Oh, if we could bring home, if but for one hour, to the hearts of the English people the unspeakable intany of the "Davit's work" that is being done in their name, and by their power, upon the homes of the hapless Irish peasants in the wild districts of Woodford. In our hearts we believe in that hour those horrors would cease. It makes one half despair sometimes the almost insuperable difficulty of getting the naked facts known. It is comfortable doctrine that truth is strong and must prevall, but ignorance, prejudice, and falsehood make a terribly tough fight. There is a vast conspiracy in England to conceal those facts, to distort them, to deny them. There is a natural inclination to refuse to believe them. People wave the horrible truth aside, as Mr. Pod-snap did, and decline to discuss it. They consider, as he considered when he heard that five people had died of sheer starvation walking in London, that it must be their own fault. Podsnappery is rampant in Eogland, and its blde is hard to pierce. Yet, we who know the truth may well forgive the feeling that the Clauricarde atrocities are inoredible. In the wide world there is nothing viler than Clanricarde. So much seems conceded on all hands. Mean, selfish, and savage, with a cold-blood savagery, even great vices are denied to this miserable creature. Money getting and sordid, economic debauchery are the sole occupations of his life. Outside his relations with his tenants we have quite enough of information to form one estimate of his character. Some little while sgo we published a fragment of a letter in the handwriting of the Most Vile the Marquis of Clanricade, addressed to Captain M'Donogh, the then senior magistrate for the Portumns division, for the purpose of influencing the Bench in his favour in an adjourned and still pending eviction against a certain Mrs. Soully, whom he described as the mistress of his dead father. My Dear Captain M'Donogh," he writes

from the Albany, Piccadilly, on the 10th of November, 76: "I think I must offer you a word of apology for having been relactantly forced to bring before you at the last Portumus Petty Sessions the unpleasant case of next. Mrs. Scully and her home. Of course, I should naturally have infinitely preferred not to move in it had I not been left with little option by her conduct. The following circomstances, which, though letting you a little behind the scenes, I prefer to impart to you than that you should erroneously suppose that I have harship attacked Mrs. Scully, when, as the truth is, I have had to defend myself against a very dishonest attempt at sharp practice on her art. The late Lord Clanricade," (the man's own father) "not only left various other mistresses besides Mrs. Scully, but also an apparently unlimited number of illegitimate children." Then there is a snarling complaint about his father's neglect to leave any "parsonal property" to him, and a pitiful waine about the "comparative poverty" which compelled this Most Noble Marquis, with a clear rental of £30,-000 a year, to strive to corrupt the Banch by defaming his dead father's memory in the hops of robbing the wretched woman his father wronged of the poor roof that sheltered her. Watshe our readers' opinion whether this or the Blake incident were the most unutterably crue!, cowardly, and contemptible. The Most Vile, while publicy parading his generosity to his tenants, privately compelled his agent, Mr. Blake, to adopt the harshest process of the law to squezze the uttermost farthing out of them. The agents' exactions seemed mere wanton and gratuitous sevagery in the teeth of the landlords' instructions He fell a victim to his master's cunting deviltry. The old man was murdered in his sorvice and the Most Vile, when the widow sought to vindicate her dead husband's charnoter by publishing the correspondence, promptly clotured her with a writ of injunc-The same trick, in a slightly altered form, he tried on his next agent, Mr. Joyce. Mr. Joyce recommended the granting of a re-Mr. Joyce recommended the granting of a reduction to the Woodford tenants who are now being evicted. The Most Vile refused the reduction, intimating that another such suggestion would cost the agent his situation. With unspeakable meanness he publicly do: clared that the agent, so far from suggesting a reduction, had urged him to proceed to ext emities, to break up the no-rent conspiracy which he reported as existing on the catate.
Mr. Joyco remonstrated against this cruel
falsehood. The reply came, comparing the Galway gentleman, who risked his life daily in his service, to his lordship's scullery maid; and not merely claiming the right to publicly calumniate his agent, but requiring the agent to publicly endorse the calumny. Lying on behalf of his employer was, it seems, one of the services for which salary was paid-a service which, we may remark in passing, is most effectively performed by Mr. Tener, the miserable creature to whm the "Devil's work" is at present entrusted. The incidents of the Joyce libel action are fresh in the public remembrance. Mr. Joyce, one of the witnesses swore, was set by his cowardly employer on a pedestal to be shot at. The landlord's advocate, Mr. Atkinson, could find nothing harder to say of the plaintiff to disentitle him to the sympathy of the jury than that he had engaged, even for a time, in the "Devil's work as Clanricarde's agent." Even the passionless Chief Baron was for once stirred to passion, and denounced with scorching invective the sordid selfishness and savagery of the nobleman who appeared in court in the guise of an old clo' man, to entreat the jury's mercy for "his moneys." The jury expressed their opinion emphatically by a verdict of two thousand five hundred pounds. Sir Michael Hicks Beach refused, as was proved at the trial, to degrade the forces of the Crown by lending them for this "Davil's work" at Woodford. His successor has no such scruple. Justice, decency and humanity count for nothing with Mr. Ballour. We feel acutely as physical pain our utter incount for nothing with Mr. Baliour. We to become saturated with water, and for a feel acutely as physical pain our utter intime the butter made off this land was ability to convey even a vague notion of the not as firm as it would have been in a dry atroolties now prepetrated in the outraged season. This excess of moisture has now passed names of law and order. Would we could away; we have had a good spell of warm drying thunder them into the cars and flash them hefore the eyes of every true-hearted man through the Three Kingdoms, till their souls should waken to horror and indignation. Think of it, workingmen and women, for God's sake think of it, and let no plausible platitudes blind your eyes to the cruel facts. For a man like this, the most degraded that God has made, a man that never did a kind act or won a good word in his life-time-to gratify his sordid greed, to swell his countless and useless hourds, hundreds of hard workingmen and women and helpless children are turned adrift on the world. This vile creature is of less worth-a thousand-fold less worth in God's sight or man's-than the very meanest victim to his greed or vengeauce. But he balongs to a class whose position the Govern-

"Workingmen and workingwomen Have one glory and one shame. Everything that if inhuman

ment are determined to uphold and whose

rights (save the mark !) they are determined.

to maintain

Injures all of them the same." Here the responsibility comes closer. It is you, workingmen and women of England, that are breaking down with or whar and battering rams the homes of Clauricarde's tenants which their own hands built. Your servants do these things in your name. Your money

pays for it. To you, their brethren in the great family of labour, homeless, helpless, almost hopeless, they cry for meroy in their sore sufferings. You are all-powerful if you will but know your power and use it. You can stop this "Devil's work" with a word.— United Ireland.

LABOUCHERE'S LETTER.

THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS SOPHIA-SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S COUNTER-BLAST-RASCALITY AT DUBLIN CASTLE-

A CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM. LONDON, Sept. 26.—The wedding of Princes ophia of Prussia to the Crown Prince of Greece will take place at the end of next June at Ber-lin. The Princess is not to enter the Greek Church, but any children of the marriage will be brought up in the orthodox faith of the Greeks. The fact that King George of Greece contemplates abdicating his throne I announced some time ago. I now hear that His Majesty. who is by far the most popular member of his family, has privately intimated to the Emperor William and to the Uzar that he intends to take his final departure from Athens early next summer, before the marriage of the Crown Prince and Princess Sophia. King George recently purchased a chateau in Deemark, in the vicinity of the Royal Schloss of Fredensborg, and propuses to reside there during a portion of the year. At other times he will live in Germany

and in Russia.

I hear that Sir Morrell Mackenzie's counter blast to the German medices is to be published on Monday, the 15th October. It will appear simultaneously in London, Paris and Berlin. Though Sir Morrell has had many restrictions imposed on him, I understand that the book will be interesting not only to doctors, but also to the public, and that the medical details will be made intelligible by illustrations. A for-midable mass of statistics has been collected which clearly show how little chance the Em-peror Frederick would have had of coming to the throne if he had been left in the hands of the German surgeons.

The relations between Emperor William and the English Court are still as bad as possible, and His Majesty's recent hint that he might not be indisposed to visit his grandmother at windsor next winter, met with a frigid response to the effect that the Queen is so much afflicted by Emperor Frederick's death that she will not be able to receive any state guests until July

PATTI'S NEW \$200,000 CONTRACT Mme. Patti has concluded a contract to return to Buenos Avres next year at a minimum salary, I hear, of \$6,250 per night and a further share of the receipts after a certain sum has been taken. She expects to sail about the 5th of March, and will give at least thirty-two per-

The much bepuffed beauty show held last The much bepuffed beauty show held last week at Spo, in Belgium, can only be characterized as a "do." The so-called "beauties" on view consisted of ten or a dozen girls, and some of them palpably old girls, too, the majority of whom had no pretensions whatever to be considered even good-looking. Night after night these ill-advised girls posed on a platform in gaudy gilt and with faureuils, while an audience, co-sisting coiefly of Belgian "chappies" and "Johnnies" (and ye gods! what "chappies" and "Johnnies" they are!) discussed their personal points with questionable taste though good humored toleration. The excitement had wholly died out long before the depressing exhibition had come to an end, and even the Spa hibition had come to an end, and even the Spa master was unable to simulate a languid interest in what—not to put it too strongly—was from beginning to end a melancholy furce if not a contemptible failure.

About a fortnight ago Lord Armstrong re-ceived a confidential letter from a highly placed official at Asseu, offering for a substantial con-sideration to place at the disposal of his firm tracings of the whole of the guns and projectiles which had been manufactured at the Krupp works during the last year. Lord Armstrong having consulted with his partners, inclosed the letter containing the offer to Messra Kinpp, with the result that the traitor has been dismissed and arrested.

BASCALITY AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

With regard to Mr. O'Brien's threatened revelations concerning the rascality in high castle quarters, I will only say that if they prove to be well founded the fact should surprise no one who considers what Castle rule has been and what sort of men have been its minious and

It is alleged that John Bunyan was a plagiarist, and that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a literal translation from the French of the work entitled "Ye Pilgrimage of Ye Souie," by Guilaume de Guileville, a monk of the fifteenth century, a translation of which was printed by Caxton in 1843. It is believed that a copy of the original French manuscript is to be found either in the British Museum or in the Bodelain Library at Oxford, and it might be worth while to search for it in order that the question may be-

John Morley is writing monegraphs on Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt for "Eminent States. men" series.

Two of the principal nevels of the autumn publishing season wilt be "The Legacy of Cain," by Wilkie Collins, and "Through the Long Night," by Mrs. Lynn Linton, both of which appear about the middle of next month.

TO THE DEAF. A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 30 St. John Street,

THE IRISH BUTTER MARKETS.

Montreal.

The following is the mid-season report of Messrs. T. J. Clanchy & Co., Cork, just received:—The Irish Butter Season of 1888, which now enters on its second phase—the autumn aftermath make—has been so far one of good supply and moderate prices. The heavy rainfall of the spring and summer, so much in contrast with last year's drought, caused an abundant growth of grass, and an increased make of butter. The coolness of the summer months was favorable to butter makers, but the rain having continued too long caused some of the pastures, especially in the lowland districts, away; we have had a good spell of warm drying winds, with supshine, without any excessive heat, most favorable weather for the growth of the aftermath, which this year is remarkably luxuriant and plentiful. The pastures are now dry, with sufficient moisture under the surface to cause the aftergrass to be rich and succulent without weakness or coarseness. The aftermath make of butter this year will be good. Already

some of butter this year win be good. Already some of it has come in, and it is very fine, rich in color, possessing much firmness and keeping properties, with excellent taste and flavor. The price of butter now is considerably cheaper than it was at this time last year. First Corks to-day are 98s. They were 117s, on this date last year, a difference of 24s. Superfines that to day are 99s, were 120s, on the corresponding date last year, being 21s, cheaper. corresponding date last year, being 21s, cheaper.
Other qualities are proportionately lower this year than last. It is expected, however, that as winter stocking goes on, there will be a good advance in princes, and some farmers are holding back their butter in the expectation of getting more money for it in October. There is a decrease in the number of milch cows in Ireland in the country of eince last year of 9,403 head. So that if other things are equal, the make of butter for the re-mainder of the grass season, about 9 weeks, will

last year. DO NOT BUFFER FROM SICK HEADACHE A moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pells will ours you. Dose, one little Small pric Small done, Sma pill.

not be larger than the corresponding period of

RETALIATION DISCUSSED.

Mr. Morgan Argues in Favor of Annexation -How Canada's Interests are so Bound Up With Those of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25 .- Mr. Sherman's esolution for an enquiry into the state of relations between the United States and Great Britain and Canada was taken up, and Mr. Morgan proceeded to discuss it. He said it was an obvious fact that a distinctive policy of the Republican senators was that no other but a Republican administration should have the settlement of the questions now open between the people of the United States and those of Canada. The Senate, he said, was to have a glance at the substitute for the Mills bill and would then probably adjourn.

OUR WINTER PORTS IGNORED. Proceeding to discuss the President's retaliation message, Mr. Morgan asserted that the safest, cheapest and best form of retaliation was to resume the collection of Castomi duties imported into and exported from Canada. The most direct effect that would follow it would be the transfer of a large part of the trade which Canada now conducted with Great Britain and otner foreign countries to American merchants and manufacturers. Canada could not afford to pay its own tariff duties and American tariff duties in addition on its im ported and exported merchandise, nor could Canada afford to import during the summer all its necessary supplies for summer and winter. The President, he said, could not have safely confined himself (as had been demanded by the Gloucester fishermen) to the prohibition of the introduction of fish It would have been equally his duty to spread his proclamation so as to exclude from the United States lumber, wool, iron ore and such other products as came in competition with American products.

BETALIATION WOULD LEAD TO ANNEXATION Mr. Morgan proceeded with his argument in favor of the policy suggested by the President. He declared the augustion to be a masterly stroke of paircy. It would have more to do with the coming of Ganada within the political affiliations of the United States than any other argument which any human being could name, because it brought before the eyes of Canada the most practical questions that their material interests were so bound up with those of the American people that a common government was necessary for all alike. Mr. Morgan said that the Senator from Onio (Mr. Sperman) would not introduce a bil: to uselat the President of the United states, and would not vote for a bill now before the committee to help the President to cure existing evils. if you will send Mr. Parnell some money for When that senator was asked to consider me. But I want you to keep my name a that measure and to bring it into the Senate and vote to it so as to give justice to American shippers through Canadian canale, he opened his all-embracing arms and proposed to take in Canada clear up to the North Pole. That was the Senator's answer to the President's retaliation message.

THE SENATE WILL NOT ACT.

Mr. Morgan paid a high compliment to the President for his clearaightedness and courage. He had asked Congress to give him power, not merely to retaliate on Canada for the wrongs she had done to citizens of the United States and to convince her that she must do so no longer, but also to put the revenues of the country, in spite of Canada, on the same footing as they were in respect of Mexico or any other foreign state, and at the same time to relieve him from an embarrassment which he could not escape so long as the law remained in its present imperfect and tangled form. That was what the President asked. Would the Senate grant it? It would not: it had no intention to grant it. There had been no action taken upon it. A few days more and the tariff bill would be reported to the Senate, and that measure would wedge out everything else.

DEMOCRATIC INCONSISTENCY.

Dolph replied to Mr. Morgan. He spoke of the inconsistency of Democratic senators, who, from being on the British side when the treaty was pending, were now the most radical advocates of retaliation. He regarded the President's retaliation message as a most extraordinary document. After rejection by the Senate of the Fisheries treaty, which was "a shameful surrender of American rights," the President had been left free to execute the rotaliation act of 3:d March, 1887, but he chose to bluster rather than to act, and undertook to instruct the Senate on the question. The President demanded powers to prevent the importation in bond of goods, the effect of which would hurt American transportation companies alone, would tend to destroy American interests and would hardly harm Canada at all. It would simply divert transportation of goods for or Canada across American territory by American transportation lines. It would give an opportunity for the building up of Canadian transportation lines and would in the end, as claimed by the leading men of Canada, he a honefit to the Canadian provinces. The exercise of the power in the President's hands under the act of 3rd March, 1887, would have injured Canada. Was that the reason why the President had not executed it? The power asked for would injure American interests. Was that the reason why the President desired it? It would seem to be the President's desire to retaliate on the people of the United States rather than on the people of Canads.

After the close of Mr. Dolph's remarks the resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Sherman stated that it would be considered to morrow.

THE LUGGACURREN ESTATE:

The following circular (says the Dublin Daily Express) has been leaned to about forty timante on Lord Landowno's estate at Lugga oren who jised the Pan of Campaign about two years ago, but who were not included in the evictions that took place at the time, for the reasons explained in the circu

LUGGACURREN, 5th Sept., 1888. SIR,-I have to call your attention to the fact that you are indebted to Lord Lansdowne to the extent of ever two years' rent of your holding and to request that you will favor me with an early settlement of your account.

Nearly two years ago you joined other tenants on Lord Lansdowne's Queen's County entate in adopting the "Plan of Campaign," and in refusing payment of the rent then due by you. Against a number of other tenants. including the richest and strongest, Lori Lansdowne took proceedings, the result of which is known to you. Proceedings were not taken against you, as it was felt by his lordship that your action had, to some ex tent at all events, been forced upon you, por sibly against your own better judgment, and because he wished to spare you, if possible, sufferings such as have been entailed upon

many of your neighbors.

You have thus held the land for over two years without paying any rent at all, retaining the rents in your pocket while onjoying all the advantages of occupation. This is a state of things that you can hardly expecshould be allowed indefinitely to continue,

and the time has come when it is necessary for me to put an end to it, and for you to decide upon the course you intend to follow.

I have, therefore, hereby to inform you that if I do not receive from you within a week one year's rent on account, less the abatement you were offered two years ago, it will become my duty to proceed at the approaching Quarter Sessions to recover possession of your holding .- Your obedient servant, J. TOWNSEND TRENCH.

THE TIME TO HATE.

I have a friend-I mean a foe-Whom cordially I ought to hate; But somehow I can never seem To lay the feud between us straight. When apple boughs are full of bloom, And Nature loves her fellow men With all the witchery of spring, How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes with days Full of a long and languid charm, When even water lillies aleep On waves without a thought of harm, When underneath the shadiest tree

My hammock hangs in idlest state, I were an idiot to get up Out of that hammock just to hate.

The harvests come. If mine is big,
I am too happy with my store;
If small, I'm too much occupied
With grubbing round to make it more. In dim recesses of my mind I have no idle hour to pend In hunting up the bitter foe

Who simply ought to be my friend. In winter! Well, in winter-ugh! Who would add hate to winds that freeze? All love and warmth that I can get I want in such dull days as these. No, no, dear foe; it is no use;

The struggling year is at an end; I cannot hate you if I would, And you must turn and be my friend,

A GENUINE PATRIOT.

The Boston Republic relates the following occurrence illustrative of the genuine and eargest patriotism with which even the humblest sons of Ecin are actuated. It is a most touching spisode in the history of the

struggle for Irish liberty.

A purious, interesting incident occurred on Friday evening in this city, the gentleman who was concerned chiefly being Mr. Robert F. Walsh, formerly of the staff of the Dublin Freeman, and for the present a resident of this city. He tells the story thus: "A newsboy hailed me last night on Washington street. He was apparently about twelve years old, but bright as a new cent plece: 'I beg your pardon, sir!' 'Well! what do you want?" I'm an Irishman, sir, and you will oblige me But I want you to keep my name a secret, for I give all I make to my mother. I looked at the little fellow and thought I had got hold of one of the proverbially emart American newsboys. But no ! he was gennize Irisb, and meant what he said. Young as he was he had read or heard of the calumnies which the Times heaped on Parnell and the Irish party; he knew of the defence fund, and like a thorough Irish little trick, he wanted to help. The situation was so old, I consented to become the treasurer of his subscription, and he forthwith produced a new looking three cent piece which he desired me to send to Mr. Parcell, but not to tell his mother of his extravagance. If I could find her I would tell her of it and make her feel proud of her little son. I shall carry out little Dan's request to the letter and in ten or twelve days Mr. Parnell will have the Buston newsboy's three cant piece, and from it will learn a leason of the patriotiem of the poor Irish at this side, that thousands of deliars could not so prettily or pointedly prove. But isn't this a lesson to the adult and rich Irishman of Boston? I shall say no more about it. Tho incident speaks for itself. It will be prized by Mr. Parnell, and I hope it will stimulate our Irish American friends in Boston to

CONSTIPATION

answer well and promptly."

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequel to dyapspais or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Ritters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimatly cure the worst case of conscipation.

A DYING POPULATION. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there was 25,000 whites; now, against 160,000 blacks and half-breads, there are less than 8,000 Creeles left to maintain the sthnic atruggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been described by their former cultivators; St. of the land that the laird of the stranger Vincent is becoming desclate; Tobago is a might have his shooting and fishing as well as ruln; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. his crops. At first the people could not un-Obristepher is crambling; Grenada has lost derstand it. The evicted went to the land. more than half her whites; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most prolific, once the most cosmopolitan of the West Indian ports, is in full decadence. Perhaps in Trinidad, where immense English capital has been invested, and where the coolie population is intelligent and powerful enough to supplant and master the African, the struggle will be greatly prolonged, and the result is less dismal; but elsewhere the slave races of the past seem destined to become, sooner or later, the masters of the future, and the exterminated ludian peoples of the Antiles will eventually be replaced by populations similarly fitted to cope with climatic conditions, in perfect physiological harmony with this tropical nature—violent, terrible, splendid— which mocks the will and consumes the energies of the races of the north, which swallows up the grandest results of their labours, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroisms or their crimes, obliterating their cities, rejecting their civilization. [Harper's Magazine.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

All poisenous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. Cleanees, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

THE QUEEN'S WEALTH.

The publication in England of the exact amount of the Oneen's wealth will naturally not make the British taxpayer any more complaisant when he is called upon again for some member of her large family. Besides the £380,000 which she draws yearly from the public purse, there is the million sterling of her husband's estate, another estate which vields the tidy sum of £20,000 a year, and her own savings, the amount of which is not estimated, but which are known to be very large. Since the Queen has the reputation of being economical to the last degree, it is probably safe to say that her private fortune brings her in quite as much as her public income. In view of these facts, the great dissatisfaction which is expressed with her reinctance to receive distinguished personages who visit England with anything like the hospitality which they might be justified in expecting, is perfectly explicable. It is there-

London World lamenting the poverty "of the younger and marriageable members of our own royal family" and regretting that "the Prince of Wales has chosen to be independent of the country and provide for his son at "present." With so much money in the hands of the head of the family, to say nothing of the enug incomes which the rost draw from the government, the dietress into which royalty has fallen is indeed a subject for com-

A RAILROAD CLERK WAKES UP AND DRAWS \$15,000.

Mr Frank Lawrence Dant held one-twentieth of ticket No. 3,594, which draw the capital prize of \$300,000 in the Louisana State Lottery, Aug. 7th, It was collected by the Citizen's Nat'l Bank at Louisville. He is an intelligent and affable gentleman, only twenty-two years old and un-married. For three years he kept books for his father, Mr. J. W. Lant, proprietor of a large distillery of an old brand of pure Kentucky whiskey at Dant's station, fourteen miles from Lebanon, Ly.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Saying and Doings, Aug. 23.

LANDLORDISM IN SCOTLAND.

"THE TYBANNY OF THE F2W AND THE SLAVERY OF THE MANY.

From Mrs. Elizabath Pennell's journey in the Hebrides, Harper's Magazine, Septemher: A large bouse with wide lawn and green fields and well clipped hedger, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages shut in with flaming banks of fuchsia, showed what Mull might be if in the island men were held in as high account as rabbits and grouse. We saw the many white tails of the rabbits in among the ferns, and though they live only to be shot, on the whole we thought them better off than the solemn, silent men and women who trudged by us toward Salon, where it was market day, for It is their fate to live only to starve and suffer. The one man who spoke to us during the long morning was a shepherd, with a soft, gentle voice and foreign Scotch, whose sheep we frightened up the hillside.

Ulva lay so close to the shore of Mull as scarce to seem a separate island. But the waters of the narrow sound were rough. The postman, who had just been ferried over, held the boat as we stepped into it from the slippery stone of the landing. As he waited he said not a word. They keep silence, these people, under the yoke they have borne for generations. The ferryman was away, and the boy who had come in his place had hard work to row against wind and waves, and harder work to talk English. "I beg pardon," was his answer to every question w asked.

The little white inn was just opposite the landing, and we went to it at once, for it was late, and we were hungry. We asked the landledy if she could give us some mest. "Of course," she said—and her English was fairly good—" she could give us tea and

eggs.

"No, but meat," we repeated. "Yes of course," she sa'd again; "tea and

While she prepared lunch we sat on low rocks by the boats drawn up high and dry on the stony beach. At the southern end of the island was Ulva House, white through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pastures. Just in front of ur, close to the inv, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and bowlders. No paths led to the doors; nothing green grow about the walls. Women with pinched, careworn faces came and went, busy with household work, and they were as silent as the people we had mot on the road. Beyond was barrenness; not another tree, not another bit of pasture-land was in sight. And yet before the people were brought into desolation almost all the island was ar green so the meadows about the laird's house; and so it could be again if men were but allowed to cultivate the ground. Where weede, and rushes, and ferns now cover the hills and the level places were once fields of grain and grass. To-day only the laird's crops are sowed and reaped. Once there could be heard the many voices of men and women and children at work or at play where now the only sounds are the rearing of the waters and the crack of the rifle. Of all the many townships that were scattered from one end of the island to the other there remaics but this wretched group of hovels. The people have been driven from the land they loved and sent hither and thither, some across the narrow sound, others far over the

The Highlands and Hebrides are the home of romanne. There is a legend for almost every step you take, But the cruelest of these are not so cruel as and rone have the pathos of the tales of their own and thoir fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battlefield and of clan meeting clan in deadiy duel have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird of the stranger as they would have gone of, old and asked for a new home. And what was his answer "I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broks the kettles they left by the wall, or tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And, as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globa." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own life, could ell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it is no men tion of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else. Since our return we have read Scott and Mr. Hamerton and Miss Gordon Cumming and the Duke of Argyll and many others who have helped to make or mar the romance and history of the Highlands. But the true story of the Highlands as they are we learned for ourselves when he looked, as we did at Ulva, from the laird's mansion to the crofter's hovel. It is the story of the tyranny of the few, the slavery of the many, which can be learned still more fully from the reports of the Royal Commission, published by the English Government.

A SEVERE ATTACK.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes
"'My brother and I were both taken ill with a
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DRAWING

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2149 PRIZES. Tickets, \$5.00 Fifths, \$1.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary.

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ST. VITUS DANCE CURED.

I, the undersigned, herewith declare that my son Joseph, when six years old had an attact of scarlet fever, and on Dec. 22, 1888, was taken with St. Vitus Dance in its most horrible symptoms and for one month and a half could not sleep on account of terrible sufferings, and during the whole nights laid awake screaming and lamenting.

Under the treatment of the Rev. E. Koenig, of this city, he has fully recovered and he is now again attending school.

With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony. GEORGE HASSEHD. Ft. Wayne, Ind., Oct. 7, 1887.

Subscribed before me, and attested by Rev. Pastor of St. Mary Church.

J. H. OECHTERING.

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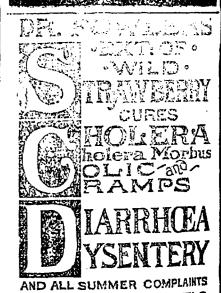
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