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Gladstonians Hopeful and Jubilant and Tories Despondent and Anxious.

Salisbury to a Bad Pix. with Bradlaugh-The Coercion or No-Concession Polley Threatens to Break up the Union Party-The Key to British Politics.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The present position of parties in the House of Commons is deserving parties in the House of Commons is deserving of special attention. The ministerialists have a working invitation of special attention, the ministerialists have a working invitation of emergency; yet shey are I will hundred on an emergency; yet shey are I will have a proposed and a visite. notsay despondent, but—perplexed and arxious.
The Liberal Unionists, whose ranks have been
thuning ever since this Parliament assembled, thinning ever since this Faritament assembled, are much less hopeful than they were, and there are some wavevers among them who are pretty sure to fi p over to Gladstone long before a general election comes in sight. On the other hand, the Gladstonian allies, though in a minority, are sanguine, jubilant and full of them and courage. hope and c urage.

THE KEL TO BRITISH POLITICS.

How is this? The explanation gives the key to English politics. At this moment the only Ministerial measure which looms up large in the public sye is the Operaion bill. The second great measure to be produced is the bill for regreat measure to be produced is the bill for re-forming and improving local government in England and Wales, but excluding Ireland. The Government, then, to all appearance, adopts as its motto, "Coercion and no con-cession." Igainst it stands Gladstons, de-manding justice for Ireland and perpetual friend-hip. That is the picture presented to the popular eve. with results which are importthe popular eye. with results which are importaut now and must exercise a still more importanticfluence upon the future.

IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY.

Sir R bect Peel, in the heyday of his popularity just after the rapeal of the corn laws, was turn dont of office on a coercion bill; Gladstone, his disciple, fell from power in 1885 through the coercion bill of 1882. Is there no lesson in them things? lesson in these things?
Gladstone occessed that the tories were worse

Gladstone occessid that the tories were worse than the Bourtons, for they learn nothing and forget everything. Goscen had declared that Ireland is new in) to have self-government and ought not have it. Since his enversion to toryism he has been anxious to make himself a living example of the truth of Gladstone's hitter ing example of the truth of Gladstone's hitter ing the necessity of a measure dealing with an earns of excessive repts in Ireland. He changed

THE UNION ENDANGERED.

Observe that in the opinion of many Conservatives no les than of Gladstonians, the policy of "chercion and no concession" endangers the union and threatens to break up the union party. The Liberals who voted for Conservatives at the last general election are returning to their old party lines; that means, returning to their old party lines; that means, if it goes on, the wholesale defeat of the Liberal Unionists at the next election and the decline of Conservative majorities. If Don caster and Dentford go Gladstonian the process will manifestly be in active operation and the government will have to change its tactics or go to pieces..

WHAT THE BILL MAY RESULT IN. This local government bill is the touchs one of a general upset of all things in England and the cold shoulder for Ireland. Suppose that tiledstons brings in a skilfully worded resolu-tion merely affirming the principle that Ireland needs to have an extension of local government. The Liberal Unionists and many Conservatives would be in a tight place. They would have to vote for Gladstone's resolution or swallow an-

other dose of election pledges.
Seeing this the Ministerialists are in no hurry for Ritchie's bill. They rather like the delay in getting rid of the address. Presently the money votes will be wanted and Easter will be upon us; and perhaps the dreaded local government bill will be quietly suffocated in its

WHY OBSTRUCTION IS OPPOSED.

Gladstone has tried to cut off all chance of this, urging his followers to expedite the despatch of business and make the Government show its hand.

This advice is not taken. The Scotchmen will have their field night; so will the Welsh; so will the hero s of Trafalgar square. The Ministry is invincible on these points. Grad-stone and Parnell would avoid them and come to blows at close quarters; but their fiery English followers will not be restrained, and thus the Government is gaining time that is the patent friend of Ministers in difficulties. The Gladstonians might go on debating such questions as Trafalgar square till the day of doom without shaking the Ministry; but force out the local government bill and a whole chapter of accidents is opened.

BRADLAUGH SCORES OFF SALISBURY.

As for general matters, Bradlaugh has succeeded in putting Salisbury completely in the wrong, and even the Times calls upon the latter to apologize. Thus there is to be a set off against the Colonel Dopping affair of Gladstone's. Bradlaugh always, tracks his game with unfaltering determination, and generally brings it home on his shoulder—but this is a big bag, indeed. Is Salisbury to cry "peccapi" to the iconoclast? Why, the whole British constitution will be shaken to its foundations, crepe will be put on the pillers of the Carlton Club and ashes sprinkled on the doorstep of Hatfield. If you feel the earth tremble during the next few days, do not mistake the cause. It will not be an earthquake, but only Salisbury apologizing to Bradlaugh.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT. ATTACK ON BALIBBURY BY LABOUCHERE-GLAD-

STONE CONGRATULATED ON THE TONE OF HIS REMARKS BY THE LEADER OF THE GOVERN-

LONDON, Feb. 22.—The House of Commons to day negatived an amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech, proposing the creation of a tribunal on judicial rents in Soctland. A motion to vote the address was then approved, after which on a motion that the report on the address be adopted. Mr. Labouchere moved to in(ertain); the report a request that the House be informed whether the correspondence with the Iteliam Government bound It is the language of all the saints. It is the the British Government to interfered in the language of Our Saviour. Without Me event of war between France and Italy, "Hexiyou can do nothing."

त्रामान् व्यक्ते हेद्वारम्बर्धात्राम् नामम् वार्णात्रास्य राज्

advised Lord Salisbury to take the country into his confidence, as Bismarck had done with Germany. England had every reason to dis rust Lor. Salisbury, who was willing to deag the country into a war in order to save his policy towards Ireland from criticism. The foreign policy of Lo d Salisbriy was hatred towards France (Cries of "No") and jealousy towards Russia. The reason he hated France was obviour. It was a republic, progressing and pros-perous, without aristocrats, without royalties, and without hereditary ruling families directing the affire of State. Parliament must watch a Minister to biased and refuse to assent to his mingling in continental matters relating either to territorial or dynastic settlements even if made in concert with Europe.

Sir James Ferguson, Under Foreign Secretary, said he could not understand Mr. Labouchere's purpose in making these statements, which were most mischievous in their tendency and most reckless in their particularity. No responsible statesman of France would attribute such a policy to Lord Salisbury. Least of all those French statesmen who had had deal ings with Lord Salisbury during his conduct of the foreign affairs of England. The Governthe foreign affairs of England. The Government would not lay confidential correspondence before the House, but Sir James could reassure the House that no engagement had been entered into with Italy or any other power that was not known to Parliament. He hoped the danger to the peace of Europe was not greater, perhaps, it was less, than a year ago. He relied upon the House to meet the motion with a simple negative.

Mr. Gladstone said he had heard with ex-

Mr. Gladstone said he had heard with extreme satisfaction Sir James Ferguson's asen and that the Government had conducted a policy of harmony with France. He was content with the declaration just obtained of the Government's policy. He was confident that no disposition existed on the Liberal side to press for undue disclosures. (Cheers.) He believed that the course taken by Lord Salisbury had been for some time entirely in accordance with the course taken by Lord Salisbury had been for some time entirely in accordance. had been for some time entirely in accordance with sound principles for regulating the foreign policy of England. He earnestly hoped that whatever happened in Europe a unity of sentiment in all parties on the foreign policy would be obtained, thus doubling the moval force of England and immensely increasing her power when constrained to interfere. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. H. Smith congratulated the House on the tone of Mr. Gladstone's remarks. It was worthy of the ancient reputation of the House

worthy of the ancient reputation of the House and the responsibility attaching to a statesman who had complete a high position in the Government. There has always been cordial relations with France, and there was not the slightest ground for the suspicion that anything had the amendment was withdrawn.

rears of excessive rents in Ireland. He charged Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, with

Act of 1881 went into operation. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, he said, was unreasonable to demand that the tenants be relieved from arrears arising under terms so fixed. Mr. Shaw Lefevre replied that in many cases the arrears had not arisen under judicial rents, only 10 per cent. of the rents on Lord Canricarde's estate were judicial rents, he said. Mr. Balfour held that the Act of 1881 fully protected the tenants and that there was no need of new legislation. Mr. Healy and other Patnellites continued the debate.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's amendment was rejected by a vote of 261 to 186. The report on the address in reply to the Queen's speech was then adopted.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Surpents have no poison for themselves or their fallow serpents. Man paisons his soul by sin and becomes poison for his neighbor and wicked counsel.

If God were to say to you: What gift do you wish? as you are bound in justice to ask only for that which in you will be most useful to others, reply fearlessly, Lord, greatness of soul! Greatness of soul will make you overlook little offences, and teach you to pardon great wrongs; greatness of soul will bring ro your lips kind words, and render your good works frequent and easy to you, particularly the best and most difficult, which is bearing with the faults of others and even being blind to them.

Make no account who is for thee, or against hee; but let it be thy business and thy care, I have one, and, to save my distracted mind, I that God may be with thee in everything can't help writing about it. Job had a hundred. Have a good conscience and thou doest." God will sufficiently defend thee. For he of them. He just sat down and scratched himwhom God will help, no man's malice can hurt. If thou canst but hold thy peace and suffer, thou shalt see, without doubt, that the Lord will help thee. He knows the time and manner of delivering thee, and therefore thon must resign thyself to Him. It belongs to God to help and to deliver us from all private neck. It may make distasteful and confusion. confusion.

St. Augustine, when a young man, was greatly praised and flattered on account of his extraordinary ab lity. He gave himself up to vanity, ambition, pride and senuality. his extraordinary ab lity. He gave himself up to vanity, ambition, pride and senuality. His poor mother, St. Monica, wept and prayed for him. He leved his mother, and he knew that he was breaking her heart, but did this knowledge convert him? It pained him, troubled him, but it did not convert which was belief there can give the received our Humble was belief. One day there came into the soul of the room to the piane. He received our Humble was belief. him. One day there came into the soul of this young professor an invisible force. It Homage with Majestic yet Awful condenscen-conquers him, rules him, draws him whither sion. The very Atmosphere of the room it will. Henceforth, humility, modesty, a great love for the Church and her teachings, take possession of his heart. This invisible force was the grace of God, and without it even the tears of St. Monica would avail nothing. Surely this great saint ought to know something about grace. Let us hear what he says: "Without you, O my God," he cries, Spring all the says away from Thee, he Bank of the says away from Thee, he cannot have even one thought of returning except You inspire him with that thought, and by Your grace go after him and bring back the stray sheep upon Your own should-ers." Such is the language of St. Augustine. It is the language of all the saints. It is the

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THE POPE TO THE PRESIDENT. On receiving a copy of the United States Constitution.)

Oh! offering bright from a Nation Gren !-The written law of a people brave—
Where peace and freedom march hand in
hand—

Where the banners of law and religion wave. Beautiful gift from beyond the tide-It touches my heart with a tender spell— Fr m a land excitant in freedom's pride,

Where sixty millions of freemen dwe.l. Land of light, where the Church is safe; Glorious and, where the faith is free, Where the President ruler—the tiniest waif-Are all consecrated to liberty.

From every clime of this sun-bright world— I honor the gift of the bond and free—
Where the fig of the Gross is in faith un
furled—

I welcome the message of Jubilee.

Pray tell your ruler that Papal tears And prayers shall mingle for his fair land; That the Pontiff, laden with cares and years, Extends his blessing with outstretched hand.

Oh! whisper my blessing to that rich clime Where the flow'rs of freedom spontaneous

apring;
Where the bells of the true and faithful chime
The songs of hope which the angels sing. -CHABLES J. BRATTIE in Inter-Ocean.

Sparks of Wit From the Anvil of a Funny Man.

A Palaful Fact-The Master-A Reminisceace of Liszt - a Inwiess Life-The Art of Letter-Writing-Giving the Poor Man a Chasce-Wit and Wisdom from the Pen of a Favorite Humorist,

(Copyrighted, 1888.)

A PAINFUL FACE. How seldom does anything happen that rarely

occurs. Since the happy days of beyhood, when I felt it a duty of the hour to have everything that anybody else had, I had, during a varying space of period, and scattered ever closely remote districts of my mortal frame, colonies of Job's comforters, said by old and wise people to be worth five dollars apiece, I have been free from such prosperity. I know that it has suddenly come upon me again, I know not how to abound. One who has walked so many yours in the vale of poverty finds it hard to stant pros-perity. The taked fact is, g-ntle reader, 1 have a distressing-looking carbuncle on the third vein

dred and forty pounds, and yet it is so. It has do, you would trade your pen for a handsaw its foot upon my neck. It is not exactly a con- and paint brush and write spectacular dramas! its foot upon my neck. It is not exactly a constituent part of me, it is annecksed, as it were. But I am not certain whethe it be It or I that be at nexed.

I am the biggest, it is true: but I do not appear to have any influence in the administra-tion. I have a voice in affurs; a great deal of voice, I am told, by propie who want to sleep, but my appeals and groans do not affect the re-turns. The Government goes right on, It is a groan, itself growin' faster than my weak pa-tience can compass. It is, indeed, a pain' in-Pestment.

It must be amusing to those who see me, the varied and cautious experiments of a fellow with a tortured and disabled neck to find an easy position. I am, indeed, amazed to find into how many attitudes the human form divine can be distorted. Some of them are not graceful, and some of them are not striking but under present circums ances all are equally comfortable, with the exception of perhaps three or four others which are more so

I am a little apt to grow impatient, I fear, while thus exercising my daily ingenuity.
"Remember Job," says a lady friend, softly,

in the tene of a comforter.

But I ask her how can I remember a man whom I never knew? Is it possible for a fellow to remember a stranger who died before he, the fellow, was born? But I do think of him, and contemplate his patient and venerable figure with reverence. I wish he had had my car-buncle. Not that I feel barably towards him, but when he had so many he wouldn't have noticed one more. And one carbuncle is like one child. No man who has it makes more fues about it than the one with a dozen. Just see. can't help writing about it. Job had a hundred. I reckon, and never a word did he say about one self with one hand, and wrote grander poetry than Shakespeare with the other. That is the difference between Job and myself. There are some other points of difference, but this one will do for the present. I know that this isn't a pleasant subject to thru t upon the public attention, but then it is quite as unpleasant on a agreeable and painful writing.

THE MASTER. I never heard Lizat but once. I was a young the room to the piano. He received our Humble sion. The very Atmosphere of the room was imbued with the M Master's Presence. As He took off His coat and rolled up His Sleeves. He took on His coat and rolled up His Sleeves,
I held my breath with both hands. He played.
The 'M Master played. Under the Magic
Touch of His Hands the heavens Bent to
Listen—the hoarse chords muttered like the Retreating Storm, or the electrified keys sang all the twittering songs of all the Birds of Spring at once—the Sun burst through the Riven Clouds—the Moonlight Slept upon the Bank of Violets, and singing Brooks ran Murmuring to the Sea-grim visaged War clanged on his Brazes Shield with mimic Thunder of the Skies, and all the Clamor of the raging Battle shook the ground beneath our Battle shook the ground beneath our feet—the room swam with the brilliant per-fection of every Markellous Conceis that sprang inte living being under. This marvellous Ex-ecution and when he raised Both Feet higher than His Read and brought them down upon

the keyboard in the Final Grand Hoopla, I k ew no more, for I had Swooned at the M M M. ster's Feet. I never heard H H Him again:

1. The Niagara University on February 24, 25 and 26 feets of Ste Mathia Consists and 26 feet of Ste Mathi A LAWLESS LIFE.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life the was been, I wonder that the respectable that with whom I am most intimatly associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sase" the Provident, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislating, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five dollar fine with which the sign-board threats me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmoun: Park: in Contral Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower, or shind." I have "stood on the front platform" for many inites. I have "talked to the man at the while in motion;" I have "smoked abaft this shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving" on the Brooklyn Bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right when I am driving; I do not always "procure tickets before en ering the cars"—why, I can't be gin to tell one-half my lawiess acts. But one virue, even though it may be considered a which the sign-board threats me. I have walkdivision of arts has received this year a large virue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I meet here as a saving clause, I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor.

THE ART OF LETTER-WEITING.

In le ter-writing be entertaining, be amusing, be brief, and, if you can, be funny. A funny letter is always welcome. But don't be funny if you can't. Don't try to be funny. Unless you are marally certain that your fun is funny you are morally certain that your iun is lunny fun, save it for a sermon. Nothing in all this world is so flat, insipid, tasteless, vapid, utterly savorless, as flat fun. It is heavier than stop-id-ity, steller than dulness, blanker than vacancy. Now and then I receive a letter which some writer, who is as devoid of humor as a cow is of teathers, has tried to many funny for my enter-tainment, and as I dismally wade through the dreary lines, my heart is painfully disappointed, because I think: "What an excellent, sensible letter has this good-hearted fellow spoiled, because he thinks I am an idiot, doing nothing but gan and giggle all the day." He could write a good latter, too, did he write like his own natural self. "But," you say, "I might write a letter that I thought was very fanny, and yet it would not be formy at all." Well. u-no, no. You see you have some sense. You can tell a brilliant sunset from a burning lumber-yaid. You can count the feet of your poems on your fingers, and you know that stathoscope and phalanx make not a good rhyme. know when a thing is funny and when it is flat. Know when a thing is tunny and when it is flat. You know enough to eat when you are hungry, don't you? Well, then, you know when a sketch is really funny and when it is only a disastrous imitation. "Well, then," you say "you profess to be funny. Do you think that everything you write is really funny?" Oh, my tender Telemachus, if you dreaded to see the power that contains my written words as I do. paper that contains my written words as I do; if you went out into the wilderness and clubbed Why, if you make one-half as many successes as I have made, and do make twice as many failures, the g ds will envy you.

GIVING THE POOR A CHANCE.

Give the poor man a chance? My son, the poor man takes about all the chances without vaiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes, he will soon own everything, and run the Texas man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had things his own way too long. He has crowded the rich man out. But for the poor man, this Old World woul have cast another six tousand years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, use a United States memors war. Edgar Allan Poe was the son of strolling players; George Peabody was a boy in a small grocery; Benjamin l'rank in, the printer, was the son of a tal-low chandler; John Adams was the son of a poor farmer: Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly Review, was a common sailor; Ben Jonson—rare Ben Jonson—was a bricklayer the father of Shakespeare couldn't suell and couldn't write his own nameneither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener; Adrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman! Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a by of all work, too poor even to have a regular trade; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln a keel boatman and common farm hand, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a Queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a princs; be glad that you didn's strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee and your elbows are glossy, there is some hope for you; but never again let me hear you say that the transmission of the source of that the moor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind has no chance; he deserves to have now, but the poor man monopolizes about a I the chances there are. Put Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere, and in about fifteen years Jacob will not only own about four-fifthe of the cattle, but he will have married about one half his partner's

family. Go to, my son, let us give the rich man a chance.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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Faith, vital and precious as it is, may easily be lost. Being a gift of God, it may be justly forfeited and judicially withdrawn; being a grace, it may be sinned away. It is with faith as with all other graces of the Spirit of God.

And there are two things which destroy faith. The one is infidelity, which destroys faith as its proper opposite, like as water puts out fire; the other is immorality, which destroys faith by stupefying the soul.—Cardinal Manning.

An insignificant work, performed through obedience, has more value, more merit, and is more agreeable to God than the most sublime work performed through self-will.

25 and 26, feasts of Sts. Mathias, Cesaire and Process, His Grace Archbishop Lynch conferred Sacred Orders. Besides a large number to minor orders there were elevated to major orders candidates for the archdioceses of Chicago, Santa Fe, Galvaston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Albany, Providence and Scranton. There are 75 seminarians and 150 collegians. Fifteen from the college proper have matriculated this year in the University course for law and medicine in Builalo. The

accession. The manimoth chapel of the Renaissance order of architecture has already reached its a few minutes after six o'clock and had about completion, and will be consecrated to Divine service at Easter. Its inception was the last grand effort of the lamented Father Rice, and it owes its steady progression and completion to the energy of the estimable president and benefactor, Father P. V. Kazanagh. The alters of the chapel are surrounded and embellished with a myriad of bas reliefs, and receiving rays of sunlight from various transparencies in an altitude of nearly

most enifying spectacle.

Mr. V. Gray has just passed his semi-annual examination and has been highly complimented by his bishop.

PEREGRINUS.

PARNELL IN PARLIAMENT. STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOW HE CONTROLS

THE IRISH MEMBERS - WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF DISCHILINE.

LONDON, Feb. 26.—We have turned over a new leaf in the House. Henceforth there will be no more going home with the milk at rix o'clock in the morning. We shall meet at three o'clock in the afternoon and close the debate at midnight, with a possible detention of one hour more for general business. This great change was made in one night, and yet the world seems to be going on much the same as usual. The natural calm which prevails just now must be the precursor of a hurricane. During the past week we have seen Mr. Gladstone com-plimenting Lord Salisbury, Mr. Smith praising Mr. Gladstone and Tim Hesly zivil to the Speaker. These are portents which lead shrowd observers to expect a transendous explosion before long. What has transformed Mr. Gladstone? Why does he come down night after night to sprinkle rosewater over the astonished and blushing Smith? Mr. Parnell sits with his hat drawn over his eyes watching the ceremony with much secret anusement, while Mr. Biggar gives that peculiar chuckle which sounds like the cry of a sheep. Mr. Gladstone takes no notice of his allies. He leans over the table and smiles amiabiy upon Mr. Smith, who smiles back, much flattered and delighted, and soon afterward Mr. Gladstone goes away for the night. It looks to some of us very like the administration of whloroform of my n.ck.

Strange that a little revolt, no larger than a heavy heart and streaming eyes, alone and in base-ball, should shake to its very foundations an otherwise healthy system, weighing one hunder of the new of their birth, as I are getting impatient; but their own leader just behind them—ever patient, ever watchful.

Parnell is seldom absent from the Pouse now. all through the sittings. This is ouite unusual. Sometimes he disappears, and the boys think he has gone for the night. Dr. Tanner begins his antice, friskiest of the band, and shows his antice, friskless of the band, and shows signs of worrying the Speaker. Obstruction sots in, when suddenly the ring-leaders look back and see the tall figure and pale countenance of the "unrowned king." A silence falls upon them; Ihr. Tanner looks as if he was in church, the mettlearne bleeds slip out in church; the mettlesome bloods slip out

in church; the mettlesome bloods slip out quietly by a side door; business goes on smoothly, yet. Mr. Parnell has said no word and made no sign; his presence is enough.

The leaders of the regular parties sit in front of their followers, where they can be seen, but cannot see much except their rivals opposite.

This harry have their own way of doing everything. The rank and file take front seats, while the leaders go back. No special place is reserved for mr. Parhell, but usually he sits near the end of the bench, whence he can command a general view of his forces. The other night Tim Healy was inclined to "cut up rough," interposing delays to purely formal business, and even challenging a division. Sir Charles Russell and other liberal leaders tried to mollify him, but Tim was obdu-rate. The division bells were rung, and in trooped the members from the smoking room and libraries. But before they knew what was going on Mr. Parnell leaned over and said a few words to the redoubtable Tim. The consequence was that when the Speaker put the question it passed unchallenged. Healy was mute, Parnell impassive and the whole force as solemn as owls. Such discipline has never yet been reached by English political parties. All this has been done by a man who is no orator who seldom goes to public meetings, and who never speaks anywhere if he can possibly avoid it. In former days the first question of a stranger on entering the House was, "Which is Mr. on entering the House was, "Which is Mr. Disraeli?" Now five out of six ask to have Parnell pointed out. It is unnecessary to look long for Mr. Gladstone. No one can look round without instantly recognizing the most remarkable head and face in the whole assembly.

The week comes to an end with a damper for

the Old Man. He and his followers generally expected to win Doncaster, and the Unionists fully expected to lose it. It is the clear gain of a seat to them. The House to day is composed of 312 conservatives and 73 Liberal Unionists—together 385. Against them are 198 Gladstonians and 86 Parnellites. Government majority, 101. Thus stands the roll. How far it will be modified in the course of the session no man can tell; but for the present Doncaster has shattered the hopes of the Gladstonians. If they win Deptford this week they will be ahead again A reverse or two soon elevates or depresses at the freight train at the field. The only man who keeps unmoved through all vicissitudes is Labouchere. He has a hearty contempt for both sides and does not hearty contempt for both sides and does not hearty contempt for both sides and does not had not got off the main track when the "overheatate to express it. His candid option of land flyer" struck them and they immediately the liberal leaders would be worth having.

What he thinks of Lord Salisbury and his nephew, Balfour, he told us on Thursday, and Mr. Gladstone ungratefully snuffed Charles D. Howard, barely escaped, but manhis nephew, Balfour, he told us on Thursday, and Mr. Gladstone ungratefully snuffed him out. Labby will have a return match some day, and he will not come out second best. Meanwhile the long expected reorganization of the Ministry is still delayed. When they lose a seat they talk of Cabinet changes; when they win they don't. If nothing is done before the Queen leaves England on March 20 the same team will probably drag the Government ceach throughout the session. In that case Mr. Glad-stone is confident that he can upset it, and it would be rash to predict that he would fail.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Date of the manager of the second of the

AWFUL DISASTER

Terrible Explosion on Board a Ferry Steamer.

Epwards of Forty Lives Last by fire or Water-Some of the Enfortn-nate Victims.

VALLEIO, Cal., Feb. 17. A disastrous ex-

plesion occurred this morning at South Vallejo, on the ferry steamer Julia, plying be-tween South Vallejo and Vall jo station. The steamer was about to leave her moorings seventy persons on board, many of whom were going across the strait to work in the lumber yards on the other side. Just as the deck hands were handing in the lines there was a land explosion and a sheet of flame shot in the aff. Those who were on deck at the time were hurled overboard by the force of the explosion, and a myriad of bas reliefs, and receiving rays of sunlight from various transparencies in an altitude of nearly which were sent flying in all directors. The supposition attracted the attention of persons the High Priest, will undoubtedly present a the High Priest, will undoubtedly present a living in the vicinity, and men rek it to the sasistance of the unfortunate pas ingers. In a few minutes all was confused for men, women and children who hadred tives on board the ill-fated Julia were ailing and wringing their hands as they raused around the wharf. The men on the wharf were anxious to aid, but there seemed to be little for them to de, as most of the passengers were below the decks at the time of the ex-plosion, and were either killed outright or drowned when the water poured in on them. It had been customary for all passengers to go below the decks in the morning, as it was cold and loggy. A few who were on the deck and were not rendered insensible by the force of the shock were quickly assisted

ashore by the people on the wharf.

To add to the intensity of the scene large vats of petroleum stored on the wharf caught fire, and the flames spread rapidly. The fire companies were unable to do anything, as there was no water owing to the tide being out, and fifteen minutes after the explosion about six hundred teet of wharf, freight depot and telegraph office were burning. When the tide came in they managed to get a supply of water, and at noon had the fire under control; while the firemen and others were trying to save the wharf a large number of beat. men were rowing around the wreck seeking to recover bodies.

Soon after the explosion occurred the steamer had burned to water's edge, and sunk to the bottom with a great number of the victim's buried under the debris in the cabin, It is believed that between thirty time are as follows : Molvin Hodgkins, Joseph Fregas, William Saman, Olef Nelson, Alfred Madison, Michael Bradley, John Brevick, William Stark, Edward Rule and a man named Higgins. The names of probably less than half of the passengers who were on the steamer at the time of the explosion are not known, which makes it impossible to tell how many sunk with the wreck, but at least fifteen who are known to have been on the steamer are still missing. Captain Gedge, of the Julia, was severely injured, as was also Ubarles Heath, the pilot. Twelve others were also very severely injured. The record of the Julia is a bad one, and this is not the first terrible accident on the steamer, In September, 1866, the head of her boiler blew out, instantly killing nine of the crew and coulding the cark and another officer of the boat so badly that they lingered for only a few days. The cause of the disaster to day is not known, though it is generally believed that the explosion occurred in the boiler, but the impression also prevailed that the fire was in some way communicated to the petroleum tank, and that the explosion occurred in that quarter. The ateamer burned petro-leum for fuel. Vallejo is twenty-nine miles up the bay from San Francisco.

Later 13 bodies had been identified. The most of the passengers on the ill-fated boat were day laborers.

A TERRIBLE RAILWAY COLLISION

MIRAUULOUS ESCAPE OF THE PASSENGERS. Denvee, Col., Feb. 26.—About 2 o'clock this morning, near Colton, trains No 5 and 18, en the main line of the Union Pacific Railway, collided with terrible force, the engines telescoping each other and the cars piling up on top of the other. The wreck immediately took fire and a large number of cars were burned, includ-ing the baggage and express cars, two Pullman and one emigrant sleeper on No. 4. The heat from the fire was so intense that all the telegraph wires running alongside the track were melted, and for a time all communication was off. How the many passengers escaped was a mystery to them as they watched the burning mass. However, they all got out with but alight brusses, excepting Engineer Powell, who was instantly killed while tring to check the speed of his engine. The passengers who were not injured assisted those who were caught in the wreck and soon had them all out and at the botel, where all were reported doing well, none being seriously injured. It is not known here who was responsible for the accident LATER.—The wrecked passenger train left

Sydney at 12.20, and was running nearly fifty miles an hour, when it struck the freight train which was taking a side track at Colton. Some of the freight cars loaded with gasoline and oil aged, at the risk of his own life, to save many thousands of dollars for the Pacific Express Company. Among the treasures were thirteen silver bricks, five of which were melted by the heat. Superintendent Dickinson's car and one sleeper were not injure

Cast the faults of others behind theo that thou may'at see them not; it thou can at not

conceal them, endeavor at least to diminish or excuse them, at the ve a life have seen

नाम कार्यक्रम तथा और गाँउना में भूगा भार है है है। जनकार कार्यक्रम तथा और गाँउना में भूगा भार है है है।