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THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND!!

A PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

The Resignation of Forster Rumoured.

WHOLESALE EVICTION

Orange and Green

SHOULDER to SHOULDER.

ARRIVAL OF JAS. REDPATH.

CONK, June 14.—It is ascertained from Schull that Mrs. Henry O'Mahoney, of Ballydeob, applied to Consul Brooks for intervention on behalf of her husband, who was arrested last week and claims to be an American citizen.

a while the Ulster Orangemen threatened to complicate matters by taking an active part against the agitators. They were encouraged in this by Tory landlords, who were anxious to nip in the bud any movement that would curtail their rights.

DUBLIN, June 20.—Father Sheehy was transferred from Naas to Kilmallock gaol today. Two armed policemen sat in the carriage and escorted by forty lancers. The transfer was a surprise to Sheehy, who had been in the infirmary. There was no demonstration.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The R. C. Bishop of Ottawa has returned to the Capital. The Sunnyside property, Toronto, has been purchased by Bishop O'Mahoney.

Rev. Father O'Mahoney, of London, lectured at St. Thomas on the 14th instant, on "The Church in Society."

It is stated that an attempt has been made to burn the new Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, of St. Sauveur, Quebec.

The Fete Dieu procession in Ottawa on Sunday was the largest ever witnessed in that city. The ceremony in the Basilica was an imposing one.

The Rev. W. A. Wall, M. A., late curate of Littlehale, Norfolkshire, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Bowen, of Brompton Oratory. Mr. Wall has very many Catholic friends in Ireland to whom the announcement will be gratifying.

According to the London World, when Cardinal Newman pays what his Eminence considers will be his last visit to London, it is more than probable that more princes of the Holy Roman Church will assemble in the British metropolis than ever have been in England at the same time.

A Calcutta contemporary says: The Catholics at Simla are just now in luck's way; the Viceroy has made a donation of 20,000 rupees to the fund for erecting a Catholic church at the station, and if their subscriptions from other sources could be in keeping with this handsome gift, the fortunate residents at that delightful station, once styled the "Modern Capna," should soon have a church surpassing in size and grandeur all other churches in India, and perhaps equal to many of the noble structures that are to be met with in Europe.

The Observator Romano officially contradicts the report that Leo XIII had, without imposing the usual conditions, granted a dispensation from the canonical impediments of consanguinity and mixed religion in the case of the marriage of the Princess Maria Windschgratz and the Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is a Protestant Lutheran. Dispensation was, indeed, asked for, but the Holy See replied that it could not be granted until, in the first place, the contracting parties had promised that all issue of the marriage, whether boys or girls, should be baptized and educated in the Roman Catholic faith.

Some of the Dominican Fathers driven out of Germany have settled at Venlo, in Dutch Limburg, Holland, where they have opened a school called the College of Albert the Great to which they propose to add a philosophical and theological seminary under the patronage of St. Thomas of Aquin.

At the Land Sessions, Castlebar, County Mayo, a tenant named Simpson claimed £5,895 for compensation from Lord Lucan for improvements. Lucan refused to pay anything, but the Court gave a decision in favor of Simpson for £2,954.

Liverpool, June 18.—McKevitt and McGrath, who are charged with attempting to blow up the Town Hall here on June 9th, were examined by the Government to-day. The Prosecuting Solicitor said he did not intend to go into the question of Fenianism, as the case would stand on its own merits.

Inspector-General Hillier of the Constabulary reports that the country is quieter than it has been since New Year's. A large number of evictions are going on.

guests—among whom there was hardly a single Catholic, united to do him honor. The servant who announced the arrival of the guests appeared to be somewhat overwhelmed by the presence of a prince of the Church, and called out "His Holiness, Cardinal Manning"—an epithet also applied to His Eminence later in the evening by the toast-master.

Bishop Bradel, of Vancouver's Island, during the month visited the Indian mission in his diocese. On Saturday, May 14, he departed for Paganak Island. His mot nor Horeshee Bay a canoe waiting for him. The canoe was neatly decorated, towered with a nice flag, and manned by ten Indians.

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ARRIVAL OF ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

HALIFAX, June 20.—Archbishop Hannan arrived here this evening from his visit to the Pope in Rome, and was given a grand reception by the Catholics of this city. He came from Truro by special train, and on reaching North Street Station was received by several prominent Catholics.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

The Rev. Father Labelle, the energetic apostle of colonization in the Ottawa Valley, reports that the stream of immigrants to that part of the country is daily increasing. The colonists strike principally for the region around Lake Nottawinong, which is very fertile.

The Rev. Father Labelle has at his disposal the sum of \$5,000, granted by the Government, for the purpose of building a road between Riviere Rouge and Riviere au Liege. This road is situated amid charming scenery, and passes along the borders of some twenty lakes, in the middle of which the Jesuits will build a large establishment.

WHAT FAST RUNNING ACCOMPLISHED.

The engineer of the special train on the Q. M. & O. Road, which conveyed the Engineers attending the Convention to Ottawa on last Thursday, was determined to show those gentlemen at what rate of speed a locomotive built in Canada could travel over the rails. He succeeded admirably.

Hon. William Macdougall goes to Manitoba shortly.

HISTORY OF HIGHLAND EVICTIONS

PRACTICAL Boycotting IN SCOTLAND.

THE IRISH CEILT AND THE SCOTCH CEILT AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

(From the Ulster Examiner.)

A crowded meeting of the Glasgow branch of the Land League was held in the East Nile Street Hall, on the afternoon of the 15th ultimo, to hear an address on the evictions in the Highlands delivered by Mr. White, a Scotch gentleman well known in connection with the land movement in Scotland.

Mr. CLARKE in a few words introduced the lecturer, speaking highly of his eloquence and the ability he had displayed in the land question in that country.

DOWN-TRODDEN BRETHREN

in the Highlands of Scotland. (Applause.) But, Mr. Chairman, the very attentive and sympathetic audience that we have had the pleasure of addressing has given us such encouragement that I have ventured to come before you this morning to make some remarks on a subject which, although having peculiar interest to Highlanders, still I consider, receive from this meeting more earnest attention.

"EVICTIONS IN THE HIGHLANDS."

I know you will extend to me your kind indulgence and earnest attention. (Applause.) Unfortunately you are so well acquainted with that outrage on humanity and justice called evictions that I need not attempt to bring before you its attendant cruelties—the groans of the aged, the agonizing shrieks of frantic women, the wail of children, and the terrible agony of heeded men.

TELL OF PUBLIC EXERCISATION,

evoked by their deeds. (Cheers.) I am not aware that any evictions have taken place in the Highlands for non-payment of rent. True, some proprietors have had recourse to rack-renting, with the view to their getting their tenants to leave; and the process of first papering and then evicting them has been indulged in, but in the history of evictions in the Highlands, I am not aware that a single tenant has been evicted for non-payment of rent.

COMPULSORY EMIGRATION

being indulged in, or to find accommodation in the streets and lanes of our already over-populated towns and cities. When a hamlet in the Highlands is cleared it is generally in order that the soil occupied by the tenants may be turned into a large sheep-walk or a huge deer forest.

SIX HUNDRED STALWART VASSALS

followed the Chief of Glengarry to the battle of Culloden. Some years later they became so disgusted with the return made by their Chief that many of them emigrated to the United States, though they were almost all in

comfortable, some indeed in affluent circumstances. Notwithstanding this semi-exodus, Major John Macdonell, of Lochgarry, was able in 1777 to raise a fine regiment—the 76th, or Macdonald Highlanders—numbering 1,086 men, 750 of whom were Highlanders mainly from his own property.

"GLENGARRY FENCIBLES" OF CANADA,

in defence of their adopted country, and called their settlement there after their native glen in Scotland. The chiefs of Glengarry drove away their people, only, as in most other cases in the Highlands, to be themselves ousted soon after them. (Applause.) The Glengarry property at one time covered an area of nearly 200 square miles, and to-day, while many of their expatriated vassals are landed proprietors and in affluent circumstances in Canada, not an inch of the old possessions of the ancient and powerful family of Glengarry remains to the descendants of those who caused the banishment of a people who, on many a well-fought field, shed their blood for their chief and country.

THE POTATO FAMINE

in 1846 and 1847, and some of them got into arrears with a year and some with two years' rent, but they were first clearing it off. Mrs. Macdonell and her factor determined to evict every crofter on her property to make room for sheep. In the spring of 1853 they were all served with summonses of removal, accompanied by a message that Sir John Macdonell, Chairman of the Board of Supervision, had agreed to convey them to Australia.

THREATENED WITH EVICTION

themselves. ("Shame.") It was afterwards found not convenient to transport them to Australia, and it was then intimated to the poor creatures, as if they were nothing but common slaves to be disposed of at will, that they would be taken to North America, and a ship would be at Isle Ormsay, in the Isle of Skye, in a few days to receive them, and that they must go on board.

NO MERCY WAS SHOWN

to those who refused to emigrate; their few articles of furniture were thrown out of their houses after them—beds, chairs, tables, pots, stoneware, clothing, in many cases rolling down the hill. What took years to erect and collect was scattered in a few minutes. The following year the district was completely and mercilessly cleared of all its remaining inhabitants, numbering 603 souls.

CONCLUDED IN FIFTH PAGE.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE LAND BILL.

NO IRISH AMENDMENTS ACCEPTED

LONDON, June 14.—In Committee on the Land Bill Mr. Gladstone agreed to an amendment that the landlord may refuse to admit a purchaser as tenant on reasonable grounds. A whole page of amendments aimed against this portion of the Bill falls through in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's action.

Mr. Gladstone stated that the Government had not considered the course they should adopt in regard to such a bill, but the House would probably accord Mr. Nolan the privilege of introducing the measure. Leave was given.

The discussion on Sir Wilfrid Lawson's motion that the Government should legislate in favor of local option in the liquor traffic resulted in the motion being carried by 196 to 154.

In Committee on the Land Bill, Mr. Henegau (Liberal) moved as an addition to the end of the first clause that, subject to the discretion of the Court, the provisions of this section shall not apply to the tenancy of any holding which has heretofore been maintained and improved by the landlord or his predecessor in title.

The Government opposed the amendment, which, after a prolonged debate, was defeated, 225 to 209. The smallness of the majority caused loud cheers from the Opposition.

House of Commons, June 17, 1:30 a.m.—The Gladstone Government received its first serious blow to-night at the hands of the Whig element of the Liberal party.

The detection of the aristocratic English Liberals has always been counted on by the Tories as a chief means of defeating the Land Bill. This danger became evident to-night, when a surprise was prepared for the government by a secret understanding between these aristocratic Liberals and the Conservative party.

The Government resisted the amendment, and when a division was taken 205 voted in favor, while only 225 voted no. Mr. Gladstone's majority fell from 112 to 25 votes, and but for the support of Irish members he would have found himself in a minority.

The result was received with loud and continuous cheering by the Tory party, who felt they had delivered a staggering blow to the Land Bill. The Ministerialists showed how much they felt the check by maintaining absolute silence when the result was announced.

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The Ministerialists showed how much they felt the check by maintaining absolute silence when the result was announced. The action of the aristocratic Liberals is dictated by a fear that the principles of the bill may be applied to England.

Had the Parliaments voted against the Government the Ministry would have been defeated. Mr. Biggar seemed to regret the lost opportunity, for he moved the rejection of the first clause of the bill, but Conservatives did not support him, and the motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Class 1 was carried by a vote of 204 to 47. The check sustained by the Government to-night will probably encourage the Lords to alter the bill so as to render it worthless, or perhaps reject it altogether.

The gravest consequences may result from to-night's division unless the government is able to rally enough supporters on the report to reaffirm by a normal majority the principle which was challenged in Mr. Henegau's amendment.

LONDON, June 20.—Mr. Gladstone, replying to the question of Stanhope, as to whether representations had been made to the American Government in regard to American organizations for committing outrages in England, said he was not aware what grounds Stanhope had for speaking of preparations in America for outrages in England.

There were incitements to outrages in newspapers, &c., and, viewing the nature of these incitements, the Government thought it right to bring the facts to the knowledge of the Government of the United States.

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VINEGAR HILL.

BY FION BARRA.

Ab dear, Father Tom! how you're painting! I'm sorry I hurried you so...

Very dark is the green of the grass here, and all the hills are green...

Do you mind, Father Tom, how round us the land stretches fully for miles?

But, you see, the poor rebels had pitchforks, and pikes, and a pistol or two...

And the poor fellows too were half-starving. They tell of a thousand or more...

And yet on this hill-top, bare-breasted, bare-armed, and hungry weak...

The way! How the great hearts are withered, the great muscles lost to the land...

Ah no, Father Tom! I'm no Fenian, but one who must think and act...

Very right, Father Tom, to speak coolly, and hold your heart before you...

Yes, I know all the worth of forbearance; but still, around brothers to blame...

Let us fling aside cant for a moment, and open our bosoms to each...

Never mind, we'll go down from the hill-top. We've seen all we wanted to see...

HAUNTED ME.

A workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring..."

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor...

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction...

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromes" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year. Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above every liberal inducement to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed.

We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Do not drug the system with nauseous purgatives that only debilitate. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own Cathartic, it acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, arousing all the secretions to a healthy action.

THE VICTORIA DISASTER. VERDICT OF THE JURY. LONDON, Ont., June 14.—The jury in the Victoria case did not reach a verdict till nearly three o'clock this morning, when they handed in the following:—"We, the jury, empanelled to investigate the cause of the death of Fanny Cooper, do find that she came to her death by drowning in consequence of the capsizing of the steamer Victoria on the 24th of May, 1881. We do find that the capsizing of the steamer Victoria was caused by water in the hold. We believe that the water leaked in through a hole stove in the bottom from some unknown cause. We suppose that this injury was caused by coming in contact with some stone or snag in the river. We are also convinced, from the evidence adduced, that the boiler was not securely fastened, and that the stanchions supporting the promenade and hurricane decks were of too slender a nature, and made chiefly of pine, and not properly braced. We are also of the opinion that the engineer was guilty of great neglect in the discharge of his duty in not seeing that the hold was clear of water, and in not conveying in person to the captain the dangerous position of the boat. We think that the captain was to blame in accepting the dual position of captain and wheelman, which prevented him from giving his undivided attention to the proper management of the boat. We are also of the opinion that he was to blame for leaving Spring Bank without making a proper examination of his boat, as there was undoubtedly water in the hold at that time. We are further of the opinion that the manager did not do his duty in not employing sufficient hands to man his boat, that he should have had the boat inspected and a certificate for the same. The jury think that the Government Inspector deserves blame for the manner in which he inspected and passed the boat Victoria last year, as, from the evidence, her upper construction was not fit to carry a large load of passengers; and we urge upon the Government the necessity of making more stringent inspection and regulations in regard to passenger steamboats."

IT TRAVELS ON ITS SHAPE. THIS STORY OF THE TRUNK WHICH THE BAGGAGE-SMASHER RESPECTED. A big Saratoga was shunted on a track at the union depot, and as it struck one of the metallic corner-pieces flew across while the artistic smasher grinned his satisfaction. The circumstance was not a noble one, save as it suggested to Mr. E. P. McCarthy, who was waiting the departure of a train, the adventures of a friend of his. The gentleman was a great traveler, and after observing the habits of the baggage-smashers in various countries he had constructed a trunk of a particular pattern. It was as near the shape of an egg as the maker could frame it, and it was covered with the best leather. After one encounter with this trunk the smasher always treated it with respect. If it was tossed carelessly on the truck or the floor of the car and other baggage piled upon it, the first jar would bring down the heap. In time the eccentricities of the peculiar piece were duly recognized, and no matter what the haste or confusion, it traveled safely on its shape, always on top, no matter how high the mountain of baggage was built. The egg-shaped trunk has always outlived a score of zinc-covered, metal-ribbed and corner-protected boxes and still it is on the road, good for the owner's life time.

The Liver is the grand purifying organ of the system; when inactive or obstructed bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying, restoring and strengthening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial bottles 10 cents.

Native Algonian forces have annihilated an insurgent tribe.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY. Eight days after the burial of Lady Catherine, several events occurred that wrought the seething excitement of Chesholm to boiling-over point—events talked of for many an after-year, by cottage fireside and manor hearth.

The first of these was Miss Catherine's examination before the police magistrate. The justice before whom the young lady appeared was the same who had already issued his warrant for her arrest—a man likely to show her little favor on account of her youth, her beauty, or her rank. Indeed, the latter made him doubly bitter; he was a virulent hater of the "bloated aristocracy." Now that he had one of them in his power, he was determined to let the world at large, and Chesholm in small, see that neither station nor wealth could be a shield for crime.

She took her place in the prisoner's dock, pale, proud, disdainful. She glanced over the dark sea of threatening faces that thronged the court-room, with calmly haughty eyes—outwardly unmoved. Her few friends were there—few indeed, for nearly all believed that if hers was not the hand that had struck the blow, she had been at least her brother's abettor. Many were brought forward who could swear how she had hated my lady; how she had taken every opportunity to insult and annoy her; how again and again my lady had been found crying fit to break her heart after the lash of Miss Inez's stinging tongue. She had loved Sir Victor—she was furiously jealous of his wife—she had fiery Spanish blood in her veins, and a passionate temper that stopped at nothing. Jane Pool was there, more bitter than ever—more deadly in her evidence. Hooper was there, and his reluctantly extorted testimony told dead against her. The examination lasted two days. Inez Catherine was recommitted to prison to stand her trial for murder at the next Assizes.

The second fact worthy of note was, that despite the efforts of the Chesholm police, in spite of the London detectives, no tale or tidings of Juan Catherine were to be found. The earth might have opened and swallowed him so completely had he disappeared.

The third fact was, that Sir Victor Catherine had reached the crisis of his disease and passed it safely. The fever was slowly but steadily abating. Sir Victor was not to die, but to take up the burden of life again—a dreary burden, with the wife he had loved so fondly sleeping in the vaults of Chesholm Church.

The fourth fact was that the infant heir of the Catherine family had been removed from Catherine Royals to Powys Place, to be brought up under the watchful eye and care of his grand aunt, Lady Helena.

On the evening of the day that saw Inez Catherine committed for trial, the post brought Lady Helena a letter. The handwriting evidently disguised was unamiable, and yet something about it set her heart throbbing. She tore it open; it contained an inclosure. There were but three lines for herself: "DEAR LADY H: If you will permit a reprobate to be on such familiar terms with your highly respectable name, I address I—under cover to you, as per order. "J.C."

The inclosure was sealed. Lady Helena destroyed her own, and next day drove to the prison with the other. She found her niece sitting comfortably enough in an armchair, reading, and except that she had grown thinner and paler looking little the worse. All that was possible to do to make her comfortable, had been done. Without a word the elder woman presented the letter—without a word the younger took it. She turned to the window and read its contents. "Thank Heaven!" her aunt heard her fervently say. "May I see it, Inez? What does he say? Is he coming here?" "Coming here!" The girl's dark eyes looked at her in grave astonishment. "Certainly not. He is safe away, I am thankful to say, and out of their reach."

"And he leaves you here to suffer in his stead, and you thank Heaven for it! Inez Catherine, you are the most egregious—Give me that note!" Inez smiled as she gave it. Her aunt put up her double eye-glass and read: "ON BOARD THE THREE BELLS, OFF PLYMOUTH, Oct.—" "DEAR L:—I've dodged the beaks, you see. I bought a disguise that would have baffled Fouche himself, and—here I am. In twenty minutes we'll have weighed anchor and away to the West Indies. I've read the papers, and I'm sorry to see they've taken you on suspicion. Inez, you are a trump, by Jove! I can say no more, but mind you, only I know they can't commit you, I'd come back and confess all. I would, by jingo. I may be a scoundrel, but I'm not such a scoundrel as that."

"I see the baronet's down with brain fever. If he goes off the hooks, there will be only the young 'un between me and the succession. Suppose he goes off the hooks too, then I'll be a full-fledged baronet! But of course he won't. I'm always an unlucky beggar. You may write me on board the Three Bells, at Martinique, and let me know how things go on in England."

A flush—a deep angry flush reddened the face of Lady Helena Powys, as she finished this cool epistle. She crushed it in her hand as though it were a viper. "The coward! the dastard! And it is for the heartless writer of this insolent letter that you suffer all this! Inez Catherine, I command you—speak out. Tell what you know. Let the guilty wretch you call brother, suffer for his own crime."

Inez looked at her, with something of the stern, haughty glance she had cast upon the rabble of the court-room. "Enough Lady Helena! You don't know what you are talking about. I have told you before; all I had to say I said at the inquest. It is of no use your talking about it. Come what may, I will never say one word more."

And looking at her stern, resolute face, Lady Helena knew she never would. She tore the letter she held in minutest morsels, and tied them up in her handkerchief. "I'll burn them when I get home, and I never want to see his face again. For you!" lowering her voice, "we must save you in spite of yourself. You shall never stand your trial at the Assizes."

Miss Catherine looked wistfully at the heavily bolted and barred window. "I should like to be saved" she said, wearily, "at any other price than that of speaking. Once I thought I would die sooner than stoop to run away—a fortnight's imprisonment changes all that. Save me if you can, Aunt Helena—it will kill me to face that horrible mob again."

Her voice died out in a choking sob. She was thoroughly brave, but she shuddered with sick fear and loathing, from head to foot, as she recalled the dark, vindictive faces, the merciless eyes that had confronted her yesterday on every side.

Lady Helena kissed her quietly and turned to go. "Keep up your heart," she said; "before the week ends you shall be free."

Two days later, Lady Helena and the warden of Chesholm jail sat closeted together in deep and mysterious conference. On the table between them lay a crossed cheque for seven thousand pounds.

The jailer sat with knitted brows and troubled, anxious face. He had been for years a servant in Lady Helena's family. Her influence had procured him his present situation. He had a sick wife and a large family, and seven thousand pounds was an immense temptation.

"You risk nothing," Lady Helena was saying in an agitated whisper, "and you gain everything. They will blame you for nothing worse than carelessness in the discharge of your duty. You may lose your situation. Very well, lose it. Here are seven thousand pounds for you. In all your life, grubbing here, you would never accumulate half or quarter that sum. You can remove to London; trust to my influence to procure you a better situation there than this. And oh, think of her—your young, guileless—think what her life has been, think what it is now destined to be. She is innocent—I swear it. You have daughters of your own, about her age—think of them and yield!"

He stretched forth his hand and answered, resolutely: "Say no more, my lady. Let good or ill befall—I'll do it."

The issue of the Chesholm Courier four days later contained a paragraph that created the profoundest excitement from end to end of the town. We quote it: "ESCAPE OF MISS INEZ CATHERON FROM CHESHOLM JAIL.—NO TRACE OF HER TO BE FOUND.—SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY.—THE JAILER THREATENED BY THE MOB."

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the under jailer, going to Miss Catherine's cell with her breakfast, found, to his astonishment and dismay, that it was empty and his prisoner gone.

A moment's investigation showed him the bars of the window clearly filed through and removed. A rope ladder and a friend without, it is quite evident did the rest. The man instantly gave the alarm and aid came. The head jailer appears to be as much at a loss as his underling, but he is suspected. He lived in his youth in the Powys family, and was suspected of a strong attachment to the prisoner. He says he visited Miss Catherine last night as usual when in his rounds, and saw nothing wrong or suspicious then, either about the filed bars or the young lady. It was a very dark night, and no doubt her escape was easily effected. If any proof of the prisoner's guilt were needed, her flight from justice surely renders it. Miss Catherine's friends have been permitted from the first to visit her at their pleasure and bring her what they chose—the result is to be seen to-day. The police, both of our town and the metropolis, are diligently at work. It is hoped their labours will be more productive of success in the case of the sister than they have been in that of the brother.

"The head jailer, it is said, will be dismissed from his post. No doubt peculiarly, this is a matter of indifference to him now. He made his appearance once in the street this morning, and came near being mobbed. Let this escape be rigidly investigated, and let all implicated be punished."

The escape created even more intense and angry excitement than the murder. The rabble were furious. It is not every day that the upper ten thousand comes before the lower ten million in the popular character of murderers. They had been lately favoured with such rich and sensational disclosures in high life, love, jealousy, quarrels, assassination. Their victim was safely in their hands; they would try her, condemn her, hang her, and teach the aristocracy, law was a game too could play at. And lo! in the hour of their triumph she slips from between their hands, and like her guilty brother and abettor, makes good her escape.

The town of Chesholm was furious. If the jailer had shown his face he stood in danger of being torn in pieces. They understood thoroughly how it was—that he had been bribed. In the dead of night, the man and his family shook the dust of Chesholm off their feet, and went to hide themselves in the busy world of London.

Three weeks passed. October, with its mellow days and frosty nights, was gone. And still no trace of the fugitive. All the skill of the officials of the town and country had been baffled by the cunning of a woman. Inez Catherine might have flown with the dead summer's swallows for all the trace she had left behind.

The first week of November brought still another revelation. Sir Victor Catherine had left the Royals; Lady Helena, the equite, the lady, the nurse, Powys-place. They were all going to the south of France for the young baronet's spirit and health. Catherine Royals, in charge of Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Hooper, and two servants, on board wages, was left to silence and gloom, rats and evil repute, autumn rain and wind. The room of the tragedy was shut up, a doomed room, "under the ban" for ever.

And so for the present the "tragedy of Catherine Royals" had ended. Brother and sister had fled in their guilt, alike from justice and vengeance. Ethel, Lady Catherine, lay with folded hands and sealed lips in the grim old vaults, and a parchment and a memento in Chesholm Church recorded her name and age—no more. So for the present it had ended.

It had been a week of ceaseless rain—the whole country side was sodden. The month was March, and after an unusually severe January and February, a "soft spell" had come, the rain had poured or dripped incessantly from a smoke-colored sky, the state of the earth was only to be described by that one uncomfortable word "slush." Spring was at hand after a horribly bitter winter—a spring that was all wet and slop, miserable easterly winds, and bleak, drizzly rain.

Perhaps if you searched the whole coast line between Maine and Florida, you could not light upon a drearier, dirtier, duller little town than the town of Sandpoint Massachusetts. It was a straggling place more village than town, consisting mainly of one long street, filled with frame houses of staring white, picked out with red doors and very green shutters. Half a dozen pretentious "stores," a school-house, one or two churches, a town hall, and three hotels, comprised the public buildings. Behind Sandpoint stretched out the "forest primeval;" before Sandpoint spread away its one beauty the bright broad sea.

To-day it looked neither bright nor broad, but all blurred in gray wet mist; the surf cannonaded the shore with its dull thunder; the woodland in the background was a very black forest in the dreariness, and the roads—

who shall paint the state of the Sandpoint roads? Worst of all, the weather showed no sign of relenting, no symptoms of clearing up. The new clock, recently affixed to the Sandpoint Town Hall was striking the main pillar of town. The population of Sandpoint might all have been dead and buried, for any sign of life Independence street showed. Doors and windows were all closed in a melancholy way—a stray, dragged dog the only living creature to be seen.

"Or stay—no! there was a girl beside the dog, almost as dragged as her four-footed companion. A girl of eighteen, perhaps, who walked along through rain and discomfort, without as much as an umbrella to protect her. She had come out of one of the ugliest of the ugly buildings nearest the sea, and walked along in a slipshod sort of way, never turning to the right or left to avoid an unusually deep puddle. She plunged right on through it all—a dark, snail-looking girl in a shabby black dress, a red and black tartan shawl, an old black felt hat with dingy red flowers, long past being spoilt by rain or wind.

And yet she was a pretty girl too—a very pretty girl. Take the Venus Celestis, plump her down in a muddy road in a rainstorm, dress her in draggled black alpaca, a faded hawl, and shocking bad hat, and what can you say for your goddess but that she isn't a bad-looking young woman! Miss Edith Darrell labored under all these disadvantages at present. More—she looks sulky and sour; it is evident her personal appearance has troubled her very little this dismal March morning. And yet as you look at her, at those big black sombre eyes, at those almost classically regular features, at that untidy abundance of blackish-brown hair, you think involuntarily, "what a pretty girl that might be if she only combed her hair, put on a clean dress, and wasn't in bad temper!"

She is tall, she is slender—there is a supple grace about her even now—she has shapely feet and hands. She is a brunette of the creamy velvet, just touched on either ripe cheek with a peach-like glow, and with lips like cherries. You know, without seeing her laugh, that she has very white teeth. She is in no way inclined to show her white teeth laughingly this morning. She goes steadily along to her destination—one of the "stores" where groceries and provisions are sold. The storekeeper smilingly accosts her with a brisk "Good-morning, Miss Darrell! Who'd have thought of seeing you out this nasty weather! Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"If you couldn't do anything for me, Mr. Webster," answers Miss Darrell, in no very conciliatory tone, "it isn't likely you'd see me in your shop this morning. Give me one pound of tea, one pound of coffee, three pounds of brown sugar, and a quarter of starch. Put them in this basket, and I'll call for them when I'm going home."

She goes out again into the rain, and makes her way to an emporium where dry-goods, boots and shoes, millinery and crockery are for sale. A sandy-haired young man, with a sandy mustache and a tendency to blushes, springs forward at sight of her, as though galvanised, reddening to the fiord roots of his hair.

"Miss Darrell?" he cries, in a sort of rapture. "Who'd a thought it? So early in the morning, and without an umbrella! How's your pa and ma, and all the children?" "My pa and ma, and all the children are well, of course," the young lady answers, impatiently, as though it were out of the nature of things for anything to ail her family. "Mr. Doolittle, I want six yards of crash for kitchen towels, three pairs of shoes for the children, and two yards and a half of stone coloured ribbon for Mrs. Darrell's drabbonnet. And be quick!"

The blushes and emotions of young Mr. Doolittle, it was quite evident, were entirely thrown away upon Miss Darrell. "Not at home to lovers," was plainly written on her moody brow and impatient lips. So Mr. Doolittle produced the crash and cut off the six yards, the three pairs of shoes were picked out, and the stoniest of the stone colours chosen, the parcel tied up and paid for.

"We didn't see you up to Squire Whipple's surprise party last night, Miss Edith," Mr. Doolittle timidly ventured, with a strong "Down East" accent. "We had a bumpy supper, and a rale good time."

"No, you didn't see me, Mr. Doolittle, and I don't think you are likely to in a hurry, either. The deadly liveliness of Sandpoint, and its beastly weather, are about on a par—the parties, if anything, the most dismal of the three."

With which the young lady went out with a cool parting nod. There was one more errand to go—this one for herself. It was to the post office, and even the old postmaster lit up into a smile of welcome at the sight of his visitor. It was evident that, when in good temper, Miss Darrell must be rather a favourite in the neighbourhood.

"Letters for you? Well, yes, Miss Edie, I think there is. What's this? Miss Edith S. Darrell, Sandpoint, Mass. That's for you and from New York again, I see. All I hope none o'them Yorkshops will be coming down here to carry away the best-looking gal in town."

He handed her the letter. For a moment, her dark face lit up with an eager flush; she took the letter it fell. It was superscribed in a girl's spidery tracery, sealed with blue wax, and a sentimental French seal and motto.

"From Trixy," she said, under her breath; and I felt sure there would be one from—Are you sure this is all, Mr. Merriweather? I expected another."

"Sure and certain, Miss Edie. Sorry to disappoint you, but that's all. Never mind my dear—he'll write you next mail."

She turned shortly away, putting the letter in her pocket. Her face relaxed again into what seemed its habitual look of gloom and discontent.

"He's like all the rest of the world," she thought, bitterly, "out of sight, out of mind. I was a fool to think he would remember me long. I only wonder Beatrix takes the trouble of writing to this dead-and-alive place. One thing is very certain she won't do it very long."

She returned for her parcels, and set out for her wet return walk home. Mr. Doolittle volunteered to escort her thither, but she made short work of him. Through the rain through the slop, wet, cold, comfortless, the girl left the ugly town behind her, and came out on the lonely road that led along to the sea. Five minutes more, brought her in sight of her home—a forlorn house, standing bleak and large on a cliff. One path led to it—another to the sands below. At the point where she must turn either way, Miss Darrell stood still and looked moodily up at this house.

"If I go there," she muttered, "she'll set me to hem the towels, or trim the bonnet, or make a pudding for dinner. It's w-a-h day, and I know what that means in our house. I won't go—it's b-ter out in the rain; the towels and the drab bonnet may go on a diabie, and my blessed stepmother with them, if it comes to that."

She turned sharply and took the path to the right. Half way down she came to a sort of projection in the cliff, partly sheltered

from the rain by a clump of spruce trees. Seating herself on this, with the grey sea sending its flying spray almost up in her face, she drew forth her letter, broke the seal, and read:

"NEW YORK, March 13, 18— "DEAREST DITTY—Just half an hour ago I came home from a splendid ball, the most ray of all its brilliance fades from my frivolous mind, let me sit down and tell you about it if I can."

The ball was held at the De Rooyter House, up the avenue, in honor of their distinguished English guests, Lady Helena Powys, of Powys Place, Cheshire, and Sir Victor Catherine, of Catherine Royals, Cheshire. How grand the titles sound! My very pen expands as it writes those patrician names. Lady Helena, Oh, Ditty! how delicious it must be to be "My Lady!"

"What did I wear you ask? Well, my dear, I wore a lovely trained green silk—green light green, you know, under white tulle, all looped up with trailing sprays of lily of the valley and grasses—ditto, ditto, in my hair, and just one pink half-blown rose. A trying costume, you say? Yes, I know it, but you see, the only beauty poor Trixy can claim is a tolerable pink and white complexion, and a decent head of light brown hair. So I carried it off—everyone says I really look very best, and—don't set this down to vanity, dear—the gentlemen's eyes endorsed it. I danced all night, and here is where the capture comes in, three times with the baronet. I can't say much for his waltzing, but he's delightful, Ditty—charming. Could a baronet be anything else? He talks with that delightful English accent, which it is impossible to imitate or describe—he is very young, about three-and-twenty, I should judge, and really (in that blonde English way) very handsome. His hair is very light—he has large, lovely, short-bitted blue eyes, and wears an eye-glass. Now, I think an eye-glass is distinguished looking in itself, and it is *haut ton* to be short-sighted. Why are they in New York do I hear you say? Lady Helena was recommended a sea voyage for her health, and her nephew accompanied her. Lady Helena is not young nor beautiful, as you might imagine, but a fair, fat, and sixty I should say, British matron. She is the daughter of the late Marquis of St. Alban's and a widow, her husband having died some time ago. And they are immensely rich. Immensely Ditty! Capitals can't do justice to it. And of course all the young ladies last night were making a dead set at the young baronet. Oh, Ditty—child, if he should only fall in love with me—with me, and make me Lady Catherine, I believe I should just die of pure ecstasy (is that word I spelled right?) Like Lord Burleigh's bride in the story fancy yourself reading in the papers:

"On the—th inst by the Rev. Bishop Blank, assisted by etc, etc, at the residence of the bride's father, Sir Victor Catherine, Baronet, of Catherine Royals, Cheshire, England, to Beatrix Marie Stuart, only daughter of James Stuart, Esq., banker, of Fifth Avenue, New York. No Cards."

"Ditty, think of it! It makes my brain swim, and stranger things have happened. My twentieth birthday comes next week, and my parents give me a large party, and Lady H, and Sir V, are coming. I am to wear a pink silk with trimming of real point, and to get home a set of pearls from Tiffany's jewelry store, for which he gave \$1,000. If the rose silk and pearls fail to finish him, then there is another project on the carpet. It is this, Lady H, and Sir V, to go home the first week of May, and we are going with them in the same ship. I say we—pa, ma, Charles, and me. Won't it be lovely? If you were coming, you might write a book about our laps and mishaps. I think they will equal the 'Dodd Family Abroad.' Seriously, though, Edith dear, I wish you were coming with us. It's a burning shame that you should be bored alive down in that poky Sandpoint, with your cleverness, and your accomplishments and good looks, and everything. If I marry the baronet, Ditty, I shall take you with me to England, and you shall live happy for ever after."

"I set out to tell you of the De Rooyter ball, and see how I run on. All New York was there—the crush was awful, the music excellent, the supper—heavenly! Sir Victor likes us Americans so much; but then, who could help liking us! Oh, it has been a charming winter—parties somewhere every night. Nilsson singing for us, some sleighing, and skating to no end. I have had the loveliest skating costume, of violet velvet satin and ermine—words can't do it justice. 'Hark! A clock down-stairs strikes five and, 'Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking' over the deserted city streets. As Lady Macbeth says, 'To bed—to bed! With endless love, and endless kisses, ever thine own'

"BEATRIX." She finished the letter—it dropped upon her lap, and her large, dark eyes looked blankly out over the cold, gray, rain-beaten sea. This was the life she longed for, prayed for, dreamed of—the life for which she would have sold half the years of her life. The ball, the opera, the rose silk and pearls, the booths and merry-go rounds of Vanity Fair. She shivered for them as the blind thirist for sight. She longed for the "dainty velvet and light," the dainty dishes, the violet velvet and ermine, with a longing no words can paint. She had youth and beauty; she would have suited the life as the life suited her. Nature had made her for it, and Fate had planted her here in the dreariest of all dreary sea-coast towns.

The rain beat upon her uncovered head, the cold wind blew in her face—she felt neither. Her heart was full of tumult, revolt, bitterness untold.

Beatrix Stuart's father had been her dead mother's cousin. Why was Beatrix chosen among the elect of Mammon, and Edith left to drag out "life among the lowly"? She sat there while the moments wore on, the letter crushed in her lap, her lips set in a line of dull pain. The glory of the world, the fleecy-pets of Egypt, the purple and fine lines of life, her heart craved with an exceeding great longing, and all life had given her was hideous poverty, grog errands in shabby hats and her stepmother's rubbers through rain and mud, and being waited upon by such men as Sam Doolittle. She looked with eyes full of passionate despair at the dark stormy sea.

"If I only had courage," she said, between her set teeth, "to jump in there and make an end of it. I will some day—or I'll run away. I don't much care what becomes of me. Nothing can be worse than that sort of life—nothing."

She looked dangerous as she thought it—dangerous to herself and others—and ready for any desperate deed. So absorbed was she in her own gloomy thoughts, as she sat there, that she never heard a footstep descending the rocky path behind her. Suddenly two gloved hands were clasped over her eyes, and a mellow masculine voice, sang a verse of an appropriate song:

"Break, break, break, If I could get my tongue out under the right, Half way down she came to a sort of projection in the cliff, partly sheltered

"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

thoughts that arise in me, concerning young people who sit perched on rocks in the rain. Is it your favourite amusement, may I ask, to sit there and hear and be talked to? And are there no lunatic asylums in Sandy-land, that they allow such people as you to go at large?"

"She sprang to her feet and confronted him, her breath caught, her eyes dilated. "Oh!" she cried in a breathless sort of way, "it is Charley!"

She held out both hands, the whole expression of her face changed—her eyes like stars.

"Charley, Miss Darrell, and if it had been the man in the moon you could hardly look at me. Now, if I may venture a conundrum how long it is since you lost your senses, or had any idea of the weather, to get present beasty dressed to the skin?"

He was holding both her hands, and looked at her as he spoke—a young man of some five-and-twenty, with grey eyes and chestnut hair, well-looking and well-dressed, and with that indescribable air of ease and fashion which belongs to the "golden youth" of New York.

"You don't say you're glad to see me, Ditty, and you do look unconquered blank. Will you end my agonising suspense on this point, Miss Darrell, by saying it now, and giving me a sociable kiss?"

He made as though he would take it, but Edith drew back, laughing and blushing.

"I know what Gretchen says to Faust: 'Love me as much as you like, but no kissing that is vulgar.' I agree with Gretchen—'tis vulgar. Oh, Mr. Stuart, what a surprise to me! I have just been reading a letter from your sister, and she doesn't say a word of your coming."

For the excellent reason that she knew nothing about it when the letter was written. Let me look at you, Edith. What have you been doing to yourself since I left, that you should fall away to a shadow in this manner? But perhaps your falling is the natural and inevitable result of my leaving?"

"No doubt. Life would naturally be insupportable without you. Whatever I may have lost, Mr. Stuart, it is quite evident you have not lost the most striking trait in your character—your self-conceit."

"No, the young man answered; "my virtues are as lasting as they are numerous. May I ask, how it is that I have suddenly become 'Mr. Stuart,' when it has been 'Charley' and 'dear Cousin Charley' for the past two years?"

Miss Darrell laughed a little and blushed a little again, showing very white teeth and a lovely color.

"I have been reading Trixy's letter, and it fills me with an awful respect for you and all the Stuart family. How could I presume to address as plain Charley any one so fortunate as the best friend of a baronet?"

"Ah," Mr. Stuart remarked, placidly; "Trixy's been giving you a quarter quire of sheets of that, has she? You really went through that poor child's interminable epistles, do you? I hardly know which to admire most, the genius that can write twenty pages of nothing—or the patience which reads it, word for word. This one is Sir Victor from date to signature, I'll swear. Well, yes, Miss Darrell, I know the baronet, and he's a very heavy swell and a blue diamond of the first water. Talk of pedigree—there's a pedigree, if you like. A Catherine, of Catherine, was hand and glove with Alfred the Great. He's a very lucky young fellow, and, by the gods should have singled him out as the recipient of their favors, and left me in the cold, is a problem I can't solve. He's a baronet, he has more thousands a year, and more houses in more counties than you, with your limited knowledge of arithmetic, could count. He has a fair complexion, a melancholy contrast on that point to you, my poor Edith; he has incipient pale, yellow whiskers; he has an English accent, and he goes through life mostly in a suit of Oxford mixture and a round felt hat. He's a very fine fellow, and I approve of him. Need I say more?"

"More would be superfluous. If you approve of him, my lord, all is said in that. And Lady Helena?"

"Lady Helena is a ponderous and venerable matron, in black silks, Chantilly lace, and marabout feathers, who would weigh down sixteen of you and me, and who worships the ground her nephew walks on. She is the daughter of a marquis, and a peeress in her own right. Think of that, you poor, little, half-civilized Yankee girl, and blush to remember you never had an ancestor. But why do I waste my breath and time in these details, when Trixy has narrated them already by the cubic foot? Miss Darrell, you may be a maid or a kelpie—that sort of a young person does exist, I believe, in a perpetual shower bath, but I regret to inform you I am mortal—very mortal—subject to melancholy colds in the head, and depressing attacks of influenza. At the present moment, my patent leather boots are leaking at every pore, the garments I wear beneath this grey overcoat are saturated, and little rills of rain water are trickling down the small of my back. You nursed me through one prolonged siege of fever and freezing—unless you are especially desirous of nursing me through another, perhaps we had better get out of this. I merely throw out the suggestion—it's matter of indifference to me."

Edith laughed and turned to go.

"And it is by no means a matter of indifference to me, I move an adjournment to the house. No, thank you, I don't want your arm. This isn't the fashionable side of Broadway, at four o'clock of a summer afternoon. I talk of it as though I had been there—I who never was further than Boston in my life, and who, judging from present appearances, never will."

"Then," said Mr. Stuart, "it's very rash and premature to judge by present appearances, my errand here being to—Miss Darrell, doesn't it strike you to enquire what my errand here may be?"

"Shooting," Miss Darrell said, promptly.

"Shooting," in March. Good heavens, no!"

"Fishing, then."

"Fishing is a delightful recreation in a rippling brook, on a hot August day, but in this month, and in this weather! For a Massachusetts young lady, Ditty, I must say your guessing education has been shamefully neglected. No, I have come for something better than either fishing or shooting—I have come for you."

"Charley!"

"I've got her note somewhere," said Charley, feeling in his pockets as they walked along, "if it hasn't melted away in the rain. No, here it is. Did Trixy, by any chance, allude to a projected tour of the governor's and the maternal's to Europe?"

"Yes, her eyes were fixed eagerly on his face, her lips apart, and breathless. "Oh, Charley, what do you mean?"

In the intensity of her emotions she forgot to be formal, and becomes natural and cousinly once more.

"Ah! I am Charley again. Here is the note. As it is your youthful and refreshing custom to read your letters in the rain, I need

hardly urge you to open and peruse this one."

Hardly! She tore it open, and ran over it with kindling cheeks and fast throbbing heart.

"My dear Edith: Mr. Stuart and myself, Charles and Beatrice, propose visiting Europe in May. From my son I learn that you are in the French and German languages, and would be invaluable to us on the journey, besides the pleasure your society will afford us all. If you think six hundred dollars per annum sufficient recompense for your services and all your expenses paid, we shall be glad to have you return (under proper female charge) with Charley. I trust this will prove acceptable to you, and that your papa will allow you to come. The advantages of foreign travel will be of inestimable benefit to a young lady so thoroughly educated and talented as yourself. Beatrice bids me add she will never forgive you if you do not come."

"With kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Darrell, I remain, my dear Edith, "Very sincerely yours, "CHARLOTTE STUART."

She had come to a standstill in the middle of the muddy road, while in a rapture she de-voured this. Now she looked up, her face transfigured, absolutely glorified. Go to Europe! France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland! Live in the radiant upper world of her dreams! She turned to Charley, and to the unutterable surprise of that young gentleman, flung her arms around him, and gave him a frantic hug.

"Charley! Charley! Oh, Charley!" was all she could cry.

Mr. Stuart returned the impulsive embrace with a promptitude and warmth that did him credit.

"I never knew a letter of my mother's to have such a pleasant effect before. How delightful it must be to the postman. It is, yes, then, Edith!"

"Oh, Charley! as it could be anything else? I owe this to you—I know I do. How shall I ever thank you?"

"By a repetition of your little performance. You won't? Well, as your step-mother is looking at us out of the window, with a face of verjuice, perhaps it is just as well. You're sure the dear old dad won't say no?"

"Poor papa!" her radiant face clouded a little, "he will miss me, but no—he couldn't refuse me anything if he tried—least of all this. Charley, I do thank you—dear, best cousin that ever was—with all my heart!"

She held out both hands, her heart full and brimming over in her black eyes. For once in his life Charley Stuart forgot to be fippant and cynical. He held the hands gently, and he looked half-laughingly, half-compassionately, into the flushed earnest face.

"You poor child!" he said; "and you think the world outside this sea, and these sandhills, is all sunshine and rose-colour. Well, think so—it's a harmless delusion, and one that won't last. And whatever betides," he said this earnestly, "whatever this new life brings, you'll never blame me, Edith, for having taken you away from the old one?"

"Never!" she answered. And she kept her word. In all the sadness—the shame, the pain of the after-time, she would never have gone back if she could—she never blamed him.

They walked on in silence. They were at the door of the ugly black house which Edith Darrell for eighteen years had gone home, but which she never was to call home more.

You would hardly have known her—so bright, so beautiful in a moment had Hope made her so beautiful in her lips, her eyes like dark diamonds. For Charley, he watched her as he might some interesting natural curiosity.

"When am I to be ready?" she asked him, softly, at the door.

"The sooner the better," he answered. Then she opened it and went in.

CHAPTER II.
A NIGHT IN THE SNOW.

One snowy February night, just two years before, Edith Darrell and Charles Stuart had met for the first time—met in a very odd and romantic way.

Before relating that peculiar first meeting, let me premise that Edith Darrell's mother had been born a Miss Eleanor Stuart, the daughter of a rich New York merchant, who had fallen in love at an early period of her career with her father's handsome book-keeper, Frederic Darrell, had eloped with him, and been cast off by her own family from thenceforth, for ever. Ten years' hard battling with poverty and ill-health had followed, and then one day she kissed her husband and little daughter for the last time, and drifted wearily out of the strife. Of course Mr. Darrell, soon after, married again for the sake of having some one to look after his house and little Edith as much as anything else.

Mrs. Darrell No. 2 was in every respect the exact contrast of Mrs. Darrell No. 1. She was a brisk little woman, with soaping black eyes and a sharp nose, a complexion of saffron, and tongue like a carving-knife. Frederic Darrell was by nature a feeble, helpless sort of man, but she galvanized him into a spasmodic sort of life. He was master of three living languages and supported your family by your hands. There are plenty young men in the world ready to learn French and German, Greek and Latin, if you can learn them at a reasonable rate. Advertisers for these young men, and I'll board them when they come."

He obeyed, the ladies proved a good one, the young man came, Mrs. Darrell boarded and lodged them, Mr. Darrell coached them in classics and languages. Edith shot up like a hop vine. Five more little Darrells were added in the fullness of time, and the old proverb, that not all the mathematics he knew could ever solve, how to make both ends meet, seemed as knotty as ever. For his daughter he felt it most of all. The five great noisy boys who called Mrs. Darrell "ma," he looked at through his spectacles in fear and trembling. His handsome daughter he loved with his whole heart. Her dead mother's relatives were among the plutocracy of New York, but even the memory of the dead Eleanor seemed to have faded utterly out of their minds.

One raw February afternoon, two years before this March morning, Edith Darrell set out to walk from Millfield, a large manufacturing town, five miles from Sandypoint, home. She had been driven over in the morning by a neighbour, to buy a new dress; she had dined at noon with an acquaintance, and as the Millfield clock struck five, set out to walk home. She was a capital walker; she knew the road well; she had the garnet merino clasped close in her arms, a talisman against cold or weariness, and thinking how well she would look in it next Thursday at the party, she tripped blithely along. A keen wind blew, a dark drifting sky hung low over the black frozen earth, and before Miss Darrell had finished the first mile of her pilgrimage, the greatest feathery snow flakes began whistling down. She looked up in dismay—snow! She had not counted on that. Her way lay over hills and down valleys; the path was excellent, hard and beaten, but if it snowed—and a night was coming fast—and what should

she do? Prudence whispered, "Turn back;" youth's impatience and confidence in itself cried out, "Go on;" Edith went on.

It was as long as a five mile walk as it would be to take in an August noontide. Think what it must have been this stormy February evening. She was not entirely alone. "Don Caesar," the house-dog, a big English mastiff, trotted by her side. At long intervals, down by-paths and across fields, there were some half dozen habitations, between Millfield and Sandypoint—that was all.

Faster, faster came the whirling flakes; an out-and-out February snow storm had set in. Again should she turn back? She paused half a minute to debate the question. If she did there would be a sleepless night of terror for her nervous father at home. And she might be able to keep the path with the "Don's" aid. Personal fear she felt none; she was a thoroughly brave little woman, and there was a spice of adventure in braving the storm and going on. She shook back her clustering curls, tied her hood a little tighter, wrapped her cloak more closely about her, whistled cheerily to Don Caesar and went on.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'Fail,'" she said, gaily, patting the Don's shaggy head. "In front my brave fellow!" The Don understood English; he licked his mistress's hand and trotted contentedly before.

"As if I could lose the path with the Don," she thought; "what a goose I am. I shall make Mamma Darrell out my garnet merino, and begin it before I go to bed tonight."

She walked bravely on, whistling and talking to Don Caesar at intervals. Another mile was got over, and the night had shut down, white with whirling drifts. It was all she could do now, to make her way against the storm, and it grew worse every instant. Three miles of the five lay yet before her. Her heart began to fail her a little; the path was lost in the snow, and even the Don begins to be at fault. The drifting wilderness nearly blinded her, the deep snow was unutterably fatiguing. There was but one thing in her favor—the night, for February, was mild. She was all in a glow of warmth, but what if she should get lost and floundered about here until morning? And what would papa think of her absence?

She stopped short again. If she could see a light she would make for it, she thought, and take refuge from the night and storm. But through the white whirl no light was to be seen. Right or wrong, nothing remained but to go on.

Hark! what was that? She stopped once more—the Don pricked up his sagacious ears. A cry unmistakable—a cry of distress.

Again it came, to the left, faint and far off. Yes—no doubt about it, a cry for help. She did not hesitate a moment. Strangers, who had tried this hill path before now, had been found stark frozen next day.

"Find him, Don—find him, good fellow!" she said, and turned at once in the direction of the call.

"Coming!" she shouted, aloud. "Where are you? Call again."

"Here," came faintly over the snow. "Here to the left."

She shouted back a cheery answer. Once more came a faint reply—then all was still.

Suddenly the Don stopped. Impossible to tell where they were, but there, prostrate in a feather drift, lay the dark figure of a man. The girl bent down in the darkness and touched the cold face with her hand.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "How do you come to be lying here?"

There was just life enough left within him to enable him to answer faintly.

"I was on my way to Sandypoint—the night and storm overtook me. I missed the path and my footing; I slipped, and have broken my leg, I'm afraid. I heard you whistling to your dog and tried to call. I didn't dream it was a woman, and I am sorry I have brought you out of your way. Still as you are here, if you will tell them at the nearest house, and—" his voice died entirely away, in the sleepy cadence of a freezing man.

The nearest house!—where was the nearest house? Why, this poor fellow would freeze to death in half an hour if left to himself. Impossible to leave him. What should she do? She thought for a moment. Quick and bright of invention, she made up her mind what to do. She had in her pocket a little passbook and pencil. In the darkness she wrote, "Follow Don. Come at once." She pinned the note in the handkerchief—tied the handkerchief securely round the dog's neck, put her arms about him, and gave his black head a hug.

"Go home, Don, go home," she said, "and fetch papa here."

The large, half-human eyes looked up at her. She pushed him away with both hands and with a low growl of intelligence he set off. And in that sea of snow, lost in the night, Edith Darrell was alone with a freezing man.

In her saton, among her other purchases, she had several cents worth of matches for household consumption. With a girl's curiosity even in that hour to see what the man was like, she struck a match and looked at him. It flared through the white darkness a second or two, as white as the snow itself, his eyes closed, the lips set in silent pain. She saw a shaggy great coat, and fur cap, and—a gentleman, even in that briefest of brief glances.

"You mustn't go to sleep," she said, giving him a shake. "Do you hear me, sir? You mustn't go to sleep."

"Yes—mustn't I?" very drowsily.

"You'll freeze to death if you do. A second shake. "Oh, do you see up like a good fellow, and try to keep awake. I've sent my dog for help, and I mean to stay with you until he comes. Does your leg pain you much?"

"Not now. It did, but I—feel—sleepy, and—"

"I tell you, you mustn't!" She shook him so indignantly this time that he did rouse up. "Do you want to freeze to death? I tell you, sir, you must wake up and talk with me."

"Talk to you? I beg your pardon—it's awfully good of you to stay with me, but I can't allow it. You'll freeze yourself."

"No, I won't. I'm all right. It isn't freezing hard to-night, and if you hadn't broken your leg, you wouldn't freeze either. I wish I could do something for you. Let me rub your hands—it may help to keep you awake. And see, I'll wrap this round your feet to keep them out of the snow."

And then—what says that heroic self-sacrifice has gone out of fashion?—she unfurled the garnet merino and twisted its glowing folds around the boots of the fallen man.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he could just repeat. "If I am saved I shall owe my life to you. I think by your voice you are a young lady. Tell me your name?"

"Edith."

"A pretty name, and a sweet voice. Suppose you rub my other hand? How delightful warm your arms are! I begin to feel better already. If you don't freeze to death, I shouldn't much mind how long this sort of thing goes on. If we do, they'll find us, like

the babes in the wood, under the snow-drifts to-morrow."

Miss Darrell listened to all this, uttered in the sleepiest, gentlest of tones, her brown eyes wide open. What manner of young man was this who paid compliments while freezing with a broken leg? It was quite a new experience to her and amused her. It was an adventure, and excited all the romance dormant in her nature.

"You're a stranger hereabouts?" she suggested.

"Yes a stranger to my cost, and a very fool-hardy one, or I should never have attempted to find Sandypoint in this confounded storm. Edith—you'll excuse my calling you so, my name is Charley—wouldn't it be better if you had left me here and gone for some one? I'm dreadfully afraid you'll get your death."

His solicitude for her, in his own danger and pain, quite touched Miss Edith. She bent over him with maternal tenderness.

There is no fear for me, I feel perfectly warm, as I told you, and can easily keep myself so. And if you think I could leave you, or any one else with a broken leg, to die, you mistake me greatly, that is all. I will stay with you if it be till morning."

He gave one of her hands a feebly grateful squeeze. It was a last effort. His numbed and broken limb gave a horrible twinge, there was a faint gasp, and then this young man fainted quietly away.

She bent above him in despair. A great fear filled her—he was dead, this stranger in whom she was interested already? She lifted his head on her lap, she chafed his face and hands in an agony of pity and terror.

"Charley!" she called, with something like a sob. "O Charley, don't die! Wake up—speak to me."

But cold and white as the snow itself, Charley lay dumb and unresponsive.

And so an hour wore on.

What an hour it was—more like an eternity. In all her after-life—its pride and its glory, its downfall and disgrace, that night remained vividly in her memory.

She woke many and many a night starting up in her warm bed, from some startling dream that she was back, lost in the snow, with Charley lying lifeless in her lap.

But help was at hand. It was close upon nine o'clock, when through the deadly white silence, the sound of voices came, when over the cold glitter of the winter night, the red light of lanterns flared. Don Caesar came plunging headlong through the drifts to his little mistress's side, with loud and joyful barking, licking her face, her hands, her feet. They were saved.

(To be Continued.)

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A man walks three miles an hour.
A horse trots seven.
Steamboats run eighteen.
Sailing vessels make ten.
Slow rivers flow four.
Rapid rivers flow seven.
Storms move thirty six.
Hurricanes eighty.
A rifle ball, one thousand miles a minute.
Sound, eleven hundred and forty-three.
Light, one hundred and ninety thousand.
Electricity, two hundred and eighty thousand.
A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and sixty-six pounds.
A barrel of pork two hundred.
A barrel of powder twenty-five.
A firkin of butter fifty-five.
A tub of butter eighty-four.
Average of life thirty one year.
Wheat beans and clover seed, sixty pounds to the bushel.
Corn, rye and flax seed, fifty-six.
Buckwheat, fifty-two.
A barrel of rice, six hundred.
Barley, forty-eight.
Oats, thirty-five.
Course sail, eighty-five.
Sixty drops make a teaspoonful.
Three teaspoonfuls, a tablespoonful, one-third of an ounce.
Four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards, make an acre.
A square mile, six hundred and forty acres.
To measure an acre: Two hundred and nine feet on each side, making a square acre within an inch.
There are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages.
One person dies at each pulsation of the heart.

SCOTCH NEWS.

At Kirkcaldy jail, Liverpool, on 31st May, Joseph McIntee was executed for the murder of his wife on 14th April. Marwood was the executioner.

With the beginning of June there will be over 30 boats plying on the Clyde and Forth, a fleet unequalled on any other river in Great Britain.

On 20th May two soldiers, named William Low and Robert Brown, belonging to the 56th Brigade Depot, were drowned while bathing at Aberdeen.

Cardinal Manning was present at a temperance demonstration at Greenock on 1st June, and delivered an address on the evils of drunkenness, denouncing the habit as a pestilence and a plague on the face of the land.

During the past month 28 vessels of an aggregate of about 36,500 tons were launched on the Clyde. Last month the returns amounted to 30,000 tons, while since 1874 the largest figure for May has been 21,500 in 1876.

Mr. Fraser MacIntosh has placed on the paper of the House of Commons notice of his intention, on an early day, to call attention to the state of the cottier population in the Highlands of Scotland, and to move resolutions.

It was agreed at a meeting of the Glasgow Wine, Spirit and Beer Trade, to give pecuniary assistance to the spirit dealers of Grangemouth in their contest with Lord Zetland, in order to obtain a final decision in the House of Lords.

The new wing added to the Western Infirmary at a cost of about £40,000, bequeathed by the late Mr. John Freeland, of Nice, was publicly opened on Wednesday by Lord Provost Ure. The additional wing contains 200 beds, which just doubles the accommodation of the Infirmary.

The land reform movement has spread from Ireland to Scotland, and as expected it would Mr. Fraser MacIntosh, M. P., intends to urge that the clause in the Irish Land Bill dealing with evictions should be made applicable to all tenants in Scotland whose rental is less than £20.

A violent thunderstorm passed over various parts of the country on 28th May. At Newton Colliery, near Cambuslang, a miner named James McGhee and two of his children were struck by lightning while sitting in the house. The men survived only a few minutes, but it is expected that the children will recover.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Lieut.-Governor Cauchon, of Manitoba, has contributed \$100 to the Quebec Relief Fund.

The demand for horses for exportation to the United States continues good.

A London cable announces the death of Dr. Darrell, Roman Catholic Bishop of South-west.

"You're a stranger hereabouts?" she suggested.

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TEARS.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Tears that trickle down her eyes,
They do not fall to earth and dry;
And like angels to the skies,
And like angels cannot die,
For out our lives mortality
Flows through each tear—sounding, each sigh.

What waves of tears surge o'er the deep
Of sorrow in our restless souls!
And they are strong, not weak, who weep
These drops, from out the sea that rolls
Within their hearts forever more;
Without a drop—without a sigh!

But ah, the tears that are not wept—
The tears that never outward fall—
The tears that grieve, for years are kept
Within us—they are best of all—
The tears our eyes will never know,
Are deeper than the tears that flow.

Each night, upon earth's flowers below,
The dew comes down from dark skies,
For out our lives mortality
Flows through each tear—sounding, each sigh.
Go up, like dew, to Paradise;
To keep in bloom and make more fair
The flowers of crowns we've set shall wear.

For ah! the rarest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears
That flow, when bending lowly to the rod
And fill the tide of our past years.
On laughter's billows hearts are tossed—
On waves of tears no heart is lost.

Flow on, ye tears! and bear me home!
Flow on, ye tears, that are but foam,
Of deeper waters that will not flow!
A little while—I reach the shore
Where tears flow not—for ever more.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"The first time a Yankee oyster went down my throat," exclaimed Lord Beaconsfield, "I felt just as if I had swallowed the Declaration of Independence."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fox whose boots were more polished than his mind. "Why, because he sees another puppy in your boots," said a by-stander.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," said the young lady, "you'll grow."

Miss Nonnaint: "What a charming love of a cup marked 'Tom and Jerry.' Genuinely your of me of majolica. 'Yes, we sell a large number of them.' Miss N.: 'But haven't you got some marked Clifford and Alford, or Bertie and Georgie?'"

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take a cup of tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am? she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That was all she said."

Some philanthropist sent a Bible to a Milwaukee editor in hopes of doing him some good, and he thought it was a new publication, and wrote a review of it in which he said the production was a failure. It was intended for a novel it lacked plot, and if for history it was full of improbable incidents. He couldn't recommend it.

They had been at a masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" "Oh! no," she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

PROPAGATING THE FAITH IN AFRICA.

Providence has so arranged events during this century that civilization bestows and blockades the dark continent and the Church is plugging it. Mgr. Lavignerie, the zealous Archbishop of Algiers and the Apostolic Delegate in charge of the missions of Central Africa, develops this thought very forcibly in a report which he made not long since. He places a map of Africa before us and points to France occupying Algiers and Senegal, piracy driven from Tunis and Tripoli. Egypt opened her ports to the commerce of the world, America finding a standing place in Liberia, England at the Cape, Holland in the Transvaal and the Orange Republic, and the whole coast from Natal to the Red Sea open to the world by late treaties with England. The mission of the Church is entrusted to pacific legions, who have also mapped out this wonderful continent. The sons of St. Francis are in Tunis. The Fathers of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Jesus are in Zanzibar, Congo, Senegal and Soudan. The African Missionaries of Lyons are laboring in the deadly atmosphere and on the hostile coasts of Dahomey, Guinea and the Gold Coast. Missionaries from Verona evangelize the provinces south of Egypt. The Jesuits are in Madagascar and Kambuzi. The Oblates are in Natal. The Irish Trappists have established a new Dumbury in South Africa, and all through the English Colonies there are zealous priests of Irish and English descent. Portuguese Missionaries are in Benguela, Spanish priests in Morocco, and Frenchmen in Algiers. "In a word," says Mgr. Lavignerie, "no point of the three shores washed by the Atlantic, the Mediterranean or the Indian Ocean has escaped this immense siege, which the divine mercy seems to prepare to put an end to the malediction of the poor race of Ham. We cannot doubt, in view of all these signs, that we are assisting at one of those great events by which Providence changes the face of nations." To complete this work the Church is now engaged in penetrating to the interior of the Continent, and on its plans there Mgr. Lavignerie promises an elaborate and interesting report.

A little grand-daughter of Mrs. Chamberlain, of Ottawa, has come into the possession of an historical gem. It is a gold token which Mary Queen of Scots gave to Sir Andrew Melville as she ascended the scaffold. The little girl is named after Sir Andrew Melville, her ancestor.

The condition of Ireland is sad indeed, but even in "Merrill's" Eu, and the lot of vast numbers of the people is far from enviable. Statistics of pauperism for the past year show that in a population of 22,700,000 there were 803,518 paupers, of whom 195,286 were indoor and 614,232 were out-door paupers, with exactly and only 177 of the total number classed as "relieved." Think of it! nearly one million paupers in England out of twenty-three millions of people! No wonder its people emigrate to the colonies and to the United States. The trouble with kingly governments is that they legislate for the benefit of the rich and aristocratic classes while the common people are ground to powder. In the United States there is so much and such cheap land, and so many chances to earn a living, that the paupers consist almost entirely of those who are crippled persons, the most of whom have come from foreign lands and who are the fruits of foreign misgovernment.—New Haven Register.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For June, 1881.
THURSDAY, 23.—Octave of Corpus Christi.
Vigil of St. John Baptist.
FRIDAY, 24.—Nativity of St. John Baptist.
SATURDAY, 25.—St. William, Abbot.
SUNDAY, 26.—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
SS. John and Paul, Martyrs. Less.
Ecclesi. xlv. 10-15; Gosp. Luke xii. 1-8;
Last Gosp. Luke xv. 1-10.
MONDAY, 27.—Sacred Heart of Jesus (June 24).

THE CENSUS RETURNS are not yet published, but from information that has leaked out it is learned that, notwithstanding the exodus, Canada will have gained a million in population since 1871.

AFTER a lengthened session of the Ontario Medical Council, at Toronto, the plucked students who complained of Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston, anatomical examiner, requested permission to withdraw their charges. The result of the discussion was a full and complete vindication, not only of Dr. Sullivan's ability, but of his thorough honesty of purpose.

WE beg to inform the subscribers both to THE POST and TRUE WITNESS that we are now making an effort to improve both papers to such an extent as will involve a heavy expenditure. We have engaged the famous James Redpath as our Irish correspondent, and we are negotiating with an Irish M. P. to act as our correspondent in London in order to have the Irish side of the great struggle presented to our readers. We trust that our subscribers will in turn appreciate our efforts to give them the worth of their money and show such appreciation by promptly and cheerfully paying up their subscriptions, accounts for which have been sent out this week.

THE London Times and its imitators suggest that the best way to cure the resistance to evictions in Ireland would be for once to allow the mob to assemble, and then to make an example of them with musketry, something like Brigadier-General Napoleon's Whiff of Grape-shot. It says in effect that a few hundred of the people should be slaughtered, and then when all is quiet a little justice might be meted out. Singularly enough the same panacea was recommended for the Boers by the Times and Telegraph this time last year. "First," said they, "show them the majesty of Britain, and then fling them some kind of a government." This advice was acted upon, and the result is known; the majesty of Britain went down in the dust of South Africa.

FOR the hundredth and first time we are cabled that the power of the Land League is waning. It used to be that Mr. Parnell had broken the Irish party into pieces by his obstreperous conduct, or that the Pope had severely condemned the Land agitation, but now it is that the Land League has collapsed. And this too in the face of the fact that the Orangemen of the North have joined the ranks in large numbers and cheer for Davitt instead of King William. It is as hard as it is disagreeable for English correspondents to tell the truth about Ireland. For a whole week we heard little through the cable except the movements of an army in the direction of Quinlan's castle, and now we discover by the mail that the famous fortalice is nothing but a heap of ruins, whose only defenders were the owls and the bats, except one old crazy woman who had taken up her abode there and shook her crutch at the Guards who came to disturb her.

THE quarrel between France and Italy is becoming very serious and bitter. If Italy felt that she could cope with France in the field, she would no doubt have made the seizure of Tunis a casus belli, but she was wise enough to realize that as between France and herself she would have little chance. Italy has been fortunate in seizing opportunities for purposes of unification, but she has never dared to contend single-handed against one of the great powers. She got roughly handled by land and by sea in her contest with Austria in 1866, though that power was then engaged in her short, terrific struggle with Prussia, but nevertheless she obtained Venetia as a reward for her alliance, just as seven years before she obtained Lombardy by French assistance. She would certainly at-

taek France to-morrow if she saw her in difficulties, and she will keep Tunis in her gizzard for a long time to come. It was all the same imprudent of France to offend Italy so deeply; the hatred of a growing nation is hardly compensated for by the possession of Tunis, especially when it is considered that before long she may be engaged in a death struggle with Germany for the recovery of what is infinitely dearer to her than an African Province. Still French statesmen are not fools, and it may be that France may some day cede Tunis to Italy as the price of her assistance against Germany. Whatever understanding may exist between the French and Italian Governments, the riots at Marseilles show the hatred between the nationalities, though it does seem somewhat odd that the Italians of that city should not be able to exercise more self-restraint, seeing that they are enjoying the hospitality of France, and that after all Tunis has not belonged to Italy since the time of Belisarius.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was held in Kingston this week. The Reverend Mr. Chiniquy turned up on the platform, for that great man is now a Presbyterian luminary and believes in John Calvin almost as firmly as he does in good living and easy circumstances. He referred to his Australian mission, but he overlooked that part of it wherein he told the guileless people of the antipodes that his preaching had caused the Cathedral of Notre Dame to be deserted, for, master of theological statistics and all as he is, he could hardly reconcile the assertion with that of another reverend gentleman who put down the number of French Canadian Protestants as a few thousands. Mr. Chiniquy's excuse for preferring to operate in the United States to Canada was very lame; his anxiety to save their precious souls will not hold water with any one who has read Mr. Court's pamphlet and remembers that the Evangelization clique, Mr. Chiniquy at the head, were far more anxious to save money. Indeed the missionary business is altogether a money making stock company, set in motion to afford a living, without hard work, to several clerical young gentlemen and colporteurs. We have often asked, and we ask again, why it is those missionaries do not go among the heathen, for surely they will acknowledge the French Canadians are at least Christians. Is it because their precious lives would be endangered or that they could not bring their wives along, and the creature comforts of which they are so proverbially fond. Missionaries, indeed!

The terrible nineteenth of June has come and has gone, and the earth swings as smoothly on its axis as before. Even Professor Glimmer, if he has not committed suicide, is still alive, though perhaps disgusted at the non-fulfillment of his grim prophecy. Now that we feel pretty safe after the conjunction of the planets, it were useless to deny that a good many ignorant people, who are prone to believe in Mother Shipton and her commentators, were a good deal frightened during the hours that elapsed from Saturday at midnight until three o'clock on Sunday morning, and we can almost excuse the terror of Ottawa's enlightened citizens when they felt a shock of earthquake half an hour before the time when the world was to go into smash. It is a positive fact that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ordinarily sensible people, especially females, living in this good city of Montreal, refused to go to bed on Saturday night, lest they should be caught napping, until the dreaded hour passed by, and that consequently breakfast was late in a number of houses on Sunday morning. But what is to be done with those astronomers and professors and astrologers who play upon the systems of nervous people? What are our splendid lunatic asylums for if not to take charge of those moon-struck idiots who because they have learned enough to find out that certain planets will occupy a certain relative position towards our earth and the sun, at a certain time, indulge in alarmist prophecies and drive foolish people as crazy as themselves? We would suggest that when next the "prophets" go in for predictions the authorities seize hold of them, and then if at the hour and minute specified their predictions are found to be false their heads be at once struck off as an example and a warning to future humbugs. This may seem bloodthirsty, but look at the numbers of people they drive into asylums for the insane, and then conscientiously name a lighter punishment.

THERE seems to be a lull in Irish affairs at present. The Land Bill is dragging its slow length through committee, and notwithstanding that some progress has been made lately, it will not be ready for emasculation or death at the hands of the Lords until near the close of the parliamentary session, which generally takes place early in August. The Bill has lost all interest for the tenant farmers in Ireland—those who should be most interested—for every day's light thrown upon it shows it up all the more clearly for the sham it is. Meanwhile the British army, horse, foot and artillery, guards and Royal Irish Constabulary, with Bucksot Forster at their head, are winning imperishable laurels each day, defeating Tim Kennedy here, vanquishing the Widow Flannery there, and throwing down the cabins of the peasantry everywhere. The French are reported to have said, alluding to the British cavalry charge at Balaklava, "this is magnificent, but it is not war," but if they witnessed the charge of the bold Hussars over the haggart of Tim Maloney they would transpose the famous saying, and exclaim in admiration, "this is war, but it is not magnificent." And so say we all. There are now

in the British and Irish bastilles over one hundred "disolute characters and village ruffians," but the agitation goes on all the same, with this difference, that more crime accompanies it on account of the absence of those who held a restraining influence. The Right Honorable Bucksot has thrown off the mask altogether, and he now goes around bellowing like a mad bull, and is also like a bull, baited and badgered in the Commons by the wicked Irish members until he lashes his sides with his tail, or, at least, would do so if possessed of that useful appendage. The agitation is now extending to Scotland, and there is little doubt that England will feel its effect before the year is out. The British land system, according to Mr. Shaw Lefevre is a failure, but it is a pity that it was reserved for American competition to open the eyes of British statesmen to the fact. A farmer can no longer pay rent and live. It should now be the earnest desire of the thorough land reformer that the peers throw out the bill so that an agitation will be inaugurated abolishing landlordism altogether from off the earth. It is to be hoped the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Salisbury will hold out, and not like the valiant Bob Acres allow their courage to ooze through their fingers' ends at the last moment.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC PLUNDER.

IT is not alone Wendell Phillips or Henry George who, as great social reformers, are sounding the warning of the coming conflict between labor and capital, and prophesying that the opposing forces will not wait long before they come into collision. One cannot take up a magazine, either American or English, without finding an article treating on the great question, written by some profound thinker, who anxiously suggests a compromise before it is too late. Some of those magazine articles are written by their authors in a spirit of hope, others in a despairing tone, but all agree that they are hearing the edge of a precipice at a rapid rate and that, strange to say, it is the Government which seem least interested. It is true that the British Government is making a half-hearted effort to patch up, or cover over the differences which exist between landlords and tenants, who are capitalists and laborers, but with such an excruciating regard for what it considers vested interests and class privileges that it is doubtful if it will satisfy either of the parties. Most of the writers we refer to predict that it is on this continent the struggle will begin, and that the time will be the second year of the next great depression, not that the American laboring classes are worse off than those of Europe, but that they are more intelligent. They possess knowledge, and knowledge is power. They read the papers and scientific periodicals, and they realize that force is on their side, although the billions are on the other, and that if they unite and apply this force properly they are sure to win.

In the June number of the North American Review appears an article from the pen of Mr. James Parton, a writer of acknowledged power, which, although it does not treat directly on the great social problem, draws a graphic picture of its surrounding conditions and the fearful power which money has obtained over the social and political life of the United States. He points to the fact that the millionaires and monopolists are the actual rulers of the United States, and that the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives are their humble servants to command. At the last general election it was the more generous party which won, and not the more popular. Had Tilden and English been more liberal and tapped their bar's New York and Indiana would have gone Democratic, and so President Gafield, although ostensibly elected by votes, owes his position in reality to the almighty dollar. In future three or four wealthy railroad corporations will decide the Presidential contests, as they at present decide Senatorial and Gubernatorial contests. Syndicates and corporations have almost every State in the Union by the throat—very soon there will be no exception. Such men as Jones and Fair are no more fit to be Senators than Cardinals, but yet have they made their way into that illustrious body by sheer force of money. Look at Senator Sessions, a few days ago coolly and deliberately approach Bradley, a member of the New York Legislature, and hand him an envelope enclosing \$3,000. For what? Why, that he might vote for the half-breed candidate for the Senate instead of the stalwart. Perhaps, Bradley was honest—though honesty in a New York State politician is rare, perhaps considering the prosperous times, he thought the amount too small, but the question is how many members received envelopes and kept silent? The parties empowered to bribe have unlimited resources evidently; there are any amount of Corporations in New York and other States who would cheerfully tax themselves to the extent of hundreds of thousands to sustain the present obliging administration. Bribery is everywhere, and America contains thousands of Boss Tweeds. There is never a year that some great scandal does not come to light, but how many of them lie concealed, buried away 'neath the consciences of honorable Senators and Congressmen? Horace Walpole said that every man had his price, from a duke down (or rather up) to a hod carrier, and the saying is equally true of the great Republic of the present day. The rich are growing richer and the poor becoming poorer, as Mr. Henry George says, and corruption is eating the vitals out of the State. The cure for all this, Mr. Parton contends, is to induce the great men of the Republic to enter public life by giving them larger salaries, and placing them above want and temptation, thus depriving

the political corner grocers and saloon keepers of their influence, and purifying politics. He points to France, where for four centuries no member of the government was found guilty of speculation, forgetting that the French are no better paid than the Americans, and in his zeal for the proud intellects who will not enter public life for fear of losing their virtue, he wanders off from the forty-nine million laborers and their coming conflict with the million capitalists.

THE ENGLISH LAND MOVEMENT.

ALMOST every mail confirms our opinions that the English land question is assuming such large proportions that it will be the next great problem which will present itself for solution to the Imperial Parliament. The intelligent English correspondents of the American papers, but more particularly of the New York Sun and the New York World, have of late given this question their special attention, and the conclusion one arrives at after reading their letters is that a great revolution is impending. American competition has ruined the English as well as the Irish agriculturist who has to pay rents, and if the former has not like the latter struck for reduction of rents it is because he has large centres of industry to fly to. But, indeed, it is not necessary that he should agitate for such reduction, as the landlords are only too happy to offer him the use of the land on the easiest terms and give him every encouragement, besides, to stay and cultivate the soil. But no, he cannot even do that; he cannot pay any rent and live,—at least any that the owner could accept and also live, so as a consequence a large proportion of the farms in the agricultural counties are deserted, and in a year hence it may be that appalling agricultural statistics will be furnished us. A great change is evidently necessary, and a great change will be made. The hour and the man has arrived, Mr. Joseph Arch is once more to the front, and this time his figure as an agitator is bigger and more threatening. He writes to the prime minister for an assimilation of the county and borough franchise, a measure which will admit an immense number of agricultural laborers within the pale of the constitution and give the aristocracy what they themselves facetiously term "a new batch of masters." Mr. Gladstone courteously replies to Mr. Arch (he is not replying to an Irish agitator) that the assimilation asked for will form the piece de resistance of next session's work. Mr. Arch also requires that the law of entail and primogeniture be abolished, that their shall be free trade in lands, that the Anglican Church be disestablished, he wants in fact a great many things which will most assuredly be given him, and for demanding which many generations of Irishmen have been branded as demagogues and agitators, if not rebels and traitors. The English tenant farmers and laborers are now demanding in a quieter, but not less threatening way, what their Irish fellow-subjects have demanded so angrily under the pressure of great suffering. But what is surprising is that Mr. Gladstone, in his courteous answer to Mr. Joseph Arch, does not suggest a penance in the shape of emigration of the distressed agriculturists. He dares not; the proposition would be met with a howl of indignation from the half-million unionists Mr. Arch has under his control. The English aristocracy were after all, wise (and right in their own way) in so fiercely resisting the disestablishment of the Irish Church and concessions to the tenant farmers, knowing that if granted they would have to meet the same demands coming from a quarter to which they could oppose less resistance. Like causes produce like effects, and Mr. Gladstone's little axe at the root of the Upas tree struck a blow which made aristocracy totter upon its pedestal. It is tottering yet, and its fall cannot be much longer delayed.

ENGLAND'S DECLINE

WE presume no one—except it may be a half-crazy Anglo-Israelite—imagines for a moment that England is to be an exception among the nations, and that her great empire will last forever. England is only one of the great powers of the earth, while Rome was essentially the great world-ruling power par excellence, and yet, although her rule held sway over the civilized world—and certainly over nine-tenths of the Caucasian race—for more than half a thousand years she had ultimately to succumb when her system became rotten. Her empire, too, was all of one piece of which the imperial city was the centre. It was compact and defensible; no portion of it was cut off from immediate assistance, so far as warlike and disciplined legions, good roads, and numerous and well equipped galleys could render it. The Roman was altogether a different empire from that of Britain. England holds sway only over inferior races, such as the effeminate Hindoos and her own children whom she sent forth to colonize the possessions she had seized from France, Portugal, Holland and other countries, whose sailors had originally discovered them. When she attempted anything on the European continent she experienced ridiculous failures, except in the instance of Gibraltar which she entered like a thief in the night. Her empire is, therefore, a purely colonial one, which, for obvious reasons, will some day collapse as suddenly as a balloon which is pricked in a hundred places. It must be remembered that England obtained her vast possessions chiefly in the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when the nations of Europe were engaged cutting the throats of one another, and when France, her great rival, was continually at war with some continental power, and therefore not in a position to prevent England marching off with India, New France and

other places on the earth's surface which the enterprise of her Generals, Admirals, and navigators had secured.

England has now on her hands an empire which she is not able to defend. Captain Kirchohammer, a distinguished officer of the Austrian staff, has written an article in the Nineteenth Century, showing England's impotence as a military power. This article is so clear, so logical, and so incontrovertible that it has excited great attention in Europe, into most of whose languages it has been translated. Captain Kirchohammer says that at no distant day the British Empire must be limited to the United Kingdom, and he might have gone still further and lost none of his credit for prophecy if he said it would be confined to Great Britain alone, for although identical interests may keep England and Scotland together it is evidently Ireland's aspirations to be an independent Republic, looking to an American alliance. But lest Captain Kirchohammer might be deemed an enemy to England, during Gladstone's time at least, and therefore prejudiced, out comes Lord Dunsany in the same periodical with another article showing in cold blooded English that England cannot cope with a combination of European powers on the sea. An alliance for instance between France and Germany for one year would give the quietus to the British Empire. Steam has changed the conditions of naval warfare altogether. Lord Dunsany, who, let it be understood, is an Admiral in the English navy, knows what he is writing about when he says that England's fleet cannot possibly protect her colonies and India (not to speak of disaffected Ireland) against such a combination as France and Germany, or France and the United States. Nay, she could not protect her own shores, and once an army of invasion gained a footing in England the whole empire was in its grasp. Just fancy a German commander having his cold hand upon the financial heart of the world.

But suppose the British Empire did collapse to-morrow, would it be a great misfortune? Are the people of a great Empire happier than those of a small state? Quite the contrary. The two vastest empires in the world are those of England and Russia, and where else shall we seek for so much proportionate degradation, sorrow and suffering. If the sun never sets on the British Empire, neither does a famine ever cease devouring some part of its population, and Russia is almost as bad. Six millions of people perished in India some few years ago of famine and its concomitants, and more than a million in Ireland in '48, '49 and '50. Turn from them to such small States as Holland, Belgium, Portugal and Switzerland. Were Ireland independent she would be happy; so would Poland; so would other nations now absorbed by great powers.

The world will not be sorry for the fall of either the Russian or British empires. They are too unwieldy, especially the latter. Canada, England's noblest colony, should be prepared for complete independence when the crash comes. Indeed, she is now a grown nation big enough and strong enough to look out for herself. She should be ashamed of being a colony and perhaps she is. The thoughts of Canadians are tending more and more either to annexation or independence, let us hope the latter.

THE Montreal Witness has an Irish correspondent—a lady, and a most intelligent one—who sends on letters on the state of Ireland that are as harrowing as any that James Redpath himself could write, and would no doubt be taken as gross exaggeration if they appeared in THE POST. She does not spare the landlords, and she tells the truth as any one can see. We clip the following extracts from her last letter:—

The fact of the matter is, and I would be false to my own conscience if I hesitated to say it, these people have been kept drained bare; the hard years reduced them to helpless poverty, and now the only remedy is to get rid of them altogether. The price of these military and police, the price of these special services rendered to unpopular landlords to aid them in grinding down these wretched people, spent to help them would far make prosperity possible to them once more. If they had a rent they could pay and live, the mill stone of arrears taken from about their necks, I believe they would become both loyal and contented. Empty stomachs, bare clothing lying hard and cold at night for poverty is trying to loyalty. The turbar nuisance is the great oppression of all. Want of food is bad, but want of fuel added to it! Forty years ago renting land meant getting a bit of bog in with the land. When there is a special charge for the privilege of cutting turf and the times hard there is much additional suffering. In the famine time people getting relief had to travel for the ticket, travel to get the meal, and then go to gather whins or heather on the hills to cook it, and the hungry children waiting all the time. A respectable person said to me the famine was worst on respectable people, for looking for the red ticket and carrying it to get meal by it was like the pains of death. Wherever I went through Leitrim I saw people, scattered here and there, gathering twigs for fuel or coming toward home with their burden of twigs on their back. I declare I thought often of the Israelites scattered through the fields of Egypt, gathering stubble instead of straw. A tenant who objects to anything, who is not properly obedient and respectful, can have the screw turned upon him about the turf as well as I have seen it. The County Leitrim, as far as I have seen it, is the poorest land I have yet seen. The people farm under difficulties. Men and boys dragging out manure in carts on their backs is a common sight. Asses—and such asses—miserable things looking as if they would need to lean against something to bray, in their straw harness that has worn off the hair, tottering blindly along with panniers filled with past or other merchandise. Small asses with large loads are the rule. A large proportion of the land would be dear at any price. A large proportion of the houses are not fit for human habitation. A lady from the country said to me that she had a poor family living by her that

had no food nor means to get it till the crop went in became fit to gather. "I am lending her what she lives on from day to day, and she is hoping to get some help in a letter from America. Sure she's in a fever watching the post office, the creature." Some of the rents are double the Government valuation; some triple on estates where they would grant no reduction. A clergyman, speaking to a Mr. Montgomery, who had reduced his rents under Land League pressure, remonstrated with him on turbary question and its injustice. The gentleman said, in the course of conversation: "The people are quiet now; what we want is for them to rise until we get the opportunity to lay the cold steel to them, and we will do it." I heard this prophetic speech just as I prepared to take the long car and bid adieu to Leitrim for Sligo.

The landlords have faith in the cold steel; it is in steel they hope for their salvation, though, it is to be hoped, they will be disappointed.

LETTER FROM URANUS.

OBSERVATIONS OF MYLES OREGAN.

MR. EDITOR.—Next to reading about Knights I love to write about them, and also about chivalry. They were glorious days when the Knights caracolled and demi-volted on their chargers and tilted and tourneyed in front of the ladies until they fell in love with them and eloped. And then, think of the suits of armour. Just fancy Sir Leonard Tilley or Sir Richard Cartwright getting their measure taken for a casque, knee-pieces and a helmet, or imagine Principal Dawson crouching his lance and running at a Jacket. Ah! the days of chivalry are gone, indeed, and it is high time the world would come to an end. Now-a-days it is only the poor devils of common soldiers who go forth to the combat, while the Warwick and the Salisbury and the Talbot remain at home; although I do believe if a bullet-proof suit of armour were invented to-morrow we would see the dukes going off to the wars once more, and the devil wouldn't stop them. We should behold that grim warrior, the Prince of Wales, and the veteran Duke of Marlborough, in the thickest of the fight with four squires holding him on his horse, shouting: St. Bucco for Merris England!

But, talking of the end of the world, are you aware that your time has come, to-morrow will be your last day; the New York Herald and its astronomer has so pronounced it and I am here, without favor or affection, to vouch for the accuracy of their prophecies. Mother Shipton is right—you will never see the 20th of June, and very little of the 19th. I blamed poor Beaconsfield and a few others as being the premature cause of my death, but we do not know what's good for us. I grumbled at being located in this planet, but I might have gone further and fared worse, as the Persian poet so beautifully expresses it, if it be any consolation to you to know the way in which the earth is to be destroyed, I can tell you. Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, and our own Uranus, will get in line between the Sun and Diritania, and stay there for a week, thus shutting off your supply of heat. Then the water will freeze all over your planet to the depth of seven hundred yards, and the thermometer will register seven thousand degrees below zero, which, as you are aware, has exactly the same effect on animal life as if it registered as many degrees above zero. I observe that your wealthy citizens are making immense preparations to avert the calamity for themselves by getting together great piles of fuel, and by having a large number of stoves ready to fire up when the cold snap comes. I pity their gross ignorance of science. One breath of the intense cold of the morning of the 20th will put out all the fires in the world, and, as for the furs, they will be so many sheets of ice. The only chance there is in fact, singular it may seem, is to wrap oneself well up in the 12 o'clock edition of the Gazette, which is proof against heat and cold, and utterly impervious to truth. But it is no use—you are all bound to go, for if by good (or bad) fortune you escaped the cold, in a few days after the planet I have mentioned would strike you, especially Uranus, which would come first, and kill all your old women of both sexes. If it were now living on the earth I know what I would do. I would draw all my money out of the bank and go on a charitable spree. I would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, treat every crowd I met to champagne, relieve all the churches of their debts, pay my own with compound interest, return all the umbrellas and books I ever borrowed, forgive those who have borrowed mine, start another daily paper and hand over the balance of my cash to Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, to be invested in ice for the poor brethren of South Africa; and then I should philosophically await the event with pious resignation.

From my elevated perch I can perceive that the Irish tenants are acting as if the end of the world was not at hand. Instead of making a virtue of necessity, and running to the landlords with their arrears and two gales in advance, they only scowl at the agents and open the heads of the police. A great change has come over the vagabonds. They are as haughty and as insolent as if there was no army in Ireland, and no constitution in England. I saw a ragamuffin in Limerick last week, with the spurs flying in and out through his hat, who, turning to the crowd, exclaimed in measured accents:—"Boys, let us first scatter the police, and then smash the military." And his advice was accepted, and the heads of both police and hussars were smashed. When I left the old country some years ago (before I came to Lachine) the tenant used to go to the agent with his few pounds of rent wa'm in one hand, and his hat held respectfully in the other, and thus standing outside the window would say "your honor" the sleek knave till he had him covered all over. While now—Alas! the times are changed. Now the tenant drives up to the office, and hitching his horse to a post, walks in, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Screw-tight; fine weather, thank God," at which the Agent signs and says:—"Well, Mr. O'Rafferty, you have come to pay the rent?"

"Yes, I've come to pay Griffith's valuation, Mr. Screw-tight; divil a hapenny more." "His lordship can't accept it." "Very well; tell his lordship from me that he won't be asked any more. The land is ours and we'll pay no more rent. Good morning, Mr. Screw-tight; I hope your family is well." And O'Rafferty walks out with his hands in his pocket, whistling "The morning of the green." No, the Irish tenants do not, evidently, believe in Mother Shipton's prophecy, except that part of it in which she says "the farmers shall pay no rent." C. A. LIVINGSTONE, FRANKFORD, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I would say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

FETE DIEU.

THE PROCESSION YESTERDAY. When the head of the procession started from Notre Dame Cathedral last Sunday morning, a rain storm was feared, as clouds, dark and threatening, swept across the sky. Fortunately, however, the threat was not fulfilled, and the rain did not fall. Immediately after low Mass, at 8 o'clock, the work of forming the procession was commenced at the Church of Notre Dame, and an hour later the vast congregation began to move in the following order:— Children of Mary. Pupils of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers School. Merchant Clerics' Association. Students of the National School of Jacques Cartier. Students of the Chateaufort College. Students of St. Mary's College. St. Patrick's Society of St. Mary's College. Montreal College Band. St. Joseph's Band of the 65th Rifles. Band of the 65th Rifles. Ecclesiastics of the Grand Seminary. Grand Canon with his Lordship Bishop Fabre and the Blessed Sacrament. 65th Rifles. St. Patrick's Benefit Society. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society. St. Bridget's Total Abstinence Society. Irish National Society. Irish Catholic Benefit Society. Christian Brothers School of St. Lawrence Suburb. Pupils of St. Patrick's School (girls dressed in white). Sodality of the Children of Mary. St. Ann's Temperance Society. Irish National Independent Band. Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association. St. Ann's Christian Brothers Schools. Congregations of the different Churches. It is estimated that there were about 20,000 persons in the procession, and it took two hours to pass a given point. Winding along Notre Dame street to McGill street, it proceeded up Radegeuse street, and thence along Lagachetiere street to St. Patrick's Church. At the corner of Beaver Hill Hill and Lagachetiere street a handsome arch had been erected, bearing the inscription "God and Country," and surmounted by a large cross formed of evergreens. It was also beautifully decorated and embellished with statues representing different Saints. The procession, viewed as it wound its way up Beaver Hill Hill, presented a magnificent appearance. Banners and flags of green, and of blue, white and red, floating over the head of the faithful who were walking, were apparently innumerable, while the beautiful regalia worn by the members of the different societies contributed greatly to the gay aspect presented. The Jewalks on either side of the streets through which the procession passed were crowded with spectators. The grounds around St. Patrick's Church presented a most imposing appearance. It would seem that little expense or effort was spared to render this vicinity one of the most attractive and charming along the route of the procession. The grand entrance was beautifully arched with evergreens, banners and flags, through which appeared the following words of praise and adoration: "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. On either side of the grand alley leading up to the church were placed the little orphans of St. Patrick's Asylum; their neat attire, bright eyes and pleasing demeanor were the object of general attraction. This alley presented a unique appearance: carpets were laid along its entire length, flowers were scattered profusely, and thousands of spectators gathered on either side beneath the deep shade of the many rows of waving trees. A Repository, beautifully designed and artistically decorated, was erected in front of the church; the ornaments surrounding it were of the richest, and the many variegated lights which glistened through the flowers and evergreens cast an enchanting lustre around the hallowed scene. The whole was surmounted by the words "Hosanna in Excelsis" in golden letters. At a quarter past eleven o'clock, two hours after the head of the procession had passed, the pealing of the bells announced the arrival of the Sacred Host. A grand and imposing spectacle was witnessed at this moment. The immense crowds, which now numbered several thousands, and which had gathered on the grassy plots in front of the church, uncovered, and falling on their knees, remained in silent adoration while the Blessed Sacrament was being carried up to the Repository. The scene was most impressive, and calculated to inspire the spectator with reverence for the greatest mystery of our religion. Benediction was then given by his Lordship Bp. Fabre to the vast assemblage. The choir of St. Patrick's Church executed in the meantime several selections. They sang the hymn "Lauda Sion," with fine effect; "Tantum Ergo" and the psalm "Laudate Dominum," were also rendered in good style and with spirit. At the conclusion orders were given to have the procession continue its march of honor and triumph. It was ten minutes to twelve o'clock when the last of the procession passed St. Patrick's Church. The next interesting feature of the event which presented itself consisted of the singing of some 150 children, who were standing on a balcony erected in front of St. Patrick's Schoolhouse. The children were dressed in white, and their training was made evident by the harmony and time maintained, as they sang while the Host was being carried past. They also sang at intervals during the progress of the procession past the schoolhouse. The balcony was covered with evergreen, and otherwise handsomely decorated. Along the route of the procession the decorations were numerous and beautiful. The streets were lined with evergreens, white banners and flags floated from nearly every window, and bunting stretched from one side to another. On St. Catherine street, near the Nazareth Asylum, a splendid arch had been erected, while at the corner of that thoroughfare and St. Lawrence Main street, another magnificent arch arose majestic in form and rich with decorations. St. Lawrence main street, south from St. Catherine street, was spanned at regular intervals by no less than six arches, all of elegant design, and gay with banners, bunting and other modes of ornamentation. Bunting was stretched from window to window on opposite sides, and branches of maple and fir trees covered the sides of the buildings. The second Repository was situated before the Church of the Nazareth Asylum. The structure was both beautiful and imposing, and was deservedly the object of universal admiration. The elegance and taste displayed in its general arrangement, made it look like a gem of beauty. Amid the numerous decorations which unfolded themselves in this locality statues of the saints and bright pictures of the evergreens. On the top of the canopy as well as on either side were several Latin inscriptions, such as "Bona pastor, Qui pro vobis staturus, Hinc est corpus meum, Ego sum panis vivus qui est de celo descendit, etc." The inscription itself was richly decorated and before the eastern wing an extensive balcony embowered in evergreens, and surmounted by banners, was erected, within which were seated upwards of 100 children. At the moment of the arrival of the Sacred Host, they sang several hymns, which were specially prepared for the occasion. The singing was excellent, and the echo of their sweet voices was simply charming. After leaving Nazareth Asylum the procession proceeded along St. Catherine street, down St. Lawrence Main street, and up St. Lambert Hill to the Notre Dame Cathedral, where it dispersed. The Church of Notre Dame was decorated with the Pope's, the French, and the British flag. Four hours were occupied by the processionists in their march.

City and Suburban News.

The following resolution was adopted at a recent meeting of the Notre Dame section of the St. Jean Baptiste Society:—"That the cures of the various districts, and the President, be requested to collect articles of furniture, etc., from house to house, for the Quebec sufferers." THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE. The usual weekly meeting of the Thomas Davis' branch of the Ladies' Land League was held Friday evening in St. Patrick's Hall. Annie Osborne Davis, President, occupied the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted. Several new names were added to the roll. The President then delivered an address on the state of affairs in Ireland. She spoke with much eloquence and her remarks were roundly applauded. The meeting then transacted some business relative to the coming of Miss Fanny Farnell and to their concert which will come off after the Land League picnic. There were several recitations on the programme, which were given by Miss Hayes, Mrs. Paterson and Miss Weatherby; their declamation was pleasing and was fully appreciated. Miss Craven and the Misses McKown executed the musical portion of the entertainment; the former played a piano solo and the latter ladies favored the audience with duetta which were well rendered.

LACROSSE MATCH—SHAMROCKS WIN.

Judging from the play exhibited by the Shamrocks in their last two matches, and the clear victories obtained by them on each occasion, it is safe to say that never before in the history of the club has it been able to place a better team on the field. In the match on Saturday with the Montrealers, this fact was especially clearly apparent. Before the first game had been five minutes in progress, the spectators had already decided that the Shamrocks would be the victors. The Montrealers, also, were evidently conscious of their weakness, for, throughout the match, their defence grouped around their flags and left the field almost entirely to the Shamrocks. This want of confidence in themselves was a matter of surprise to all who had taken the slightest interest in the match, for it was generally understood that the Montrealers had a stronger team than any period during several seasons past. And so they may have had, but the remarkable excellence of their opponents, unusual even for the Shamrocks, did not allow its qualities to be made generally manifest. The evident superiority of the Shamrocks lay in the fact that all the members of the team were equally skilful and quick, while with their opponents there were four or five men who frequently challenged the admiration of the spectators to the exclusion of the rest of the team. There was no harmony of merit in the Montreal team, while with the Shamrocks one of them would one moment be selected as the best player on account of some clever dodging, smart catching, or rapid running, only to be replaced the next moment by another who, for the instant, seemed to excel. And so on through the whole twelve. About four thousand persons were present when the moment for facing the ball arrived. This interesting event was announced for three o'clock, but it wanted only fifteen minutes of four when Farmer and Griffin stooped for the face. The following are the names of the men who composed the teams:— Shamrock—F Lally, J. Morton, E. Hart, J. Coobin, T. Farmer, T. Meehan, P. McKown, C. J. Maguire, P. Tucker, P. Murphy, T. Butler, T. Daly; Captain, M. P. Polan. Montreal—W. Kay, R. Elliot, E. Elliott, W. D. Aird, S. Struthers, G. W. Aird, W. Griffin, J. Patterson, J. Louzon, B. Sumnerhays, W. Cairns, T. L. Paton; Captain, J. K. Whyte. Messrs. Thomas White and R. Macready were appointed umpires, and Mr. S. C. Stevenson was selected to act as referee. The first game was taken by the Shamrocks after twelve minutes of an exciting struggle, Farmer putting the ball through. The ball was making straight for the flags when it struck Patterson on the hand, but not sufficiently hard to turn it from its course. The second game was taken by Tucker for the Shamrocks after three minutes' play. This game was disputed by the captain of the Montrealers. The umpire, Mr. R. Macready, held to his decision, and showed proof positive that the game had been taken. He was standing about three feet behind the poles, when the ball, passing between them, struck him in the groin. Mr. Whyte, captain of the Montrealers, admitted that the ball had struck Mr. Macready in the spot indicated, but held that it came from behind or at the side, and in this view he was sustained by several of his team, although others were satisfied that the decision of the umpire was correct. Of course it was impossible for the ball to strike Mr. Macready where it did unless it came from the front, and that gentleman said he saw the rubber coming through. For the third game the Montrealers made some important changes in their position, and in eighteen minutes after the facing of the ball, game was claimed for them, Sumnerhays making the lucky throw. Lally, however, the Shamrock goal-keeper, says that the ball struck his foot and bounced out again without passing between the poles. In view of the previous dispute, however, he declined to say anything about it. The fourth was taken by Tucker after 45 seconds' play, and thus the Shamrocks won by three games to one. The excellence and skill of the Shamrocks' checking was made manifest by the fact that although there were several of them with painful cuts or bruises at the conclusion of the match not one of their opponents had sustained any injury. The delegates to the Engineers' Convention, with their ladies, were present during the match.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

We have received the sum of \$16 from Mr. Daniel Bulger, of Bulger, Ont., in aid of the above fund. Following are the names of the subscribers:— Daniel Bulger, Patrick Brown, Michael Brown, Patrick Bulger, John Brown, John O'Neil, of Bulger, \$1 each; P. J. Fitzpatrick, Cobetan, \$1; Arthur McIntrye, Eganville, \$1; Patrick Maloney, Thos. Brown, Bulger, \$1 each; Thos. Foran, Osceola, \$1; Michael Foley, Bulger, \$1; H. S. Anderson, Beachburg, 50c; Nicholas Anninger, Trout Lake, 50c; Michael Piercy, Maurice Brown, Daniel Gorman, Bulger, \$1 each.

"History of Highland Evictions."

Continued from First Page. itself "The Highland and Island Emigration Society."

A DEADLY FEVER BROKE OUT,

the ship was detained, and a large number of the passengers died. After the sad fate of so many of those previously cleared out in the ill-fated ship, it was generally thought that some compassion would be shown for those who still had been permitted to remain. Not so, however. On the 4th April, 1853, they were all warned out of their holdings. They petitioned and pleaded with his lordship to no purpose. They were ordered to remove their cattle from the pasture, and themselves from their houses and lands. They again petitioned his lordship for his merciful consideration. For a time no reply was forthcoming. Subsequently, however, they were informed that they would get land on another part of the estate—portions of a barren moor quite unfit for cultivation. In the middle of September following Lord Macdonald's ground-officer, with a body of constables, arrived, and at once proceeded to eject, in the most heartless manner, the whole population, numbering thirty-two families, and that at a period when the able-bodied male members of the families were away from home.

TRYING TO EARN SOMETHING.

(Shame.) These men were afterwards cleared by forcing the officers of the law, before the Court of Justiciary at Inverness, but were acquitted. (Applause.) I must now treat of the Sutherland clearances. The Duke of Sutherland owns 1,208,546 acres, and the Duchess has 149,879 acres. Hear what a Highlander—the late J. G. McKay, senr., said about the matter in 1868:—"The County of Sutherland, where I was born and brought up, is almost exclusively the property of the Duke of Sutherland and his anti-Savoy Duchess. In this highland county alone you can set a compass, with twenty-five miles of radius, but within the circumference you will not find 100 acres that have been cultivated for the last twenty-seven years, and I recollect when 3,000 able-bodied men could be raised in the circuit in twenty-four hours. (Hisses.) I have myself seen about 500 dwelling-houses on that estate all in flames at once. The Sutherland clearances were commenced in a comparatively mild way in 1807, by the

EJECTION OF NINETY FAMILIES

from Farr and Lairg. These were provided for some 15 or 17 miles distant with smaller lots. In 1807 several hundred were evicted from the parishes of Dornoch, Rogart, Loth, Clyne, and Golspie, under circumstances of much greater severity. Several were driven by various means to leave the country altogether, and to those who could not be induced to do so, patches of moor and bog were offered on Dornoch Moor and Brora Links—quite unfit for cultivation. This process was carried on annually until, in 1811, the land from which the people were ejected was divided into large farms, and advertised as huge sheep runs. The country was overrun with strangers, who came to look at these extensive tracts. Some of these got up a cry that they were afraid of their lives among the evicted tenantry. A trumped-up story was manufactured that one of the interlopers was pursued by some of the natives of Kildonan, and put in bodily fear. The military were sent for from Fort-George. The 21st Regiment was marched to Dunrobin Castle, with

ARTILLERY AND CARLOADS OF AMMUNITION.

A great farce was performed; the people were sent for by the factors to the Castle at a certain hour. They came peaceable, but the farce must be gone through; the Riot Act was read; a few sheepish, innocent Highlanders were made prisoners, but nothing could be laid to their charge, and they were almost immediately set at liberty, while the soldiers were ordered back to Fort-George. The demonstration, however, had the desired effect in coining and frightening the people into the most absolute submission. They became dismayed and broken-hearted, and quietly submitted to their fate. The clergy all this time were assiduous in preaching that all the misfortunes of the people were: fore-ordained of God, and denouncing the vengeance of Heaven and eternal damnation on all those who would presume to make the slightest resistance. (Laughter.) At the May term of 1812 large districts of these parishes were cleared in the most peaceable manner, the poor creatures foolishly believing the false teaching of their selfish and dishonest spiritual guides—save the mark! The Earl of Selkirk, who went personally to the district, allured many of the evicted people to emigrate to his estates on the Red River in British North America, whither a whole ship cargo of them went. After a long and otherwise disastrous passage they found themselves

DECEIVED AND DESERTED

by the Earl, left to an unhappy fate in an inclement wilderness, without any protection from the hordes of Red Indian savages by whom the district was invested, and who plundered them of their all on their arrival and finally massacred them, save a small remnant who managed to escape and travelled, through immense difficulties, across trackless forests to Upper Canada. The notorious Mr. Sellar was at this time sub-factor, and in the spring of 1814 he took a large portion of the parishes of Farr and Kildonan into his own hands. In the month of March the old tenantry received notices to quit at the ensuing May term, and a few days after the summonses were served the greater portion of the heath pasture, was, by his orders, set on fire. (Hisses.) The cruel proceeding the cattle belonging to the old tenantry were left without food during the spring. In May the work of ejection was again commenced, accompanied by cruelties hitherto unknown even in the Highlands. In 1816 Sellar was charged at Inverness, before the court of Justiciary, with culpable homicide and fire-raising in connection with these proceedings, and, considering all the circumstances, it is not at all surprising that he was "honourably" acquitted of the grave charges made against him. (Applause.) Almost immediately after, however, he ceased to be factor on the Sutherland estates, and Mr. Loch came into power.

EVICTIORS WERE CARRIED OUT

from 1814 down to 1819 and 1820, pretty much of the same character as those already described, but the removal of Mr. Young, the chief factor, and Mr. Sellar from power was hailed with delight by the whole remaining population. The people, however, soon discovered that the new factors were not much better. Several leases which were current would not expire until 1819 and 1820, so that the evictions were necessarily only partial from 1814 down to that period. He prevailed upon the people to sign documents consenting to remove at the next Whit Sunday term, promising at the same time to make

good provision for them elsewhere. In about a month after the work of demolition and devastation again commenced, and parts of the parishes of Golspie, Rogart, Farr, and the whole of Kildonan were in a blaze. Parties with faggots and other combustible material were sent to work; three hundred houses were given ruthlessly to flames, and their occupants pushed out in the open air.

WITHOUT FOOD OR SHELTER.

(Hisses.) The whole of the inhabitants of Kildonan, numbering 2,000 souls except three families, were utterly rooted and burnt out, and the whole parish converted into a solitary wilderness. The beautiful Strathnaver, containing a population equal to Kildonan, has been cleared in the same heartless manner. At Glencaivie, on the same property, the evicted had to retire into the parish churchyard, and where for more than a week they found the only shelter obtainable in their native land, no one daring to succour them. Breadalbane was cleared in the present century. During the Napoleonic wars no less than 2,300 soldiers were raised by the Marquis of Breadalbane, of whom 1,600 were from his own property. A writer well acquainted with the district states that it would be difficult to find 150 men in the Breadalbane estates able to defend their country in 1853. In 1801, Glenorchy had a population of 1,806; in 1840 it was reduced to 331; and on the whole property no less than 500 families, or about 2,500 souls were driven away.

The Atholl property has been treated much in the same way. These statistics regarding the Sutherland clearances are taken from a book written by a Sutherlandshire man—Donald MacLeod—now resident in Canada. So very severely did the Sutherland family feel the strictures of this writer that they bought up the copyright of the book, and it cannot now be purchased in this country—(hisses)—although it can easily be had in Canada. It is called "Gloomy Memories in the Highlands of Scotland." Permit me now to say a few words regarding what has been done with the greater part of the land from which these people have been evicted. It has all or nearly all been turned into deer forests or sheep walks. The Black Mount Forest is said to be sixty miles in circumference. Ben Alder Forest is fifteen miles long by seven broad. The total number of acres in Scotland is about 20,000,000, or 31,324 miles; and the number of these acres

MISAPPROPRIATED FOR DEER,

is estimated at 2,000,000—3,125 square miles—or a tenth of the whole acreage. (Shame.) Gentlemen, some of you may have seen following with interest the somewhat animated controversy going on in the Daily Mail between Lord Archibald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. H. C. Gillespie—(applause)—who addressed you in this hall last week. His lordship was good enough to tell us that we had no right to issue violent letters regarding such a subject as evictions, as such matters were for members of the "House" and not for us. (Laughter.) We consider ourselves the better judges of what we have a right to do, and won't allow ourselves to be dictated to by any noble lord. (Cheers.) We have suffered more than enough at the hands of our aristocracy, and we are now determined that we shall not rest till we have secured "the land for the people." (Cheers.) In our efforts after the emancipation of our much-loved Highlands, I know we can count upon your hearty co-operation and generous support—indeed, you have already proved yourselves to be our friends and the friends of our much distressed fellow-countrymen, who are at present threatened with eviction in Skye. (Cheers.) Many agencies are at work to keep the

CELEBS OF ERIN AND SCOTLAND

from joining hands. The British Press fans the flame of prejudice, and seeks to keep us separated by hateful calumnies and lies regarding the state of Ireland. And we may too often have to confess that we have been misled, and, as the poet said— "Oh, I burn with deep shame that I ever become the dupe of your faces for a minute; But the knives, with their lies, threw a mist on my eyes, And the hand of the traitor was in it. For they charged with blood, till alarmed, I withdrew; No longer the spirit of the nation; And what would I do, when no better I knew, But credit the foul accusation." "O, forgive and forget and our country may yet be great; Over sorrow and shame be victorious, If with heart and hand we unitedly stand To render her happy and glorious. "And our nation shall rise, if we're noble and wise. To a bliss above human pretension, And the wailing of wrong turn to Liberty's song. If we heal the red wounds of contention." —(Loud cheers.) Relying on our oneness of race, of language, and of traditional rights, as well as of pressing wrong, let the everwieldy separated Celtic brothers meet with

CEAD MILE FAITH

on the broad ground of the Land. (Cheers.) Let it be our high privilege, as it is our duty, to erect the standard around which the whole British people, of whatever race, creed, or name, shall rally for the purpose of casting off for ever the accursed yoke of feudalism. (Applause.) From the plains of Erin and from the Highlands of Caledonia let the stern cry for justice be heard, which must ultimately meet with a suitable response from the tolling bells of Saxondom. And what was wrested from the English by means of the sword, and from the Irish and Scottish Celts by falsehood and fraud, will thus be won back by means of an enlightened public opinion. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, the dawn of a better day is at hand. "We have looked for it long through a dark night of wrong; We have watched till our eyes they were aching, And, thank God, at last, The dark night is past, And the dawn of a bright day is breaking. The more of bright day is breaking. Light's anger, the gray East is streaking; Oh! thank God, at last, The dark night is past, And the morn' of a bright day is breaking." —(Loud and continued cheers)

The Neapolitan bootblacks that now reign in the streets of Philadelphia are looked upon as nuisances by the Quaker citizens. They collect in squads about daybreak under the windows of the slumbering Quakers, and gamble for hours in penny picnicking, while indulging in other reminiscences of sunny Italy. This concludes all idea of sleep or peace for the householders. It is understood that Departmental advice gives contradictory statements of a reported battle on Canadian territory between the Cree and Sioux Indians. Sitting Bull has left Fort Qu'Appelle, where he was negotiating for arrears on Canadian territory. This was refused him and he finally decided to return to Wood Mountain, where he will consult his braves as to the advisability of surrendering to the American authorities.

GRAND REUNION AT THE CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME DU SACRE COEUR.

RIDEAU STREET, OTTAWA.

On Saturday, the 11th inst., at the convent of Notre Dame du Sacre Coeur, Rideau street, Ottawa, there took place one of those interesting entertainments which attract so much attention amongst the pupils of religious and educational institutions. The term of the scholastic year being almost at a close, the time was deemed a fitting one for a celebration such as that which took place upon the occasion referred to. The pupils of former years, recognizing fully the merit, the kindness and fondness of the lady superioress, the Rev. Sister Theresa, resolved to unite and in a becoming manner give expression to their gratitude and remembrance of her and of the old home wherein they spent so many happy days. They organized and prepared, and caused a very beautiful portrait of the reverend sister to be painted by one of our best artists, which portrait they intended to present to the institution on the occasion of the grand reunion.

For over thirty-five years has the present superioress labored in the field of education in the city of Ottawa. Her numberless pupils are to-day scattered over the world, and many of them have long since gone to a better and more perfect world beyond the grave. Of those yet alive and living within the circle of our Dominion, scarcely one was missing upon that evening. They collected around her in the old convent hall, and there gave expression to their sentiments of love, veneration and gratitude towards the one who saw the birth and watched the rise and progress of the institution. Well, indeed, did she merit this token and mark of affection on the part of her former and present pupils. As space is limited we will merely give here a description of the entertainment, and leave to the imagination of the reader the task of painting the feelings that spontaneously gushed forth that night. The hall was well crowded; some five hundred ladies were present, some still young, others who have grown grey in years, but one and all the pupils of Sister Theresa. The hall was very beautifully decorated, and the stage well arranged. Evergreens hung from the pillars on all sides, and at the front of the stage upon a lofty stand was placed the second most attractive object of the evening—the portrait of the Reverend Superioress. Of course she was herself the first and principal object of attraction. To both the old and present pupils is due the decoration of the hall. The reverend sisters who helped in preparing the concert gave ample proof of the latent taste that they possess. His Lordship Bishop Duhamel and several of the Rev. Fathers of the College were present. Before coming to the programme in detail, if one person more than another deserves special mention for the energy and taste and care displayed in organizing the concert, in preparing the elegant programmes, and in watching over the stage management, it is certainly Mrs. Mooney, one of the pupils of the Convent in its earlier days.

The first item of the programme was a duet for harp and piano, entitled "Emeralds," and executed in a most lively and splendid style by Miss M. Tobin, Miss A. Logan, and the Misses L. Smith and E. Fletcher. This was followed by a chorus, "Homage to a grandeur Mgr. l'Evêque d'Ottawa." Next came a chorus from the Pirates of Penzance, in which the ladies were splendidly executed by Miss A. Lupiere and Mrs. O'Mara. At this point of the programme, Miss A. Kehoe came forward and in a nice style read an address in English verse from the present to the former pupils. Miss Kehoe really deserves praise for the way she read the difficult lines of the poem. She was followed by a solo "Lily of Beauty Fare-thee-well" sung by Miss E. B. Waller. Miss Waller was in good voice and did every justice to the sweetest of Bayley's songs. Miss T. Russell followed with a piano solo that was well executed indeed. The next feature of the programme with which the first part closed was a trio "Les Trois Sœurs" Miss Rochon, Miss Kavanagh, and Miss Duplessis. This well rendered piece opened with a piano solo by Mrs. Baldwin. This lady's musical talent is too well known to require any comment upon the execution of the piece. At this point the testimonial of the old pupils and addresses to Rev. Sister Theresa were read by Mrs. Wm. Kehoe and Mrs. Dr. St. Jean. Without a doubt, Mrs. Kehoe's reading of the address was the best we have for many a day heard. In a clear and distinct voice this lady, one of the first pupils of the house, read this address as though she was once more back to the days of her youth. After the reading of the address the choir of the convent sang a chorus in which the solos of Miss Louise Smith and that of Miss Macmaster were most exquisite. After the chorus Miss Louise Foran read, in verse, an address to the convent requesting the home of their childhood to accept the portrait of the Rev. Sister Theresa as a token of their affection. Miss Foran did full justice to the address, and, as her name was not on the programme, the surprise was something very rare. Miss Kehoe then sang, in good style, "Sleep, I'm Watching O'er Thee." A very pretty duet by Miss E. Carter and Miss Kavanagh; a piano solo by Miss Ryan, who so well accompanied all the pieces of the evening, and a vocal solo by Miss L. Goodwin, who sang in a good voice and with spirit, brought the second part of the programme almost to a close. A very pretty address was read in French by Miss Katie Smith, and this was followed by the last and not least interesting feature of the programme. A trio, "Evening at Sea," of Lucantonio, was rendered by Miss Rochon, Mrs. Mooney and Miss Amund. Miss Rochon had already proved her talent during the evening. Miss Amund sang with her wonted spirit and exquisite voice; and of Mrs. Mooney, to the people of Ottawa, it is but necessary to mention her name, and all comment is superfluous. She sang exquisitely.

His Lordship Bishop Duhamel delivered a most appropriate address in English and another in French. His Lordship's remarks were greatly admired, and in a few words he gave volumes. The concert concluded at ten o'clock. Then it was that many, and many who had not met for years joined, hands once more. It is a pleasant sight to witness so much happiness so universally felt. The Gray Nuns of Ottawa deserve credit for the energy they have ever displayed and the good they have done. It would be impossible to describe all that they have done, to tell the thousand blessings and benefactions they have scattered broadcast along the Ottawa Valley. Well do they deserve all the encouragement they may receive, and well will those be rewarded who confide to them the care of their young ladies. Instruction and education they blend together in the formation of good and noble women. And proud should the Rev. Sister Theresa feel on Saturday night as she gazed around her and beheld the young and old collecting in the halls of their Alma Mater, to do honor to her, and to prove that gratitude and memory ever go hand in hand.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The French general elections take place on the 25th of September.

The recent census returns the population of Victoria, B. C., at 5,364.

There was a slight shock of earthquake on Sunday morning, at 2:30, at Ottawa.

The Irish census shows a population of 5,159,000, a decrease of 252,000 since 1871.

About \$5,000 have so far been subscribed on account of the Quebec Fire Relief Fund.

Sheriff Tascherent, of Beauce, has bought the Seignory of St. Joseph for the sum of \$12,000.

New Orleans has gained back all of its old-time commercial prosperity, being now the largest exporter after New York, of southwestern produce.

On the 31st of May \$9,815,753.85 stood to the credit of depositors in the Government Savings Bank. There was deposited during the month \$449,892.82 and \$390,975.58 withdrawn.

Mrs. Foley of Portland, N. B., widow of a man killed at Washington during the war, has received \$1,000 back pension from the American authorities, and is entitled to \$8 per month during her lifetime.

The elections on Saturday resulted in the return of John McDougald, Liberal-Conservative, for Pictou, by 252 majority, and Hon. A. W. McLellan, President of the Council, for Colchester, by 432 majority.

The Grand Trunk Railway Brigade, composed of two brigades, 1st and 2nd, of Garrison Artillery, and three battalions, 1st, 2nd and 3rd, of Rifles, have been removed from the list of corps of the active militia.

A despatch from the Foreign Office to the American Government recites Passage from O'Donovan Rossa's paper, and submits that they go beyond the widest limits of the freedom of the press, but makes no demand for any particular action.

Mr. A. Gregory, of the G. T. Co., has been appointed assistant superintendent at Richmond, P. Q., for the division between Point Levis and Portland. Mr. Higginbottom, of Montreal, will succeed Mr. Gregory as agent at Point Levis.

Des Moines has a praying band of women who hold service every Sunday in the jail. A member became infatuated with a handsome young horse thief, and planned to help him to escape by disguising him in woman's clothes as one of the band. But she failed.

The following from upper Silesia three months ago throws light upon the enormous privations at Castle Garden: "No grain, no potatoes, no food for cattle, no seed for sowing. Snow and cold without, hunger and sickness within." Soup houses and public kitchens have been started in seventeen villages.

The Fugitive Offenders Bill has been passed in the English House of Lords. It enables intercolonial arrangements being made, whereby any person escaping from one colony may be followed to another. The Canadian Government was communicated with prior to the introduction of the bill, so as to prevent any clash of authority.

The only daughter and heiress of the late Dr. Ayer, the millionaire pill manufacturer, is in Paris. A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle says that she received an offer of marriage, from a Bourbon prince, a cousin of Don Carlos of Spain. She refused, and when the importance of the honour was urged she replied: "I don't want a title half as much as he wants' cash."

An infirm old man of Milwaukee, after having been several months in a hospital, was provided with a small stock of oranges and lemons to start him in trade. Then the officers of the law arrested him because he had not taken out a peddler's license, and declared his fruit forfeited. It is not long ago that a Milwaukee official stole \$30,000, and escaped punishment by paying back half of the money.

There died lately at Clifton, England, Mr. Henry Jenkins, to whom, some years ago, the Rev. Mr. Cook refused to administer the Holy Communion, because Mr. Jenkins did not believe in the personality of the devil. Mr. Jenkins won the long suit which resulted from this. On Easter Sunday last he took the sacrament in the church from which Mr. Cook refused it to him.

A serious difference has arisen between Court Corti, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople, and the Porte, arising out of the disappearance of a young Italian lady, who is said to have entered a Turkish harem, and gone over to Islam. Court Corti has imperatively demanded her surrender, and has, it is stated, declared that if the Porte persists in its refusal to order that she shall be restored he will break off all personal intercourse with Asim Pasha.

Nevada has enacted a law designed to prevent opium smoking, which makes the possession of opium or of an opium pipe a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment. This statute is very obnoxious to the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco, and interferes with their profits, and they have retained three leading lawyers, two of California, and one of Nevada, to test the validity of the law, and, if necessary, to carry the question to the United States Supreme Court.

It was announced in our despatches some days ago that Manitoba wheat commanded several cents more per bushel than the best of California growth. The extreme fertility of the fertile belt of the North-West has not been hitherto fully known abroad, but a few lessons of the kind referred to may help to advertise it. There is no doubt that the superior qualities of the grain grown in the Province will be more powerful in inducing emigration than the utmost efforts of enterprising and unscrupulous American agents, who exert themselves to secure for American railroad lands the classes who would otherwise come to Canada.—Kingston News.

THE MEMBER FOR CARDWELL.

Yesterday's Irish-Canadian says:—"Mr. Thomas White, M.P. for Cardwell, has been lately among his constituents, giving them an account of his stewardship. What he said or did during his visit we are not advised of, although we carefully looked, as we thought, over the columns of our contemporary, the Cardwell Sentinel, which we regarded as a likely source for that information. Neither have we heard that Mr. White was brought to account for the outrage put upon the Irish Catholics of Montreal by his precious brother; nor can we see a word to that effect—a word of protest against that outrage—in the aforesaid columns of the Sentinel. But as Irish Catholics have a good memory, and as Mr. White may again think it worth his while to visit those by whose votes he holds his seat in the House of Commons, the awkward question to which we refer will doubtless be put in another form—a form that may knock the bottom out of any little lingering hope that Mr. White may yet entertain of a new lease of Oardwell's representation."

SUNRISE AT CHELSEA.

One morning still, on Chelsea hill, I stood at the break of day. The shades of night with clinging light were mixed in the grey...

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

PROF. HENRY GEORGE DEALS WITH THIS VERY INTERESTING SUBJECT.

A large audience assembled in Albert Hall, Beaver Hall Hill, Thursday night, to hear Prof. George, one of the most profound of thinkers and voluminous of writers, discuss a subject which is now attracting the attention of the civilized world...

For the first time in his life, he said, he addressed an audience not composed of his own people. The subject with which he was to deal might seem more especially to concern the Empire, or rather the Empire of which they formed a part...

It was a pity that Mr. Gladstone at the close of a long and noble life should have encountered such difficulties, and have his last days marred by such blurs. He had been brought into the present difficulties by his failure to plant the question on a firm principle...

Was it possible to justify such a system? Where did the landlord get such a right from? It might be said from his father, he from his father, and so on, until they got down to some grant of a King or Parliament...

It was clear that the land either belonged to the landlords or to the whole people. If it belonged to the landlords all agitation was wrong. If, on the contrary, it belonged to the whole people there would be no settlement of the question until it was made the property of the people...

He was glad that land ownership was as concentrated in Great Britain as it was. The same troubles existed in England, and must in time produce the same results as in Ireland. There was one difference between the two countries, however...

Another great difficulty to the settlement of the question was the difficulty of compensation—the fact that the landlords declared that their rights should be maintained. But if when the land was taken from the landlords they paid for it, what advantage would it be to the people?

The constant strikes that were taking place, and the great increase of tramps were sure indications of this. He had lately read a speech in an English paper, in which the speaker said that the United States had solved the land question long ago, and solved it to their infinite credit...

PREJUDICE KILLS. "Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters..."

on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters.—The Parents.—Telegram.

EPISCOPAL AFFAIRS.

We hear that the Committee selected in the year 1879, for the management of the financial affairs of the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation of Montreal, have come to the decision of selling their real estate. A sub-committee composed of Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, V. G. Z. Racicot, Procureur, Messrs J. B. Rolland, John Leclair and G. Ward have been appointed to that effect...

AN "ENTERPRISING" NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, June 15.—The arrest of Thomas Cunningham, in Loughrea, County Galway, attracts considerable attention. He has acted for some time as a local newspaper correspondent, and many of the "alarming outrages" and threatening notices were solely due to his inventive genius. The exploit which brought him into trouble was a telegram stating that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Hon. Mr. Daly (Lord Dunasandale)...

THE AMERICAN MEAT EXPORT TRADE.

ACTING OF THE SWISS GOVERNMENT TERROR. BRINE, June 15.—Switzerland has given to other European nations an example of intelligent and consistent answer in respect to American meat. After the French decrees of prohibition the Swiss Government directed an enquiry to be made into the real facts in respect to trichinosis and diseased meats from America. The investigation was conducted by the Federal Sanitary Commissioner, the local Inspector and other scientists...

RETURN OF ARCHBISHOP HANNAH.

HALIFAX, June 15.—The following is an outline of the proceedings on the reception of Archbishop Hannah, on his return home, which will take place next Monday evening.—Rev. Father Cairns will meet His Grace at Riviere du Loup, and accompany him with the proceedings. On arriving at Truro, he will be met by a delegation of the clergy and the General Committee, and will proceed by special train to North street Depot, where they will arrive about 8.40. The various societies, citizens, firemen, &c., will meet at North street an hour previously, and will be arranged in procession by Grand Marshal M. B. Daly, M. P., Marshal Thomas Casey and others, and will include a cavalcade of truckmen on horseback, numbering about 100; Charitable Irish Society, St. Mary's T. A. & B. Society, Catholic Temperance Society, a volunteer detachment of about 120 men with torches from the Union Engine Company, and private citizens in carriages...

MEMORY IN OLD PERSONS.

The brain is the instrument of the mind. Every thought and feeling is dependent on certain changes that take place between it and the blood. Mental activity may be quickened or retarded, exalted or depressed, by the action of drugs upon the brain. Singular effects are produced by cerebral disease. Age works permanent changes in the brain; it wrinkles its bulk and hardens its substance. In consequence of this there is change of manifestations. The mind acts more slowly in old persons, and is not capable or as protracted or as lofty efforts. The feelings, too, are much lessened in susceptibility...

But in the memory the most marked changes occur. Some persons who were ordinarily gifted in this respect, in old age become peculiarly deficient in memory. With the aged, recent facts and events are not so readily taken up into the mental storehouse, and what is learned is sooner forgotten. At the same time the past stands out in vivid contrast with the present. Early habits return again. For instance, the pronunciation of the spelling of youth often reappears, to the surprise of friends. Sins, early repented of and forsaken, obtrude themselves painfully on the memory...

The announcement that Mr. Matthew Ryan, who has filled for several years the important position of Stipendiary Magistrate in the North-West Territory, has been summarily dismissed from the public service seems to be too well founded to admit of doubt. Mr. Ryan has for some time past been subjected to petty persecutions at the hands of enemies who have, by the aid of the Government, won a temporary triumph over their victim. It is known that complaints were preferred against him to the Government, but no copy of these complaints was ever handed to him, though he asked for it over and over again. When he was in Ottawa a few weeks ago he renewed his request for an investigation, and wanted to know whether he should return to his post. He was told to do so, and also to go on to Battleford to attend to a meeting of the North-West Council, of which he is an ex-officio member. While at Battleford, in the act of obeying explicit instructions, and relying on the implied assurance that he would not be summarily discharged until his case was enquired into, he is cast into a manner wholly inadvisable in any manner. Ryan being a French Roman Catholic, instead of a British one, the Langavins wing of the Cabinet would not have persecuted him so malignantly or so successfully.—Globe.

"OUR NEXT GREAT STRUGGLE."

PROF. HENRY GEORGE AT THE ALBERT HALL.

The audience at the Albert Hall Friday night, on the occasion of the delivery of Prof. George's second lecture, was not large, but it was very intelligent. The latter fact was made evident by the readiness with which the lecturer's arguments and suggestions were understood, and the deep interest manifested in the lecture throughout. Prof. George was introduced by Mr. J. C. Fleming, besides whom there were several other gentlemen seated on the platform...

The lecturer began by saying that he did not believe any thoughtful man could look over the world to-day without seeing that a great change was imminent. There was great unrest among the masses everywhere. He reviewed the situation in the several countries of Europe, referring to the growth of Socialistic tendencies in those places. Gladstone, he said, who began life as a Tory, had not introduced a bill for the amelioration of the condition of the tenants in Ireland, which he considered revolutionary. There were also evidences of unrest in America. But Europe was not seeking social equality alone, she was merely seeking it as the means to a great end. In America, also, there was not that profound belief in republicanism as a cure for all evils. The people wanted more than political equality. Democratic institutions amounted to little in themselves. What did it matter to a man the kind of government he lived under as compared with the privilege of earning an easy and independent living? If he could live independently it did not matter to him very much how despotic the government under which he lived. There was no despotism like the despotism of poverty. He wanted to see a man able to stand up before the world like a freeman. In America they had abolished all hereditary distinctions, and that was as far as they had gone. In Canada the people had taken two great steps in the right direction, in the establishment of a Protective Tariff and in their great subsidized railways. Give him a community in which the wealth was in any way evenly divided, and there would be bad good and pure Government, but select a community in which the wealth was held in the hands of a few, and no matter what the form of Government was it would be inefficient. The unrest over the world sprung from a deep principle, and from the growing intelligence of being endowed with inalienable rights. It sprung from a cheapening of education, and the ease with which an education was obtained. Men were learning to believe that they possessed natural rights which made them as good as any others. Everywhere the perception of man's equality with his fellows was strengthening. During the last few years a great advance had been made in the number of inventions and in the constructions of labor saving appliances. But the tendency to save labor in manufactures had done nothing to elevate the condition of the laboring classes. John Stuart Mill, and no better authority could be desired, had come to the conclusion that labor saving appliances had made it easier for laboring men to live. With all our progress in this direction the car drivers in New York had recently found it necessary to strike in order to obtain a reduction from seventeen hours of labor per day; and it was the same thing on the other side of the Atlantic. Prof. F. Rogers had said that the condition of the English laborers was worse now than it was one hundred years ago. Hallam also said that in the time of the Plantagenets the condition of the laborers in England was much better than it was to-day. In years gone by, for instance, a piece of leather and a little hemp and wax were all the things necessary to enable a man to set up in the business of making shoes, but now a capital of \$200,000 or \$300,000 was necessary before the same business could be entered. This was the tendency in every other business as well. Some time ago a printer could start a paper like Bennett or Franklin with nothing but his labor for capital, but at the present time millions of dollars were required if a like purpose was entertained. He did not think the scheme of forming a peasant proprietary in land was possible, and even if it was possible, he did not think it would do any good. Farming was not exempted from the tendencies he had referred to in other occupations. He knew of a man who owned in the State of California a farm of 100,000 acres, and who in different other parts owned 500,000 acres altogether. In England this tendency to concentrate land was going on, for the English landlords had done what the Irish and Scotch landlords were trying to do. And competition from America would go to develop the same kind of farms as they had in the west. In Dakota he had seen miles and miles of waving grass and not a single house. They were building up in America the same kind of farming which had eaten the heart out of ancient Italy. Machinery had not benefited mankind to the extent which was generally supposed. It now cost too much to enter business. Even boxes were made by machinery, and on the banks of the Hudson they had a chicken factory, where the chickens were hatched by machinery, and were, he thought, fed by machinery. Recently he had entered a printing office in New York, and ascended to the bindery. In speaking to the foreman that gentleman had told him that they could not now learn a boy the trade, because such man employed only did a little and a certain part of the work, and was never put to any other. In the press room a man was pointed out to him who had been twelve years in the establishment and who could yet only run one press. This was the tendency throughout the world, and the only way to resist it was to engage in trade combinations. The larger the city the more these facts were forced upon a man's mind. The conflict which this state of things must naturally bring about was rapidly approaching. Wages could only be raised by means of strikes, and there were men in the country whose wealth was counted by hundreds of millions. Such monstrous aggregations of wealth had not been seen since the days of Rome, and must produce social disease. Where millionsaires were to be found there also could be seen paupers. As the world went on the struggle for a living became more intense. Where wealth was concentrated in such a manner there was a proportionately greater number of suicides than elsewhere. There were more people anxious to hurry out of a life which they found more of a pain than a pleasure. There also was to be observed a decrease of marriages, for the men were unable to support wives, and it was the natural right of a man to have a wife and a woman to have a husband. According to the law of nature there should be 21 boys to every 20 girls brought into the world, but in the Eastern States of America, there were thousands more women than men, while in the West there were more men than women. What kind of a civilization was it

that produced such irregularities in the laws of nature? There was one general cause for this evil, and there could be no difficulty in ascertaining what that was. We had adopted a system which had caused the decay of Rome by recognizing individual property in land. What was the thing which grew continually in value? Land! Nothing else tended by time to increase in value. But would wages be any higher on account of the increased value of the land? All the additional power would be vested in the owners thereof. What would be the effect if Gould or Vanderbilt took it into their heads to do some good for the people of New York? If they constructed some public work for the benefit of the public, the result would be that land would still rise in value, and as an offset the people would perhaps be able to enjoy a trip to the country for five cents. It was the same thing with regard to the opening of railroads. The land through which the line ran would rise in value, and ultimately the settlers would find the struggle to live increasing in difficulty. If the cost of a government was reduced it would do nothing to equalize the distribution of wealth. The land would still rise in value. He did not tell them that the settlement of this question would satisfactorily arrange the whole matter, but it was a fundamental question. It was the foundation upon which to erect the edifice of human liberty for the man who owned the land on which his fellow-beings lived necessarily owned them also. Land was the mother of the universe as far as they could get at it. If inventions went on to infinity they would only give increased power to those who owned the land. Those who did not could only live as pensioners on the bounty of others.

The lecturer then referred to the slavery which existed in the Southern States before the war, and comparing it with the present agitation, predicted that before the next Presidential election there would be a great advance made in the social question. There were but few of them yet engaged in the work, but before the abolition of slavery there were only a few who advocated freedom for black as well as white, and everybody now knew what they had accomplished. The men in Canada did not know what the Irish Land War was doing, and especially what it was doing in the States. It was calling the attention of the world to the great fundamental principle that to the people belonged the land they lived on. There were a great many men, landowners and others, who were striving hard to crush this great truth, but it would not be kept down. The Land League movement in Ireland had begun very timidly, but it had spread to great proportions, and one of the earliest omens of the change which was taking place in the people was contained in a communication sent by a certain English gentleman to a friend, wherein he said that the Irish peasants were neglecting to take off their hats when in the presence of a landlord, and this he considered an ominous sign. And it was ominous.

Prof. George then referred briefly to the French revolution and the birth of the first French republic. The revolution at present going on in Ireland was, he maintained, greater than either the French or American revolutions. He read to them the statements of Bishop Nulty of Meath, wherein that distinguished prelate said that the land of a common country was the common property of the people—the land was for the children of men. To maintain the present system of allowing a few men to hold all the land in any country would be to resist the benevolent intentions of the Creator. But the standard had now been raised by Ireland, and although that country might be the advance guard the main body would also eventually join in the line, but Englishmen were always very slow. An Englishman had once said to him that his (the farmer's) countrymen were the real Chinese of the western world. He did not care what was the fate of the Land Bill—the movement would not be materially affected by it. It could no more be stopped than the river St. Lawrence from running to the sea. Wrong could only exist until challenged by right. Private property in land in England was already on the defensive. The declaration that the land belonged to the people was not inconsistent with the natural rights of property. Anything the product of human labor could be considered as private property, but the land was created by the Almighty. Private property in land was not necessary to the improvement of that land. Security of possession only was necessary. He knew of large tracts of land in the United States which were lying waste because their owners did not choose to till them, and, dog-in-the-manger like, refused to let anybody else do so. Land was frequently held useless on speculation. The owners would not allow those who make the desert bloom do so unless they paid for the privileges. He suggested that all land should be held by the State, and that to the State the tillers should pay rent—that was rent in an economic sense. This would be a very simple system of taxation. It had been said that it would be unjust to take the land from the present owners without compensation—that the adoption of this plan would be robbery. It was impossible, however, that a great social wrong could grow up and be removed without an appearance of injustice to some one. Was it right that a certain man should continue to live upon the labor of his fellow men merely because his ancestors did the same thing; because he had lived part of his life upon the labor of another that he should continue to do so the rest, and besides those who would lose as a landowner, would gain either as a laborer or a capitalist. The capitalized value of the land in England was \$22,000,000,000, and no nation could pay a sum like that for compensation. It would be impossible. The landowners would have as good a time as ever, and go on living on other men's labor for infinity. There could be no injustice in removing such a condition of things. Justice herself demanded it—Justice who carried both the scales and the sword. Revolutions never went backward, and the glow of the dawn was already in the sky.

RIGHTS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS.

At a meeting of the Council of Cote St. Antoine on 13th instant, the following significant resolution was unanimously carried:—"That if the Committee on Private Bills of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec insist on interpolating into the Bill now before them from this Municipality any provision, the effect of which will be to exempt certain ecclesiastical bodies from contribution to local improvements, it shall be an instruction from this Council to the Mayor and Secretary now in charge of the Bill immediately to withdraw the same, and to call a public meeting of the ratepayers, in order that they may take such steps as are yet open to them for the maintenance of their rights as a municipal body, and as British subjects."

A REMARKABLE PRINTER.

(Stockton, Cal., Mar.) The most remarkable newspaper man in the United States lives at Angels, Camp, in Calaveras county. His name is S. S. Waterman. He is twenty-four years old and has been paralyzed ever since he was born. He was born in Angels and has never been away from the town but once, when he went in search of medical aid, but failed to find any. His paralysis is of the upper and lower limbs, which he cannot move. His speech is also affected and it is only with difficulty that he can talk at all. Early in life he manifested a liking of movable type, which he placed in position with his teeth. He soon began to cut type out of wood, holding the engraving tools between his teeth when he used them. He has made a good deal of block type in this way, with which he at present conducts a small job printing business. He also sets metal type with his teeth. Waterman was one of the founders of the Mountain Echo, a weekly paper now being published in Angels. He set a good deal of the type for this paper with his teeth, and having a good education manufactured his editorials and other articles as he went along. He is now out of the newspaper business and confines himself entirely to job printing and engraving. He does all the program and invitation work for the city, frequently engraving special designs for his jobs. His presswork, of course, he cannot do with his teeth and employs a boy to do that part of the work for him—the only part he cannot do himself.

BREVITIES.

The South Dublin Union have resolved to send 37 able-bodied paupers to America. Rev. James Moss, of Stenben's Co., N. Y., rowed from Niagara to Toronto, 36 miles, in a 16 foot skiff, in 8 hours and 15 minutes. The British Foreign Office has sent a communication to the Government of the United States calling attention to the operations of Fenians in New York. The London, Eng., telegraph operators have decided to cease working overtime on June 27th, as a preliminary step to obtain a reduction of their hour's service. Dr. Atherton, of Fredericton, N.B., is being sued by Mrs. Tracey, of St. John, for malpractice in removing a tumor from the body of her late husband. The damages are laid at \$10,000.

Safes, Vault Doors, &c.

SOME SPLENDID FIRE-PROOF SAFES

OF THE CELEBRATED GOLDIE & McCULLOCH MAKE, JUST RECEIVED AT THE DOMINION SAFE WAREHOUSES, No. 31 BONAVENTURE ST., (Adjoining Witness Office.) Do not wait till you are burnt out or robbed before you buy one. The one we bought for the office of this paper is of this make and admired by all who see it. ALFRED BENN, AGENT.

Exhibition.

GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, to be held on the EXHIBITION GROUNDS, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal. Arranged in three Departments—Agricultural, Horticultural and Industrial. Opens Wednesday, September 14, Excepting Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, which arrive two days later, viz., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th. CLOSURE FRIDAY, SEPT. 23rd. \$25,000 Offered in Premiums! Entries in all departments must be made with the Secretaries in Montreal, on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th. Prize Lists and Forms of Entry, with any other information required, can be obtained on application to G. B. LECLERE, Sec. Council of Agriculture, S. C. STEVENSON, 43 St. Rec. Council of Arts and Manufactures.

Provisions, &c.

MCGRAIL & WALSH, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & DEALERS IN FRUIT & PROVISIONS, 341 & 343 Commissioner Street, MONTREAL, P. Q. Consignments solicited for the sale of Pork, Lard, Hams, Eggs, Butter, Hides, Potatoes, Apples, Peaches, &c. 43 CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. It

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO. EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. Sale of Lands.

To encourage the rapid settlement of the Country, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands required for agricultural purposes at the low price of \$2.50 an acre, payable by instalments, and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of \$1.25 for every acre of such lands brought under cultivation within three to five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon. The lands thus offered for sale will not comprise Mines, Coal or Wood lands, or tracts for Town sites and Railway purposes. Contract at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising, and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation. Intending Settlers and their effects, on reaching the Company's Railway, will be forwarded to their place of destination on very liberal terms. Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Office of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at Montreal and Winnipeg. By Order of the Board, CHS. DRINKWATER, Secretary. Montreal, April 30th, 1881.

THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

The annual excursion of the Pontifical Zouaves will take place on the 26th inst. It promises to be a grand affair, as every effort is being made to make it a complete success.

Epps's Cocoa—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills.

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe; instructions for treatment sent by address; physicians and sufferers invited to try the instrument at the Doctor's office, Montreal, without charge.

Why should not truth be acknowledged? These wonderful instruments are the discovery of the age, and people need no longer fear chest diseases until its very last stage.

Read the following and see the wonderful cures effected by these instruments, which convey medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of catarrh and bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.

Yours truly, C. Hill.

MONTREAL, January, 1881.

Dr. M. Souville, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies.

Yours respectfully, S. HILTON, Montreal.

Mr. Benj. A. Drake, 162 St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Mr. Hunter, student at McGill College, who suffered from chest disease, is now cured. Also the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Benoit, 114 Cathedral street, daughter of Mr. David Perrault, who suffered from asthma and bronchitis for over eight years, and who is now perfectly cured.

Hundreds of similar authentic testimonials can be seen at Dr. M. Souville's office, 13 Phillips square. Instruments expressed to any address.

POND'S EXTRACT FOR PAIN.—You seldom see much allusion to it in the public prints, yet its sale has extended to all parts of the world.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache.

"It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it is really the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, get at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

KICKING THE BUCKY.—The tradition among the slang fraternity, "of the origin of this phrase is that one 'Bolshevik' having hung himself to a beam, while standing on the bottom of a pail or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity. There are many around us who will 'kick the bucket' from dyspepsia, liver complaints and derangements of the stomach, if they persist in neglect and thoughtlessness, in not providing a safe remedy. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters never fail to cure these ailments, and restore to health and strength those who otherwise would have 'kicked the bucket.'

Sold by all Druggists at 25c per bottle.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the best, cheapest and the most popular remedies at all seasons, and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with the certainty of doing good.

Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcers, and burns are presently benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen checks all tendency to irritation in the bowels, and averts diarrhoea and other disorders of the intestines frequently prevailing through the summer and fruit seasons. Heat lumps, blotches, pimples, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections, and enlarged glands can be effectively overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the instruction accompanying every packet.

RECOGNITION OF SERVICES.—The following is an abstract from the 25th annual report of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society:—"We beg to refer you to the report of the Chairman of the Committee appointed to perfect the arrangements for the annual fair, which makes due acknowledgments to those gentlemen that kindly assisted us in money and prizes, and particularly to the members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club for their generous and hearty co-operation."

When doctors disagree who shall decide? The people decide by "throwing physic to the dogs," and trying Burdock Blood Bitters, and the result is always satisfactory. Burdock Blood Bitters is the Medium in Paris of medical science, curing all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. A trial bottle only costs 10 cents. A dollar bottle may save you many dollars in doctor's bills. 42-2

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, June 15.—The following is an official statement of the number of houses destroyed and families rendered homeless and destitute by the fire on the night of the 10th of June:—642 houses; 1,211 families, consisting of 6,028 individuals. Two-thirds of the above have lost all and had no insurance on their property.

(Signed), C. A. P. PELLETIER, President of the Relief Committee. D. J. BROUSSEAU, Mayor.

The most miserable man in the world is the dyspeptic, and dyspepsia is one of the most troublesome difficulties to remove, but Burdock Blood Bitters always conquers it. It stimulates the secretions, regulates the Bowels, acts upon the Liver, aids digestion, and tones up the entire system. Trial bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1. 42-2

Finance.

WITH \$5 YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond.

Which Bonds are shares in a loan the interest of which is paid out in premiums four times yearly. Every Bond is so long entitled to

Four Drawings Every Year, until each and every Bond is drawn. Every Bond must be drawn with one of the following premiums:

- 4 Bonds @ \$1. 200,000—800,000 florins.
2 Bonds @ \$1. 50,000—100,000 florins.
2 Bonds @ \$1. 30,000—60,000 florins.
4 Bonds @ \$1. 10,000—40,000 florins.
20 Bonds @ \$1. 1,000—20,000 florins.
48 Bonds @ \$1. 400—19,200 florins.
4720 Bonds @ \$1. 130—612,000 florins.

Together with 4,800 Bonds, amounting to 1,653,200 florins—1 florin equal to 25 cents in gold.

Every one of the above-named Bonds which does not draw of the large premium must be drawn with at least 50 florins, or \$12.50. The next drawing takes place on JULY 1st, 1881.

Every Bond which is bought from us on or before the 1st of April with Five Dollars, is entitled to the whole premium which will be drawn thereon on that date.

Orders from the country can be sent with Five Dollars in registered letters, which will secure one of these Bonds, good for the Drawing of July 1st.

For Bonds, circulars, or any other information address:

International Banking Co., No. 150 Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874. N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the TRUE WITNESS.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States. 42c

Books For Sale.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00

Cabinet Photographs of Parnell & Davitt. 25c

Groups of Land Leaguers, 16 figures, 9x11. \$1.00

Lithograph of Davitt, 18x24. 60c

SENT FREE BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

LANE & CO., 304 BLEUVEY ST., Montreal.

Professional Cards.

DR. KANNON, C.M.M.D., M.C.P.S. Late of Children's Hospital, New York, and St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, etc. 209 1/2 St. Joseph Street, (over McGeale's Drug Store.) 18-G

J. N. ROUSSEL, NOTARY PUBLIC, Huntingdon, P.Q.

Farms For Sale.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS. AND ALSO City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.

Apply to TRUST & LOAN CO. of Canada, 14 St. James Street.

Undertakers.

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Medical.

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FOR

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THE

On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!" Blank who is a young man and somewhat of a beau, felt annoyed at the fact of having his grey hairs discovered, but went immediately and procured a bottle of LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER for fifty cents. The result was amazing. It is sold by all chemists.

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Giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

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It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulae, Gout, Rheumatism, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

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Medical.

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As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

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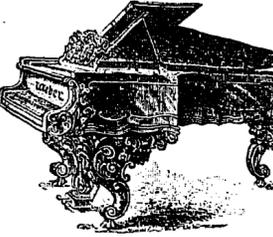
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WIFE SELLING IN ENGLAND.

The Dublin Nation collects a few cases of wife selling in England, taken from the English papers. The Standard of May 27th says:—

This afternoon Mr. T. D. Sullivan will ask the Home Secretary whether his attention has been called to a case tried before the Sheffield county court, in the course of which it appeared that a man had sold his wife for a quart of beer; and whether the Government will take steps to remove the impression which seems to exist that the sale of wives is a legitimate transaction. In spite of the apparent absurdity of the suggestion, it is said to be really the case that such occurrences are less rare than is generally supposed. In the potteries, and the mining districts of England, at least five cases have been recorded during the past four years, and unnoticed. Those who have looked into the subject ever that sometimes the price of a wife put up at auction runs as high as forty pounds and a supper, and at other times the market rates as low as a quarter of gin and a bull pup; and we are further told that frequently the auction takes place in a public house, with the full consent of the parties most immediately concerned; but occasionally, to give due solemnity to the proceedings, a halter is put round the wife's neck prior to her being knocked down to the highest bidder. The latter mode operandi is considered more binding, for the most singular feature in these revolting transactions is, that the seller, the "chattel," and the buyer all firmly believe that they are taking part in a strictly legal act of divorce and re-marriage.

The "Annual Register," and works of a similar kind, are studded with notices of such wife sales. For instance, in 1815, a man held a regular auction in the market place of Lonsdale, offering his spouse at a minimum bidding of a shilling, and finally disposing of her for half a guinea. In 1820, a "decent-looking man" led his erring spouse to the cattle market at Canterbury, and when the salesman declined to put her first on the block, hired a pen, and soon afterwards sold her to a townsman for five shillings. In 1834, another wife was disposed of in exactly the same manner at Birmingham; and 1835 a woman, who had been sold for fifteen pounds, succeeded in defending her claim as the heir to some property against the plea of her first husband's relatives that the market place sale constituted a legal divorce. In 1837 a man in the west riding of Yorkshire was considered by his neighbors to have been very badly used when he received a month's hard labour for attempting to get rid of his wife in a mode which long custom had led him to believe was perfectly legitimate; and as late as 1858 a beardsman kept at Little Horton, near Bradford, took advantage of this cheap substitute for the divorce court, and even went so far as to announce the sale beforehand by means of the village bellman. In 1859, a man at Dudley sold his spouse for sixpence; and, not to enumerate many other cases, as recently as the year 1877 a wife was transferred for forty pounds, the articles of sale being drawn up at a solicitor's office, the money paid, and the wife handed over in the gravest possible manner.

The list of cases given by the Standard is, as that journal confesses, very far from being exhaustive. We are in a position to supplement it to a considerable extent. To begin with, here is a case not mentioned by our London contemporary. The Western Times, in May, 1872, reported as follows:— A man at Exeter had sold his wife for £50. It appears that the purchaser was misled with the charms of his friend's wife, who did not live on the best of terms with her husband, having too much "dash" for him; negotiations were entered into; an offer of £50 was accepted, and the man took the woman to Plymouth, where the couple are now residing.

Another case, from the Liverpool Mercury of January, 1872:— On Monday night a baker led into a room in a Preston public house, with hands bound, and a halter round her neck, his wife Agnes, a woman of about 27 years of age, and offered her before a large company for sale by auction. The woman was "put up" at a shilling, on which a girl in the room offered a shilling more. One of the men then bid half-a-crown, and at this figure the wife was knocked down to him. During the evening a factory operative offered three shillings for his bargain, and the woman was transferred to him.

Another case, of recent date, which came before a court of justice:— On Wednesday at the Barnsley courthouse, Yorkshire, some strange facts came out in a case heard before the magistrates. A man named Charles Dawes charged Charles Clarke, a bricklayer, living at Wombell, with using threats which put him in bodily fear. In cross-examination complainant admitted that he had been twice married, and had once purchased a wife for ninepence, whom he afterwards married. He admitted that the defendant's wife was living at his house. In the course of the hearing Mrs. Clarke, who evidently felt much annoyed at the reflection on her character, handed to the Bench a lengthy document, signed by three witnesses, and bearing a penny receipt stamp, which stated that Charles Clarke, her husband, agreed to sell her to Peter Scott, of Sheffield, for 2s. 6d., from the 1st day of February, 1878, from which time until death he would not annoy her. The Bench bound Clarke over to keep the peace for six months.

The London Weekly Despatch of Nov. 14th, 1875, recorded the following case:— On Thursday evening week a number of men were drinking in a public house on Blakey Moor, and one Henry Duckworth, who obtained a livelihood by carrying parcels for railway passengers, was drunk. His wife, a fine buxom woman of thirty, came in and asked him for money. He remarked, "I wish somebody would buy thee." A machine-maker named William Robinson, about twenty-three years of age, said, "I'll buy her." Articles of sale, of which the following is a copy, were drawn up and signed:— Nov. 4th, 1875. This is to certify that I, Henry Duckworth, do hereby sell my wife for the sum of fourpence to William Robinson. Witness my hand (signed), HENRY DUCKWORTH. Witness, James Moun, Michael Clark, Wm. Robinson. The receiver, in celebration of the Robinson and the woman went home together, and on Saturday afternoon they visited the public house where they met with Duckworth, and all seemed happy together. Duckworth says he is satisfied with the sale, and the woman declares she will not leave Robinson.

The Stamford Mercury of May, 1853, had an account of an attempted auction of a wife, which was frustrated by circumstances. It said:— On Saturday last one of those disgraceful scenes, the sale of a wife, was very nearly

being witnessed in Boston market-place. A large concourse of people assembled in the expectation of seeing the disgusting exhibition, but fortunately the town was spared the degradation. It is said the auctioneer being dubious as to the legality of the proceeding, declined to act. It appears that the woman had not lived with her husband for some time past, and that he proposed to her this plan of effecting a permanent separation, which she gladly accepted, believing it to be perfectly legitimate and regular.

A somewhat similar case occurred in November, 1856. The particulars are thus given by an English paper:— The town crier announced a few days ago at Retford, in Northamptonshire, that a married woman of the name of Starkey would be offered for sale in the public market on the following day. At the appointed hour a large number of people assembled, but previous to this Starkey went to the house of a man named Bradley, where his wife resided, and presented a halter with which to lead her away. Bradley then attacked him, and bit his cheek very deeply. As soon as he could get away, Starkey returned to the market place, related his sorrows, and was in the act of receiving the condolence of the bystanders, when two policemen made their appearance and took him into custody on a charge of being a deserter from the militia of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The following is from the Preston Chronicle of January, 1856:— A short while ago Mr. Robert Rhodes was united in the bonds of matrimony with a Miss Easton, of Longridge, but the marriage was unfortunate. Both parties very soon forgot their vows to "love and cherish," for shortly after they relinquished the fascination of each other's charms and separated. Since this event they have both lived in private lodgings. To bring the marriage knot to a solution, the husband, on Monday last, publicly led his wife through the streets of the village in a halter, offering her for sale, when, being viewed by one and examined by another, she was ultimately, after a little higgling, "knocked down" for twenty shillings! The purchaser was a Mr. George Banks, who quietly, but gallantly, seized the halter and drew her away.

The Stockton Mercury, in July, 1855, published the following:— The antiquated and disgraceful practice of selling a wife has taken place at Thrisik within the past few days. A blooming young woman, the wife of Mr. W. Marshall, of Wombell, near Kirby-Moore, was led in a halter to the cross, and there sold for 2s. 6d. to a knight of Crispin. Mr. Marshall was sixty-four years of age when he was married, and Mrs. Marshall only nineteen. They, however, continued to live happily together for ten years, but he, finding that those infirmities natural to old age were rapidly increasing, it was agreed between them that the knot which had joined them in wedlock for so long a period should be severed.

Another case, recorded by the Liverpool Post, in May, 1876:— At Warrington, on Friday, a young man named Wells sold his wife, a good-looking young woman of some six-and-twenty summers, for the small figure of the price of half a gallon of beer. Wells, who is a forgerman, has lived apart from his wife for about two years, and a laborer named Clayton, who lodged with her mother in Stamford street, Warrington, having become smitten by the lady's charms, conceived the idea that if her husband sold her to him there would be no lawful impediment to her becoming Mrs. Clayton. Accordingly the pair proceeded to a public house, and a messenger was despatched for Wells. Clayton told him that he would buy his wife if he would sell her. Wells replied that he could have her for half a gallon of beer, which was at once brought in and drunk, and the transaction sealed to the apparent satisfaction of all parties. Clayton said he would like to marry her, and asked Wells if he would "hurt" her. Wells replied, "No, then can marry her as soon as the law allows; to meet if the law's a mind. I won't hurt either of you." Clayton also offered to keep Wells' little girl by his wife, which was accepted. Upon this declaration of friendship Clayton treated Wells to another pint, and Mrs. Wells, who was evidently pleased with the bargain, paid for another half a gallon of beer, which the company drank.

The case referred to in Mr. T. D. Sullivan's question brings the record of English wife-selling down to May 25th of the present year. Here is a case which occurred a day or two later, a very remarkable one, inasmuch as there were two buyers and two sellers, and the consideration given by each was his own wife for the wife of the other. We take the report from the Birmingham Daily Mail of Friday week, May 27th:— Henry French, laborer, George street, was summoned before the Birmingham police court to show cause why he should not contribute to the maintenance of a boy named Frederick Timms, an inmate of the Shustoke Industrial School. Inspector Kibler stated that the boy's mother had absconded and left the boy about two years ago. Mr. Cheston, who appeared for French, said this was a most extraordinary case. The boy was the son of Edward Timms, a chimney-sweep. It appeared that Timms and French exchanged wives. French took Timms' wife and Timms took French's wife. This was Timms' claim, and French was not responsible for its maintenance at all. When French took the mother away the boy was about 16 or 17 months old. The magistrates asked if under the circumstances the summons would be withdrawn. Inspector Kibler:—Oh, yes; I shall summon Timms now.

The Sheffield Daily Telegraph of the 26th May says:— A case disclosing shockingly immoral conduct was heard at the county court yesterday before T. Ellison, Esq., judge. A Mrs. Henderson, Pyback, brought an action against Henry Moore, of Dun street, to recover £1 10s for four weeks' maintenance of his wife. Mr. Fairburn and Mr. W. J. Clegg represented the plaintiff and defendant respectively. There was no denial of Mrs. Moore having lodged with the plaintiff, and on being sworn Mrs. Moore deposed that on the evening of the 20th January her husband came home with a married woman named Wood, and they had some beer there. Witness told him she would not have the woman in the house, but he threatened to kill her if she attempted to turn the woman out. Mrs. Wood complaining of being tired, defendant fetched a pillow from the bedroom for her. Witness's agent remonstrated, and thereupon defendant kicked her and pushed her out of the house and locked the door. She was very much injured, but managed to get to a neighbour's house. She was under a doctor for more than a week, and afterwards she became an inmate of the workhouse. On the 18th March she went to lodge with the plaintiff, and had been there since. Plaintiff and another witness having given evidence, Mr. Clegg addressed the Court, admitting that his client was living with a married woman, it certainly was a disgraceful

state of things, and it was shocking that a court of justice should be occupied in investigating such a case. Still, he contended, the defendant was not liable for the maintenance of his wife, inasmuch as she had behaved in an immoral manner. Moore was then called, and in cross-examination by Mr. Fairburn, the defendant said he was living with the wife of one of his friends, of whom he had purchased her for a quart of beer. Mr. Fairburn said he enquired of that had been said by Mr. Clegg as to the disgracefulness of the case, and he contended that the defendant was a man who desired to get rid of his wife in order that he might continue to live with the woman whom he had purchased for a quart of beer.

In a list of "vulgar English errors" published some years ago in an English periodical the following was one of the items: "That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife by selling her in the open market with a halter round her neck, first taking her through a toll bar." The notion survives, and is still vigorous in many parts of the country, as we have clearly shown; but the process of sale has been much simplified. The open market, the halter, and the toll bar are frequently dispensed with, and the transaction is quietly and speedily effected in a public house. But the prevalence of the custom being notorious, and proofs of its appearing in the press and coming before the law courts from day to day, we cannot think that the Home Secretary's feeble attempt to ignore and deny it does any credit to either his head or heart. His wiser course would have been to take the hint that was offered him, admit the existence of the scandal, denounce it, and condemn it, and promise to use his best exertions for its suppression.

WANNINGS.—Lung disease and rheumatism are perhaps the most obstinate maladies with which medical skill does battle. The latter, if less dangerous, is the most inveterate of the two. Both make their approaches gradually and are heralded by symptoms which ought to warn the sufferer of the approach. As soon as a cold or the first rheumatic twinge is felt, they who can be advised for their good will try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which gives a quietus to both these complaints; even in advanced stages, but the early use of which inwardly and outwardly is especially to be recommended, as all diseases are most successfully combated in their infancy. Piles, neuralgic pain, stiffness of the joints, inflammation, hurts, tumors, and the various diseases and injuries of the equine race and cattle are among the evils overcome by this leading remedy. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

Finance and Commerce

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, June 21, 1881.

FINANCIAL.

The money market is quiet at 3 to 5 per cent for call and time loans. Sterling exchange was quoted at 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 premium between banks, 8 1/2 to 9 over the counter. The stock market this morning was irregular. At noon Bank of Montreal was weaker at 192 bid and Merchants' weaker at 123 1/2. The rest of the list with the exception of Richelieu was generally firmer. Morning Stock Sales—50 Bank of Montreal, 192; 25 do, 191 1/2; 130 do, 191; 27 do, 191 1/2; 200 do, 191 1/2; 100 Ontario, 91; 70 do, 90 1/2; 25 do, 90 1/2; 25 do, 90 1/2; 175 do, 90; 25 do, 90 1/2; 25 do, 90 1/2; 150 do, 90 1/2; 35 do, 91; 125 do, 91 1/2; 154 Merchants' 122 1/2; 90 Commerce, 140; 85 do, 148 1/2; 38 Peoples 93; 75 Montreal Telegraph, 132; 82,000 Champlain bonds, 96; 25 Gas, 139 1/2. The market closed firmer, except for Bank of Montreal, which stood at 192 bid. Richelieu at 60 1/2 bid; Merchants at 123 1/2; Ontario at 91 1/2; and Montreal Telegraph at 132. Afternoon Sales—77 Montreal, 192; 10 do, 192 1/2; 3 do, 192; 35 do, 192 1/2; 300 Ontario, 92; 50 do, 91 1/2; 200 do, 91 1/2; 60 Commerce, 140 1/2; 50 do, 146 1/2; 60 Merchants, 123 1/2; 145 Jacques Cartier, 102; 100 Montreal Telegraph, 132 1/2; 45 Richelieu, 61; 15 Canada Cotton, new stock, 127 1/2.

New York, June 21, 1 p.m. Stocks irregular. R. I. 142 1/2; Ill. C. 138; N. Y. C. 145 1/2; L. S. 127 1/2; C. S. 72 1/2; M. C. 108 1/2; Erie, 45 1/2; N. W. 124 1/2; St. Paul, 122 1/2; D. & L. 121 1/2; D. & H. 160; W. St. L. & P., 54 1/2; U. P., 128 1/2; N. P., 45 1/2; W. U., 135 1/2; Am. Ex., 83 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

The wholesale city trade has undergone no material change since last issue, when the markets on the whole were quiet though slightly more active than at the corresponding season last year. No general improvement may now be looked for until August and the movement then will depend largely on the crop output and whether the balance of prices for grains, fruits and roots will be in our favor or not. Reports received this week state that the European crops are generally in fine condition, in France particularly, but that there will continue to be a large demand for American produce no one will doubt. Money has ruled easier on this market the past week, and it is reported that some of the local banks have largely reduced the reserves which they had placed on investment in New York and Chicago, preferring to loan it here, where, if profits are smaller, there is less risk.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The leading manufacturers appear to be receiving a fair number of fall orders, and the sorting trade is about over. There is still a good deal of grumbling about the unprofitable prices now ruling, and some efforts may be made soon to bring about a uniform advance equivalent to the rise in leather. Men's split boots, \$1.75 to \$2.25; do buff congress, \$1.80 to \$2.25; do kip boots, \$2.50 to 3.25; do cowhide boots, 2.30 to \$2.75; women's split boots, 90c and \$1.40; do pebble and buff balancers, \$1.10 to \$1.40; do prunella, 50c to \$1.60; Misses' buff and pebble bals, 90c to 1.15.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—Trade is inactive and somewhat irregular. While most of the prices on the list are barely maintained, bicarb soda, sal soda, bleaching powder and potash-lodide, are a trifle firmer in consequence of an improvement in Britain. Bicarb soda, \$3.10 to \$3.25; soda ash, \$1.55 to \$1.70; bicarbonate of potash, 15c to 16c; borax, 16c to 17c; cream tartar crystals, 31c to 32c; ditto granular, 33c to 35c; caustic soda, \$2.50 to 2.75; sugar of lead, 13c to 14c; bleaching powder, \$1.40 to \$1.60; alum, \$1.75 to 1.85; copperas, 100 lbs, 90c to \$1; flour sulphur, \$2 to 3.25 epsom salts, \$1.30 to 1.50; sal soda, \$1.05 to \$1.15; saltpetre, per lb, \$9.50 to 10; sulphate of copper, 5c to 7c; whitening, 5c to 6c; opium, about \$1.25 to \$1.50; quinine, \$3.75; morphia, \$3.40 to \$3.50; castor oil, 10c; shellac, 42c to 45c.

GROCERIES.—Speaking generally a good business is being done. In tea operations, it has been principally in Japan, of which

about 5,000 pkgs were placed. Cheap Japans ranging from 26c to 33c sold well. Green teas, of which a large quantity have been in stock here, met with both city and western demand. Young hyson firsts may be quoted at 45c to 55c; seconds, 38c to 45c; thirds, 30c to 35c; fourths, 26c to 29c. Gunpowder, finest, is rated at 65c to 70c, and Congou, fine to finest, 41c to 60c. Sugar continues in good demand. Granulated, 11c to 11 1/2c grocers "A," 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; yellows, 8 1/2c to 9 1/4c. Raw is held at 8c to 8 1/2c for Muscovad, and Barbadoes. Fruits are quiet. Currants, 6 1/2c to 7c; valencias firm at 8 1/2c to 9c; layers, \$2.25 to \$2.30; London layers, \$2.70 to \$2.80; loose muscatel, box, \$2.30 to \$2.40; sultanas, 10c; seedless, 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c; prunes, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; malaga figs, 6c to 7c; h almonds, 6c to 7c; s sarragona, 13c to 15c; walnuts, French, 9c to 10c; filberts, 8 1/2c to 9c. Coffee is quiet and steady. We quote: Green mocha, per lb, 30c to 38c; Java, 23c to 28c; maracibo, 21c to 25c; cape, 19c to 20c; Jamaica, 18c to 20c; Rio, 18c to 20c; Singapore and Ceylon, 22c to 27c; chicory, 12c to 12 1/2c. Spices are steady and in moderate demand. Cassia, per lb, 13c to 15c; mace, 90c to \$1; cloves, 40c to 50c; Jamaica ginger, 11, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Cochinch ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 13c to 14c; pimento, 16c to 17c; mustard, 4 lbs jars, 19c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmegs, unbl, 85c to 95c; limed, 90c to \$1. Syrrups and molasses were firm but quiet. Syrrups: Bright, 70c to 72c; medium, 65c to 68c; fair, 58c to 62c. Molasses: Barbadoes, 54c to 57c; Trinidad, 45c to 50c; sugar house 25c to 37c. Salt.—Moderate business. Coarse, 5 1/2c to 5 5/8c; factory filled, 9c to \$1.05; yukaka, \$2, \$1 and 50c for bags, halves and quarters.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—Trade is seasonably active for hardware, and travellers are just about starting on their midsummer sorting up trip. Prices of all lines of goods are generally steady to firm. Pig iron:—Siemens, No. 1, \$10.00; Coltoness, \$18.50 to \$19; Langdon ditto; Sumnerite, \$18.50 to \$17; Gartsherie, \$18 to 15.50; Cleburne, \$17.25 to 17.75; Eglington, \$16.50 to \$17. Bars per 100 lbs. Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1.70 to 1.80; ditto best \$2.25 to 2.50. Swedes & Norways, \$4.50 Canada plates, Swanes and Norw, \$3.25 to 3.75; Hatton, \$3.20 to 3.25; Arrow, \$3.50 to 3.60; Coke, 1c, \$4.75. Tin sheets, charcoal best No. 16, \$10 to 11; coke best No. 26, \$8 to 9; Galvanized Sheets Monowoods Lion, No. 28, 7 1/2c; other brands, 6 1/2 to 7c; Hoops and Bands, \$2.40 to 2.50; Sheet best brands \$2.50 to 2.75. Steel per lb cast, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4c; Spring per 100 lb \$3.25 to 3.75; Best do \$5 to 6; Tira, \$3.35 to 3.75; Sleigh Shoe, 2.50 to 2.75; Boiler Plates, per 100 lbs ordinary brands, \$2.50 to 3; Ingot Tin, \$24 to 25.00; Ingot Copper, \$18 to 19; Hones shoes, 3.75 to 4; Coil Chain, 1/4 inch, 4.25 to 4.50; Sheet Zinc, 5.50 to 6; Lead, per 100 lbs, \$4.50 to 5.00; ditto, sheet, \$6.00; ditto, bar, 5.50; Canadian Shot, 6 to 6.50; Cut Nails, per 100 lbs, 10d to 60d, (3 inches and larger) 260; Spikes, pressed, per 112 lbs, 3.50 to 4; Pressed Nails, per 100 lbs, 7.25.

WOOL.—The market is unsettled and quotations given below are more or less nominal. Sales of new fleece are said to have occurred at 25c. Cape, 18c to 19c; Grains Australian, 28c to 31c; Canada pulled, A super, 30c to 35c; B super, 32c to 33c; and unsorted, 30c. Hides are quoted at \$10, \$9.00 and \$8.90 for Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Lambskins, 40c and 45c; calveskins, 12c.

PETROLEUM is dull at 2 1/2c in car lots. Broken lots are quoted at 22c to 22 1/2c, and single bbl. lots at 23c to 24c. LEATHER.—Spanish and slaughter sole continue in demand and Spanish sole, buff and splits have been recently exported in some quantity from both Montreal and Quebec. Black leathers are in better demand, but as stocks are large and widely distributed the effect on prices has not been marked. Hemlock Spanish sole, No. 1, B A, 25c to 27c; ordinary, 24c to 25c; No. 2, B A, 23c to 24c; No. 2, ordinary, 22c to 23c. Buffalo sole, No. 1, 21c to 23c; No. 2, 19c to 21c; hemlock slaughter, No. 1, 27c to 29c; waxed upper, light and medium, 36c to 42c; splits, large, 25c to 30c; small, 22c to 25c; calveskins (27 to 36 lbs), 60c to 80c; do (18 to 26 lbs), 60c to 70c. Harness, 20c to 34c; buff, 14c to 16c; pebbles, 12c to 15c; rough, 26c to 28c.

FLOUR.—Superior Extra, \$5.55 to 5.60 Extra Superior, \$5.45; Spring Extra, \$5.35 to 5.40; Superfine, \$4.90 to 5.00; Strong Bakers', \$5.65 to 6.25; Fine, \$4.35 to 4.45; Middlings, \$4.10 to 4.15; Pollards, \$3.70 to 3.80; Ontario Bags, \$2.57 1/2 to 2.65; City Bags (delivered) \$3.10 to 3.12 1/2.

Ontario—Ontario, \$4.65 to 4.75. Corn—5 1/2c in bond. Peas—8 1/2c to 8 3/4c. Cornmeal—\$3.40 to 3.10. Butter—New Eastern Townships, 16c to 18c; Morrisburg and district, 15c to 17c; Creamery, 20c to 21c. Cheese—New, 9c to 9 1/2c. Lard—14 1/2c to 14 3/4c for pails. Pork—Heavy Mess, \$19.75 to 20.50. Ham—Uncured, 13c to 13 1/2c. Bacon—11c to 12c. Ashes—Pots, \$4.07 1/2 to 4.12 1/2 per 100 lbs. for Firsts. Eggs—15c to 17c. Receipts of produce—Wheat, 22,943 bushels; corn, 65,135 do; peas, 25,469; oats, 2,201; flour, 6,242 bushels; ashes, 42; butter, 132 pkgs; cheese, 3,866 boxes; leather, 142 rolls; tobacco, 26 cases; spirits, 280 casks.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.—JUNE 21. The supply of fresh fruits and vegetables to-day was large and varied, and all green stuffs generally lower in price. Strawberries sold at 12 to 14c per quart. Flour and grain were quiet but firmer. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Best print butter, 18c to 24c per lb.; best tub butter, 15c to 17c; eggs, in baskets, 15c to 20c. FLOUR, MEAL AND GRAIN.—Flour, per 100 lbs, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Buckwheat flour, \$2.10 to 2.20; Oatmeal, \$2.45; Cornmeal, do, yellow, \$1.50; do, white, \$1.60; Bran, \$1 to 1.10 per 100 lbs; Barley, per bush, 75c to 85c; Oats, per bag, 90c to \$1; Peas, per bushel, 95c to \$1.05; Buckwheat, per bush, 60c to 65c. FEATHERS.—Apples, per bl, \$4.00 to \$3.00; Lemons, per case, \$4.50; do, per box, \$3.50 to \$4; Cranberries, per bbl, \$8 to \$7; Oranges, \$12 per case.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bag, 45c to 60c; carrots, per bbl, \$1 to 1.25; onions, per bbl, \$2.60; cabbages, new, per bbl, \$5; beets, per bush, 40c; spinach, per bush, \$1; turnips, per bbl, \$1.20 to 1.25. POULTRY AND MEAT.—Dressed Fowls per pair, 60c to 70c; ducks, do, 60c to 75c; turkeys, 12c to 13c per lb; beef, per lb, 10c to 12c; mutton, do, 7c to 10c; veal, per lb, 9c to 12c; pork, 12c to 15c; ham, 14c; lard, 5c.

ST. GABRIEL CATTLE MARKET. JUNE 20. As high as 6c has been paid by exporters within the past few days, as cattle were scarce and they had space engaged on the steamers. The English market, according

to shippers, remains depressed, and exportations will probably show a considerable falling off after the close of the month, as several steamer and cattle contracts will then have expired, and the supply of choice Canadian cattle is said to be growing short. Messrs. Walter Laid, Robt. Cochrane, W. Hearn, Hugh H. Kennedy, and W. Roberts, of Lennoxville, had each one car-load under offer, and of hogs which he sold to Mr. Masterman at 7c per lb. Mr. N. Kennedy purchased 15 to 20 cattle at 5 1/2c to 6c, and Mr. McShane also 20 cattle at general purchases Saturday and to-day within the same range.

The receipts of live stock by rail since, and including part of Monday last, were 1,700 cattle, 720 sheep, 300 hogs and 14 horses. MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.—JUNE 18. Business the past week was quiet, only about 110 horses being sold for export. The following dealers were in town:—C V Baisillon, Bedford, N. Y.; C F Trask, Gardner, Me.; J W Deon, Essex, N. Y.; Thos Alden, Boston; P S Fuller, Boston; Chas M Peck, New Haven, Conn.; M Deitz, Albany, N. Y.; Aldridge & Morton, Worcester, Mass.; H W Branch, Pittsfield, Mass.; F Hussen, Dover, N. H.; C W Outh, Kittery, Me. Shipments to the States:—June 13th, 2 horses, \$30. June 14th, 14 do, \$1,411; 12 do, \$1,385; 8 do, \$940; 14 do, \$1,194; 7 do, \$695. June 15th, 6 do, \$589; 1 do, \$150. June 16th, 13 do, \$1,461; 3 do, \$905; 10 do, \$894; 2 do, \$400; 9 do, \$864.

Whooping Cough. FROM P. GUTTS, formerly proprietor of the Courrier de St. Lycauthe, Canada.

"Several months since my daughter, ten years of age, was taken with whooping cough in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could do for her seemed in any way to relieve her suffering. We at length decided to try a bottle of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. In three hours after she had commenced using it she was greatly relieved, and in less than three days was entirely cured, and is now well. I have since recommended the BALSAM to many of my neighbors, who have used it, and in no case have I known it to fail of effecting a speedy cure." Sold by dealers generally.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

THE MONTH, a Catholic journal of great excellence, for July, is received. It is unusually interesting. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal and New York.

DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE, for July, contains a number of articles instructive and interesting, among the best of which are "The Irish Boy," "Service in France," "Sketch of Job Mitchell." It also contains a portrait of Father Sheehy, the imprisoned patriot priest.

I. & K. FUNK'S SERIES. THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER, is a short, but very interesting work by her great grandson, Othenin D'Haussonville. Price 15 cents.

THE PERSIAN QUEEN is a work written by Edward Faysan Thwing, also published by Funk & Co., is composed of a series of well written stories briefly told, each with a moral to it. Price 10 cents, paper cover.

FATAL EXPLOSION ON A WAR VESSEL. GOLETTA, Tunis, June 18.—An explosion occurred on the British ironclad Monarch during preparations for a torpedo practice. An officer was killed and several sailors injured.

THE RIOTS IN MARSEILLES—GREAT INDIGNATION IN ROME. MARSEILLES, June 18.—As the troops returned from Tunis, marching through the streets, hisses were heard from the Italian National Club. The crowd surrounded the house and demanded the removal of the Italian Escentheou from the building. The Club declined to have it removed. Before the general assembly could arrive the Deputy-Mayor and Municipal Councillor tore down the escentheou. The crowd afterwards dispersed, and the approaches to the Club House were occupied by troops. The windows of the building were broken by the crowd, and several members of the Club were chased into the upper stories and neighboring buildings. The greatest excitement prevailed.

Rome, June 21.—It is impossible to describe the indignation the Marseilles affair has caused here. The Deputies received with ironical comments the statement of the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the conduct of the Marseilles authorities have been perfectly correct and they had done the utmost to prevent the insult to the Italian escentheou. The Minister added that he had sent instructions to the Italian Ambassador in order that the most energetic measures for the protection of Italians might be taken, and he did not doubt that the French Government would be interested in preventing acts calculated to disturb the good relations between the two countries.

The Government will find it impossible to prorogue the Lower House on Tuesday. The Supply Bill has not yet been introduced, and other Government measures are very backward. The Q. M. O. Railway resolutions are kept a secret, and will not be introduced until almost the last day of the session.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SERRAB, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. 11-cow-G

A SURE BASIS OF POPULARITY.—Merit, apparent to a "cloud of witnesses," upon which the popularity of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is founded. Throat and lung complaints, inflammation, soreness, stiffness, swellings, burns and ailments of various other kinds, yield to the action of this speedy and safe remedy.

Information Wanted OF JOHN PURCELL, Liston, Parish of Gurbhaque, County Tipperary, Ireland, who emigrated to America in 1842 or 1843, and most probably settled in New Jersey. He was accompanied by his sister, Catherine Purcell. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received by his brother, MICHAEL PURCELL, No. 10 Farm street, Point St. Charles, Montreal. Boston Pilot and Irish World, please copy.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PREMIUM BOOKS.

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