to that of Gen. Robert E. Lee since his death, by the cadets of Washington University of Virginia. From the hour his remains were laid in the tomb on the 15th of October, 1870, until very recently, the tomb was not left without a guard of cadets night or day for a single moment.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE ORANGEMEN.

The Orangemen should be rather pleased with the tone of the *Evening Post*, when English papers like the following call them such bad names. "The cool assumption" of those pets, and the glorious way they have of standing for civil and religious liberty, are here illustrated:—

TRANSLATED.

The Orangemen of Liverpool have given our neighbors at the other side of the Channel a taste of their quality. This is not altogether unfortunate, as it will enable English people to judge for themselves the kind of animal the Irish Orangemen really is. Here is the impression produced on the *Liverpool Daily Post* by their conduct:—

"The Orangemen's idea of standing up for Jesus is to make a riotous uproar in a church during Divine service, and then to go and sing Moody and Sankey hymns, and deliver filippic and rowdy speeches on the steps of St. George's Hall. If the point were worth discussing—if such detestable conduct could be by anyone desolated or exposed—we should like to ask what good Mr. Moody's own opinion would have been of such a sacrilegious outrage, if it had occurred while he was sojourning immediately opposite the scene of it. The truth is that no man who ever had a spark of real religion in him could help being utterly disgusted by such conduct. These fellows talk of dying for their Protestant liberties, which no one threatens; all they are really capable of is to prove themselves such creatures of low and intolerant passion as to be wholly undeserving of any liberties whatever. If it were fit to bring into our comments on such ungodly fanaticism any criticism of the discretion exercised in his office by the Rector, we might indeed suggest that it is on every ground to be regretted that in arranging a series of services intended solely to do practical and spiritual good, Mr. Stewart has not made a point of securing preachers of all schools of thought in the Church. The error of selecting Ritualist preachers only was not to be atoned for by avoiding Ritualism in the services. Indeed these Ritualist Orangemen, who probably never go to church except to be married, or to have their children christened, or to make a row, evidently thought a most ordinary service of the Cathedral pattern was highly Ritualistic in character. The recognition of the Low Church by the Rector was not only due out of consideration for the prevailing colour of religion in Liverpool, but would have averted the riots, for these brawlers act, there can be no doubt, under orders, and would not have been inclined to outrage by their precious leaders if the Evangelicalists had been allowed their share of the services. Moreover, in making such an arrangement the Rector would only have imitated a liberality which has of late been exhibited wherever Evangelical services have been held. But it is not by noise and profanity—not by interrupting an anthem with shouts for "Boone Water"—not by coarse exclamations uttered during a staid, ecclesiastical functionary are to be expressed. Religious services of all kinds are protected by law and custom, and still better, by public feeling, from interruption and annoyance. Only minds of the most degraded order can tolerate the interruption of any rites which those who take part in them regard reverentially, and in this case the service was not of a character offensive to any school, while the object of the sermon was one that should have obtained for the preacher the kindly sympathy of all. There is a general desire that the parish churches should be more used, and more popularly used. The convening of great congregations to hear eloquent clergymen, who have expressly engaged to confine themselves to those saving and beneficial doctrines which are common to every school in the Church, is surely a step in the right direction, and the Rector ought to be applauded and encouraged in taking it. But every thing is vulgarized in Liverpool, because it is thought necessary by the pre-eminently political party to allow a certain amount of licence to a set of partisan ruffians, who are incapable of anything but ignorant brutality. Steps ought to be taken, under good advice, to identify these ruffians when the rowdiness of the law; but we do not look for any real decorum or liberty of meeting, or even of worship, until the low sort of Tories, and the low sort of Tories, now encouraged and protected here, retreat into obscurity before the advancing intelligence of a better instructed generation."

The *Dorchester says*:—"The scandal caused by the disturbance at St. Peter's Parish Church a few weeks since has evidently not been sufficient to satisfy the Orangemen of Liverpool for the same thing was renewed on Tuesday evening, when the Rev. George Body took part in one of the special services for working-men. Mr. Body is a clergyman of advanced views on Ritualism, and if he had imported any of them into the service there might have been cause for complaint, though even there could have been no justification for unseemly and ruinously interruption to a serious religious service. As a matter of fact, however, he did nothing of the kind. The service was of the ordinary cathedral pattern, and Mr. Body's sermon was an earnest practical discourse which might have benefited even Orangemen had they only stopped to hear it. But they went to the Church with a settled plan to interrupt the service and insult the preacher, and these precious supporters of Beer and the Bible succeeded admirably. On the occasion of the previous disturbance people were willing to give the Church Association and the Orange body credit for not being mixed up with the wretched scheme or not being responsible for it; but they cannot be held altogether free from blame now. The Low Church leaders must have been aware of the intended outrage upon decency, as it was well organized, and the resolutions subsequently passed at the open-air meeting had evidently been drawn beforehand. But the Orange zealots of Liverpool have raised a Frankenstein of religious passion which has now passed almost beyond their control. They are at the mercy of mobs of howling buff ruffians, and have to pander to their bigotry, or else fall from their high position; but they are none the less responsible for the actions of their quasi followers."

Dr. M. Turcot, of St. Hyacinthe, one of the directors of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province, was suddenly stricken with pulmonary apoplexy at four o'clock on Tuesday, and died yesterday at nine.

The ship laborers of Quebec had their procession yesterday. There were some 5,000 men in the ranks. They were headed by the Montreal City Band, of Musical Jubilee fame. Pistol shots were repeatedly fired off by the processionists during the march.

A large sale of phosphates has been made in England by Mr. McGarland of Ottawa. The price of the phosphates laid down at the banks of the Ottawa, is \$20 per ton.

THE CITIES OF CYPRUS.

SICILIA. THE CAPITAL—HELICS OF THE VENETIANS—FAMAGUSTA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

(From the New York Sun.)

That Cyprus is one of the keys of the eastern Mediterranean—Crete being the other—has been distinctly recognized from prehistoric times. The Phoenicians planted colonies on the southern coast as way stations for their voyages; the Egyptians more than once invaded it long enough to leave abundant marks on its plastic and ceramic arts. The island was an object of fierce contention to the successors of Alexander, and when the Mediterranean ceased to be a Roman lake, was again tossed back and forth between the warring Byzantine empire and the Arab power in Syria. Under the Lusignan dynasty the Genoese perceived its commercial importance, and gained a foothold in some ports, but their Venetian rivals ousted them by a stroke of diplomacy hardly second to Beaconsfield's, and held possession of Cyprus for some eighty years. Then the Turks won it, and the news of this conquest more than anything else once the maritime states of Christendom to the death grapple at Lepanto. In a word, this island outpost has been the pivot of the prize of Levantine revolutions for at least thirty centuries.

Such for the past of Cyprus. Now let us see what may be gleaned from the reports of recent travellers as to its present aspect and resources. No, however, that trustworthy impressions are likely to be gained by tourists whose glimpse of the country has been caught from the deck of an Austrian Lloyd's steamer touching an hour at the port of Larnaca. Although a late years most frequented, this roadstead forms of the least secure in Cypriot waters. Moreover, the whole shore in this quarter, looks like the coast of Egypt—that is to say, cheerless enough; and you leave it willingly for Nicosia, where the Cypriots of the Lusignians really begin. The latter is said to be a pretty town, situated in the heart of the island, between two chains of mountains, the Machera, and the Carpas ranges. The slopes of the Machera, by the way, are crowned with the famous Cypriot vineyards, which yield the sweet, strawberry-like wines of the commandery, and also dry wines, which are the parents of the Madrin vintages, slips having been transferred from the Levantine to the Atlantic Island. The groves which environed Nicosia in the time of the Lusignians have disappeared, but within the still perfect Venetian walls the city is embowered in luxuriant vegetation, thanks to an abundance of water, which is exceptional in Cyprus. The streets and gardens teem with flowering shrub and such fruit trees as the banana, the palm, the plum, the cherry, the orange, the latter especially, attaining a remarkable development, the trunk having the girth of a man and the crest overtopping the tallest horses. The most impressive architectural monument is the Church of St. Sophia (now transformed into a mosque), a pure type of the early French style, introduced into the East by the Freemasons who followed the Crusaders. Its foundation is ascribed to Richard Lion Heart, who it will be remembered, anticipated Lord Beaconsfield in annexing Cyprus for a moment to the English Crown. After a French church and chapel, the most interesting edifice in Nicosia is the old palace of the Lusignians, now converted into a Turkish *comak* or prefecture. The inner court dates from the twelfth century, but the facade was rebuilt by the Venetians and surmounted by a superb lion of St. Mark. We may add that when the city was taken by assault in 1571, all the ecclesiastical buildings were made over to the Moslem worship, except the church belonging to the Armenian community, in which the services of its rite are still kept up, and which contains the grave-stone of a princess belonging to the family which claimed the crowns of Armenia, Cyprus and Jerusalem. At the date mentioned, the whole French and Venetian population was butchered, and the fact doubtless accounts for the oblivion in which the Lusignan period is buried. The Cypriot peasant knows nothing of that brilliant era, except the legends grouped around the name of the last queen, the fair Venetian, Catherine Cornaro, whose portrait by the hand of Giorgione is still extant. To their *Basilissa* the rural population attribute all the comedy or majestic monuments of other times.

The superlative commercial and military site is Famagusta, which is destined to become the first maritime station on the great trade route, which, following iron tracks from Bassora to the Phœnician coast, will thence traverse the Mediterranean by way of Cyprus, Candia, and Malta. Twice already, once under the name of Salamis, and afterwards under the name of Famagusta, this line roadstead has been the entrepot of the Syrian seas, and there were epochs when their supports counted more inhabitants than their respective ruling cities, Constantinople and Venice. Salamis, whose remains would indicate a former population of four hundred thousand, was destroyed by the Arabs in the tenth century, and never rebuilt, probably because its harbour is decidedly inferior to that of Famagusta. Its ruins, however, furnished quarries for the new town, and from its acropolis were taken the monoliths of Egyptian granite with which the Venetians constructed their Government palace. Another curious vestige survives in the exclusion of Jews from residence in the island. It was at Salamis that the great rebellion of Cypriot Jews occurred in the second century, when upward of two hundred thousand Greeks are said to have been slaughtered. The reprisals were not less bloody, and culminated in the perpetual banishment of the Hebrew race, a sentence which has never been revoked or evaded to this day, the few Jews who visit Cyprus in the conduct of their business being careful to conceal their nationality.

A like decree of exclusion still forbids any person of Greek blood and Christian faith to dwell within the walls of Famagusta. The remains of the mediæval fortress-haven wear a somewhat stately aspect from the sea, and the few Turkish minarets fail to disguise the churches of the Lusignians and the massive towers erected by the signory of Venice. Famagusta has the look of an old French town, and but for the palm trees, the gliding caïque of the sponge-fisher, and the intense glare of an eastern sun, might be mistaken for some ancient burgh left stranded on the coast of Britain-Guerrande, for example. From the Lusignan castle, which defends the entrance of the port, to a stout round tower, like that of Havre, which protected the naval arsenal, stretches a long Venetian quay, deserted but perfectly intact.

Of the three hundred churches which Famagusta is recorded to have contained, there remain standing but thirty-two, within an area which could hold, perhaps, 15,000 inhabitants, the ruins of the others being encountered in a double ring of suburbs through which you plough your way, knee-deep in the red sand that gave the city its Greek name, Ammohousta. Instead of the sixty thousand courtiers, all rich as the wives of prince-electors, according to a German ecclesiastic who visited the famous market in the 14th century, you see some three-score Turkish woman,

pale and ragged, and virtuous and thrifty helpmates of as many Turkish gunners. Few, if any, Mohammedans, except the garrison, dwell in the town, which, as we have said, is barred against all others. The Osmanli have not forgotten that this stronghold of the Giaour was solemnly crowned by Sultan Selim, after a siege which cost him more soldiers than he gained subjects. The result is that although the ravages of time are marked enough in the suburbs, within the city proper scarcely a stone has been displaced, so that Famagusta may be pronounced a veritable Pompeii transmitted from the epoch of the crusades. Its Venetian fortifications, especially, command the admiration of western engineers, almost all the innovations ascribed to Vauban, being observed in them. In the case-narrated you might easily imagine yourself transported to the era of Lepanto, for the iron cannon of the sixteenth century still lie there built into the walls, with their heaps of stone balls beside them. Indeed, up to very recent years Famagusta was a complete museum of mediæval military art, but in some of the important angles the old culverins have given away to more efficient engines of modern warfare. As regards the harbour, this is said to be at present quite shallow, owing to the accumulation of sand which, however, might be easily removed by dredging. The Turks have hitherto opposed all projects of repair, dreading to lose the treasures bequeathed to them when the Venetian fleet was settled in the harbour. There is no reason, however, why Famagusta should not, under English control and with a moderate outlay regain its old maritime advantages and become the entrepot of the Levant.

CANADA AT PARIS.

HOW THE GREAT EXHIBITION IMPRESSED A TORONTO MAN.

(From the Globe.)

Mr. Ald. Hallam returned from Paris on Monday, and supplies the following concerning the Exposition:—

"The Trocadero Palace will be a permanent place of interest to all visitors in the future to the gay city; and when finished the grounds will be magnificent with the cascade, grotto, and fairy-like fountains. Slipping gently down to the River Seine, they are beautifully laid out with trees and shrubs from every clime—common and rare, rhododendrons, magnolias in full flower and of every line, climbing plants, azaleas, hollies, tree peonies from Japan, palms and tree-ferns, roses and fruit trees, trained in every imaginable shape, and some very curious variegated maples in the Japanese style with lines singularly blended, and rivaling in beauty the autumnal tints of our Canadian foliage. The flower beds would bear description, and are worth a journey to see."

"I do not doubt many will be anxious to know what position Canada is going to take in this great competitive show on the Champ de Mars. It is a question not easily answered, although, Holland, Switzerland, and Norway like magnificent displays, not only of the natural products and manufactures, but of the arts, in which Canada miserably fails. I am a utilitarian point of view, what will Canada and her manufacturers gain by showing their wares and the products of the country at this great Exhibition? To tell its relative value to Canada would be impossible, but it is certain that will be profitable to them, a great deal that will be the material. They are a mine of wealth to all who are seeking knowledge of what really constitutes the backbone of national prosperity. I do not imagine for a moment that Canada can compete with older and wealthier countries in decorative art, in furniture, in the exquisite crystal of Oser, of Birmingham, or the glories of Minton and Elkington in their respective departments. We are not rich enough for that. But to come back to Canada. This section is very remarkable, and no one can fail to be struck by the Canadian display. Everything shown is of a substantial and useful nature, such as agricultural implements, household furniture, tweeds, leather, and other things, all of which are a credit to the country, and create exclamations of surprise not only from French, but from English sightseers, plainly indicating that Canada is not known as well as she should be. One thing is already apparent, that Canada manufactures articles of every-day use that will compete favourably in price and quality with goods made in older and wealthier countries. But can our manufacturers sell these goods in foreign markets at a profit? I think not. I am sure they cannot in France, owing to the high tariff. England is favored in this respect, as, under Cobden's treaty, she can send in some goods at a nominal rate of duty. Now, why should Canada not enjoy this privilege, and not be thus commercially discriminated against? This will be a matter for the Dominion Government to consider, for there is no use in sending the produce of the land for exhibition unless we can sell them. A large trade could be done with France in ships, leather, furniture, agricultural implements, seeds, and other produce, if we were put on the same commercial footing as England. Canada imports a large quantity of French cloth, gloves, fine tweeds, silks and wines, and why not pay for these by exchanging what we have for sale here that the French may want? I may here mention a very amusing fact. The French are not a rooking people; their babies are not hushed to sleep in that easy fashion. There are a few nice cane-bottomed rocking-chairs shown in the Canadian section, which have all been sold to some of the French dames who have taken a fancy to rooking. These chairs are in constant use by them, and it would make you laugh to see how they rock themselves. If the manufacturer of these simple but useful articles of domestic use would only send more of them to the Exhibition, I am sure that he would do a paying business. One of the most attractive displays is that made by Robert Malcolm, our enterprising townsman. He shows thirty-one saddles, which have commanded a great deal of attention. The Prince of Wales has bought two of the best saddles, and it is said the daughter of Marshal McMahon has bought another. Some of the French are surprised to see such fine things come from Canada, and exclaim, 'Do they really make such things in Canada?' He also shows a number of mail-bags which attracted the attention of the International Postal Convention, who waited on Mr. Malcolm to see and get explanations about his mail-bags, and went away well pleased with the safety and simplicity of the bags. The Japan Commissioners have bought the entire lot. A very nice display of artificial fruits, roots, and vegetables are to be seen in the Canadian section, nicely arranged and named, showing the size and colour of the fruits, roots, seeds, and vegetables grown in Canada. This display, though very striking, fails to convey anything like a true idea of the real article. Dr. May deserves credit for getting up this fine display. There

is also a very large exhibit of Canadian tweeds, which are a credit to the trade. They are very nice goods, well made, and of good wearing quality, but would suffer in comparison in finish and colour with tweeds made in England, Scotland and France. I think the wearing quality and their cheapness are great recommendations, and would caution Canadians to pause and examine goods made at home before they decide themselves in things that are "clear bought and far fetched." This class of goods might find a market in France but for the prohibitive tariff. Mr. Cunliffe Owen, the executive head of the British Commission, and the Prince of Wales, have taken a deep interest in the Canada section, and have been several times through it making suggestions and recommendations to our Canadian Commissioners, and giving every assistance they can to make this section a complete success. The Canadian Commissioners have had great trouble in getting things ready, owing to this section of the building not being complete. Everything now is in order, and the Canadian trophy is now finished and showing the products of the country to advantage.

A SERIOUS WORD, AFTER THE ORANGE DISGRACE.

It is plain as day that the Orange trouble in Montreal was fomented deliberately by English orders with a view to casting discredit on the Irish people.

The facts prove it. The motive to injure the good name of Ireland is strong in England. The Irish cause is becoming too intelligent, and is attracting attention. Every utterance of the English government of late has been in keeping with their late infamous design in Canada. When the Home Government was recently asked to allow armed volunteers in Ireland, the Ministers opposed it, and said it would be dangerous to trust the Irish with arms. Several Irish and English members instantly answered that the Government's own report showed Ireland to be exceptionally peaceful and free from crime. The Ministers had nothing to reply except to repeat their injurious words.

But, within a month, they could point to Montreal and say, "Behold the factions you propose to arm."

The Irish at home are growing wise enough to see through this English policy of hate and division. There was no riot in Ulster this year, except a petty one at Portadown, of which the most was made by the English cable reports.

The proof that the Government connived at the Montreal troubles is to be found in the facts. In the Province of Quebec, under a statute in the fullest force, the members of every secret society bound together by oath, except the Freemasons are guilty of felony, and liable to twenty-one years' penitentiary; and the prohibiting statute is: "Consolidated Statutes," chapter 10, and entitled: "An Act respecting Seditious and Unlawful Associations and Oaths."

The Orangemen knew that under this plain law they dare not walk. But they were secretly encouraged by the Government officials, and led to believe that the law would not be enforced. "This is now unquestionable from the letters of the head of the Government, Premier McKenzie, to the Mayor of Montreal. 'I can't help thinking,'" wrote the Premier to the Mayor several weeks back, "the 12th, that it would be a wise course for the authorities of the city to make known that, in the exercise of such right, they [the Orangemen] will be protected." To this the Mayor answered that if the Orangemen were an illegal body they ought not to be protected. The Premier again wrote, urging the Mayor to break the law, and using as an argument the absurd quibble that even if the Orange body was illegal, the individual Orangemen had a right to civic protection when parading. "There is no act," writes the Premier, "that I am aware of prohibiting such possession from walking."

The case is plain. The government encouraged the Orangemen. The Mayor was encouraged by the Government organs, and the Orangemen and Catholics were thus excited and set by the ears. This done, the object of the Government was accomplished; the more riot and bloodshed the better. Here was material for a capital answer when next the Irish members of Parliament asked for Volunteers or Home Rule.

Need we point out the lesson to the Irish people in Canada? "Every man who breaks the peace holds the enemy," said O'Connell, during his great agitation. So it is in this case. The Orangemen have always been the tools of the Government to divide and disgrace Ireland. For this they were originated, and they are still so used. The Irishman, knowing these facts, who attacks an Orange procession, is one of two things—either a fool or an English agent. The Orange evil will die if let alone. It is a fish out of water in America. The men who keep it alive by violence are the worst enemies of the Irish people; and we ourselves must put them down. —Boston Pilot.

TOUCHING SOLICITUDE.

HOW THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE TAKES CARE OF NO. 1.

A London paper says:—"It comes within the province of the Commander-in-Chief to select the most distinguished and meritorious military officers for the sinecure colonelcies of regiments as they fall vacant. These much coveted posts, to which no duty whatever is attached, vary in value from £2,220 to £1,000 per annum. The Duke of Cambridge himself already held four of these—those of the Grenadier Guards, the 60th Rifles, the Artillery, and Engineers. The colonelcy of the 17th Lancers, worth £1,350 per annum, recently fell vacant, and of course, the Commander-in-Chief was called upon to fill up the vacancy. After looking down the list of generals, and after duly and minutely weighing their several claims to this valuable and comfortable appointment, the Royal Duke at length determined that no one was so deserving of it as himself! And consequently in the *Gazette*, a few days ago, we find the following announcement:—"17th Lancers—Field Marshal, his Royal Highness George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, K. G., G.C.B., K.P., G.C.M.G., to be colonel-in-chief." This is certainly taking care of number one with a vengeance! He proceeds to ask why a gentleman who already had four sinecure colonelcies, bringing him in £5,184, should appoint himself to a fifth, swelling the amount up to £6,334 a year.

In addition, his Royal Highness has £12,000 a year as a descendant of George III., with £6,000 a year extra as Commander-in-Chief. Altogether (besides being the well-paid Ruler of St. James's, the Green, Hyde and Richmond Parks), the Duke of Cambridge receives out of the public treasury £25,534 per annum, besides having received £500,000 of his Majesty's accumulations as British Prince and Hanoverian Viceroy, and the sole recipient of the large fortune left him by his aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester."

The Chinese Ambassador and suite, on landing at San Francisco, was not received by any of the United States officials.



**The True Witness.**  
 AND  
**CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,**  
 AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE  
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.

**CALENDAR—AUGUST, 1878.**

THURSDAY, 1—St. Peter's Chains. The Machabees, Martyrs.  
 FRIDAY, 2—St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. St. Stephen, Pope and Martyr.  
 SATURDAY, 3—Finding of the Body of St. Stephen, Protomartyr. Cons. Bp. Moru, Coadj. Monterey, Cal., 1873.  
 SUNDAY, 4—EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. St. Dominic, Confessor. Epist. 2 Tim. iv. 1-8; Gosp. Luke xii. 35-40; Last Gosp. Luke xvi. 1-9.  
 MONDAY, 5—Dedication of St. Mary Major.  
 TUESDAY, 6—Transfiguration of our Lord. SS. Xystus, Pope, and Companions, Martyrs.  
 WEDNESDAY, 7—St. Cajetan, Confessor. St. Donatus, Bishop and Martyr

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

Mr. T. HAYES, of this office, is authorized to solicit subscriptions and collect accounts for the EVENING POST and the TRUE WITNESS, through the Eastern Townships. He will call upon those of our subscribers who are in arrears.

As the expenses attending the issue of such an enterprise as the EVENING POST are necessarily large, and as for a while we shall rely upon the TRUE WITNESS to pay a part, we trust those of our subscribers in arrears will forward their indebtedness, or pay it over to our agent, who will shortly visit them. We hope our friends will the more cheerfully do this and help us in our circulation by obtaining for us new readers, seeing that the price of the TRUE WITNESS has been reduced to \$1.50, while in size it has been enlarged four columns, and is now one of the best and cheapest weekly papers on the continent.

**THE SHELBROOKE "GAZETTE."**

The Shelbrooke Gazette has a violent, personal attack upon "Captain Kirwan from the bog." It says he is a "bog-trotting quill-driver," and that, when in France, he "never saw the enemy." It asks if the Post knows "the military man who, in defiance of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, raised a company in Ireland and conveyed them to France to fight against Germany." Let us now see all the names this "Captain Kirwan" has been called:—"Firebrand," "latest importation," "no stake," "scoundrel," "fanatic," and now "bog-trotter." We wonder which is nearest the mark? Why the "bog-trotter," of course.

**THE LAST STRAW.**

The Orangemen grasped at a straw when they were told that the act, which makes them illegal, ceased to be operative after 1842. But the letter we publish in another column from "Lex" settles the question, for by it we learn that in 1840 the Imperial Parliament passed an act to the effect that all the laws of Upper and Lower Canada were to remain in force, except such as might be repealed of the Act or Acts of the Legislature of the United Provinces. Mr. Archibald searched the statutes of Quebec. "Lex" searched the Imperial statutes as well, and he has given the coup de grace to Mr. Archibald and has broken the camel's back.

**THE UNEMPLOYED.**

Mr. L. O. David on Wednesday commenced an excellent move in Montreal. It appears that there are at present between 5,000 and 7,000 French Canadian able bodied men in Montreal who are either out of employment or eking out a very precarious living. Mr. David and a committee composed of some of the most influential French Canadians in the city have set themselves to the task of remedying this state of affairs, and have proposed that they should be settled on Government lands. The movement is an excellent one, and will, we are sure, commend itself to the people at large. Monetary difficulties will, no doubt, arise, but an appeal to the public should overcome them.

**THE 50TH BATTALION.**

On Thursday we printed two letters from respectable men, each of them throwing some light upon the doings of the 50th Battalion. In the minds of all impartial men there can be no doubt but that these men came to Montreal determined to shoot down the people if they had the chance. Were it not for the presence of General Smyth there would have been "woe to Montreal" indeed. But what about the enquiry into the St. Henri shooting affair? Can it be possible that so grave an affair is to be passed over without official investigation? We hardly like to think so; but when the volunteers are in question the Government shows an indifference to everything not to their protection. This kind of thing may last for a short time, but it cannot last for ever.

**"ROUGHS" AND "SPECIALS."**

"Roughs" and "Specials," "Specials" and "Roughs" has supplied food for many a boisterous editor for some days past. To read the opinions of the outside press, and, indeed, of the press of Montreal, too, a stranger would

think that the "Roughs" and "Specials," the "Specials" and "Roughs" were tramps, or Communists, or, perhaps, both. But it is all clap-trap. There were amongst those "Specials" men of good standing, and it is simply calumny to speak of them as "roughs." They were all taxpayers, and the most of them wore men well to do. If an odd hard case crept in amongst them, is it to be wondered at under the circumstances; and if there was any kind of fair-play in the minds of those who denounced them they would be ashamed of the names they called men who are just as good as themselves.

**THE SHOOTING AFFAIR IN ONTARIO.**

A few days ago the public was startled by what was described as a dastardly attempt at murder by a Catholic, who shot a Young Briton in the back. As the report appeared it looked like a cold-blooded attempt at assassination, and for no more apparent reason, than the unfortunate young man was a Briton. But it was so cool, so cowardly, so assassin-like, that some people had their doubts about it, and according to a letter that has appeared in the Globe, these doubts have a good deal of foundation. The letter says that the shooting was purely accidental, and that the young man, James White, fled from home because he was afraid of being lynched, as the people appeared to think that the shooting was intentional. We hope that this version of the story is true, for we are slow to believe that a man could murderously assail another man for no other reason than that he was a Young Briton.

**THE ORANGE SENTINEL.**

The Orange Sentinel has gone crazy. It is crazy with the Mayor, it is crazy with the Post, it is crazy with the St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company, and it is crazy with Catholics all around. We are not in the least surprised. It could not be the Orange Sentinel if it behaved otherwise. It rants and raves and kicks up such pranks before high heaven as should make all sane men weep for its folly. But where are the lofty condemnations of the firebrand from our peaceful press. Where are the indignant articles denouncing the wild teachings of the Sentinel? Silent all silent. The daily press has not a word to say in condemnation of the other side. It is idle how the press that last year raved about the TRUE WITNESS, this year says not one word about the Orange Sentinel, which is perhaps the most rabid and intolerant sheet published in any quarter of the globe. But it would be too much to expect; the beam cannot be seen in that eye.

**ATTACKING THE VOLUNTEERS.**

No one but a blackguard could attack a man because he is a volunteer. That there are blackguards capable of doing it we do not doubt, and when found they should receive all the punishment the law allows. There are some men in the volunteers who, we believe, should not be there, but that is no reason why they should be assaulted. Blackguardism of this kind should be put a stop to, and the few Catholics who are in the Volunteer Militia in Montreal would, we are sure, resent an insult to the members of other corps, just as much as they would to themselves. Rightly or wrongly these attacks are attributed to Catholics, and we believe that in most cases they are simply rows in which both sides may be somewhat to blame. No doubt in many cases, too, the volunteers bring it on themselves, and it is hard to think that any ruffian could be found to attack men simply because they wear Her Majesty's uniform.

**THE IRISH LANGUAGE.**

The language of the Gael is saved from extinction. Henceforth the Irish language is to be taught by the National Schools in Ireland, and thus the "old tongue" that was "dying like leaves upon the trees" is saved to the world. In Ireland, the Irish language is now taught the same as French, Greek and Latin. At present it appears that there are 200,000 children attending schools in Ireland who can speak Irish, while there are two thousand National School teachers who have been found qualified to teach it. This is already a powerful army, and now that the Irish language is no longer banned, we may expect, in a few decades, that it will be as odd for an Irishman not to be able to speak his native tongue, as it is now for him to know anything beyond a few common-place phrases. For commercial purposes the Irish language is no doubt a dead letter, but there will always be attached to it association which make it dear to Irishmen, and interesting to scholars all the world over.

**THE PARTY PROCESSION ACT.**

The Party Procession Act is now law, and Orangemen has, we trust, received its coup-de-grace, in the Province of Quebec. The Gazette of this morning reminds us that it recommended the "reservation" and not the "disallowance" of the Act. To us, one looked like a step to the other. If the Act is unconstitutional, as soon as it is declared so, it ceases to be operative, and it is just as well to have it law until then, as to have it "reserved." We may, however, rest assured that the Lieut.-Governor satisfied himself that the Act was constitutional before he signed it. And here, we may remark, that this Act answers all the calumnies which the outside public flung at the Catholics of Montreal because of the position they took on the Orange question. That position is now vindicated and sustained by Act of Parliament, and thus are the outside assaults silenced. Not one, but two Acts of Parliament, now stand in the way of Orange parades; and what might have become a serious danger to the State, is removed, let us hope, forever.

**THE ELECTIONS.**

We know not how soon the elections may fall upon us. The surprise may come any day, and when it comes we hope it will find our people, "ready, vehement and true." They should be no "cooling down" of the antagonism—no experience now. Even if September is upon us before elections come, yet there must be no forgetting the treachery of the rival parties, in the trial through which we have passed. No matter when they come, we must then remember all we went through and suffered. We must remember who were our friends and who were our foes. We must keep watch over the subtle tricks of party warfare, and refuse the baits which politicians will, no doubt, cast for us to swallow. We want no blame to smooth away the rough edges of the fight. No doubt the attempt will be made to explain away the antagonism of the past, but they will fail, lamentably fail. We have gone through the furnace, and we dread the fire that scorched us. The wounds cannot heal, for they are too deep. But we all require to be vigilant, and when the day of reckoning comes, to strike home.

**IS IT RIGHT?**

Is it right that volunteers dressed in Her Majesty's uniform should walk through the streets of Montreal insulting the Chief Magistrate of the city? We put this question publicly, as it is right after night public occurrence. We ask then if it is right, or soldierly, that men who are supposed to be impartial, should exhibit so much one-sided feeling when in uniform. Apart from the question of the Mayor's conduct; apart from the question of right or wrong on his part; apart from the Orange or Green troubles in any shape, we ask, is it not an outrage against military law and military usage, that men in uniform should insult a man, who is for the time being, the highest dignitary amongst us? To expect peace in Montreal while such a thing is allowed, is to expect too much. We, for our part, cannot, and shall not, close our eyes to these gross violations of military law, and we are prepared to accept all the responsibility of exposing them. Every friend of the volunteer system must wish to see these things put an end to, and if they cannot be put down by private remonstrance, then the public had better know it.

**THE SHOOTING AT THE TANNERIES.**

A paragraph in the Gazette of Monday last says that "no further steps have been taken to investigate the charge against the 53rd Battalion, who fired on a party of civilians on the 13th instant. No action has been taken by the Hon. Judge Couse, in the absence of instructions from the Government." We hope there will be no attempt to burk the issue, although we would not be surprised if such happened. But it is too serious to allow to go by default. The Government cannot well get out of it, if it tried. Let any one read the special report we publish to-day and the spirit which animates the men who compose the 53rd Battalion will be seen. The truth is that, like most corps, the 53rd is a nest of Orangemen, and if the government is not prepared to push the question to its issue, it will be a Ministerial declaration that Orangemen in the volunteers is encouraged; that Orangemen can, when unformed, do as they please, and that there is no help for it. Well, we shall see. Time is, they say, the best tell-tale, and time will tell whether military law, or Orange law, is to guide the policy of the defensive forces of the Dominion.

**THE "TRIBUNE."**

There is a nice row in Ontario over what are called "exposures" about the Tribune of Toronto. It appears that the members of the Ontario and of the Dominion Governments gave Mr. McCrosson "not less than \$3,000" to start and push on the enterprise. But this sum was found to be insufficient, and the Provincial Treasurer of the Ontario Government made an appeal to Father Stafford to assist in circulating the paper. We had often heard that the Tribune was received by a number of people who never subscribed for it, and the explanation of this now turns out to be, that each member of the Ontario Government subscribed for 25 copies and had them sent to different electors over the country. But there is another curious feature of this so-called exposure, and it is to be found in the fact of such men as Mr. David Mills, who is said to be a bitter "anti-Romanist," subscribing to the fund to support a Catholic paper, and all for politics. We suppose there is nothing absolutely wrong in gentlemen paying for the gratuitous circulation of a paper of their choice. There is, indeed, something not over nice looking about it, but the Conservatives need not talk about it, for they would do the same themselves—if they had the opportunity.

**CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.**

Anyone who attempts to magnify the recent disturbances in Montreal into a conflict between Catholics and Protestants is making a great mistake. A few people may, for a moment, be deceived by the sham of "Civil Rights" in danger, but such people do not count for much in any community. The Catholics of Montreal desire no quarrel with their Protestant fellow citizens. We are not aware that a single act or word of theirs warrants the ridiculous assumption that there is any desire to interfere with the civil rights of any man. The Province of Quebec has done no more than the English Parliament at one time did—prohibit Orange parades. It is civil wrongs, and not civil rights that we make war against. We fight bullies and not Christians. We contend against men who disgrace Protestantism, even "if they glory in it." If Orangemen was an institution

organized to defend Protestant interests no one could say one word against it. Protestants have just the same right to defend their opinions as we have to defend ours, but Orangemen has nothing whatever to do with Protestantism except to bring it into trouble. As for it being a war of Catholics against Protestants, it certainly is not, and if the Protestant press would admit so much it would do its share towards quieting the public mind.

**COMMUNISM.**

To-day the question of Communism comes again to the front in the United States. From Pennsylvania we learn that a Communistic uprising is feared, and a pillage of the banks apprehended. This may be, in fact, no doubt is, exaggeration, but it indicates which way the wind blows. The Arcadian paradise of the Communistic mind is becoming the ideal Eden of the working man, and Hodges and Pollies are, it appears, to be found in sufficient numbers to startle quiet folks out of their propriety. But the Communists are making a huge mistake. The early Christians, in some instances, had a community of goods, but it was not because they were, like the Communists, at war with society. They did it in the first flush of their charity. Nor was it universal. In Jerusalem alone was there a serious attempt made at it, and the Christians of Corinth, Damascus, Antioch, Ephesus, and Rome never followed the example of Jerusalem. As for the Communism in the Church, it is a very different thing from the Communism in the world. One makes sacrifices, the other wants to have sacrifices made for them, or to make them by force. One is a voluntary surrender, the other is a desire for a violent seizure, with or without the consent of the owner. The idea is very old. It was tried in China in the twelfth century and failed. There, too, it had the support of the all-powerful emperor of the day, and yet it resulted in sinking the people in misery, and at last driving them to such despair, that in a few years they drove the Communists out of the country. Communism simply means Marat and Robespierre and the murderers of Archbishop Darboy, and no man who has the fear of God, or the welfare of society at heart, can look upon it with anything but aversion.

**THE VOLUNTEERS.**

The military column of the Gazette of Monday has an attack upon us because we inserted some charges against the volunteers. Now, the truth is—that we do not insert one-half of the charges that are made, and the writer in the Gazette knows that we refrained from mentioning the gross outrage that took place on Dominion Square. But we cannot be altogether silent when we know that the volunteers are full of Orangemen, and that every Orangeman in the volunteers is there against the law and in violation of the articles of war. No Orangeman can be a volunteer, and the next session of Parliament there will be a big fight over this very subject. But does the Gazette seriously think that we are to be silent when open manifestations of hate and partisanship are made by men wearing Her Majesty's uniform? If so, the Gazette is mistaken. We want a sound volunteer system, one that will give confidence to all, and until we have that then we must fight on. Sweep the Orangemen out of the volunteers; as the Articles of War distinctly command—let military and not Orange law guide the acts of the volunteer force—let, in fact, the law be enforced, and then we shall all have confidence in the service. So far from encouraging, we denounce those mischievous assaults on the volunteers, which are so common, and no matter by whom these assaults are made, we trust that a speedy punishment will overtake them. But that is a very different thing from screening the fact that the volunteers is a nest of Orangemen, and from expressing our opinion, that there never will be peace until the articles of war are enforced, and a fair proportion of Catholics stand shoulder to shoulder with their Protestant fellow-citizens in the defence of the flag that shelter us all.

**TRY IT!**

It is well for those of our kind who, removed from "the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," can smile at the passions of men who fight about, what appears to them as—nothing. Looking down from a lofty pinnacle of cool indifference they see men, reasonable upon most subjects, go crazy over broils made by themselves and by themselves perpetuated. To such men our boasted civilization is a satire, as it furnishes only food for strife. Savage life can be no more, and interecine strife of kindred tribes is not half so contemptible. So reason the men who are by accident or otherwise out of the whirlpool, so, too, reasons some of the press about the recent troubles in Montreal. But we cannot forget that there is such a thing as principle in the world, and what appears as a senseless feud may be a deep set war between rivals, each of whom is intensely sincere in vindicating a cause. And perhaps it is better for the world that it is so. When we can keep our strifes within legitimate control there is no harm done, and we do not know that an occasional excess does not eventually rebound for the benefit of society at large. But there is one feature of our troubles which should not be lost sight of, and that is that we should always remember that we fight principles and not men. Our interecine strifes should be directed against causes, and not against individuals. If Protestants and Catholics disagree about principles, that is no reason why Protestants and Catholics should not be the best of friends in all their social relations. Individual warfare never yet did good to any cause, and no matter from what side individual warfare emanates, then that side is to blame. It may be hard at all times

to separate the individual from the principles he holds; but, at least, we should all make an honest effort to do so, and, while tearing each other's principles to pieces, avoid as much as possible from cracking each other's skulls, or making one man the scape-goat for a thousand.

**THE VOLUNTEERS.**

Are the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and of the Dominion generally, to be afforded an opportunity of entering the defensive forces of the country? This is a question that will undoubtedly come to the front at the forthcoming elections, and it is a question that should be answered. It will not do to say that if the Irish Catholics are not in the volunteers it is their own fault. This is granted. It is their own fault, and they now see the mistake they made. But is it not the duty of the Government to remedy this evil? Are the Irish Catholics for ever to be deprived of the use of arms, because their predecessors of '66 committed a mistake? Are they to be denied the common rights of citizenship because a few of them sulked at one period in their history? It is as ridiculous to say so, as it is wicked to question their loyalty. We frankly believe that there is not to be found in the Dominion a corporal's guard of disloyal Irishmen. If there are any such, certainly they are no friends of ours. But we believe that, to a man, they would to-morrow defend the interests or the honor of their adopted land. If we believed there was any disloyalty among them we would denounce it, but knowing, as we do, their passionate attachment to Canada, we think it not only mischievous, but wrong, to refuse them opportunities of taking upon themselves the full responsibilities of citizenship. Nor will it do to say that the force cannot be increased. We cannot forget the three disbanded companies—disbanded on the implied understanding that we would get those companies in Montreal in their place. We do not blame the military authorities, but we cannot account for the refusal to fulfil an implied promise. There may be good reasons for it, but we are not aware of them. Of one thing, however, we may be certain—that a fair sprinkling of Irish Catholics, not as distinct corps, but mixed up in all corps, is necessary to bring about the confidence of all classes in the volunteer system.

**THE QUEEN'S REGULATIONS.**

A few days ago we quoted the Queen's Regulations, showing that there was a special clause forbidding officers, non-commissioned officers or soldiers from belonging to or attending Orange meetings. We quoted from the Queen's Regulations for 1859, pocket edition, page 463. A writer in the Star, however, quotes the Queen's Regulations for 1873, in which he shows that the word "Orange" has been omitted. The optimistic tone of the letter we cannot notice, but we take the facts. The facts, then, are these: The Queen's Regulations for '59 prohibited officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers from attending Orange meetings, while in the same Regulations for 1873 there is no mention of Orange lodges at all. But does that prove that the order has been cancelled? We think not. It may have been found unnecessary to insert the word "Orange," because no soldier would dare attend an Orange meeting. Besides, it is comprised in the words "party or political." Will anyone deny that "Orangemen" is a party? Even take the Regulations as they read now, and Orangemen in the volunteers is still illegal. We know men who, since they joined the volunteers, gave up attending public meetings altogether. In this Province Orangemen is illegal, and surely we are not to be told that the members of an illegal society, a society that will not be allowed to walk the streets, that the men who are not to be trusted with the rights of citizenship, are to wear the Queen's uniform and receive pay. From being conspirators against law they are to be trusted with arms to enforce the law which in secret they violate. But it will not do. Orangemen in the volunteers in this Province will, we believe, be put down. In fact, it must be put down, if law is to triumph. It has no business here in any shape or form; it is illegal and therefore the men who belong to it cannot be allowed to carry arms, and time will tell whether the law or Orangemen will triumph.

**"COOL ASSUMPTIONS."**

We publish, in another column, a somewhat remarkable article from the Witness on "Cool Assumptions." The "cool assumptions" are, first, that Orangemen has ever done a bit of good for Protestantism, an assumption which the Witness thinks cool, indeed. Orangemen never did any good for Protestantism anywhere. It did not prevent Catholic emancipation, it did not prevent the abolition of the tithes, it did not prevent the grant to Mayo, it did not prevent the growth of Catholic education, it did not prevent the disestablishment and the disendowment of the Irish Church—in fact, it prevented nothing except good feeling between men who would, only for it, be friends. Orangemen is no more Protestantism than Catholicity is "priest-craft." We have no quarrel with Protestants, and we do not wish to quarrel with them. We would defend their liberties just as readily as we would defend our own. We want, my we would not accept, privileges from which they would be debarred. If our word is to be believed, Protestants would see us as we are, their friends in every thing that is calculated to give equal rights to all. We do not want triumph over our Protestant fellow-citizens—we would not in fact accept it—and if their liberties were in one jot threatened, we would stand

by their side. But as we respect their feelings, they must respect ours; and if the Protestants of Montreal elect to champion Orangemen, then the question may assume another aspect, and one which we would all regret. As for the remainder of the article, we repeat that if there was no Orangemen, there would be no trouble—and as Orangemen is not necessary for any good purpose, we have a right to hold to the opinion that as, we had peace before it came here, so shall we have peace when it departs. We cannot forget that there was no church destroyed at Oka, while it was Protestants versus the Seminary. Not until Orangemen came did incendiarism take place. And so it is all through the chapter, it means to destroy and we say it shall not, and we back our saying by giving it all the hostility which its history evokes and which the law justifies.

**PARTY POLITICS.**

A party politician is a man who makes an altar of PARTY, and worships it. In PARTY he sees all that is good, and, like the king, PARTY can, to the party politician, "do no wrong." He may denounce the infallibility of the Pope, and hold high revel at the idea of His Holiness, when speaking ex cathedra, being always right. It is another thing, however, when PARTY is in question. That is always right, whether it speaks ex cathedra or not. Whoever heard the party politician admit an error? Who ever heard him say that his party ever erred? Who ever heard him admit that there was any balm of Gilead save that supplied at the altar of his adoration? In the old country we have men who are independent of both sides of the House. There we find men who see something to admire, and something to oppose in both Liberals and Conservatives. These men have, too, a programme of their own. Their principles are defined and their platform is declared. They do not go into the House bound to kneel at the shrine of PARTY, and it is free speech men that a fair expression of opinion is expected. Can Canada produce six such men in the interest of the Irish Catholic population? If not, can Canada produce one man who will, for the present at least, stand in the breach and claim for us the rights we are entitled to? This is to us one of the questions of the hour. The Irish Catholic who, in this hour, forgets the doings of the past two years, the treachery of both Reformers and Conservatives, the insults and the wrongs, and who again abandons all to the Juggernaut of party, should at once make his exit with "a bare bodkin." It will soon be the hour of trial, and the repentant then should be spurred by all men who can call their minds their own. We have been deceived, abused, denounced by both sides of the house, and now, if we are men, we must stand alone. One man with energy enough to fight our battles in the House of Commons is worth a host of party politicians. He will have the Irish Catholics from ocean to ocean to sustain him, and to wish his efforts God-speed.

**THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.**

The other day we were startled by hearing that the Protestant minority in Quebec were threatening annexation, because their liberties were invaded. Again we hear the Rev. Mr. Campbell saying that the prohibition and prevention of the Orange demonstration was the first step towards attacking the rights of the minority. But what are the facts? The truth is that the Protestant minority in Quebec have more than their share of power. Let any one read the speech made by Mr. Devlin, M. P., which we publish to-day, on the representation of minorities. From that speech we learn that the population of Quebec is 1,195,115, of which there are:

Catholics	1,010,850
Protestants	174,000
Well, we find that out of 65 members of the House of Commons from Quebec, the Protestants have 15, more than one-fourth, while their numbers only equal one-sixth of the population. How many of those members represent constituencies in which the majority is Catholic? Let the complainant's answer.	
We do not complain of this, but we have a right to expect an acknowledgment of it. Here is a Province with an overwhelming majority of Catholics, yet with a Protestant Premier, and no Catholic thinks of objecting to him on that ground. Here we contend that Protestants have more than their share of power, and not one Catholic cries out for annexation because of it. But let us look at the other side of the picture. Let us look at Ontario. The population there is 1,020,851, of whom there are:—	
English	480,429
With 24 M. P.'s, all English and Protestants	
Irish Protestants	285,260
With 12 M. P.'s, all Irish Protestants	
Scotch	328,880
With 42 M. P.'s, all Scotch, and all Protestants, with the exception of the M. P. for Cornwall.	
French Canadians	75,983
With one French Canadian, and a Catholic.	
Unnamed nationalities	217,708
Six members.	
Irish Catholics	200,000
NOT ONE REPRESENTATIVE.	

Thus the 171,000 Protestants in the Province of Quebec have 16 M.P.'s and a Cabinet Minister, besides a Protestant Premier, while the 200,000 Irish Catholics in Ontario are disfranchised. And yet we hear people talk about the Protestant minority in Quebec being badly treated! But what happens here happens in England. There there are 2,000,000 of Catholics, and yet there is not one Catholic in the House of Commons. A Catholic would not have the ghost of a chance for any constituency in Great Britain



and yet more than one half of the Irish representatives are Protestant, although the Catholics are almost five to one. We are curious to learn how those things can be explained away, for no doubt the attempt will be made.

ATTACKING THE VOLUNTEERS.

A country sheet has started the world by declaring that the "editor" of the Post has "disgraced himself" by attacking the volunteers as he did. Evidently Bumpkins knows nothing about it. We never attacked the volunteers. We are the friend of the volunteer organization, and rejoice at everything that tends to its organization and its worth. But we attack a certain number of men who belong to the volunteers in violation of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army. We attack men who wear her Majesty's uniform, against her Majesty's command. We attack men who, in spite of all law, are retained in the service, and who are the cause of almost irreparable mischief to the Dominion. It is an insult to her Majesty, it is an insult to the military authorities, it is an outrage against all decency, to see men wearing uniform, against the positive orders of the Queen's Regulations. The law says that officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers are forbidden to institute, countenance or attend Orange Lodges, or any other meetings whatever, for party or political purposes, in barracks, quarters, camp or elsewhere. There is the law, plain, distinct and unequivocal. No soldier can be an Orangeman, and there is no use in attempting to shuffle the issue. And because we wish to see this law enforced, we are attacking the volunteers, and Bumpkins from the ditches, and "military editors" save the mark! "go for us." As an Orange parade is illegal, so is every Orangeman, or Young Briton or True Blue now in the volunteers, illegally enrolled. There is no getting out of it, and we expect our "Independent" M.P. will have a nice row to pick in Ottawa about it when the next session opens. Then, the Orangemen in the volunteers, the men who are there against the Queen's regulations, the men who disgrace a uniform that has won glory upon a thousand battlefields, the men who are Orangemen before everything—then, indeed, these men will be attacked, and with all the vigor which earnest men are capable of. We want the law to be enforced, and we shall see how the "loyal" association will take it. No soldier can be an Orangeman, or no Orangeman can be a soldier, put it as you like; but the law is clear, and we mean to fight it out upon the lines of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army. Nor can the authorities by any chance escape from the plain issue. We have before quoted the Dominion Act which places the armed forces of this country under the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army; but, without that Act, no men could be armed or organized in this country unless they were subject to Imperial control. In the Articles of War, No. 15, we read:—

"The officers and soldiers of any troops which are or shall be raised, or serving in governments, colonies, or dominions, or in countries or places in possession of or occupied by our subjects, or any of our forces, being mustered and in pay, shall at all times and in all places, when joined or acting in conjunction with our British forces, or under the command of any officer having authority immediately from us, be governed by these Rules and Articles of War, and shall be subject to be tried by courts-martial, in like manner as the officers and soldiers of our British troops."

That puts the question beyond doubt, and so the issue stands thus: The volunteers of Canada are under the Articles of War; these Articles say that no soldier can be an Orangeman; thus Orangemen in the army and all branches of the service is illegal, and this is the way we intend to attack the volunteers.

PARTY FEELING.

Now that party feeling is cooling down, it may not be inopportune to review the situation. We do so to allay rather than to excite the public mind, for it appears to us that the quiet which succeeds the storm is desired by all. When men's passions run high, and the turbulent elements of party strife are lashed into fury, there is some excuse for the frantic energy of party warfare. Unfortunately, such are the conditions of affairs by which we are surrounded, that to make such an excuse is necessary. In well ordered society an excuse for that frantic energy would be unpardonable; but here it is commendable, because society is not well-ordered nor well arranged. It is a pity that it should be so; but so it is. Montreal is unhappy in its population, and yet it ought not to be so. We are not destitute of intellectual culture. Our schools are numerous, and our religious edifices top "the neighboring hill" in clusters. We boast of our commercial wealth, and we hold first rank in the Dominion. To Montreal all eyes look for a good example, and they receive it in the shape of skull-crackers. To an outsider who is not in the whirlpool, the situation must be regarded as comical and foolish. Here we are after eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching, cutting each other's throats, and all for the love of God. After all that the Son of Man suffered for our sakes, here we are crucifying Him anew, and all because we like to have our little ways. It is odd, very odd. Of course we hold to the opinion that the fault is all on one side. We think that the aggressors might let well enough alone, and that all new elements of party strife should be avoided. We believe that Protestants and Catholics got on well enough before, a new brand was thrown into the community, and we believe that Protestants and Catholics will get on well enough again, just as soon as this brand is extinguished in our midst. Until then peace is hardly possible,

for times will come when men will be men and not philosophers, and while we may to-day place ourselves upon a pinnacle from which we could, as John Keats said, "clip an angel's wing," yet to-morrow we may be bespattering ourselves with that frantic energy of party spite which we may then regard as worthy of laudation. But there are, it appears, stages in the life of man when he makes a pause in his career—a pause which, while it may be prophetic of his end, is also full of instruction. This pause, the Witness of last evening appears to think, the majority of this Province made when, through its representatives in Parliament, it passed the Party Processions Act. Until then Catholic tolerance, if we interpret the Witness correctly, was the usual course of Parliamentary usage. But the Party Processions Act was a pause, a departure, and for the first time in the history of the Catholics of the Province, a "wrong" was inflicted upon "one portion" of the Protestant minority. Well, we here come back to the old question. Was it not the introduction of the brand into our midst that caused this "wrong"? Before the brand was introduced, the Witness, we think, will admit that Catholics and Protestants lived as they should live—as good neighbors and as Christians. Then there was no "wrong" committed in Quebec by the majority, and there was no "wrong" to excite a minority to indignation. The Witness admits that the brand did Protestantism no good, and thinks the idea that it did any good very "cool assumption" indeed. On the whole, we think our contemporary would be better pleased to see all the elements of social irruption removed rather than retained. It knows, or if it does not it ought to know, that the talk about Catholic intolerance is simply nonsense, for in no country in the world are the interests of the minority more secure than they are in the Province of Quebec. And long may they remain so, say we all. But don't let the Witness threaten retaliation "in influential quarters." That is bad taste, and then it gets the demon up again. If the Protestants were wronged, for being Protestants, then, indeed, the Witness would be right, and we would support it. We want to live at peace with our neighbors, and we back our assertion by expressing our willingness to sustain Protestant rights if we can be shown where they are assailed. We may be thought crazy upon one question, but we are not crazy upon all, and if Protestants generally could resent the insults of men, who do them no good, and who offend us, we would all be very soon restored to those senses which the outside world must think have abandoned us.

VENGEANCE IS OURS.

A day is fast approaching when the independent politicians of Montreal will be able to say—"Vengeance is mine" not "mine"—but "ours." The sundial of political revenge will soon mark the coming of the dawn, and so sure as it does, so sure will vengeance be ours. Two years of terrible trial have weaned the independent politicians of this city from the sturs and arrows of the ins and outs of office, and to-day a goodly number of this community cry, "a plague on both their houses." Soon, very soon, will the consummation so much wished for be upon us, and in that day of trial, no recreant hand must be raised in favor of either Rouge or Blue, but independent vengeance must be taken, and both sides made to feel that we no longer consent to be whipped at the political cart-tail of either one party or the other. And why not? What do we owe to either Rouge or Blue, to the Orangeman Sir John A. Macdonald or to the abettor of Orangism, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie? Granted that there is some difference in favor of the Premier, but he must be made to experience that that difference is not enough. Sir John A. Macdonald encouraged Orange immigration from Ireland; the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie would "protect" Orangism in violation of the law. Have we not often said that they were both the same, and have events not proved it? Where now are the friends in court, or where the men who, in the hour of our need, stretched forth a helping hand to rescue us from our peril? Not one! Reformers and Conservatives, Herald and Gazette, all slyly hissed their venom into our faces and slunk, like whining things, behind the pale faces of an Orange crowd. Not honest enough to take a bold stand on either side, they sometimes throw a crumb of comfort at our feet for which we thank them not. When we wanted them they were not with us, and when not with us they are against us, and now it must be an open war upon them all. No doubt some of them may yet throw a sprat to catch a salmon, but it is too late, a long way too late. Pat will not be fooled this time if we can help it. The time is come when the Irish nominees are no longer to be decided upon in the back offices of the Herald or Gazette. It is high time to put a stop to this juggling, and to take the power of doing harm out of the hands of the men who have deserted us every time we wanted a friend. No more leaning upon broken reeds; we must stand alone, and if we mean to hold our true position in this country, Montreal Centre goes by the board for the Reformers and Conservatives alike, and an Independent member, one who will fight our battles, should be placed at the head of the poll. There is no other remedy for us. If we mean to hold up our heads in this country, we must have at least one man who will give our views to the world, and grapple with the difficulties which are strangling us. Orangism must be fought in parliament as well as out of it, if necessary, and the Government of the day must be made to experience that the Irish Catholics of the Dominion must be taken into consideration in all things that affect the administration of the laws. We have won one victory, but we must

win another and another, and register blow after blow, until the men who would trample upon us, are made to feel the dangers of the task they have undertaken. At present we count for nothing. Denied the use of arms, while our city is invaded by bands of armed Orangemen thirsting for blood; refused permission to form a corps of our own, when companies were disbanded for that purpose; hauled over the coals for lending a few rifles to a theatrical company, while corps after corps cheer for King Billy and show all the sympathies of partisanship; our lives in danger at the hands of men who disgrace a glorious uniform—and still snubbed by the Government of the day when we ask that which all freemen are entitled to—the right of carrying arms. This volunteer business must be overhauled from beginning to end, and we want independent politicians to do it. We must see if the articles of war which prohibit Orangism are to be enforced in this country or not? We are the friend of the volunteer system, as it should be, but not as it is. But this is only one—although a big one—of many questions to be fought, and we must all brace up for the work, pitch party politics to the winds, and prepare for the day when we will be able to obtain justice. Six independent men in the House might be able to teach any Government more philosophy than they dream about. If parties are nearly balanced, as is more than probable, six men can do mischief, and it is to do mischief, if necessary, that we want to see them there. But if we cannot get six we can, at least, get one, and the sooner the better.

THE ST. HENRI AFFAIR.

Still no news about the Sherbrooke boys—the heroes of the St. Henri shooting affair. Is it because the evidence is too direct that the delay is taking place, or what is the reason? And the press, the guardians of the morals of the people, what of it? No calls for investigation now! No threats about being "firm" when the occasion required it. The evidence about this shooting business is so direct that a stain will forever rest upon the Sherbrooke volunteers, unless they court inquiry and remove the stigma, if they can. It may be fine amusement for men in uniform, and it is currently rumored that some of them were not sworn in, to shoot down innocent boys, but it is cowardly as well. If there is any justice left in this country this enquiry cannot be burked, or, if it is, the Catholics must come to the conclusion that once a man has a uniform upon his back he can do just as he pleases. Well, it is such acts as these that produce discontent. It is such things that raise storms. Demagogue like Catiline could raise an agitation, but it takes a Cromwell to rule it.

CRIME IN IRELAND.

From Ireland we learn that the Assizes which have just concluded, have been remarkably free from criminal business. The Irish Times, which is a Conservative and anti-Home Rule paper, says that "were it not for the unhappy affair in Donegal there would, in fact, have been hardly any serious crime worth mentioning, compared with that which exists in every other community of the same dimensions in the world." This is satisfactory, and were it not for the insane faction fights which disgraced the midland and southern counties, serious crime in Ireland would have been unknown. The misfortunes of the Irish people have been largely centred in the condition of the occupier of the soil, and as the old noblesse lost their estates, through extravagance for the most part, the condition of the poor man became worse when he fell under the lash of the land jobbers with which the Landed Estates Court overflowed the country. But even this appears to be improving, for agrarian crime is year by year becoming less, and, altogether, the condition of the people is as satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances. But, above all, it is pleasant to read in such a paper as the Irish Times that "the country is one of the most moral, peaceable, and honest that exists. In many assize towns the judges have almost had nothing to do. In most towns they have had only two or three cases to hear, and these very often such as might more properly have been disposed of by the magistrates at petty sessions." These are facts which the enemies of Irishmen would do well to ponder over.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Pacific Railway should turn out a good thing for contractors. We notice that the Department of Public Works has called for tenders for the construction of that part of the road lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. It is a gigantic undertaking, but there is money to be made, and contractors will be abundant. But would it not be well for the Government to take some steps to prevent the shameful treatment to which some contractors subject their working-men and which the building of the Pacific Railway will give them abundant opportunities of practising. Out in these wilds the working-man will be at the mercy of the contractor for everything he requires. Every necessary of life must be supplied by the contractor, and unless the working-man is protected, his labor will be fruitless for himself. We cannot forget that it is, in some cases, the harshness with which the laboring man is too often treated, that makes him give a ready ear to the wiles of demagogues who seduce him from his allegiance to society, and pour the venom of communism into his ear. Treat labor fairly and communism is dead. We hope the Government will take precautionary measures to prevent the contractors on the Pacific Railway from treating their laborers badly.

THE "VICTORIAS." We cannot be charged with heaping fulsome flattery on the volunteers. We leave that to somebody else. We think a fair criticism is necessary for them, just as it is necessary for every other public institution. When they do wrong we expose them, and shall continue to do so, for their own good, and for the benefit of the service. But as we do not hesitate to censure, so we must not hesitate to applaud, when applause is deserved. For instance, we have abused the "Victorias," and now it is only fair to give them a little credit, where credit is due. At present, the "Victorias" are encamped on the St. Helen's Island. Of the internal economy of the camp we know nothing, but it has all the appearance of being in good condition. It is of the exterior appearance and general good behavior of the men that we would write. Individually the men are neat, carry themselves with soldierly grace, and salute their officers, and indeed all officers, with prompt and soldierly attention. The men bear all the outward evidence of efficiency, and while we may be obliged to abuse them next week, yet it affords us pleasure in having an opportunity of praising them to-day.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

BIGOTRY.

To the Editor of the Evening Post. Sir,—I think you will agree with me that a man's religion should not have anything to do in this country with either giving or taking from him jobs or contracts. It certainly does not matter in Dominion politics, but it is beginning to obtain here. I have had small contracts from the corporation, which I had faithfully performed, but on making application since the 12th of July I was asked by one of the assistant surveyors—Mr. McKenzie—what side I took on the 12th? I answered that I took no sides, but was a Catholic, whereupon he informed me I could not get any more jobs. Now, the petty bigotry displayed by this individual is neither here nor there, but I want to know if he is empowered to let or refuse jobs on behalf of the city, the more especially because the seeker is or is not of his peculiar way of thinking.

Yours, ENRIQUE.

Montreal, July 25, 1878.

THE QUEBEC ROUGHS.

To the Editor of the Evening Post. DEAR SIR.—Having seen a great many reports and letters in the Montreal journals about the Quebec "roughs," as they style them, allow me to venture an opinion. I was at Montreal on the arrival of the Quebecers, and saw no roughs among the young men belonging to Quebec, but on the contrary, men of good standing in the city, and what is more, knowing all persons residing in Quebec, I watched them particularly to see what had arrived and how they conducted themselves during their stay in Montreal. I found all to behave well, both in sobriety and respect for themselves, as well as for the city they had left. I am no party man, and if they acted otherwise, I would not now defend them. It is true they left Quebec for Montreal so as to be there for the 12th, but when they saw everything was intrusted to the safe hands of the Mayor, and that he would act without partiality, they seemed to content themselves, and acted as if they were on an excursion—that is to say, they amused themselves, and, as far as respectability is concerned, I consider them far ahead of the Orange Young Britons and their followers, as I look upon them as an illiterate set of boys, who know as much about the battle of the Boyne as the Sioux Indians, their only knowledge being how to insult Catholic citizens. It is time, Mr. Editor, this sort of thing had a stop put to it. We live in Canada as Canadians, and not as religious bigots. Why don't the Orangemen allow Orangism to die in Canada? It is almost dead in Ireland, the place where it originated; and what is more, Mr. Editor, instead of the Montreal papers speaking about the Quebecers and special constables, they should also speak of the volunteers at Montreal on that day, including some of the home regiments. But no; they cannot say anything to their credit and, of course, would not say anything to their detriment—which they richly deserved. As a spectator, I was disgusted with the manner in which some of the regiments acted; that is, by showing their partisanship. They seemed from their actions mostly composed of Orangemen, and were only waiting for a chance to fire on the Papish mob—as many of them expressed themselves. It is well there was a man to consult, and that man the Mayor, before they could revenge their hatred, or else they might have witnessed their humiliation.

Yours truly, A COSMOPOLITAN.

Quebec, July 25, 1878.

[We have inserted the foregoing letter from Quebec because it comes from a highly respectable citizen, and one who never, in the slightest degree, has taken any side in party troubles. The 12th of July is now over, thanks to Providence, and we shall publish no more letters pertaining to it, for we are happy to observe the chasm that opened between Catholic and Protestant is decreasing every day, and will shortly close up.]

THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Evening Post. DEAR SIR,—I receive your paper punctually and am thankful for it, as I sincerely believe you give a fairer and more impartial opinion of events as they occur than any paper in Canada. I am particularly pleased with the stand you take on the volunteer question. I am myself an officer in the force, and know pretty well how the system works, and I can safely say that it is almost an Orange Association from beginning to end. In the cities I am aware are many gentlemen who have no connection with Orangism, and the same may be said of the staff of the force, but yet it must be confessed the great body is Orange. Some people are ashamed that a people like the Irish, with military predilections, do not take advantage of the opening of the volunteer force of Canada affords them of bearing arms; but they are merely superficial observers, for any one that looks beneath the surface well knows that it is hard for an Irish Catholic to obtain admittance, and still harder for him to stay when he has gained it. This seeming phenomenon is easy of explanation. When the Fenian invasion occurred there was a stupid jealousy of admitting Irish Catholics, which kept them back, and the Orangemen held a monopoly of the position, which they now retain. In my humble opinion there is only one cure for this evil, and that is re-organization. Let them put the Queen's Re-

gulations in force, and the whole thing is at an end. Then, instead of having an Orange militia, we shall have a national one, and Catholics and Protestants alike will crowd into the ranks to defend their common country. I think it is high time a deputation should wait on the Premier and have an understanding. If he refuses to adopt their views on the reorganization of the militia, why then they would at least have the consolation of having done their duty.

Yours, &c., CAPTAIN.

London, Ont., July 21, 1878.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

DEAR SIR,—I observe that you are agitating the volunteer question, and for my part I assure you it is about time something were done, for the system is disgraceful. When the 50th Battalion was ordered from here to Montreal the Catholic volunteers (of whom there are few) were excluded, while Orangemen, never sworn in, and who had never before appeared in uniform, were pressed into the ranks in indolent haste. When the force came back they were mad because they were not allowed to shoot, and swore at Mayor Beaudry, the Queen and the country.

I am glad to see the stand you are taking.

Yours, &c., EYE WITNESS.

Athelstan, July 22, 1878.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to call your attention to the fact that the volunteers here hoisted Orange colors and received men into their ranks who do not belong to them, when leaving here for Montreal, in the anticipation of troubles on the 12th. Catholics had no show. They did not require their services.

Yours, TRUTH.

Maitland, P.Q., July 22, 1878.

IRISH CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

DEAR SIR.—The editor of the London (Eng.) Family Herald, when writing on the subject of Fenianism, stated that the most loyal defenders of the British Throne and Empire in times of real peril, were to be found among the Celtic Irish and Scotch Catholics; that the sluggish Anglo-Saxons can have no real conception of the burning enthusiasm that the Sovereign's enemies, implanted by nature itself in the bosom of every Celt, and that they are really more loyal to their anointed monarch than the English themselves, who would, unlike the Irish, drive their Sovereign from her throne to-morrow, if they so chose to do, on any pretext. I have quoted from memory, but I remember it well, for the noble language made a forcibly impression on me at the time, coming, as it did, from a journal which is admitted to be one of the best and most impartial ultra-Protestant English periodicals. Many of our Canadian fellow-subjects, who are Protestants, deceived by the sneering loyalty of the Orangemen, have an idea that the Irish Protestants only are loyal, and the Irish Catholics are nearly all a seditious treasonable lot. Is it not strange, sir, that history plain unvarnished Protestant history, tells us the exact reverse? Need I point out that the leaders in all attempts at sedition in Ireland during the past eighty years have been almost invariably Protestants. Irish Protestants, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald to Stephens, that in '98, when England was engaged in her death-struggle with the French, the flames of civil war, of treason mind ye, were lighted among the Irish Protestants of Ulster, and small blame can be given to the men of Westford, when the example was shown them from the North, the birth-place of Orangism, how to give sore trouble to England in her time of peril. Sir, these are facts; which not even the Orangemen can deny, and which should be well pondered by all Canadians. Again, take our leading Irish Catholic families, among the nobility and gentry, think of the faithful treatment they were subjected to during that century of Protestant ascendancy. Surely, when they had the chance to excite and abet rebellion in Ireland during the American revolution or rebellion of Protestants, again, mind ye, they had good right to do so, and in '98 also, but did they do it? No; at these times the best, the noblest of Irish Catholics sternly held aloof from Protestant treason, and turned the full force of their influence and power in favor of the English Crown. What Irish Catholic of rank, and name and power could be named among the traitors of '98? None, sir; none. Then, again, think of all the gallant services rendered in the long wars by Irish Catholics in every part of the world. Was it for or against England? Have not the Irish Catholics spent their blood like water to preserve and to extend the British Empire? Sir, they have, and the most rabid Orangemen cannot deny or lessen the services rendered in, say, the Peninsular War, by the wild, ungovernable bravery of such regiments as the Connaught Rangers, the Royal Irish and others recruited from the Irish Catholics, and called at that time the wild Irish regiments. I often notice the Scotch papers, especially the Scottish-American ones, giving long histories of the Scottish Imperial regiments, I should like very much that you would do the same for the Irish Corps, if you would put a stop to a great deal of this talk about Orange loyalty and Catholic treason, for the plain truth would then come out. During the American Revolution, a regiment of Irish Catholics was raised, called the Loyal Irish, they were sent to fight England's enemies in the West Indies, and did the job so well that they were almost exterminated in some battles fought with the York Rangers, an English regiment, against the Spaniards in Honduras in 1780 or thereabouts. Could you not give their history, for something ought to be done to show how hollow the claim of the Orangemen is to be the only loyal Irishmen. I know that many of our leading Protestants take the Post, to read both sides as they say, and you could not do the Irish Catholics a greater service than to give these entertaining histories which prove, at every page, may every line, the stern unswerving loyalty of Irish Catholics, when meeting their Sovereign's foes.

I am, sir, Yours respectfully, BADAJOZ.

BURGLARIES.—Soon after the city bells had chimed the hour of 12 Monday night, Sergeant Gladu and others of the police force, while on Sherbrooke street, heard several whistles, which seemed to proceed from the direction of Montcalm street. The officers of the peace, without delay, hastened to the locality designated by the sound, and took into custody a man named Hormidas Robillard, whom they found loitering about the premises of Mr. Faust. This gentleman was aroused by the police, and, having made a survey of his premises, discovered that a back window had been broken open, and the sum of \$100 in Canada currency abstracted from the drawer of a desk in his dining-room. The prisoner refused to make any statement as to his guilt or innocence, and shortly after his incarceration a friend of his family, named Mansart, was arrested on suspicion of having been implicated in the burglary.

FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN IN MEATH.

BLESSING A BELL.

Sunday, June 30, was the day fixed for the consecration of the great bell cast by Messrs. Murphy, of Thomastown, Dublin, for the pretty parish church of Ardeath, built upon an eminence in the richest of the Meath plains.

Rev. Father Burke ascended the pulpit after Mass, and preached from a text taken from the 83d Psalm. "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts; my soul hath loved and fainted away for the courts of the living God." Having showing how peculiarly David, "the man after God's own heart," was caused by a love for the beauty of God's house, he pointed out that in the same way the Catholic Church, because she was conceived by our Divine Lord as His fairest work upon earth, and governed by His own special providence, so that no stain of error should ever come upon her teaching, and no stain of sin should ever taint her moral laws, is burning ever with zeal for the beauty of God's house, and for the place where his glory dwelleth, and among the signs of predestination, by which his true children are recognized, there is this pre-eminently—that in proportion as a man enters into the mind of the Church, in proportion as he masters her spirit, and is influenced by her doctrine and her devotions, in the same proportion shall the Catholic man labour for the beauty and the majesty of the house of God. Above and beyond the material essentials of a temple, the strong buttressed walls and strong protecting roof, there are a thousand features of beauty and ornament which are necessary to God's house. The altar itself must be an act of faith in stone, so long as it stands there it enfolded in its golden tabernacle gates the Eternal God. How is that altar to make that act of faith unless it be made itself of the finest, costliest, and purest material?—unless the heart of the hills be opened that they may yield their treasures of purest transparent marble—unless the sea be searched, and from its hidden depths those gems of purest rays serene are brought out of their unfathomed caves, and strewn lavishly in orient pearls upon the altar of the living God? The windows of the house of God must bear sacred legends. The very light of God's sunshine must be sanctified, that while it illumines it must also flood the soul with holy meaning stained on the storied panes. The tower crowned with its spire must uphold the sacred Cross of Jesus Christ—that Cross that triumphed over all the powers of hell upon Calvary—that Cross that, uplifted in air, confounded and blinded the enemies of God and of his Church as it shone over the Pons Milvius, near Rome—that Cross that to-day, reputed as it is by the untamed pride and intellect of man, is still the greatest power in the world, the only power that can bow down, as St. Paul says, and annihilate the pride and stubbornness of man. Coming to speak of the beauties that still remained to be added to their own church by the labors and zeal of their good pastor, and especially of the great bell which they had heard toll for the first time to-day, he said the bell is the tongue and the voice of the Church. The message she sends forth by the lips of her consecrated bell upon the wings of the air is threefold. First of all it proclaims to the whole parish around that God in Heaven is coming down upon earth. As the Almighty commanded Moses to make trumpets of beaten silver to announce the passing of the Ark, so the Catholic Church every day of her existence upon ten thousand altars offers up to the Eternal Father His co-Eternal Son in the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, and while the priest in the sacristy is clothing himself with the character, the voice, all but the very person of Jesus Christ, while the Lord in Heaven is preparing to move from His throne and the angels were preparing His coming, the Church upon earth is ringing out from the consecrated lips of her great bell the message which is told to all the hills, which sweeps over the valleys to the ears of the man in his little cabin and the laborer in the field; and thus, the note of the bell, like the voice of an angel, goes before the Lord. Having dwelt in beautiful terms upon the second great purpose of the church bell, the daily commemoration of the great central mystery of the Incarnation by the sound of the Angels, the preacher said this consecrated bell would be like the angel guardian not only of the church but of the parish. It would become a familiar sound to them and would express various emotions. It would be busy in the midst of them ringing in the festivals; in the crisp, frosty air of Christmas morning it would gladden their hearts with its exultant swing; the Easter morning would be ushered in for them by the joyous notes. On only one day would its voice be silent—on one day it would hang sorrowfully and sadly silent in its lofty tower—on only one day it would refuse to gladden the ear, for there was no gladness on that day; it was the day when the angels in Heaven were silent with amazement, and the very voice of praise was hushed around the throne of the Eternal, when the Heavens themselves seemed dumb because God was dying on the cross. On Good Friday no sound would be heard, the silence of the grave would be upon the voice of the Church, that that same silence of the grave might fall upon all their ears. Not only the festivals of the Church, but their own sorrows and joys, would find their voice in this tongue of the Church of God. The young bride coming in gladness to put her virgin hand in that of her bridegroom, when all was joy, would rejoice to hear the bell pealing out its notes telling of two hearts made happy in God. When the aged lay upon the bed of sickness, dying, feeling that the soul was ebbing away into eternity, when the terror of judgment were before the eyes of the dying man, when the uncertainty of his doom made the present sorrow all the more terrible and the agony of death all the more insupportable, the bell would ring out its sad, deep note, calling upon all who heard its voice to put up a prayer to assist their brother in the agony of his dissolution. And when they and their children after them were brought and laid dead at the foot of the altar, while the Church repeated over them the words of Jesus Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believes in me shall not die," the sad note of the bell tolling in its high tower would sound forth like a prayer that He who was the resurrection and the life might raise them up again. Thus this voice of the Church would mingle itself with all the joys and all the Christian sorrows of their life until they would realize how essential, how necessary, as well as how beautiful, was the great addition that they had made to their church to-day. Remember that the bell would be consecrated with christ and holy oil, that its sound might go forth with the power and potency of God's blessing upon it to dispel the evil spirits of the air, to scatter the spirits of the storm when they were abroad, to save them from the business that walketh about in the dark, to save their crops and their flocks and their houses and their families from any devastating angel that might have spread his wings upon the blast over them.

A generous collection was taken up after the sermon.



THE SECRET TREATY.

The following is the text of the secret treaty entered into by England and Turkey, which led to the occupation of Cyprus...

Article II. The present convention shall be ratified, and the ratification thereof shall be exchanged, within the space of one month, or sooner if possible.

ANNEX TO THE CONVENTION OF DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND TURKEY, SIGNED JUNE 4, 1878.

The Right Honorable Sir A. H. Layard, G. C. B., and His Highness Saïvet Pasha, now the Grand Vizier of His Majesty the Sultan, have agreed to the following annex to the convention signed by them as Plenipotentiaries of their respective governments on the 4th of June, 1878:—

Article I. That a Mussulman religious tribunal (Mehkemeh Sheri) shall continue to exist in the island, which will take exclusive cognizance of religious matters, and of no others, concerning the Mussulman population of the island.

Article II. That a Mussulman resident in the island shall be named by the Board of Pious Foundations in Turkey (Evkaf) to superintend in conjunction with a delegate to be appointed by the British authorities, the administration of the property, funds and lands belonging to mosques, cemeteries, Mussulman schools and other religious establishments existing in Cyprus.

Article III. That England will pay to the Porte whatever is the present excess of revenue over expenditure in the island; this excess to be calculated upon and determined by the average of the last five years, stated to be 22,936 purses, to be duly verified hereafter, and to the exclusion of the produce of State and Crown lands let or sold during that period.

Article IV. That the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman crown and State (Arasiz Mirlye ve Emaki Houtayoun), the produce of which does not form part of the revenue of the island referred to in article II.

Article V. That the English government, through their competent authorities, may purchase compulsorily, at a fair price, land required for public improvements or of other public purposes, and land which is not cultivated.

Article VI. That if Russia restores to Turkey Kars and the other conquests made by her in Armenia during the last war the Island of Cyprus will be evacuated by England, and the convention of the 4th of June, 1878, will be at an end.

Done at Constantinople, the 1st day of July, 1878.

BISMARCK ON GENERAL SHERIDAN.

GRANT PRONOUNCES HIM ONE OF THE WORLD'S SOLDIERS.

We take the following extract from a New York Herald correspondent, dated Berlin, 2nd of July:—

One of the Prince's first questions was about General Sheridan. "The General and I," said the Prince, "were fellow campaigners in France, and we became great friends."

General Grant said that he had had letters from Sheridan recently and he was quite well. "Sheridan," said the Prince, "seemed to be a man of great ability."

"Yes," answered the General, "I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but one of the great soldiers of the world—as a man who is fit for the highest commands. No better General ever lived than Sheridan."

"I observed," said the Prince, "that he has a wonderfully quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the Emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The Emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. 'Well,' said Sheridan to me, as we rode along, 'we shall never stay here, the enemy will in a short time make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating.' Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the Emperor, however; but we all had to go, and," said the Prince, with a hearty laugh, "we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye."

The Prince then asked about Sheridan's command—his exact rank, his age, how long he held the command, and remarked that he was about the same age as the Crown Prince.

The Separate School Board, of Toronto, had another row on Tuesday night over the solicitor, Mr. Foy, for acting in such capacity for both the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Boards.

When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassoes one, and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, the las-soes him for a breach of promise.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Imperial Parliament will not adjourn before the middle of August.

The woman who puts a baby to sleep is a kidnapper.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been trying to spin a mountain top.

Because a man's head is level that is no reason why he should attempt to stand on it.

When a couple go abroad on their bridal-tour, could you call it a matrimony excursion?

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

When you build a dog-house, do not forget to put in a bay window. It should be roofed with bark, of course.

Which is oddest, the man who asks a question or the one who answers? The one who asks, because he is the querist.

Professor Hodgson has been elected to the chair of Political Economy in the University for another period of seven years.

He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right is surely a liar.

The Radical journal, La Capitale, Italy, denounces the present agitation against Austria.

Grant, it is said, will be nominated for the Presidency in 1880, and will be elected by acclamation.

It is thought that some demonstrations will be made on the Austrian frontier by the Italian Radicals.

Incendiary fires still continue in the district of Thessaly, devastating the country in all directions.

The Nevada Bank have sold one million ounces of fine silver to the Government, payable in standard silver.

The Turks are retiring from Herzegovina as the Austrians advance, and are moving towards Constantinople.

French iron-clads have arrived at the Piræus. An Italian division is also expected. What this portends, no one knows.

The fortress of Shumla has been evacuated by the Turks, and the Russians have occupied it. The former have all gone to Yarna.

It is reported that M. Victorien Sardou is going to write a tragedy, which will have the massacre of the Pass of Glencoe as a subject.

Denny & Bros. have launched from their yard an iron screw steamship of 1,790 tons for Jardine, Mathieson & Co., of Shanghai, China.

Vicar: John, you're not getting on very fast with your job. You know you cannot do too much for your master. John: I know that jolly well, and I ain't going to try!

There is some talk of conflict of authority between the United States and the States Courts over the arrest of some revenue officers.

Fourteen cases of yellow fever are reported at New Orleans, seven of them fatal. The price of ice in that city has been raised from \$25 to \$60 a ton.

A correspondent asks: "Are London girls delicate?" It depends very much whether you offer them ice cream and strawberries or a bar of soap and washboard.

When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the seems filled with lumps of sugar, while the shingles on the house that contains his Dulcinea look like sheets of molasses taffy.

We are no advocate of woman suffrage, or the exercise of the duties of elective office by her, after reading in a Western exchange that she placed the valuation of her raffish affections at \$9,000 dollars.

The motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, to increase the allowance of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught on his approaching marriage, will be opposed by the Radicals, led by Sir C. Dilke. The opposition will be loyally voted down.

A San Francisco paper alleges that it has upon its staff a lady who is one of the "brightest and most original writers of the day." Whereupon a Sacramento exchange wants to know why they never publish anything of hers.

An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

"What," asked Professor Miller of the smart bad boy in his history class, "what did the Pilgrim Fathers first do after landing at Plymouth Rock?" "Licked a hackman," replied the smart bad boy, who went to Niagara with his parents last vacation.

Josh Billings in a zoological moment tells us that the peculiarity of the fly is that he returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard, which does not change its spots.

When little Thomas stoops to toy with berries, jam and jelly cake, no art can soothe the chafed boy, no nostrums ease his stomach-ache; and if the gripping pains defy the medicines prescribed to foil, his parents will do well to try the limpid, liquid castor oil.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by a lady in his congregation. "Well, my good woman, so you are very ill, and require the consolation of religion," said he. "No," said the old lady; "I'm nervous and can't sleep, and you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church that I want you to preach to me."

"Have you got the lesson to-day?" asked a Sunday School teacher of a pupil, whose head was banded up in a couple of inches of red flannel. "Ma'am," replied the pupil. "Have you got your catechism with you?" asked the teacher. "No, ma'am." "Have you got anything?" again asked the teacher, getting a little impatient. "Yeth, ma'am," was the timid reply. "What is it?" "The munaph ma'am."

A French lady, who was on her first visit to England, was walking in Kew Gardens the other day. She was, on the whole, much pleased; but was greatly shocked at the notice which she read at every turn, that "Birdnesting is strictly forbidden." "How severe you are and cruel in this country," she at last sorrowfully exclaimed, "that even the little birds may not make their nests in your gardens!"

He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him that she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Cazenovia, "you don't take any more chances than I do."

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair. It is a brave motto and a brave man's armor. Bright, beautiful Hope; the antidote of all the evils which sprang from the fatal box of Pandora. What a dreary, dark world this would be without its smile. It springs eternal in the heart, for it is the immortal longing of the soul which earth can never fill.

Man never is, but always to be blessed. Strike out of the hearts and lives of men this hope of future good and happiness, and it would be the death of human efforts and life. Hope! it is the mainspring of every deed and effort of the world since man came into it, and will be so until the "crack of doom."

Is there a life so hopeless and miserable as not to be warmed by its smile? Is there a calamity so great hope will not rise from its ashes? Is there a crime so dark and heinous that hope will not lighten or color? Is there poverty so bleak that hope will not transform into affluence and ease? Is there a misfortune, sickness, poverty or death that the light of hope does not illumine? As the rainbow, it spans the heaven of man with its eternal faith, and gilds the world with its heaven-born joy. Hope gilds all of earth, and brightens even in the portals of the tomb. Hope on, hope over, and if the reality never comes, the joy of hoping will have cheered and lightened our lives, and will find its fruition in the heaven from which it sprang.

This ever longing, hoping for the future is the imprint of immortality, and the impulse of man. All nature teaches the same lesson of hopefulness. Winter thaws into spring, and spring glides into smiling, fruitful summer, and the land is teeming with the fatness of man's toil and nature's bounty. Let us, therefore, be hopeful, and act, as well as feel so, and the cloud now hanging as a pall about us will be rent asunder, and the bright sky of prosperity will shine again upon our path.

With this hopeful spirit, and the energy inspired by it, every rivulet and spring of industry will open, and the land be filled with prosperity and wealth. We have been acting the part of the man in the fable, crying upon Hercules while he stood despairingly by. We must put our shoulders to the wheel, and if we do it manfully and hopefully it will surely turn. Heaven helps those who help themselves; and while heaven has been smiling and opening opportunities for us, we seem to have lost all energy and manhood, and simply called upon Hercules to do the work our own hands should have accomplished. Is it a wonder that the wheel does not turn, and that business is stagnant, money scarce and industry idle.

To the determined will there is no failure; it overleaps every obstacle and turns defeat into victory. Before the determined will even Nature's obstacles melt away; the sea is bridled, and the lightning of heaven speaks its thoughts. Look at the dykes of Holland; the Alps gridled, and oceans united; and then what is possible for the energy and will of man. It has made the cold and sterile soil of New England the laboratory of wealth and its capital city the rival of ancient Athens in its best and palmiest day. Is the energy of the past pulsed and the blood that once danced so bravely to gallant deeds curdled in peace by the frost of adversity? Impossible. If misfortune is upon us, let us meet it bravely, and like all dangers it will seem less by looking at it squarely in the face. Is confidence wanting between man and man? Let us set the example and trust one another. Is money scarce and industry standing idle in the market place? Let us unlock the spring, circulate the money now idle in bonds and securities, and labor will smile in plenty, and a rich harmony will be gathered by the brave will which has brought it into life. If we suffer let us examine into the cause, and with intelligence, hope and energy we shall find the remedy and be brave enough to apply it.

So far we have taken counsel of our fears, let us henceforth take counsel of our hopes, our manhood, and the indomitable will which in the past has conquered the forest, man and nature, will conquer all our ills, and peace and prosperity will bless our children and ourselves. It is a shame to our manhood to despond. With such a nation's industry scarce touched; its resources of wealth illimitable; its territory rolling from sea to sea; with any shade of climate and every production of nature; with room and opportunity for a hundred millions of people; with institutions of learning and liberty; with freedom in speech and action, and a broad and fair field for each and all, there is no room or place for despondency or despair. We should blush for our intelligence and manhood in allowing the present condition of affairs to exist. It is flying in the face of heaven, and making little of its glorious gifts, to thus hide them in our coward life. Never despair, but let us each and all gather the lesson before us; and with hope animating us with a new and higher trust in man and heaven, bend our shoulders to the wheel, and it will turn the stream of prosperity upon us, and we shall go on to fill the destiny which God and nature have assigned us, and generations to come will sit beneath the spreading branches of the tree we have planted in faith and hope.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Rome, July 22.—The Ministerial journal disavows any connection of the Government with the present agitation for the connection of southern Tyrol. It declares the Government must respect the right of public meeting, but will know how to deal with the movement if it passes beyond the field of free discussion.

Rome, July 24.—The Ministerial journal denies the sensational statement that Senator Carloti, President of the Ministry, on behalf of all his colleagues, expressed his deep regret at the recent demonstration in favor of the annexation of Southern Tyrol, and instructed the Italian Ambassador at Vienna to make similar representations. It says the Government merely informed the Italian Ambassador at Vienna of the facts concerning these demonstrations, for his guidance in communicating with the Austrian Cabinet.

Rome, July 25.—The annexation agitation is subsiding. Changes in the foreign representation of the Vatican have been postponed till November, when a Papal Nuncio, having semi-official status, will go to England. England will not send a representative to the Vatican.

Abortive attempts to enroll volunteers have been made in Ravenna and Genoa. Menotti Garibaldi writes to the Capitale newspaper approving of the annexation, but deprecating the enrollment of volunteers, and denying that any such recruiting has been done in his name.

The Prefects of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, and Vicenza have assured the Minister of the Interior that the reports relative to secret recruiting in those places are unfounded.

Breus, July 25.—The statement from Frankfurt that a conference of all the German ministers would be held at Heidelberg is denied.

An Ultramontane organ says an early understanding between the Vatican and Germany is highly probable.

THE HORSE.

Ringbone and sidebone both consist in the throwing out of bony matter about the joints of the os coroneæ, the former name being given to the disease when it attacks that between it and the os suffraginis and the latter when the seat is the parts around its union with the os pedis or coffin bone. Very often, and especially in heavy cart or dray horses, ringbone and sidebone co-exist in the same leg, where the three bones are completely ankylosed, and in which, during life, the only action was in the fetlock joint. The disease attacks the hind leg as well as the fore; but it is more common in the latter than in the former.

The symptoms are a greater or less enlargement of the leg, of a hard and unyielding nature, either immediately above the coronet, as in sidebone, or a little higher, as in ringbone. In the latter case, if thoroughly established, it surrounds the joint, whence the name of ringbone; but in the early stages it appears at certain points, from which it spreads all round. Sidebone is seldom so extensive, and usually attacks the postero-lateral parts of the os coroneæ, where the swelling is defined, and, except in hairy-legged or gummy-heeled horses, can easily be felt. In the early stages the action is not impeded, but there is more or less soreness or lameness. After much time is thrown out, the joints are either completely fixed or their movement are extremely limited.

The treatment in the early stage is precisely similar to that for splint; but the operation of scarifying the periosteum requires great care and some knowledge of the anatomy of these joints, or the knife will pierce the capsular ligament, and increase the evil it was intended to relieve. A seton without the scarification will often be of service, and, for sidebone, firing in the early stage will be serviceable, though it is objectional on account of the bluish it leaves behind. The biniodide of mercury ointment already described is most useful in slight cases, but in severe ones it will tend to aggravate the growth, and when ankylosis has taken place, nothing but time and patience for the subsidence of the inflammation will avail. When this has taken place, and the joint is fixed, a high-heeled shoe will enable the horse to work, with some awkwardness it is true, and the addition of a leather sole will to some extent take off the jar, which occurs in a greatly increased ratio when the elastic action of the pastern joints is destroyed.

OSIFICATION OF THE LATERAL CARTILAGES. This is commonly known as ossification of the cartilages, or false ringbone, no other cartilages being subject to ossification, and those being therefore known par excellence as the cartilages. In heavy cart horses it often co-exists with ringbone and sidebone, especially the latter; but it also attacks well-bred carriage-horses, and high-action hacks, which are comparatively free from these diseases.

The symptoms are more or less enlargement of the back of the coronet, and heel, the part feeling unnaturally hard and irregular or lumpy. If recent, there is generally increased heat on careful examination with the hand; but in old standing cases there is nothing of the kind to be detected. Lameness is not always present, but if the horse is rattled over hard ground, he will be more likely to show the effects on the next day, by going short and sore, than if he were free from this disease.

The treatment should be confined to recent cases, for in old standing ones, unless lameness shows itself, it is better to avoid any interference. A seton, with rest, has sometimes proved very efficacious, even in confirmed ossification, and repeated dressings with the biniodide of mercury ointment will, in those cases where the inflammation does not run very high, afford the best chance of absorption of some of the bone, for a complete cure is never effected. When there is much heat in the part, bleeding from the foot may be adopted, and afterwards, the application of cloths dipped in cold water, with the addition of a glass of tincture of arnica water. In confirmed cases, where the parts have become callous, a leather sole to the shoe will take off the vibration, and should be used during the summer season, scarification of the skin covering the enlargement with a lancet, encouraging the bleeding with warm water, and following by the use of cold water as soon as the bleeding has ceased, will sometimes do wonders in recent cases. The scarification should be repeated at intervals of five or six days, taking care to avoid injury to the coronary substance near the hoofs, which is sometimes followed by troublesome sores.

NATURALISTS' PORTFOLIO.

THE PROTÉEUS.—This is a very singular amphibious reptile, peculiar to certain subterranean waters, or underground lakes of the Tyrol. It is very eel-like in its appearance and movements, but has four short limbs. The waters in which it dwells sometimes become dried up; and, when this happens, it buries itself in the mud. It is found particularly in the great cave of Adelsberg.

CULTIVATED BLACKBERRIES.—Perhaps the nicest of all American acquisitions to the fruiterer's stock is the cultivated blackberry. This excellent fruit has been carefully selected, and re-selected, till the gritty stones have been nearly eradicated, and a sweet, pungent, sub-acid pulp alone remains. Eaten with ice, they almost equal the unapproachable strawberry, and are well worthy the attention of British horticulturists.

BUTTER.—The first mention of butter is that of Herodotus, where, in describing the Scythians, he says: "These people pour the milk of their mares into wooden vessels, cause it to be violently stirred or shaken by their blind slaves, and separate the part that rises to the surface, as they consider it more valuable than that which is collected below it." So after the death of Hippocrates, we read that the Greeks thought the butter which the Thracians ate a wonderful kind of food. The ancient Ethiopians appear to have used butter as food, while the ancient Germans were also butter-makers.

AN ISLAND OF FOWLERS.—The boys of St. Kilda—noted for its fowling—are brought up to scramble about the cliffs of that island from infancy; and they are regularly entered to the fowler's trade about the age of thirteen or fourteen. There is a famous pointed rock, called Stack Balarach, rising sheer out of the ocean, which is "the crucial test of their proficiency." There is no using a rope there; and it can be scaled hand over hand. In ascending the precipices of St. Kilda itself, a couple of men are generally knotted together, so that, when one gains firm footing on a ledge, he can lend a helping hand to his companion.

APPLICATION OF THE TELEPHONE.—The telephone has received a new and ingenious application by M. D'Arsonval. It is found to make a wonderfully sensitive galvanoscope. From direct experiments, he ascertained that an induction coil will effect the telephone at a distance fifteen times that at which its action ceases to be perceptible on a prepared frog, which is the most delicate galvanoscope hitherto known. The sensibility of the telephone is estimated to be 200 times that of a

frog's nerve. Unfortunately, the apparatus does not seem to be capable of furnishing measurements of currents, but of revealing their existence.

A CURIOUS TREE.—A curious peculiarity of the boboak tree, found in Africa and Madagascar, is that scarcely any injury will destroy it. Fire scorching the exterior does not impair its vitality. Nor can it be injured from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow. Even cutting it down does not exterminate it, for it continues to grow in length while lying on the ground, and its roots, which reach forty or fifty yards from the trunk, retain their vitality. Although the tree attains an enormous age, Livingstone having examined one which he judged to be 1,400 years old, it is attacked by a disease which affects its woody structure, so that in course of time its own weight causes it to fall in a mass of ruin.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. SUPERIOR CROUT. District of Montreal. Dame Philomene Price, wife of Joseph Briere, Butcher of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized a *ester en justice*.

vs. Plaintiff: The said Joseph Briere, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause this day.

F. X. A. TRUDEL, Attorney for Plaintiff. Montreal, June 19th, 1878.

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380c., 382c., 385c., 388c., 390c., 392c., 395c., 398c., 400c., 402c., 405c., 408c., 410c., 412c., 415c., 418c., 420c., 422c., 425c., 428c., 430c., 432c., 435c., 438c., 440c., 442c., 445c., 448c., 450c., 452c., 455c., 458c., 460c., 462c., 465c., 468c., 470c., 472c., 475c., 478c., 480c., 482c., 485c., 488c., 490c., 492c., 495c., 498c., 500c., 502c., 505c., 508c., 510c., 512c., 515c., 518c., 520c., 522c., 525c., 528c., 530c., 532c., 535c., 538c., 540c., 542c., 545c., 548c., 550c., 552c., 555c., 558c., 560c., 562c., 565c., 568c., 570c., 572c., 575c., 578c., 580c., 582c., 585c., 588c., 590c., 592c., 595c., 598c., 600c., 602c., 605c., 608c., 610c., 612c., 615c., 618c., 620c., 622c., 625c., 628c., 630c., 632c., 635c., 638c., 640c., 642c., 645c., 648c., 650c., 652c., 655c., 658c., 660c., 662c., 665c., 668c., 670c., 672c., 675c., 678c., 680c., 682c., 685c., 688c., 690c., 692c., 695c., 698c., 700c., 702c., 705c., 708c., 710c., 712c., 715c., 718c., 720c., 722c., 725c., 728c., 730c., 732c., 735c., 738c., 740c., 742c., 745c., 748c., 750c., 752c., 755c., 758c., 760c., 762c., 765c., 768c., 770c., 772c., 775c., 778c., 780c., 782c., 785c., 788c., 790c., 792c., 795c., 798c., 800c., 802c., 805c., 808c., 810c., 812c., 815c., 818c., 820c., 822c., 825c., 828c., 830c., 832c., 835c., 838c., 840c., 842c., 845c., 848c., 850c., 852c., 855c., 858c., 860c., 862c., 865c., 868c., 870c., 872c., 875c., 878c., 880c., 882c., 885c., 888c., 890c., 892c., 895c., 898c., 900c., 902c., 905c., 908c., 910c., 912c., 915c., 918c., 920c., 922c., 925c., 928c., 930c., 932c., 935c., 938c., 940c., 942c., 945c., 948c., 950c., 952c., 955c., 958c., 960c., 962c., 965c., 968c., 970c., 972c., 975c., 978c., 980c., 982c., 985c., 988c., 990c., 992c., 995c., 998c., 1000c., 1002c., 1005c., 1008c., 1010c., 1012c., 1015c., 1018c., 1020c., 1022c., 1025c., 1028c., 1030c., 1032c., 1035c., 1038c., 1040c., 1042c., 1045c., 1048c., 1050c., 1052c., 1055c., 1058c., 1060c., 1062c., 1065c., 1068c., 1070c., 1072c., 1075c., 1078c., 1080c., 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2020c., 2022c., 2025c., 2028c., 2030c., 2032c., 2035c., 2038c., 2040c., 2042c., 2045c., 2048c., 2050c., 2052c., 2055c., 2058c., 2060c., 2062c., 2065c., 2068c., 2070c., 2072c., 2075c., 2078c., 2080c., 2082c., 2085c., 2088c., 2090c., 2092c., 2095c., 2098c., 2100c., 2102c., 2105c., 2108c., 2110c., 2112c., 2115c., 2118c., 2120c., 2122c., 2125c., 2128c., 2130c., 2132c., 2135c., 2138c., 2140c., 2142c., 2145c., 2148c., 2150c., 2152c., 2155c., 2158c., 2160c., 2162c., 2165c., 2168c., 2170c., 2172c., 2175c., 2178c., 2180c., 2182c., 2185c., 2188c., 2190c., 2192c., 2195c., 2198c., 2200c., 2202c., 2205c., 2208c., 2210c., 2212c., 2215c., 2218c., 2220c., 2222c., 2225c., 2228c., 2230c., 2232c., 2235c., 2238c., 2240c., 2242c., 2245c., 2248c., 2250c., 2252c., 2255c., 2258c., 2260c., 2262c., 2265c., 2268c., 2270c., 2272c., 2275c., 2278c., 2280c., 2282c., 2285c., 2288c., 2290c., 2292c., 2295c., 2298c., 2300c., 2302c., 2305c., 2308c., 2310c., 2312c., 2315c., 2318c., 2320c., 2322c., 2325c., 2328c., 2330c., 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CHEAPSIDE.

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOSIERY.

COTTON, ERINO, LAMBS WOOL.

White Sox, Nos. 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Children's White Sox, 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Boys Cotton Hose for Knickerbockers—Slate, Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy, Seamless, no lumps in the toes or heels, from 15c to 25c per pair.

Underclothing.

Ladies Merino Vests, high neck and long sleeves. Ladies Merino Vests, low neck and short sleeves. Ladies Merino Vests and Pants. Boys' Merino Vests and Pants. Girls' Merino Vests and Pants.

Canadian Hosiery.

We are now offering an excellent make of Cotton Hosiery, of Canadian manufacture. We desire our customers to examine these goods carefully, and give them a trial, for the following reasons:—

Firstly—They are manufactured in Canada. Secondly—They possess great merit, and deserve attention. Thirdly—We recommend them.

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Cord, in seal brown, green, navy blue, and grey. Persian Cord, all colors, 2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, etc. Debeques, grey and brown (all wool), 3/4 to 6/8.

Grenadines.

Plain Black Iron-Grenadine, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2. Black Gaze Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares.

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

Corsets—Crompton Make.

Queen Boss Corsets, with shoulder straps and skirt supporters. Corsets for children. Children's Bands. Corsets, French Goods, at 75c each.

Domestic Goods.

English Prints, from 6c to 17c per yard. Brown Cotton, from 7c up. White Cotton for an extra bargain in 4 1/2 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard. Trilled Cotton, a good make, for 20c, worth 25c; sold elsewhere for 30c.

Gloves.

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

ALEXANDRES!

JOUVIN'S!

JOSEPHINES!

Best Makers. Silk Thread Gloves, all colours, 5c up. Platted Silk Gloves, all colours.

Umbrellas.

Cotton, 30c up. Zaniha. Alpaca. Silk. Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties.

A magnificent assortment.

GO TO

CHEAPSIDE,

437 AND 439 NOTRE DAME STREET, BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

A. A. MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

CAUGHNAWAGA SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

WHAT RELIGION HAS DONE FOR THE FIERCEST OF INDIAN TRIBES.

The yearly examination of the Caughnawaga Indians took place on the 8th of July. The pupils were remarkably clean and intelligent, and a marvellous improvement was noticed as having taken place within the past few years.

At the close of the examination, John Francois, a little fellow of about eleven summers, advanced towards the Very Rev. Father Burtin, and, making a very polite bow, read the following address in a clear and distinct voice:—

Reverend and Respectful Father Burtin:—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—As time passes by there comes an hour, a day, which is a landmark in our lives, that may hereafter bid us stop and cast a glance upon the time gone by.

You, Rev. Father, seem not to forget to extend to us your fatherly kindness in rewarding us for the progress which we, from day to day and year to year, make.

After the distribution of prizes, the Rev. Father St. Jean, missionary of the Seven Islands, delivered the following address to the children and parents:—

My Dear Children,—It is pleasing to see that the work of your good schoolmaster has not been cast aside. The work of this day is something that I never expected to see in this school.

It affords me much pleasure to state that I consider your success in the Indian school at Caughnawaga a triumph. In January, 1870, I was present at your school a short time after you had opened, and on examining the children, it never seemed that even a schoolmaster had never been in Caughnawaga.

QUEBEC CORRESPONDENCE.

An examination was recently held at that select commercial and scientific institution, Arsenal street, under the direction of that well known commercial teacher and mathematician, Charles O'Reilly, presided over and conducted by the eminently distinguished founder, Rev. Father Henning, Superior of St. Patrick's, under whose liberal patronage this establishment exists.

Seldom or ever has it been my fortune to assist at so splendid an exhibition in commercial arithmetic as that displayed by the two lowest classes. The most notable for their profound knowledge of all the sums proposed were Masters Thomas Byrns, John Byrns, Patrick O'Rourke and Thomas Miles, whose perfect knowledge of those rules were not like school boys, but teachers demonstrating philosophically to a junior class.

The manner in which the 3rd class also exhibited their perfect knowledge of the most complicated and abstruse sums in proportion of vulgar and decimal fractions, astonished and delighted the Rev. founder. The notes of this class were Master John Ryan, William Girard, Joseph Lamarre, Joseph Campbell, Francis Haines and Ernest Vesina.

tical problems. Not one mistake was made by those mathematical aspirants. Most notable among this group were Masters Ryan and Girard, who were the shining stars in solving difficult problems, many different ways; as many as four different methods.

It is worthy of remark that those two can solve all the problems in measurement of superficies by the use of three tabular numbers only. Everything done at this examination was philosophically demonstrated, giving a reason for everything done throughout the whole.

The extraordinary proficiency made in this institution for the last scholastic year is really astonishing. A beautiful address to the Rev. founder was read by Master Haines in clear and pleasing tones, after which the Rev. Father Henning made a few remarks in his own peculiar and happy style, which will not be readily forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present on the occasion.

THE QUEBEC SHIP LABORERS' BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL PROCESSION. [From our Special Correspondent.] QUEBEC, July 24. The day broke bright and clear, a happy change on the last few days, with thick, fleecy clouds intervening between the sun's scorching rays and the susceptible humanity who marched in the glare.

First came the Irish and Canadian flags, carried by men who walked in front of No. 1 section of the Society; and then came the magnificent silk banner of the Society, representing the loading of a ship with timber, &c., and containing the inscription:—'We support our infirm; we bury our dead.' Then came the Emerald Independent Brass Band, the most creditable and justly popular musical organization of the city, followed by the section headed by the chief officers of the Association—J. Kelly, President; P. Mullins, Vice-President; James Quinn, Treasurer; J. Maloney, Secretary.

Section No. 2 followed, consisting of the New Liverpool contingent, headed by its officers and the 8th Battalion Band, which played only as regulars can. The New Liverpool section made a good turn-out in point of numbers, and a very pleasing appearance.

The fourth section of the Society hails from Gilmour's Cove. It was preceded in the procession by the musical band of St. Joseph de Levis, who intend, if the criticism passed upon their this day's doings come from a good musical source, competing, and successfully, at a future trial.

The St. Saviour Section (No. 5) came next, bringing up the rear. It was headed by its officers and the Beaufort Band, who won laurels at the contest. They did not belie the award in their work of to-day. The men of this section turned out in large numbers, and bore a good supply of bunting.

The above was the order of the procession. They took twenty minutes to pass a given point; it was considered the grandest effort of the kind ever put forth in Quebec. They marched through the programmed streets, saluting as they went the different officers of the association, the Lieut.-Governor, and the Mayor, and broke up on the Champlain market, where they dispersed and went to their homes. Rock Valley and the Swamp were profusely decorated with bunting.

CITY ITEMS.

IMMIGRATION.—Seventy-four Mennonites arrived at the Tamaris this morning. They arrived at Quebec per the S. S. "Borussia." After having breakfasted at the Express Hotel, they started for Manitoba.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.—It is now said that the General Elections will not be held till October next, instead of September, as was at first supposed. The former supposition is all the more likely, as those who should be in the confidence of the Government are not at present making any strenuous exertions. The campaign will probably commence in the middle of August.

INSPECTIONS.—The St. Jean Baptiste Company were inspected last Saturday on the Champ de Mars. As an individual company, they have reason to be proud of themselves, both as regards physique and knowledge of drill. As a whole, we may safely say that there is not another company of any other battalion in the city which can match them in those respects.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Mr. Tarte is complaining of being taken for a Freemason.

The Minister of Militia is on a visit to the Kingston Military College.

Several merchants in London, Ont., have been prosecuted for selling Paris green without a license.

A Lodge of the Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows of Halifax has been called after Earl Dufferin.

The unemployed residents of St. Rochs (Quebec) are leaving in large numbers for the country districts and taking up land.

Three families in Ottawa were badly poisoned with Paris green while picnicking. Two of the number are in a dangerous state.

Messrs. Todd and Leith, the young men reported as having been lost in the yacht "Sadie," have arrived all safe at Niagara.

The water along the river front in Quebec is so low that it is dangerous for the shipping to lie alongside.

The unemployed are beginning to start from Quebec, and are taking up land in the St. John district.

High masses are being said by the Roman Catholic clergy, in the vicinity of Quebec, for the banishment of the potato bug.

The proposal to make the rate of taxation in Toronto 26 mills on the dollar for the current year, has struck terror into the hearts of the ratepayers.

The Dominion of Canada Plumbago Company have been awarded, at the Paris Exposition, the gold medal over all competitors for the superiority of their pencils.

Work has been proceeding rapidly on the Pembina branch for the past ten days. Messrs. Upper and Murphy intend pushing the work along rapidly.

Since the robbery of the Receiver-General's Office at Toronto, changes have been made in the Post Office building to prevent any more such daring acts.

The Island of Manitoulin, Lake Huron, is fast being settled. Settlers are pouring in faster than the Government Surveyor can locate the allotments.

R. Reddick, lighthouse-keeper, is to receive a gold watch as a reward for gallant conduct in saving the crew of the yacht "Star," last spring, near Cobourg.

The grain crops are so much heavier in Grimsby than expected, that enough hands cannot be got to harvest them. Farmers are offering from \$2 to \$2.50 per day for hands and cannot get them.

Hon. Mr. Laurier, on his arrival in Quebec, was waited upon by a deputation from his constituency of Quebec East, and requested again to allow himself to be nominated for that division. The hon. gentleman consented to their wishes.

The Toronto Orange Sentinel, of July 25th, has an attack on the volunteers, and says they are subjected to the sneers of Catholic journals. Reference is made to St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company, which, it says, has tarnished Her Majesty's uniform by assisting recently in an idolatrous Romish display, the occasion being the Fete Dieu procession in Montreal.

A party of Young Britons paraded the streets of Toronto Wednesday night last, playing party tunes and carrying transparencies, which expressed their desire to "hang Mayor Beaudry on a sour apple tree." The boys proceeded to Protestant Hill, on the Don River Mount, outside the city, where an effigy of Mayor Beaudry, dressed in green ribbons, was burnt. The Globe says the affair passed off quietly, not mentioning the fact that a number of persons standing at the corner of Queen and George streets were stoned by the processionists.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL AT NIAGARA FALLS.

It is not generally known to the Catholics that there is a monastery of the Carmelite Fathers situated on the banks of the Niagara Falls. Some few years back the zealous and learned Archbishop of Toronto obtained a branch of that Order from Rome, in which the headquarters are in the Church of Santa Maria, in Transpantania. There are two priests of the Order, six scholastics and four novices at Niagara Falls. Their occupation will be to open a house of retreat for clergy and laymen at the Falls, and also to give missions whenever invited by the Bishops. Father Plus, the learned Superior, is just after finishing a retreat of the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. He also has given missions in a good many of the churches, both of the city and country, and also in Hamilton. These missions were attended with very great success. The festival of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was chosen to give minor orders to one of the students, two made their first vows, and two others joined the novitiate, making with those formerly received ten of a community. The scene on the morning of the sixteenth was touching and sublime. The procession was formed at the monastery, composed of the students and fathers, followed by the Rev. Dean Mulligan, St. Catherine's; Rev. Father Kieran, assistant; Rev. Father Sullivan, Thorold; Rev. Father Harold, assistant; Rev. Father Killeen, Port Colborne; Rev. Father Gallagher, Niagara; the Archbishop of Toronto, with his attendants, and acolytes closed the imposing cortege. On one side as it slowly moved on to the Church, were the rapids, above the mighty Falls splashing into foam, formed a grand symphony to the Gregorian chant of the Benedicite. On the other side were crowds of fervent people that came from all parts of the country in order to assist at the sacred ceremonies of the day. Habits were placed upon the altar to be blessed, and the young men stood in fervid expectation, to be clothed in the livery of the great Mother of God. The ceremonies now were most impressive—the young men, kneeling at the foot of the altar, remove their outward worldly dress, and having solemnly promised to renounce the world with all its vanities and amusements, and to follow Christ, under the protection of His blessed Mother, and to labor all their lives for their own sanctification and the salvation of others, received the habit from the Very Reverend Prior, Father Plus, assisted by Father Angulus master of novices. Then two other young men, after a year's novitiate, in which they were exercised in piety and learning and in the observance of the strict vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, pronounced their adherence to those vows with a great deal of fervor and pathos. Then the four young men prostrated themselves in humble prayer, adoration and sacrifice. They rose up as soldiers of Christ, soldiers of the cross, in humility and self-denial. Subsequently, His Grace the Archbishop assumed his Pontifical vestments, and gave one of the seniors first tonsure, and afterwards the four minor

orders. The allocation of His Grace was touchingly pious and earnest. He reminded the young men of the glorious military career opened before them—not on the blood-stained fields, but in the sweet vineyard of the Lord. "Your enemies," continued the Archbishop, "are to-day numerous, powerful and invincible, but your faith in Jesus Christ and the protection of His Blessed Mother is an impensable armor. You march onward under the command of a renowned captain, the Vicar of Christ (the Pope), as head of the Church on earth, guided by your own ecclesiastical superior; and by perseverance in this course, which you have on this day undertaken to pursue, it is not a large pension or an earthly crown you will receive, but a diadem of immortal glory for ever in Paradise, and a dwelling in palaces not built by human hands, but in those of never-ending bliss, which the world cannot conceive or promise."

At the conclusion of the Mass a Te Deum was sung in pure Gregorian style by the Brotherhood. The most respectable gentlemen of the neighborhood, Protestant as well as Catholic, attended, and all were pleased at having such a meritorious institution in their midst.—Cor.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.

There was a very large attendance of market gardeners at the markets to-day, and prices very little altered.

VEGETABLES were very abundant. New Montreal tomatoes are in the markets to-day, and sold for \$1 per bushel. New potatoes, 40c per bushel. Cucumbers, 40c per dozen, and \$1.50 per bushel. Onions, 20c per dozen. Cabbage, 25c to 30c per dozen. Carrots, 20c per dozen. Celery, 20c per bunch. New Indian corn, 20c per dozen, being a decrease of 5c since last week.

POULTRY—There is no change in this line since last quotations. Spring ducks, 40c per pair; spring turkeys, \$1.00; spring chickens, 30c to 40c per dozen; wild pigeons, \$1 per dozen.

FRUIT—This market was very lively this morning. Apples remain about the same, and are very plentiful at from \$1.25 to \$2 per barrel. Oranges are very scarce at \$7 per box. Lemons, \$7 per box; \$12 per case. Bartlett pears, 55c to \$1 per bushel, according to size. Peaches, \$1 per bushel. Bell pears, \$1 per bushel. Blueberries are very abundant, one dealer having received 500 boxes this morning, and are selling at 60c to 70c per box. Red currants, \$1 per bushel. Melons, 10c to 15c each.

GRAIN remains about the same as last quotations. Oats, 80c per bag. Bran, 80c per bag. Meal, \$1 per bag. Flour, \$2.50 per bag. Indian meal, \$1.20 per bag. Old peas, \$1 per bag. Cribblings, 50c per bushel.

WHEAT—Sitka getting scarce, and brings from 7c to 8c per lb.

DISGRACEFUL.

Some American Ladies told us yesterday that they had been recommended to a certain Dry-Goods store by the employees of a leading Hotel, and were given to understand said store was about the only decent Dry-Goods establishment in Montreal. The Ladies visited the place and decided that if there was not a better store, or a store where they sold cheaper, in the city, they would not purchase here, but try some other place in Canada. Had these Ladies not been called in our store, "which they did just by chance," their purchases would probably have been made in Toronto, as they were going West. They would have spoken against the storekeepers of Montreal, and done the city serious injury. We withhold the name of the Hotel, because we believe the proprietor would not allow such work if he knew it. This fleeing people is what is helping to ruin Montreal. We look upon it as downright dishonesty to shove visitors just to give the money to hotel runners or any other runners or drummers. Rather than adopt this plan of doing business, we would close our doors. Montreal is bound to lose ground as a commercial centre unless there is some radical change in the way of conducting business.

OUR BEST.

We shall continue to do our best to help our city to be what it should be, viz: the leading commercial city in the Dominion. If Montreal does not maintain and keep improving its position, business men alone are to blame. It is useless for them to try and throw the blame on other shoulders. It seems to be bred in us Canadians, both East and West, to blame almost everyone for our mistake or misfortune, beside the person who really deserves to be blamed. When a man falls, he is the person to blame, and no one else.

SPECIAL LOT.

To be sold next week, a large lot of yard-wide, all- linen. Grass Cloths and Tassos, for Ladies' Dresses or Children's wear; price only 15c per yard.

Also, a large lot of neat Striped Silks at 50c; good Dress Goods reduced to 5c. and 10c.

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SECOND ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

OF THE

IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL

TO

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Under the auspices of the above Society,

SATURDAY, AUG. 10.

Steamer "Canada" will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf at 2.30 p.m.

TICKETS, \$2.00; CHILDREN, \$1.00.

JNO. WARREN, Rec.-Sec.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that

Dame ANNE KEENAN, wife of Donald McLean, of Verdun, in the District of Montreal, has this day, the Twenty-seventh day of July eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, instituted an action against her said husband, for separation as to property and maintenance.

L. N. BENJAMIN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 16 and 30 in. in diam. Send for Catalogue. H. B. NIMS & CO., Troy, N.Y.

GLOBES

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FOR THE SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79.

The Metropolitan Primer. Do 1st Reader. Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader. Do Speller. Do Speller and Definer. Do Catechism of Sacred History. Do Illustrated Bible History. Do English Grammar. Do Key. Do Brown's First Lines of English Grammar. Do Institutes. Do Murray's Grammar abridged by Putnam. Do Murray's do revised by Kenney. Do Murray's Large Grammar. Do Metropolitan do with analysis. Do Stepping Stone to do. Do Butler's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec. Do do for the Diocese of Toronto. Do Keenan's Doctrinal Catechism. Do Catechism of Perseverance. Do Boyd's Elements of Rhetoric. Do Quackenbush's First Lesson in Composition. Do do Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric. Do Bridges' Algebra. Do A Treatise on Mensuration for the use of Schools, Sangsters' Elementary Arithmetic. Do Sangsters' National Arithmetic. Do Packards' Complete Course of Business Training. Do do with Key for Teachers.

Private Students. Do Bryant and Stratton's High School Book Keeping. Do Bryant and Stratton's Counting House Book Keeping. Do Sadler's New Book Keeping Blanks. Do Day Book. Do Cash Book. Do Ledger. Do National Pocket Dictionary. Do do Large do. Do Worcester's Primary do. Do Worcester's Improved French and English, English and French Dictionary. Do Spens' and Surrenre's French and English Dictionary. Do Chambers' Dictionary of the Latin Language, containing Latin and English, English and Latin, by W. R. Chambers. Do Introduction to English History. Do History of England for the young. Do do do for the advanced Classes. Do Fred's Modern History. Do do Ancient History. Do The Child's History of Canada, by Miles. Do The School History of Canada. Do Northern's History of the Catholic Church, with Questions adapted to the use of Schools. Do Mitchell's New Series of Geographies. Do First Lessons in Geography. Do New Primary do. Do New Intermediate do. Do New Physical do. Do Pinnock's Catechism of Geography. Do Stepping Stone to Geography. Do Lovell's Easy Lessons in Geography. Do do General Lessons in do. Do Guy's Elements of Astronomy. Do Smith's Illustrated do. Do Pocket Edition of the New Testament. Do Large Type Edition of the New Testament. Do Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holidays. Do Catholic Youth's Hymn Book, paper covers. Do Bound and set to Music. Do Westlake's How to Write Letters—A Manual of Correspondence. Do Jenkins' Students' Hand Book of British and American Literature. Do Botany—How Plants Grow. Do Paterson's Familiar Philosophy—School Edition. Do Paterson's Juvenile Philosophy—Part I. Do Paterson's Natural Philosophy—Part II. Do Paterson's Complete Philosophy. Do Hill's Elements of do. Do Long's Moral do. Do Balme's Criterion, or How to Detect Error at Arrive at Truth. Do Balme's Elements of Logic. Do Double's Logic for Young Ladies. Do Fasquell's Introductory French Course. Do Complete Course. Do Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French. Do Magill's French Prose. Do Dinmore's Spelling Blanks in three numbers. Do Sadler's Headline Copies in eleven numbers. Do Payson, Dutton and Scribner's International System of Penmanship in 13 numbers. Do New York Edition of Payson, Dutton and Scribner's System of Penmanship. Do Primary Course in seven numbers. Do Advanced Course in 13 numbers. Do Patent Cover and Copy Books—No. 1. Do Oblong Lines indicating the Slant Writing. Do Small for Primary Course. Do Large for advanced Courses.

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July 22 MONTREAL.

INFORMATION WANTED OF JOHN QUINN

QUINN, of County Kerry, Ireland, left Ireland for New York twenty years ago. Any person sending information respecting them to Julia Buckley, 410 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, will greatly oblige her.

NOTICE!

THE COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA BUILDING SOCIETY will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, to obtain a special act of incorporation, giving it power:—

1st. To become an ordinary loan and investment society, with the privileges accorded to Permanent Building Societies according to the laws in force.

2nd. To discontinue and abandon the system of allotments.

3rd. To reduce its capital to twenty per cent of the amount now subscribed, except in so far as respects the holdings of present borrowers, who will remain shareholders for the full amount advanced to them. And if they prefer not to retain such shares, power to make arrangements with them for the repayment of what is due on their loans will be issued.

4th. To increase its capital stock from time to time; to create a reserve fund; to continue to issue temporary shares, if thought advisable; to create a lien on the shares for the payment of claims due to the Society; and to invest its monies in public securities, and to accept of bonds, in addition to hypothecary guarantees, collateral security for loans made by it.

And generally for any other powers necessary for the proper working of the said Society.

H. JEANNEAU, Sec.-Treas.

[From the Cleveland Herald, June 8.]

NOTICE.—Notice is given

that Elizabeth Myrtle, wife of James M. Myrtle, of the District of Montreal, has this day, the Twenty-seventh day of July eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, instituted an action against her said husband, for separation as to property and maintenance.

A. HODGE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Montreal, 9th July, 1878.