

help crying; the child brought her own little... she would have given anything in her power to know at this moment... child was cared for kindly.

"Are we going to remain longer, angel dear?" whispered Isabelle, wondering what Angelina found so attractive in this Church of the Annunziata, that it was always difficult to induce her to leave it in a reasonable time.

"I am ready now, Isabelle. Did you see that beautiful child that stood before me while they were chanting the litany?"

"No," replied Isabelle. "I was looking at a woman and her children who came in and knelt before the altar that has so many magnificent lamps and vases, and all those votive offerings for prayers answered hung around it. Did you see her? She came from the mountains, I know by her costume; it was poor, but pretty and clean. She and her children, though very poor looking, were handsome enough to be models for artists. They all prayed so recollectedly and earnestly. A grand lady and her husband, who were seated close by this woman, and not one of the children looked up at them, nor did the lady seem to remember that they were on one side of her, and a beggarman on the other."

"Such faith as we see here, Isabelle, can make this life what it is said to be, only a journey homeward." Angelina instructed Isabelle religiously.

"These people, I think, believe it is so," answered Isabelle. "Well, it is a beautiful journey, is it not, my Angel?"

"If we make it such, my dear. You know we people will travel the same road some-times, and one will tell you how pleasant it is, and the other will complain how disagreeable and uncomfortable it has been."

"Yes, I know it. You and I think it is most beautiful, do we not, Angel?"

"The carriage is at the church door," said Angelina. Mr. Beauvais had come for them and they were in a few moments seated side by side enjoying the drive in the balmy air, and watching the glorious Italian evening sky for a long twilight till they reached Villa Beauvais.

"They found visitors on the grounds waiting for their return. Mr. Beauvais had become distinguished for his hospitality, and the pretty and affable Miss Beauvais was an attraction that drew a host of friends around her. There was only one among them whom Isabelle favoured in her heart, and that one, even Angelina, knew the little rogue's secret. He was the oldest son of a nobleman who lived in the neighbouring villa. He was handsome Italian, of a dignified and quiet manner, liberty-loving in his best sense, and hoping to be one of the brave deliverers of his country from its incessant warfare. He had outwitted the inexperienced young girl, not the Othello in narrating his deeds and hair-breadth escapes, but in describing dangers that he would love to meet and overcome.

"When the maid went home she told Mrs. Ellis that a beautiful young lady noticed Pura in the Church of the Annunziata, and that the little one was all the time turning round to look at the lady. Mrs. Ellis was proud of the attention that the child received, and related the circumstance to Mr. Ellis.

"I've told you, Alice," answered "that we must keep the child in the shade. We can't afford to keep in any of our American friends yet a while. Florence is a centre-like place, more like Rome, where all the world comes. It is a mighty unsafe thing for you to meet people, you are so foolish about this child."

"I love the child as if she were my own!"

"See here, Alice, I'll swear if you talk that way even to me, some day you'll let it slip off our tongue before strangers. You are so amazing truthful, and so open-mouthed!"

"Well, Joseph, there is no untruth, I suppose, in saying she is my own."

"Good God, Alice! How stupid you are! That should make you say anything about it. Do you think of talking of Sam and Joe your own sons?"

"Never mind my stupidity, Joe. I'll remember what you say, only do not swear and so angry with me!"

"So help me Joe—if it ever gets out that Pura is not our child, I'll hang myself. We must call her Cecilia—not Pura any longer. Will you remember it? Cecilia F. Ellis is her name."

"We will do our duty by the child, Joe, and trust the rest to God."

"Nonsense, Alice! We have got to trust ourselves, and keep the child and her money. We shall make her happy, but if I hear her marry, the devil will be in the pot! I want you to understand that the girl has a right to marry. Daniel Courtney never made her mother his wife, and the greatest kindness we can do for such a child is to keep her from marrying anyone who will in any way or somehow find out the taint in her birth."

"I remember, Joe, that Mr. Courtney told that Pura was a look from Mr. Ellis directed her—that Cecilia was his lawful child."

"You remember—You are to remember nothing, Mrs. Ellis," said her husband, in a tone of command. "You do not understand that decency in your presence obliged Mr. Courtney to talk of Cecilia as his lawful child. He knows very well that if a man could not believe that a lawful mother would have him and her child! No man would love either that a man like Courtney would take a lawful wife as he treated this woman—so stop that idea in your mind!"

"I suppose it was unnatural for a mother to do so. The poor child is not to blame for parents, conduct; but, Joe, I don't exactly like to take a child of this kind as my own!"

"Was there ever such folly! Why, don't you know, Alice, that as long as we live we have an independent fortune for ourselves of this child, so long as we take care of her, there is your charity!"

A few weeks later Mr. Ellis received a letter from Mr. Courtney. When he and Mrs. Ellis were alone in the evening, he took it from his pocket and read it to her, and desired Mrs. Ellis to remember its contents.

"DEAR ELLIS—You will receive two Bank England notes from me this mail. Put the money, with the 100,000 dollars, in bank Pura. Let it be a present from her father. The day she will be married. The interest this sum you can draw yearly for Mrs. Ellis. It will be pin money for her. I have decided already at your disposal a liberal sum Pura's support and education, and I can at any time to accommodate you whenever you let me know that you will need it, and under heavy obligations to you, and don't thank me for what I offer. No news of Pura's mother yet makes it likely that I shall hear from her again; and in this sad time of things, Pura must not be told of her name unless Providence should call her name into this world. Then I rely on you and Mrs. Ellis to attend to it, that she is acknowledged by the world, as my lawful child, and my sole heir, as I have described to be in my will. She will be the richest man in America."

"My life is no blessing to me, Ellis. I have no more to say, and I am going, the wicked deed of an impious man, and I don't know that death will bring me any peace. God help us!—You and Mrs. Ellis are good and happy—I envy you! Tell Mrs. Ellis if Colonel Keane goes to Florence, I shall send some presents to her and Pura. I

have a gold chain and locket for Pura. In the locket is my picture; she will learn to know her godfather, and I hope, to love him. Teach her to call me godfather. Oh, Ellis, I am an unhappy man. My wife and child are dragged from my arms, and it tears my heart in pieces. But I have been the only one to blame. Never let anyone after my death say a word against Angelina in your presence. Is there a chance that you or Mrs. Ellis could meet her or hear of her in Florence? I suppose not. No doubt she has changed her name, and she is so young she could easily pass for an unmarried woman. My God! If she has lost herself in despair, what hope is there for me here or hereafter! My brain is on fire at the thought! If I could know that it is well with her, I would lie down and ask to die in peace. This dreadful uncertainty is wasting my blood drop by drop. I feel that I cannot endure this pain long. Send me a letter often. Have Pura's picture on ivory placed by the best artist in Florence, and send it to me. Oh, guard my precious child! She is my only treasure, and God will bless you and Mrs. Ellis.—Yours,

"D. COURTNEY."

Mr. Ellis did not read aloud the lines acknowledging Pura as his lawful child. Mrs. Ellis was weeping. She had a mother's tender heart, and she foresaw what Pura had to expect from Mr. Ellis, whose violent temper had made her own life wretched; and for the poor father of Pura she felt a sincere sympathy.

"What can make you cry?" asked Mr. Ellis, angrily. "You never had so much reason to rejoice in your life. Isn't it a blessing to the child that the mother has not gone back to Mr. Courtney? And to us, for that we would have to give her up; and wouldn't it be a relief if Courtney died? What good is such a life as his to him?"

"Oh, I hope he'll see happy days yet," said Mrs. Ellis. "I'd love to see the three together again, and reconciled to one another."

"Well, all I can say is that you are a deuced simpleton, and don't know when you are well off!" Mr. Ellis put the letter in his pocket, and added in a gruff voice, "I'm sorry I read the letter to you!"

Mrs. Ellis was still crying in spite of her efforts to control her feelings, for she knew her tears would only make her husband irritable. He had no love for the people the world called tender-hearted, he often told her so. In his mind they were fools, and no better than other people when the truth was known. And to such a man Daniel Courtney had confided the only treasure of his heart, left to him when Angelina departed! And could Angelina have known that little Pura had been entrusted to such a man, would she have blamed Daniel or herself more for the situation at this time of the father and child? We believe that for the child's sake she would have then gone from Florence back to her husband. It is a tangled skein, and not likely to be easily unravelled. Would that it could now be done! "What God has joined let no man put asunder," is the plain, and in some cases, the severe rule; but it must be obeyed, except under extraordinary cases that are exceptions.

All that the world can offer to a rational heart, the household of Mr. Beauvais, at the Villa, offered to Angelina to make her happy. Mr. Beauvais was devoted to her wishes and comforts, but in the most respectful manner. Isabelle loved her like a dear elder sister. Visitors paid her the same homage they bestowed on the father and daughter. She was allowed to enjoy, undisturbed, the seclusion she sought, and yet to accompany Mr. Beauvais and Isabelle in their visits to places of interest, and in the lovely drives around Florence, that make one realize the beauties of nature in their state of perfection. How they exhilarate the spirits, almost to intoxication, when the heart is free to enjoy them! But the heart of Angelina was not free. She was like the Peri, who knelt at the gates of Eden, disconsolate. She had not that within which could open her soul to the delight that Isabelle's innocent heart enjoyed, even to that which had once enjoyed, when her love for Daniel made all things bright.

Returning one day from the Boboli Gardens, where she had had a wreath of fresh flowers around Cecilia Ellis's head to please the child, while Isabelle and Mrs. Ellis were talking, her spirits were more than usually depressed. Had the new contact with her own child stirred the mother's love? "May it not be," she said to herself, "I have a liking to meet this child, because she is about the age Pura must be now—oh, my Pura! But I gave you to your father. He will be better to you than I have been!"

Isabelle came into Angelina's room and found her leaning her head down on the table and sobbing.

"Dear, dear Angel," said Bella, and putting aside her bonnet, she flung herself on her knees, and leaning on Angelina's lap, she looked up to her covered face and implored her to tell her what she had, happened to make her so unhappy.

"Do tell your own Bella why you cry so bitterly? How can I be happy, Angel dear, if you cry and I can't help you?"

Angelina took one hand from her face and reached down to clasp Isabelle's. A warm pressure was her only answer.

"Has anyone hurt you, Angel?"

Angelina shook her head.

"Are you unhappy?"

Angelina pressed Isabelle's hand.

"Oh, don't be unhappy! Papa and I love you so much—better than anyone else!"

Angelina stooped and kissed the young girl.

"Do you love us, Angel?"

"I love you, dear," answered Angelina.

"But—"

"Tell me—but you want to go home?"

"No, child, no!"

"You love someone who does not love you?"

Angelina shook her head, and sighed.

"May I tell you something, Angel? Papa loves you as much as I do; and he told me to-day that he hoped you will never leave us."

Angelina looked alarmed, and wiping her eyes, roused herself to interrupt the conversation. She answered the child, assuming an indifferent tone:

"Yes, I know how kind your father is, and how dearly you love me, but I am not like you, darling. I have no home of my own, and I am an orphan, so you must let me cry sometimes, and you must not mind it. Will you? You see I am better now, and please do not tell anyone that I cried to-day. Then I'll try not to make you unhappy again. It was not kind in me to do so."

Bella was glad to see Angelina smiling again, and began to sing, and to propose all kind of pleasures for the rest of the day and evening. A crowd of visitors were coming that night to see the brilliant fireworks that had been prepared in a neighbouring villa; to celebrate the feast day of the oldest son; Masters and servants, old and young, would gather on the lawn and in the balconies to enjoy the scene. A band of music would make them joyous, and the peasants would dance. The sky would be illumined by hundreds of colored balloons; and splendid fire rockets that would rise to an immense height, would fall in showers of glittering stars of every hue in the rainbow.

(To be continued.)

Home Items and Topics.

"All your own fault. If you remain quiet when you can get hop bitters that never fail."

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop bitters are not the best family medicine. On earth!

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters.—Ed. O'Connell.

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident thereto.

"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefits is hop bitters."

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist where hop bitters are used.

A timely use of hop bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

None genuine without a bunch of green eggs on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOST POWERFUL LABOR ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD.

The casual reader who has often seen in the newspapers mention of the Knights of Labor, witnessed their parades or approved their satisfactory arbitration of labor troubles, may entertain the idea that it is some sort of labor organization, and then react upon this rather vague assumption. That opinion has all the elements of vagueness, no one will admit after reading this article, which proposes to give a full and accurate history of the order and an expose of its importance and high standing in the United States. The noble Order of the Knights of Labor of America has a membership of about 500,000, as near as can be estimated, on account of the truth about the membership being shrouded in mystery. One of the chiefs, when questioned, replied that the number is never known, because when the returns come in at the end of the fiscal year in June or July, it is months before it is footed up for the annual session in October, and by that time the true number is widely different.

The history of the Knights of Labor is as follows: In 1869 Uriah S. Stevens, a clothing cutter in Philadelphia, and a man of uncommon intelligence and mastery over his few workmen established the present order. He was born in Cape May county, New Jersey, on August 3, 1821, of well-to-do parents, who desired him to embrace the ministry; he became a tailor, and in 1846 was working at his trade in Philadelphia. The idea he developed and impressed upon his companions in the clothing and other trades caused them, with him, to conceive the idea of a National Labor Association for the protection of workmen against combinations of capital. He presided over the organization—which was not properly organized as Local Assembly No. 1 until 1873—in Philadelphia, largely composed of clothing cutters at first. The order spread from one body of workmen to the other until it combined nearly all the trades and a great proportion of the workmen there. Thence it spread all over the country, and in Pittsburgh it attained a vigorous growth.

In 1873 a convention was called to form a general assembly of North America, and Mr. Stevens was chosen general master workman, and afterwards re-elected to this post, the supreme one in the order. He died in 1882, and his memory is venerated in the organization.

James L. Wright, a tailor, and Fred Turner, a goldbeater, both of Philadelphia, were associated with Mr. Stevens in establishing the first lodge. The society was, at first, absolutely secret. It was known as "The Knights of Labor," and the meeting were announced in cabalistic signs, in chalk, upon the sidewalk. When it became known in Philadelphia that a few queer chalk marks on the sidewalk in front of old Independence Hall would bring 4,000 or 5,000 men together in a few hours, there was manifested great alarm, and the new order was assailed from the pulpit in churches of all denominations, but nothing hindered its wondrous growth. Now, 150 to 175 local assemblies are formed every month, and estimating the average membership to be 55, the result is 13,000 a month, or 150,000 a year. The power of the order is so great that it can issue a call for a strike in any branch of trade, in telegraph offices, mills and factories.

The Knights of Labor include among their members congressmen, senators, assemblymen, mayors, and in some cities entire municipal governments, clergymen, physicians, journalists, capitalists, and employes in every line of trade and manufacture. The Centennial Exposition was first made use to disseminate the news of its existence. One of the rules is to employ no missionaries, but to scatter broadcast millions of circulars containing the "declaration of principles."

The qualifications for membership are: Members may be of either sex, and must be of good moral character. An individual may belong to the order even if the trade union of which he is a member is not a member of the greater order; though in a district where there is an organized lodge the individual must join the union first. If there is no such organization and he joins the K. of L. he becomes what is called a "sojourner." Any one who stands well in his trade, who is over 18 years of age, without regard to sex, color, creed, or nationality, is eligible to membership unless he belongs to the interdicted classes, which include lawyers, bankers, professional gamblers, street brokers, and any person engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks. Politicians are not considered desirable persons in the order, but in this country they are so numerous that they can't be kept out. Women are admitted on a par with men.

The order is composed of local assemblies, district assemblies, a general assembly and an executive board. The local assemblies send delegates and money and are amenable to the district assemblies, which, in turn, send delegates to the general assembly of North America, and are subject to the executive board elected by the general assembly. The general assembly meets annually in October. At the last election the following officers were elected:—General Master Workman, T. V. Powderly, of Soranton, Pa.; General, Worthy Foreman, Richard Griffiths, Chicago; General Secretary-Treasurer, Fred Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.; General Auditor, John G. Carville, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Secretary of Finance, Association, Homer L. McGraw, Pittsburgh; Executive Board: T. V. Powderly, Fred Turner, John W. Hayes, New Brunswick, N.J.; W. H. Bailey, Shawnee, O.; T. B. Barry, East Seginaw, Mich. Co-operative Board: John J. McCartney, president, Baltimore; J. P. McGaughey, secretary; John Samuel, St. Louis; Peter D. Cattanach, Troy, N.Y.; Hugh Cameron, Lawrence, Kas.; Henry Menze, Itasca, N.Y.

The smaller or lower bodies, called local assemblies, are composed of persons all following the same trade or calling as much as possible. There are 4,600 of these local assemblies. One great secret of the growth in popularity and members of the organization is seen in the cost of membership. The initiation fee may be as little as \$1 for men, or 50 cents for women, though there are assemblies that fix the fee at \$20 on account of the value given by a great fund in the treasury and great strength of members. The dues at first are apt to be only ten cents a month, and even when a district has attained a membership as to warrant the salary of its presiding officer, the dues are no higher than 25 or 30 cents.

When the work of looking out for the interests of a large district is too great to permit an officer to continue at his work, and provide the means for the support of his family, he is allowed a salary, but that salary is never higher than the sum he earns

by his trade. With the money that rolls in continually from the 500,000 pair of hands strikes are maintained, boycotting circulars are printed and distributed, organizers and officers are paid, hall rents met, etc. The salaries are modest, the present receiving but \$1,500 a year, and the secretary and treasurer \$1,200. The members of the executive board are paid like no other officers, \$3 a day and expenses, and only for the days on which they are actually at work. Delegates and organizers are paid when on duty.

"An injury to one is the concern of all," and "organize, agitate, educate," such are the mottoes of the K. of L.

Among the demands of the organization are the following:—

To establish co-operative institutions as will tend to supersede the wage system, by the introduction of a co-operative industrial system.

To secure for both sexes equal pay for equal work.

To shorten the hours of labor by a general refusal to work more than eight hours.

To persuade employers to agree to arbitrate all differences between them and their employees in order that the bonds of sympathy between them may be strengthened, and that strikes may be rendered unnecessary.

The insurance branch of the order dates from 1882. Homer L. McGraw, a printer of Pittsburgh, is at the head of it. The co-operative or mutual benefit system is followed, and the plan is to give \$1,000 on the death of a member by an assessment of twenty-five cents upon each of 5,000 members. Membership is not compulsory. Anyone between eighteen and fifty years of age can become a member by paying \$1.25.

Mr. Stevens, the founder of the order, aimed to produce a vast educational institution, auxiliary, and yet superior to trade unions. The K of L was designed to elevate the character and broaden the intelligence of the laborer, teaching him what his rights were, and that it is best to obtain them through arbitration.

Of striking—that is, quitting work as a means of wringing a concession from capital—is not lightly resorted to. A local assembly may order a strike which it pleases, but if it proposes or hopes to get aid from the district or higher assembly, or from the supreme assembly, it must have the strike legalized, after investigation. Two weeks' notice is given, and if within that time harmony has not been restored between workmen and bosses, the strike is legalized. The headquarters of the order are at whatever city, village or town of which the secretary is resident.

ORGANIZE!!!

Never before in the history of the world was the necessity for workingmen to organize greater than at the present time. The concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, the monopolization of land by capitalists, give them a power for evil which can only be successfully resisted by thorough organization of all those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

It has been stated that the great Trades Unions, the old guides of the past, failed to benefit humanity, and have ceased to exist, because with the advance of civilization arose circumstances such as the introduction of labor saving machinery, over which they had no control, and against which their organizations proved powerless. Yet these same Trades Unions answered their purpose at their time very well, and if they failed to confer any lasting benefit upon the human race, it was that, like Trades Unions of the present, they dealt with the effect rather than the cause of the evils which surrounded them.

What, then, are the causes which force 36 persons out of every 100 in Liverpool to receive charity of some kind? (See last report of Am. Consul Gen.) Why do we here in Canada, with overflowing grain warehouses, see little children go hungry to bed? What fills our streets with beggars, our charitable institutions with paupers, our jails with criminals, and our legislative halls with corruption, unparalleled in the history of the world? Is it overpopulation? Is it over-production? No. It is the men of the French revolution said: It is ignorance, contempt, and neglect of human rights. These rights we must establish. The right to a footing upon the earth, the right to labor, and the right to receive a full just share of the wealth we create. Ignorance must be overcome by education of a kind which will teach man his rights, show him the wrongs under which he suffers, and enable him to apply the remedy. Contempt must be met by self-respect, by creating a healthy public opinion upon labor, and making honest, respectable among men. A neglect must be prevented through constitutional agitation, based upon education and honesty, and supported by thorough organization. In this way only may we hope to succeed. Therefore organize, educate and agitate.

PHIL. GABLE.

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—

—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Are there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the nasal treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Fockington, York, October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise anyone suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully
(Signed)
R. TURNER.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure constipation.

St. Mary Street, Peterborough, November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White—William Brent, Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed)
John H. Lightfoot, 15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatebury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, until he declared Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
(Signed)
N. Webb, Chemist, Maline; September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as "a balsam to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours
(Signed)
Vincent A. White, Chemist, Maline.

To Mr. A. J. White—Mother Seigel's Syrup is very popular with my customers, and saying they are the best family medicine possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel's saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of those bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed)
W. BOWKER.

To A. J. WHITE, Esq., A. J. WHITE, (limited) 67 St. James Street, Whitby.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (limited) 67 St. James Street, City.

LOOKING TO AMERICA FOR AID.

THE HOPE OF THE FAMINE-STRIKEN IRISH OR THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF IRELAND.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The famine-stricken inhabitants of Achill, Inishboffin, and the other western Irish islands are still looking anxiously but hopefully toward America. More than a hundred families had decided some time ago to enter the poorhouse, instead of attempting to prolong their hopeless struggle for existence. Then they heard of the Cable News relief fund, and they hesitated. If there is anything that an Irish peasant loathes it is going to a workhouse. If there is anything in which he thoroughly believes it is the liberality of the Americans. When the fishermen heard that an effort was to be made in America to raise money to relieve their distress, they were like children in their expressions of joy and gratitude. They took it for granted that money would be raised in galore, and they invoked the blessing of the Virgin and all the saints upon the prospective givers. Mr. Bissy has freely distributed all the money entrusted to him—and all of his own money which he carried for expenses. He says he could not help it, because the cases of distress which he found were so urgent and genuine

THE ARMY OF THE JUST.

Afar from Coleraine's wood and close,
To where Blackwater's tide
In all its pride and freedom flows,
To meet the Ocean wide;
From Corrib's shore to Barrow's banks,
They form one hand of trust,
And shield and sword proclaim the ranks
The Army of the Just.

From shore to shore their bugle note,
Awaken the sleeping slugs,
And on their timbrel marchers float
A war to light the glades;
O'er Erin's heart strings tyrant clasp
Sweet fill its discord claimed,
The noble few, who for her cause
An erring nation shamed.

Beneath one standard, in one camp
Bound by the mystic ties,
That sanctify a weary tramp,
Where want and misery tries;
One common foeman traced his name
With blood on Erin's sand,
But with the tide oblivion came,
And left but War's red hand.

There's not a noble heart to-day
That guards his country's good,
But for the army will betray
The warmth of brotherhood;
And many a flower waves in the van,
Flucked from bright fields of chance,
Where rose and thistle mingle span
The lily fair of France.

From north to south the watch fires burn
From east to west we see
Her children to the old land turn,
O'er river, lake and sea;
When for the right a nation calls,
With banners in the dust,
We see between the Red Sea's wall
The Army of the Just.

GRACE O'BRIEN Ottawa.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The *Cologne Gazette* says that the papal Curia has issued a circular which asks that seminaries for exclusive education of Catholic priests be under exclusive control of Bishops, upon the prospect of new and bitter struggles between Russia and the Vatican.

California has ninety-seven banks in operation, whose resources are \$152,000,000. Twenty-seven of them are savings banks.

ANOTHER DEFORMATION FROM THE LOPE.

ROME, Jan. 21.—The Pope has conferred upon Canovas Del Castillo, Spanish Premier, a decoration similar to that conferred upon Bismarck.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST AN EX-PRIEST FOR A RELIGIOUS LIBEL.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 22.—The United States authorities in this city and Madison have been investigating a charge against Michael Biron, publisher of the Milwaukee *Zweiwoch*, which is alleged, printed a vulgar attack on the Virgin Mary and the Roman Catholic Church. Biron was formerly a priest in Germany. Some months ago he edited the *Journal* at Madison, and it was in this paper that the alleged obscenity appeared. He is well known in the East, and the news of the proceedings has created a great sensation. He had undertaken to publish a book on the subject of the Virgin Mary, and had been ordered to Washington for examination and a reply was expected within a few days.