

Anglo-Irish Letter.

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILROADS

Poverty and Misery—Extension of the Franchise—The Game Laws.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

London, June 6.

The London system of underground railways are truly one of the wonders of the world. Last year on these underground iron highways there were six million passengers carried in safety. They run for miles and miles under the city in every direction, but the most wonderful of any is the one beneath the Thames embankment, for again under the railway is the northern main sewer—a very river of filth—carrying the sewerage of London ten miles below the city into the Essex Marshes, where there are immense filtering beds to deodorize the putrid river and discharge the effluent waters into the Thames. From Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, along the entire length of the embankment, the railway runs underneath, and under the railway the sewers, both being made in the shape of two great tunnels of cement and brickwork, one over the other. These underground lines run in every direction, and at various places connect with all the great railway systems of the country. The construction must have cost millions, but stock in them is the best railway property in the world. From five in the morning till twelve at night there are a succession of trains every three or four minutes, no train remaining longer than a few seconds at a station. The ease and rapidity with which the locomotives are stopped and started is really surprising. Man, indeed, has now great control over the most powerful of all natural forces, namely, steam. Every one of those trains is lighted by gas—not by oil—which is carried in a reservoir fitted on the roof of each carriage. From five to seven in the morning all the London lines run workmen's trains, carrying thousands of men in and out of the metropolis to their work at two-pence per day, or a shilling a week. This, on the railway companies, is compulsory, under an Act of Parliament, for now, by the continual improvement of the city, the working-classes are compelled to reside in the suburbs, while their business lies in the town.

LONDON LIFE

is something entirely different from life in any other city. It is so large, and inhabited by so many nationalities of people, that it has entirely a social system of its own—accents, manners, customs and usages, the growth of its institutions and existence. We will take, for instance, the common lodging houses, of which there are nearly fourteen hundred, in the area of the metropolis, or within twelve miles in a circuit round the Post-Office. Some of these houses are entirely for men, while others are exclusively for women, and some again for both sexes. They are all regulated under an Act of Parliament and subject to the control of the police in sanitary matters. The proprietor is bound to conform to the Act by giving each lodger a single bed for three or four pence a night, a kitchen to cook in, a good fire, salt, pepper, and hot water. In every police station a man is told off to do duty among the lodging houses in the district, which duty consists in seeing that everything is kept in order and that there is no overcrowding. The detectives also occasionally visit these places, just to keep their eyes on the poorest of the criminal class, and to now and then make arrests. Every landlord is a relieving officer, as far as his own house is concerned, for the guardians of the poor allow him an order-book to give to sick or destitute lodgers tickets for the workhouse as parish doctors, but not for any out-of-door relief. The settling mass of vice, poverty and misery in this overgrown city is something fearful, yet, with all that, it is probably the healthiest and, considering its size, the best arranged in its cleansing, lighting and police of all the towns in the world. Thirteen hundred common lodging houses, each on an average having two hundred beds. The inmates of those places the very poorest; wails and strays without homes or habitations. I have been of an evening through many of those houses, and in them I have often found men of cultivated intellects, victims of circumstances, but more frequently of drink. I have found doctors, lawyers and clergymen glad of a bed in a common lodging house and to associate with the broken down gamblers, the destitute laborer, the reckless tramp, the hungry beggar, the idle loaf, the impetuous man and the poor, honest man looking for employment. All those types, and many others, enter into the economy of London life and form a portion of its daily existence. They are the residuum filtered down by our class system of society, and it could not be otherwise in a country where there are so many class privileges as in England.

THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE,

as promised by the Government, will before long bring about mighty changes. Our laboring population is rapidly becoming educated, and the question is now being loudly asked by the disenfranchised classes—who is this man my master? There is a striking parallel between the laws and government of old Rome and the laws and government of England. In theory, both were perfect; in practice, slavish and corrupt; one class territorial landowners, another helots and slaves. Of this I think the men now in power are cognizant, and, in justice to the millions who have no voice in making the laws they are bound to obey, will extend the franchise in Ireland and assimilate the borough and county franchise, which for both countries will be practically household suffrage. The late elections in the London districts were conducted under Sir Charles Dilke's Act for keeping the polling places open from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, thus giving the workmen an opportunity of voting without losing time. The plan was found to suit admirably, and now the measure is to become law throughout the Kingdom. This is merely an introduction to the greater measures, but it is a good one, and one that will give to the mass of the people great satisfaction.

THE GAME LAWS

are another subject that from the Government will receive attention. This game business, as we have it in this country, is a downright tyranny. We have the wealthiest aristocracy on the globe, and they say we require preserved game for our pleasure and gratification. Many a time have I seen a number of "beaters" in a small wood driving a half-fledged pheasant into a corner where three or four gunty old men would stand with loaded guns to have a battle among those half-tame birds, and the brutal deed would be dignified with the name of sport. Annually in England there are ten thousand people sent to prison for infringing on those more than sacred game laws. They are held to be

more than sacred, for they are above that divine precept: "Do unto others as you would be done unto." What matters it that tens of thousands of acres of land lie waste for this game to roam over while Canada and the United States are supplying us with food. What matters it that annually ten thousand people are sent to prison to be kept at the public cost, for, in the day of destitution and hunger or in the hour of temptation, taking a hare or a pheasant? William the Conqueror depopulated some hundreds of square miles to make the New Forest. He drove out the wretched Saxons and burned their homes, towns and villages. This done he planted the sites with forest trees, and enclosed the entire area in a rig fence. He then brought in from his estates in Normandy a great number of deer, which he turned loose. To preserve this forest he made a law that whoever was sent to prison for a crime was to have his nose slit, and for killing one was to be hung. This was for many a century the law of England, with the exception that the aristocracy claimed portions of the privilege which the inhuman Conqueror arrogated entirely to himself. In this way, by division, the despotism weakened, but still a very ugly remnant of it has come down to our time; however, I think the present party in power will before long, to a large extent, abolish this relic of a feudal despotism.

CELESTIAL CANADIAN.

A PICTURE OF HELL.

What an English Divine Told His young Parishioners.

The Rev. J. S. Furniss, a Presbyterian, is reported by the Philadelphia Times as informing his congregation that hell is in the blazing centre of the earth. "Down in this place," he said, "is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons! There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all you hear the roar of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations." He described the inmates of this hell suffering, without a moment's cessation, the most frightful torture. The following is a passage from the sermon: "The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red hot iron. See, on the middle of the red hot iron floor stands a girl. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. Listen! She speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red hot floor for years. Sleep never came on me for a moment. Look at my burnt feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment.' O! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment! The devil answers her question: 'No, not for a single moment shall you ever leave this red hot floor!'"

THE NEW IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

"It is our Opening Day."

The oft-repeated predictions of the neglected prophet Benjamin Disraeli had come true at last, and the terror was upon us. Deep had spoken unto deep; there had been an upheaving of the waters; and the floods, breaking loose, and carrying onward in their terrific rush the stirred-up social residuum, had overwhelmed the Imperial Parliament, and brought confusion, ruin—the long looked for "anarchy"—to doomsday. St. Stephen's. After Lord Beaconsfield, the deluge! So it seemed to the Right Hon. John Robert Mowbray as he gloomily regarded the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon. He stood apart, high and dry amongst the back Opposition benches, while a wild, tumultuous, and dangerous mob surged two and two upon the floor, raising an intolerable din, and sending the air with occasional shouts of wicked glee. Sir Walter Bartlett, adorned with a cravat of flaming crimson, intended to propitiate raging incandescence in the mass, and to soothe the *roues de la revolution*, shared Mr. Mowbray's refuge and his views; and Mr. Baillie-Cochrane—soon to be translated into Cochrane-Baillie, Baron Lamington—surveying the fearful scene from the still intact peers' gallery, felt glad, almost, that he was out of it. Those persons with beaming countenances and sparkling eyes who were jostling each other so energetically, shaking hands with so much fervour, talking and gesticulating and darting hither and thither as if possessed by demons of activity, were radicals, democrats, republicans, atheists, communists—*sans culottes*. That was the notion of the noble lord, the right hon. gentlemen, the hon. baronet, and one or two other relics of a past æra rescued from annihilation to prove that the Tory majority once existed. At the same time it was puzzling to observe that the strange creatures, whose animation caused such an uproar, were all decently clad and clean; and—more amazing still—that upon the seats which they had appropriated behind the Treasury Bench were arranged long rows of brand-new long-faced hats, black, glossy, brilliant! Such a spectacle was too much for tolerant contemplation. The elections had gone wrong, and the only possible Government had been destroyed; yet England survived, the European Powers had not plunged into wars of extermination, the Stock Exchange carried on business usual during the alterations, and here were the radicals, democrats, republicans, atheists, communists, and what not, with store clothes and stovepipe hats, fresh, lustrous, radiant. Mr. Mowbray gave it up and sat down in a remote corner, despairing even of the consolatory power of new titles. Sir Walter resolved that a heartless word should never see him smile again. Baron Lamington buried his saddened visage in his hands, and gradually disappeared. It was useless for Mr. Beutnick to plant his back firmly against the end of a table, and extend a protecting arm over the portable reference library by way of asserting the rights of property. His attitude failed to inspire confidence. In vain did Mr. Alderman Fowler, glowing with satisfaction at his own private victory in the city, and a consequent return to old haunts, go beamingly about in a blue waistcoat and yellow unmentionables, with thumbs in arm-holes or hands beneath coat tails, assuring his desponding friends that the radicals, republicans, socialists, etc., could only have acquired the newest of new-hats by winning them in bets from two-hanging Tories. The compact minority refused to be comforted, and Mr. Hermon fled far beyond the gangway. It was a critical moment, but in the very nick of time a choice collection of ex-Ministers was hastily brought in and placed upon the front Opposition bench. The compact minority took heart of grace and watched for a sign. All the ex-Ministers simultaneously smiled. Sir Stafford Northcote assumed an expectant expression of something more than "all that posts feign of bliss

and joy." Mr. Smith suddenly became an embodiment of nautical jollity. Colonel Stanley implied that he had "much to be thankful for." A sort of vacuous blandness overspread the features of Mr. Slater-Booth. Sir M. Hicks Beach made one tremendous effort to look as if he did not mind it; and Lord Sandon, though woe and haggard, alternately rubbed his hands and nursed his knees in unutterable ecstasy at having escaped from the responsibility of maintaining order and regenerating mankind through the horrible medium of agricultural machinery. Encouraged by these genuine demonstrations of delight, the remnants of the lost majority grew more compact than ever, and renewing a credulous confidence in their fallen chiefs decided to await the course of events.

By degrees even those whose dejection had equalled Mr. Ritchie's began to perceive that, instead of chaos having come again as they imagined the turmoil which had made them quake merely indicated that the Liberal party was reunited, and had grown under the spell of an enchanter only more "harmoniously confused" than usual. A general settling down was slowly brought about. The rightful owners of the burished hats put them on and sat down in their places, forms unknown filling up the void left by the Admiral and his devoted allies, Wheelwheeler and Marten. Customary ceremonies were in due course respectfully observed, innovations being at least postponed; nobody bonneted Mr. Brand as he strolled about in the character of a simple country gentleman paying a casual visit to town; the gentleman user of the Black Rod, K. C. B., was not tripped up and trampled under foot when he essayed his famous strategic movement; the sergeant-at-arms retained his authority; all inclination to play tricks with the mace was suppressed, at any rate for a season; and the House gradually took shape. Not until the opposing forces were drawn up in hostile array could the greatness of the change be at all realized, although the absence of the Liberal leaders—for once with good excuse—left the situation produced a sensation of bewilderment. The Tories beamed, maimed, and shrivelled, shrunk into the smallest space; and their foes, clad with past successes and confident of coming victories, could hardly be restrained within the regular boundaries. Only here and there, amidst the crowd of new-comers thronging the Ministerial benches, could a familiar face be detected. Upon the other side wide gaps appeared in the Tory ranks, which were broken up into sections and separated by magnificent distances; well-known members being so affected by the reversal of position as to have nearly lost their identity. It was presently borne in upon them that they had not yet fathomed the depth of their humiliation. A feeble optimism prevailed for a brief interval below the gangway, where Sir Charles Russell, resting on the third bench, stretched his limbs in languid ease; and Mr. Bromley-Davenport and Mr. Percy Wyndham, swells of irreproachable purity, reclined just below him on the second bench, congratulated each other upon the pleasant contrast between their own roomy quarters and the compressed condition of the prepping mob over the way. They were in the height of their enjoyment of this new-found pleasure, when Mr. Finigan, entirely gloveless and clothed in a sombre and loosely-fitting garb devoid of all pretensions to fashion, approached them courteously, hat in hand, and, without one word of explanation, firmly set himself down between them. At first the two astonished gentlemen were disposed to be amused at this remarkable intrusion of an individual who, as they supposed, had forgotten that his friends, the historic "traitors to their Sovereign and country," had shifted their camp. Matters became more serious, however, within a few seconds; for Mr. O'Donnell, perpetual member for Dungarvin and incidentally founder of the Farmers' League, was observed making his way towards them with an air of keeple countenance. Politely avoiding Mr. Wyndham's toes, he passed in front of that disquieted gentleman, and, joining Mr. Finigan, made manifest the intention of the Farnelite faction to retain their old ground as absolutely as though it were Irish land held in virtue of long arrears of rent. Consternation spread amongst the squires, the colonels, and the opulent loungers who had fondly fancied themselves free from intrusion, and, anticipating some satisfaction from contemplating an uncomfortable infusion of the Hibernian element into the overgrown party on the other side, had never pondered on the meaning of a proverb concerning misfortune and strange bedfellows. With side-long looks, Messrs. Wyndham and Bromley-Davenport apprehensively eyed their unwelcome neighbours, exchanging glances furtively, and yielding to a sense of hopeless misery as they realised how vast was the pull which had been so unexpectedly interposed between them. Sympathizing friends assembled on the floor in front, and gazing tearfully towards them, mutely conveyed inadequate condolences. Mr. W. W. B. Beach would have gone to the support of Mr. Percy Wyndham, whose rigid attitude portended a collapse, but a stout person in a light dust-coat cut in before him, and was greeted by the two Farnelites as an ally. Roused by the extremity of their peril, the members for Cumberland and Warwickshire regained their falling consciousness by a convulsive effort, and, fleeing in different directions, abandoned the most compact section of the compact minority to sudden disintegration.

THE IRISH BOROUGH FRANCHISE BILL.

The following is the text of the Bill introduced by Mr. Forster, Mr. Gladstone, and the Solicitor-General for Ireland, to provide for the Extension of the Parliamentary Franchise in Boroughs in Ireland.

"Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

1. This act may be cited for all purposes as the Borough Franchise, Ireland, Act, 1880.

2. This act shall extend to Ireland only, but shall not in anywise affect the election of members to serve in Parliament for the borough of the University of Dublin.

3. From and after the passing of this act every male person who is entitled to be registered as a voter, and who registered to vote for a member or members to serve in Parliament for a borough who is qualified as follows—That is to say, is of full age and not subject to any legal incapacity, and is on the 20th day of July in any year and as during the whole of the preceding twelve calendar months been an inhabitant occupier, as owner or tenant, of any dwelling-house within the borough in respect of which all poor rates have been paid on or before the 1st day of July 1, such year, which became payable hereon during his occupation thereof, and previously to the 1st day of January in such year.

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Condiments," that is mustard mixed with farina, etc., and do not possess the pungent aromatic flavour of the genuine article.—Be sure you get "Colman's" with the Bull's Head on every tin.

THE PROVIDENCE BOAT RACE.

Wallace Ross Wins the Race—Riley Second—Hanlan Nowhere.

PROVIDENCE R. I., June 17.—The following started in the amateur race to-day:—William Murray, Portsmouth, Va.; Timothy Murphy, Norwich, Conn.; Frank E. Holmes, Pawtucket, R. I.; Edward Hayden, Boston; Geo. Gaisel, New York; John Buckley, Portland, Me.; Joseph Laing, Montreal. The Pittsburgh Brothers, Philadelphia, did not appear. The carmen got word at 4:23 or 4:22-2 Holmes promptly shot to the front, catching the water at the signal, and rapidly drew ahead, followed by Gaisel and Hayden. These positions remained unchanged at the half-mile, but at the mile Gaisel pushed to the front, Holmes second, Laing third. Holmes rounded the turn first, steering direct for his buoy at a lead of four or five lengths, and followed by Gaisel and Murray. Buckley and Murphy followed, turning Holmes' buoy. Laing sixth and Hayden seventh. Holmes retained his lead to the finish, keeping to the front without much exertion, although Gaisel spurred once or twice. The latter at the finish was at least three lengths in rear of Holmes with Laing third, Murray fourth, Buckley fifth, Hayden sixth, Murphy seventh. Official time, 22m 44s. Holmes was greeted with prolonged applause. He received the silver trophy valued at \$1,000.

The following started in the professional race—Wallace Ross, St. John, N. B.; George W. Lee, New York; James Riley, Saratoga; Horatio Delano, Chelsea, Mass.; James A. TenEyck, Boston; Jacob Gaudin, Toronto; James A. Demsey, Geneva; Robt W. Boyd, Middleboro, Eng.; Edward Hanlan, Toronto. At the signal Hanlan rushed to the front, followed by Boyd and Riley. After a time Ross pushed ahead of Boyd and they fought steadily for third position beyond the half mile. Finally Ross passed the Englishman and sped for Hanlan, passing him before reaching the turning point by three or four lengths, with Riley 2nd, Hanlan 3rd. Gaudin seemed to have fouled with his buoy in turning and Boyd lured to better, for he came in contact with his buoy and was detained nearly half a minute. As the buoy was rounded the wind freshened perceptibly, with white caps and billows at frequent intervals. Ross steered toward the eastern shore, with Riley 2nd and the Champion 3rd. Ross maintained his lead, and about half a mile from the turn, Hanlan was observed to cease rowing and rest on his oars. When asked what was the matter from the press boat, he placed his hand on his chest as though experiencing pain. At this time Ross was several lengths in advance, with Riley second. The water was exceedingly rough, and one oarsman was seen to leave his boat. The police boat and several other boats went to his rescue. Plastered and TenEyck were steering for the western shore, with the latter in advance. Ross kept a leading position very easily, and at the finish had a lead of thirty-six seconds, with Riley 2nd and TenEyck 3rd. The following is the official time:—Ross 21:54; Riley 30:30; TenEyck 33:58. The prizes are \$5,000 to 1st; \$1,500 to 2nd; \$500 to 3rd.

The amateur race was a pretty one. The water was in good condition, and everything seemed favorable, as was expected. Holmes won easily. He rowed the third half-mile straight for his buoy as a line, and making a neat turn, was well on his way home before the others turned. Everybody seemed to be satisfied with their race. The crowd in attendance is estimated at 50,000. Bulletins sent out during the progress of the race proved to be generally incorrect, owing to the failure of the telephone system of signalling by means of coloured balls. This failure is due to the oarsmen failing to wear the colours assigned them in such position as to make them conspicuous. In turning the stakes the members of the press on the tug boat Reliance found it impossible to distinguish the personality of the contestants, several of them turning the same stake, thus adding to the confusion, until the arrival of the time keepers. On shore it was generally believed by the spectators that Boyd was third and Plasted second, while in fact both were far behind that their time was not taken. One of the stands gave way before the race.

Although the professional race did not end as expected, there is no general feeling that everything was not "square." Hanlan's friends and backers are satisfied, and paid the pools like men, and are willing to back him again, believing him when he said he had a stitch in his side; indeed they say he was troubled the same way the day before he rowed Riley victory, and has worn a plaster since then, until within a day or two, when he took it off. It is thought his rapid changes of climate—from Canada to the Southern States and back again within a short time—has had something to do with it.

After the regatta many thousands of people proceeded down the bay to Rocky Point, where the oarsmen were entertained and the prizes delivered. Speeches were given by ex-Governor Lippitt and Mr. Soule, and the presentation by Colonel Spooner, Speaker of the Rhode Island House of Representatives. There was a brilliant display of fireworks. No definite information can be gained respecting the Hanlan's disability. Riley says after making the turn he seemed to indicate he could not pull, and gave up the contest as though suffering from cramps. Alderman Flynn says he was simply outrowed and beaten.

A WEALTHY IRISHMAN LOOKING FOR HIS SISTERS.

Among the passengers on the steamship *Argosy*, which sailed from New York on the 15th of May, was an elderly man named William Kelly. Before leaving he made arrangements for the publication of the following advertisement:—

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF MARY Ann and Margaret Kelly, from Virginia, County of York Ireland, would hear from their brother William by calling on Mr. THOS. NOBLE, 52 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Kelly left his home in Virginia, County of York, Ireland, when a young man, to go to Australia. He was poor. To-day he owns a great deal of real estate in Sydney, Australia, and is reputed to be very wealthy. He arrived in New York a few weeks ago, having come here for the purpose of finding his sisters and starting his wealth with them, should their circumstances make them desirous of it. He stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and prosecuted the search for them with all the means he could command, but without success. He heard from them last about seventeen years ago. They then lived in Canal Street, New York, and both had married. He returns to his native place, hoping to find there some clue to their whereabouts.

INTRIGUES OF OUR LANGUAGE.

The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and that

a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

Condensed News.

—The present British Parliament contains about 150 non-Episcopalians.

—Monsieur Hassoun, the Patriarch of Constantinople, has arrived at Rome.

—The value of the diamonds exported from the Cape last year amounted to over £3,000,000.

—The American Public Debt is now 1,352,386,719 dollars, a decrease of 15,928,043 dollars.

—Andrew Aimers, the oldest composer in Scotland, lately died in Edinburgh. He had helped to set up the Waverley novels.

—The Lords of the Treasury have refused to lend the municipality of Dublin more money. It already owes over \$5,000,000.

—The iron ship-building trade at Whitby is still being partially suspended on account of the difficulty of procuring finished iron.

—The trustees of Sir Richard Warr's charity at Rochester have decided upon the erection of a hundred model cottages for the workmen of the city.

—Rome sticks to its project of a world's fair for 1885-6. An English company has offered for twelve millions of dollars to guarantee its success.

—Lord Leonfield has remitted 25 per cent. of his tenants' rent in the Kildysart district. His lordship has also provided his tenants with flour and seed potatoes.

—E. and Lady Kay-Shuttleworth have invited all the Liberal members of Parliament for the boroughs and county of Lancaster to meet Lord Hartington at dinner on the 30th of June.

—A. H. Clark of Groton has a ram that thinks. It thinks enough to bait apples, when there is fruit on them, until the apple drops off, when it stops thinking and goes to eating.

—The return of Mr. Worthy for Sheffield was elected at an expenditure of £1,025 5s 4d. The expenses of the Liberal candidate, Messrs. Mundell and Waddy, amounted to £2,542 10s.

—The *Car* is the only crowned widow and Victoria the only crowned widow among the European potentates. Alfonso and Christine of Spain are the youngest wedded couple; William and Augusta of Germany the eldest.

—King Humbert reproaches his courtiers, who are profound adepts in all the art of Italian cunning, for never letting him know the truth, which he only finds out through some poor petitioner bold enough to approach him through the circle of flatterers.

—A numerous body of admirers are about erecting a statue in terra cotta to the distinguished graduate of Oxford, John Ruskin, in the drawing school of the university. The Duke of Wellington has stated that when his letters and correspondence were fully published a good many statues would be taken down. Huskin need fear no such casualty.

—Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament at 23, a year after leaving the university. Two years later Sir Robert Peel made him a lord of the Treasury, and within a year Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Beaconsfield did not make his way into the House of Commons until he was 32. Of Mr. Gladstone's leading colleagues, Mr. Childers and Mr. Bright entered the House of Commons at 32, and the Marquis of Hartington at 24. Of former leaders, Mr. Pitt entered at 21, and Mr. Fox was returned at 19, two years before he could be received in the House.

—EPH'S CORONA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. —By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected food, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save many a heavy doctor's bill. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle poisons, which find their way into the blood, and produce various diseases, are expelled from the system, and a healthy and vigorous condition is restored. Sold only in packets labeled—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Holloway's Pills.—The stomach and its troubles cause more discomfort and bring more unhappiness than is commonly supposed. The thousand ills that settle there may be prevented or distended by the judicious use of these purifying Pills, which act as a sure anti-acid aperient, without annoying the nerves of the most susceptible or irritating the most delicate organization. Holloway's Pills will bestow comfort and cheerfulness on every headachy, dyspeptic and sickly sufferer, whose tortures make him a burden to himself and a burden to his friends. These Pills have long been the popular remedy for a weak stomach, for a disordered liver, or a paralyzed digestion, which yield without difficulty to their regulating, purifying, and tonic qualities.

FARMS FOR SALE

AT STE. THERESE

A Splendid Farm on the Banks of the River St. Rose.

Three acres in breadth and forty acres in depth. Good stone house, 42x38 feet, three stories, barn, good stabling for cattle, and two houses for workmen; a young, thriving orchard, which will be bearing fruit next year.

Terms: One-third Cash and balance to Suit Purchaser.

ALSO AT

GRAND LINE,

Three Miles from Ste. Therese.

A Farm containing seventy acres, twenty-five acres under cultivation, the balance in standing bush; good house and barns.

Terms Easy. Particulars on applying at 216 Commercial Street, St. 419 MICHIGAN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LADIES!

Buy your Underwear where they offer the largest stock, the greatest variety, and at the lowest cash prices, and you will be sure to buy it at S. Carsley's.

READ THE FOLLOWING

Ladies' Gauze India Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Summer Merino Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' India Gauze Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Underwear, with high neck and long sleeves, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00.

Ladies' Gauze Cashmere Under