

one other, I suppose," rejoined Colonel Bainbridge, laughing. "Maggie, my little cousin, have I caught you out? And who is the favored laddie? Not one of the young Apollons, I hope; for I'm left your guardian, you know, and I intend your something a great deal better than the mistress of that tumble-down old place, Horse-ap-Cleugh."

"Oh, it is no one, Cousin Thomas, indeed," replied poor Maggie, who, betwixt the desire to exonerate herself, and the fear lest Colonel Bainbridge should press the question, was scarlet with confusion and distress. "I only came out for a little walk; I often do so before breakfast."

"Never mind, Maggie!" said her companion, affecting to disbelieve her; "we won't say anything more about it; and let me tell you, as one who has had some experience in such matters, that I don't believe he would have come this morning at all, for it's a great deal colder at this time of the year, and love is scared at the idea of red noses and frost-bitten fingers. So let us go for a nice little country walk together instead; it's a long time since you and I have had a walk, Maggie. Which road shall we go; round the farm, or down by the river? You had better lead the way, for it is such an age since I was here that I seem to have forgotten all about it."

These adjured, Maggie turned silently away from the terrace, and commenced to tread a path which led through the shrubberies of Cranshaw, and across the moorland.

"Now, this is what I call jolly," said Colonel Bainbridge as he paced close to her side. "It reminds me of old days. What a splendid air this is; one seems to draw in a draught of fresh life with every breath. How I wish that Ethel were strong enough to get up and enjoy it with us."

"How is Lady Ethel this morning?" said Maggie, feeling that the allusion called for an inquiry on the subject, though she dreaded introducing it.

Colonel Bainbridge seized the occasion with alacrity, for that he might be able to talk freely of the thought uppermost in his mind had been his sole reason for desiring a companion in his walk, and his little cousin appeared a very proper person for the occasion. It was a matter of course that girls must feel interested in the sayings and doings of one another.

"Thank you, I am afraid she is not feeling very well, but it will take more than one night's rest to enable her to overcome the fatigue of yesterday. I have told her that she must not get up this morning, and she will be very particular about her appearing at prayers and Bible reading, and all that sort of thing—will she?"

"This morning, Cousin Thomas' oh no, decidedly not; he is always ready to make excuses in a case of illness, and I heard Aunt Lizette say herself, last night, that she thought Lady Ethel ought to be in bed until she felt quite recovered again."

"Oh! yes!—of course; but I didn't mean that exactly. You see, Maggie, my wife has been reared in a very different style to what you are accustomed here, and all these continual prayer-meetings and psalm-sings are quite novel to her; in fact, I'm afraid she won't be got to join them very easily. It's all very well in the country, you know, where one has lots of time, but to people who have been used to a town life, it appears perfectly absurd."

"Ah! Cousin Thomas!"

The sweet tone in which the girl beside him let fall this word, caused Colonel Bainbridge to smile. He, too, had been reared, as she had, in the midst of worship, which, if it left scope for longings after a ritual more perfect and soul-inspiring, was at all events pure, both in its direction and intent. And there had been a time also when he would have been ashamed to speak of the means by which his good old father tried to lead the minds of his household heavenwards in any terms but those of respect, and when he had half resolved with himself to give up, once and for all, the World, the Flesh and the Devil, and to make an open profession of those sentiments which his conscience whispered to him were his only ones worth holding; but he had fallen in with a woman whose feelings were utterly opposed to all religious truths, and having lavished his whole heart upon her natural beauty, forgetful of the shortcomings of her mind, his soul was relapsing into the same indolence as hers.

But the startled voice in which Maggie Henderson repeated after him the word "absurd," in a measure recalled him to himself.

"Well, not absurd, perhaps (I ought not to have said that); but very unnecessary, and can do no harm to earthly good when their hearts are not in that kind of thing; only I should not like my father to be annoyed or make a fuss about it, and neither, I am sure, would Ethel, though I have not yet mentioned the subject to her."

"He will be very much annoyed if she refuses to attend prayers, said Maggie, quietly."

"But look here!" resumed Colonel Bainbridge, who had an idea, and by no means an erroneous one, that to enlist cousin's sympathy was to gain his cause. "It can make no difference to him, you see, and surely it is better she should stay away than attend unwillingly."

"But why should Lady Ethel be unwilling?"

The question was a simple one, yet he felt puzzled how to answer it. He could not shock her by the information that his beautiful wife was callous to everything connected with religion; that if she said her prayers, or read her Bible, it was in the most fervent and unthinking manner; and that she never entered a church except to dissipate the genius by which she was invariably attacked on Sundays. And so he murmured something about not being used to family prayers, and that they had been suppressed in the High Church by mistake and oversight, and something further about ritual and intoning, and the sacrifices, on which subject he was very misty himself, but which served to convey the notion to his hearer's mind that Lady Ethel had been used to so lofty a style of worship that she would be unable to pray in the library at Cranshaw.

"Oh, I have heard of that!" exclaimed Maggie, with a kindling eye, "and I have longed—I cannot tell how much—that my lot had been cast where I might enjoy such privileges. We have many books upon the subject, written by some of the leading Churchmen of the day, and I must confess that sometimes I have been wicked enough to feel discontented that I could not read it. Oh, yes, I am a true Catholic, Cousin Thomas, and so is Aunt Letty, and Scotland will never have the power to shake our faith in the Catholic doctrine. But were we on that account to refuse to join in any worship which is not conducted on strictly Catholic principles; what would become of us? Our places have been assigned to us here, and not by ourselves, and surely God could never intend us to lose the substance which we are sighing after what may prove, to us the shadow!"

"But Ethel's place is not here—at all events not at present," urged her cousin.

"But she might die, Cousin Thomas," was the quiet answer.

"God forbid!" he ejaculated, a look of ter-

ror passing over his face; and then he added, quickly, "You have never been accustomed to these things—or you would talk differently."

"But I can imagine them," replied Maggie, with a little sigh. "How you look in your grand artillery uniform, with all your accoutrements, although I have never seen you wear it, and how proud Lady Ethel must feel to see you riding past the flagstaff on a field-day at the head of your soldiers; but she doesn't love you less, does she, when you have nothing but plain clothes on?"

"I hope not, my child," he answered, laughing. "But what are you driving at, Maggie?"

"Only that wherever we pray, we worship the same God; and though it must make one's heart glow to see His service conducted as we believe He wishes it, yet where it cannot be, where it is impossible—we have an altar, you know—He must be there, and to refuse to go would seem to me like turning our backs upon Him when he was in plain clothes, Cousin Thomas!" with a quiet smile at the homeliness of her comparison.

But Colonel Bainbridge did not smile; her words were striking deeper in his heart than she calculated on.

"But with regard to Ethel—she is very beautiful, don't you think so, Maggie?—breaking off suddenly from his subject with a lover's rapture, and waiting eagerly for her answer.

"Very beautiful!" echoed the girl, with a sharp tinge of envious pain, for which she despised herself, and did not cease the next moment by ratifying her assertion. "More beautiful than anything I have ever seen before, Cousin Thomas; I cannot find a fault in her, or in your figure!"

"No, I," he answered, glowingly; "and you've not seen her at her best, remember—for she looked so pale last night. But her eyes—her hair—the moulding of her features—I have never seen them equalled; and then to think she should be going to me, with a low, deprecating laugh—"a delicate, fragile creature like that in the possession of such a great, rough, clumsy brute as I am!" stretching out his muscular arm and large powerful hand.

"Why, it seems absurd. One of the six-foot lasses from these parts, with cheeks like nutmeg-graters and blouses like files, would have suited me better, eh, Maggie?"

"O Cousin Thomas! you would never have been contented with mere common beauty?"

"No! by Jove! not at all! I had seen her, at all events. I am so glad you like her, Maggie! (she had never said she did), because I want you to be friends with her while she is here, and make things smooth. And about these prayers, and regular meals, and all that other fussy business of Cranshaw, don't you think you could talk my father over for us?"

"No! Cousin Thomas! I am sure I could not," said Maggie, firmly. "Uncle is more particular about his rules being punctually complied with than anything else; and you must remember how he took Sir Charles Hammond to task before us, for saying he made a practice of reading family prayers to himself in bed. He never tried to evade them afterwards all the time he was staying with us. And I am sure if you were to represent to Lady Ethel that it is uncle's particular hobby, she would never wish to upset the household arrangement by refusing to appear."

"Oh! of course not—of course not," replied Colonel Bainbridge, who was nevertheless anything but sure of his fair lady's dutiful submission to the wishes of her father-in-law. "Only I should have preferred her being able to follow her own inclination in the matter. And then he launched forth upon a second edition of her beauties and virtues; keeping poor Maggie in such a torture that her morning walk proved but an ineffectual remedy for her sleepless night, and she was thankful when they once more stood together within the hall of Cranshaw.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

Nothing transpired on the subject of Lady Ethel's absence from prayers that morning, except the expression of general hope that she would be recovered by the afternoon, and towards luncheon hour the young lady, preceded by an unusual bustle, descended to the library. Maggie, who, quietly engaged upon some needlework, was sitting there at the time, thought she had never seen so much fuss made about a single person before. First appeared the German maid, Louise, with a shawl, and a cambric handkerchief, and a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, who, after gesticulating wildly in the direction of Miss Henderson and receiving no answer beyond a smile and shake of the head, wheeled Mr. Bainbridge's own arm-chair in front of the fire, placed her burdens on the table, and retreated. Then came Colonel Bainbridge, who declared the room was as cold as a cellar, and violently stirring the fire, dragged out a screen which stood against the door to its full length, and disappeared again, grumbling at the draught of modern heat, and the evils of a northern spring as he went. Maggie looked on in silent astonishment at all these arrangements, and was beginning to think that Lady Ethel must really be consumptive or have some complaint of which they had not yet been informed, when the door opened to admit her cousin, not bringing his wife on his arm, as a bridegroom might be supposed to do, but following humbly in her train, laden with a French novel and a foot-warmer, made of a stuffed fox, curled round as though he were asleep.

The bride looked still more lovely than she had done the night before, or rather, had it not been for the peevish discontented expression on her face, she would have done so. She was robed in a morning wrapper of grey cashmere, trimmed with swan's down, which stood up all round her snowy throat, and mingled with the golden tresses of her negligently arranged hair, and such a comely, though one utterly unaccustomed to, and calculated to provoke much surprise at Cranshaw, was entirely in accordance with her fair, delicate beauty.

She entered with a lip drawn down, for there had been a little discussion upstairs between her husband and herself (in which he had come off considerably worsted) respecting her future compliance with the rules of the household.

So Lady Ethel considered herself aggrieved, and Colonel Bainbridge was in greater disgrace than usual, for having presumed to express an opinion on the subject. Though, even on those early days of matrimony, unlimited as was her influence and power over him, she intuitively acknowledged the superiority of the man under whose control she had placed herself by simply disregarding his wishes, without being able to summon up courage to tell him what she thought of them.

(To be continued.)

Rheumatism, and similar diseases, caused by a low state of the system, cured by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has promised the Dissoners that he will disestablish the English Church if they enable him to settle and get rid of the Irish problem by supporting home rule.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, June 14.—The Citizen makes another effort this morning to prove that the Orange abolition amendment to Mr. Blake's Home Rule resolution was acceptable to the Nationalist papers of Ireland, copying hereunder the article of the Post, a whitewasher of ruses the local organ of the corruptionists has not been a distinguished success; its main reliance is on persistent suppression of facts damaging to its own side, and arguing on its own assumptions. Were we depending on the Citizen for information, we would still be in utter ignorance of the most important transactions and incidents in the late session. Those who conduct it must imagine they have a constituency where no daylight enters save what they permit, or they would not go on from day to day publishing statements directly at variance with the substance of the proceedings. The object of the Citizen in thus returning to this familiar subject is evidently to lift some measure of the odium that attaches to its party for its course in relation to Home Rule. By continual falsification of the record the organ hopes, no doubt, to mislead or, at all events, create a doubt as to the genuineness of the interests which have placed its editor in a respectable position in the eyes of the Irish people. A consecutive review of those events will show how flimsy are the grounds on which it claims credit to its party for its conduct.

1. A deputation of the St. Patrick's Literary and Benevolent association of Ottawa called upon Mr. Costigan and requested him to introduce their resolutions in Parliament supporting Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill.

2. Mr. Costigan refused to take action as requested.

3. On May 4th, 1886, after Mr. Costigan had refused to move, Mr. Blake moved a resolution in Parliament an address to the Queen, "halling with joy the submission by Her Majesty's Government to the Parliament of the United Kingdom of a measure recognizing the principle of local self-government for Ireland."

4. To Mr. Blake's resolution Mr. Costigan moved an amendment that "this House does not deem it expedient again to address Her Majesty on the subject, but earnestly hopes that such a measure of reform may be adopted by the Imperial Parliament as will while preserving the integrity of the Empire, and the rights and status of the minority, be satisfactory to the people of Ireland, and permanently remove the discontent so long unappreciated in that country."

5. In amendment to Mr. Costigan's amendment, Mr. McMillen (Opposition) moved to add to the following: "And that this House is confirmed and strengthened by the events which have occurred since the passage of the Home Rule resolutions in 1882, in its convictions that the true interests of both Ireland and the rest of the empire will be served in the highest degree by the granting of Home Rule to Ireland."

6. During the debate Mr. O'Brien, an Orange-Tory member, made a speech against Home Rule, and wound up by saying:—"I shall vote for the amendment of Mr. Costigan simply on the ground that it is just the one of all the three that I think is likely to have the least effect."

7. Also during the debate Mr. Wallace, of York, and Mr. Wallace, of Toronto, declared that the House would not support Mr. Blake's resolution, because it would be a violation of the principle of Mr. Gladstone's bill giving the principle of Home Rule to Ireland.

8. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Costigan said: "If the day should come that it appears to the people most interested in this question that the amendment has been voted down in favor of Mr. Costigan's, which did not declare in favor of Home Rule in any form."

9. Mr. McMillen's amendment was defeated on a strict party vote: 118 Tory nays to 60 Liberal yeas.

10. Mr. Costigan's amendment was carried on a party vote: 108 Liberal yeas to 60 Tory nays and one Tory nay (White, of Hastings, who opposed Home Rule in any shape).

11. Reuter's agent cabled to England a synopsis of Costigan's amendment, which was seized up by the Tory press of England and Ireland as condemnatory of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

12. In order to break the effect of this amendment the Nationalist newspapers accepted Mr. Costigan's amendment as "a watered down motion" of Mr. Blake's resolution. Their desire was to show the people that the Dominion Parliament had not wholly condemned the principle of Home Rule. This was necessary, because the emphatic endorsement of Mr. Gladstone's bill by the Blake resolutions and the McMillen amendment had been voted down in favor of Mr. Costigan's, which did not declare in favor of Home Rule in any form.

13. The Tory majority still further destroyed the effect intended by Mr. Blake by voting down a proposition to send the resolution to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, and finally decided to send it to Sir C. Tupper for distribution among the members of the British Parliament.

The above is a chronological, historical, taken from the official report, absolutely true account of the whole affair. Not one point or word in it can be successfully challenged. If Mr. Costigan has to bend his head before the storm, which his miserable desertion of the Irish cause has brought upon him, he must not hope to ally himself with the Orange-Tory friends of the Citizen. His amendment to Mr. Blake's brave, unequivocal resolution was accepted by his Orange-Tory friends "because," as Mr. O'Brien said, "it was just the one likely to have the least effect." It was just the one that the rights and status of the (Orange) minority in Ireland, and they mentioned it in the Orange-Tory press as well as ceaselessly trying to throw dust in the eyes of the Irish people. There is Blake's emphatic Home Rule resolution. There is Costigan's dirty abortion of an amendment. There are the declarations of the Orange-Tories who voted for Costigan's amendment. There is the division list, showing how they voted, and they mention it in the Orange-Tory press, pronounced by himself upon himself, and now being executed. One should think that after the very full exposition of these facts that the organs of the Orange-Tory combination would not attempt to falsify them. Are they ashamed of the record? Or are they ashamed of the fact that the Orange-Tory press, which they are so proud to be associated with, is so utterly untrue in its representation of the facts that the sections could select their own representatives a great difficulty would be obviated. But while we have ministries and parliamentary majorities who pass electoral acts with a sole view of endowing their own party with preponderance anything like

Franchise Act will be worse, for it aims at a deadly blow to the independence of the bench by reducing the judges through out Ontario, to creatures dependent on ministers for promotion for party service. Worse than all, it debases and corrupts the electorate with a form of oath by which perjury is made easy and respectable. These acts are a part of the intention and operation designed to punish with dishonourment all who are opposed to the Government. An accidental majority in Parliament has thus used its power to stifle the expression of popular opinion. We might despair of representative institutions were so great a crime against liberty and the commonwealth to evade its natural punishment. Deeper knowledge and firmer faith in the power that makes for righteousness, however, leads us to look to results with confident calmness. As the physical and moral nature of men are deteriorated by vicious exercises, so political parties work their own ruin by unjust legislation and the corruption which follows.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF PRINCIPLES.

In the management of affairs of state. This is abundantly proved by the past conduct and present condition of the Tory party. Sir John Macdonald has selected his cabinet avowedly on the plan of giving representation to the leading sections of the people. But the leading sections who were selected were not the people interested who made the selection. It was all in all. He might have made it workable in a popular sense had he chosen the most competent, most trusted, most really representative men. But he seems to have chosen those most useful or pliant to himself, as if he thought that so long as he took a person here and there from each section all other considerations should be satisfied and give him a grateful, cordial, blind support. Instead of that, we find that he has merely created a demagogue which forms a circle around each of his ministers, and in the name of the sections to which they profess to belong, demand, and as a rule, receive, the patronage and support of each section pulling obediently in the Tory harness. Under conditions like these, revolt and disruption are inevitable. Such is now the fact. Observe, further, that having selected weak, impetuous, corrupt men, nominally as cabinet representatives of influential classes, but really as ministerial tools to perform his will, Sir John Macdonald gratified his ambition for supremacy while he was contented with the reality which he pretended. False to each in turn and at all times, implicating them irretrievably in his intrigues, he has left them no choice but to ally themselves or destruction. Like the drunken sailor clinging to a lamp post they must hang on and delude themselves, or let go and be smothered in the fifth of King's College. Thus come the results of Sir John's method of selecting his colleagues and their management. And what are these results? They are that in every instance cabinet ministers are out of harmony with, or in open antagonism to, the classes which they claim to represent. This we have

Langens, Caron, Chappain, claiming to represent the French Canadian, while public meetings, wherever held in French Canadian constituencies, repudiate their leadership and denounce them as traitors.

We also have Cosigan, claiming to represent the Irish Catholics, while Irish Catholics everywhere treat his pretensions with contempt and bestow their warmest thanks on the Irish Protestants who have repudiated him.

We also have Foster claiming to represent the temperance people, but the temperance element is against him in every Province for his vote against the Scott act last session.

We also have McLellan and Thompson claiming to represent Nova Scotians while the most popular city in Nova Scotia to-day in session is the French Canadian city of Halifax, and the members of the Government are all French Canadian, while Orange men over the country are cursing them both, Sir John for having written and Boveil for not repudiating the following letter:—

Letter from Sir John Macdonald to the Roman Catholic

TORONTO, June 5th, 1886. (Private and confidential.)

MY DEAR LORD.—Mr. O'Donoghue will tell you of the temper that has been raised here in Toronto on account of the proposed amendment to the Home Rule Bill. It is a matter of course that I should be anxious to see the Irish Catholics in the Cabinet, while O'D. will get along in the Senate.

IT IS TO MAKE WAY FOR O'DONOGHUE IN THE MINISTRY WHEN THEY THINK THE TIME IS OPPORTUNE. I have no objection to O'D. being in the Cabinet, and desire that I should explain to your friends the nature of their arrangement, which of course, I have no objection to publish.

Believe me, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

(Signed, "JOHN A. MACDONALD.")

Here I would remark, par parenthese, that if there is any Orange-Tory neighbor or acquaintance, he ought to show him this letter. The Orange-Tory press has not published it, though frequently challenged to do so, for fear its Orange subscribers should find out how Sir John Macdonald sold them to the "bloody Papists."

All who have watched the publication of these letters will be surprised to find that the Irish in Canada have done well, and have failed to observe that the constant exposures made of Tory debauchery and corruption have about them that element of the grotesquely ludicrous which often accompanies the most tragic events. Content a mere abstract accusation and distortion of representative institutions, and responsible government be conceived than what we possess in this Dominion? Impossible.

Once upon a time all the creatures of the animal kingdom were called upon to send delegates to a grand parliament to discuss the formation of a better system of government than that of the animal destruction and the survival of the fittest. At the appointed time a large assembly got together. But when the roll was called it was found that only those notorious for denouncing their weaker neighbors were present. Still it was declared by a unanimous vote that the meeting was thoroughly representative. The lion decried the things of the other order, and the deer were his best friends. The owl said that to the mice he owed his ability to be present, the hawk said the same of the doves, and so it was found that all animals and birds were represented. Then they began to make laws and were arranging everything in their own order, when a number of hunters came along, surrounded the assembled delegates and shot them all down.

MORAL.—When the general election takes place.

OTTAWA, June 16.—Mr. J. L. P. O'Hanly has a letter in the Citizen this morning, which had been refused insertion in the Free Press. It is written in the tone of a personal disclaimer, and contains a personal disclaimer against the course made by the Free Press that he had used the votes of his countrymen for his own selfish purposes. Those who know Mr. O'Hanly and the incidents of his political life will not deny his claims to consideration as a consistent Irishman. He must not expect, however, to escape misrepresentation and open criticism. Like every other man, he has his business interests to look after and we all know that when business interests are largely dependent on

when he would be seen dropping a tear over another tombstone inscribed

"HIS JACET JOHN COSTIGAN."

Remembering how he committed himself, not irreparably I hope to the service of one unhappy ally with the enemies of his country, can we imagine how sharp must have been the pang he felt when he penned the closing sentences of his letter:—"For those misguided Protestant Irishmen, who never breathed the pure air of freedom whose poignards are raised, alas! in horrible and sacrilegious matricide, I have not one word of censure, not one word of reproach, but heartfelt sorrow and fervent prayer—God forgive them for they knew not what they do." But for those traitorous Catholic Irishmen, who are stabbing their prostrate, bleeding mother, I have another and different benediction—may their sins against Ireland never be blotted out, but for aye rise up in judgment against them in the earnest prayer of J. L. P. O'Hanly.

After that the monument is ready. All that remains to be done is to place it in position. This is

A PAINFUL SUBJECT;

but it is one on which much must be said before it is finally disposed of. It is no satisfaction to Irishmen opposed to the Government to see Mr. Costigan occupying his present unfortunate position. Infinitely would they prefer having him in his old place in their confidence and esteem. For the sake of the cause which they hold dearer than life, for the sake of unity so necessary to the success of that cause, for his own sake, they would gladly be able to praise and uphold where they can now only condemn and oppose him. Irishmen cannot forget, when they look at the Tories in the three Kingdoms and in Canada, that—

"On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the basest and guilt."

A MEETING

is to be held here shortly of all those, irrespective of creed or party, who are favorable to Home Rule with a view to raise funds to assist the friends of Ireland in the coming electoral struggle in Great Britain. The idea is a good one, and should have the active enthusiasm of a large section of our people. Sympathy and words of encouragement are good, but money is needed to fight the united Tory, Whig, Orange and recent Radical forces now arrayed in opposition to the regeneration of Ireland. It would be a good thing were other communities to hold meetings also and obtain a practical, tangible proof of the earnestness of the Irish in Canada, for the success of Mr. Gladstone in his magnificent effort to do justice to the Old Land. In a contest like this the humbust can do something. It is the only way in which we can throw our weight in the scale or take part in the struggle.

A GOOD ROUND CONTRIBUTION

from the people of Canada would speak louder than all the resolutions and speeches that could be adopted or made. It would be a convincing proof that there are others in this country besides Minister of Customs Boveil and his Orangemen who are capable and willing to supply "men and means" to take part in the struggle for Irish freedom. Here I would remark that I have a brass half- penny, coined by John H., which I am willing to trade, and I don't mind throwing in a pair of wooden shoes, against Dowell's brains, Orange "loyalty," Sir John Macdonald's word of honor, P. Baskerville's grammar, or anything else that is worth nothing, that the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America, including all present and past grand sovereigns of the universe, will send a man to fight against Ireland nor enough money to give my boy a half-penny to make it a presentable medal for presentation to Ballykilkee Johnson after he has kicked the Queen's Crown into the Boyne. Anyone who likes to take up the bet can do so through the editor of the Ottawa Citizen who, I have no doubt, will be glad to hold the stakes. The Orangemen heretofore are great fellows to talk. To them to them one would think their blood and money no objects, but when it comes to working and paying there is a very small muster and no money. A few years ago they made a grand splurge and built a hall. They borrowed the money to buy the ground and put up the building from Senator Clemon. But they never paid a cent of interest or principal, and the lender had to foreclose the mortgage, take possession. The building is now used for fisheries exhibit and a saved army barracks.

QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

It is now evident that the Federal Government intend to exert every possible influence within their reach to carry the local elections in Quebec province. Recently several civil servants and known as useful political tonthers have been given leave of absence and sent on missions to various parts of the province. They should be looked after and, when found, taken care of. Everything goes to confirm the impression that the Dominion elections will take place at the same time as the Quebec elections. It is life or death for both, and they apparently have agreed to sink or swim together. Sink it certainly will be if the people are true to themselves.

A GROWING EVIL.

Scrofula, or king's evil, as an enlargement of the glands of the neck is termed, may be called a growing evil in more than one sense. Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Bertride, was cured of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagar's Yellow Oil.

Among the wonderful products of art in the French Crystal Palace was shown a lock which admitted of 3,647,385 combinations. Heuret passed 120 nights in locking it; Flouret was four months in unlocking it; afterward they could neither shut nor open it.

HIGH PRAISE.

Mrs. John Neelds, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says: "I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balm in our family for years. For heavy colds, sore throats and distressing coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

Companies that insure against loss by windstorms are fast being organized in the West. One of them has this advertisement in a Kansas City newspaper: "The black monster of the air has already appeared in 1886. Take out a tornado policy in the Pioneer Cyclone and Windstorm Company."

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Harry Ricardo, of Meaford, Ont., testifies that he suffered from rheumatic gout and chronic trouble of the stomach and liver, which Burdock Blood Bitters effectually cured, after all other tried remedies had failed.

In the Surrogate's Court, in Brooklyn, Monday, a lady testified in the Stassel will case, that Stassel was undoubtedly sane. "How do you know?" asked the lawyer. "On what do you base your judgment?" "Oh, I'm an expert," she said. "My father was struck in the head by a stone which fell from a church, and was insane for years."

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

It is difficult to get a drink in Minneapolis on Sunday, but a shrewd fellow got one the other evening. He went into a drug store with a big bug in his hand, asked the clerk what it was, went into raptures over the rare specimen he had found, and bought 10 cents' worth of alcohol to preserve it in. Then he went out and had his drink.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS AND GRATITUDE.

Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farm-house. Overwork brought on sick headache followed by a deathly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and thrust me in every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not set, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel's Syrup, which I took at once, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June 3rd, 1882, and continued to August 15th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon the cough and shortness of breath ceased, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, wherever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine to six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cures me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and many more people are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't take the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a bad cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding districts to whom her mother had not applied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang, which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup."

MARIA HAAS

The people of Canada speak confirming the above.

RICHMOND CORNERS, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you the good you Seigel's Syrup has done me.

I thought at one time I would be better dead than alive, but had the luck to find one of your pamphlets and after reading it concluded to try your remedy. I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I bought another. I feel like a new man. I have taken altogether 5 bottles.

Everybody here speaks well of it.

JOSEPH WARD

RICHMOND CORNERS, N.B., Oct. 16, 1885.

A. J. WHITE, Limited.

My dear Sir,—I have been suffering with rheumatism and neuralgia in particular (where the cure of Dyspepsia seemed almost a miracle) was greatly benefited by your medicine.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. MORRISON.

STEVENSVILLE, WRELAND CO., ONT., Feb. 17, 1884.

A. J. WHITE, Limited.

Commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family a short time since. I was then afflicted with a sick headache, weak stomach, pain in my left side, often attended with a cough, but I am now fast gaining my health; my neighbors are also astonished at the results of your medicine.

Yours, etc.,

MANABRIE E. DEAM.

A. J. WHITE, Limited.

FREDRICKTON, N.B.

Dear Sir,—Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it.

Yours truly

PATRICK McLOSKY.

THOUT LAKE, ONT., May 12, 1885.

A. J. WHITE, Limited.

My dear Sir,—Your medicine is just what is needed here for disordered liver. When I was in London the doctors there said I was a "gone man," and advised me to travel. I tried your medicine, and Seigel's Syrup, which cured me entirely by continued use, which proved that sometimes the best of skill is not always the only hope.

Yours truly,

W. J. HERRINGTON, Evangelist.

ALBERT BRIDON, N.S., May 16, 1885.

A. J. WHITE, Limited.

My dear Sir,—I am now using Seigel's Syrup for Dyspepsia, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for that complaint. It is a priceless boon to any one afflicted with indigestion.

Yours truly

WM. BURKE.

SOUTH BAY, ONT., Dec. 7, 1885.

Sir,—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Seigel's Syrup. I was afflicted with a sore throat and a cough, and I suffered ten or twelve years with indigestion and constipation of the bowels, vomiting food and bile from the stomach, which caused great pain. I tried several good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief.

I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being, so you can easily see that I was discouraged, and I was about to give up when I commenced to take your Seigel's Syrup and pill.

I started with your medicine about one year ago and have taken in all about 2 dozen bottles, it did take some little time to stop the vomiting, but I can say that my little health is greatly improved.

I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from stomach complaints, and I will give you the names of several others if you wish.

You may print this if you wish, it may be the means of helping some other sufferer.

Lewis WALKER

South Bay, Ontario.

Proprietors: A. J. White (Limited), 17 Farlington Road, London, Eng. Branch office: 67 St. James street, Montreal.

For sale by every druggist in Montreal.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BATTERY Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send the Celebrated VOLTAIC BATTERY and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

Sir Robert Peel, member of Parliament for Blackburn, hitherto a leading Tory, will be a Gladstonian candidate for Parliament in the coming election. He will probably contest Bury against Sir Henry James.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dy's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by ad dressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.