

as she got the last hour and carefully at nine o'clock. Pat put his head in the dining-room window. "It's time for 'em to be here," he said, "and I'm going down to the gate to watch. I'll give a whistle the minute they come in sight."

Immersed in her own thoughts, Betsy had jumped violently at sound of his voice. "I do believe you're possessed to go round poking your head in at windows, and scaring people out of their wits!" she cried.

"Here I came within an ace of upsetting this clock or going into the fire."

"Pat laughed back—he and Betsy were always scolding and always laughing at each other—muttered something about skittish woman, and walked off down the avenue to watch for the family."

"I believe everything is ready," Betsy said, looking round. She took off her apron, took down her skirt and sleeves, and gave herself a general crackling smoothing over. Then suddenly she assumed an amiable smile, looked straight before her, dropped a short courtesy, and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Yorke? I hope I see you well? How do you do, sir? How do you do, miss? I wonder if I had better go out to the door when they come, or stand in the entry, or stay in the kitchen. I declare to man I don't know what to do! How do you do, ma'am?" beginning her prattling again, this time before the glass. "I hope I see you well. To think of my not being married at all, and her having grown up children!" she said, staring through the window. "The last time I saw her, she was a pretty creature, as pale as a snow drop. Poor thing! she had a hard time with that Jesabel. She never said anything to me, nor I to her; but many a time she has come to me when that woman has been up to her tricks, and held on to me, and gasped for breath. 'O my heart! my heart!' she'd say. 'Don't speak to me, Betsy, but hold me a minute.' It was awful to see her white face, and to feel her heart jump as if it would tear itself out. That was the way trouble always took hold of her."

She mused a moment longer, then broke off suddenly, and began anew her practice. "How do you do, ma'am? I hope I see you well."

Presently a loud, shrill whistle interrupted her. Betsy rushed excitedly into the kitchen, dashed her potatoes into the kettle, tied on a clean apron that stood out like cast-iron with starch, and hovered in the rear of the hall, to be ready for advance or retreat, as occasion might demand.

The old yellow coach came through the gate, up the muddy avenue, and drew up at the steps. The two gentlemen got out first, then the young ladies, and all stood around while Mrs. Yorke slowly alighted. She was very pale, but smiled kindly on them, then took her son's arm, and went up the steps. Mr. Yorke stopped to offer his hand to a little girl who still remained in the coach. "My sakes!" muttered Betsy. "if it isn't that Bown young one!"

"Mother dear," said the son, "it is possible to make a very beautiful place of this."

She looked at him with a brightening smile. "You think so, Carl?"

She had been anxiously watching what impression the sight of her old home would make on her family, and exaggerating its defects in her own imagination, as she fancied they were doing in theirs. Their silence so far had given her a pang, since she interpreted it to mean disappointment, when in truth it had meant solitude for her. They thought that she would be delighted to come again to her childhood's home after so long an absence. So she was; but her own peculiar memories gave precedence to that which concerned those dearer to her.

"Beside, mother," Owen continued, "this spot has a charm for me which no other could have, however beautiful: it is yours."

That word conveyed the first intimation Mrs. Yorke had ever received that her son felt his dependence on a stepfather. But the pain the knowledge caused her was instantly banished by the recollection that the cause of his uneasiness was now removed.

"My great-grandfather had ideas, though he did not carry them out," remarked Millicent. "If he had built his house of stone it would have done very well. It is astonishing that he did not. But the earlier settlers in this country seemed to revel in wood, probably because it had been to them in the Old World a luxury. With heaps of stones at hand they would persist in building their houses of logs."

At this point Betsy rushed out to welcome Mrs. Yorke. The sight of that pale face which seemed to be looking for her, and the slight, clinging form that used to cling to her quite overcame her shyness.

"You dear creature, how glad I am to see you once more!" she cried out. And, seizing the lady by the shoulders, gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek.

"Please do not touch Mrs. Yorke's left arm. It gives her palpitation," said the son rather stiffly.

Young Mr. Owen had an invincible repugnance to personal familiarity, especially from inferiors.

"Dear Betsy, this is my son," the mother said proudly, looking at her many young, erect, as if to see him anew with a stranger's admiring eyes. "Carl has heard me speak of you many a time, my old friend!"

Betsy immediately dropped a solemn courtesy. "I hope I see you well, sir!" she said, remembering her manners.

"This must be Betsy Bates!" cried Millicent, coming forward with great cordiality. "Mamma has spoken of you so often I knew you at once."

Miss Yorke did not say that she recognized Betsy, by her nose, though that was the fact. The impression left on the woman's mind was of something highly complimentary, that some air expressive of honesty, truthfulness, and affection, or some subtle personal grace not universally acknowledged, had led to the recognition.

On the threshold of the door, Mrs. Yorke turned to receive her husband. She could not utter a word; but her face expressed what she would have said. In her look could be read that she placed in his hands all that was hers, regretting only that the gift was so small.

One saw then, too, that Mr. Yorke's sarcastic face was capable of great tenderness. As he met that mute welcome, a look of indulgent kindness softened his keen eyes, gave his scornful mouth a new shape, and lighted up his noble countenance. But he knew better than allow his wife to yield to any extenuation of feeling.

"Yes, Amy!" he said cheerfully, "I think we shall make a very pleasant home here. Now come in and rest."

They went into the sitting-room at the left of the hall, and Mrs. Yorke was seated in an arm-chair between the fire and the sunshine, and they all waited on her. Master, kneeling by her mother, removed her gloves and overshoes, Clara took off her bonnet and shawl, and Millicent, after whispering a word to Betsy, went out with that factious, and presently returned bearing a tiny cup of coffee on which a froth of cream still floated.

"I've taken a cup, mamma," she said, "and I can recommend it. And breakfast will be ready in two minutes."

Owen Yorke, missing one of the company, went out, and found Edith standing forlorn in the porch, biting her quivering lips, and struggling to restrain the tears that threatened to overflow her eyes. For the first time in her life she felt timid and disconcerted. She was among her own people, and they had forgotten her. At that moment she looked passionately for Dick Rowan, and would have flown to him had it been possible.

"Come, little Gypsy!" he said. "You're not going to run away, I hope? Did you think we had forgotten you? See! I have not."

Owen Yorke's face was very winning when he chose, and his voice could express a good deal of kindness. Edith looked at him steadily a moment, then took the hand he offered, and went into the house with him. As they entered, Mrs. Yorke rose to give the child an affectionate welcome to her new home, and the daughters gathered about her with these bright, profuse words which are so pleasant even when they mean so little.

A folding door opened from the sitting room into the dining room, which occupied the front half of the west wing, and here a breakfast was set out that dismayed the eyes of those who were expected to partake of it. There was a fricassee which had cost the lives of three hens of family, and occasioned a serious squabble between Pat and Betsy; there was a vast platter of ham and eggs, and a pyramid of potatoes piled so high that the first time it was touched one rolled off on to the cloth. Poor Betsy had no conception of the Yorke ideal of a proper breakfast.

"The good creature has such a generous heart!" Mrs. Yorke said, checking with a glance the titter which her two younger daughters had not tried to restrain. "And I am sure that everything is delicious!"

Taking a seat at the table, Edith recollected that a trial awaited her. It was Friday; and abstinence from meat on that day was the one point in her mother's religion which she knew and practised. Otherwise she was as ignorant of it as possible.

Owen Yorke, sitting opposite, watched her curiously, perceiving that something was the matter. He noticed the slight paling of the muscles of her face and neck, and that she drew her breath in like one who is preparing for a plunge, and kept her eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Yorke. Edith's way was to look at what she feared.

"Some of the chicken, little niece?" her uncle asked pleasantly.

"No, sir, I do not eat meat on Friday. I am a Roman Catholic," the child answered with precision. And, having made the announcement thus fully, shut her mouth and sat, pale, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Yorke's face.

A smile flashed into Owen Yorke's eyes at this reply. "Little Spartan!" he thought. Edith did not miss the slight contraction of the brows and the downward twitch of the corners of the mouth in the face she watched; but the signs of displeasure passed as quickly as they came. "Then I am afraid you will make a poor breakfast," Mr. Yorke said gently. "But I will do the best I can for you."

There was a momentary silence; then the talk went on as before. But the family was deeply annoyed. It seemed odd that they should have to take this little waif, with their knowledge of her habits and associates, or what untidy fires of temper inherited from her mother, without having an alien religion brought into their midst. Catholicism, as they had seen it abroad, appealed to their aesthetic sense. It floated there in a higher atmosphere, adorned with all that wealth and culture could do. But at home they preferred to keep it where, as a rule, they found it—in the kitchen and the stable.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit so till she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

The Customs Department at Ottawa has refused to allow the importation of American whiskey into Canada in bond, as suggested by the American Wine and Spirit Association.

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate**  
In its usefulness.

Prof. ADOLPH OLT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, among the passengers, during a passage across the Atlantic. In the plurality of cases, I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterizes that disease, and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

The directors of the new hotel to be built on Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, announce that they will commence the work of construction as soon as \$175,000 of the capital stock has been subscribed.

Mr. James J. Anslow, Newcastle, N.B. writes: "Mrs. Anslow was troubled with Lung Disease, and until she took Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda had little or no appetite; but after taking a bottle or two she gained appetite and had a relish for her food, which was quite a help to her in keeping up against the disease. As we are out of yours, and cannot procure any here, she is taking another Emulsion; but as we prefer your preparation to any in the market, will you kindly ship me some at once and oblige."

An ecclesiastic to whom a certain interest and some mystery attach, Father Edmund has just died in France. At the time of the execution of the decree against the religious orders he held the convent of Triplet, near Avignon, of which he was prior, for an entire week against the party sent by the Prefect to dislodge him. The convent was built on the summit of a hill in medieval fashion, and looked down on one of the most picturesque landscapes in Provence. On feast days pilgrims from all quarters flocked to the Church of the Premontres—for this was the name of the confraternity, an ancient French order revived by Father Edmund—and filled its spacious aisles. The erection of the immense pile, both church and convent, was entirely due to this father's exertions, and it has never been ascertained whence he derived the funds, though the general opinion is that they came from somebody in the south of France that Father Edmund was a natural brother of the Comte de Chambray, and it is said that "Henri Oling" has paid more than one secret visit to the Premontres. The community devoted themselves to agriculture, and their loss is much felt in the neighborhood. Grief at the expulsion of himself and his order from the noble edifice, the construction of which he had devoted his life, is said to have hastened his end.

Four members of the family of John Adams at Teledja, Ala., were poisoned by eating food in which lubricating oil was used by mistake for cotton seed oil.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

The Catholic Vote—Sensational Development of Crooked Ways—Some Racy Letters and Documents Brought to Light—The Defeat of the Ontario Opposition tells Against the Christian Brothers of Toronto—Sir John A.'s Opinion of Catholics—Sir Charles Tupper the Central Figure of the Scandal.

The Hamilton Tribune, Hawkes' new daily, published a correspondence from Ottawa which is destined to create quite a little sensation in the religious and political circles of the Dominion. The following is a reproduction of what appeared in our Hamilton contemporary:—

OTTAWA, April 2 (Special).—I have just learned the particulars of an attempt which was made in 1879 to capture the Catholic vote for the Opposition in the Ontario elections, which fell through. Mr. Mowat was sustained by a large majority: and the Mail, in its chapter, it will be remembered, abused the Irish Catholic electors as if they were the servants instead of being among the political masters of the politicians. The Tribune, an independent newspaper, I have no doubt will be glad to get the information as a matter of fact, having no love for either faction and exclaiming with the dying Mercutio, "A plague upon both your houses!" The facts as far as I have been able to gather them are these:—

In 1877 the old Bank of Upper Canada premises on Duke street, Toronto, (now the De La Salle Institute) were transferred to the Government of Canada. In 1879 the property was sold to the Christian Brothers for school purposes, one-fifth of the purchase money being paid at the time of sale. The balance was to be paid in annual instalments, with interest at six per cent. per annum; but up to the end of 1878 no progress had been made towards a settlement of the transaction. About the month of January, 1879, it appears that His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, being anxious to have the school relieved of debt, retained Messrs. Foy, Tupper, and Macdonnell to arrange with the Dominion Government terms upon which the principal and accrued interest were to be paid off. These facts are proven by the following letter sent by the well-known John A. Macdonnell, a member of the law firm named, to Sir Charles (then plain "Dr.") Tupper, the retiring Minister of Railways:—

FROM MACDONNELL TO SIR CHARLES.  
Foy, Tupper & Macdonnell,  
Barristers, Solicitors and Attorneys,  
Offices Equity Chambers,  
Corner Adelaide and Victoria streets.  
James J. Foy, J. Stewart, John A. Macdonnell.  
TORONTO, Jan. 23, 1879.

(Private).  
Dear Mr. Tupper,—  
The Archbishop of Toronto has asked me to attend to some business for him, and before writing to you officially on the subject I would like to know what your views are. In 1870 the old Bank of Upper Canada premises, which in 1867 were conveyed by the bank to "the Queen," were sold by order of the Minister of Public Works to the Brothers of the Christian Schools for \$8,000 at auction. One-tenth of the purchase money was paid at the time of sale; one-fifth was to have been paid in fifteen days, and the balance in four equal annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.

"Since the day of sale nothing has been done. No portion of principal or interest has been paid or called for. The Archbishop now wishes to have the matter settled up, the purchase money paid and the deed procured from the Government. The old gentleman may not claim all the interest in arrears, but he does not care to ask the Government to grant this favor. His object in coming to me is to have the terms, and both in a business and political point of view I would like to meet his wishes. It will be a great matter for the office to get the business of the Archbishop, and I am most anxious to get his ear patiently. There is no doubt that he was unfavorable at the last election, believing that the Government would be retained; and the Ontario men condoned him in every conceivable way, with the view to securing his influence at this coming election. I want to counteract Frazer's influence with him, and if he sees that Foy and I can secure favors at Ottawa for him he is likely to remain neutral at least."

"The way in which I would put the application in behalf of the Brothers is that they were perfectly prepared and willing to carry out the agreement entered into at the time of sale, but the Government never enforced it or gave them an opportunity of doing so, and I would ask for the carrying out of the purchase now on payment of the principal and the interest, which would have been paid had the Government enforced the bargain entered into."

"Would you speak to Sir John about it if you have a chance? He knows the Archbishop and his little peculiarities."

"We will be obliged if you will have the papers in the matter forwarded to us. When we receive them and hear from you, we will write to you officially, and instructions can be sent to Foy in proper time to carry through the transaction on such terms as the Government may decide."

"I am acting for the Archbishop,"  
"Faithfully yours,"  
"J. A. MACDONNELL."

No immediate action was taken by Dr. Tupper, but as the Ontario general elections were near at hand, on May 20, he wrote to the following effect:—

SIR CHARLES TUPPER TO J. A. MACDONNELL.  
OTTAWA, May 20th, 1879.

MY DEAR MACDONNELL,  
"I have consulted Sir John about that matter of the old Bank of Upper Canada premises, and we have decided to knock off the interest as you suggest. The case will go to Council forthwith, but as Sir John says little confidence is to be placed in the breed, shall hold its final settlement in abeyance until after the elections, when it can be passed through. In the meanwhile if you could send Foy here on some kind of business with instructions to also enquire how this particular affair is progressing he will ascertain that it has been referred and recommended by me to Council which he will naturally report to your client on his return to Toronto."

Two days later the Minister of Public Works presented the following report to the Council:—

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.  
OTTAWA, 22nd May, 1879.

Memorandum.  
The undersigned has the honor to report that the property on Duke street, Toronto, known as the old Bank of Upper Canada,

deeded to the Government on the 20th August, 1867, in payment on account of the general indebtedness of the Bank to the Government, was under the authority of orders in Council passed on the 13th September, 1869, and on the 30th August respectively, sold at public auction to Mr. James Stook for \$8,400, the terms of payment being one fifth cash and the remainder in four annual instalments with interest at six per cent.

"That the purchase was made by Mr. Stook for and on behalf of the Christian Brothers, who have since the purchase and up to the present time occupied the building for school purposes."

"That no further payment than the fifth cash paid at the time of the purchase has been made by the Christian Brothers, and that until recently no demand had been made to them for payment."

"That the Christian Brothers, through their agents, now represent that they should not be made to pay the interest which, through the inaction of the Government, has accrued on the unpaid instalments of the purchase amount, alleging, moreover, that the premises were a source of loss while occupied by the Government, and that they have not enhanced in value since purchased by them."

"That Mr. J. Samond Smith, who was agent of the Government, and in charge of the premises for some years previous to the purchase, and Mr. E. B. Ozer, general manager of the North of Scotland Canadian Mortgage Company (limited), of Toronto, have been asked for an estimate of the present value of the property, and both have expressed the opinion that, apart from the improvements made to it by the Christian Brothers, the property is not worth any more to-day, or perhaps not so much, as it was when sold in 1870."

"The undersigned under all the circumstances of the case, and in view of the inaction of the Government, and seeing that it could not be sold for the price obtained in 1870, would recommend that on condition of the immediate payment of the whole amount of the purchase money by the Christian Brothers, the property be transferred to them without interest."

Respectfully submitted,  
(Signed) CHAS. TUPPER,  
Minister of Public Works.

The endorsement on the back of this report to Council shows that it was referred to a committee of the Honorable the Privy Council, and afterwards referred back to the Minister of Public Works. All this is easy to understand. It was necessary that the matter should be reported to Council, in order to satisfy Mr. Foy, and his references back to the Minister of Public Works was merely to secure delay until after it was known how the Catholic vote had been cast at the Ontario general elections. The date of Sir Charles' report to Council is May 22; the Ontario elections were on June 7th, a fortnight later. Now, mark what follows! The request made on behalf of the Christian Brothers was, according to Sir Charles' own showing, not an unreasonable one, but in the intervening period the Mowat Government was sustained, and about the 9th and 10th of June appeared in the Mail and the Evening News those editorial attacks upon the Irish Catholic electors which now form a part of the electoral history of our Province. On June 27 Dr. Tupper's views had changed, and Messrs. Foy, Tupper and Macdonnell had apparently lost all hope of getting "the business of the Archdiocese," for the following letter was addressed to those gentlemen by the Secretary of the Public Works Department:—

OTTAWA, June 27, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—  
As agents on behalf of the community of the Christian Brothers of Toronto, who have made application to be relieved from the necessity of paying arrears of interest on the amount of the purchase money from the building, known as the old Bank of Upper Canada, I am directed to convey to you the regret of the Hon. the Minister that the view taken by the Government as to the necessity of carrying out the terms of the purchase (such purchase having been effected through public auction) has rendered it impossible for them to accede to the representations made by him on behalf of your clients.

I am, gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
F. ENNIS,  
Secretary.

Messrs. Foy, Tupper & Macdonnell,  
Barristers, Toronto.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results.

**BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.**  
We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breeze creeps like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hill-sides, rising up into mist shrouded mountains, all are covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet green. But Ireland should also be called the "Flowers Isle." There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a bow, but she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very wall and in the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons, down to the smallest flower that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover.

The Irish fairs, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silk-worm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees to "drop its web of gold" in the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented plink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscapes and the gardens; wall flowers, of every hue and variety, clamor to hide the harshness of the rural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel almost anywhere on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find Hyle, will high, invisible, flowers, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very wool and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

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HAS BEEN PROVED  
THE SUREST CURE FOR  
KIDNEY DISEASES.  
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim of KIDNEY DISEASE? If so, you are a victim of KIDNEY DISEASE, and it will speedily cure you. It cures the disease and restores healthy action. Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain in the back and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, and it will act promptly and safely. Either Sex, Incontinence, retention of Urine, Stricture, and all other urinary troubles, and all dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.  
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**KIDNEY WORT**  
IS A SURE CURE  
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER.  
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular action. If you are suffering from Malaria, or if you are suffering from the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will cure you, and give you a new lease of life. In the Spring to cleanse the system, every one should take a thorough course of it.  
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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF  
CONSTIPATION.  
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whenever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it. PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with Constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have failed.  
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