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THE LAYS OF TULLAMORE. "Tullamore Tweed."

BY THE RIGHT HON. T. D. SULLIVAN. is was the name popularly given to the used in the making of the suit of es mysteriously conveyed to William len, M. P., after his jailors had stolen him, while he slept, the suit in which tered the prison.]

Since Balfour and Co. took to saving the By breaking our heads and by filling his (To bind the two peoples in loving com-

A strange sort of rule in each prison pre-If to speak with a prisoner you're granted

permission,
The topics you treat may be various indeed. But the jailor will meet with a prompt

The faintest allusion to "Tullamore

Of Manchester cottons and prints you may of Coventry ribbons, and Brummagem

of Lanarkshire coal and of Devonshire cattle, Of London, and all the great things that

Of all sorts of workings, from Durham to Bangor,
You may say a few words, if you talk at
good speed,
But if you would rouse not the Governor's

anger,
Beware how you touch upon "Tullamore
tweed."

Perhaps you may venture a word about Blarney, Though tweeds are made there that have world-wide renown, And then the bog-oak that is carved in

Killarney
Perhaps may be praised without fright'
ning "the Crown."
Lace, satins, and silks you may talk of, in

Pigs, horses, and dogs of each colour and

But carefully shun for it borders on trea. The slightest suggestion of "Tullamore

But wear it, boy, wear it; 'tis famous, and And loved by each patriot son of our isle

As a symbol of courage and honor victori-

O'er tricks of a tyranny paltry and vile; It wraps the stout heart of a fearless up-Of Erin's good cause both by word and

So, first of all cloths, whether newer or older,
The choice of our race shall be "Tullamore tweed."

AR CEILIDH.

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D.

At Tracadie I left my travelling companion and proceeded alone to Heatherton, a well ordered and compact parish, with an exquisite little church, the white and gold of which is relieved by panelling of ash and walnut and which is a devotional place, wherein it is almost impossible to pray without distractions. The country about Heatherton is mainly settled by Chisboins, many of whom have carefully preserved the old Strathglass traditions, and who are full of anecdotes of "Bishop John" and "Bishop Æness," and of Father John Farquhar son, S. J., and good Mr. Fraser who taught him Gaelic. Within a short walk of Heatherton is the Indian mission of Summerside, where several times a year the faithful Souriquois meet for their devotions. There are various Indian missions in the diocese and Bishop Cameron has a very special love for his red children of the forest. The pastor of Heatherton is somewhat of an autiquarian, and has a fine library, with quite a collection of manuscripts and notes relating to the early missions in Nova Scotia and to the Church history of his ancestral "Grey Glen." He has moreover a charming little house and is s master of the art of graceful hospitality.

From Heatherton I made one or two pleasant excursions, one to visit the late Father William Chisholm-who was called to his reward the following yearthe beloved and respected pastor of Poni-quet—a parish which had then just emerged triumphantly from a "Tea Party" and was in all the agonies of church and presbytery building.

Another well remembered drive, in which I was accompanied by a very intelligent young lady of Heatherton, was to call upon the pastor of St. Andrewsthe Rev. John McDonell, a typical Highland pricat, whose proud boast it is that he has never in his life presched an

English sermon. This fine old gentleman received us with true Highland ho ity. I could not help noticing the affection with which his brother clergymen appear to regard him. Two or three of them happened to call that afternoon and

it was amusing to listen to them drawing the old man out upon his faverite topics. One of these was "The History of the MacDonalds," a book that had been re-cently published by a Rev. Mr. McKenzle in Scotland, and which interested me

Since writing the above I have learned with regret of the death of Father Mac-Donell, who passed away on the 17th of February last in his presbytery at St. Andrews—to the great regret of his par-ishioners and friends. May he rest in

In the church of this mission there is picture of St. Andrew which struck me as remarkable—and in the presby tery are one or two spinning wheels that would delight the hearts of some of our lovers of the antique.

Unhappily it was not my good fortune to visit Cape Breton, but I cannot close this imperfect sketch of a portion of Antigonish diocese without a word or two about Pictou. Pictou, commercially, is rather an important town, with banks, steamboat companies' offices, and an unlimited reputation for coal.

Pictou, in the year 1802, came three Pictou, in the year 1802, came three hundred and seventy emigrants from the Island of Barra in the Western High. lands. These people were all Catholics and were settled by Sir John Wentworth on Pictou Island and the opposite shores. From there, my note book tells me they all removed, but unfortun. ately it does not say when nor where,

Near Pictou, at least within the parish limits, is Indian Island; (for this too is Miggumahghee—or Mic-mac land) where the priest has mass on St. Anne's day, which is a great festival with this

Pictou is an historic little town and very pretty and quaint, but space forbids mention of aught but that which concerns us most, the Catholic church and the convent up on a hill. Overlooking a noble prospect of land and sea, stand monuments of the energy generosity and cleverness of the man who built up the church in Pictou, the Right Reverend Donald Macdonald, now bishop of Harbor Grace in Newfoundland. They are of brick and are durable. The church is gothic, and is adopted from the plan of that drawn by Kiely of New York for St. Simeon and Jude's church, built by Bishop McIntyre in Tignish, Prince Edward Island. The convent is in the charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and is most popular and very flourishing, Pupils come there from St. John's, New. foundland, from Harbor Grace, and even from Labrador and the Straits of Belle

tery, built also in brick, the house of the genial and beloved Father Roderick Macdonald, brother of his Lordship of Harbor Grace. Here the wearied traveller is sure of coad mille failthe. For several consecutive years it was my lot to be sterm-bound in Picton waiting to take passage in the Prince Edward Island boat, on which occasions I was always hospitably entertained by "Father Roderick" or by the sisters of the convent. On one of these visits I recollect that Father Roderick was away from home and the pastor of a neighboring parish was attending Pictou. This old gentleman was devotedly fond of children and was generally escorted by a regular troop of

One day he came in laughing from an encounter with one of his youthful favorites and related the following anec-

Small Boy: "I say Father, ain't you going to have a christening for the Lees to morrow?"

Priest: "Well Johnnie, if I am, what Small Boy : 'Cause, Father, I want

you to ask them to have me for god-Priest: "Why, Johnnie ?"

Johnnie: "Cause, you see, Father, Lees has got a lot of beautiful white pups and I think if I was godfather they would give me one!" A. M. P.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Dowling, Adelaide.

It is our sad duty to announce the

LENTEN CONFERENCE BY PERE MONSABRE. Oredo carnis resurrectionem et vitam æternam To day we enter upon the last chapter of our studies of dogma. The great truths which I have hitherto exposed to you await their crown, which should be worthy of the edifice. The perfect God Who so loved us that He consummated His literass in us hy communicating to worthy of the editice. The perfect God Who so loved us that He consummated His likeness in us by communicating to us His own life, that He gave His Son to death in order to enable us to regain the ineffable gift we had lost; the blessed Christ Who bought our redemption by His blood, Who has become the King of our souls, and has incorporated us in His humanity by the grace of the sacraments, surely had some other end in view than merely to ennoble our quickly passing life. Accordingly, Catholic doctrine teaches us that, beyond this passing life of ours, there is a life eternal in which our perfection, begun by grace, will be completed by glory. The Torch of faith in hand, I would have willingly traversed with you the sombre kingdom of death, and explained to you its mysteries, did I not hear ironical voices cry out to me: Stay! there is nothing beyond the tomb. "Science has not been able to prove any life whatsoever after death."

Around this brutal negation, a thousand discordant voices recounted all manner of odd ideas, all in contradiction

abroad in order to deter man from the consideration of his last end. For this reason I have resolved to postpone our dogmatic excursion into the kingdom of eternal justice, of darkness and of sorrow, of light and beatitude, of resurrection and of universal renewal, the existence of which God has revealed to us, in order to study with attention one truth which will assuredly open the doors of that Kingdom to us: the truth of a future life.

Not only will you not lose anything by waiting, but you will gain by being strengthened in this conviction; that Catholic doctrine satisfies the most profound and imperious deeds of our nature, and that from that remote point where men go to seek for the origin of humanity, to those mysterious dim dis-tances where our destinies are consum-ma ed, there is no contradiction which can arrest the triumphant march of can arrest the triumphant march of Christian truth. Let us set to work, taking our starting point. I know none better nor surer than the Catholic idea of the mystery of death. What is death? Why must man die? The general idea which experience and science give us of death, is that it is the "definite cessation of all the acts which together constitute the life of organized beings."

"The cessation of all acts." All the animal functions of the human body can be ausended for a time, and the body be suspended for a time, and the body offers nothing to the eyes beyond the appearance of a corpse—and yet this may not be death. But when all definmay not be death. But when all deficitely stops, when, in the rigid corpse, the organic elements, no longer obeying the laws which determine the vital functions, fall under the empire of the purely physical laws, this is death.

After death, fermentation, after that putrefaction, after that again, decomposition, and finally an earthly matter which loses itself in the dust of the globe. There are observers who call themselves sayants, and who see nothing beyond

savants, and who see nothing beyond to them: Look to the bottom of this human nature; do you not see there a force entirely different from that which animates other living things? They re-ply: Everywhere where there is matter, there are forces; where matter lives, forces assemble. No, no! it is not so— otherwise the manifestations of life

otherwise the manifestations of life would be everywhere the same.

Does not the life of man, in the scale of life, compared in its manifestations to those of all other living things, does it not prove what St. Thomas calls: Perfectoir medus vivendi; and which reveals a force superior to all those which exist in nature? Materialistic and positive highesite content themselves with superbiologists content themselves with super-ficial observations, and refuse to look to the bottom of human nature. Let us look there, let us study the life of man so as to better understand the mystery of his death. Man combines in his body the functions of the vegetative and

of his death. Man combines in his body the functions of the vegetative and animal life; but, besides, has knowledge of himself, thinks, reasons, judges, has free-will, speaks—all things of which the best organized matter is of itself incapable. There is one thing which rests indivisible and unchangeable among the diverse impressions received by the body and the successive changes which it undergoes, one thing which says: I see, I hear, I taste, I touch, I feel, I live.

We are aware of being this thing, that is to say, a unity to which all sensations can at once bear relation without being confounded. This unity is the I—capable of knowing and distinguishing bodies and their impressions, precisely because it undergoes no material or organic determination, because it is neither body nor sense, but a simple being, subsisting in itself. The preacher here entered into an exhaustive examination of this I, the ego of the schools, quoting the description of Plato, and contrasting it with the definition given by St. Thomas. He showed how it surpassed matter in the possession of a power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the intellect, From this it followed that human nature is in this world a nature sti generic, a composition of two elements of aniferent essences which act conjointly It is our sad duty to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Dowling, who died, March 12th, in her eightieth year, at the residence of her son in-law, Mr. Terence O'Callaghan, of Adelaide village, surrounded by her two surviving daughters and sorrowing friends. After a short illness, fortified by the last rites of her church, she passed peacefully away to meet her God. May her soul rest in peace.

matter in the possession of a power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation of the operation impossible to corporal substances—the power and operation of the operation of

accepted by the Church, "anima est forma corporis," is the only definition which is allowable.

corporis," is the only definition which is allowable.

The soul seizes the body at a moment when, like an imperceptible point, it appears in the seed which generation fecundates, communicates to it its subsistence and makes it a participator in the I. It is entire in the whole and entire in each part of the body. See these two dissimilar substances, married together in one life! I recognize in this admirable espousal the sovereign action of Ged, Who, from His most holy mouth, breathed upon the clay of the earth a breath of life, and made of the man spirit and matter, a single living thing: et fuctus est home in animam viventem. The body does not exist of its own force—there comes to its corruption, corporis ruptic. But the spirit, which Plato calls the ege, and the Scripture the breath of life—can it have the same fate as the force which constitutes the life of the vegetable and the animal?

It subsists itself; how, then, can matter in its decomposition take away its life? It is simple; how, then, can it be broken up? It is entire in the entire body, and entire in every part; how can it be dissipated along with the body, since in the fall of all the elements it is found every where whole and entire? That the body escapes from it and that the soul ceases to animate the body and falls back upon itself; this is all that the knowledge of human nature and life allows us to be lieve. And this is precisely the idea of death given us by Catholic doctrine. No, the death of man is not a total dissipation such as that produced in inferior organizations; it is a separation. In the books of our doctors and in the catechisms we place in the hands of our children, you will read the same definition: Death is the separation of the soul from the body. We know what the body becomes, but the force which animated it—the soul? It is not yet time to speak to you of its desting. I have first to reply to this question: Why has man to die? Science, which takes so much trouble to The soul seizes the body at a mome

desting. I have first to reply to this question: Why has man to die? Science, which takes so much trouble to of human nature seems to com plicate the mystery; for, if there is in us soul which animates our matter, if this evil is an unalterable essence, why does it cease to give life? "Existence," does it cease to give life? "Existence," says a Christian physiologist, "is the result of the association of the soul with the body. If this association becomes impossible, death comes. The soul by its nature thirsts to be united to matter; it unites itself to the body. But if the body separat suffice to this purpose. body cannot suffice to this union, or resists it, it is not the soul which leaves, it sists it, it is not the soul which leaves, it is the body which quits the soul." This is well said, but why does the soul allow itself to be quitted? Has it not the power to retain the body? No. "There are." says St. Thomas, "in the matter of which the human body is made, certain contrary elements which necessarily produce dissolution." The moderns call that "the natural antagonism of solids and fluids," Our soul has not that plentitude of creative force, which that plentitude of creative force, which alone can suffice to the perpetual reno-vation of that which is used and altered vation of that which is used and altered in the organism. Death is then a necessity of nature. If we do not well understand the mystery, we must at least recognize the fact. But if death is natural, why does the necessary and simple accomplishment of a natural law take in the eyes the proportion of a catastrophe? This would be incomprehensible if the supernatural light which illumes this lugubrious fact did not show in us a necessity of justice. Although in us a necessity of justice. Although capable of dissolution and of escaping the vital act of the soul, we were not

made to die.

A Greator infinitely liberal, God spared nothing when He made man to His image and likeness, and not being able to make him participate in His own immense and indivisible eternity, He mortal. The grace with which He was filled penetrated his soul and communi-cated to it, with all the virtues, a creative power which took possession of the corruptible elements of matter and corrected their innate tendency to disper-

sion.

Not only had this grace the power of keeping one near the other all and every part of the body which was united to it, and to configure it to its own incorruptibility; but the mistress of all nature, grace, took only those elements of life which would help to the perpetual youth of an indestructible flesh. But with this glorious power there was a menace: "If glorious power there was a menace: "If thou sin," had said the Saviour, "thou shalt die of death."

And man did sin. The break which And mandid sin. The break which takes place in our being is but the nor mal consequence of, and the legitimate vengeance for the break which took place between us and God by the fall of the father of our race. Death entered the world by sin: Per peccatum mors; it is also its cruel wages: sipendia peccati wars. Alas! the Divine prediction—Morte morieris—has been too well accomplished. Not only did death strike the first sinner, but every day it takes numbers of Not only did death strike the first sin-ner, but every day it takes numbers of His children, fulfilling its pitiless mis-sions with a fidelity which fills with despair. Scarcely had he terminated the account of the genesis of the world than the sacred historian shows us the generations of man atruguling one with generations of man struggling one with another, the first trodden under foot by the second, the second by the third, and all chanting this lamentable refrain:

This, the first ballad of death, is full This, the first ballad of death, is full of a sombre eloquence. It is not intermittent visits that the enemy of our life makes to us—it is in us. Along with the work of life, another, dark and mysterious, is being accomplished, the work of death. It hides itself only to march on to its end the more rapidly and the more surely; nothing stops its progress, and it is when everything seems most

prosperous that it is in fullest activity, prosperous that it is in inless sectivity, so much so that the wise man said:
"Life is a continual death," and a sage physiologist: "Life is the unity of the functions which resist death."
And this intestine war is continued

And this intestine war is continued until the moment when, leeling itself vanquished, the anguished soul makes one last effort to retain possession of the body which the hand of the enemy is taking from it. But it is futile. All is finished. Ye loving substances, separate yourselves; this way our soul, that way our body; justice so wills it. The man who sinned had said to God, the principle of his supernatural life: "Let us separate." Was it not necessary that the tragic event which ends his existence in this world should bear the imprint of his sin? And remark how vigorous and profound is this imprint! The sinner only draws from God to attach himself by an unjust preference to creatures. They an unjust preference to creatures. They are taken from him with his life. The sinner leaves God only to establish himself in a sacrilegious independence. To punish him God draws back upon Himself and holds aloof in some measure. Not content with shortening the days of His fallen creature, He surrounds his end with mystery, and reserves for Himself the knowledge of the hour of His supreme decisions.

cisions.

Immertal man was master of time; Immortal man was master of time; after his fall, time possessed him and betrayed him; at any instant he may be surprised. And this is what death, the daughter of sin, is: a universal and complete separation, and at the same time the most horrible of surprises. Are you astonished, then, at the inquietndes, the sadness, the anguish, the fears which invade and torment our poor nature at the thought

the angulah, the fears which invade and torment our poor nature at the thought of death? Time has not been able to efface from our recollection the idea of the glorious state in which humanity was created, and mortal as we are now we feel rise within us, at the approach of death, a mysterious instinct of immortality.

That which most impresses us, in the tragic event, is the destruction, and, as it were, crumbling away to nothing of a flesh which we have seen full of iits. We should be stricken with despair, if in the should be stricken with despair, if in the very notion given us of death by Catholic doctrine, there was not an appeal to the unknown. It is true that the flesh which separates itself from the body?
There is no power that could harm it, it
must live somewhere. Oh! the mercimust live somewhere. Oh! the merciful goodness of Him Who chastises us! He does not leave us to seek beyond the tomb, in a world which the pale light of reason scarcely illumines, the solution tomb, in a word white the place is to consider the problem of this problem: Himself He gives it to us and tempers our inquietude, our sadness, our anguish, our fears by completing by his consoling promises the sad lessons which sin has taught us.

Death separates; but, while the flesh that is dust returns to the dust, the soul returns to God who created it: Revertatur returns to God who created it. Activation pulvis in terram suam unde erat, et spiritus redeat ad Deum qui dedit illum. While the elements of our body are being decomposed and scattered, our soul, full of life, spreads itself in the light of God. What spreads itself in the light of God. What do I say? The flesh itself is only destroyed apparently. Death, which has ravished it, will not keep the dispersed elements forever under its dependence. A God, victor over sin, has conquered also death, sin's terrible daughter, by dying Himself for sin. When it shall have nothing more to do, "the old and irreconcilable enemy of fallen man will be destroyed: Novissima autem inimical destructur more, and its conqueror will destructur more, and its conqueror will restore life to our mortal bodies: Vivifi

cabit et mortalia corpora nostra."

We shall rise again: Omes resurgemus

Admirable and fortifying doctrine! penetrates the Christian soul, consoles and strengthens it. While reason, trembling and uncertain, asks, in face of death: Where go 1? What shall I be come? Faith cries out: Forward! to the future life! Ad vitam venturi seculi.

A RIDICULOUS STORY CONTRA-DICTED.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

SIR,—A friend has drawn my attention to a report said to be going the round of the papers in Denmark, to the great injury of religion in that country, that thirty six Roman Catholic priests apostatized in Lochiel, Glengarry, Ontario: through the instrumentality, it is added, of a Rev. John Matthieu, Presbyterian Minister, and that they received the congratulations of the "President of Dalkieth."

Of course I did not believe it, and

Of course I did not believe it, and Glengarry friends, residing in 'Montreal, thought it too ridiculous to merit a denial. But an authoritative contradiction was needed, for however secure on the subject we may feel at this side of the Atlante, it is af no assistance to our heathers. ject we may feel at this side of the Atlantic, it is of no assistance to our brethren at
the other. So I determined to go to the
spot and see for myself. I went and
found nothing to justify so absurd a
statement, and came to the conclusion
that the whole story rested on a foundation of air. I was at Alexandria, Lochiel
P. O., and Delkieth. Alexandria is the
chief place of Glengarry county and
situated on the border of Lochiel township. Six miles from it is Lochiel Post situated on the border of Lochiel township. Six miles from it is Lochiel Post
Office, comprising a country store, perhaps
a blacksmith shop and six or eight dwellings. But thirty-six priests denying their
fatth were never heard of there. Dalkieth consists of a not very large saw
mill, two small brick houses, three
diminutive frame buildings and about
twelve or fifteen log houses. A very

diminutive frame buildings and about twelve or fifteen log houses. A very unlikely spot, it seemed, for thirty six priests to assemble in for such a purpose.

Now, sir, can you throw any light on the subject? Your paper contains interesting accounts of the spread of Catholicism among the Gælic-speaking Catholics of Cape Breton and other Maritime Provinces; have you nothing to say of Lochiel? Ten thousand Scotch Oatholics live in the diocese of Kingston, in which the Excorp circulates exten.

sively, and they thrive in the cities and country places of the Dominion, from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific ocean, But this is a matter which concerns not But this is a matter which concerns not only Scotchmen but Irishmen and Freuchmen, and Englishmen, and men of every race and nationality who have the honor and glory of being Catholics.

From facts that have come to my knowledge I can affirm that reliable information on the subject will be read eagerly in Canada, the United States and Europe. I am

eagerly in Canaua, and Europe. I am, John Macallister, A Scottish Clergyman. Montreal, P. Q., 23rd March, 1888.

Special to CATHOLIC RECORD. A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The Rev. John Quirk, of Hastings, has

The Rev. John Quirk, of Hastings, has just been made the recipient of a marked tribute of respect in which he is held by his many friends and parishioners during his long stay of twenty-six years in Norwood. The committee of the Church presented the following address to the rev. gentleman at his residence in Hastings, on his retiring from the Norwood portion of his mission:

To the Rev. J. Quirk:

REV. SIR—As the time has come when we are called upon to bid you farewell as our pastor, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing in our own humble way our appreciation of your twenty-six years' services as our spiritual adviser and comforter.

We are not unmindful of your Christian courtesy and kindly interest in our welfare during this time; your tender sympathy and cheering advice in the hour of trial will long be remembered in many a home in this parish.

We take great pleasure in testifying how earnestly and zealously you have discharged the arduous duties imposed by your holy calling, for during these years you have, by your readiness at every call of duty, no matter at what self-sacrifice, and by the energy and willingness with which you always assisted us in everything pertaining to our spiritual and temporal welfare, won our deepest love and gratitude. our spiritual and temporal welfare, won our deepest love and gratitude. It is to your untiring exertions and generous assistance that we owe the

generous assistance that we owe the
possession of our commodious and handsome stone church, whose estimated
value may be ten thousand dollars.

That you may live many happy years is

the earnest prayer of you sincere friends.
Signed on behalf of the Norwood WILLIAM MCCARTHY

MICHAEL MULLINS RICHARD WALSH JOHN FITZPATRICK. THE REPLY.

Hastings, 16th March, 1888.

My Dear Friends and Parishicners:
Accept my most sincere and warmest thanks for your kind and beautiful address. Your many kind wishes therein expressed are at this moment a special help to me; and my earnest prayer forever in your behalf, is the best mark of gratitude I can offer.

JOHN QUIRK, Priest.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

In the House of Commons Mr. Parnell moved the second reading of his Arrears of Rent bill and addressed the House in advocacy of it. He promised to consider any amendments offered that were consis-tent with the principle of the bill, and declared that he would consent to limit declared that he would consent to limit its operation to two years. If the bill was rejected, it would be the best proof of the impossibility of legislating for Ireland from Westminster. It was said that the Irish question was a land question. If it was so, why did not the House take it in hand earnestly and deal with it? The bill being voted on for the second reading was voiested by 328 to 243.

ing, was rejected by 328 to 243.

The Weekly Freeman, of Dublin, has a cartoon which applies to the case of Ireland one of Æsop's well-known fables.

The National League is represented as a facellation of the case of the c female traveller wrapped in a green mantle, while Colef Secretary Balfour as mantle, while Calef Secretary Bailour as Boreas is blowing upon her a chilling northern blast of Coercion. The conse-quence is that the traveller wraps herself more closely in her mantle. It is then more closely in her mantle. It is then related that the sun tries by beams of heat to induce the traveller to discard her cloak, and succeeds. The moral is that love gains more victories than harshness.

There is great distress among the people on the Arran Islands, Galway Bay. The potato crop failed there completely last year, though on the mainland the crop was abundant. The cause of this difference is to be found in the nature of the soil, which is an artificial soil brought from the seashers and which averages

the soil, which is an artificial soil brought from the seashore, and which averages only a few inches of depth of sand and shingle placed on a limestone mass.

The hot summer, which produced an excellent yield elsewhere, burned up the crops of the Islanders. Three thousand human beings are consequently in dire distress, not having food, nor seed for this year.

P. O'Brien, Mr. Hayden and Mr. Byrne, who were sentenced to imprisonment under the Crimes Act, have had their sentences confirmed upon appeal.

The Irish eviction returns for the quar-

The Irish eviction returns for the quarter ended September 30th, 1887, gives the number of persons evicted as 4,033, and for the quarter ended 31st of last December, 530, showing a considerable diminution. Only one person was re-admitted as tenant in Ulster during the previous quarter, and none in Connaught or Munster during the latter quarter.

Lord Herschell, while presiding at the dinner of the National Liberal club, said that the Conservatives would propose a