a Exile.

(From ballads and songs of "The Brigade," by Col. Chas. C. Grant.)

Air—"Gradh-Mo-Chroide."

The strife is o'er—their native land
They never more shall see,
In bitter grief we mourn the band
Whose parting thus must be;
The white sails soon will disappear
That seem like clouds outgrowth
From many a breaking heart we hear,
To us, our boys are—dead.

O, lonely watcher while you gaze
Beyond "The *Sionainn side,"
Could you foresee their fame would blaze
Throughout a world, the' wide,
In Irish soil they longed to rest,
Your praise they sought alone
Let dying Sarsfield's voice attest
Till death they were your own.

In mocking words the wine they quaff
To vanquished in the fray,
Doomed soon to rue the scornful laugh
That greets the wall to-day;
How well avenged their last farewell,
How insult was repaid,
To friend and foe, we dare to tell
In songs of "The Brigade."

That vengeance followed sure, if slow,
De Guiscard's hirelings felt,
Exulting o'er their slaughtered foe
The Secret and hated Delt;
Their silken colors bent and torn
That vaunted our defeat,
Across Almanza's plains were borne
And laid at Berwick's feet.

*Sionainn, commonly named Shannon. De Guiscard himself escaped. He was killed subsequently in attempting to assassinate one of Queen Ann's Ministers in London for resisting some claim for pay he preferred. Dean Swift remarks: Fortunately for humanity the greater part of this ruffian's regiment were cut to pieces and exterminated at the Battle of Almanza, March 15th, A. D. 1707.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

And now Mr. Britton observed a marked but perhaps not wholly unnatural change in Merlino. While his brother-in-law had remained unconscious he had been as kindly and solicitous as any man could possibly be; but the moment Carlo came to himself Merlino, relieved from the anxiety, remembered that as impresario he was left in an awkward predicament.

Carlo opened his eyes for a moment, caught a confused vision of the faces around him, then closed them again for very weariness, and began to wonder, in a dreamy but troubled way, where on earth he could be. He heard Merlino swearing and raving, and Tannini, and Bauer, and the local manager, and Marioni, all talking at once.

"*Santa Diavolo!*" cried Merlino. "Was ever impresario worse treated? Here is the best house we have had for months, and what can I do but give back the money? There is no going on without a Figaro!"

"No such thing," interrupted Carlo, catching at Sardoni's arm, and dragging himself up. "Give 'Fra Diavolo' tomorrow, and that will give me a day's rest; and go quickly and say to the audience that I am unwell, but that, since the opera can't be continued without the leading part, I will do the best I can, if they'll put up with me."

There was a vigor and force in his tone which astonished everyone; Merlino, with a look of relief, hurried away to pacify the audience; and though the others had serious doubts whether Donati could possibly get through so trying a part, they would not side with Gomez, who began to remonstrate with him.

"I'll do my best not to put you out; I shall be glad for Merlino's sake, and my own too, if you and the audience will tolerate such a bad Figaro. Come to my room with me, will you, Jack?" then, as he caught sight of Mr. Britton, and received a hearty grip of the hand, "How good of you to come round! I had no idea you were here. I was so ashamed to give you such a miserable rendering of that song."

Mr. Britton was not sorry to leave the greenroom and to go with Carlo and Sardoni into one of the little dressing-rooms. There were not many chairs to be had, and Carlo, without ceremony, dropped into the one drawn close to the tiny fireplace, unable to hide any longer the severe pain he was suffering, though when questioned he made light of it.

"You surely ought not to sing," said Mr. Britton.

"It won't do my voice any harm if I can only get breath enough," he replied. And the pain isn't continuous, only just a sharp stab in the side every now and then."

"Dear old fellow, it was madness of you to come at all," said Sardoni. "You must give in; you must put up with Comerio's return; there is no help for it."

Carlo leaned his head on his hand and was silent, as if struggling with himself; both speakers seemed to have forgotten Mr. Britton's presence.

"I'll go on singing ahead," said Carlo, after a pause. "Of course it will be all right. But don't argue now, Jack; I've got to sing, if they will have me, and there's an end of it."

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and Merlino entered.

"I think they will hear you," he said. "They are in a bad temper, but they see we are doing all that can be done, and they'll hardly hiss you off again. They are very easily pacified, these English audiences.

Carlo glanced at Mr. Britton with the strangest mixture of pain and laughter in his dark, shining eyes. The contented look of the impresario as he painted the sort of reception which probably awaited him tickled his fancy.

"A glass of porter before you go on?" said Bauer, pressing it upon him.

"Try this raw egg, signor," said his dresser, eagerly.

"Or a troche," sughested Sardoni.

"Or a Stolberg," said Merlino, producing a little box full of dark-looking lozenges.

With a smile and a gesture he thanked them, and made every one laugh by quoting Figaro's words, "Oh, *che vita! che vita! oh, che mestiere!*

"Was there ever such a fellow?" said Bauer. "I verily believe he would make us laugh if he were on his deathbed."

"If the audience do but realize his courage he will be well received," said Mr. Britton, who was standing at the wings beside the old German singer. "There is nothing that pleases the British public like pluck."

In truth, to face again the audience which had so lately refused to hear him was no very pleasant task to Carlo, but then he had a habit of grasping the nettles of life, which stood him in good stead. More sensitive than most men, he had turned his weakness into strength by resolutely refusing to make the smallest concession to it, and he was able, even with overwrought nerves and failing physical powers, to endure with composure the trying ordeal. It was as Merlino had said, the audience kindly consented to put up with him; they allowed him to appear without a single hiss. Indeed, the chilling silence was broken by five or six resounding claps from the third row of stalls.

"That is Francesca's cousin," he thought to himself, and he felt glad to have one friendly face among the hundreds of coldly critical ones. He was glad, too, to have such friends as Domenica Borelli and Sardoni to sing with that night, and was cheered by Mr. Britton's kindness. If only he could get through his work he thought that, spite of the dark future, he should feel perfectly happy. But that was the great question. All thought he had attempted what was physically impossible, and he shrank in horror from making another exhibition of himself on the stage. "If I do faint again," he reflected, "I hope I shall do it decently in my dressing-room."

By sheer force of will he got through the long, weary duet with Sardoni, but it left him so worn out with pain that he could hardly stand.

He got off the stage somehow, and the moment they were out of sight Sardoni took him by the arm and half dragged him to his room, where, with an irrepressible groan, he threw himself on the floor beside the fire, seeming to find a sort of relief in thrusting the guitar under his arm, so that he actually lay upon it.

It was the strangest evening the Englishman had ever spent, as he sat in the dismal little dressing-room, with its bare floor and whitewashed walls, its confusion of stage dresses and the garments of prosaic life. Someone had brought in two or three cushions from the green room, and as soon as Carlo had recovered his senses they had laid him on those upon his left side, the position which seemed to give him the greatest ease. The firelight played on his face, and Mr. Britton, as he watched him, found his thoughts wandering back to the time when he had first met him with Francesca outside the English church at Naples. He recalled the strange, sad smile which had passed over the young Italian's face when he congratulated him on his betrothal, and he felt irresistibly drawn to a man who could deliberately choose a career so self-denying, so little likely to be understood.

He was startled to find that his thoughts of Francesca must have affected his companion.

"We may not be alone again," said Carlo, turning his face toward him. "If anything should happen to me, will you promise to give this to Francesca"—he indicated their betrothal ring—"and tell her how good every one was to me?"

Mr. Britton felt a choking sensation in his throat, but he promised, and then, partly to break the uncomfortable silence, remarked that he had heard from Cam Bells that morning.

"They are well?" asked Carlo.

"Quite well. Francesca comes to England in June."

The next moment he regretted his words, for they seemed to give the finishing touch to Carlo's suffering. He turned abruptly away, and, though his face was hidden, Mr. Britton could see that he was struggling to suppress a tempest of passionate emotion. So little do people understand each other that it had never occurred to the Englishman, with all his kind-heartedness, to picture to himself the torture of a lover who knows that his love will be close at hand, yet that he is to be denied even a sight of her. But that silent, bitter struggle taught him much, and once more set his kind heart to weave plans for helping the course of true love to run smooth.

Before anything more had passed, the call-boy rapped at the door, and Mr. Britton in dismay turned to see what his companion would do. He had yet to learn that Italian storms, if violent, are brief, and that an Italian nature, if it has strong emotions, has also a wonderful self-mastery upon which it can fall back in time of need. Carlo rose promptly, rearranged his disordered costume in a business-like fashion and smoothed his hair; then, fearing that Mr. Britton might regret the words which had escaped him, said in the manner which had won him so many friends, "Do you mind coming with me to the wings? I like to feel that you are there."

And before the Englishman had recovered from his surprise at this unlooked-for composure, Figaro was in the thick of the noisy group on the stage, acting better than he had done all the evening, and endeavoring to play the part of peacemaker, and to put an end to the altercation.

Mr. Britton could hardly believe, as he watched the lithe, active figure, now here, now there, that a few minutes ago he had seen the same man lying in the extremity of mental and bodily pain; and when once more in the interval between the acts he and Sardoni had to restore the Italian to his senses, he could no longer keep his astonishment to himself.

"What in the world can our friend be made of?" he exclaimed. "I should not have thought it possible for a man of his temperament to persevere in the teeth of such difficulties."

"I suppose pluck and goodness generally do go together," said Sardoni; "and though you may be Donati's friend, no one who is not in this troupe can have much idea of what he really is. He's out and out the best fellow I ever came across."

"He seems very much liked by most of the company."

"Yes, and with good reason. They all apply to him one of their expressive Italian sayings—'Good as a piece of bread'—a description which would not hold for the rest of us."

"He is coming to himself," said Mr. Britton, and there was silence in the room, broken at last by Carlo's voice.

"How much more, Jack?" he asked, faintly.

"The second act," said Sardoni; "three more scenes for you."

He closed his eyes again, and they noticed that as the evening advanced he became less and less willing to speak an unnecessary word.

The opera, which had seemed to all the singers interminable, did at length end, and with it the last remains of Carlo's strength. More dead than alive, he was carried to Mr. Britton's brougham, which had been ordered round to the stage door, and leaving the kindly Englishman to see him safely home, Sardoni hurried off in search of a doctor.

Carlo had fancied that if only he could get through the opera he should beperfectly happy, but when his work was really done he was suffering too acutely to be able to bestow a thought on the future or on Anita. Too faint to speak, he allowed Mr. Britton to help him up to his room, never troubling himself to consider the impression that No. 62 would make on the rich shipbuilder. The miserable little place was to him now a haven of rest, and there was deep relief in the consciousness that he could now suffer in peace, that no call-boy would rap at his door, that there was no longer the horrible necessity of acting and singing before a critical audience. But to Mr. Britton that dismal little attic was the climax of the evening. Its total lack of comfort appalled him, and when he had left the patient to the care of Sardoni and the doctor he drove home, vowing that Carlo should be moved to Merlebank the very next day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"HIGH PLEASURE."

Clare was much concerned when she heard the bad news which Mr. Britton and Harry brought home that evening.

"You didn't wait to hear the doctor's verdict?" she asked, when the bare outline of the story had been given her.

"No, it was so late, and I thought I should only have been in the way; but I fear there's not the least doubt the poor fellow is in for pleurisy."

"It was awful to see him toward the end," said Harry. "Leaning up against the woodwork when he had to be on the stage with nothing actually to sing or do, and every now and then, when he was singing, suddenly folding his arms—so—as if the pain was almost unbearable."

"What do you think, Miss Claremont—if we had one of the St. John's nurses down, could we manage to look after him all right here?" said Mr. Britton.

Clare was delighted at the proposal, for she had always been fond of Carlo. She did not understand all Mr. Britton's reasons for taking an interest in the young Italian, but his kindness and hospitality did not at all surprise her, because he was a man who was forever going out of his way to help other people, and Kate, who was housekeeper, used sometimes to protest that really Merlebank might as well call itself what it was in fact—a sanitarium for his friends and acquaintances.

So the plans for Carlo's reception at Merlebank were discussed, and the next morning Mr. Britton drove in to the Royal Hotel to see what sort of night the Italian had passed. At the entrance he encountered the doctor.

"How is your patient to-day, Kavanagh?" he asked.

"Very bad, poor fellow—must be moved at once to the hospital."

"Nonsense, he is a friend of mine; I want him brought to Merlebank. You'll give leave for that, I hope."

"Oh, certainly, if you really want to have him; but I must warn you that he is likely to be laid up for some time—acute pleurisy—and we shall do well if we ward off complications."

"Poor fellow! I thought he was in for it last night. He is an old family friend of ours, and I shall be particularly glad to help him if I can. How about a nurse? Shall I telegraph for one?"

"I can see to that, if you like," said the doctor. "His sister seems a most empty-headed creature, and the sooner he is away from her the better."

Mr. Britton was just wondering whether he had better ask to see Sardoni, when he caught sight of Gigi strolling listlessly down the passage.

"How is your uncle, little man," he asked. "Can I see him?"

"He's ill," said Gigi, mournfully, and, without further remark, he slipped his little brown hand into Mr. Britton's, and led the way to No. 62. The door was open, and a Babel of Italian could be heard—fourpeople all talking at once.

Mr. Britton half hesitated, but the child led him on. The next moment a curious scene met his gaze. In the dismal little attic, which by daylight looked even more forlorn and comfortless, a stormy discussion was being carried on. The impresario, who was evidently in the worst of tempers, held in his hand an open telegram; Gomez, with a sarcastic smile on his usually grave face, stood playing the part of general irritant *con amore;* Madame Merlino and Sardoni seemed to be having a battle-royal; and the sick man lay in the midst of the strife of tongues evidently in great pain, but listening with strained anxiety to all that passed. Mr. Britton heard an impatient, "Can't you see how bad this is for him?" from Sardoni, and disconnected remarks about "Comerio's coming," which gave him the clew to the matter which was being discussed.

He waited at the door, for Donati was far too much absorbed in what was going on to notice him, and indeed had to concentrate all his faculties on the effort to meet this crisis. That which he had feared had come to pass: Comerio had telegraphed to offer his services, and all through the weary night Carlo had been trying to solve the difficult problem whether, should this happen, it was his duty to explain all to Merlino or not. Superficial people are fond of saying that the right is always clear. Carlo did not find it so. It was only after hours of mental struggle and suffering that he at length arrived at the conclusion that, all things considered, he was not justified in arousing Merlino's suspicion. He went so far, however, as to propose another alternative.

"Look," he said, speaking with difficulty, "Paul Cremer's English Opera Company might very possibly have a spare baritone. Telegraph and see, and I will defray the expenses of anyone they can send."

He broke off to cough—the effort had cost him hideous pain, and Mr. Britton could see that great drops of perspiration stood on his brow.

"*Accidente!* It only shows how little you know of such things," said Merlino, angrily. "We are secure of Comerio, and had far better have him than some stranger. I should have thought you were above such petty jealousy as that, Donati."

"Then will you reply to the telegram?" asked Gomez.

"I suppose I must," said Merlino, in his grumbling way. "It is a confounded nuisance."

And with mattered imprecations he left the room, evidently regarding Carlo's illness as a willful injury and a personal insult.

Gomez having gained his object, followed the impresario, and Mr. Britton drew near to the bed, and spoke to Sardoni, but Carlo lay with closed eyes, and took no notice of what was passing until he heard Nita get up from her chair beside him and move toward the door. Then he started up with sudden energy.

"Nita," he exclaimed, "do not go yet—I want to speak to you!"

She turned back reluctantly, and at the same moment he became aware of Mr. Britton's presence.

"How kind of you to come!" he said. "Will you excuse me just for a minute? I want to speak to my sister—there is not much time left."

"We will wait in the next room," said Sardoni, "if Madame Merlino will tell us when she leaves you."

Nita assented, and, still reluctantly, sat down again beside the bed. When they were alone he turned toward her.

"I had hoped to tide over this time in England," he said, striving with all his might not to let the physical pain overmaster him. "It is hard to feel that, after all, I have perhaps only made your danger greater. You must forgive me for failing you like this, Nita!"

"Don't distress yourself—I know of no danger," she replied, crushingly, and with an expressive motion of her small, shapely head. There had been a time when she had told him a very different story, but he bore the set-down patiently and caught at the ray of hope.

"That is, indeed, true? Then God be thanked! I can go content."

She laughed—the most heartless little laugh conceivable.

"Perhaps we do not mean precisely the same thing by the word 'danger.' There is no danger that my husband will ill-treat me, because one who loves me better will be here as my protector."

"Nita!" he groaned.

"Now listen to common sense," she said, with angry gesticulation. "Merlino and I are not happy together; Comerio and his wife are not happy together. Why are four people to live in misery because of a conventional law?"

"Because they have vowed to be true to each other through everything—because the only hope of their leading pure, noble lives is destroyed when they shirk their duty, and give up trying to love each other—because it is not a conventional law, but God's command."

She laughed again.

"Bravo!" she exclaimed. "My confessor himself could not have read me a more correct little homily. As far as the marriage laws are concerned, *mio caro,* you are quite curiously orthodox. As a matter of fact, though, I always find these little homilies are propounded by the unmarried. Strange, isn't it?"

"You'll break my heart if you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"Nonsense! Hearts don't break so easily, I assure you. You will go back to Francesca Britton and be happy; Comerio and I, too, shall be happy; while as for Merlino, he will merely lose a valuable soprano and baritone whom he never deserved."

She had rattled on paying no attention whatever to his suffering. He was now so much exhausted that it was physically impossible for him to speak more than two words.

"Dear mother!" he faltered.

"Is in paradise, and will be ready to pray for me when I am in purgatory!"

His next words were hardly audible.

"Il Cristo!" he gasped.

"My confessor does not allow me to talk of religion with heretics," she replied, triumphantly.

She turned away and lay so absolutely still that Nita became frightened; however, it was an excellent opportunity to escape, and she availed herself of it, glancing in for a moment at the next room where Sardoni and Mr. Britton had waited.

"He has done with me now," she said, cheerfully, though all the time her conscience was pricking her.

Mr. Britton had seldom seen so pretty a woman for whom it was so difficult to get up any sort of regard. Without knowing why, he heartily disliked Nita.

"She does not seem particularly anxious about her brother," he remarked.

Sardoni gnashed his teeth.

"He has given up everything to help her, and she—little vixen—won't do the slightest thing to please him. Let us come back to him."

They were interrupted by a suppressed sobbing from the other side of the bed, and found that Gigi was sitting in a disconsolate little heap on the floor, crying as though his heart would break.

"Put him up here, Jack, by me," said Carlo. "What is it, Gigi? are you hurt?"

"Oh, don't go away from me!" sobbed the child. "Don't leave me so all alone."

"Look, *mio caro,* I love you dearly, and would like you to have this time in the country," said Carlo, drawing the child close to him; "but in some ways it is better not. Say, do you, too, love me a little bit?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Gigi, clinging to him.

"Then will you stay here to please me, and help the mother, and run errands for them all when you can, and write me long letters?" He broke off unable to say another word.

"*Carino!*" said the child, with a depth of love and tenderness in his tone. Then, as Sardoni told him how ill Carlo was, "I will be good—good," and, choking back his tears, he slid down from the bed and sat like a sorrowful little statue on the edge of his portmanteau.

Mr. Britton, anxious that no more time should be lost, hurried to his office to telephone to Merlebank for the landau, and in an hour's time he was back again to help in all the arrangements.

The doctor and kind-hearted Mr. Britton had no idea of what was passing in the sick man's mind as they drove along the road between Ashborough and Merlebank, and when once he opened his eyes for a minute, and they could not help seeing the look of grievous distress in them, they only thought of the bodily suffering, and said to him, reassuringly, "It will soon be over." He could have smiled at the incongruity of the words had he not been down in the black depths where smiles can by no means come.

Without one ray of comfort he tossed through that weary day and night; sleep was out of the question, he became less and less capable of thinking rationally, and the doctor, on visiting him the next morning, looked very grave. Clare and Mr. Britton waited anxiously for his verdict.

"There is evidently something weighing on his mind," said Mr. Kavanagh, as he walked down-stairs. "The local symptoms are subsiding, but I fear he is in a critical state. These southern temperaments are always hard to deal with—it is touch and go with them. Keep him as quiet as possible, and I will look in again this evening."

To be Continued.

Army and Pensions Expenditure.

The following figures are interrsting and should moderate the exuberance of the Americans. They include in each case the gross expenditure on the army and pensions

	Men.	Cost.	Per Head.
Russia	790,000	£28,000,000	£ 40
France	550,000	24,000,000	64
Germany	500,000	22,000,000	44
England	200,000	20 000,000	100
United States	30,000	6,000,000	200
Do. Pensions	500,000	29,000,000	58

The American army of 30,000 men costs, as seen above, £200 per head; but there is an army of pensioners of about half-a-million in actual receipt of pensions, the department evidently costing £58 per head. The cost of European pensions is included in the above figures.—*Tit Bits.*

The membership of Dr. Talmage's tabernacle, in Brooklyn, is over 5,000.

Miss Bleecker, of New York—I tell you Miss Flypp can keep her end up when it comes to talking. Miss Emerson, of Boston—Yes; she evidently does not find it difficult to maintain her conversational extremity at a considerable elevation.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Speaker read the resolution presented by Mr. Tisdale in favor of declaring the seat for Welland vacant, and the issuing of the Speaker's warrant for a new election.

Mr. German, who was present, said: Before this motion is adopted I would like, with the consent of the House, to shortly explain my own reason for sitting in the House as I do. There was an election trial in Welland, and the judges declared the seat vacant by reason of the corrupt act of an agent. The petitioner then went on with the charges for disqualification for personal corruption. It was found by the judges that a corrupt act had been committed by myself. I was personally disqualified. Notice of appeal was given. That notice was not in any way limited. It is not necessary, as I understood it, under the Controverted Elections Act, to give notice of appeal. The deposit of the money with the registrar of the court in which the petition is filed is stay of all proceedings, and the seat is not vacant until the appeal is finally disposed of in the Supreme Court; but the notice of appeal was not limited. It was deemed advisable to print only such portions as bore on the matter of disqualification, as that was practically the only matter we wished the Supreme Court to decide upon. It was stated by the judges of the Supreme Court, as I am instructed and believe, that pending the decision of the question of appeal I was the legal member. Thus I had, not a judgment, it is true, but an opinion that I was the member for Welland. I cannot understand on what reading of the statute the trial judges sent the report to you, Mr. Speaker. They appear to think there was some ambiguity in the clause of the Act passed last session, but I could not see any and could not understand why the report was sent. However, the report having been sent to Mr. Speaker, it strengthens the position I take. A county, as I understand, must be either represented or unrepresented. If it is unrepresented it is the right and duty of the Speaker to issue a writ as soon as the fact is officially brought to his notice. If it is represented, then the representative has the right and it is duty to take his seat. It remains to be discovered whether the seat is represented or unrepresented. Knowing that the report had gone to the Speaker; knowing the expression of opinion by the judges of the Supreme Court; seeing in the *Empire* newspaper the statement that I with others whose cases were in the Court of Appeals was entitled to take my seat; knowing that I was recognized by the Government, because I received from the Department of Agriculture any number of reports for distribution; knowing that my name was on the division list, I believed that I was entitled to take my seat. At least, if I have not the legal right to sit here, I am not interfering with the legal rights of others to sit here. I may be wrong in the law. It is a legal question, and seems to be one not to be decided by a vote of this House at present. If I am wrong I am willing to abide by the decision of the majority, knowing that those who returned me by a majority of 447 are willing to increase that majority at the first opportunity.

Mr. Masson argued that after the statement made by Mr. German there remained little necessity of saying anything in support of the resolution. He had admitted practically that the seat was void. He did not see how it could be urged that because a man's name appeared on the division rolls of the House, or because certain departmental papers were sent to him, he was entitled to a seat in this House.

Mr. Laurier said it seemed to him that the question involved was one of fact as well as one of law. He did not intend to review the arguments presented, but taking the facts given to be accurate, the question would follow whether the conclusions were also accurate. He would suggest that the Minister of Justice should follow precedent and refer the matter to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. He moved that the words of the last paragraph of the resolution where it is said the House shall declare the seat vacant, be left out, and that instead thereof it be inserted that the motion and all papers connected with the question be laid before the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

Sir John Thompson said the way in which the matter appeared to him was that there was an uncontested decision obtained from a competent tribunal, and the seat for Welland was declared vacant. The decision was acquiesced in when it was pronounced, and it was shown that it was a fact that the appellant limited his appeal to the question of his personal disqualification. The case comes to the Supreme Court on appeal from the decision regarding personal disqualification. The gentleman who addressed them this afternoon said that certain of the judges said he had the right to take his seat pending the decision. Unless he was misinformed, the facts were that the judges agreed to the motion of his counsel that further time should have been given for the respondent's appeal, and affirmed that the allowance of further time did not affect the seat, and that a new writ might be issued. Counsel for the petitioner pointed out that he simply wanted the assurance that the respondent would not take his seat pending the appeal to the Supreme Court. That assurance was given. The writ has not been issued simply because the machinery of the law does not provide how this House shall get information as to what the decision is. He could not see the force of Mr. German's argument, that when he occupied his seat here he was not interfering with the rights of any person else. Judgment would be given by the Supreme Court in this case about the 4th of April. If the judgment is against Mr. German, the sentence of disqualification remains and the seat is of course vacant, and the seat is also vacant if the decision is given in his favor. He was quite willing that the question should be referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

On motion to go into Committee of Supply,

Mr. Davis said the cry of unrestricted reciprocity was a falsetto cry, and had passed into the category of ridiculous claptrap.

Mr. Watson knew of no man who changed his policy so rapidly as the member for Assiniboia. A short time ago he was found condemning the Government as incapable and a Cabinet of antiquities, and only yesterday he opposed the Government for holding to the duty on binding twine. It must be known by that gentleman that the Northwest would profit more by unrestricted reciprocity in manufactured than in natural products.

At the conclusion of Mr. Watson's speech the resolution for the Committee of Supply was carried.

Mr. Gibson asked if the Government intended to reduce the canal tolls this season.

Sir John Thompson replied that no order-in Council on the subject had been passed.

Mr. Flint's bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act was read a third time and passed.

Mr. McMullen continued the debate on the resolution moved recently by Mr. Landerkin in his (Mr. McMullen's) absence, calling for a return of the number of Intercolonial employees, salaries, etc. He dwelt upon the fact that the road was not paying, and showed that if the ratio of loss indicated in the recent Ministerial answers was continued to the end of the current year there would be a deficiency of revenue of over a million dollars.

Mr. Haggart said that the chief engineer informed him that his return could not be prepared during this session, and that the preparation of it would cost $2,000.

Mr. Laurier said that this admission was a notable comment upon the management of the road. It must seem to the House a remarkable thing that so much time and money had to be consumed in order to prepare such information as was asked for in this resolution.

The following private bills passed their third readings:

Respecting the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada—Mr. Tisdale.

Respecting the Nicolet Valley Railway Company—Mr. Mara.

Respecting the Nipissing and James Bay Railway Company—Mr. Coatsworth.

Respecting the Manitoba and South-Eastern Railway Company—Mr. Le Riviere.

Respecting the Belleville and Lake Nipissing Railway Company—Mr. Corby.

Sir John Thompson, in the absence of Mr. Tupper, moved that the House go into committee to-morrow for the purpose of imposing a fee for the canning and curing of lobsters.

Sir John Thompson moved that for the remainder of the session Government orders have precedence on Thursdays after notices of motion.

Mr. Laurier remarked that this course was taken earlier than usual. He had no objection if the hon. gentleman would tell the House when the Redistribution Bill would be brought down.

Sir John Thompson said he made this motion in view of the fact that the volume of business in the hands of private members was less than usual. He was not in a position to state this evening when the Redistribution Bill would be brought down, but would give the information as soon as possible.

Mr. Mills thought the answer was very unsatisfactory.

The motion was carried.

On motion to go into supply,

Mr. McMillan (Huron), speaking for the farmers of Ontario, contended that the Government had gone to Washington to negotiate a treaty on the basis of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, not recognizing that altered conditions did not permit of such an arrangement. It was said that the railways in this country were prosperous. He was glad that it was so, but what made that prosperity? What except the fact that they had a measure of reciprocity in railway traffic between the United States and Canada?

Mr. Sproule denied that the people of Western Ontario were opposed to the National Policy.

Mr. Landerkin spoke at some length, ridiculing the mission of the Cabinet Ministers to Washington. Regarding the bye-elections, he held it would be shown that they had been won by stuffing the ballot boxes and personating voters.

The House went into Committee of Supply on a vote of $99,301 for St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

The items remaining for penitentiaries were duly passed, and the House adjourned at one o'clock.

Among the petitions received was one praying for justice in certain charges made against Judge Elliot, county judge of Middlesex.

The following bills were read a first time:

Respecting the Ontario Pacific Railway Company—Mr. Guillet.

To incorporate the Canadian Railway Company—Mr. Bergin.

To incorporate the Niagara Falls and Queenston Railway and Bridge Company—Mr. McDonnell.

Mr. Mills asked when the map representing the redistribution of seats and boundaries of counties, municipalities, etc, would be brought down?

Sir John Thompson said it was ordered immediately after the passage of the motion, and would be down shortly.

The House went into supply on the supplementary estimates.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he supposed the first item was in relation to Mr. Burgess. It was time the House understood whether that gentleman was to continue as chief clerk or be restored to his former glory as deputy head of the department.

Mr. Dewdney said it was his intention personally to recommend his reinstatement.

Mr. Foster said the report of the sub-committee of the Council was that whereas he was Deputy Minister he should be reduced to the rank of chief clerk.

Mr. McMullen thought if a general jubilee of forgiveness was to take place it would be right to restore the member for Three Rivers to his former position, paying him his salary during the time of his absence. Why not bring Mr. Sequeal and Mr. Talbot back and reinstate them?

The item was carried by a vote of 60 to 30.

The House adjourned at 1.40 a. m.

Across the Continent.

Wm. Renwick, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Victoria, B.C., writes: I have used Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil in cases of indigent patients with the most gratifying results. It does not upset the stomach, is easily assimilated and possesses undoubted power in rebuilding weakened constitutions, where the ordinary form of administering Cod Liver Oil is not admissable. For the future, whenever I have occasion to prescribe any preparation of Cod Liver Oil, I will give Miller's Emulsion the preference, being perfectly satisfied with its therapeutic efficacy. In big bottles, 50c. and $1 at all drug stores.

Gen. Harrison's War Record for Three Years.

Behring Sea War	1889
Behring Sea War	1890 (1)
Behring Sea War	1890 (2)
Behring Sea War	1891
Siouxx War	1891
Mafia War	1891
Ziata War	1891
Chili (U. S. & "Baltimore") War	1891
Garza War	1892
Behring Sea war	1892

—*Montreal Star.*

McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant

The fame of this great Canadian Remedy has spread from ocean to ocean, and the cures accomplished, after all else failed, surpassed belief. It is neatly put up in Dollar bottles and sold by Druggists generally.

Well Named.

Shopper—Why, this is a new shade of red.

Clerk—Yes, madam. That is the anarchist tint.

"How did it come to get that name?"

"It won't wash."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they ever used that done all that is claimed for it." Sold by all dealers.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air per minute, or upward of 7 hogsheads in a day.

A good advertisement is like the merchant's ships—it bringeth abundance from afar.

A DOUBLE RELEASE.

Story of a Life Reclaimed—A Prisoner Pardoned Because Dying of Consumption is Recalled to Strength.

Alexander Newman was sentenced to serve twenty-one years in the Penitentiary at Kingston, Ont. His physical system gave away under the confinement and reduced him to weakness and emaciation. Consumption easily found him a subject for its remorseless attack. He wasted away steadily in spite of the well meant energies, skill and kindness of the hospital staff. His case was pronounced hopeless, with no expectation that he could survive another winter, consequently the authorities, which never act in such cases till hope of life is utterly abandoned, released him on Oct. 24th last, after a confinement of four years. Alexander Newman was carried from the prison hospital on a stretcher, placed in an ambulance and conveyed to the home of his relatives. His home-coming was anything but joyful, as his new-found liberty seemed doomed to be cut short by the world's great gleaner—death. But happily fears grew groundless—life was again to glow with vigor, and hope for the hopeless one was revived. Three days after Newman's release, a friend who understood the remarkable power of Miller's Emulsion to sustain and strengthen life, advised his sister to procure a bottle of the remedy. Animated with the belief that while there is life there is hope, she purchased a bottle of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. From the first dose taken the patient looked forward with hope when it was found that his system could retain and assimilate this palatable preparation. His digestive organs had been so weak he was unable to retain sufficient food to nourish his body, from that cause he had so wasted away as to weigh only 102 pounds. The life-giving qualities of Miller's Emulsion soon exercised influence over Newman by arresting decay and checking his dreadful enemy—the consumption. Steadily improvement has continued. Strength came with added flesh, Alexander Newman is a new man indeed. We present a copy from his photograph taken Jan. 2nd instant. Mr. Newman weighed on that date 145 pounds, a gain of ten ounces a day for sixty-six days from the time he began to use Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. We trust this very singular recovery will not have the effect of restraining the hand of mercy in the release of sick prisoners. Far better if this restored, that the case of Alexander Newman were not known publicly, but it is too valuable in the interest of public health to be overlooked. To verify the above facts the certificate of the patient is appended.

October, 1891.

January, 1892.

KINGSTON, January 2nd, 1892.—I hereby certify to the above being correct in every particular. Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil saved my life.

Alex Newman

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Mowat—A bill respecting the sittings of the High Court in certain cases.

Mr. Mowat—A bill respecting compensation to workmen in certain cases.

Mr. Mowat—A bill respecting the duties of sheriffs arresting persons under civil process.

Mr. Gibson presented the report of the commissioners on the Niagara Falls park; and also the report of the Bureau of Mines.

Mr. E. F. Clarke moved that the order for the third reading be discharged and the bill be referred back to committee. The bill was referred back and a few verbal amendments made and the bill returned to the House for a third reading.

Mr. Hargourt, replying to Mr. Marter, said the engineer of the department was sent to the townships of Brunel and Stephenson in December, 1891, to inspect the localities said to be flooded, and to interview the owners of the lands.

Mr. Hudson continued the debate on the education of farmers' sons.

Mr. Glendining, without finding fault with the grants to higher education, thought the grants to the public schools should be larger.

Mr. McKechnie, as a merchant and manufacturer, had interests identical with that of the farmer. A good deal had been said about politics being introduced into the Farmers' Institute meetings. He held such was not the case.

Messrs. Sprague, Magwood, Godwin and Clancy continued the debate, but nothing new was elicited.

Mr. White, after recess, moved the second reading of a bill to provide for the division of the township of Sandwich East.

Mr. Meredith deprecated the system of separating the French from the English-speaking inhabitants as provided for in the bill. The system was bad, and he hoped the House would not lend itself to any such legislation. They should endeavor rather to promote a friendly intercourse between the two peoples, which certainly would not be brought about by the passage of such a bill.

Mr. White thought the hon. gentleman had been misinformed as to the true facts of the case. The bill was not introduced with the object he had suggested. It had been introduced upon the request of a great number of the ratepayers of the township. The interests of the village, which was widely scattered, were not at all identical, and separate management was needed for either end of the community.

The bill was read a second time on division.

Mr. Miscampbell resumed the debate on the motion regarding the better education for farmers' sons.

Mr. Tait, on resuming the debate on the bill to amend the Assessment Act, said that he would like it to go to the committee.

Mr. Hardy said the session was too far advanced to treat the bill seriously.

Mr. Meredith said it should, by rights, go to the committee, and the bill was read a second time.

Several bills to amend the Municipal and Assessment Acts received a second reading, and were referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Rayside's bill to amend the Timber Slides Act was read a second time, and referred to a select committee.

Mr. Mowat moved the third reading of his Bill to amend the law of mortmain and charitable uses.

Mr. Meredith said that the present Bill proposed to abolish one of the most important provisions in the law of mortmain. The law was that a man could not will property to charitable or religious institutions within a period of six months before death. This was to avoid death-bed bequests to charitable or religious institutions that were often unjust. The old law provided a safeguard, but Mr. Mowat's Bill abolished the safeguard, which was the foundation-stone of the law of mortmain. The Attorney-General had not given any reason why the old law in this regard should be abrogated, and the old law with the six months' provision, as far as he could see, was just and equitable.

Mr. Mowat said that his bill was a copy of the Imperial Act. He had not considered the point referred to by Mr. Meredith, and he would ask the bill to stand, and to-morrow it would be referred back and discussed in committee.

The Attorney-General moved that after Friday next Government business have precedence over all other business except private bills on every day of the session, including Monday, and that the House do sit on Saturdays at 11 o'clock a. m.

Mr. Gibson presented the report of the commission appointed to enquire into the claims of the township of Proton.

The House went into committee and carried the following bills and resolution:

To provide for the payment of succession duties in certain cases—Mr. Harcourt.

Amounts to be paid as bounty for the destruction of wolves—Mr. Hardy.

To amend the Act respecting the taxation of patented lands in Algoma and Thunder Bay—Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) moved the second reading of a b