LE CARON.

BY WILLIAM STOKES. Where'er the crimson current thrills the daunt less Celtic heart, Where'er the scorn of British rule from Irish

glances dart. That blood revolts in proud disdain, those eyes grew fierce and wary, At mention of the perfidy of Corydon and

And now another gory wretch has sunk his gleaming fangs
On struggling Erin's throat and there in raven

Le Caron bears his perjured soul while mankind shrinks aghast,
As though it felt from Hades' gates the hot sulphureous blast.

Iscariot-Arnold, get the gone ! no more thy blighted name Shall men in withering scorn apply to villainy

For e'en as Lucifer beyond the fallen host is Of darkest human infamy Le Caron stands con-

In language unctuous, calm and clear, the nightmare he reveals, And on ! the deep, demoniac joy his lizard

At broken oaths, at honor scoffed, at trusting men betrayed,
And hog like revels in the filth that he himself has made.

With serpent wiles he wriggled in the patriots He hatched the plot, he urged the deed, with

specious words and strong, He laid the mine, he lit the match, then flew the foe to tell. Like Satan's self he urged the sin, then dragged

them down to hell!

O, baseness inconceivable ! O, libel on thy kind ! Than be as then I would be stricken deal, dumb and blind !

To eat, drink, laugh and live among the men whose blood you sold Full twenty years! For what? O, human nature blush!—for gold!

Shall Allen, Larkin and O'Brien mount the gallows tree,
And earth, in shrinking horror, bear the weight
of such as thee? Shall Emmet, Tone, Fitzgerald die a "traitor's

death, forscoth, And thou live on? Forbid 1t, heaven, humanity and truth! Britannia ! rich and powerful, thy guile the

But were the powers of darkness banded in thy cause as well, Thine efforts all were futile, thy might of no

To shield that gory traitor from the yengeance of the Gael !

LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.)

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Up to this time she had been quiet and passive, bearing her fate with a sore of dumb resignation; but now a spirit of vengeauce, fiercer and more terrible than his own, began to kludle within her; and kneeling down before the ghastly thing, she breathed a wisha prayer—to the avenging Jehovah, so unut terably horrible, that even her husband had to fly with curdling blood from the room. That dreadful prayer was heard-that wish fulfilled in me; but long before I looked on the light of day that frantic woman had repented of the awful deed she had done. Repentance came too late; the sin of the father was visited on the child, and on the mother. too, for the moment her eyes fell upon me, she became a raving maniac, and died before

the first day of my life was ended.
"Narse and physician flad at the sight of me; but my father, though thrilling with horror, bore the shock, and bowed to the retributive justice of the angry Daity she had invoked. His whole life, his whole nature, changed from that hour; and kneeling beside de alterwards told me. he vowed before high Heaven to cherish and love me, even as though I had not been the ghastly creature I was. The physician he bound by a terrible oath to silence; the nurse he forced back, and, in spite of her disguet and abhorrence, compelled her to nurse and care for me. The dead was buried out of sight : and we had rooms in a distant part of the house, which no one ever entered but my father and the nurse. Though set apart from my birth as something accuracd, I had the intellect and capacity of-yes, far greater intellect and capacity than most children: and, as years passed by, my father, true to his vow, became himself my tutor and companion. He did not love me-that was an ntter impossibility; but time so blunts the edge of all things, that even the nurse became reconciled to me, and my father could scarcely do less than a stranger. So I was cared for, and instructed, and educated; and. known not what a monstresity I was, I loved them both ardently, and lived on happily enough, in my splendid prison for my first ten years in this world.

"Then came a change. My nurse died: and it became clear that I must quit my solitary life and see the sort of world I lived in. So my father, seeing all this, sat down in the twilight one night beside me, and told me the story of my own hideousness. I was but a child then, and it is many and many years ago; but this gray summer morning, I feel what I felt then, as vividly as I did at the time. I had not learned the great lesson of His then-endurance; I have scarcely learned it yet, or I should bear life's burden longer; but that first night's despair has darkened my whole atter-life. For weeks I would not listen to my father's proposal to hide what would seed all the world from me in loathing behind a mask; but I came to my senses at last, and from that day to the present-more days than either you or I would care to count it has not been one hour altogether off my

41 I was the wonder and talk of Paris when I did appear; and most of the surmises were wild and wide of the mark:—some even going proximity to the plague-pit, was rather lmso far as to asy it was allowing to my wonder ful unheard-of beauty that I was thus mysteriously concealed from view. I had a soft and, his consternation was beyond all bounds. voice, and a tolerable shape; and upon this, Sir Norman, in his horrified flight, would presume, they founded the affi mation. But have fairly passed him unnoticed, had not my father and I kept our own council, and George arrested him by a loud shout. let them say what they listed. I had never been named, as other children are; but they essied me La Masque now. I had masters tranted face; "but, it seems to me, you are and professors without end, and studied astronomy and astrology, and the mystic lore a low me to say, unless we hurry we will of the old Egyptians, and became noted as a sourcely reach the count by sunrise. prodigy and a wonder, and a miracle of learn-

ing, far and near.
"The arts used to discover the mystery and make me unmask were innumerable and almost incredible; but I b. fied them all, and began, after a time, rather to enjoy the sensation I created than otherwise.

Tuere was one, in particular, possessed of even more devouring curiosity than the rest, a certain young countess of miraculous beauty, whom I need not describe, since you have her very image in Leoline. The Marquis de Montmorazoi, of a somewhat inflammable nature, loved her almost as much as he had done my mother, and she accepted him, and they were married. She may have loved

្រាស់ ស្រាស់ ប្រជាជាក្រុម

discover the secret of La Marque than from any other cause. I loved my beautiful new mother too well to let her find it out ; although from the day she entered our house as a bride, until that on which she lay on her deathbed, her whole aim, day and night, was its discovery. There seemed to be a fatality about my father's wives ; for the beautiful Honorine lived scarcely longer than her predecessor, and she died, leaving three children—all born at one time-you know them well, and one of them you love. To my care she intrusted them on her deathbed, and she could have scarcely intrusted them to worse; for, though I liked her, I most decidedly disliked them. They were lovely children-their lovely mother's image; and they were named Hubert, Leoline, and Honorine, or, as you knew her, Miranda. Even my father did not seem to care for them much, not even as much as he cared for me; and when he lay on his deathbed, one year later, I was left, young as I was, their sole guardian, and trustee of all his wealth. That wealth was not equally divided-one half being left to me and the other half to be shared equally between them; but in my wicked ambition I was not even with that. Some of my father's fierce and cruel nature 1 inherited; and I resolved to be clear of these three stumbling-blocks, and recompense myself for my other misfortunes by every induigence houndless riches could bestow. So, secretly, and in the night, I left my home, with an old and trusty servant, known to you as Frudence, and my unfortunate little brothers and sisters. Strange to say Prudence was attached to one of them, and to neither of the rest-that one was Leoline, whom she resolved to keep and care for, and neither she nor I minded what became of the other two.

"From Paris we went to Dijon, where we dropped Hubert into the turn at the convent door, with his name attached, and left him where he would be well taken care of, and no questions asked. With the other two we started for Calsis, an route for England ; and there Prudence got rid of Honorine in a singular manner. A packet was about starting for the island of our destination, and she saw a strange-looking little man carrying his lug-gage fron the wharf into the boat. She had the infant in her arms, having carried it out for the identical purpose of getting rid of it; mit strangers in La Masque's absence.' and, without more ado, she laid it down, na "Bab! you old simpleton!" remark seen, among boxes and bundler, and, like Hagar, stood afar off to see what became of it. That ugly little man was the dwarf; and his mazement on finding it among his goods and chattles you may imagine; but he kapt it notwithstanding, though why, is best known to himself. A few weeks after that we, too, came over, and Prudence took up her resi dence in a quiet village a long way from London. Thus you see, Sir Norman, how it comes about that we are so related, and the which he had mounted that staircase last. wrong I have done them all."

You have, indeed !" said Sir Norman, gravely, having listened, much shocked and displeased, at this open confession; "and to one of them it is beyond our power to atone. Do you know the life of misery to which she

has been assigned?" "I know it all and have repented for it in my own heart, in dust and schee! Even I, unlike all other earthly creatures as I amhave a conscience, and it has given me ro rest night or day since. From that hour I have curiosity. They were classics, Greek and never lost sight of them; every sorrow they have undergone has been known to me, and added to my own; and yet I could not, or res, novels, and poetry, and a few rare old would not, undo what I had done. Leoline English books. There were no papers, howknows all new; and she will tell Hubert, since destiny has brought them together;

"But you are not dead," said Sir Norman; "and there is repentance and pardons for all. Much as you have wronged them, they will forgive you; and Heaven is not less rainbow fire before him now. Around one merciless than they !"

"They may; for I have striven to atone. In my house there are proofs and papers that will put them in possession of all, and more given to my sisters when I am dead." an all, they have lost. But life is a bur den of torture I will bear no longer. The of diamonds, rubies, and opals were Leoline's death of him who died for me this night is the and with the energetic rapidity characterist crowning tragedy of my miserable life; and the energy friend that morning the

"Would you, too, see?" she asked, in a terrible voice, "and die?"

"I have told you it is not in my nature to die easily, and it is something far stronger than mere curiosity makes me ask." "Be it so! The sky is growing red with

day-dawn, and I shall never see the sun rise

more, for I am already plague struck !" That sweetest of all voices ceased. The white hands removed the mask and the floating coils of hair, and revealed to Sir Norman's horror-struck gaze, the grisly face and head, and the hollow eye-sockets, the grinn-

ing mouth, and fleshiess cheeks of a skeleton He saw it but for one fearful instant-the next she had threw up both arms, and leaped headlong into the loathly plague pit. He saw ber for a second or two, heaving and writhing in the patrid heap; and then the strong man recled and feel with his face on the ground, not feigning, but sick unto death. Of all the dreadful things he had witnessed that night, there was nothing so dreadful as this; of all the horror he had felt before, there was none to equal what he felt now.

In his momentary delirium, it seemed to him she was reaching her arms of bone up to drag him in, and that the skeleton face was grinning at him on the edge of the awful pit. And covering his eyes with his hands, he sprang up and fled away.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAY DAWN.

All this time the attendant, George had been sitting, very much at his case, on horseback, looking after Sir Norman's charger and admiring the beauties of sunrise. He had seen Sir Norman in conversation with a patient for it to come to an end; but when he saw the tragic manner in which it did

"I beg your pardon, Sir Norman," he exclaimed, as that gentleman turned his dis running away. Here is your horse; and,

Sir Norman lean d against his horse, and shaded his eyes with his hand shuddering like one in an ague. "Why did that woman leap into the playue-

pit ?" inquired George, looking at him our-iously. "Was it not the soreeress, La Masque ?" 164 Yes, yes. Do not ask me any questions you have any mere morning calls to make, I now," replied Sir Norman, in a smothered shall beg leave to take my departure. As it voice, and with an impatient wave of his is, I know we are behind time, and his ma-

hand. "Whatever you please, sir," said George, with the flippancy of his class; "But still I

neck pace into the city. George, almost unable to keep up with him, followed instead of leading, rather skeptical in his own mind whether he were not riding after a moonstruck lunatic. Once or twice he shouted outasharp-tonedinquiryas to whether he knew whore he was going, and that they were tak-ing the wrong way altogether; to all of which Sir Norman deigned not the slightest reply, but rode more and more recklessly on. There were but few people abroad at that hour; indeed, for that matter, the streets of London, in the dismal summer of 1665 were, comparatively speaking, slways deserted; and the few now wending them way homeward were tired physicians and plague-nurses from the hospitals, and several hardy country folks, with more love of lucre than fear of death, bending their steps with produce to the market place. These people, sleepy and pallid, in the gray heze of daylight, stared in astonishment after the two furious riders; and windows were thrown open and heads thrust out to see what the unusual thunder of horses' hoofs at that early hour meant. George followed daunt lessely on, determined to do it or die in the attempt; and if he had ever heard of the Flying dutchman, would have undoubtedly have come to the conclusion that he was just then following his track on dry land. But unlike the hapless Vanderdecken, Sir Norman came to a halt at last, and that so suddenly that his horse stood on his beam ends, and flourished his two fore limbs in the atmosphere. It was before La Masque's door; and Sir Norman was out of the saddle in a flash, and knocking like a postman with the handle of his whip on the door. The thundering reveille rang through the house, making it shake to its centre, and harriealy brought to the door the

catablishment. "La Marque is not at home, and I cannot

anatomy who acted as guardian angel of the

admit you," was his sharp sainte.
"Then I shall just take the trouble of admitting myself," said Sir Norman shortly. And without further ceremony, he pushed selde the skeleton and entered. But that outraged servitor sprang in his path, indignant and amezed.

"No sir : I cannot permit it. I do not know you and it is against all orders to ad-"Bab! you old simpleton!" remarked Sir

Norman, losing his customary respect for old age in his impatience, "I have La Masque's order for what I am about to do. Get slong with you, directly, will you? Show me to her private room, and no nonsense !"

He tapped his sword-hilt significantly as he spoke, and that argument proved irresistible. Grumbling in low tones, the anatomy stalked upstairs; and the other followed with very different feelings from those with His guide paused in the hall above, with his hand on the latch of a door.

"This is her private room, is it ! demanded Sir Norman,

" Yes. "Just standaside, then, and let me pass, The room he entered was small, simply furnished and seemed to answer as bedchamber and study, all in one. There was a writing table under a window, covered with books, and he glanced at them with some Latin, and other little known tongues-perbaps Sauscrit and Chaldaic, French belles lett ever, and those were what he was in search of ; so spying a drawer in the table, he pulled But yet they might; for they have long and fairly dazzled him. It was full of jewels of happy lives before them, and we can forgive incomparable beauty value, strew as careleasive everything to the dead." of gems at the midnight court seemed to him as nothing compared with the Golconda, the Valley of Diamonds shooting forth sparks of magnificent diamond ne sklace was entwined a scrap of paper, on which was written:

if my hour were not at hand, I should not awept them out on the table, and resumed his swept them out on the table, and resumed his "But you have not told me the learless search for papers. No document was there cause of so much guilt and suffering. What when a small brass slide in one corner caught ble oye. Instantly he was at it, trying it every way, shoving it out and in, and up and dowr, until at last it yielded to his touch, dis- you only knew what she is to you?" closing an inner drawer, full of papers and parchments. One glance snowed them to be slater!" what he was in search of-proofs of Leoline and Hubert's indentity, with the will of the marquis, their father, and numerous other documents relative to his wealth and estates. These precious manuscripts be rolled together in a bundle, and placed carefully in his doublet, and then seizing a beautifully-wrought brass casket, that stood beneath the table, he swent the jewels in, secured it, and strapped it to his belt. This brisk and important little affair being over, he arose to gr, and in turning, saw the skeleton porter standing in the door-way, looking on in speechiess dis-

may. "It's all right, my ancient friend!" observed Sir Norman, gravely. "These papers must go before the king, and these jewels to their proper owner."
"Their proper owner!" repeated the old

man shrilly; that is La Marque. Thiefrobber-housebreaker-stop!" "My good old friend, you will do yourselt a mischief if you paw like that. Undoubtedly these things were La Masque's, but they are so no longer, since La Masque herself is

among the things that were !" "You shall not go !" yelled the old man. trembling with rage and anger. " Help! help! help!"

You noisy old idiot!" cried Sir Norman, losing all patience, "I will throw you out of the window if you keep up such a clamor as this. I tell you L. Masque is dead !" At this ominous announcement, the ghastly perter fell back, and became, if possible, a

shade more ghastly than was his went. "Dead and buried !" repeated Sir Norman. with gloomy aternness, "and there will be somebody else coming to take possession and there will be shortly. How many more servants are there here beside yourself?"

"Only one, sir-my wife Joanna. mercy's name, sir, do not turn us out in the streets at this dreadful time !" "Not I! You and your wife Joanna may

stagnate here till you bluemold, for me. But keep the door fast, my good old friend, and admit no strangers but those who can tell you La Masque is dead !" With which parting plece of advice Sir

Norman left the house, and joined George, who sat like an effigy before the door, in a state of great mental wrath, and who accosted him rather suddenly the moment he made his appearance.

the count, I mean, is not one who is accustomed or inclined to be kept waiting."

we will be late ; and my master, the count, is with you, quick as you like."

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bow, as furiously as if on a steeplechase, with Sir Norman close at his heels; and they rode, flushed and breathless, with their steeds all afoaming, into the court-yard of the royal palace at Wnitchall, just as the early rising ann was showing his florid and

burning visage above the horizon.

The court yard, unlike the city streets, swarmed with busy life. Pages, and attendants, and soldiers, moving hither and thither, or lonoging about, preparing for the morning's journey to Oxford. Among the rest Sir Norman observed Hubert, lying very much at his case wrapped in his closk, on the ground, and chatting languidly with a pert and pretty attendant of the fair Mistress Stuert. He out short his flirtation, however, abruptly enough, and sprang to his feet as he 83 W Sir Norman, while George Immediately darted off and disappeared from the palace. " Am I late, Hubert?" eaid his hurried questioner, as he drew the lad's arm within his own, and led him off out of hearing.

"I think not. The count," said Hubert, with laughing emphasis, " has not been visible since he entered yonder doorway, and there has been no message that I have heard of Dabtless, now that George has arrived, the message will soon be here, for the royal procession starts within half an hour." "Are you sure there is no trick, Hubert

Hunert shrugged his shoulders. "He may be; we must take our chance for that; but we have his royal word to the contrary. Not that I have much faith in that !'

Even now he may be with Leoline!

"If he were king of the world instead of only England," cried Sir Norman, with flash ing eyes, "he shall not have Leoline while ! wear a sword to defend her!"

"Reguide!" exclaimed Hubert, holding
in affected horror. "Do my

ears deceive me? Is this the loyal and chivalrous Sir Norman Kingsley, ready to die for king and country—"
"S:uff and nonsense!" Interrupted Sir

Norman impatiently. "I tell you, any one, be he whom he may, that attempts to take Leoline from me must reach her over my dead body !"

"Bravo! You ought to be a Frenchman. Sir Norman. And what if the lady herself, finding her d-zzling sulter drop his barn-yard feathers, and soars ever her head in his own eagle plamer, may not give you your dismissal, and usurp the place of pretty Madame S nart,"

"You cold-blooded young villain! if you insinuate such a thing again, I'll throttle you! Leoline loves me and me alone !" "Doubtless she thinks so; but she has yes to learn she has a king for a suitor?"

"B.h! You are nothing but a heartless cynic," said Sir Norman, yet with an accions and irritated flush on his face, too. "What do you know of love " More than you think, as pretty Mariette

yonder could depose, if put upon cath. But seriously, Sir Norman, I am afraid your case is of the most desperate; royal rivals are dangerous things !" "Yet Charles has kind impulses, and has been known to do generous acts."

"Hay he? You expect him, beyond doubt, to do precisely as he said; and if Leoline, different from all the rest of her sex, prefers the knight ic the king, he will yield her unresistingly to you," "I have nothing but his word for it!" said

Sir Norman, in a distracted tone. น เมาส์ เล present, can do nothing but bide my time." "I have been thinking of that, too! I promised, you know, when I left her last night, that we would return before daydawn, and rescue her. The unhappy little beauty will doubtless think I have fallen into the tiger's jaws myself and has half wept her bright eyes out by this time !" "My poor Lection! And O, Hubert, if

"I do know! She told me she was

Sir Norman looked at him in amazament. "She told you, and you take it like this?"
"Certainly, I take it like this. How vould you have me take it? It is nothing to go into hysterics about, after all !"

"Of all the cold-blooded young reptiles I ever saw," exclaimed Sir Norman, with infinite disgust, "you are the worst! If you were told you were to receive the crown of Franco to-morrow, you would probably open vour eves a trifle, and take it as you would a new cap !"

"Of course I would. I haven't lived in courts half my life to get up a scene for a small matter! Besides, I had an idea from the first moment I saw Leoline that she must bs my sister, or something of that sort."

(To be Continued)

ROYAL BEGGARS.

Prince Arther, Dake of Concaught, is the most popular of the Queen's sons, a good rider to hounds and a very fair soldier. He is a present in India, in the command of a brig ade, and will in due course blossom f rih into field marshal, Commander-in onief of the British army, a post at present filled by the old Dake of Cambridge, cousin of the Queen. Prince Arthur receives the same yearly allowance as his brother Alfred, \$125,000, and his pay as a Major General Prince Leopold, Dake of Albany, who died suddenly at Cannes four years ago, bad the same allowence Toe daughters of the Queen, except the Prin cers R yal already referred to remeived \$150,000 each on marriage, and get \$30,000 per annum each. They are all married to Germans with the exception of Princess Louise, who wedded the Merquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Dake of Argyil, who, to the intense disgust of his royal connections, took unto himself a second wife a few years ago, The Queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-chief, receives \$60.000 yearly allowance, and his military salaries and the profits of a number of sineoure offices make the total about \$100,000 A miscelleneous crowd of aunts and cousins add to the big Most of these royal pensioners are provided at the public expense with palaces in which to live, and each has a cotorie of relatives and hangers on, for whom place and pay have to be found. When members of the royal family ravel the cost is often borne "I tell you what, Sir Norman Kingsley, if by the state—always in the cases of the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Archbishop Walsh, in forwarding a bank order for £100, sent to his grace from Melbourne as the subscription of the "St Pat-"I am quite at your service now," said Sir ricks Society " of that city to the Paraell Inmust repeat, if you do not mount instantly, Norman, springing on horseback; "so away demnity Fund says: "I do not send for publication the letter which accompanied this and they were marvied. She may have loved not one who brooks delay."

George wanted no second order. Before subscription. The publication of delay."

George wanted no second order. Before subscription. The publication of delay."

George wanted no second order. Before subscription. The publication of delay."

it is an outspoken expression of conifidence in Mr. Parnell, and an indignant protest against the proceedings of his opponents. There is probably as much genuine respect for the courts of law in the colony of Victoria as there is in England or in Ireland. But somehow our colonial friends and kinsmen do not yet seem to have reached the point at which they could safely be trusted in these countries to rpeak with freedom on the points at issue in the proceedings now in progress. Probably from their knowledge that one of the parties before the court is allowed, without check or hindrance, to drive a large trade in the circulation of pamphlets affirming and re-affirming that the truth lies at one side of the points at issue, they seem to think to themselves at liberty to express with equal openness their view that it lies at the opposite side! It may be better, then, that I should not ask you to publish their very outspoken letter."

SOME MASSACHUSTTS LIBERALS.

In Haverhill, Massachusette, has just terminated the trial of certain Catholic parents who were charged with violating the law regulating attendance upon public schools, because they sent their children to parochial schools. The court held that the law does not require that a child must be educated in the public schools, but only that it must be furnished with the general means of education. and further, that a parent is not bound to send his child to such a school only as may be approved by the School Committee or Superintendent. The defendants were discharged without costs.

The decision of the court is plainly sensible and right, otherwise it would be necessary to secure for private schools, boarding-schools, young ladies' "seminaries," church schoole and kindergartens the approval of local school committees, and to so revise and regulate the various institutions as to make them public schools. For this the community are certainly not prepared.

It would be interesting to know whether the Haverbill liberals who brought this complaint, understood what it logically involved if admitted. We have no idea that they would dream of making against a Methodist or Unitarian mill-owner why he sends he daughter to a Church school or a fashionable institute, the same charge that they brought against a number of humble French Canadians who choose to send their children to their Courch school. This attempt to hinder Ustholic citizens from giving their children a religious education was pitiful for itelillagion! and stupid llindness, and contemptible for its really petty bigotry. Only a very dull person, or one blinded by prejudice, could suppose that the law required all children to be educated in the public schools. It would be no more absurd to say, because the State supports insane asylume, that all citizens must become their inmates. The judge's statement of the law may let a light in upon some very cloudy intellects.

HENRY WATTERSON ON IRISH LAND-LORDISM. [From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

There is a curious menagerie of efficialism engaged in this stupendous work (of the Irish Land Courts) which gives to this land thimble-rig the appearance of a scheme to habitually laid before the Almighty, we may arios at the expense of their more honest fellow-citizens. There is the "sub-commis-sion," the "valuers," "land commission," "civil bill court," and all that. Tois phe rarily of rent adjusters between landlords and tenants involves a direct medium of straightout communism to the end of atoning for a netional crime-a orime which will always stand as a brand of ornelty and dishonor on the national escutcheon like that on the brow and the memory of Cain. The bottoming lien on the land acquired by the "Lords of he l'ale," and all English tenures was fraud : and this scheme originated in half-conceived national remorae, which was brought to sbrtion by irresistable re-assertion of the domination of hate and avarice over all restrainte of justice, humanity, and what is paramount in English estimation, common sense. The result was of course agrarian robb-ry on the wholessle, and so barren of justification or pretext that against the victims there was such an absence of grounds of complaint that they remained in peace and free to become virtually the slaves of their despoilers. The land scheme has been converted into a scheme to make the life of the despoiled Irish peacent unbestable, and that, under the guise of "protection," a rank-smelling villainy to our nostrile peculiarly, because we witness at

sirable than their presence. SOUND SENSE FROM A PROTESTANT JOURNAL.

But in the view of the practical British eye, it

is more significant that they are troublesome

and expensive, that their room is more de-

equally false and even more destructive.

In a late issue, the Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution says: "The latest outbreak of tolly is a league sgainst Catholicism, just organized in New York. The leaders of the movemenpleage themselves to work until the whole Protestant world rises against the ' Pope and his lieutenants.' Do not the misguided men engaged in this crusade know they are warring against everything most sacred and guaranteed by our constitution to all menthe right to believe in whatsoever religious creed a citizen may freely choose? If the members of the league are in earnest about promoting the cause of pure Christianity let them go into the slums of their city and evangelize the masses. Let them go to work to convince agnostics and infidels. This effort to execute a feeling of hostility towards a great religious body of good citizens in our midst is worthy only of cranks and bigots, The sensible thing to do would be for Pro-testants and Catholics to join hands in fight ing the great evils which menace civilization, Caristianity and society itself. We have outgrown the age of persecution, and we must now respect the religious opinion of others or take a long step backward."

A Michigan grocer is willing to admit that A Michigan grocer is willing to admit that Cacada about twenty six years ago. Parties honces tee is the best policy, but when it having any knowledge of the when about the same and the same the same an comes to conse, he doesn't believe in running Ellen Elligate are requested to address the thing in the ground.

JAMES ELLIGETT, Fremont, Ohio. the thing in the ground.

DOMESTIC READING.

A Japanese proverb says that a friend at hand is worth all your relations at a distance.

He that cheats me once, shame fa' him ; he that cheats me twice, sheme fa' me.—Scotch Proverb.

Good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behaviour.

The doubled reward of kind words is the happiness they cause in others and the happi-

ness they cause in ourselves. Our true self is what we are in God's mind, what he wishes us to be in our day and gen-

eration, so as most to benefit the world amid which His design has placed us. A man is happier for life from having made one a agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure,—

Sydney Smith. Oh ! how we simplify life and preserve the freshness of its first years when we learn to labor cheerfully under the paternal care of God, never disaming what the world will think of us. -Golden Sands.

It is none other than Charles Loyson-ex-Pere Hyacinthe—who said this the other day -"What can you put in the place of the Church of France? A new religion is impossible; Protestanism has no future, and Atheism is no religion, but only the denial of all faith.

"A child died drunk," is the horrible story that came from New York a few days ago, The custom of familiarising children with the taste of liquor is to be reprobated. Soon enough will the temptation of drink surround the young without their natural protectors beginning the devil's work.

On! if people were but acquainted with plety they would not fear it so much, or give it so unattractive a character; 'tis the balm of life, and perhaps in the world it is believed to consist of bitterness, harshness, uncouthness; but, take my word for it, nothing is more gentle, more yielding, more loving

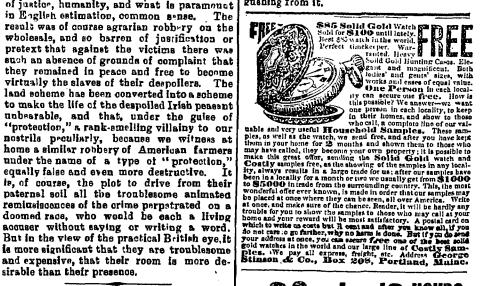
than a plous soul .- Eugenie de Guerin, The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid to each other, From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. No matter how ruddy her check may be, or now velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles will be regarded as bandsome, though her complexion be coarse enough to grind nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rese, so is good-nature to the lovely.

Over the triple door-way of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions apanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is scriptured a cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." Underneath the great central entrance in the main sisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

There exists a feeling among many that too strict an adherence to the forms of religion tends to make us stiff, solemn and priggish. These people, if the truth be told, are not over friendly so those whom they style as a term of reproach "pious." Surely this feel ing must be a mistake. If they whose lives are in accordance with the higher law are not free, happy and fearless men and women, who can be? A happiness and a manner of living and thinking that shrinks from being rest assured, are not in the best sense healthy. True religion is not a kill-toy, but make joy, nor can there be too much of it.

THE MONARCH STILL A MAN. - Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brienne? He was riding late one day over a battle field, gazing, stern and unmoved, on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly those "evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The emperor paused to listen ; his heart had softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school boy at Brienne; and, dismounting from his horse he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and burst into tears. Tae rock was smitten and living waters came gushing from it.





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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, }
DISTRICT OF MON REAL } No 2503.

SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE FONTAINE, vise common as to properly of NOKL RONIN, hotel-keeper, of the city and district of Moureal, duly authorized to est ren justice, Plaintiff, vs. the su OBL BONIN, Defendant. The Plaintiff has lasticuted an action for separation as to properly, against the Defendant in this case. Moutreal, 1st February, 188%.

AUGE & LAFO TUNE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 285

INFORMATION WANTED of one Elligett, daughter of John Elligett, deceased, who lived in the Parish of K lkon-nelly, County of Kerry, I cland, Bla k-mith. The party who desires this information is James. Elligett, a brother of Ellen The last known of Ellen Elligett was that she left Ireland for

The second of th