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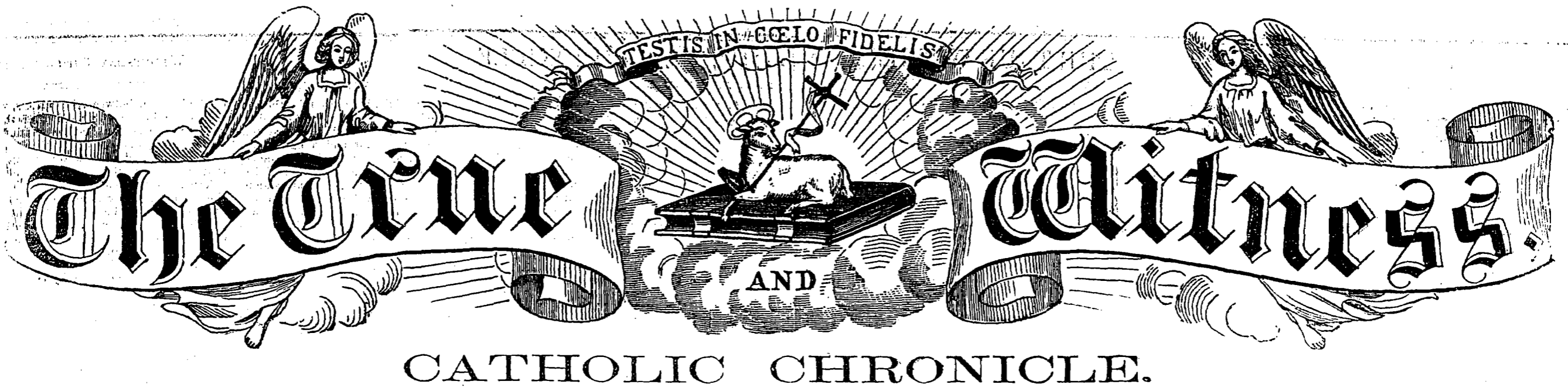
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The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 50.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum In advance.

The Sailor Boy's Dream. The wild waves tossed their snowy caps, And raved in their frenzied glee, While they bore on their crests a human wail...

ROUND THE WORLD. —Red hair is sometimes hair-red-itory. —The Bonapartist party is splitting into fragments. —The postmistress of Sitka, Alaska, is only twelve years of age.

Various Quaint Devices and Superstitions of the Olden Times. In whatever grade of society or position of prosperity we are placed we still hope for something better, and as mankind is never in this world perfectly happy we find ourselves constantly wishing for some future blessedness...

IRISH NEWS. DISCOVERY OF PIKES.—As an office in a store belonging to R.N. Somerville, esq., J.P., was being fitted up on 7th July, a portion of the ceiling gave way, and some 18 or 20 pikes were discovered. They were handed over to the police.

Protestant or Catholic, conservative or reformer, in one common bond of friendship. Ours was a mission of love. We should be united, no matter at what altar we kneel, and there was no better method of attaining that end than by joining the society.

SCOTCH NEWS. The bishop of Argyll and the Isles has appointed the Rev. Walter Pennington, vicar of St. Philip's, Kensington, to the charge of Glenforsa, Isle of Mull, N.B.

CATHOLIC NEWS. Rev. C. MacKinnon, a graduate of Oxford, who has been rector of the Protestant church in Lima, Peru, was formally received into the Catholic church on the 18th of May.

—It is said that in Watertown, Conn., on a very hot day, a woman rubbed blue paint of the leg of Barnum's tattooed Greek with her handkerchief, and that he abruptly withdrew from the platform.

THE NORTH-WEST. Latest reports represent the crops in the Red River valley and the north-west to be exceedingly large. It is estimated that ten dollars per acre will cover all expenses for raising wheat the first year, and seven dollars per acre after that time.

IRISH CHARITABLE SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC AT PORT STANLEY. On Wednesday last 23rd inst. the above named society, composed of Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately, held a picnic at Port Stanley, 17 miles from London, Ont.

THE REPRESENTATION OF FERMANAGH AND ENNISKILLEN. In the event of a vacancy occurring in the representation of Fermanagh, at the approaching general election, by the retirement of the Hon. Colonel H. A. Cole, senior member, those advancing years naturally create a desire for rest instead of wearisome nights in the house of commons, it is probable that Lord Clifton will offer himself as a candidate...

THE BRITISH GRAIN TRADE. The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the English grain trade, says:—The rain, which held off during the greater part of last week, recommenced on Saturday, and still continues. The harvest, even in the south, will hardly commence before the middle of August.

Michael Strogoff,

THE COURIER OF THE CAZAR.

By Jules Verne.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"There remain to me still a few roubles and my eyes! I can look after you, Michael, and lead you to where you could not go alone."

"And how shall we go?" "On foot."

"Let us set out, Nadia." "Come, Michael."

The two young folks did not give themselves any longer the name of brother and sister. In their common misery they felt themselves more closely united to each other.

"Do you eat, Nadia?" he asked her several times.

"Yes, Michael," answered always the young girl, who contented herself with the leavings of her companion.

Michael and Nadia quitted Semilowskoé and retraced the wearying road for Irkutsk. The young girl energetically resisted the fatigue.

"And why? (Could he still hope to outstrip the Tartars? He was on foot, without money; he was blind, and if Nadia, his only guide, should fall from him, he would only lie down by the roadside, and there miserably perish! But then, if, by the strength of energy, he should reach Krasnoïarsk, all was, perhaps, not lost, since the governor, to whom he would make himself known, would not hesitate to give him the means of gaining Irkutsk.)"

Michael Strogoff, therefore, went along, speaking little, absorbed in his own thoughts. He kept hold of Nadia's hand. Both were in constant communication with each other. It seemed to them that they had no longer need of words to exchange their thoughts.

"What is the good, Michael; we are thinking together!" replied the young girl, and she spoke in such a tone that her voice did not disclose any fatigue.

"You, my good man? No, never." "It is because the sound of your voice is not unknown to me."

"Do you see?" said Nicholas, smiling. "He knows the sound of my voice! Perhaps you ask me this to learn whence I come. Oh! I am going to tell you. I am coming from Kolyvan."

"From Kolyvan?" said Michael Strogoff. "Well then, it is there that I met you. You were at the telegraph office?"

"That may be," answered Nicholas. "I lived there. I was employed as message clerk."

"And you remained at your post to the last moment?" "It is especially at that moment one ought to be there!"

"It was the day when the Englishman and a Frenchman, roubles in their hands, disputed the turn at your wicket, and when the Englishman telegraphed the first verses of the Bible?"

"That my good man, but I do not remember!" "What! you do not remember it?"

"I never read the despatches which I transmit. My duty being to forget them, the shortest way is to be ignorant of them."

"This answer was characteristic of Nicholas Pigassoff. However, the kibitka kept on its easy course which Michael Strogoff would have liked to render more rapid. But Nicholas and his horse were accustomed to a gait from which neither the one nor the other could depart.

The horse walked for three hours, and then rested for one, and this day and night. During the halts, the horse pastured, the travelers of the kibitka ate in company with the faithful Serko. The kibitka was provisioned for at least twenty persons, and Nicholas had generously placed the reserved food at the disposal of his two guests, whom he believed to be brother and sister.

After one day of repose, Nadia had recovered part of her strength. Nicholas took all the care of her he could. The journey was being made under supportable circumstances, slowly without doubt, but regularly. It often fortunately happened during the night, Nicholas, while conducting, fell asleep, and awoke with a conviction that bore witness of the calm of his conscience. Perhaps then, on looking well, one could have seen the hand of Michael Strogoff seeking the reins of the horse and making him take a faster step, to the great astonishment of Serko, who nevertheless said nothing! Then, this trot changed immediately into the old amble, from the moment Nicholas awoke, but the kibitka had not the less gained several verstas on its regular speed.

It was thus they passed the river Ichim, the towns of Ichim, Kuskoe, the river Marusk, the town of the same name, Bigotowskoé, and lastly the Tchoula, a little water course which separates Western from Eastern Siberia. The route sometimes crossed immense lands, which left a vast field before the sight, sometimes under thick and interminable forests of fir, from which they thought they would never come forth.

All was a desert. The towns were almost entirely abandoned. The peasants had fled across the Yenisei, thinking that this wide river would perhaps arrest the Tartars.

On the 22nd of August the kibitka reached the town of Atchinsk, which was three hundred and eighty verstas from Tomsk. A hundred and twenty verstas still separated it from Krasnoïarsk. During the six days they had been together, Nicholas, Michael Strogoff, and Nadia had remained just the same, the one in his unalterable calmness, the other two anxious, and looking forward to the moment when their companion would separate from them.

Michael Strogoff, it may be said, saw the country traversed by the eyes of Nicholas and the young girl. In turns, each pointed to him the scenes through which the kibitka was passing. He knew when he was in the forest or on the plain; some hut arose on the solitary steppes, if some Siberian appeared on the horizon, Nicholas was never exhausted. He loved to talk, and such was his pleasant way

of falling anything, that one asked to listen to him. "One day, Michael Strogoff asked him what kind of weather it was."

"Pretty fine, very good man," he answered. "But these are the last days of summer. The autumn is short in Siberia, and soon we shall have the first colds of water. Perhaps the Tartars are thinking of going into winter quarters during the bad season?"

"Michael Strogoff shook his head with an air of doubt. "You do not believe it, my good man," said Nicholas. "Do you think they will march on Irkutsk?"

"I fear it," answered Michael Strogoff. "Yes; you are right. They have with them a bad man, who will not allow them to cool down on the road. You have spoken of Ivan Ogareff?"

"Yes." "Do you know, it is not a good thing to betray one's country?"

"No; it is not a good thing," answered Michael Strogoff, who wished to remain impassible. "My good man," continued Nicholas, "I see you are not sufficiently indignant when spoken to concerning Ivan Ogareff! Every Russian heart should leap when that name is pronounced!"

"Believe me, friend, I hate him more than you can ever hate him," said Michael Strogoff. "That is not possible," replied Nicholas; "no, that is not possible. When I think of Ivan Ogareff, of the injury he has done our sacred Russia, I am seized with anger, and if I held him—"

"If you held him, friend?" "I believe I would kill him!" "As former, I am sure of it," tranquilly answered Michael Strogoff.

CHAPTER VII.

On the evening of the 25th of August, the kibitka arrived in sight of Krasnoïarsk. The journey from Tomsk had taken eight days. If it had not been accomplished more rapidly, in spite of what Michael Strogoff was able to do, it was because Nicholas slept little.

Hence, the impossibility of increasing the speed of the horse, which, in other hands, would have finished the journey in sixty hours.

Very fortunately, there was no longer any question of the Tartars. No scout had appeared on the route followed by the kibitka. That appeared somewhat inexplicable, for it must have been some grave circumstance that could prevent the troops of the Emir from marching at once upon Irkutsk.

And that circumstance had in reality occurred. A new Russian corps, assembled in all haste in the government of Yenisei, had marched on Tomsk to attempt its recapture.

But, too weak against the now concentrated troops of the Emir, it had been obliged to retreat. Feofar-Khan, including his own soldiers and those of the khans of Khokhand and Koundouza, had under his orders over two hundred and fifty thousand men, against whom the Russian government could not as yet oppose sufficient force.

The battle of Tomsk took place on the 22d of August, of which battle of course Michael Strogoff had not heard—but this explained why the advance-guard of the Emir had not as yet appeared at Krasnoïarsk, by the 24th.

However, if Michael Strogoff could not know the last events that had happened after his departure, he knew at least this: that if he should be several days in advance of the Tartars, he could hope to reach before them the town of Irkutsk, which was still distant some eight hundred and fifty verstas.

Besides, at Krasnoïarsk, the population of which is about twelve thousand souls, he felt sure that the means of transportation would not fail him. Since Nicholas Pigassoff had to stop at that town, it would be necessary to replace him with a guide, and to change the kibitka for a more rapid vehicle.

Michael Strogoff, after having addressed himself to the governor of the town, and after having established his identity and his quality as courier of the Czar—a thing which would be easy of accomplishment—did not doubt he would be enabled to reach Irkutsk with the shortest delay. He would then have nothing to do but thank his brave Nicholas, and set out immediately with Nadia, for he did not intend to leave her until he had restored her to the arms of her father. However, if Nicholas had resolved to stop at Krasnoïarsk, it was, as he said, on condition that he could find employment there.

In reality, this model servant, after having held to the last minute his post at Kolyvan, was seeking to regain place himself at the disposition of the administration.

"Why should I touch appointments which I have not merited?" he repeated. Besides, in case his services are not required at Krasnoïarsk, which had to be kept always in telegraphic communication with Irkutsk, he proposed to go either to the post of Oudinsk, or as far as the capital of Siberia. Then, in that case, he would continue his journey with the brother and sister, and in whom would they find a more sure guide, a more devoted friend?

The kibitka was only half a verst from Krasnoïarsk, one could see on the right and left the numerous wooden crosses which are erected along the road at the approaches to the town. It was seven o'clock at night.

The kibitka had stopped. "Where are we, sister?" asked Michael Strogoff. "A little over a half verst from the first houses," answered Nadia.

"Has the town then gone to sleep? No noise strikes upon my ear." "And I do not see any light shining in the darkness, or any smoke rising in the air," added Nadia.

"What a queer town!" said Nicholas. "They do not make any noise here, and they go to bed in good time!"

Michael Strogoff's mind was troubled with a presentiment of every agony. He had not told Nadia that he had concentrated his hopes on Krasnoïarsk, where he counted on finding the means of securely accomplishing his journey. But Nadia had divined his thought, although she did not understand why her companion was in such a hurry to reach Irkutsk, now that he had not the imperial letter.

One day she even pressed him on this matter. "I have sworn to go to Irkutsk," was his only reply.

But to accomplish his mission, it was still necessary he should find some rapid means of locomotion.

"Well, my friend," said he to Nicholas, "why do we not go forward?" "Because I am afraid of waking the inhabitants of the town with the noise of my conveyance."

And with a light lash from his whip, he stirred up his horse. Serko gave a few barks, and the kibitka descended at a little trot the hill leading into Krasnoïarsk.

Ten minutes afterwards it entered the principal street. Krasnoïarsk was deserted! There was not any longer an Athenian in this Athens in the North, as it is called by Mme. de Bourboulon. Not one of those equipages, so splendidly

rigged-out, rattled along the handsome wide streets. Not a foot passenger trod the sidewalks that skirted those magnificent houses of wood—palatial in their grandeur!

Not one elegant Siberian lady, dressed in the latest fashions from France, was taking a walk in that splendid park, out in a forest of birch-trees, which stretches as far as the steep banks of the Yenisei. The big bell of the cathedral was mute, the chimneys of so many churches were silent, and yet it is very rare that a Russian town is not filled with the sound of its bells. But here was a complete desertion! There was not a living soul in the town!

The last telegram sent by the cabinet of the czar, before the wires were cut, had commanded the governor, the garrison, and the inhabitants, to abandon Krasnoïarsk, to carry away with them every object of value, or which could be of any use to the Tartars, and to seek refuge in Irkutsk. The same orders had been sent to the inhabitants of all the towns of the province. The Muscovite government wished to make a desert for the invaders. These peremptory orders no one for a moment thought of questioning. They were at once carried out, and this was the reason that not a living soul remained in Krasnoïarsk.

Michael Strogoff, Nadia, and Nicholas, passed in silence through the streets of the town. A strange feeling came over them. They produced the only sound that was heard in that dead city. Michael Strogoff did not allow any signs of discouragement to appear, nevertheless, he felt keenly his bad luck at being deceived once more in his hopes.

"Good God!" cried Nicholas, "I shall never obtain my appointments in this desert!" "Friend," said Nadia, "you must continue with us the journey to Irkutsk."

"I must, in truth," answered Nicholas. "The wires will be still in operation between Oudinsk and Irkutsk, and there—"

"Shall we start, good father?" "Let us wait until to-morrow," answered Michael Strogoff.

"You are right," answered Nicholas. "We have to cross the Yenisei, and it is necessary to see there—"

"To see there!" murmured Nadia, as she thought of her blind companion.

Nicholas had understood her, and turning to Michael Strogoff, said he: "Alas! night and day is all one for you!"

"Do not reproach yourself, friend," answered Michael Strogoff, as he passed his hand before his eyes. "With you for guide, I can still act. Take then, a few hours' rest. Let Nadia also repose. To-morrow we shall have daylight!"

Michael Strogoff, Nadia and Nicholas, had not to search long for a place in which to rest. The first house of which they tried the door was empty, as were all the rest. They found nothing there but a heap of leaves. For want of something better, the horse had to be content with this meagre food. As for the provisions of the kibitka, they were not exhausted, and each one took his share.

Then, after having knelt before a modest picture of the Panagia that was hanging on the wall, and which the last flame of a lamp still lit up, Nicholas and the young girl fell asleep, while Michael Strogoff remained awake, his anxiety driving away all sleep.

The next day, the 26 of August, before day-break, the kibitka was traversing the park of birch trees to reach the banks of the Yenisei. Michael Strogoff was greatly pre-occupied. How could they cross the river, if, as was probable, every bark and ferry-boat had been destroyed in order to retard the march of the Tartars.

He knew well the Yenisei, having crossed over it several times. He knew that its breadth is considerable, that the rapids are violent in the double bed which it has scooped out between the islands. Under ordinary circumstances, by means of those ferry-boats, specially established for travelers, the passage of the Yenisei requires three hours, and it is only with the greatest exertion that these ferry-boats gain its right bank. Now, in the absence of every means of transport, how could the kibitka be crossed from the one bank to the other?

"I shall cross it, though!" repeated Michael Strogoff. This day began to dawn when the kibitka arrived on the left bank at the termination of one of the principal avenues of the park. At this spot the banks are a hundred feet high, overlook the course of the Yenisei. Hence, the vast extent of it is presented to the view.

"Do you see any ferry-boat?" asked Michael Strogoff, while eagerly stretching his eyes from one side to the other, no doubt by a mechanical habit, as if he himself could see.

"We have as yet scarcely daylight, brother," answered Nadia. "The fog is still thick on the river, and we cannot, as yet, well distinguish the waters."

"But I hear their roar," replied Michael Strogoff. "Yes," assented Nicholas, "we can hear their roar indeed. Soon we shall see the waters and the rocks that make all this growling!"

And, in fact, there came from the lower beds of this mist a deafening roar of currents and counter-currents rushing against each other. The waters, very high at this season of the year, ran with the violence of a torrent.

All the three listened, waiting till the curtain of the mist should rise. The sun rose quickly above the horizon, and its first rays were not long in dispelling these vapors.

"Well, then?" asked Michael Strogoff. "The mists begin to roll away, brother, daylight has already penetrated them."

"You did not see as yet the level of the river, sister?" "Not as yet."

"Look sharply for a boat or raft on the river, as quickly as the fog disappears," said Michael Strogoff.

"A little patience, good father," said Nicholas. "All this will disappear. Well, now, here comes the wind! It begins to dissipate the fog. The high hills of the right bank already show their roofs of trees. All goes away! All flies away! The good mays of the sun have condensed the expanse of mist. Ah! how beautiful it is, my poor blind man, and what a misfortune for you not to be able to contemplate such a sight!"

"Do you see a boat?" asked Michael Strogoff. "I do not see any," answered Nicholas. "Look well, friend, along this and the opposite bank, as far as your eye can reach. A boat, a raft, a bark canoe!"

"No," said Nicholas, "I see nothing." "Look again, Nadia," said Michael Strogoff to the young girl. "Your eyes are sharp; search the shore up and down, look into every bay and indentation. We must find a boat or raft of some description!"

Nadia shaded her eyes with her hand, as if to concentrate her vision, and searched the river long and earnestly.

Nicholas and Nadia, holding on by the last birch-tree of the cliff, perched themselves far over the river. The Yenisei, at this place, is at least a verst and a half across and forms two arms of unequal importance, which the waters follow with rapidity.

Between these arms nestled several islands, planted with alders, willows, and poplars, which resemble so many green vessels anchored in the river. Beyond rose in succession the high hills on the eastern bank, crowned with forests whose tops were em-purpled with the morning light.

Up and down the river, the Yenisei seemed to flee. Ah, if the fugitives could only fly with the speed of these rushing waters!

But not a single craft, neither on the left bank nor on the right bank, nor along the shores of the island. All had been taken away or destroyed by order. Most certainly, if the Tartars should not bring from the south the materials necessary for the forming of a bridge of boats, their march upon Irkutsk would be arrested for some time by this barrier of the Yenisei.

If the fugitives should not succeed in finding some means of crossing the swollen and rapid current, their former efforts were useless.

And yet there seemed no hope; no means that human ingenuity or foresight could devise had been left untried.

They were lost! In a few hours at the most, the clattering hoofs of their enemies' horses would be heard beside them, they would be dragged back as captives, and condemned to added insult and punishment because of their great struggle for freedom.

Had the almost boundless resources of Michael Strogoff been exhausted? Michael Strogoff stood buried in deep reflection.

At length he looked up with almost a confident light in his sightless eyes: "Remember then," said Michael Strogoff, "there is higher up, at the last houses of Krasnoïarsk, a little port of embarkation. It is there where the ferry-boats are stationed. Friend, let us go up the river again and see if some bark may not have been forgotten on the shore."

Nicholas hastened forward in the direction indicated. Nadia had taken Michael Strogoff by the hand and guided him at a rapid step. A bark, or a simple canoe large enough to carry the kibitka, or if that could not be had one only large enough to carry the travelers, and Michael Strogoff would attempt the passage!

Twenty minutes afterwards, all the three had reached the little port of embarkation, and the last houses here lower to the level of the river. It was a sort of village situated below Krasnoïarsk. But there was no means of embarkation on the beach, not a boat in the boat-house, not even anything with which a raft for three persons could be constructed.

Every boat or raft had been carried away or destroyed. The river was yet as impossible of passage to them as the great ocean itself.

Michael Strogoff had interrogated Nicholas, and the latter had made this discouraging answer, that the passage of the river seemed to be absolutely impracticable.

"We shall cross," replied Michael Strogoff. And they continued their search. They rummaged the few houses that were built on the high bank, and which were abandoned like all those of Krasnoïarsk. One had nothing to do but push the doors to obtain an entrance. They were mere cabins of the poorer people, entirely empty.

Nicholas visited one, Nadia another, and Michael Strogoff himself entered here and there and sought to discover some object that might be useful to him.

Nicholas and the young girl, each on their part, had vainly ferreted in these cabins, and they were about to abandon their search when they heard themselves called.

"Nicholas! Nadia!" cried a strong voice from within a cabin.

Both regained the bank and perceived Michael Strogoff on the threshold of a door. "Come!" he cried to them.

Nicholas and Nadia went at once toward him, and entered the cabin after him.

"What is this?" asked Michael Strogoff, touching with his hand diverse objects stowed away at the bottom of a cellar.

"These are leather bottles," responded Nicholas, "and my word, there are half a dozen of them!"

"Yes, they are full of koumys, and how opportunely have you discovered them to renew our provisions!"

"The koumys is a drink made of mare's or camel's milk, a strengthening drink, even inebriating, and Nicholas could but congratulate himself for the find.

It is a favorite beverage in this portion of the world, and you can scarcely find a peasant so poor, or a cabin so barren, as to be without a greater or less supply of 'koumys,' stored in its leather bottles.

Michael Strogoff, however, had determined that these bottles should serve a more important purpose than that of merely relieving the slight and transient sufferings of hunger or thirst. Indeed, so great was their anxiety at being unfortunately stopped in their journey, that not one of the party, not even the frail young girl, Nadia, would have known they were either hungry or thirsty if these bottles of koumys had not reminded them.

Michael Strogoff's quick wit and ready ability to turn all things to his advantage was not slow in discovering a use for these stout, capacious, air-tight bottles of leather.

He had determined that those bottles should safely ferry them over the river! "An impossible scheme!" the reader will exclaim. "What, will Michael Strogoff diminish his vast proportions, like the genie in the Arabian Nights, and creep into the bottle, be safely corked up, and float across?" Truly there seemed no more practicable way of crossing the river, than by means so insufficient as a few leather bottles.

of the kibitka, between the wheels, were intended to insure the floating of the body, which would be thus transformed into a raft. This work was soon accomplished.

They now had a safe and effective raft, one that would carry them over the river. True, its unwieldy shape would prevent them from guiding it in a desired direction, but they must do the best they could.

"You will not be afraid, Nadia?" asked Michael Strogoff. "No, brother," answered the young girl. "And you, friend?"

"I?" cried Nicholas. "I realize at last one of my dreams; to navigate in a carriage!" "Come," said Michael Strogoff, "let us set out. God is with us, and we shall cross in safety!"

At this spot the bank, declining gradually, was favorable for the launching of the kibitka. The horse drew it as far as the brink of the waters, and the apparatus floated on the surface of the stream. As for Serko, he bravely plunged in to swim it.

The three passengers upon the body of the kibitka had taken off their clothes as a precaution, but thanks to the bottles, the water did not reach even the iron bolts.

Michael Strogoff held the reins of the horse, and according as he was directed by Nicholas, he guided the horse slantingly, for he did not wish to fatigue it in struggling against the current. As long as the kibitka followed the stream, all went well; and after a few minutes it had passed the quays of Krasnoïarsk. It declined toward the north, and soon it became evident that it would only gain the other bank a long way below the city. But that mattered little.

The passage of the Yenisei would have been made without great difficulty, even on this imperfect apparatus, if the current had been regular right along.

But, very unhappily, several whirlpools were distinguished on the surface of the tumultuous waters, and soon the kibitka, in spite of all the strength employed by Michael Strogoff to turn it from it, was irresistibly drawn into one of these funnels.

The strong current acting upon the large exposed surface bore the clumsy raft in its own direction, and all the strength of Nicholas and Michael Strogoff could not avail to even guide their course, much less oppose the swift current.

Nadia, too, lent the aid of her slight strength, but still they were rapidly drawn to the hungry maw of the whirlpool.

There the danger became very great. The kibitka did not advance any longer toward the eastern bank, it did not clear the shore any longer, it turned with an extreme rapidity toward the centre of the eddy, like a horseman on the track of a circus. Its speed was very great. The horse could scarcely hold his head above the water, and was in danger of being dragged into the whirlpool. Serko had been compelled to find a place of support on the kibitka.

In a few moments they would be overwhelmed by the angry waters.

Michael Strogoff realized what was passing. He felt himself dragged along a circular line, which kept narrowing by little and little, and from which he could not come out any more. His eyes would have wished to see the peril, in order better to escape it. They could no longer see any danger.

Nadia was also silent. Her hands, grasping the rack of the kibitka, sustained her against the jolting movement of the apparatus, which inclined more and more toward the centre of the depression.

As for Nicholas, he did not comprehend the gravity of the situation! Was he cool and disdainful of the danger, courageous or indifferent? Was life without value in his eyes, and, according to the saying of the Oriental, "an hotel of five days," which willing or unwilling, must be quitted on the sixth. In any case, his smiling face did not betray him for an instant.

The kibitka, then, remained struggling in the whirlpool, and the horse was at the end of his efforts. Suddenly, Michael Strogoff, relieving himself of those garments which might be in his way, threw himself into the water; then, seizing with a vigorous hand the bridle of the frightened horse, he gave it such a push as fortunately to throw it outside the line of attraction, and being caught up at once by the rapid current, the kibitka made for the opposite bank with a new speed.

"Hurrah!" cried Nicholas. Nadia, with clasped hands, uttered a silent thanksgiving to Heaven.

Only two hours after having left the port of embarkation the kibitka had traversed the great arm of the river, and had safely reached the shore of an island at more than six verstas below its point of departure.

There the horse dragged the kibitka on to the bank, and an hour's rest was given to the courageous animal. Then, the island having been traversed in all its breadth under cover of its magnificent birch trees, the kibitka came to the border of the little arm of the Yenisei.

This passage was made more easily. No whirlpool broke the course of the stream in this second bed, but the current was there so rapid that the kibitka only reached the right bank some five verstas down the river. It had diverged, altogether, eleven verstas. These great watercourses of the Siberian territory, over which as yet no bridge has been thrown, are serious obstacles for easy communication. All had been more or less unlucky for Michael Strogoff. On the Irtych, the bark which carried him and Nadia had been attacked by the Tartars. On the Obi, after his horse had been struck by a ball, he had only escaped by a miracle the horsemen who pursued him. In short, this passage of the Yenisei had been the least unfortunate.

"It would not have been so amusing," cried Nicholas, rubbing his hands, when he had landed on the right bank of the river, "if it had not been so difficult!"

"That which had been only difficult for us," answered Michael Strogoff, "will perhaps be impossible for the Tartars!"

CHAPTER VIII. MICHAEL STROGOFF could at length believe that the route was free as far as Irkutsk. He had outstripped the Tartars, and when the soldiers of the Emir should arrive at Krasnoïarsk, they would only find an abandoned town there, and no means of immediate communication between the two banks of the Yenisei. Hence, a delay of some days, until a bridge of boats, difficult to construct, should open a passage to them.

For the first time since the unlucky meeting with Ivan Ogareff at Omak, the courier of the czar felt himself less uneasy, and could hope that no new obstacle would arise to the accomplishment of his plans.

The kibitka, after having proceeded about fifteen verstas towards the southeast, came to and retraced the long high road across the steppes.

The road is good, and that portion of it which lies between Krasnoïarsk and Irkutsk is even considered as the best portion of the whole journey. There is less jolting for the travelers, there are vast shades to protect them from the burning sun, and sometimes forests of pines or cedars which cover a space of a hundred verstas. It is no longer the immense steppes whose circular line is blended

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

NOTICE.

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

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

The "TRUE WITNESS" Weekly Edition of the Montreal "EVENING POST," is the cheapest Catholic Weekly in the World.

The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent, and those who desire the Latest News, Market Reports and Current Events daily should subscribe for it.

The Mail accounts of the success of the tactics adopted by the Irish obstructionists and their English assistants, convey a better idea of the situation than the meagre news received previously by cable.

The latest political rumors from Ottawa are to the effect that the Hon. James McDonald, Minister of Justice, and the Hon. John O'Connor, President of the Privy Council, are about to retire, and be succeeded by D'Alton McCarthy, member for North Simcoe, and Malachy Bowes Daly, M. P. for Halifax, respectively.

The Jews.

Prince Charles, of Roumania, threatens to abdicate unless the Jews are emancipated. So much in favor of Prince Charles. Coercion never yet did good to any religion.

The Affair Letellier.

It is now as certain as anything that has not yet appeared in the Official Gazette that Mr. Letellier has been dismissed from his high office of Lieut.-Governor of the Province, and that his successor is to be the Hon. Dr. Robitaille, member for Beauport.

It will serve his friends in any shape. When the strong-minded Lieut.-Governor first dismissed the DeBoucherville Government, our readers will recollect that the Post condemned the act, allowing at the same time, that though almost unprecedented, it was perfectly constitutional, for where is the use of a Lieut.-Governor if he is only the endorsing slave of an arrogant Ministry?

The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell.

What a sight to witness in a free land—a Minister of the Crown presiding over a Triennial Council of Orangemen! Here is food for thought, and reason for reflection. A man in whom the people of this country are supposed to place trust and confidence—selected because of his impartiality and his ability—holding a position which should be above the petty feuds of imported strife; yet this man stands upon a pedestal and proclaims: "Behold a Minister of the Crown who regards himself as an Orangeman above all."

Dismissal of Letellier.

The flat has gone forth, the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec has been dismissed by order of the Governor-General in Council, and a staunch Conservative takes the place of the retiring Liberal. This is one of the results of the elections of the 17th of September last and is also an indirect consequence of our peculiar system of Government, semi-independent, semi-subject, as it is.

The Tariff.

Mr. Cowan, the Radical member for New-castle-on-Tyne, has given notice of motion in the House of Commons which is of interest to all Canadians. He appears to think that Canada has no right to impose whatever tariff she please, and he repeatedly tells us that we must legislate, not for Canadian, but for English interests.

too warm for Mr. Joly, who will have to resign. This view of such an important subject is what might be expected from the narrow souls of politicians, but we give Mr. Robitaille credit for more generosity, as well as common sense. It would be only the beginning of a dangerous game which might end in the exclusion of Lieut.-Governors altogether.

St. John, New Brunswick.

Even down in St. John, New Brunswick, the Orangemen are making a fuss. They want to walk as Orangemen in the procession that it is proposed to have in honor of the expected visit of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. How this "walking" here, there and everywhere. Well, let them "walk" in St. John. By all means allow them to "walk" with bands playing "Croppies lie down," and small boys keeping time to the soul stirring air of "We'll kick the Pope before us."

The Irish Benevolent Union of London.

We give elsewhere extracts from the London Free Press report of the picnic held at Port Stanley on Wednesday last by the Irish Benevolent Union. That society is what its name implies, strictly Irish, not Irish Catholic nor Irish Protestant, but Irish pure and simple. The report informs us that over a thousand people from the Forest City, St. Thomas, Fort Stanley and the surrounding district, took part in the proceedings of the day, and not only did the utmost harmony and good feeling prevail throughout, but the greatest enthusiasm was manifested.

Letter from Vankleek Hill.

MR. EDITOR.—Yesterday this parish had the honor of a visit from his lordship Bishop O'Brien, of Kingston. After Mass, his lordship discoursed upon the advantages of the jubilee, which is going on here at the present time. His lordship left in the afternoon for Caledonia Springs, where he is sojourning for a few days.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Post.

SIR.—In the late issues of the TRUE WITNESS and EVENING POST you appear to be very jubilant over the success of the July government in consequence, as you indicate, of its desire to do justice to the Irish element of the province of Quebec.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill through the British House of Commons. It is idle for Mr. Cowan to attempt such interference, and every "cheer" given in such a cause weakens the bond by which Canada and Great Britain are allied. The true friends of the Empire will not encourage anything that can interfere with colonial self-government.

Correspondence.

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esses that he was elevated to the cabinet? Was it his connection with the Orange order, or was it his talents that placed him in position? What have you done with your Montreal braves? Instead of 400 coming here there were about 40—actual count of half-grown boys and young men.

No Irish Need Apply.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post. SIR.—I will not try to pass off on you as original, the "tax" which I use as a caption to this letter, for, to be candid, it has been employed—unfortunately with too good reason—by many before me, and judging by the state of affairs in this country at present, is likely to be used again.

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Italian Girls.

The girls of Italy do many things which our young ladies would not think of doing, and they leave unlearned certain accomplishments, which only the very poorest American fair ones pass by. The Italian bride makes her own outfit, and, as the trousseau consists of six dozen of everything, being intended to last twenty-five years and all must be embroidered and frilled, the task is not an easy one.

Steel Rails.

In 1872 the manufacture of steel rails was begun in the United States. Up to that time whatever steel rails were used there were imported. During that year, however, 94,000 tons of Bessemer steel rails were made.

The Late War.

Russia's expenses during the late war were very heavy, and indeed, are not yet fully known. Down to the end of January last the military expenditure amounted to over \$450,000,000, two-thirds of which was an account of the army of the Danube, and the remainder for that engaged in the Caucasus.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS.

A FEW OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lenses, will remove the worms which are apt to accumulate in the stomach, and restore the patient to health. Age rarely suffers from them, but youth often and these Lozenges are a specific. Druggists everywhere sell them for 25 cents a box.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

QUEBEC, 25th July. Since my last, the great peace of resistance of the sessional report, has been served up by the provincial treasurer, Mr. Langevin, in the shape of a budget. There is the usual wide difference of opinion between parties as to the merits of the treasurer's exhibit—the one side extravagantly praising it and the other as extravagantly blaming it. For my part, I think the happy mean will be found between these two extremes.

There is considerable excitement in town to-day over the Letellier affair, it being generally believed that he will not be re-elected. Almost every item is being contested in the committee of which Mr. Sheehy, the intelligent and popular member for Quebec, acts as chairman. Mr. Sheehy's selection for this position is a tribute to his financial and business abilities which are admitted of a very high order, as evinced by his success as a merchant, his position as president of the board of trade, and his selection upon the Quebec harbor commission by the present Dominion government, though a liberal in politics.

Street Rails.

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Pain Heart.

She stood before him tall and fair
And grieved on that summer's day
With June's first roses in her hair
And on her cheek the bloom of May.

FATHER BURKE.

This illustrious Dominican was born in Galway, the historical "Cittie of the Tribes," on September 1st, 1830. The youngest child and only son of his parents, he was placed by them under the special protection of St. Nicholas of Myra, patron of his native town, and received at the baptismal font the name of that great saint.

while, if a visitor from Ireland be at Woodchester, the inquiries of many converts for Father Thomas prove that his memory is cherished by his laity.
In 1875 he was recalled to his native land, to fulfil the same duties he had discharged so well in England. During the bitter time of penal laws and persecution the Irish Dominicans always maintained their ground, and many a martyr and confessor of their order are witnesses of the hard battle they fought.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The Bonapartists here, and their friends in England, have habitually represented the last press as living in poverty at Chislehurst. Last week L'Ordre, a journal belonging to, and so far, inspired by, M. Rouher, said in expatiating on the moral life of Prince Louis Napoleon, that even had his tastes drawn him toward a life of pleasure, he would not have been able, for want of money, to gratify them.

THE S.S. "STATE OF VIRGINIA."

HALIFAX, July 26.—The Dominion government steamer Glendon, Capt. Broune, arrived this afternoon from Sable Island, and reports that she arrived at the island on Friday morning, remained there all day shipping wrecked material and sailed in the evening for Halifax. There is very little change in the state of affairs; the stranded steamer still lies in the same position with her aft part on a sand ridge and her bows under water; there has been a heavy swell from the southward during the greater part of the time since the casualty occurred, making landing on the south side of the island quite impossible.

A Trip to Cocoon.

At this time of year, when the mercury is sporting in the region of the fifties, the all absorbing question presents itself of whether shall we go to escape the grilling heat superinduced by the pertinacious rays of old King Sol? All who can get away from the dust and turmoil of our crowded cities are doing so as fast as they can. Having just returned from a brief trip of three weeks duration, at the sea side, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying a word or two about the refreshing prospects of those who may have the good fortune of making a stay at Cocoon. The days there are not too warm, and the nights are lovely. The visitors this year, up to the present, have not been quite so numerous as those of previous years, which is owing no doubt to the backwardness of the season, and perhaps a little to the state of the times.

TELEGRAMS.

Germany. Berlin, July 28.—Baron Von Gerott, formerly Prussian minister at Washington, died to-day at Bonn.
Duke William, only brother of the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, died to-day at Heidelberg.
Spain. London, July 28.—A Madrid despatch says no complete extinction of slavery in Cuba is expected until the Coolee immigration under the recent treaty between Spain and China is sufficiently numerous to provide labourers for plantations.
Madrid, July 28.—Newspapers which reflect the opinions of the cabinet ministers confirm the announcement that the government intends to submit a bill to the Cortes in January relative to slavery in Cuba.

Sunday Closing in Ireland.

A return having reference to Irish Sunday closing was laid on the table of the House of Commons recently. It gives the arrests for Sunday drunkenness for the six months after the Sunday closing act came into operation, and for the corresponding period of the previous year before the public houses were closed. For twenty-seven weeks with open public houses the number of arrests was 2,360, and for 26 weeks under Sunday closing, 707, being a reduction of 75 per cent. under the Sunday closing act. In the five cities and towns exempted from the full operation of the act, but where the hours of sale were shortened, the results stand thus:—Sunday closing period—Dublin, 1,262; Belfast, 422; Cork, 179; Limerick, 54; Waterford, 50—total, 1,976. Partial closing period—Dublin, 689; Belfast, 350; Cork, 162; Limerick, 41; Waterford, 36—total, 1,268, being a reduction of 35 per cent. under the shortened hours.

THE PRESS ON THE AFFAIR LITTLE.

THE TORONTO MAIL. We understand that it has been the unanimous advice of his excellency's ministers that Governor Letellier should be removed. It is also understood that his excellency has accepted of the resignation of the Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P., and that the Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P., will be succeeded by the Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P. The Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P., was appointed by the Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P., and will be succeeded by the Hon. J. A. B. Macdonald, M.P.

Lieutenant Carey.

The maternal grandfather of Lieutenant Carey was that able and courageous sailor of Nelson's time Sir Japhet Brenton, who, on board the Cleopatra, in Gibraltar, in 1801, and in command of the Spartan frigate at Cerigo, Penaro, and elsewhere, not only did splendid service, but was also the brilliant commander of naval expeditions, and received a baronetcy for his blameless career. Mr. Carey's brother, now gunnery lieutenant of the triumph, wears the medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life in three several occasions. The unfortunate officer himself bears a most creditable record down to the late date of his services, and the details of his services, if we may rely on what has publicly appeared from those who are his friends, almost exclude the possibility that he can be considered lacking in natural courage, understanding, or self-devotion.

Disgraced Conduct of Montreal O.Y.B.'s.

OTTAWA, July 27.—Last night, about eight o'clock, thirty Young Britons of the city congregated on the sidewalks in Sparks street, and after monopolizing the pathway to the railway station, saw several of their Montreal confreres off on the 10:30 train. Their conduct on the way was certainly aggressive, and the consequence was that a number of the Irish Catholic Union of lower town assembled in doorways and in the lanes of Sussex street, and waited the return of the Ottawa Britons from the train. On the Britons reaching Water street, on their return homeward, a pistol shot was fired; it is said from Decole's gateway. A general melee ensued, which lasted for fully ten minutes, and until the police, who behaved very pluckily under command of their chief, separated the contending parties at York street. The casualties were four wounded, two Orange Britons being shot, one through the arm and the other through the hand; several of the opposite party and other Young Britons were wounded, but it is difficult to obtain their names. The names of two of the wounded are Pelow and Cowan, said to be Young Britons. The general feeling in the city is that of disgust, and it is hoped that Montreal will keep her Young Britons at home in future.

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For Siberia.

In St. Petersburg more than six hundred persons of the noble or privileged classes are under arrest to be deported to Siberia without trial. In one of the temporary governor-generalships in the south of the empire (Odessa) sixty privileged persons have been already sent to Siberia without trial, and two hundred persons of this class are under arrest to be judged. So great is the number of persons of this category to be exiled that a practical difficulty is said to have arisen in connection with their deportation. A noble or privileged person, who has not been judicially sentenced, when sent to Siberia, by the orders of the third section, of secret police, must be escorted by two gendarmes, it being against the laws to manacle a privileged person who is uncondemned. It appears that there are not gendarmes enough thus to escort the number of persons to be deported, and the ministry of the secret police has proposed to get rid of this difficulty by sending the privileged persons fettered like ordinary criminals. On the other hand, the officials are opposed to any such course.

James Blakey, of New Orleans.

James Blakey, of New Orleans was wounded five years ago in the head by a bullet and had been blind in consequence up to a few days ago, when his sight suddenly returned. He refuses to see an oculist, saying that "the Almighty has done so well for me, that far as I will let him work out a cure for me in his own good way."

Monument to Sarsfield.

The claims of the gallant Sarsfield to live on in Irish memories are such as all true Irishmen must feel. His passionate devotion to the cause of his native land, his chivalry, his bravery, his splendid generalship, his thrilling exclamation that passed from his dying lips as his heart's blood reddened Lander's battle plain—the noble manhood of his life and the sublimity of his death—secure him a place in Irish hearts for ever. His name is linked immortally with Limerick's martial glory. In Limerick, therefore, most fittingly should a monument to the hero be raised up. A good many years ago a movement was set on foot with this intention, but as nothing has been heard of it for a considerable time we dare say that in many minds the consequence was an apprehension of failure. We rejoice to have reason to say that there is no ground for such apprehension; on the contrary there is every cause to anticipate success. For this, or rather for the evidence on which we pen these lines, we have, in the first place, to offer our thanks to Mr. O'Gorman, the patriotic mayor of Limerick. He lately addressed a letter to the honorary secretary of the Sarsfield status committee, expressing regret at the apathy that seemed to clog the movement and requesting the official to convene a meeting and requesting the official to convene a meeting on the subject. The honorary secretary, replying to his worship, declares that the interests of the movement have received tremendous care. There were difficulties not a few to be encountered, but they have been met and overcome. "In a very few days," the secretary writes, "I shall call a meeting of the committee, when I will make a statement and present such a financial sheet as will prove to them and all the admirers of Sarsfield that I made no idle boast when I promised, if God spared my life, I would have a memorial erected to perpetuate the memory of the immortal hero in the grand old City of the Violated Treaty." This promises very well. The secretary writes like a man in whom the true Irish spirit shines. We hope his report to the meeting will inspire immediate action, and that the worthy mayor, who has already done so commendably in procuring such encouraging information for the public, will continue to exert, in a similar laudable spirit, the influence attaching to his high office, till the statue of Patrick Sarsfield commemorates the warrior's fame in the city that is the shrine of Sarsfield's memory.

The Ottawa Free Press is in an awful state of mind over the decapitation of Letellier. It is said the editor has clothed himself in sackcloth and a plug hat.

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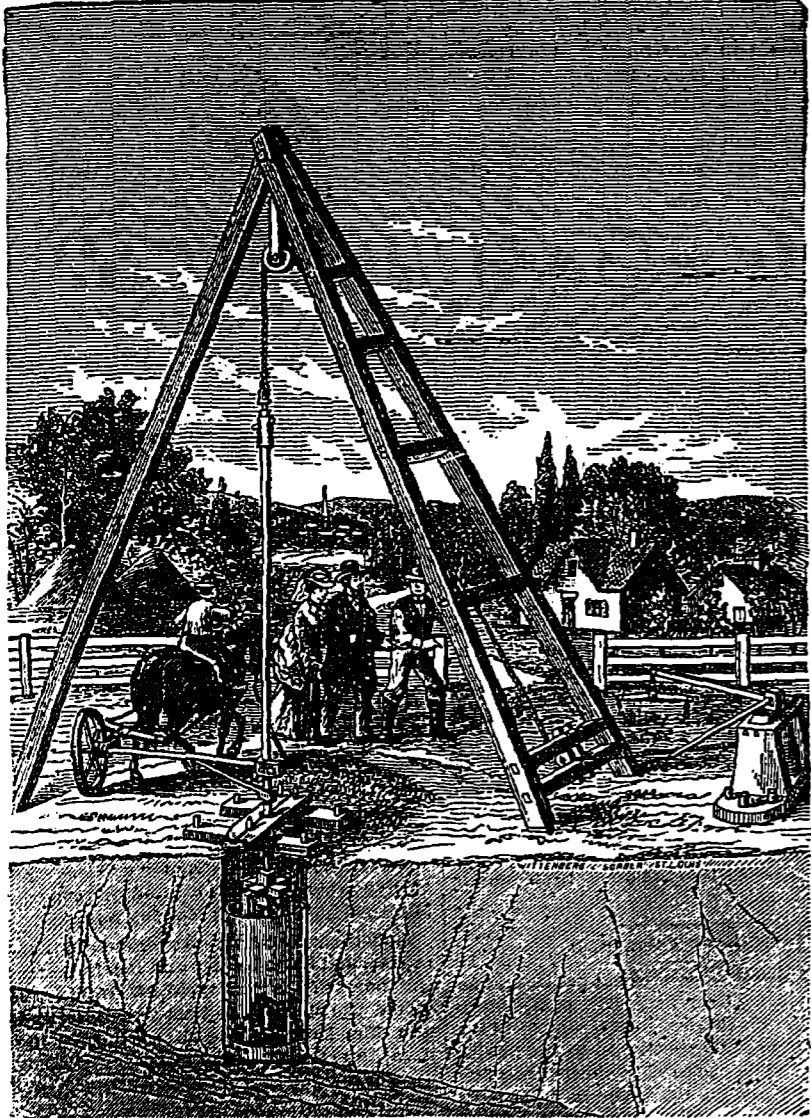
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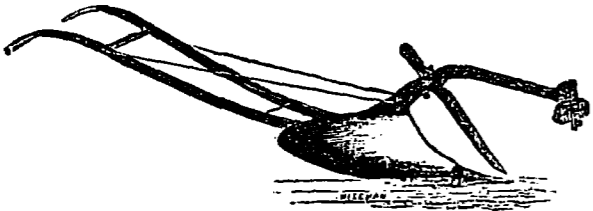
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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, such as MOWERS and REAPERS, HORSE H-Y RAKES, STEEL PLOUGHS, &c., &c.

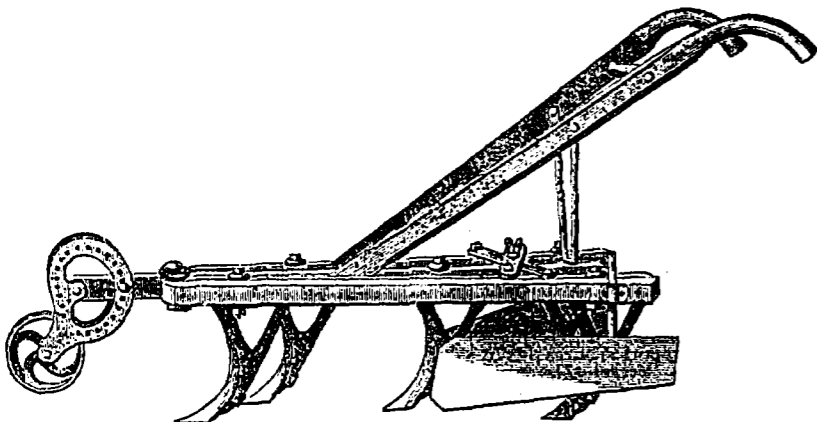


The above Cut represents the No. 8 Plough made by us, and extensively used throughout the Dominion. It has all the advantages of a solid Iron Plough, at about half the cost.

LARMONTH & SONS, 33 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL.

EMPIRE WORKS, MONTREAL

Manufacturers of every description of Agricultural Implements, including MOWERS, REAPERS, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c., &c.



The above represents the WRIGHT PATENT CULTIVATOR. This is the best Cultivator ever offered for Corn, Potatoes and all Root Crops. The Hilling attachment is easily removed.

EMPIRE WORKS, 27 DALHOUSIE STREET, MONTREAL.

MESSRS. MADDISON & CO.

COLONIAL BANKERS, 31 Lombard Street, London, England. Are prepared to receive applications from private or corporate bodies who desire either to raise original or further capital either by Shares or Debentures, to take Capital firm, to negotiate for Public, Municipal or Land Mortgage Loans, to Contract for Public Works. And they will also undertake the agency of Public Companies in Great Britain, the payment of Bills, Cheques, Coupons or Dividends, and generally the transaction of Banking and Financial business between the Dominion of Canada and Great Britain.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A.M., B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 146 St. James Street, Montreal, May 29, 78-ly

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free.

HENRY McSHANE & CO., Baltimore, Md. Aug 27, 1875.

THE BEST IN THE CHEAPEST. THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Never fails to rise! Never Disappoints! Guaranteed free from any injurious ingredients.

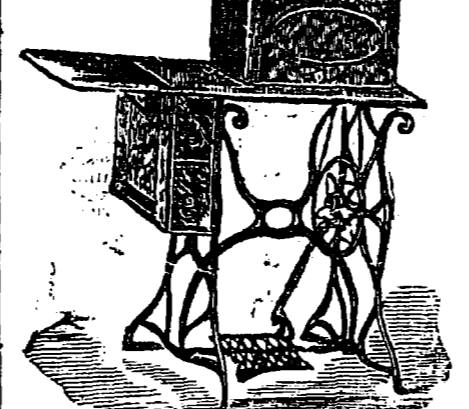
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY W. D. McLAREN, 65 College Street, Montreal, May 29, 78-ly

\$9 A DAY TO AGENTS—Something new

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

In addition to its former many and great advantages there is now in connection with the Convent a beautiful beech and maple grove, invaluable as a pleasing and healthy resort for the young ladies in attendance.

Board and Tuition—only ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR—includes French, Address, LINDSAY SUPERIOR, Lindsay, Ont., Canada. 1-14.



THE GENUINE CANADA SINGER, HOWE & LAWLOR Sewing Machines.

MANUFACTURED BY J. D. LAWLOR, Have stood the test for nearly a quarter of a century, and the universal verdict of the public is that they are the best and cheapest.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

M. FERON, Undertaker, 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1875.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE.

OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY. FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St.

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

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

Country People! That are coming into the City of Montreal to purchase Overcoats, Suits and Ulsters, are invited to call on I. A. Beauvais, at about half the cost.

THE GREAT A'D ONLY Hair Restorative.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS. CHAS. LANGRISH, Esq., Nov. 8, 1878.

Good Overcoat, for... \$4.50. Good Overcoat, Beaver for... \$6.00. Good Overcoat, Nap for... \$7.25. Good Overcoat, Diagonal... \$8.50.

ULSTERS. Heavy Nap Ulster for... \$5.25. Heavy Fur Nap Ulster for... \$6.75. Heavy Twilled Serge Nap Ulster... \$8.00. Heavy Fancy Trimming Ulster... \$9.00.

SUITS. Tweed Suit, Dark, for... \$5.25. Tweed Suit, Scotch, for... \$7.50. Tweed Suit, English, for... \$8.25.

I. A. BEAUVAIS, 190-ST. JOSEPH STREET-190

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms \$5 until free. Address: H. HALLIPT & Co., Portland, Maine. 41-2.

BEATTY

Pianos Another battle on high prices raging. See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying PIANO or ORGAN. Ready latest War Circular. Lowest prices ever given—0 GAINS.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine 11-2.

ALFRED PHILLIPS, Druggist, Gloverville, N.Y., says: My wife has tried CARBOLINE, and she has now a coating of hair growing out of her head so thickly that she has been entirely bald for years.

THOMAS LAWRENCE, M.D., Mill Creek, Ill., says: I suffered from baldness for years, and now have a fine coat of hair growing out of my head so thickly that I can now use CARBOLINE.

W. H. McELHANY, Druggist.

CARBOLINE

Is now presented to the public without fear of contradiction as the best restorative and preservative of the hair.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

KENNEY & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., Sole Agents for the United States, the Dominion, and Great Britain.

NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Can.

B. A. MITCHELL & SON, London, Wm. W. GREENWOOD, St. Catharines, Ont., Can.

EDMON GIBBOUX & BBO, Quebec, Que., Can.

BROWN & WEBB, Halifax, N.S., Can. THOS. B. BAKER & SON, St. John, N.B., Can. H. HASWELL & CO., Montreal, Que., General Agents for Canada.

THE BALD HEAD'S FRIEND.



WONDERFUL Discovery. A Deodorized Extract of Petroleum as now improved and Perfected. It is sold by the City of Montreal at 100 St. Louis Street.

CARBOLINE!

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

These not arriving, he advanced, and was attacked in the open country by 15,000 Zulus, who fled under the heavy fire of the British. Lord Chelmsford advanced and destroyed Ulundi. The Zulu loss is 800; the British lost 10 killed and 53 wounded.

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TELEGRAMS.

THE ZULU WAR. London, July 23.—In the house of commons, this afternoon, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, colonial-secretary, announced the receipt of a telegram from Cape Town, July 8, giving news of a decisive victory by Lord Chelmsford over the Zulus at Ulundi, virtually ending the war.

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escape to Sitting Bull's camp. It is very probable another fight has taken place before this.

Bear Wolf's band of Crows, who are at Terry's Landing, report 300 lodges of Sioux on this side of the Missouri, on their way to Fort Keogh, to make friends with the whites.

Henry Sturm in Ireland.

London, July 21.—A despatch from Dublin states that a terrific thunder-storm occurred yesterday in the vicinity of Portadown, Ulster county, demolishing crops and causing much general damage. Thousands of acres of corn, potatoes and hay are destroyed. The rain fall was such as to form a lake extending fifteen miles from Portadown bridge.

The Shooting at Wimbledon.

Toronto, July 25.—The Globe this morning contains the following special cablegram, dated London, July 24:—

The match for the Koloporo cup was shot this morning. The weather was dull, but in the afternoon it was much finer, and later the wind was rather strong and gusty. The English were victorious by 23 points, making 653, while the Canadians only scored 630. The following is the score:—English, 200 yards, 239; Canadians, 237; 500 yards, English, 180; Canadians, 172. Total—English, 653; Canadians, 630. The total score is far ahead of any previous score in this match. This year the winning score is 31 more than last year. The shooting all round was very good. Col. Gibson, Lieut. Hunter and Private Mills made the best scores in the Canadian team. Col. Gibson ties for second prize in the third series of extra prizes.

The Privy Council Meeting at Quebec.

Ottawa, July 25.—Sir John Macdonald, accompanied by Hon. Hector Langevin, Hon. M. Bowell, Hon. M. Baby and Hon. J. H. Pope, left for Quebec last night. Mr. Hinesworth, clerk of the privy council, accompanied the ministers. They will proceed to Quebec by special train from Montreal, and a cabinet council will be held at 3:30 this afternoon. The services of his honor Luc Letellier having been dispensed with, the Hon. T. Robitaille, M.P., will be sworn in lieutenant-governor of the province of Quebec.

Incipient Consumption.—In bronchial and other chest affections, in arresting incipient consumption, and in lessening the distressing symptoms of this disease in its hopeless stages, as well as in cases of nervous debility in giving tone to the system, it is undoubtedly a valuable remedy.

John McMuray, (Methodist Minister) Newport N.S.

Two milk cherubs, over the portal of a new court house at Rockford, Ill., so offended the moral sense of the city that they were chiselled off.

"SUDDEN COLDS."

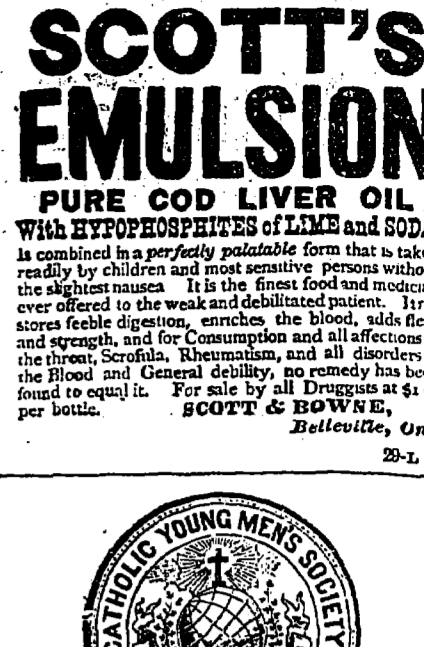
At the commencement of a cold, take a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a little milk and sugar, and the cure is more sudden than the cold.

DR. P. MEREDITH, of Cincinnati, says: "About one year ago I took a cold, which settled on my lungs. A violent cough was the consequence, which increased with severity. I expectorated large quantities of phlegm and matter. During the last winter I became so much reduced that I was confined to my bed. The disease was attended with cold chills and night sweats. A diarrhoea set in. My friends thought I was in the last stages of Consumption, and could not possibly get well. I was recommended to try ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. The formula was shown to me, which induced me to give it a trial, and I will only add that my cough is entirely cured, and I am now able to attend to my profession as usual."

A Surprise Party on Ice!

Canada is the place for a thorough, good sleigh ride. It matters little how odd and bizarre the runner is, all that is needed to make a ride enjoyable is to have it large enough to hold a good many people and small enough to have them well crowded together. Where can better sleighing be found? Find our people enjoy it to the full. Given a snappy cold, clear, moonlight night and a jolly party of men and women, mostly uninitiated and unlearned, plenty of buffalo or other robes, a driver who knows how near to run to unblinking without tilting over, and just how near 50 as to make every man clasp tight hold of his lady, an evening bright, and the voices of the songsters clear and musical, a warm parlor where the host and hostess are to be surprised, and where the party are to halt, and take lemonade with stick in it, and broiled chicken, and huge joints of meat, and jolly sandwiches, and real good coffee, and substantial pies and cakes, and a merry dance, with all its soft nonsense, and you have a real Canadian surprise party on runners, one of the oldest time. Hurrah for such a sleigh ride! Their next day tupper oil with a few of Dr. HERRICK'S PALATABLE SUGAR COATED PILLS and you are all as right as a trivet. But don't forget the

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, describing its benefits for various ailments like tuberculosis and general weakness.



Scott's Emulsion logo and text: 'SCOTT'S EMULSION PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA'.

Advertisement for the Third Annual Pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, detailing the event's dates and location.

Advertisement for the Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a steamship service, mentioning routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Rev. M. Callaghan, a spiritual director, providing contact information.

Advertisement for 'OUR PRINTS', offering various printing services and a sale of prints.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

Financial news including interest rates, bank movements, and market conditions.

Business troubles section covering various commercial failures and legal actions.

Commercial items section listing various goods, prices, and market reports.

Report on the arrival of the Allan mail steamer from London, including cargo details.

Summary of the week's trade and market activities.

Weekly review of the city wholesale trade, providing a detailed overview of market trends.

Table titled 'THE FARMERS' MARKETS.' listing various agricultural products like butter, cheese, and eggs with their respective prices.

Text reporting on the state of the farmers' markets, discussing prices and supply.

Text detailing the Montreal horse market, including prices for different breeds and types of horses.

Text about the Montreal fuel market, covering coal, oil, and gas prices.

Text on the cattle markets, specifically St. Gabriel, reporting on livestock prices.

Text regarding the Quebec markets, including reports on lumber and other goods.

Text on the arrival of the ship 'Waldensian' from Glasgow, mentioning cargo and crew.

Text providing a general overview of market conditions and trade.

Table listing various commodities such as sugar, coffee, and tea with their current market prices.

Text discussing the market for sugar, including prices for different grades and origins.

Text on the market for coffee and other tropical goods.

Text detailing the market for tea and other beverages.

Text on the market for various oils and fats.

Text providing information on the market for various types of flour.

Text on the market for various types of rice.

Text discussing the market for various types of sugar and sweeteners.

Table listing various types of wool and their prices.

Text detailing the market for wool, including prices for different grades and origins.

Text on the market for various types of leather goods.

Text on the market for various types of cloth and textiles.

Text on the market for various types of paper and stationery.

Text on the market for various types of books and printing materials.

Text on the market for various types of building materials.

Text on the market for various types of hardware and tools.

Table listing various types of oil and their prices.

Text detailing the market for oil, including prices for different grades and origins.

Text on the market for various types of wine.

Text on the market for various types of spirits and liquors.

Text on the market for various types of foodstuffs.

Text on the market for various types of medicines.

Text on the market for various types of chemicals.

Text on the market for various types of raw materials.

Table listing various types of iron and their prices.

Text detailing the market for iron, including prices for different grades and origins.

Text on the market for various types of steel.

Text on the market for various types of machinery.

Text on the market for various types of tools.

Text on the market for various types of hardware.

Text on the market for various types of building materials.

Text on the market for various types of raw materials.

Advertisement for 'NO MORE RHEUMATISM OR GOUT SALICYLICA SURE CURE' by S. Carsley, detailing the benefits of the medicine.

Advertisement for the College of Ottawa, listing various courses and faculty.

Small advertisements and notices at the bottom of the page.