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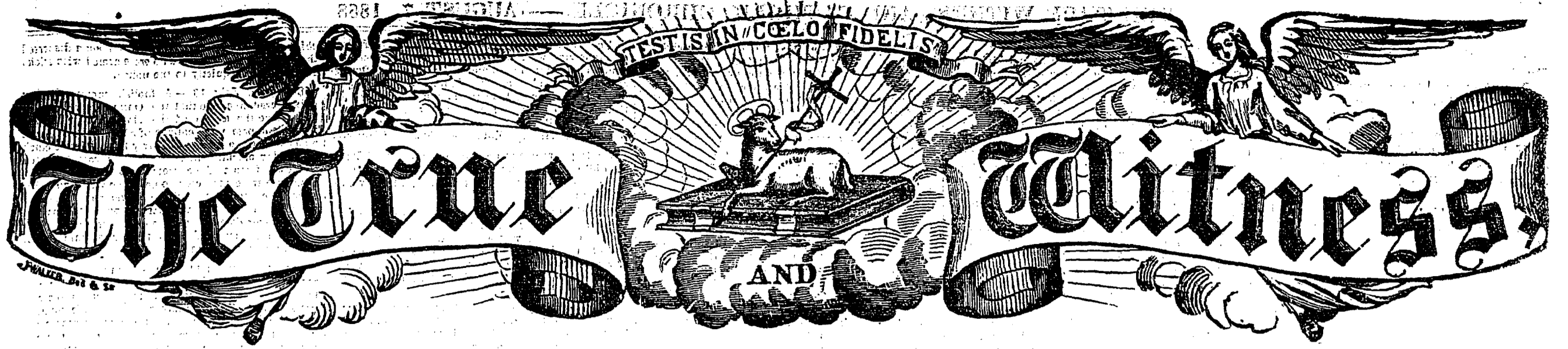
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XVIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1868.

No. 52.

THE HALLS OF TARA.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

There is deep pathos, in the deep lines of Thomas Moore, as he sings, in words that burn like diamond sparks, of the Halls of Tara.

For it was in those very halls that the good old king, Brian Borohme, of Munster, received the homage of his bitterest enemy, Malachi, King of Meath.

Under his peaceful and gentle sway, Ireland prospered as it never had prospered before.—Peace and plenty were in the land.

For nearly a quarter of a century, the country was quiet beneath that gentle sway; but then there was thrown into it, the root of bitterness.

Indisputably, it would have resulted thus, had it not been for the traitorous conduct of some of the good old King's own followers.

For this purpose, they pursued their way to his tent, where they found him upon his knees at prayer. The first note of conquest had drawn his companions, and the King was left alone.

They knelt down, and each one touched the bloody vestments of the dead, and swore eternal hate to the murderers.

bloody vestments of the dead, and swore eternal hate to the murderers.

'They broke the noblest heart that ever beat, my comrades!' he said, as he arose from his knees.

Solemn obsequies indeed, were those of King Brian. Not a soldier in the army that did not drop a tear over the glorious dead; not a heart that did not sorrow most of all, that they could see his face no more.

But dearly as Donough Borohme had loved the father and his King bitterly as he wailed for his terrible death, there was a balm for his griefs, a consolation for all his sorrows, in the pure, unworldly love of the little page, who had witnessed the dreadful scene of King Brian's death.

Once safe within the walls, the page was never again seen; but a gentle little lady, who might easily have passed as his sister, with the same Moorish tint in lip and cheek, sat at Donough's board, nestled close beside him.

Dearest by far, because she had seen the brave old warrior die; had prayed all night in his father's lonely tent; she was the only woman he ever loved.

The secret of her birth, and the place where they found her secreted, was only known to the good old King Brian, and his son. For many years the child had dwelt in the castle, arrayed in the dress of a page, lest by wearing the clothes of her sex, she might be spirited away by the people who had held her in bondage, and who might recognize her.

Here, then, the girl passed the lonely days in tears and prayers for those she loved. Here, on bended knees, she supplicated the God of battles, all through that dreary night, guarded by the soldier who was never to leave her alone for a moment, and who well fulfilled the trust.

Donough's friends hoped that the sovereignty would be tendered to him, as his father's successor; but had he wished it, there were too many whom Malachi had won over to his side; and almost before Brian's ashes were cold, his rival re-ascended the throne of death; while Donough retired to his castle among the hills of Munster, with his beautiful bride.

Malachi, King of Meath, was a brave man; but a King, more powerful than himself, conquered him at last—the King of Terrors. He died in 1022; and Donough should have succeeded him to the Kingdom.

Midnight came, but the quiet soul kept the body restless, and still the footsteps sounded beneath her. In that dark hour, her child's brief life came and went; and its beautiful mother never saw the light of morning upon the earth.

Fully awakened by his double loss, the unhappy King resigned himself to despair. He hung wildly over the beautiful remains of the mother and child, perfectly distracted with grief and anguish.

The next day after the mournful burial he resigned his kingdom, and went out an exile from the home of his fathers, to wander away in foreign lands.

It was a day in summer; so bright, so beautiful with the blue sky bending so loving above, and the emerald grass lying so quietly beneath, that earth seemed as lovely as Heaven.

Suddenly, from the little chapel, there arose upon the summer air a chant so sweet, yet so heart-breaking in its sweetness, that the very birds hushed their mid-summer carols to listen.

He drew a tablet from his pocket, as he spoke, and wrote upon it a few hasty lines. 'Here, citizen De L'Orme,' he said, 'keep that tablet, and should danger come to you at any time, it may be—if he who writes it still retains his own head, he said this with a smile—'praise of service in your need.'

The old man read the lines inscribed upon the tablet; and with an exclamation of astonishment, handed it to his grand-daughter, Julie De L'Orme, as she read, grew pale.

JULIE DE L'ORME.

CHAPTER I—SAVED.

The old man came to the front of the humble cottage. His head was white with the snow of seventy winters. But his slender form was free from the stoop of age; and there was something peculiarly high bred and aristocratic in his bearing.

'How is he now, grandpapa?' The speaker, who sat on a rustic bench, under the twining rose tree beside the door, was a lovely girl, whose cheek bore the bloom of seventeen maiden years.

'Perfectly restored!' said a deep voice; and a tall stern-looking man emerged from the cottage. His straight black hair was close-cut; and his dark face wore a savage expression, which was by no means lessened by the strip of plaster which covered a fresh wound, on the left side of the forehead.

'I am not unaccustomed to danger, mademoiselle,' the dark featured man replied, 'I know what it is to have the hoofs of a frightened, plunging horse close to one's head, when one is lying almost insensible on the ground. Had it not been for mademoiselle's courage and ready hand, monsieur, I had locked upon my last sun.'

'Julie's a brave girl,' the white-haired old man replied, proudly. 'She comes of a brave race, and is worthy of it.'

The stranger, who, by the way, was dressed in a riding suit of the period, threw at the other a rapid, enquiring glance, that seemed to measure the old man from head to foot.

'Our name is De L'Orme!' The stranger started, and drew back a step. 'De L'Orme!' he exclaimed. 'Citizen, that is a dangerous name in these perilous times.'

'It is true,' the old man said sadly, but without any show of fear; 'your republican rulers have shed profusely the proudest, and noblest blood of France. But De L'Orme is not a name to be ashamed of, or disown; and if the harpies of the Convention, still unsatiated, desire to glut their longing for more blood, the life of an old man, grey in poverty and suffering, is not much. But—' he paused, and his cheek grew pale—'my poor child.'

'You are the father of the Count De L'Orme,' said he, 'who was killed at—' 'Ave,' the old man proudly interrupted. 'My son fell in battle, fighting against the enemies of France. And now none of our noble line remains, but one poor old man, and this orphan child.'

For an instant, a gleam of compassion—a ray from the celestial countenance of the angel of pity—lighted up the dark, stern face of the stranger. He paused for a moment, as if absorbed in deep thought. Then looking up with a smile that had the grinnings of a frown in it, he said:

'Citizen, these are dangerous times for such as you and this lovely child. But I am not an ungrateful man, and I owe you a life. If danger comes to you, it may be in my power to save you.'

He turned back into the cottage, and came out again with a whip in his hand, and a large heavy cloak on his arm.

'Maiden,' he said, taking the girl's hand, and raising it respectfully to his lips, 'we should be by rank (for I am of the people, and you of the noblesse) and heritage (for I am only a prote-taire, a sansculotte, if you will) enemies. But I owe you a life, no matter how small you may deem it worth, and I am grateful.'

The old man read the lines inscribed upon the tablet; and with an exclamation of astonishment, handed it to his grand-daughter, Julie De L'Orme, as she read, grew pale.

CHAPTER II—THE APPEAL.

Days pass by; but terrible events pass faster. In a front room of a house in a narrow faubourg of Paris, a man was seated at a desk, writing rapidly. Two other men near him, to whom he dictated brief orders now and again, were writing likewise. On and on, persons came hurrying in, who whispered hasty messages in his ear, and rapidly departed.

This man who sat alone, and whose pen moved with such noisy rapidity, was dark and stern, with closely cropped hair. So cold and stern he sat, he might have been a creature turned into stone, but for that nervous motion of his fingers, and that grating sound of his pen.

The door was noiselessly opened. A man, with the silent tread of a cat, entered, and walked up to him. On the desk of the writer, he laid a set of ivory tablets, and then stood by, mutely waiting.

The dark and stern looking man started at the sight of the tablets, and opening them hurriedly, read what was written inside.

'I have found you, monsieur!' Then it is true.

'Citizen De L'Orme,' said the stern-visaged man, 'what has happened? Some great trouble has befallen you.'

'The tablets!' exclaimed the old man, 'you have received them?' 'Yes; and I know that their arrival here means that danger menaces you. I remember my promise well. Now, what is it?'

The aged noble paused, and gasped for breath. The other pushed him to a chair; but he heeded it not. At last he spoke—'My grand-daughter!'

'Your grand-daughter! Heaven! What a horror!' 'She is in prison—she has been denounced by a wretch, whose insolent addresses she spurned. She is condemned to death; and in an hour her neck will be beneath the guillotine, if you owe her a life, and prove false to your word.'

'The other started with an exclamation of horror. 'Citizen Andre,' he said to one of the secretaries, 'your list—quick. Ah! here it is.—Heaven grant, I may not be to late. Here, here!'

He rushed to his desk, seized a sheet of paper, wrote hastily upon it, and thrust it in the old man's hand.

'Away, citizen!' he cried. 'Waste not a moment. If you would save your child's life hurry to the Place de Greves, and present that.'

The noble grasped it as a starving man might clutch his proffered food, and dashed from the room, with a speed that seemed to defy the feebleness of age.

The dark stern man sank back on his chair.—The mere cold, inhuman thought of working out what is called an 'idea'—let us hope—was not his just then. Higher thoughts (represented by the young girl, who was the noblest type of humanity he had ever seen), may have occupied his mind at the moment. After a short pause he spoke:

CHAPTER III—LOST.

A fearful scene was that, on the Place de Greves, on that bright summer day. There was the horrible scaffold, the hideous frame, the block, and the glittering knife. Soldiers fenced it around; and a howling mob, thirsting for blood, filled the whole square.

A fearful scene was that in the distance.—The tumbril came rolling along the rugged pavement, filled with its freight of human victims. Aged matrons, and tender maidens were there; gay rustling nobles—what a grim and grotesque mockery of life, was their ghastly levity, and gaily now! What a many colored picture of miserable humanity was that, with the night shade of death hanging over all! Some prayed; some moaned; some looked cold and stern; others, those once gay young nobles, smiled and playfully jested to the last. They were cool and brave, these men, worthy of the death of the soldier, not the felon.

Out of the tumbril, and up the steps of the platform they went, amid the stares and clamors of the mob. Oae graceful young noble, of handsome features, and lordly mien, had placed his foot side, by side with one of the female victims of this horrid blood-thirst, when he suddenly drew back, and, as if he were on the perron of the palace at Versailles, he lifted his hat, and, with a gracious smile, and sweet bow said, 'place aux dames'—ladies first! He was the grand-son of an Irishman, thus, of one of the heroes of the great old brigade. Even in that dark hour, he was the polished gentleman still.

The hideous butchery began. A young girl, in a robe of simple white, approached, and knelt before the frame, at the feet of the Confessor. The executioner stood by, silent and grim. The howling crowd hushed its inarticulate noise awhile, at sight of that girl, so lovely in her virgin grace, and celestial heroism; and then a murmuring of something akin to pity, filled the air.

The white robed maiden advanced, and kissed the cross. The headman prepared for his functions. She knelt again. A wild, weird shriek burst upon the air—'Tenez! tenez!'—Hold! hold!

And the form of an aged man, whose white hairs flatted on the wind, was seen in the distance, rushing forward with frantic gestures. Onward he came. But the maiden did not seem to heed him—nor the crowd, except some on its outward fringe. Onward, waving a paper.

'Tenez! tenez!' The ivory neck was bowed. The waving hair flew over the white brow, and pallid cheeks. 'Oae word; the knife fell! and the severed head dropped into that heap of blood.'

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY... I. GILLIES, G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE: To all country subscribers Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year...

WE beg to remind our Correspondent that all letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1868.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR. AUGUST-1868.

Friday 7-St. Cajetan, O. Saturday 8-Vig SS. Orybasius and Comp. MM. Sunday 9-Tenth after Pentecost.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Session of the English Parliament was prorogued on the 31st July. The Queen not being present in person, her speech was made by the Royal Commission, and read, as usual, by the Lord High Chancellor.

The session has been of more than ordinary length and importance, nor will the next be of less moment to the kingdom.

By telegram from Rome it is reported that the Consistory to be held by the Pope next month, Monsieurs Morode, Cuigi, Talbot, Roudi, Farrani and Segretti will be appointed Cardinals.

In Ontario the coming election for West York excites considerable attention. Amos Wright, an ex-M.P., and John Bell, a Toronto lawyer, have been nominated, and the friends of each candidate are making the most strenuous efforts to secure his return.

By telegram from London on Wednesday afternoon, the 3rd instant, we learn that the cable of 1866 had ceased to work on that day.

HAVE WE THE INQUISITION IN UPPER CANADA?—The Inquisition, as understood and denominated by Protestants was a tribunal for inquiring into, and punishing offences against God and revealed religion, irrespective of the material consequences of those crimes, or their effects upon others.

"Two boys have been fined in London for profanely cursing and swearing in the public streets, under the provisions of an act passed in 1746."

To which our religious liberty loving contemporary appends the editorial comment.

Again in another paper we find the following item of news:—"Seventy men and boys were arrested in Toronto for fishing on Sunday last."

profane swearers; and blasphemers; but how Protestants who generally lay down as a rule that were religious error, that offences purely spiritual, do not fall within the cognisance of the civil magistrates: but how the Montreal Witness, who, if in Spain a foul-mouthed blasphemer of the Blessed Mother of God, be arrested and punished by the secular arm, cries out against tyranny and persecution, and raves, poor creature, of fire and faggots—can applaud the action of the Ontario magistrates, and recommend its adoption in L. Canada does indeed pass our comprehension.—Unless indeed this be the logic of the Witness and its friends.

That no one has the right to speak scornfully of, or to treat with irreverence things which they hold holy; but every one should be left at liberty to deride, to hold up to mockery the superstitions of mere Papists. Come, confess good Witness is not this the principle which underlies both your approbation of the blasphemy punishing magistrates of Ontario, and your fervid abuse of the blasphemy punishing magistrates of Spain!

And if the Witness admit that the secular arm may rightfully take cognisance of mere spiritual offences, such as blasphemy, where does he intend to draw the line, limiting the functions of the civil magistrate? To promulgate false doctrine is as much an offence against God, and more injurious to man than is cursing and swearing, and taking His holy name in vain.

But if we have not a word to say against the propriety of vesting with civil punishment the spiritual offence of blasphemy, we cannot but denounce as an invasion of the rights of freemen the action of the Toronto authorities for merely fishing on Sunday.

This may be according to law, for we know that where Protestantism is in the ascendancy there are no limits to the extravagances of our puritanical Dogberries. Yet, if law, it is a law which no one is bound to observe, and which men with the spirit of freemen would scorn to submit to.

Catholics have no cause to defend or apologise for the Spanish Inquisition; for it was a tribunal almost always in opposition to Rome, and for the most part, a mere political engine in the hands of the King.

MONTH'S MIND.—A solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Michael, Huntley, on the 15th July last, for the repose of the soul of Mary, widow of the late Mr. Patrick Vaughan.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MONTEREAL SANITARY ASSOCIATION.—The apathy of the citizen, as well as of the authorities, on the question of sanitary reform is a phenomenon for which it is not easy to account.

The cause of this excess of mortality over that of the Cities of the United States is not owing to any unfavorable peculiarities in our climatic conditions: for that excess extends only to our urban population.

The Report before us touches upon some of the provoking causes of Montreal's hideous mortality. In its opening paragraphs it alludes, very gently, to the cemetery during the hottest months of last summer; to the shovelling out of the remains of the dead in a half putrid condition, and the sale of the wooden coffins, impregnated with putrid animal matter, for firewood.

"The appalling nature of the stench which often bursts from the street gulleys, even through the deep snow drifts of winter, into the upper portions of the City is a sample of what is always, and especially in summer, liable to enter our dwellings."

Here too is a picture which is a fair representation of a great part of Montreal:—"At the bottom of Laing Street, the only path across the swamp is a rotten box drain, filled with horrible pollutions, partly boarded over, partly open, along the edges of which women may be seen picking their dangerous way."

It turns one's stomach to read even of these abominations which abound everywhere in Montreal—what then must be the effect of personal experience of them? And yet there are men, ye men in authority, so dull of sense, so inured to filth, so hardened against stenches, as to see in this mass of putridity nothing to call for active interference.

"On one occasion two of the members, courageously invited the officers of the Sanitary Association to conduct them to some of the worst districts. One hour's breathing of the stenches among which the poor citizens are compelled to struggle for life sufficed to send one of the gentlemen home, sick."

Such being the apathy of the rulers of the City, the Sanitary Association has had up-hill work before it. Still nothing daunted it continues to prosecute its useful labors, from which however as yet no great results have been obtained.

for the more than forty-aldermanic power: of stupidity that the Sanitary Society has to fight against. But it is in vain to blame the authorities unless individuals exert themselves, every one according to his ability, to remove from Montreal the odium and disgrace of being the most beastly, the most filthy, the most stinking, and in consequence the most deadly City on the face of the earth.

The N. Y. Freeman is still sanguine that the Union may yet be restored, meaning apparently, the Constitution, or form of civil polity that obtained before the war betwixt the Northern and Southern States:—

"Democrats will not accept the war as a success—for it has destroyed, not restored the Union of our fathers. That Union will be restored—after further sufferings, and humiliations."

Does the Freeman believe that it is possible, even were men willing, to restore in England the Constitution of the Stuarts, or of the four Georges? does he believe that in France the siecle of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. can be brought back?

But it is not a thing for any man to exult over, but it is nevertheless true. Constitutional monarchy is possible in the United States: Caesarism is probable; military despotism seems almost inevitable; but a voluntary Union of several free and independent States, delegating each a well defined portion of their sovereignty for the management of foreign affairs, to a central Government—is which the old Constitution essentially consisted—can never be again.

Through what phases the Revolution may yet pass, ere wearied, languid, and exhausted, the people of the United States take refuge from anarchy in well organised despotism, no one can pretend to say: but as it is probable that the great laws revealed in history are in force in America as they were and are in Europe we can form a guess from observing the strength and direction of the revolutionary current at the present moment.

A REAL CASE OF POPISH TYRANNY.—Our friends have at last got hold of a genuine case of Romish cruelty, and illegality, which they are making the most of, though that most is not much. The facts as gleaned from the United States Protestant papers are these:—

A Mr. Smith, a Catholic, and a widower, resident in the State of New York, found that his daughter, a young girl of 16 years of age was going to the bad. She had left her father's house, and got in with some young men with whom according to the father's evidence "she had been guilty of most unbecoming acts."

From this ruling of a Protestant Judge in a Protestant community like that of the United States, amongst whom a Catholic at best stands but a poor chance of getting justice, we may be sure that the case in his favor must have been very strong indeed.

Of all the amusing absurdities to which newspapers ever gave circulation, the most absurdly amusing is one now going the rounds of the press to the effect that the Sovereign Pontiff has invited the respectable gentlemen who by courtesy are called Anglican Bishops to assist at the coming General Council.

CHILD MURDER IN TORONTO.—The Globe thinks that the statement made by Dr. Workman that a thousand cases of this horrid crime take place yearly in Toronto is exaggerated: but it admits that the crime is fearfully prevalent amongst all classes of the community, and a letter in its columns, over the signature of A Physician confirms this opinion.

"The offence is, I fear, much more prevalent amongst us than is generally imagined; and it is only those whose position and avocations enable them to form an estimate of its extent that can speak reliably on this subject."

We have but to cast our eyes over the advertising columns of the Protestant journals of U. Canada, and we shall see how very lucrative, and extensive must be the business of destroying infant life in that section of the Dominion, where no less than seventy persons were cast into prison for the horrid crime of fishing on Sunday.

We take much pleasure in inserting the following report of an Exhibition and distribution of prizes taken from the Sarnia, British Canadian of the 8th July:—

OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON.—This popular Goutard held the first Annual Commencement on Thursday, 3d, in the E. C. Church, which was kindly granted for the occasion, by His Lordship the Bishop of Fanwick. Invitations were

CANADA HOTEL, (Opposite the Grand Trunk Railway Station), SHEBROOKE O.E., D. BRODERICK, PROPRIETOR. A First Class LIVERY STABLE is attached to the above Hotel.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE

SARSFIELD B. NAGLE, ADVOCATE, &C., No. 50 Little St. James Street. Montreal, September 6, 1867.

J. R. MACSHANE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. ST. JOHN, N.B. Nov. 8, 1866.

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ON and after MONDAY, the 1st June, the Steamers of this Company will leave their respective wharves as follows: The Steamer QUEBEC, Capt. J. B. Labelle, for Quebec, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at SEVEN o'clock P.M.

CANADIAN NAVIGATION COMPANY, ROYAL MAIL THROUGH LINE FOR BEAUAHARNOIS, CORNWALL, PRESOTT, BROCKVILLE, GANANQUE, KINGSTON, COBURG, PORT HOPE, DABLINGTON, TORONTO, and HAMILTON.

DIRECT WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT. This magnificent line, composed of the following First class Iron Steamers, leaves the Canal Basin, Montreal, every morning (Sundays excepted), at NINE o'clock, and reaches on the arrival of the Train, leaving Bonaventure Station at Noon for the above Ports, as under, viz: Spartan, Capt. FAIRGRIFF on Mondays.

Connecting at Prescott and Brockville with the Railroads for Ottawa City, Kennebec, Perth, Arnprior, &c., at Toronto and Hamilton, with the Railways for Collingwood, Stratford, London, Oshawa, Sarnia, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galena, Green Bay, S. Paul, &c.; and with the steamer 'City of Toronto' for Niagara, Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, &c.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE Old Established TROY BELL FOUNDRY, Established 1852. Church Bells, Chimney, and Bells of all sizes, for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c., constantly on hand, made of Genuine Bell Metal (Copper and Tin) hung with PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, the best in use, and WARRANTED ONE YEAR.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS AT THIS SEASON In every description of READY MADE CLOTHING ALL MADE FROM THE NEWEST AND CHOICEST MATERIALS, AT NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL TO BE The Cheapest House in the City.

NOTE THE PRICES OF GOOD JACKETS! Pea Jackets at \$5 Pea Jackets at \$6 50 Pea Jackets at \$3 NOT TO BE EQUALLED FOR CUT, MAKE AND QUALITY.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! THE ECLIPSE PANTS AT \$4 EACH, READY-MADE or TO MEASURE are only to be obtained at NO. 60 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

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Our Teas, after the most severe tests by the best medical authorities and Judges of Tea, have been pronounced to be quite pure and free from any artificial coloring or poisonous substances so often used to improve the appearance of Tea. They are unequalled for strength and flavour. They have been chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

BLACK TEA. English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c, 50c; Fine Flavored New Season, do, 55c, 60c 65c; Very Best Full Flavored do, 75c; Second Oolong, 45c; Rich Flavored do, 60c; Very Fine do, 75c; Japan, Good, 50c, 55c, Fine, 60c, Very Fine, 65c, Finest, 75c.

GREEN TEA. Twankay, 50c, 55c, 65c; Young Hyson, 50c, 60c, 65c, 70c; Fine do, 75c, Very Fine 85c; Superior and Very Choice, \$1; Fine Gunpowder, 85c; Extra Superior do, \$1.

Montreal Tea Co. GENTLEMEN — The Tea I purchased of you in March has given great satisfaction, and the flavor of it is very fine. It is very strange, but since I have been drinking your Tea I have been quite free from heartburn, which would always pain me after breakfast. I attribute this to the purity of your Tea, and shall continue a customer.

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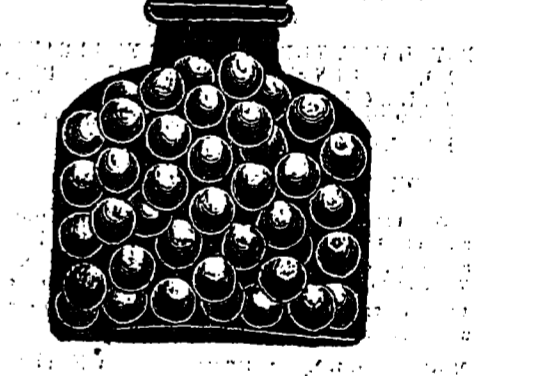
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