

money on such an occasion. Miss Elmsdale was quite unable to leave her room, and Lady Elmsdale remained with her. Edward did not make his appearance till late at night. He had gone deer-stalking, and threw his rifle from him in the hall, utterly regardless of possible danger to himself or any one else. The servant came forward.

"Will you have dinner now, my lord?" He stared at the man wildly, like one in a dream; but there was a shuddering doubt even in his look that seemed to belie his positive assurance afterwards, that he had never heard a word of his father's death.

He turned towards the dining room. The man whom he had just seen, he said, "For God's sake, not there, my lord!" He had no idea that Edward did not know all that had happened since morning.

Barnes came up. "My lord, can I speak to your lordship in the library?" The young peer, uttered a terrible curse: "D— it, what do you mean?"

The footman thought he was drunk. Unhappily, he had too many reasons for supposing it quite possible.

Barnes did not think so; he did not like the look or tone of his new master, but he was determined to do his duty all the same.

He led the way, Edward followed. When the door was closed, Edward turned angrily, and exclaimed, "What the— is all this?"

"I thought, sir— I mean, my lord—you had heard— He paused; apparently the servant had more feeling than the master.

"Heard what?" exclaimed Edward, coolly; and yet withal there was a terrible suppressed agitation behind.

Barnes began to feel very uncomfortable. "As this real, or was it acting? Clearly, however, there was no need for reticence. Probably the servant had never even heard the word, but he understood the meaning quite as well.

He had paused before replying, and Edward angrily retorted, "Heard what?"

Barnes looked at him quietly but firmly, and with an almost too manifest anxiety for his thoughts. "I thought, my lord, you must have heard that Lord Elmsdale was found shot by the roadside. The body is now lying in the dining room, awaiting the inquest; and I wished to ask your lordship's further commands."

Edward winced visibly at the words "shot dead by the roadside."

"The doctors won't say much, my lord," continued Barnes, still looking at his young master; "but they do say it was a shot from a rifle that killed him, and that they can tell the direction from which it was fired."

"Stuff and nonsense! These doctors fancy they know everything. I daresay they are all wrong. I will get some clever fellow from London here," he paused. "Has any one been taken up on suspicion? Perhaps it was only an accident, accidents are so common."

"I doubt that it was an accident, sir," replied Barnes, gravely; "nor the police don't neither, which is more to the purpose. They say it was murder, and aim taken from a long distance."

Edward fell back into a chair, and turned very white. He was probably faint from the sudden and dreadful news; perhaps, too, from his long fast. He had not taken anything since morning, unless, indeed, the contents of a good sized flask he always carried about with him.

Barnes had some very painful suspicions. He had heard the last words uttered as Edward had left that very same room in the morning; he had heard the loud, angry tone of the conversation. He did not quite think that Edward was the murderer; but there are accidents.

He only said, "I will bring you some dinner here, sir," and left the room quietly.

Edward only took a few mouthfuls, but he poured wine into a tumbler and drank it off. Barnes left the room, but he was summoned back in a few moments.

"Send one of the stablemen to the police-office, and say I want to see Egan; and let it be known there will be a reward, a large reward—say a hundred pounds—offered for the detection of the murderer—I mean of the man who did it."

Barnes said afterwards, when he could get to speak of that fearful time, he could not tell, never could tell or understand, how it was; but he left almost as if he were compelled to say what he said, and do what he did.

He came over very close to Lord Elmsdale, and almost whispered in his ear—"Are you sure, sir, you do not know who did it?"

For a moment Edward crouched down in almost abject terror—the thought was so terrible. Did Barnes suspect him of being the murderer? If he did, others might do so. He was white with fear, drops of cold perspiration were coming out on his forehead; but in another instant he had recovered himself, and hurled Barnes to the ground with one blow of his fist.

The old servant was more stunned than injured; he rose up quietly, and prepared to leave the room. Edward called him back. He saw the folly of what he had done. He drew out his pocket-book in a moment, and handed Barnes a ten-pound note. "Here, Barnes," he exclaimed; "you gave me an awful start. How could I know anything about the matter, when I never heard of my father's death until an hour ago?"

But the servant refused the money—refused it with the dignity which a prince might have exhibited. "Thank you, my lord; I quite forgive you, but I cannot take your money."

"Honest fellow!" exclaimed Edward; but when the door was closed, he cursed him.

There was a dinner-party in the evening at Mr. Justice Lushington's. The bar was in full force, and there were a good many of the neighboring J. P.'s. They were all neighbors, and many of them had been friends of the late Lord Elmsdale's, and so they were particularly pleased, according to the way of the world, to discuss the events of the day over their bottle of wine.

Colonel Everard was there. He was an English officer on half pay, and possessed of some private property. He had fancied this neighborhood when quartered in Dublin, and he had fancied Mary Elmsdale. The two attachments induced him to purchase a small property. He was laid fairly by the upper classes, but he was cordially and unfeignedly hated by the lower orders, and he reciprocated the feeling. He was a magistrate, and he liked the administration of justice, and was rarely absent from the bench.

Everard was still a young man, and looked even younger than he was. There was an air of hauteur in his manner, which his friends admired and took for dignity, which his inferiors detested, and took for pride. It is probable that both were a little mistaken.

Politics were avoided as much as possible at the Judge's large dinner parties; for men who held the most opposite opinions were invited at these times; but the conversation of the day could not be excluded, and it led to politics. It is difficult to suggest any conceivable subject in Ireland which does not lead to them. Mr. Forensic sat next to Colonel Everard. He was great in criminal cases, and supposed to be remarkably skilled in the difficult art of getting a verdict for his client. He was a Q.C.; and as no one could doubt that some victim to the law would be

sent to jail, guilty or not guilty, in a few days, he expected—being a friend of the family attorney—that he would be asked to take a brief in the case.

Mr. O'Sullivan sat opposite. He was the people's man—almost worshipped by them, and the inmates of all long-headed judges, whose profound remarks he had a happy knack of turning aside, with polite effrontery, if in the least injurious to his clients. Members of the Circuit will recognize these gentlemen.

He was talking volubly to his neighbor, who had been junior counsel in a case to which he had been opposed, and, now that the matter was decided, was admitting that his client was an unmitigated scoundrel, and richly deserved his ten years' penal servitude.

However, he was very generously showing the young lawyer several "points" which he might have made, and didn't. He seemed also very much occupied with his dinner, and manifestly had a thorough appreciation of the excellent provision which lay before him.

For all that he had heard every syllable which Colonel Everard had said to his neighbor, and every syllable which his neighbor had said to him. It was reported that O'Sullivan could repeat every conversation held at a dinner party of forty people.

There were some attempts to get up a betting match on the subject, with high stakes on either side; but O'Sullivan said he never betted, and the scheme fell through.

"Heard the news, Colonel?" he said across the table to Everard. He had a clear and not unmusical voice, and at all events, he possessed the faculty of making himself audible in the largest crowd without apparently making the least effort.

There was a hush at table; every one suspected he was going to draw out the Colonel, and hoped for a good scene. Everard was not a man of very keen observation, but he had just sensitiveness enough to suspect that he might become an object of general attention, and he did not like it.

"What news, Mr. O'Sullivan?" he replied, in a tone of voice that was intended to be dignified, but was simply stiff.

"Haven't you heard?" the barrister replied, with a really charming appearance of a slight but quite gentlemanly condescension, and benevolent desire to enlighten an ignorant individual; "why, every one has been talking of it. I really thought I heard you speak of it a few moments ago to Mr. Forensic. I fancied you said you had your suspicions, but of course I was mistaken."

"Oh! you are speaking of that awful murder?" replied Everard, who found it was useless to fence with an Irish Q.C.

O'Sullivan bowed, and looked an enquirer. The Colonel saw it was hopeless, and tried to be resigned; but he was irritated, and he showed it.

"Fearful country this!" he continued, half to O'Sullivan and half to Forensic; "a man's life is not safe for five minutes."

A small boy who acted as page, and was placed in the background, with a view to being generally useful and generally abused, had indulged in a pantomimic gesture of defiance and contempt at the gentleman who had maligned his country. The butler, who had seen it, seized him by the ear with no very gentle grasp, as the easiest way of inflicting personal chastisement when a blow could not be administered without attracting general attention. The boy did not roar; he had sufficient respect or fear of polite society to repress such an exhibition of his feelings, however great the relief; but he did try to escape from his tormentor. With considerable cunning he submitted for a few seconds, and then made a rapid dart forward. A footman was going round at the moment with a tray of glasses, and the full force of the young urobin's body came against him, over-setting his burden, with the noisy sound peculiar to broken glass.

The Colonel started to his feet, evidently terribly frightened, and exclaimed, almost in a voice of "Good God! I am!"

"Shot!" said O'Sullivan; and a shout of laughter followed, in which the Judge himself was compelled to join, though, with the courtesy of a host, he tried his utmost to remain silent.

The Colonel sat down, looking exceedingly foolish. The Judge tried to pass off the unpleasantness by asking him some question about wine. The butler seized the offending boy by the collar, boxed his ears when he got him out of hearing, and kicked him down the stairs which led to the domestic apartments, ordering him not to appear again until he had learned to behave himself "properly in society."

O'Sullivan remained quiet, so portentously quiet, that the Judge began to get nervous, —he always was nervous, even in court, when the Q.C. was very silent, for he knew some desperate piece of mischief would follow. He did his best to engage the Colonel in conversation, but it was hopeless. When O'Sullivan means to do a thing, he did it, and interference had only the effect of aggravating matters.

A quarter of an hour had passed away in general conversation. The page had picked himself up when he found no one else was likely to perform the operation for him, and was not much the worse for his correction. He came back to the dining room, and was not expelled by the other servants. No one else, except perhaps O'Sullivan, who had the knack of hearing and seeing everything, knew how the accident had happened.

It has been said that perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed when O'Sullivan looked up, and, with the most confidential manner possible, addressed the unhappy Colonel once more. His tone, his manner, had merely the air of continuing a conversation which had been going on but was momentarily interrupted.

"You were saying, Colonel, that you had a suspicion, perhaps a clue, to this outrage?"

"We are not in court, O'Sullivan," observed the host, who was painfully anxious to keep the peace for the evening.

"Always in a courtly presence where you are, Judge," was the happy reply, and then he looked at the Colonel for an answer.

Everard was a perfect gentleman, and as brave a man as ever lived; but he had served several years in India, which neither improved his health nor his disposition towards dependants. There were, moreover, several Irish soldiers in his regiment, who had given him immense trouble by their unconquerable passion for drink, the curse of the race; and his prejudices against the nation had not been lessened thereby. His mother was Irish, at least by birth, and his father had been shot after an act of gross injustice to a tenant. The murderer was never discovered; the widow, Mrs. Brown, went to live in England, and, not unnaturally, instilled into her daughter's mind the most intense hatred for her race.

(To be continued.)

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alterative is needed. This condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and impart energy to the system.

"A Bed of Roses" is the name of a pleasing new comedietta in London.

WHY A VIRTUOUS AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG WOMAN GAVE UP HER LOVER.

No one can read these genuine letters without feeling a glow of enthusiasm at the noble spirit of moral heroism manifested by the young lady. Such examples are rare in our days.

I. COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 1886.

Dearest — The mutual regard which I am so happy to know exists between us, and the exchange of sacred vows which I ardently expect will be the result before long, give me courage to consult with you on a subject which is of the first importance, and one which my relatives are pressing on my attention. Amongst the obstacles to happiness, there are none so likely to produce discontent as a want of union in religious sentiment. If we offer our devotions at the same altar in religion, as well as love, you must be aware, dear —, that it will cement in a wonderful degree our hearts. Do you think, then, that you could worship with me in the Presbyterian or any Protestant Church? In our happy country all religions are alike, and your good sense must assure you that forms of faith are of small importance, provided our lives are virtuous. Moreover, dearest, in marriage we must not overlook those less sentimental but more solid considerations which have reference to the prosperous condition of worldly comfort and respectability. There is, as you are aware, a very deep root of antipathy to the faith in which, without any fault of yours, you have been educated, and it would seriously interfere with my successful pursuit of business were I to contract so close an intimacy with a person professing Roman Catholicism.

Should you resolve, however, as I have no doubt you will, to worship the same God, only in another church, we will both acquire a sympathy and regard, the consequences of which will be truly desirable and most propitious to our welfare. I know that, in a matter like this, you will wish to consult your friends, though their consent you know is not at all imperative; yet, in order that you may do so with freedom, I give you my full consent to make known my sentiments privately or publicly, as you may think proper. Though you may call this a business letter—it is so different from our usual correspondence—and laugh at my seriousness, yet I shall expect your answer with great anxiety. In the meantime my heart is ever yours, and your image is daguerreotypied upon it indelibly by love's own warm impress, and with his fidelity to the original.

Believe me, dearest —, to be ever yours, in life and death.

II. Dear —: I received your letter just ten minutes since, and my judgment tells me to answer at once, without any consultation, because none is needed. When you asked me to give you my heart and its affections I consented, because I admired and respected and loved; but I did not at the same time agree to surrender to you my soul and its eternal hopes. Had you asked me to make such a sacrifice as that, I would have refused not only you, but an Archangel, could any such bright spirit propound a like question to me. Remember, dear —, that religion with us Catholics is not an opinion at all—it is far more, even, than a logical conviction—it is faith, which is grand and powerful in proportion to the divinity in which it trusts. Such is my idea of faith, but I do not pretend to be a theologian. Now, dearest —, I could not, without a horrible contempt for myself, surrender God to win a husband even as accomplished as you, and the only one to whom I have plighted my vows of love.

I would be guilty of an enormous crime if I were even to pretend to a conversion in which my understanding and heart had no part. Every idea of honor which I have learned forbids such a prostration of my character. You could not even respect me myself could I be so easily induced to desert my hopes of heaven. Could I be faithless to God and faithful to man? I knew, dear —, that you did not agree with me in my religious sentiments, but I never thought of requiring from you such a heavy obligation as you would impose upon me.

But I must argue the question with you; for though you are a lawyer, I am not afraid of entering into a little controversy with you; so now look grave, for I am going to lecture you. You say, dear —, that "in our happy country all religions are alike." Well, granted; why, then, can't you relinquish yours and join mine?

# LOVERS' LOVE LETTERS.

## WHY A VIRTUOUS AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG WOMAN GAVE UP HER LOVER.

No one can read these genuine letters without feeling a glow of enthusiasm at the noble spirit of moral heroism manifested by the young lady. Such examples are rare in our days.

I. COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 1886.

Dearest — The mutual regard which I am so happy to know exists between us, and the exchange of sacred vows which I ardently expect will be the result before long, give me courage to consult with you on a subject which is of the first importance, and one which my relatives are pressing on my attention. Amongst the obstacles to happiness, there are none so likely to produce discontent as a want of union in religious sentiment. If we offer our devotions at the same altar in religion, as well as love, you must be aware, dear —, that it will cement in a wonderful degree our hearts. Do you think, then, that you could worship with me in the Presbyterian or any Protestant Church? In our happy country all religions are alike, and your good sense must assure you that forms of faith are of small importance, provided our lives are virtuous. Moreover, dearest, in marriage we must not overlook those less sentimental but more solid considerations which have reference to the prosperous condition of worldly comfort and respectability. There is, as you are aware, a very deep root of antipathy to the faith in which, without any fault of yours, you have been educated, and it would seriously interfere with my successful pursuit of business were I to contract so close an intimacy with a person professing Roman Catholicism.

Should you resolve, however, as I have no doubt you will, to worship the same God, only in another church, we will both acquire a sympathy and regard, the consequences of which will be truly desirable and most propitious to our welfare. I know that, in a matter like this, you will wish to consult your friends, though their consent you know is not at all imperative; yet, in order that you may do so with freedom, I give you my full consent to make known my sentiments privately or publicly, as you may think proper. Though you may call this a business letter—it is so different from our usual correspondence—and laugh at my seriousness, yet I shall expect your answer with great anxiety. In the meantime my heart is ever yours, and your image is daguerreotypied upon it indelibly by love's own warm impress, and with his fidelity to the original.

Believe me, dearest —, to be ever yours, in life and death.

II. Dear —: I received your letter just ten minutes since, and my judgment tells me to answer at once, without any consultation, because none is needed. When you asked me to give you my heart and its affections I consented, because I admired and respected and loved; but I did not at the same time agree to surrender to you my soul and its eternal hopes. Had you asked me to make such a sacrifice as that, I would have refused not only you, but an Archangel, could any such bright spirit propound a like question to me. Remember, dear —, that religion with us Catholics is not an opinion at all—it is far more, even, than a logical conviction—it is faith, which is grand and powerful in proportion to the divinity in which it trusts. Such is my idea of faith, but I do not pretend to be a theologian. Now, dearest —, I could not, without a horrible contempt for myself, surrender God to win a husband even as accomplished as you, and the only one to whom I have plighted my vows of love.

I would be guilty of an enormous crime if I were even to pretend to a conversion in which my understanding and heart had no part. Every idea of honor which I have learned forbids such a prostration of my character. You could not even respect me myself could I be so easily induced to desert my hopes of heaven. Could I be faithless to God and faithful to man? I knew, dear —, that you did not agree with me in my religious sentiments, but I never thought of requiring from you such a heavy obligation as you would impose upon me.

But I must argue the question with you; for though you are a lawyer, I am not afraid of entering into a little controversy with you; so now look grave, for I am going to lecture you. You say, dear —, that "in our happy country all religions are alike." Well, granted; why, then, can't you relinquish yours and join mine?

Wouldn't that be as respectable as for me to relinquish mine and profess yours? But you place it on the ground of expediency—on the unpopularity of our Church. Well, you need not change yours; you would do wrong to abandon your creed and unite with mine, unless you firmly believe in it. As for the smiles of worldly prosperity, though I would not uselessly disregard them, yet a true born American, with a proper estimate of her honor, would prefer the rags of poverty, sooner than clothe with silks a dishonored and violated conscience. Your own good sense and enlightened mind will convince you, dear —, that I am right; and I am confident that your reply, which I will expect with anxiety, as you do this, will remove this thorn from the bright eyes of love, whose light I hope will ever beam gracious in our lives.

Yours truly,

III. Dear Miss —: I most candidly acknowledge that your letter has greatly disappointed me. I thought that your superior intelligence had risen above all those antique and dusty opinions, whose proper period was the middle ages, and their proper locality in Spain. I have now and then observed among Catholics, educated like yourself, a strange fashion of ascending above the realities of life on the airy opinions of what you call faith. But such theories do not advance the professional man—do not roof a house, or supply the necessities, much less the elegancies of a home. I thought on this account you would readily enter my views, but you refuse to do so. Well, I will abandon my request: I am too much devoted to you to allow even a difference like this, serious and most important as it is, to weaken the love which unites our hearts. You ladies, and you are the very first amongst them all, dear —, contrive occasionally to introduce such exalted notions into your beautiful heads, that to remove them would be as easy as to attempt to chain the zephyrs, or to rob the violet of its perfume. Well, then, in conclusion, I must inform you that I have impregnated to decide you on the subject of my parents' opinions. Their attachment to the Presbyterian faith is great; and the idea of union with a Catholic, even with you, whom they know so well, and highly respect, darkens their countenances, and distresses me very much. They have, however, renewed their consent, but they require us to be married by a Presbyterian clergyman. This,

dear —, I agree with them in asking as a right, because it is a duty I owe them not to distress their hearts nor do violence to their religious principles by permitting the ministry of a Catholic clergyman. As your Church, dear —, does not consider such marriages invalid, you can have no objection to this arrangement, which will unite us never again to part in life. Understand, dearest, that I am compelled to consider the ministry of a Protestant clergyman indispensable to our union.

Your devoted

IV. Dear Sir: I shall not ask you to "do any violence to the religious principles of your parents," nor will I consent to have any offered to mine. When I consented to marry you, I was not aware that your father and mother, with "their religious principles" were included in the agreement. The care which you have not to offend your parents cannot be greater than that which I must observe not to offend God.

The tone of your letter betrays the spirit of your love. It is not a rosy spirit, as poets and lovers have described it, but a spirit bedged round with thorns. I think, sir, as I am still free, I had better remain so. You will find some one who will readily consent not to "do violence to the religious principles of your parents." If I consented, sir, to be a slave before marriage, by surrendering my rights of conscience, I feel quite satisfied that I would deserve to be something worse than a slave after marriage. I had little thought that this would be the finale of so many pleasant days, words and letters. If you should feel it as much as I do (for I care not to conceal my emotions), you may have recourse to that world which you fear so much for consolation. As for me, I will try to forget a love which was so unworthy that it refused to be appeased except by the sacrifice of honor and conscience. No more from Yours, etc.,

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

Our Catholic citizens view with pleasure the efforts made to complete at an early day St. Peter's church, the future cathedral of the diocese of Montreal.

This church was commenced by the late venerable Bishop Bourget, and for many years the work went on rapidly. Owing to financial reasons it was after a while abandoned, and fears were entertained that the walls, which had been raised to their full height, would be allowed to crumble again into dust. Early last spring the work was resumed, and the progress made was truly admirable. The main building was completely covered and floored, and several feet were added to the height of the dome.

This church is a fac-simile of St. Peter's in Rome, on a scale of two-fifths. It is 330 ft. in length by 220 in breadth. The portico will be 110 x 30. The height of the cupola will be over 200 ft. and each of the four towers surrounding it 110 ft.

While the Episcopal residence, it occupies a whole block fronting on Dominion Square, one of the finest sites in Montreal. It will be plainly visible from all parts of the city. Monsignor Bourget, in choosing this position, seemed determined to give even to the material structure of the first church in his diocese an ascendancy over all others. Numerous dissenting temples have of late generated in its locality, but compared with the great St. Peter's their length and breadth will serve merely to illustrate the feebleness of their faith, as their numbers show forth their variety. When completed, this church will be the most interesting piece of architecture in Montreal and the grandest cathedral in Canada.

A mammoth bazaar is being organized in order to procure funds for the furtherance of this work. Every parish in the diocese will be represented. I think that the school children of Montreal should also be represented, for they are generally very apt in their search for silver; they seem to have the tact of squeezing themselves into money holes which are often too small for bigger people. Another laudable means made use of to procure money for the completion of this church is that known as "The Spiritual Treasure."

Any person paying one dollar may participate in the treasures derived from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered 1,048 times, 145,133 communions, the way of the Cross made 322,280 times, the Rosary recited 515,464 times, and all the indulgences applicable to these numerous acts of devotion are applicable to the souls of Purgatory. If these treasures were properly understood, it would not be found necessary to seek beyond them for means to complete St. Peter's Cathedral. If the value of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered even once were known how few there are amongst the 400,000 souls composing this diocese who would not freely give a single dollar in order to participate in its graces.

Again there is the honor of having contributed towards the erection of this monument of Catholicity, whose every atom is in itself a new act of faith, and an open book in which future generations may read and believe in the faith of their fathers.

We long to see the day when the Holy Sacrifice will be offered in this church. Then it is that our Montreal may justly claim to be the "Rome of America." She has now her numerous churches, and institutes of learning, and religious communities, and homes for the sick and the destitute. Towering above all these will be seen the dome of St. Peter's, with the tomb of the two great Apostles beneath it, and if she has not a Pope she has a most holy Pontiff who echoes in all things Rome and Rome's teaching.

DEAD MEN EXECUTED.

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.—At 7.30 a.m. when the keepers made an attempt to arouse Forde and Murphy, who were sentenced to be hanged to-day, they could not wake them up. After examination the physicians concluded that the men had taken belladonna. The governor ordered the men to be executed, notwithstanding their condition. At 12.40 Sheriff Butler, accompanied by several subordinate officials, proceeded to the jail, where Forde and Murphy were still apparently under the physician's care. The bodies were carefully lifted from their recumbent positions and borne in the arms of the agitated deputies to the scaffold amid profound silence. The ghastly burdens were carried up the steps to the plane of the horrible platform and held in erect positions while the fatal nooses were drawn over and around their necks. No sign of life was observable in either man. When the last sad rite had been performed the trap was sprung by an unseen hand and the bodies were landed into eternity.

As death grimly seizes the king as well as the commoner, so diphtheria is a foe to duchesses as well as the little dwellers in poverty kept houses. The recent illness of the Duchess of Connaught was traceable to sewer gas that got into her bedroom through a hole in a pipe. Dr. Playfair, ascertained the cause and remedied the evil. "The Duchess would certainly have died," says *Truth*, "if she had remained in the polluted room for another twenty-four hours."

IN THEIR UNCERTAINTY.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH'S PASTORAL AIDS THE IRISH TURN TO THE THRONE OF GOD.

DUBLIN, March 9.—In the course of a pastoral read in all the Catholic churches to-day Archbishop Walsh said:—"With almsgiving unanimity the leaders of all parties in the State have come at length to recognize the pressing need of a substantial reconstruction of that system of government under which we at present live. So much is certain, but beyond this all is shrouded from our view. In the uncertainty of the future the minds of many amongst us are agitated. All around us are heard expressions of anxiety, the fears and the hopes of those who speculate as to what the next few weeks may bring forth.

FOR HEAVENLY WISDOM.

"Amid all this uncertainty it is assuredly our special duty to turn to the throne of the Almighty and Alwise Ruler of the Universe in earnest supplication that the light of His heavenly wisdom, by which kings reign and lawgivers decree just things, may not be wanting to those statesmen and public men by whom the momentous issues now raised will have to be decided, and on whose prudent council or action the public Senate of the Empire provision to be made for the future protection of so many and such vital interests in spiritual no less than in temporal order, must so largely depend."

A FEW MONTHS' RESPIRE.

From Galway it is learned that the pastoral read there to-day contained this expression:—"Let us ask that wretched tenants who find it impossible to meet their engagements at the present and who are threatened with eviction from their humble homes may be allowed at least a few months' respite, until they can profit by the legislation which just and enlightened statesmanship will devise for their relief and for the lasting peace and prosperity of Ireland."

TRUSTING TO GLADSTONE.

Speaking at Limerick yesterday, Archbishop Croke said that when he next had the pleasure of passing through the town he hoped that the Irish cause would have wonderfully progressed, and that the great statesman, Mr. Gladstone, would have not only permanently and satisfactorily settled the land question, but also to evictions and restored the Irish soil to the Irish people, but would have also carried through Parliament the changes now at hand, which would lead to the restoration of an Irish Parliament.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE GRANT FOR MAINTAINING ROYAL PARKS REDUCED BY THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.—THE SITUATION IN BURMAH.

LONDON, March 11.—Henry Labouchere, Radical, during this afternoon's debate in the House of Commons on the Government's civil service estimates, moved to reduce the grant for the maintenance of parks belonging to or used exclusively by royalty or members of the royal family. The motion caused a lively controversy, but it was finally carried against the Government by a vote of 131 to 114.

LONDON, March 11.—The Earl of Kimberley, secretary for India, moved in the House of Lords this afternoon for the appointment of a committee to enquire into and report upon the state of the Government of India.

In reply to enquiries, the Earl stated that Lord Dufferin, the Indian viceroy, did not consider the position of affairs at Yemethen, in Burmah, as seriously alarming, although it had been reported that the place was besieged by 9,000 rebels, and Gen. Fendergast had been sent with 300 British troops to relieve it. The motion was adopted.

OVER THE FALLS.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE ENDS HIS EXISTENCE AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA FALLS, March 12.—This morning about eleven o'clock, word was spread that a man had gone over the falls. Upon enquiry it was ascertained that while Messrs. Leonard McGlashan and H. C. Symmes were exercising their roadsters on Cedar island, a few hundred feet above the famous Horseshoe Falls, their attention was attracted by a young man with light mustache, apparently about twenty or thirty years of age, who rushed towards the brink of the bank on the island and then himself dashed into the boiling torrent and was dashed over the falls. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lyburner, of Chippewa, Ont., who also saw the unfortunate man, swiftly passed out of the world, said he had his overcoat on tightly buttoned up, but he had not gone over the falls many minutes before his clothes were torn from his body by the heavy volume of water falling upon him. His coat, turned inside out, was seen floating in the eddy in front of the Prospect House. Up to the present no information has been received to lead to the man's identity.

THE GATINEAU RAILWAY.

OTTAWA, March 11.—A meeting of some 160 delegates from municipalities along the Gatineau river interested in the construction of the Gatineau Valley railway, was held this afternoon in Hull. The speakers were Messrs. Joshua Eldard, C. H. Mackintosh, M.P., Black and Dr. Duhamel, M.P