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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.

CORK, June 14.—It is ascertained from Schull that Mrs. Henry O'Mahony, 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. She supplied Brooks with a certificate from the Courts of Erie County, New York, to the effect that O'Mahony served in the United States Navy, and was admitted to citizenship in February last year. The Consul has thus far refused official cognizance because formal application was not made by the prisoner. The Consul has, however, prepared a statement of the case to be transmitted to the Government as soon as the case comes before him officially.

At a meeting of the Land League to-day, the speeches were very moderate, and collisions with the military were strongly disapproved by the speakers. The people were warned against holding further disorderly meetings at Cork.

New York, June 15.—The World's London correspondent says:—"I have reason to believe that Mr. Forster will shortly resign the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland."

The Home Rule members have abandoned their obstruction against the Land Bill, conditionally, it is said, on the retirement of Mr. Forster. The member for Bradford undertook the duties of his office with his usual bumptiousness, and on returning for re-election he boasted before his constituents that he would rule Ireland as it had never been ruled before. He had never set foot in that country; that, however, was not considered a drawback, for as rule of the office is bestowed on the most insular of Englishmen. He had had no experience qualifying him in any degree for the position, and his failure was inevitable under such circumstances. He is the most unpopular Chief Secretary Ireland has had for half a century.

The old drinking host of the peasantry, "Here's to the man that made the strap that whetted the razor that cut the throat of Lord Castlereagh," has given place to "Buckshot Billee"—may he soon meet Castlereagh at the cross-roads at the suicide's grave." The commanding officers serving in Ireland, as well as the Inspector-General of the constabulary, complain bitterly of his indecision, and his private circulars to them, which find their way almost as soon as issued to the Freeman's Journal office, show the charge only too well founded. Parnell and his followers detest Mr. Forster, who is not indeed very popular with his own party. He will probably be succeeded by Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., member for Dundalk, who is credited with having drafted the compensation clauses of the Land Bill. Mr. Russell is an Irishman by birth. He is very popular in Ireland, and the Parnell party look upon him as a friend to their cause. This will probably close Mr. Forster's political career. He is extremely unpopular at Bradford with the mill operatives, who are clamoring for retaliatory duties, and among a large body of Irish voters, who denounce his administration at Dublin.

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. McKevitt, he said, had denied any connection with the Fenians, but the regular delivery at his lodgings of the Irish World, with his printed address, as though he was a regular subscriber, would be proved. An analytical chemist had ascertained that the bomb used in the attempt was filled with nitro-glycerine. McGrath's lady, he said, would prove that he (McGrath) possessed iron piping similar to the bomb, and that he had been secretly engaged in hammering something.

At the close of the evidence McKevitt and McGrath were committed for trial. McGrath was then charged with causing the late explosion at the police barracks.

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.

When Captain Boycott gave his name to the process of agrarian sieges, the Fermanagh tenants of Lord Erne (whose Mayo agent Boycott was), organized a relief party, and for

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 the Government, and funds to carry on this raid poured in from lodges in England, Scotland and Canada. This went on until the Land Bill was brought down, and nothing more has since been heard of the Orangemen. The fact is the Ulster tenant farmers almost to a man favour the Bill, and support the Government's Irish policy throughout. This also accounts for the lukewarmness displayed by even the most feocious Tory members from that Province in following Northcote in opposing the Bill. This week half a dozen Ulster farmer deputations waited on the Premier and expressed almost unqualified approval of the measure. Some of them told their representatives in the House that if the Bill was mutilated or rejected in the Lords, Ulster would do her best to teach the Upper Chamber a lesson. This has greatly weakened their opponents, and whenever an Opposition member rises in Committee with an amendment, he is put down by the argument that an English Tory has no right to object to an Irish measure approved by Irish Tories.

DUBLIN, June 20.—Father Sheehy was transferred from Naas to Kilmaham gaol to-day. 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.

LONDON, June 20.—James Redpath landed at Liverpool yesterday, and proposes to continue the agitation of the land question in Ireland.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The R. C. Bishop of Ottawa has returned to the Capital.

The Sunnyside property, Toronto, has been purchased by Bishop O'Mahony.

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. Cardinal Jacobini and Cardinal Manning will be in residence, and the Pontifical Secretary of State will stay at the Archbishop's House. Cardinal Howard will visit his friends, and Cardinal Newman will stay at the house of his order in Brompton.

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 Observatore 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. The Holy See could make no other answer, for the reason that guarantees both for the maintenance on the Catholic side and for the Catholic education of all issue are required by natural and divine law.

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 invocation of St. Thomas of Aquin. By this means, they hope to prevent the extinction of the priesthood in Prussia, threatened by the obstacles put in the way of ordinations by the Government. The Holy Father cordially approves the undertaking. His Holiness writes to the Fathers: "By all means, begin to work. I am very much pleased and give a special blessing to you and to the work. I give you leave to say that the Sovereign Pontiff bestows a special benediction on all those who assist in this work, and tell them that by so doing they will rejoice my heart." An appeal has been made to the Catholics of England, and Cardinal Manning has given it a hearty support.

Cardinal Manning has, according to the Liverpool Catholic Times, always taken an intelligent interest in art. He visited the Royal Academy a few days ago, and in the evening he was present at a banquet given to inaugurate the new United Art Gallery in Bond street. Indeed, his Eminence's presence was the feature of the evening, and all the

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. Talking of toasts suggests conviviality, and the feast was in truth on a magnificent scale; but the Cardinal only played with his soup, ate a little bread and drank a little water. His Eminence sat between the chairman (Lord Ronald Gower) and Sir Garnet Wolseley, with whom he had a great deal of talk. Two dignitaries of the Church of England were present, and they were distinguished by the marked respect they showed to His Eminence, who, when he rose to speak, was received with more applause than had been accorded to any other orator of the evening.

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 Horesshoe Bay a canoe waiting for him. The canoe was neatly decorated, towered with a nice flag, and manned by ten Indians. The Bishop, after having greeted the Indians and received their words of welcome, entered the canoe and sailed off. A little distance from the shore they met Sachloessa with a large canoe and an English flag floating gently in breeze, and at the same time Rev. G. Donkele with a canoe, adorned with flag and cross. This meeting was truly a beautiful scene—a scene apt to teach wholesome lessons to the beholders. These three boats, sailing under a favorable and lovely breeze, and while chanting canticles of joy and praise reached the Indian camp in good season. The road, made by the Indians leading up the hill to the church, is three yards wide and of an easy grade, so that the ascent is neither dangerous nor very fatiguing. On the summit stands the church, in its original whiteness, crowned with the Sign of the Cross. This church was recently built; it is 29x30, being located on the hill, it has a commanding view of the Straits of Georgia and the channels between the Island. When the Bishop and his escort arrived at the camp, all the people came to shake hands with their beloved Bishop and to tender him a warm receipt-on, under the soft tones of a well sounding bell. On Sunday morning, in the presence of more than a hundred Indians, and assisted by Rev. Father Donkele, the Bishop blessed the little church for Divine Service and placed it under the patronage of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. His Lordship celebrated Mass, conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on the Chief of Likison and a number of other Indians, and preached a brief but well adapted sermon, explaining the nature of the Sacraments and the reason why he had blessed the church in honor of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. The Indians listened to the Bishop's words with great interest and profound attention.

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. A torchlight procession was then formed, comprising the Charitable Irish Society of Halifax, Catholic T. A. and B. Society, St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, St. Joseph's T. A. and B. Society, priests and clergymen of the Diocese in carriages, cavalcade of horsemen and members of Union Engine Company as citizens and accompanied by several bands marched through the streets to St. Mary's Cathedral, which was crowded. His Grace was here presented by Mayor Tobin with the address of the General Committee and he made a fitting reply. The whole route of the procession was crowded with people, and at several points were transparencies containing words of welcome.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

COLONIZATION PROGRESSING.

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. Several Montreal people have already purchased fine farms in that district. In fact the land is selling so fast that the care of St. Agathe is obliged to conceal the plan of the exploration of the Canton of Archambault so as to be able to select a site for the church and the mill.

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. In a few weeks the woodcutters will begin their work of demolishing the trees. One hundred laborers will be required, and they will be paid \$1 per day. At the present moment there is a lack of workmen among the colonists.

WHAT FAST RUNNING ACCOMPLISHED.

The engineer of the special train on the Q. M. O. & 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. The high pressure of steam, however, which was necessary to keep up necessitated frequent coalings, which in turn forced a consequent volume of sparks from the smoke-stack. These sparks set fire to one or two barns which were built near the track, especially in the neighborhood of Lachute.

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. All the available seats were early occupied, and the passages running down the hall, as well as the standing room at the back, were soon filled with people unable to get seats. Mr. Clarke, Vice-President, occupied the chair, and was supported by a large number of Scotch and Irish gentlemen, including Messrs. Sutherland, James (solicitor), White, Stewart, Alexander, McHugh, McConnell, Kelly, Williams, McCornick, P. O'Dare, Rooney, Fitzsimmons, McLaren, Murray, Haason, &c.

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.

Mr. WHITE then came forward and was received with loud applause. He said—I think some apology is due for the frequency with which we Highlanders appear on your platform to give expression to our grievances, this being the third occasion, in succession, in which we have usurped your platform and sought to enlist your sympathies and secure your support on behalf of our

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 am confident, receive from this meeting more earnest attention. I have yet to learn that Irish sympathy is bounded by geographical limits or circumscribed by insular boundaries. (Applause.) No; the Celt, let him be Irish or Scotch, is cosmopolitan in sympathies, and feels for those who are laboring under any disadvantage, and is ever ready to extend to such his earnest sympathy and hearty support. Therefore, when I state that my subject is

"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 hearted men. And I should too familiarly to Irish ears. (Cheers.) Remembering the dreful list of evictions pending in the Green Isle, you may be apt to suppose that we Highlanders are making the most of our evictions in the land of Gael; but if you will allow me to show the difference that exists between evictions in Ireland and evictions in the Highlands of Scotland, you will, I know, admit that we are quite justified in bringing them before the public gaze, and desiring that the perpetrators of such cruelties and injustice be astounded by the

TELL OF PUBLIC EXECRATION,

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. Another difference between evictions in Scotland and Ireland is this, that whereas the evicted in Ireland have in the majority of cases had to emigrate to another part of the same country, and secure some other tenancies, the evicted in the Highlands have to emigrate, in not a few cases

COMPULSORY EMIGRATION

being induced 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. In some cases the landlord, in order to avoid that public odium which is now attached to wholesale evictions, evicts the tenants lots of ground on the bleak and barren shore, where, by depending largely on fishing, they are able to eke out a miserable existence, and then, because these people live in miserable poverty, we are told that the crofting system in the Highlands does not pay, and ought not to be encouraged. (Hisses.) Bearing these distinctions in mind, I trust you will follow me while I seek to bring under your notice some of the evictions which took place in the Highlands. From a book recently issued, called the Highland Clearances, you will pardon me for quoting. It has been carefully compiled from information received from eyewitnesses. The first I shall refer to is that of the Glangarry evictions. Glangarry was peopled down to the end of the last century with a fine race of men.

SIX HUNDRED STALWART VASSALS

In 1745, followed the Chief of Glangarry 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. In 1794, Alexander Macdonell, of Glangarry, raised a Fencible regiment, described as "a handsome body of men," of whom one-half were enlisted on the same estate. On being disbanded in 1802, these men were again so shabbily treated that they followed the example of the men of the "Fury-five," and emigrated in a body, with their families, to Canada, taking two Gaelic-speaking ministers along with them to their new home. They afterwards distinguished themselves as part of the

"GLENARRY FENCIBLES" OF CANADA,

in defence of their adopted country, and called their settlement there after their native glen in Scotland. The chiefs of Glangarry drove away their people, only, as in most other cases in the Highlands, to be themselves ousted soon after them (Applause.) The Glangarry 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 Glangarry 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. In 1853 every inch of the ancient heritage was possessed by the stranger except Knoydark, in the west, and this had long ago become the property of one of the Bards. In the year named young Glangarry was a minor, his mother, the widow of the late chief, being one of his trustees. She does not appear to have learned any lesson of wisdom from the past misfortunes of her house. Indeed, considering her limited power and possessions, she was comparatively the worst of them all. The tenants of Knoydark, like all other Highlanders, had suffered severely during and after

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. Their feelings were not considered worthy of the slightest consideration. They were not even asked whether they would prefer to follow their countrymen to America and Canada. They were to be treated as if they were nothing better than Africans, and the laws of their country on a level with those which regulated South American slavery. The people, however, had no alternative but to accept any offer made to them. They could not get a inch of land on any of the neighboring estates, and any one who would give them a night's shelter was

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. The Sillery soon arrived, and Mrs. Macdonell and her factor came all the way from Edinburgh to see the people bounded across in boats, and put on board the ship whether they would or not. An eyewitness who described the proceeding at the time, in a now rare pamphlet, and who was met last year in Nova Scotia, characterized the scene as indescribable and heart-rending. "The wail of the poor women and children as they were torn away from their homes would have melted a heart of stone. Some few families, principally cottiers, refused to go in spite of every influence brought to bear upon them, and the treatment they afterwards received was cruel beyond belief. The houses, not only of those who went, but of those who remained, were burnt and levelled to the ground. The Strath was dotted all over with black spots, showing where yesterday stood the habitations of men. The scared, half-burnt wood—couple, rafters, and bars—were strewn about in every direction. Stooks of corn and plots of unlifted potatoes could be seen on all sides, but man was gone. No voice could be heard. Those who refused to go aboard the Sillery were in hiding among the rocks and the caves, while their friends were packed off like so many African slaves to the Cuban market."

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. The Sillery evictions did not satisfy the evicting craze which his lordship afterwards so bitterly regretted. In 1851-52 he, or rather his trustees, determined to evict the people from the village of Borensig and Suisluish, in the Isle of Skye. The tenants of Suisluish and Borensig were the descendants of a long line of peasantry on the Macdonald estates, and were remarkable for their "patience, loyalty, and general good conduct." The only plea made at the time for evicting them was that of over population. Ten families received the usual summonses, and passages were secured for these in the Hercules, an unfortunate ship which sailed with a cargo of passengers under the auspices of a body calling

[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 fall through in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's action. Rapid progress was made with other amendments. Mr. Nolan (Liberal and Home Ruler) moved for leave to introduce a bill to suspend evictions in Ireland for a limited period on payment of six months' rent.

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 Wilfred 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. Clause one was then carried, 204 to 47.

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. Though this alliance was regarded as probably by independent members the Ministerialists seem to have been caught napping. The Tories and aristocratic Whigs had determined to by conclusions with the Government on an amendment made by Mr. Henegau, Liberal member for Great Grimsby, which proposed to take from under the operation of the bill all holdings which had been improved by landlords or their predecessors in title. This proposition though seemingly fair, would have defeated the whole object of the bill, it accepted, because it would have led to universal litigation. Owing to the custom on Irish estates every landlord could have set up a colorable claim to have contributed in some shape or other to every improvement effected by the tenants. The result would be universal litigation wherever the tenants proposed to sell their interests in their farms. 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. The action of the aristocratic Liberals is dictated by a fear that the principles of the bill may be applied to England. Had the Parnellites 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. Clause 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. Mr. Gladstone said the incitements were by no means limited to the commission of outrages in various parts of England, but indicated individuals giving some particular prominence. This allusion to the threats to shoot himself and Mr. Forster was received with laughter and cheers.

The House, by 201 to 59, rejected Mr. Healey's amendment to the Land Bill, doing away with the distinction between present and future tenancies.

Mr. Dwyer Gray's amendment, that the Government extend the benefit of the bill to tenants in arrears of rent through no fault of their own, was withdrawn. The third clause passed without division.

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 lead stretches fully for miles?

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

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 have your heart never beat for the thin bands...

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...

Reader have you tried every known remedy for Chronic disease, Impure Blood, disordered Liver or Kidneys...

HAUNTED ME.

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

IT TRAVELS ON ITS SHAPE.

A big Saratoga was shunted on a track at the union depot, and as it struck one of the metallic corner-pieces...

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.

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...

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 larger enlarged and improved during the coming year.

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...

The first of these was Miss Catheron'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...

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...

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...

The Victoria disaster. LONDON, Ont., June 14.—The jury in the Victoria case did not reach a verdict till nearly three o'clock this morning...

Do not drug the system with nauseous purgatives that only debilitate. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own Cathartic...

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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.

The jailor sat with knitted brows and troubled, anxious face. He had been for years a servant in Lady Helena's family.

"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."

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.

"Say no more, my lady. Let good or ill betide—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.

"ESCAPE OF MISS INEZ CATHERON FROM CESHOLM JAIL.—NO TRACE OF HER TO BE FOUND.—SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY.—THE JAILOR THREATENED BY THE MOB."

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the under jailor, going to Miss Catheron'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 head jailor 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.

"The head jailor, it is said, will be dismissed from his post. No doubt peculiarly, this is a matter of indifference to him now.

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.

Three weeks passed. October, with its mellow days and frosty nights, was gone. And still no trace of the fugitive.

The first week of November brought still another revelation. Sir Victor Catheron 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.

And so for the present the "tragedy of Catheron Royals" had ended. Brother and sister had fled in their guilt, alike from justice and vengeance.

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."

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.

"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-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 as dabble, 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:

"DEAREST DITHY—Just half an hour ago I came home from a splendid ball, the most gay of all its brilliancy 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 Catheron, of Catheron Royals, Cheshire.

"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."

"I can't say much for his waiting, but he's delightful, Dithy—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—blue, 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 Dithy! 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, Dithy—child, if he should only fall in love with me—with me, and make me Lady Catheron, I believe I should just die of pure ecstasy (as that world-spelled die of the 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 Catheron, Baronet, of Catheron Royals, Cheshire, England, to Beatrix Marie Stuart, only daughter of James Stuart, Esq., banker, of Fifth avenue, New York. No cards."

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—it is 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 marmalade or a kelpie—that sort of a young person does exist, I believe, in a perpetual sweater 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 patient 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, you see, 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, Frederick 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 sharp nose, a complexion of saffron, and tongue like a carving-knife. Frederick 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 Sandpoint, 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 was 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 Cesar," 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 Sandpoint—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 Cesar and went on.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'Fail,'" she said, 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 Cesar 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 Sandpoint—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 fret 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 Sandpoint 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 faintly quitted away.

She bent above him in despair. A great fear filled her—was he 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 the red light of lanterns flared. Don Cesar 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.)

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.

A society for the suppression of the opium trade of India with China has been formed in London.

This month the Medical Council of St. Petersburg has authorized women to practice in pharmacy.

A large number of German emigrants have arrived at West Hartlepool on their way to the United States.

A London detective has gone to Liverpool to assist in investigating the attempt to blow up the Town Hall.

The steamer Wisconsin, which has just arrived at New York, had a number of small-pox cases on board.

The idea of founding a German University in one of the Western States of America is taking practical shape.

A large quantity of Socialist writings have been discovered in Berlin. The author has been expelled from the city.

The dory "Little Western" has started for Cowes, the last place which she will touch on the other side of the Atlantic.

The British naval authorities are satisfied that the statements of Rossa that explosives were placed in the hold of the war ship "Doterel" are untrue.

The Charlottetown Patriot has exposed the conduct of some keepers in the P. E. I. Lunatic Asylum, who cruelly treated a patient named George Manson.

A Portuguese paper recently published an article advocating an alliance with England, with a view to securing her co-operation in the work of civilization in Southern Africa.

For the first time since American wheat began to enter the French markets there is a prospect that France will produce more than enough this year to satisfy her consumption.

An article in the London Times, which bears evidence of inspiration, protests against the hordes of obscure militia officers, &c., who think it necessary to attend the Queen's levees.

Richard Whittington has turned up again in London—this time without his cat. He was appointed by the Bishop of London to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 21st of May.

The trade and navigation reports of India for the month of April show that as regards the distribution of trade, one of the most noteworthy facts is the falling off in the trade with America.

It was not a pigeon on the chimney of the jail of Menard County, Illinois, as the Sheriff supposed when he fired at the object, but the head of a prisoner who had climbed up the flue to escape.

On Wednesday, 25th May, most of the shops of Peterborough and Norwich, venerable ecclesiastical cities, were closed, and special services held in their cathedrals, on account of the agricultural distress.

The friends of Boyton will endeavor, despite the decision of the State Department, to establish his citizenship on the ground that he served in the Union Army, and was honorably discharged.

It is asserted that the tract of country, including the celebrated "Everglades" which the State of Florida is now going to drain, will be able to produce more sugar than the United States can consume.

The death of a woman at Portsmouth, R. I., revealed the unsuspected fact that for sixteen years she had kept a maniac son concealed in an attic room, attending to his wants herself, and never letting another human being see him.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies after debating the electoral reform Bill rejected an amendment in favor of universal suffrage by 214 to 39. An amendment in favor of female suffrage was also rejected, on its proposer voting for it.

Professor Ranke, the German historian, whose "History of the Popes" was reviewed by Macaulay more than forty years ago, proposes to visit London soon in order to arrange for the publication of a new English edition of his works.

There is now building in the Baldwin Works, Philadelphia, a locomotive designed to be the fastest in the world, and intended to do 80 miles an hour without taking in water. It will be taken to Europe, and tested on the railroads of England and the Continent.

Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts College, one of the original inventors of the telephone, whose rights were bought by the Western Union Telegraph Company, has now invented an entirely new telephone, through which it is claimed conversation can be heard over any length of wire.

Two Toronto suitors of the same girl wanted to take her out for a drive on the same afternoon. They fought in the street for possession, and finally seized her, each pulling her with all his might toward his own carriage. Her clothing was badly damaged before the victor had secured her.

Henry A. Elkins is a Chicago artist of considerable reputation, gained by pictures of wild mountain scenery. His wife has sued William Cudney for \$25,000 damages, on the ground that the painter has become a drunkard in Cudney's barroom, thus reducing his income from \$10,000 a year to almost nothing.

TEARS.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Tears that trickle down her eyes,
They do not fall to earth and dry;
They rise 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 shore.

But ah, the tears that are not wept—
The tears that never outward fall—
The tears that grieve, for years have 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,
But dew, when bending 'neath the rod
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 earnest year to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears,
That flow, when bending 'neath 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 Nonnauft: "What a charming love of a cup marked 'Tom and Jerry.' Genuinely your of my 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, land 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 in-door 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 ostentatious 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 about the rent. 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 meaning 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, FLEMINGVILLE, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTI 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...

prepared for the occasion. The singing was excellent, and the echo of their sweet voices was simply charming.

City and Suburban News.

The following resolution was adopted at a recent meeting of the Notre Dame section of the St. Jean Baptiste Society...

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.

The President then delivered an address on the state of affairs in Ireland. She spoke with much eloquence and her remarks were roundly applauded.

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.

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 punctual, but the farce must be gone through; the Riot Act was read.

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.

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:

"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.

TRYING TO EARN SOMETHING.

(Shame.) These men were afterwards taken from their degrading offices of the law, before the Court of Justiciary at Inverness, but were acquitted. (Applause.) I must now treat of the Sutherland clearances.

REMOVAL OF NINETEEN FAMILIES.

from Farr and Lairg. These were provided for some 15 or 17 miles distant with smaller lots. In 1800 several hundred were evicted from the parishes of Dornoch, Rogart, Loth, Clyne, and Golspie, under circumstances of much greater severity.

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.

CEAD MILLE FALLEN.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

ROUND THE WORLD.

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

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.

On the 31st of May \$9,815,753.85 stood to the credit of depositors in the Government Savings Bank.

Mr. 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.

The election on Saturday resulted in the return of John McDougall, 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.

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.

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 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.

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.

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.

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 harim, and gone over to Islam.

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.

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.

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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.

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 on the morning sky...

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...

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 AMERICAN MEAT EXPORT TRADE.

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...

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 to 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.

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.

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."

"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.

ON ACCOUNT OF PREJUDICE AGAINST SO GOOD A MEDICINE AS HOP BITTERS.

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.

BREVITIES.

The South Dublin Union have resolved to send 37 able-bodied paupers to America. Rev. James Moss, of Stouven's Co., N. Y., rowed from Niagara to Toronto, 36 miles, in a 16 foot skiff, in 8 hours and 15 minutes.

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.)

ALFRED BENN, AGENT.

GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

EXHIBITION GROUNDS, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal.

Opens Wednesday, September 14, Excepting Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, which arrive two days later, viz., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th.

CLOSES FRIDAY, SEPT. 23rd.

\$25,000 Offered in Premiums!

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, etc.

43 CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. IF

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.

Contract for 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.

CHE. DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, April 30th, 1881.

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JUST RECEIVED AT THE DOMINION SAFE WAREHOUSES.

No. 31, BONAVENTURE ST., (Adjoining Witness Office.)

ALFRED BENN, AGENT.

GRAND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

EXHIBITION GROUNDS, Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal.

Opens Wednesday, September 14, Excepting Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, which arrive two days later, viz., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th.

CLOSES FRIDAY, SEPT. 23rd.

\$25,000 Offered in Premiums!

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, etc.

43 CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. IF

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.

Contract for 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.

CHE. DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, April 30th, 1881.

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.

BREVITIES.

The South Dublin Union have resolved to send 37 able-bodied paupers to America. Rev. James Moss, of Stouven's Co., N. Y., rowed from Niagara to Toronto, 36 miles, in a 16 foot skiff, in 8 hours and 15 minutes.

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CHE. 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 doctors' 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.

MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881.

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. Hiron, 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 BUCKET.—The tradition among the slang fraternity, "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.

This 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.

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 BLEUVE 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.

CASKETS AND COFFINS. The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drey, has been bought out by the undersigned. A large assortment is now on hand and will be sold at moderate prices. Those requiring the like will be glad to have the casket call before purchasing elsewhere. Burial Robes and Plates always on hand. Hearses always on hand. DANIEL SHANKS, Huntingdon, P.Q.

Medical.

LUBY'S

A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was disconsolate, but fortunately found out in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic, and beaute served as a rich perfume. The remedy was LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all druggists.

FOR

Semiramis, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects: It continued beautiful, flowing and glossy to the end of her life never as much as a grey hair daring to peep through it. It is probable she was acquainted with some remedy afterwards lost; but we have LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all chemists.

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.

HAIR!

How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends. The question is, how can these things be remedied? We answer by using LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all chemists.

Medical.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Biliary and Urinary Systems.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Is the greatest Blood Purifier in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Biliousness, Regulates the Bowels and Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Is not a cheap Rum Drink but is the greatest discovery yet made in medicine.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c PER BOTTLE.

It is sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally and if they have not it and will tell you where you can get it.

F. M. CARPENTER, Waterloo, Que.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of DR. GOULARD'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powder. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, post paid, a free Trial box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case or return you all money expended, a free Trial box.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail, post paid, in the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION

Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try the celebrated Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial box.

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you. Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail on receipt of price. Address,

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Bank Amongst the Leading Necessaries of Life.

These Famous Pills Purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys & Bowels.

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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Medical.

M. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC ELIXIR

Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season. People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once.

Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no other remedy has stood the test of time. Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS

Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliousness. Price 25 cents per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

HENRY & JOHNSON'S ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT

The most perfect liniment ever compounded. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. For Sale Everywhere.

Sept 8, '80. 4-17

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS

Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years. Purely Vegetable. Will not harm the most delicate woman or child.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints and all diseases of the Biliary and Urinary Systems.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS Is the greatest Blood Purifier in the world; it literally digs up and carries from the system all Humors, Pimples, Scabs and Blisters.

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It is sold by Druggists and Storekeepers generally and if they have not it and will tell you where you can get it.

F. M. CARPENTER, Waterloo, Que.

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gravel, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cough, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

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.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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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 L'ouctret, 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 labor 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 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 £20. It appears that the purchaser was smitten 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, James Moun, Michael Clark, Wm. Robinson. The receiver, in celebration of the Robinsons 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 Thriske 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 two 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 allows. 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. Cheeston, 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, Pyebank, 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 all that had been said by Mr. Clegg as to the disgracefulness of the case, and he contended that the defendant was a man who should not be believed. The fact was, Moore 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. WARNINGS.—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 quickness 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.

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 9c. 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, 9c to 10 1/2c; prunes, 5c to 6c; malaga figs, 6c to 7c; h almonds, 6c to 7c; a sarragona, 13c to 15c; walnuts, French, 9c to 10c; filberts, 8c 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, lb, 22c to 28c; Jamaica ginger, unbl, 17c to 21c; Cochon ginger, 14c to 18c; African, 10c to 11c; black pepper, 13c to 14c; pimento, 16c to 17c; mustard, 4 lb jars, 19c to 20c; mustard, 1 lb jars, 24c to 25c; nutmegs, unbl, 85c to 95c; limed, 90c to \$1. Syrups and molasses were firm but quiet. Syrups: 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; Clowcock, \$17.25 to 17.75; Eglington, \$15.50 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, 16, \$1.75. T. sheets, charcoal best No. 26, \$10 to 11; coke best No. 26, \$8 to 9; Galvanized Sheets Monocords 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 1.3c; Spring per 100 lb \$3.25 to 3.75; Best do \$5 to 6; Tira, \$3.25 to 3.75; Sleigh Shoe, 2.50 to 2.75; Boiler Plates, per 100 lb ordinary brands, \$2.50 to 3; Ingot Tin, \$24 to 25.00; Ingot Copper, \$18 to 19; Horseshoes, 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; Cannon 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; Great Australian, 28c to 31c; Canada pulled, A super, 34c 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 35c; calskins, 12c. PATROLEIN 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; calskins (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; Superior, \$4.90 to 5.00; Strong Bakers', \$5.65 to 5.25; 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. Oats—40c to 41c. Corn—56c in bond. Peas—82c to 89c. Cornmeal—\$2.40 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—Pot, \$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, 6,243 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 80c. Fruit.—Apples, per bbl, \$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 to 16c, 5c.

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, John G. G. Kennedy purchased 15 to 20 cattle at 5 1/2c to 6c, and Mr. McShane also made 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 Doon, 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 O'Brien, 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, \$895. June 15th, 6 do, \$589; 1 do, \$150. June 16th, 13 do, \$1,461; 9 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." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. 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. DONAHOE'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. SHERB, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. 11-cow-G. A SURE BASIS OF POPULARITY.—Merit, apparent in 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. New Advertisements. INFORMATION WANTED OF JOHN PURCELL, Liston, Parish of Gurbahogue, County Tipperary, Ireland, who emigrated to America in 1848, and was 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. 453

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