

## THE MASS MEETING.

Sympathy and Material Assistance for Davitt—The English Government Denounced—Irish Land Ready to Meet the Issue.

The full capacity of the Mechanics' Hall was tested Friday night on the occasion of the meeting held to express indignation at the tyrannical and cowardly course of the British Government in passing a Coercion Bill, and Government in passing a Coercion Bill, and Government in passing a Coercion Bill.

Mr. Patrick Carroll, President of the Montreal Branch of the Land League, occupied the chair, and seated on the platform with him were Messrs. J. D. Purcell, E. Guerin, H. J. Cloran, J. C. Fleming, Wm. Brown, J. P. Whelan, C. J. Doherty, and Capt. Kirwan.

After a few introductory remarks by the Chairman, Mr. J. D. Purcell was called upon to move the first resolution. It ran as follows:

That we heartily and cordially endorse the action of the Irish members of Parliament in defence of the rights of their country, and pledge ourselves to aid and sustain them by our sympathy and material support in every step they may consider it necessary to take in maintaining the rights of Irishmen to live in comfort and freedom of the land which God has given them.

Mr. Purcell said:—

Much had transpired since the last mass meeting, two months ago. Much had been expected from a Liberal Government, which had, when last in power, began the great work of rendering justice to Ireland; but the hope had proved a vain illusion. Gladstone had, in deference to the Conservatives, decided to introduce the Coercion Bill, while, as a species of theoretical concession to the Irish, the Extreme Liberals and Radicals, a new Irish Land Bill would be presented. The position was this: The Coercion Bill would be passed in the Commons and confirmed in the Lords; the Land Bill might be passed in the Commons, but was certain to be rejected in the Lords, and Gladstone would receive credit for his good intentions, and the blame would rest with the Conservative majority of the Lords. Gladstone had committed a political blunder; he was insincere, for the ability and experience of the man makes it impossible to think that ignorance caused the error. Parnell and his followers immediately decided on the line of action to be adopted. It must be clearly shown to the Parliament and to the world at large that notwithstanding all the wild rumors and daily fabrications to the contrary, that the state of Ireland was not such as to necessitate extraordinary measures for the protection of life and property. This done, the Coercion Bill must be withdrawn. But it was necessary to gain time to secure the requisite information in detail, and as the Government would not grant the delay, luckily the usages and recognized principles of Parliamentary debate would admit of this. Protracted discussion ensued. The Coercionists chafed at the delay; all the usual and favorite tactics were resorted to silence and cry down the Parnell party, and yet that undaunted little band tenaciously, courageously, and even successfully maintained the unequal conflict. Finally, Liberals and Conservatives joined in a common cause, resolved to rush through the first reading of the Coercion Bill at one sitting, for surely 500 odd could outstay that little band of 35.

The desperate struggle began, the Parnellites like that little band of Thermopylae of old, undauntedly threw themselves into the breach. The contest was unequal one, the odds were overwhelming, the result was almost a certainty, but earnestly, fearlessly contending for the sacred rights and liberties of their long down-trodden countrymen, now menaced with a repetition of that insupportable tyranny from which they had so often suffered before, they nerved themselves for the fray. Coolly and systematically the preparations were made, long and bitterly done the contest continued, loud and furious waxed the debate, and yet calm and confident does that little band of heroes meet and repel the assault. But why should he continue. At length, after a session of 48 hours dismaying, abasing, aye, conquered in the constitutional struggle, the English House of Commons, whose vaunted boast for centuries has been its liberty of speech, its untrammelled freedom of the individual—so long as no existing law is contravened—forcibly crushed the conflict by the sacrifice of those very institutions which from time immemorial have been the pride and glory of the English nation, and gentlemen, it may be truly said that in such a defeat Parnell and his followers have achieved a glorious victory, and that the English Parliament by such a disgraceful victory had struck a death blow from which it is doubtful if the English institutions will ever recover. Parnell and his followers had been denounced as obstructionists. Well, even had they acted illegally, their action under the circumstances would have been perfectly justifiable, for when life is in danger, self preservation becomes the first law of nature—and if this was so in the life of an individual, it becomes much more urgent when the life, the liberties and the future prospects of an entire nation are at stake. But their action was perfectly constitutional, and had other than Irishmen made such a stubborn resistance, their pluck, energy and untiring perseverance would have been lauded to the skies by that very nation, now the first to condemn them. And yet these are the men so bitterly denounced by the English press and by that servile and toadying sheet, the New York Herald. (Hisses.) These were the men held up to their scorn and reprobation! When Irishmen had forgotten the ancient glories of their native land, when they had become dead to her sufferings in the past, when the memory of Robert Emmet, that heroic youth whose humble tombstone is yet uninscribed, should be no more, when Irishmen had ceased to be Irishmen, then, and not till then, should the heroic Parnell and his trusty band lose that place which they now occupy in the hearts of their countrymen.

Mr. Purcell concluded amid enthusiastic cheering, and during his speech he was frequently interrupted by applause.

Mr. H. J. Cloran, introducing the resolution, said that in his childhood he had often listened to the tales of Ireland's wrongs and misery, but he, like thousands of others, remained incredulous and looked upon them as exaggerations. His conception of justice, which should guide the actions of man, never admitted that sufferings so cruel and so degrading could be wantonly inflicted upon a people. But this incredulity vanished and gave way in the face of stern reality. A few years ago he had wandered through the fertile

valleys of the old land and gazed on its green hills. For miles around nothing could be seen but cattle and sheep basking in the sunshine and fattening in the midst of abundance. But a little further, on the mountain slopes, where all was barren and rugged, arose the most miserable and lowliest of human habitations. Therein existed complete destitution; harrowing scenes of misery presented themselves to his gaze, which inspired him with an undying hatred of the system that subjected fellow creatures to such poverty and degradation, and with a firm resolve never to refuse to lend the aid of his pen and voice to crush and wipe out landlordism. (Applause.) The contrast between the brute of the field and man was evidently abnormal, and the former had an undue advantage and unnatural privileges over the latter in Ireland. (Cheers.) He had asked himself why and how this civilized world had not been made acquainted, authoritatively with this cruel and inhuman state of affairs. Had the people no national voice, no representatives to unfold their wrongs and misery in the House of Commons? They had; but their feelings and their wants were sadly misrepresented by them. Their representatives were the very men who kept them naked and starving; and as no man is supposed to criminate himself, these representatives, the landlords, suppressed the truth and never depicted on the floor of Parliament, the horrors their rapacity and petty tyranny gave rise to all over the country. But the people had suffered long enough in silence and meekness; the end had come; the truth was no longer suppressed and light had prevailed. A star had arisen from the darkness of an English bastille and illuminated the world; it pointed towards Ireland and beckoned to the nations to come and behold its enforced degradation. That star was Michael Davitt (great cheering), and the world, at his voice, came and looked upon the scene and stood astounded at its injustice and inhumanity. Davitt, that pure and unselfish patriot, vowed to extirpate the accursed system of the land laws, and to emancipate his fellow-countrymen from serfdom. The speaker then showed what Davitt had done in two years, and the deep sympathy and material support he caused the world to give and to furnish to Ireland. Davitt cast his eye around and it fell on Parnell, and to him he entrusted the banner of the Land League and the cause of the people. (Cheers.) Parnell, this time last year, had told us that at first he shrunk from the movement, because he was a landlord himself, and his first thought was to spare his soul with a spirit of sacrifice; his patriotism and arguments told and convinced him (Parnell) that the movement was founded on truth and justice and that the wrongs of the people must be remedied. (Applause.) Parnell's subsequent action with that of his followers have justified the confidence and judgment of Davitt. They were there tonight to endorse that action and every effort that will be made by Parnell and his party to gain the liberty and happiness of Ireland. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. J. C. Fleming, upon rising to propose the second resolution, was greeted with loud cheers. He said, before commencing his speech, that the Secretary of the Montreal Branch of the Land League had received a letter from Mr. T. Brennan, Secretary of the Head Branch of the Land League in Dublin, acknowledging the receipt of £80 from the Montreal Branch. After reading the letter Mr. Fleming then read the following resolution:

That the arrest and the expulsion of the Irish members from the Imperial House of Commons is an outrage upon the people of Ireland, whose faithful representatives they are, which will have the effect of bringing the British Constitution into contempt, not only in that country, but all over the world.

After enunciating the speech delivered by the previous speaker, Mr. Fleming said that he had been asked before entering the hall what he was going to talk about, and he had answered "The British Constitution." The questioner had laughed in his face. "What?" said he, "the British Constitution? why, there is no British Constitution?" (Cheers and laughter) and he (Mr. Fleming) was forced to admit the man was correct. (Cheers.) He went back to the year 1782, when there was an Irish Parliament. But England, jealous of Ireland's prosperity, for England lived upon trade, (Voice—"She lives upon robbery") destroyed her Parliament and forced the Union upon the Irish people by means of the rebellion of 1798 which she had goaded them to. At that time Henry Grattan had foretold the present action and condition of the English Government, in words which clearly predicted the advent of Parnell and the party under his leadership. Parnell had shown to the world what a fraud the British Constitution was. What had the British Constitution done for Ireland since the date of the Union in 1800. There had been five or six famines, 15 suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, one great rebellion and four or five lesser insurrections, and coercion acts without number. The speaker then asserted that Ireland had never been represented in the English Parliament until the last general elections, and asked what must have been the feelings of every liberal minded Englishman when the noble band of Irishmen were expelled from the House of Parliament. He, himself, knew how Irishmen had felt. He then traced the history of Michael Davitt, and sketched the condition of the class of people in which Davitt was born in Ireland, comparing it with the life of the higher classes. He asked if it was possible that God had created men with the intention that they should remain in such vastly different conditions. The British Constitution allowed such a condition of things, and therefore, he considered that the sooner that Constitution was done away with the better. He reminded his hearers that Ireland was now passing through a supreme crisis in her history, and he implored them to take counsel of one another, openly in the free air of Canada, where they had a Constitution, (cheers) and support the Land League, which was now the national movement.

Mr. William Brown rose to second the resolution. He said that when called upon to say something in defence and support of Ireland, he would prefer to say it with his pen through the Irish World, (great cheering), a paper which was the most dangerous enemy the British Government had, and one of which it was most profoundly afraid. He would read them an extract from the New York Herald (Hisses and groans), which gave the clauses in the Coercion Bill, which was now passing through Parliament. After reading the extract he said that if this was not the handing over of the liberties of an entire nation to the hands of one man he did not know what was. The warrant, a piece of paper, was sufficient evidence of crime to consign a man to a dungeon. The Lord Lieutenant's suspicion was sufficient for the purposes of the law—a suspicion of what a man had been thinking. After referring to the character of Davitt, and expressing his conviction that the people of Ireland were

going to win, for they had truth on their side, Mr. Brown sat down amid applause.

The resolution was carried.

Capt. Kirwan was received with great applause. The third resolution, which he had been called upon to propose read as follows:

That it is the opinion of this mass meeting of the citizens of Montreal, that the arrest of Michael Davitt is unjustified, and is besides a paltry and cowardly concession to the landlords of Great Britain and Ireland, and further that the immuring in an English bastille of such a pure and true Irish patriot, will have the effect of creating profound dissatisfaction in the breasts of his countrymen.

He stated that he was the son of an Irish landlord, but not one of his family had been shot at or boycotted. Instead of being against his people and with his class, he was with his people and against their foes. He would be, as he had always been, an Irishman above all. The landlord system was a false one, and the Land League had sounded its death knell. He quoted Froude for an authority that the land system was iniquitous, and asked if any sane man would believe that \$30,000,000 a year could be drawn from a poor country like Ireland without crushing that country. People who objected to a land reform in Ireland similar to that in Canada, France, Belgium, and other countries said that there was an absolute possession of property, and they were not Communists desiring to deprive owners of their estates. Others urged emigration, but emigration from Ireland had been going on for 50 years and yet the country was not better off. Did they want the entire population to leave? He wished to say a word with regard to absenteeism. A case in point had come under his own notice in the County of Galway, where a Scotchman named Pollock had purchased an estate, and when, in a few years, in consequence of absenteeism, a prosperous district was converted into a desolate country, where the only living things to be seen were cattle. The Irish had been called a nation of agitators, and well they may, for when one question was settled they would come at the British Government with another, until the Irish laws were made by Irishmen. (Cheers.) The speaker alluded to the profound ignorance evinced by Englishmen of Irish questions, but asserted that there was a class of men growing up in England who were disposed to enquire into Irish matters, and to deal out a measure of justice. The electric telegraph had benefited Ireland to a great extent, for it flashed news of England's injustice all over the world, and in the eyes of the world England stood condemned. It was no great love for Ireland which induced England to grant a modicum of justice, but shame of her exposed condition. If England could coerce Ireland in secret she would do so, and lead the people into rebellion as she had done in 1798. Captain Kirwan aroused the feelings of his audience to a high degree by asking if there were not many in the hall who had not witnessed the razing of a hut, the work of a crowbar brigade, or the extermination of a family from the land, and closed with the assurance that the efforts of the Land League would succeed, and that the British Constitution, which never actually existed in Ireland, would be replaced by a Constitution framed by Irishmen, and when Ireland, no matter by what means it would be accomplished, would be a free nation once again. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. L. Guerin was called upon to second the resolution. He sketched Davitt's early history, and told the story of his parents' emigration from Ireland to America. He reminded his hearers that Davitt was the sole support of a widowed mother, and, therefore, the material assistance of the Irish people were necessary that the poor prisoner might not have to endure the additional anguish of fearing that his bereaved parent would suffer from want. Mr. Guerin then proceeded, in a somewhat humorous strain, to urge the claim that nearly all of Ireland's great patriots had been lawyers, and said that if Parnell was not a lawyer it was his great misfortune, for a knowledge of the law would have aided him in his obstructionist tactics in the House of Commons, by teaching him to prolong a case for the benefit of his client. He closed with an appeal for assistance for Davitt.

Mr. C. J. Doherty moved the next resolution. It was as follows:—

Resolved, That the action of the Imperial Government in introducing the Coercion Bill, now before the House of Commons, is a gross and disapproved; that as freemen, not less than as Irishmen, we protest against it, as an endeavor to pervert the Parliament established to protect the liberties of the people into an instrument in the hands of the Government to close the mouths of those whom the people have chosen to speak their will.

In speaking to the resolution Mr. Doherty alluded to the delusive hopes held out and accepted by the Irish people, that when a Liberal Government came into power great things would be granted to Ireland, and which, of course, had never been fulfilled. Instead of last reform all the ponderous machinery of the British Government had been set in motion to produce a Coercion bill. He referred to the expulsion of the Irish members from the House where they had the best right to sit, as the people of their country had decreed they should sit there. The Liberal Government of England had been afraid of one man—Davitt—and consigned him to a prison. It had freed him at its own good pleasure, and at its own good pleasure it had again deprived him of liberty, and when asked for a reason had none to give. This Liberal Government desired that the Irish people should swallow the pill of coercion in the hope of sometime afterwards being offered the sugar of land reform, knowing that behind it sat the House of Lords ready to pass the Coercion bill, and as ready to put out the Land bill. The speaker closed his address by a reference to the position of Michael Davitt, whom he had forgotten to pity in the fullness of his admiration for his character. Their pity was rather due to Gladstone—and his very Liberal Government—who had made the greatest mistake of his life in sacrificing principle for expediency.

The resolution was carried with great enthusiasm.

Mr. J. P. Whelan was called upon to second the resolution, and upon rising was received with cheers. He said that such much ground had been covered by the previous speakers that there was little left for him to say. He would state, however, that England had shown down the gauntlet, which Ireland was willing to pick up. The Irish people would meet the issue, whatever it was, manfully; and if they were not then quite ready to engage in the struggle they could wait as patiently as possible, but not allow the first opportunity to escape them. Mr. Guerin had very properly referred to the need of advancing material support to Davitt, who, since his incarceration, had been deprived of the power of supporting his mother, and he (Mr. Whelan) could not better close his address than by starting a fund with a donation of \$50. (Cheers and applause.)

The Chairman's announcement that similar indignation meetings were being held simultaneously in Quebec, Three Rivers and Toronto, was received with enthusiastic applause.

After three hearty cheers for Ireland, Davitt and Parnell, the assemblage dispersed.

The following cablegram was sent to the Dublin Freeman's Journal last night, by the Secretary of the Montreal Branch of the Land League:—

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Montreal this evening to protest against the arrest of Michael Davitt, the expulsion of the Irish members from the British House of Commons, and the introduction of a Coercion Bill and the closure. The Irish of Montreal are indignant at the treatment their country receives at the hands of the British.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN

If my good fortune does not leave me I shall one of these fine days be signing myself Baron O'Regan. Since the attempt of the Fenians to assassinate me (never mind Bence Jones) I am in favor of Court. I have been introduced to the Queen. If you met Her Majesty on the road to London from the country you would take her for the wife of a respectable farmer. She is certainly not the kind of person Lord Byron would have fallen in love with, if he was sincere when he said, "I hate a dumpy woman." But, then, what after all are face and figure; it is the blood that tells. Blood is everything, and Her Majesty is descended from a hundred kings. I am also descended from kings, but not from so many. Oliver Cromwell disposed of the last of them in the royal line. I dined with Prince Teck last week, and after dinner, while cutting up a pipel of oil (his Highness smoked like any other man), he cut himself and lost quite a number of drops of blood. I have never seen such resolution displayed, such fortitude in danger, for while we were all standing here and there looking for a cubew to stop the blood his Royal Highness (though a little pale) was as composed as if sleeping in his bed—almost.

"My dear O'Regan," said he "what after all is death? A few years and the greatest of us must go never to return."

"Your Royal Highness possesses wonderful nerve. But do you suppose Kings and Princes will fare no better in the other world than ordinary people?"

"That is a false and seditious doctrine. Do you imagine then that the Supreme Ruler is a social democrat?"

"No, Your Royal Highness, but I have heard Radicals talk in such a curious way, and then the prayer books—"

"Bosh man, there must be an aristocracy everywhere, and I would not live in a place where there was not. Let us change the subject. Will your Royal Highness permit me to take away the drops of blood that fell from your Royal finger; the possession of it would make me feel that I had a treasure."

"By all means, Sir Myles; you are a loyal man and I won't forget it."

When I went home, Mr. Editor, I picked my finger, and having obtained a few drops of blood, I compared them with that of Prince Teck, and would you believe it, mine was a real ruler. I next killed a mouse and I confess to you, I could hardly distinguish its blood from that of Prince Teck. You have often heard the expression "He has not the courage of a mouse."

So you see, Mr. Editor, I am on the road to fortune at last, and I hope the jade will stick close to my skirts. I once was acquainted with two farmers in Ireland. They were brothers. One was successful in everything he undertook, while the other was unfortunate. When the smut did not destroy his wheat, or the black rot did not damage his potatoes, his cows gave no milk, or if they did, the butter was stolen by the fairies. Fact, I assure you. The landlords had never anything to do with his troubles; landlords never have, and are altogether a sentimental grievance. One evening, Mick—the unfortunate man—was going home with spade on shoulder, after a hard day's work, when he saw something at his elbow, half-man and half-phantom.

"Who are you?" said Mick.

"I am bad luck."

"Have you been long in my company sir?" said Mick.

"Since your birth, and I intend following you until death do us part."

Mick was not devoid of nerve and seeing a hole in the side of the road he seized Bad Luck by the collar and tumbled him into the ditch, and then before Bad Luck could gain his breath covered him up so completely that he was actually buried. He went home and found that his wife had found a crock of gold five minutes before. Next day four of his cows calved; the week after the owner of the estate broke his neck and his son reduced the rents, and in fact Mick grew more and more prosperous. It was then that his brother Jack paid him a visit for the first time in seven years.

"Well Mick," said he, "I am glad to see you getting along. It is truly wonderful. How do you account for the change in your fortune?"

"Oh, easily enough, I buried Bad Luck."

"Yes, and where?"

"In the cross road beyond. I put a heap of stones on top of him, so that he'll never be able to come out of the hole."

Jack departed, bursting with envy at his brother's prosperity. He waited till night came on, and accompanied by his wife, he went to the grave of Bad Luck, took off the stones and earth, and let him out of his grave.

"Now," said Jack, "I've done you a good turn, and all I require of you in turn is to continue following my brother Mick."

"No, no," cried Mick, "with energy, 'as you are so fond of me I'll stick to you through life.' And so he did until he drove Jack and his wife into the poor house."

Through the kindness of my patron, Prince Teck, I have been appointed an honorary member of the Privy Council. I have no vote in the big gun. Heavens, how the members do abuse Ireland, and wish it fifty fathoms under the sea. They call the Irish all manner of names, and sometimes even I feel my blood boiling in my veins at the language they use. But this is when my feelings are not under control. The following little scene will give you a faint idea of the proceedings:—

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON—Wouldn't it be a good plan to let them have one great meeting and then charge it with cavalry and tear it with artillery. It would create a wholesome impression?

GLADSTONE—It would be a splendid idea if it were not for the public opinion of the world. And then the Irish in America would have revenge.

GRANTVILLE—Oh for the grand old times of Cromwell when newspapers and telegraph wires did not exist.

BRIGHT—Do you know that I have a presentiment that Ireland will ruin the Empire yet. I dreamed last night that I saw a red cloud and a green cloud fighting and the red one ran away like a frightened deer.

ARVILE (with a sneer)—Indeed, but who

ever saw a green cloud. If my advice were taken long ago Parnell and the leaders would have hanged, and Ireland would be now in profound repose. As for me, if a sweeping land measure is passed I'll join the Tories.

KENMARE—Though I'm an Irishman myself I must say the Irish are knaves, traitors and idiots. What I'm afraid of is they'll murder all the landlords if the Coercion bill is passed.

HARCOURT—Let us drown the island in blood, as Providence will not listen to our prayers, and submerge it in the waters. What does Sir Myles O'Regan say?

"My lords and gentlemen," said I, rising with calm dignity, "my advice is to hang all the males between 18 and 50 and imprison all the females. If what's left show signs of fight I would bring 100,000 niggers from the East Indies and place them on the farms. They are a docile race and will cotton to the landlords. If you don't think this plan practicable a thousand tons of dynamite."

Source was the last word out of my mouth when a tremendous report was heard, the building shook and—

Dear Mr. Editor, I can write no more at present.

MYLES O'REGAN, BART.

London, Feb. 1st, 1871.

## LAND LEAGUE FUND.

TRUE WITNESS Donation	50 00
A. Wexford Quebec	25 00
E. L. McGillivray	5 00
Mr. McGillivray	5 00
A. Hater of Despotism Tyranny (Merrie-ville)	5 00
Thomas Nolan, Dundas, Ont.	2 00
A. Wexford Ont.	1 00
John Flynn, Ebel, Ont.	50
Parish of St. Edward, Q. per Rev. J. E. Maguire	30 00
A. Friend	10 00
Patrick Dully, Southport, P.E.I.	2 00
L. O'Keefe, Danville, Que.	1 00
M. O'Keefe, Danville, Que.	1 00
J. O'Connell, Danville, Que.	0 00
P. King, Danville, Que.	1 00
"Lachlan"	1 00
Rev. E. H. Murray, Colborne, Ont.	5 00
John F. McGowan, St. Aulick, Que.	1 50
J. J. Doherty, Secord	5 00
For Michael McGee, Cornwall	50 00
John McGrath, Lachine	4 00
Mr. Graham	2 00
Michael Healy, Cornwall, Que.	5 00
Michael Gilroy, Rouss Point	2 00
St. Anne's Q.	25 00
H. McKee, Kemptville, Ont.	5 00
John O'Neil, St. Mary's	20 00
Yale, B. C.	12 00
John Trainor, Johnston's River, P.E.I.	1 00
Patrick Trainor	1 00
Kensington, Haron Co., Ontario	31 00
Kate Reilly	1 00
Lawrence O'Neil, Ganongville, Ont.	4 00
D. McManis, St. Catharines	25 00
Lansdowne, Ont. per Mr. J. M. Cullough	25 00
A. Friend, New Scotland	2 00
S. F. Egan, Hamilton, Ont.	1 00
J. Curran, Essex, Ont.	1 00

## TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

SEVERAL DEATHS—CANIBALISM.

The Quebec Chronicle of this morning contains an account of an appalling case of shipwreck, loss of life and cannibalism.

The Monmouth, a timber trade barque of St. John, Newfoundland, commanded by Capt. Johnson, was wrecked ten miles from Cape Anguille in a heavy gale.

The crew, 18 in number, took to the boats, and after losing two men, one of them reached the Banks of Newfoundland, where they sustained life by eating tender boughs and shoots of trees. When found there by fishermen, Captain Johnson and one of his men died.

They then searched for the other boat's crew and found a man whose flesh had been cut off with a knife, from which they inferred cannibalism. The two survivors found up to this are McGee of Liverpool and Patrick Doherty of Newfoundland.

A cough is usually the effect of Nature to expel some morbid matter irritating the passages of the lungs. If met however, proceed from an inflamed or irritable condition of the throat a slight cough or hoarse voice may be the herald of a more serious ailment. Let the cause be what it may, the remedy should be Hagerd's Pectoral Balsam. A pure vegetable balsamic throat and lung healer. For sale by all dealers in medicine, at 25 cents per bottle. G-27-2

## BREVITIES.

Navigation is open at Prescott.

A wholesale house in Toronto sold \$10,000 worth of Christmas cards.

The cost to the Crown of carrying on the Biddulph trials is \$2,355.96.

Henry Emberlin, 20 years of age, employed as a drug clerk, was found dead in his bed at Toronto on Sunday night.

The wife of H. A. Elkins, of Chicago, who a few years ago ranked among the best American painters, uses a saloon-keeper and owner of a saloon building for \$25,000 damages for selling liquor to her husband knowing he was intoxicated. Elkins wrecked his reputation, art and his fortune through dissipation, and has twice been gaoled for drunkenness.

EPHES COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Ephes has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—"JAMES EPHES & CO. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Ephes's COCOA ESSENCE for afternoon use.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of body; but as accidents may happen to all, Hagerd's Yellow Oil is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than any accident policy. Yellow Oil cures all manner of Flesh Wounds, Pains, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and is for external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it. G-27-2

The Orange Bill has been once more thrown out by the Ontario Legislature.

It is now known that the three Protestants on the jury, which tried the Traversers in Dublin, voted for acquittal.

Sergeant Snider of the Belleville (Ont.) police owed a great deal of money in small amounts, and his creditors were importunate. Duns met him at every turn. He could not dodge them, for his duty compelled him to patrol certain streets, and therefore it was easy to find him. Unable to pay his debts, he endured the torture for several months and then committed suicide.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

The American miller puts the area of the United States available for wheat at 470,000,000 acres.

The Rev. J. V. Backman of Arrington, Ill., got drunk on communion wine, whipped his wife, and broke nearly all of the paragon furniture.

A girl with diphtheria was sent from one relative to another, at Green Lake, Wis., each refusing to take her in, until she died in the wagon.

The Empress of Japan has sent the Empress of Germany a beautiful Japanese dog. The breed known as King Charles bred had Japanese ancestors.

At La Grand Trappe and at Thymadeuc, the monks have been recalled by the Prefects; in the former monastery there are about eighty monks, and in the latter seventy.

A young woman who died in miserable circumstances at Keokuk, Iowa, was married at 15 to an old man, from whom she eloped with his son, who subsequently abandoned her.

The names of towns and settlements in Arizona possess the merit of originality. Here are some of them: Tombstone, Good Enough, Tough Nut, Contention, Family Pines, and Discipline.

A wedding party was dismissed by the intended bridegroom, at Lafayette, Ind. "I understood the young lady to say yes," he explained, "but it seems that I was mistaken, and she meant to say no."

A St. Louis boy stole a horse and sleigh, and for three days drove out every afternoon. During that time the poor beast did not have a mouthful of food or water, and when rescued was almost dead with hunger and fatigue.

Accounts of great snow slides begin to come from the Rocky Mountains. On Wood River, Utah, four men were found suffocated in a cabin that had been covered twenty feet deep. In Montana a herd of two hundred was buried and killed.

A party of socialistic exiles from Germany have gone to Texas, with a view of buying land in the southwestern part of the State, and founding a community of a co-operative or communal character. They are accompanied by their families, and it is said will be joined by others from St. Louis, Chicago, and New York.

The snow in the West has been particularly damaging to the sheep men. One firm who are wintering their flocks near Copperopolis, Montana, have lost nearly half of them. They have hay, but the sheep drifted away from it during the storm, and they now find it impossible to get their sheep to the hay or the hay