

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Noble Young Prince. Early death called for succession to the throne Louis, the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis the XV. of France.

One day Louis was rushing helters-skelter down the stairs, when he suddenly fell and hurt his knee. He was so afraid of frightening his mother, and so anxious that none of the servants in charge of him should be alarmed, that he told no one how much he was hurt.

He suffered a great deal for some time, and at last he was obliged to tell his mother about it. Then it was found that an abscess had formed in the knee.

The doctors held a consultation, and the little prince was taken into the next room while they talked the matter over, and determined that an operation must be performed.

When the day which they had fixed arrived, the prince's tutor went to prepare him for it as gently as he could.

"I hope you will be able to bear it quietly," he said. Louis smiled sadly.

"I knew all you have been telling me two months ago," he said. "I heard what the surgeons said, but I did not mention it for fear any one should think I was worried about it. Now the fatal day has come. Leave me alone for a quarter of an hour; then I shall be ready."

When the time was up he asked to see the instruments. Taking them in his hands he said: "I can bear anything if I only may get well again and comfort mamma."

Chloroform was unknown in those days, and the operation would have been very hard for a man to bear, yet the little fellow only called out twice, and when it was all over he found his reward in the tender embraces of his father and mother.

Then came weary months of pain and weakness, which tried the poor boy sadly, yet it was only when the pain was more than usually violent that he allowed himself to complain; and it was understood among his attendants that if the prince were particularly anxious about their health and comfort, it was a sign that he himself was suffering more.

"Dear Tourolle," he said one day to one of his favorite servants, "you do too much for me; you hurt yourself. Go out and get some fresh air; I will try and do without you for two or three hours."

Night after night the poor little sufferer, not yet eleven years old, would lie awake in pain; yet he would not groan or cry out, lest he should wake the attendants who slept near him, and if he were obliged to ask for anything it was in a tone of voice which could disturb no one.

At last those weary months of suffering came to an end, and the noble-hearted boy died, February 22, 1761, with his arms around his mother's neck.

There is one saying of his which well describes his life, and which may serve as a motto for all: "I cannot do much, but I will do all I can."

Alice's Swing. It was a lovely October day—such a relief after the long rainy week! "I'm going out to my swing, mamma," said Alice. "I suspect it's most a month since I was there."

"Not quite so long as that," said her mamma, smiling, as she tied on her little daughter's cap and kissed the sweet lips; "but I think you will enjoy your swing all the more because you have not been in it for a week."

Alice skipped away and was soon swinging gayly. "Oh, you dear old swing!" she said, "how glad I am to get into your lap again! I am going to stay here till dinner-time."

By and by her attention was attracted by a very ragged little girl who came slowly up the road, and presently stopped and peeped in through the fence.

"Oh, let me get in just for a moment!" said the little girl. "Do you love to swing?" Alice asked.

"I don't know," answered the child, shaking her head. "I never did."

"Never was in a swing!" exclaimed Alice; and then she slipped to the ground, and, walking out into the road, took the little stranger's hand, and leading her into the garden, showed her how to climb into the swing; then pushing her several times, she sat down in a garden chair and watched her.

"Shall I get out now?" asked the child. Alice wanted her swing very much; she had not had it for a whole week; you remember, but then she thought of the little girl with no swing.

"No," she answered, smiling at her; "you shall stay in it till dinner-time." And when dinner-time came she ran to the house and brought her some bread and a nice slice of cake, and, after watching her down the road, she went into the house and told her mamma about her morning. "I wanted my swing, oh very much, mamma; but, after awhile, I just loved to let the little girl have it."

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE fortifies the system against attacks of ague, chills, bilious fever, dumb ague and like troubles.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Career of the once famous Irish Revolutionist.

The Republic printed in its cable news of last week the announcement that James Stephens, the famous Fenian leader and agitator, had returned to Ireland. He is reported also to have pronounced in favor of the movement at the head of which Mr. Parnell was. Time was when the statement that Mr. Stephens had determined to visit Ireland, or indeed to move from one place to another, would have created a flurry in Dublin Castle. But the veteran revolutionist, it seems, is now permitted to spend his declining years in his native land without any attempt at Government interference of surveillance.

Perhaps no Irish revolutionist of modern times held a higher place in the estimation of his countrymen than James Stephens. He first attracted attention in the insurrectionary movement of 1848. In the skirmish between the police and Smith-O'Brien's band of patriots at Ballyingry on July 29, 1848, James Stephens, then a student in engineering, was shot in the right leg. He was hurried off to the mountains with another patriot, Michael Doheny, and for two months they were hunted, suffering much privation. Eventually, Stephens got off to France, disguised as a family servant. His companion drove cattle on board a British steamer at Cork, and in this way escaped to France and thence to New York, where he died in 1862.

Stephens was joined in Paris by John O'Mahoney, a Tipperary farmer, who subsequently became the leader of the movement in America. Stephens returned to Ireland clandestinely, having an understanding with O'Mahoney that if they should have an opportunity in the future they would try and

STRIKE ANOTHER BLOW FOR IRELAND. The overthrow of the Tenant's Rights League opened up another hopeful vista of revolutionary experiment; but preparation and organization were necessary to any degree of success.

Stephens met Jeremiah Donovan, the latter, in the exuberance of his patriotic ardor, resumed the "O" to his name, and as his people belonged in Ross, he assumed the distinguished Gaelic affix Rossa, and has been known since as O'Donovan Rossa. The latter, inspired to some extent by promises from Stephens of assistance from America, may be said to have really started the conspiracy which developed into the Fenian movement. The Irish organization was first known as the Phoenix Society.

It met in its infancy with a blow from the Government that it was supposed would be the means of suppressing the agitation; but the encouragement received from Irishmen in America inspired renewed hope in the movement. Stephens attributed the failure of the Phoenix movement to the influence, more or less, of the Nation, the organ of the Grattan Nationalists, who did not believe in physical force. Charles J. Kickham, John O'Leary and Thomas Clarke Luby were Stephens' contemporaries.

On the American side the movement was being directed by John O'Mahoney, Michael Doheny and Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth regiment. O'Mahoney was head centre. It was he who designated his branch of the organization "Fenians." Centuries ago the Irish national militia were called "Fiana Eriou," or Fenians, from Fenius, Fin or Fion, their famous commander. Stephens preferred the name of IRISH REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD, shortened into I. R. B., for the home section.

The beginning of the American civil war threatened to extinguish the movement; but a stronger impulse came to press it on. There was an idea that war would be declared between this country and England on account of the latter's concession of belligerent rights to the confederacy. Another circumstance which helped produce excitement in the ranks of the Irish revolutionists was the death, in 1861, in San Francisco, of Terrence Bellew MacManus, one of the "Forty-eight" leaders, who, in 1851, effected a daring escape from prison in Van Dieman's Land.

His body was borne with public ceremonial across continent and ocean to the land of his birth. It was only when the funeral preparations had been somewhat advanced, a whisper went around that the affair was altogether in the hands of the Fenian leaders, and was being used to advance their projects. At one time the purpose was seriously entertained of making the MacManus demonstration the signal for insurrection. Stephens, however, said he would not strike until he was ready. Fifty thousand men marched after the hearse through the streets of Dublin.

The American delegates returned filled with great enthusiasm; and the movement here grew eventually to large dimensions. New York city was the headquarters of the movement here. The central offices were in the celebrated marble mansion in Union Square.

MONEY FLOURED INTO THE COFFERS of the organization, and even the poorest of Ireland's sons and daughters pressed eagerly forward with their contributions. Fathers and mother

brought their sons to be enrolled; servant girls brought the savings of their wages and California miners gave freely of their hoards.

In November, 1863, Stephens, started in Dublin the Irish People. It was devoted to the propagation of the ideas of the advanced Nationalists, and helped raise the spirit of the people to the highest pitch. At the close of the American war the Fenian leaders felt that the hour for action had arrived. Arms were being daily imported and distributed. Every steamer from America brought Irish officers and privates who had fought under the stars and stripes. Dublin Castle took alarm. For more than a year a man named Pierce Nagle, a confidential agent of Stephens, was in the secret pay of the Government. At a critical moment he gave information to the Castle authorities, which caused them to make a raid on the Irish People office. Several of the leaders were arrested, but Stephens escaped.

The paper was suppressed, and intense excitement ensued throughout Ireland. Midnight arrests and seizures, hurried flights and perilous escapes, wild rumors and reports scared every considerable city and town. Stephens all the time was living calm and undisturbed in a pretty suburban villa two miles from Dublin Castle. Proclamations offering \$200 for his arrest were scattered all over the country. Thousands of policemen, hundreds of spies and detectives were exerting every ingenuity to discover his whereabouts. Stephens at the time might be seen as "Mr. Herbert" nearly every day in his flower garden or greenhouse, busily arranging his geraniums or tending his japonicas.

On the night of the seizure of the Irish People office he was in Dublin. The police noticed that while they couldn't find Stephens his wife paid frequent visits to Dublin, but they always lost her somewhere in the neighborhood of "Mr. Herbert's" house.

FEMALE SPIES WERE EMPLOYED to shadow Mrs. Stephens; and by this method Stephens' identity with "Mr. Herbert" was established, and his asylum located. Several other Fenians were in the house when the police, in large force, entered.

A large sum of money—nearly \$9000 in notes, gold and drafts—was found in Stephens' room, and large quantities of eatables and drinkables were also discovered on the premises, indicating that it was Stephens' intention to try and remain in the place of concealment that the police did not discover for about two months. Stephens had become a popular hero. The van which conveyed him and his colleagues to court was accompanied by a mounted escort with drawn sabres, and preceded and followed by a number of cars conveying policemen armed with cutlass and revolver.

In Stephens' house were found a lot of incriminating documents, which were put to use by the Government authorities in punishing the leaders. There were lists of American officers, their names, rank, travelling charges paid them and the dates of sailing for Ireland. The seizure of the documents by the Government assisted it wonderfully in its effort to suppress the conspiracy, and Stephens was subsequently criticised sharply for allowing such incriminating evidence to come into the hands of the police.

About two months after Stephens' arrest he escaped from Richmond prison; and the announcement of the fact brought consternation to the Government. The populace was very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalize the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crestfallen and humiliated. Richmond prison was one of the strongest prisons in Ireland. The cell doors were of wrought iron, fastened with ponderous swinging bars and padlocks. In cells cut off from the rest of the prisoners the Fenians were confined.

A young man named McLeod, confined for some minor offence, was placed next to Stephens' cell, with instructions to ring his cell gong if he heard anything wrong. Military guards and sentries and a detachment of police had been plentifully placed in the prison.

WHEN FIRST THE FENIANS WERE COMMITTED, but a petty squabble about their board bill caused them to be withdrawn; and a dispute over a few pounds cost the Government the prize for which they afterwards offered a thousand and would have given five times as much to recover.

In anticipation of the arrest of some of the Fenian leaders, members of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood had secured places in the jail. Among them were a watchman named Byrne and John J. Breslin, who was a hospital superintendent. They had pass keys for all doors, and wax impressions of the moulds were taken and duplicates manufactured.

All pass keys were placed in the governor's safe every night. The duplicates got by Breslin and Byrne didn't go, however, into the prison governor's safe. A friendly tap on the night of Nov. 23, 1865, at Stephens' cell door, and soon it swung open with Breslin and Byrne outside. Each of them was armed, and, in the event of detection, was determined to fight to the death if necessary to effect Stephens' escape. They were not detected, however. Stephens scaled the wall, and was hurried off by confederates in waiting.

At no time probably since Emmet's insurrection were the Irish executive authorities thrown into such dismay and confusion as on this occasion. The

most desperate efforts were made to recapture Stephens. A thousand pounds reward was offered. For three months he was secreted in the house of a woman of humble means. Three months afterward he drove one Sunday evening in disguise in an open carriage with two footmen behind through the streets of Dublin. The "coachman" and "footmen" were picked I. R. B. men, and were armed to the teeth.

Stephens was taken to the seashore, and escaped to France, and thence to America. Here he spent his energies again upon the movement; but the Fenians lost confidence in his promises and professions. He didn't venture on Irish soil either to conquer or to perish, although he had held out promises that he would. Again and again he had announced that 1866 would see a call to arms and that he would perish or conquer on Irish soil.

He had no ambition, however, to place himself once more within the reach of the British lion. He bore blame, derision and praise in silence. He returned to France some years ago and lived in humble circumstances. He wrote at times for the Irish press. Readers of the Republic will remember that for a limited season he was a contributor to these columns.

A TEXAN BISHOP.

The Memphis Catholic Journal says that the attention of a couple of prominent business men of Memphis, who were standing by the hotel entrance, was attracted by the distinguished looking appearance of a stranger. One of the gentlemen is a well-known and well-to-do German brewer, and the other a wealthy Hebrew dry-goods merchant.

"That man," said the Hebrew, "is the companion of the stranger, and in the direction of the stranger, is a Catholic Bishop."

"I don't think so," replied the other, "he is too young."

"I feel confident you are mistaken," continued the Hebrew, still gazing at the clear-cut features of the stranger, and noting the valuable ring that adorned one of his soft white fingers.

The discussion continued, each man adhering to his opinion, until the brewer offered to wager a basket of champagne that the newly-arrived guest was not a Catholic Bishop.

The wager was immediately accepted, and it was agreed to settle the question by appealing to the subject of controversy.

Approaching him, the Hebrew in a gentlemanly manner begged pardon for addressing a stranger, and then requested to learn his name in order to settle a dispute.

The bright eye of the stranger for a moment rested on his interlocutors, and then a clear and melodious voice responded: "I am Thomas Francis Brennan, Catholic Bishop of Dallas, Tex."

The stranger was the youngest Catholic Bishop in the United States. He speaks German as fluently as a German, French like an educated Parisian, and Italian as correctly as English. As a linguist he has few superiors, for he is master of twenty different languages and speaks them with fluency. He was formerly a county delegate of the A. O. H., in Pennsylvania, where he was a missionary priest at the time of his nomination to the Dallas See.

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