

THE DEVIL'S WORK.

Oh, if we could bring home, if but for one hour, to the hearts of the English people the unpeepable iniquity of the "Devil'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...

For it. To you, their brethren in the great family of labour, homeless, helpless, all more hopeless, they cry for mercy in their sore sufferings. You are all-powerful if you will but show 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—RASQUALITY AT DUBLIN CASTLE—A CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—The wedding of Princess Sophia of Prussia to the Crown Prince of Greece will take place at the end of next June at Berat. The Emperor 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 is announced some time ago. I now hear that the Emperor who is by far the most popular member of his family, has been invited to the Emperor William, and to the Czar 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 Denmark, in the vicinity of the Royal Schloss of Fredensborg, and proposes to reside there during the winter of the year. In other times he will live in Germany and in Russia.

I hear that Sir Morell Mackenzie's counter-blast to the German medice is to be published on Monday, the 15th October. It will appear simultaneously in London, Paris and Berlin. Though Sir Morell has had many restrictions imposed on him, I understand that he will not only to the public, and that the medical details will be made intelligible by illustrations. A formidable mass of statistics has been collected which clearly show how little chance the Emperor 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 an much afflicted with rheumatism, and that she will not be able to receive any state guests until July next.

PATTI'S NEW \$200,000 CONTRACT. Mme. Patti has concluded a contract to return to Buenos Ayres 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 performances.

The much bewitched beauty show held last week at St. Paul, in Belgium, can only be characterized by a "da." 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 raised platform in gaudy gowns and with their hair in the most extravagant and costly styles. "Chappies" and "Johnnies" (and ye gods! what "chappies" and "Johnnies" they are!) discussed their personal points with questionable taste though good humored tolerance. The excitement had wholly died out long before the depressing exhibition had come to an end, and the lady in the hat was unable to simulate an interest in what was going on, too strongly—was from beginning to end a melancholy force if not a contemptible failure.

About a fortnight ago Lord Armstrong received a confidential letter from a highly placed official at Assau, offering for a substantial consideration 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, inclined the letter containing the offer to Messrs. K. & P., with the result that the traitor has been dismissed and arrested.

RASQUALITY AT DUBLIN CASTLE. With regard to Mr. O'Brien's threatened revelations concerning the rasquality in high castle quarters, I will only say that if they prove to be well founded the fact should be known to no one who considers what Castle rule has been and what sort of men have been its minions and manipulators during the course of this and the past generation. You can't employ a man every day from 10 to 4 in works of evil, in cruelty, robbery, tyranny and oppression, and then expect him to be an honest man out of office hours.

It alleged that John Dunyan was a plagiarist, and the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a literal translation from the French of the work entitled "Ye Pilgrimages of St. Soule" by Guillaume de Guilleville, a monk of the fifteenth century, a translation of which was printed by Caxton in 1543. It is believed that a copy of the original French manuscript is to be found either in the British Museum or in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and it might be worth while to search for it in order that the question may be decided.

John Morley is writing monographs on Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt for "Eminent Statesmen" series.

Two of the principal novels of the autumn publishing season will be "The Lady of the Lake" by Mrs. Lynn Linton, both of which appear about the middle of next month.

TO THE DEAF. A person cured of Deafness and notes in the head of 23 years standing by a new and simple method of treatment, which any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal. S-G

THE IRISH BUTTER MARKETS. The following is the mid-season report of Messrs. T. J. Clancy & Co., Cork, just received.—The Irish Butter Season of 1888, which now enters its second phase, has not been so good as the first. The weather has been a 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 amount 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, to become saturated with water, and for the time the butter made off this land was not so firm as it would have been in a dry season. This excess of moisture has now passed away; we have had a good spell of warm drying winds, with sunshine, without any excessive heat, most favorable weather for the growth of the crops, and the pastures are now 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 makes off this year will be good. Already some of it has come in, and it is very fine rich in color, possessing much fitness and keeping properties, and of 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 to-day are 99s. were 120s. on the 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 prices, 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 since last year of 9,403 head. So that if other things are equal, this year's milk will be no larger than the corresponding period of last year.

Do NOT SUFFER FROM SICK HEADACHE. A moment's trial is all that is necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill three or four times a day. Small Price. Small Dose. Small Pills.

RETRIBUTION 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 resolution 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.

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 Customs 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 other 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 imported 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 production of fish, which would have equally his duty to spread his proclamation so as to exclude from the United States lumber, wool, iron ore and such other products of some in competition with American products.

RETRIBUTION WOULD LEAD TO ANNEXATION. Mr. Morgan proceeded with his argument in favor of the policy suggested by the President. He declared the suggestion to be a masterly stroke of policy. It would have more to do with the coming of Canada than the political affiliations of the United States than any other argument which any human being could make, because it brings 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 Ohio (Mr. Sherman) would not introduce a bill to assist 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. When that senator was asked to consider that measure and to bring it into the Senate and vote for it as to give justice to American shippers through Canadian canals, 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 AGREE. Mr. Morgan said a high compliment to the President for his clearheadedness 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. Mr. 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 retaliation act of 3d 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 of bonded 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 from Canada across the 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, be a benefit to the Canadian provinces. The exercise of the power in the President's hands under the act of 3d 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 Canada.

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 issued to about forty tenants on Lord Lansdowne's estate at Luggacurren who joined the Plan 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 circular.

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 over 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 estate in adopting the "Plan of Campaign," and in refusing payment of the rent thereof by you. Against a number of other tenants, including the richest and strongest, Lord 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 extent at all events, been forced upon you, possibly against your own better judgment, and because he wished to spare you, if possible, suffering 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 enjoying all the advantages of occupation. This is a state of things that you can hardly expect to 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 TRENGER.

THE TIME TO HATE. I have a friend—I mean a foe—Whom cordially I ought to hate; But somehow I can never do so. To lay the feud between us straight; When apple boughs are full of bloom, And Nature lulls her fell-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 lilies sleep, On waves without a thought of harm, When underneath the shallowest tree My hammock hangs in idliest state, I were an idiot to get up Out of that hammock just to hate.

The harvest comes. 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 was no idler to depend In hunting for the biter's friend Who simply ought to be my friend.

In winter! Well, to winter—ugh!—Who would add hate to winds that freeze? All love and warmth that I can get I will have on these winter days. 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 earnest patriotism with which even the humblest sons of Erin are actuated. It is a most touching episode in the history of the struggle for Irish liberty.

A serious, interesting incident occurred on Friday evening in this city, the gentleman who was concerned being Mr. Robert F. Walsh, formerly of the staff of the Dublin Freeman, and for the present a resident in this city. He was last night on Washington street. He was apparently about twelve years old, but bright as a new coat piece. "I beg your pardon, sir!" "Well! what do you want?" "I'm an Irishman, sir, and you will oblige me if you will send Mr. Parnell some money for 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 smart American newboys. But no! he was genuine Irish, and meant what he said. Young as he was he had read or heard of the calamities which the Times hooped on Parnell and the Irish party; he knew of the defence fund, and like a thorough Irish little brick, he wanted to help. The situation was so odd, 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. Parnell, 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 Boston newboy's three cent piece, and from it will learn a lesson of the patriotism of the poor Irish at this side, that thousands of dollars 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. The incident speaks for itself. It will be prized by Mr. Parnell, and I hope it will stimulate our Irish American friends in Boston to answer well and promptly."

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 government, the distress into which royalty has fallen is indeed a subject for commiseration.

A RAILROAD CLERK WAKES UP AND DRAWS \$16,000. Mr. Frank Lawrence Dant held one-twentieth of ticket No. 3,894, which drew the capital prize of \$800,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, Aug. 7th. It was collected by the Citizen's National Bank at Louisville. He is an intelligent and affable gentleman, only twenty-two years old and unmarried. For three years he kept books for his father, Mr. J. W. Dant, proprietor of a large distillery of an old brand of pure Kentucky whiskey at Dant's station, fourteen miles from Lebanon, Ky.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Saying and Doings, Aug. 25.

LANDLORDISM IN SCOTLAND. "THE TYRANNY OF THE FEW AND THE SLAVERY OF THE MANY." From Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell's journey in the Hebrides, Harper's Magazine, September. A large house with wide lawn and green fields and well clipped hedges, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages built in with flaming banks of foliage, showed what Mall might be if 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 Salen, 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 Mall as 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 we 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 landlady if she could give us some meat. "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 said again; "tea and eggs."

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, which through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pasture. Just in front of us, close to the inn, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and boulders. No paths led to the door; nothing green grew about the walls. Women with pinched, rawsown faces came and went, busy with household work, and they were as silent as the people we had met 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 green as the meadows about the laird's house; and so it could be again if men were but allowed to cultivate the ground. Where weeds, 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 roaring of the waters and the crack of the rife. Of all the many townships that were scattered from one end of the island to the other there remains 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 Atlantic.

The Hebrides and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruelest of these are not so cruel as one and one have the paths of the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battlefield and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird of the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the land, 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 broke 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 globe. There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own, could all such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasant 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 mention 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 ruled 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 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 severe attack of diarrhea, having tried other remedies such as tea, coffee, even in life could all such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasant 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 mention 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 ruled 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 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 DYING POPULATION. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credulity. In the island provinces of Martinique in 1848 there was 25,000 whites; now, against 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are less than 8,000 Creoles left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British Islands have been deserted by their former cultivators; St. Vincent is becoming desolate; Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Grenada has lost 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 Indian peoples of the Antilles 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 titles, rejecting their civilization.—Harper's Magazine.

A PLAIN STATEMENT. All poisonous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. cleanses, 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 Queen's wealth will naturally not make the British taxpayer any more complainant 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 yields 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 reluctance to receive distinguished personages who visit England with anything like the hospitality which they might be justified in expecting, is perfectly explicable. It is therefore in the highest degree amusing to find the

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 government, the distress into which royalty has fallen is indeed a subject for commiseration.

A RAILROAD CLERK WAKES UP AND DRAWS \$16,000. Mr. Frank Lawrence Dant held one-twentieth of ticket No. 3,894, which drew the capital prize of \$800,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, Aug. 7th. It was collected by the Citizen's National Bank at Louisville. He is an intelligent and affable gentleman, only twenty-two years old and unmarried. For three years he kept books for his father, Mr. J. W. Dant, proprietor of a large distillery of an old brand of pure Kentucky whiskey at Dant's station, fourteen miles from Lebanon, Ky.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Saying and Doings, Aug. 25.

LANDLORDISM IN SCOTLAND. "THE TYRANNY OF THE FEW AND THE SLAVERY OF THE MANY." From Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell's journey in the Hebrides, Harper's Magazine, September. A large house with wide lawn and green fields and well clipped hedges, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages built in with flaming banks of foliage, showed what Mall might be if 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 Salen, 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 Mall as 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 we 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 landlady if she could give us some meat. "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 said again; "tea and eggs."

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, which through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pasture. Just in front of us, close to the inn, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and boulders. No paths led to the door; nothing green grew about the walls. Women with pinched, rawsown faces came and went, busy with household work, and they were as silent as the people we had met 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 green as the meadows about the laird's house; and so it could be again if men were but allowed to cultivate the ground. Where weeds, 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 roaring of the waters and the crack of the rife. Of all the many townships that were scattered from one end of the island to the other there remains 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 Atlantic.

The Hebrides and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruelest of these are not so cruel as one and one have the paths of the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battlefield and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird of the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the land, 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 broke 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 globe. There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own, could all such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasant 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 mention 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 ruled 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 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 severe attack of diarrhea, having tried other remedies such as tea, coffee, even in life could all such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasant 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 mention 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 ruled 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 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.

GRAND LOTTERY.

With the Approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa. For the rebuilding of the Church of the Reverend Fathers O. M. J. of Hull, P.Q., destroyed by fire on June 15th, 1887, together with the Convent, the Hotel, the Father's residence, and a large part of the City of Hull.

DRAWING ON WEDNESDAY, October 17th, 1888. At 2 o'clock P.M. At the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissiale, Montreal, Canada. Sale of the Tickets and Drawing done by PATRICK COLLETT, Lottery.

2149 PRIZES. PRIZES VALUE: 1 Real Estate worth \$25,000. 100000 Tickets, \$3.00. 500000 Tickets, \$1.00. 1000000 Tickets, \$0.50. Offices: 10 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.



ST. VITUS DANCE CURED.

I, the undersigned, herewith declare that my son Joseph, when six years old had an attack of scarlet fever, and on Dec. 22, 1887, 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 lameness. Under the treatment of the Rev. E. Koening, of this city, he has fully recovered and is now attending school. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony. GEORGE H. SHERIDAN, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Oct. 1888. Pastor of St. Mary Church.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the last ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., Chicago. Agents: W. E. SANDERS & Co., 138 Dundas Street West, Montreal, P. Q., Price, \$1.00 per bottle; Six bottles for \$5.00.

FIT'S STOPPED FREE.

For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES, such as Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, etc. FIT'S STOPPED FREE. For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES, such as Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, etc. FIT'S STOPPED FREE.

SECRETS OF LIFE.

A Private Treatise and Adviser in five languages; 24 illustrations. To young men only, and those contemplating marriage should not fail to send for it. DR. LUCAS' PRIVATE DISPENSARY, 68 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

STRAWBERRY CURES.

CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS, DIARRHCEA, DYSENTERY.

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and you will find them a most valuable and reliable remedy. They are perfectly safe and reliable, and will cure all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their remarkable success has been shown in curing

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill, Small Dose.