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helped me wonderfully, shanged sickness to health, gloom to sun shine. No pen can describe what I suf-I was deathly sick, had sick headsches every few days and those terrible tired, despondent feelings, with heart troubles so that I could not go up and

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sown stairs without clasping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it nost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for. There is no pleasure in life if deprived of health, for life becomes Hood's Sarsaparilla does far more than advertised. After taking one bottle, it is sufficient to recommend itself." MRS. J. E. SMITH, Beloit, Iowa.

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T OVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC.)

### MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD. Kilmartin had just returned from London, where he had gone to try to stir up a little interest among members of Parliament on the subject of the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, which were in such a state that all sale was blocked, while some of his tenants were eager to buy what he would be as well pleased to sell. Finding even greater difficulty than he anticipated, he had returned sooner than he intended, and o had probably crossed in the channel his letters from home, which as yet had not followed him here. The result of this morning's reflections, suggested by the receipt of that anonym which, contemptible as he held it, yet had left its sting behind it, as such things do, was that he made up his mind to run down into the country at once, see his mother, and arrange his affairs with a view to a possible surprise. In these days there was no knowing when a man might be lifted out of the midst of his affairs, at any amount of inconvenience to himself and others dependent on him, to be practically annihilated at a moment's otice, and for an indefinite length of He was ready to acknowledge time.

in the right place. The next morning he took the train as far as the train would carry him westward in the direction in which he wanted to go, and about the middle of the summer day mounted on horseback to travel the fifty miles which still separated him from his little Connaught kingdom.

that this might be all very well if the

ndividual so lifted were a mischievous

ndividual, but he did not think that

he. Kilmartin, would, in the event of

his being so pounced upon and done

away with, prove to be the right man

Whoever knows Ireland well knows the beauty of the land through which he passed, while the sun traversed the the wide horizon from east to west over his head, taking the light from the lakes and giving it to the hills stealing the colors from the mountain tops to spread them across the mcor and ever reversing the picture again as the breeze stirred and the clouds shifted. The beauty of this island of ours is the beauty of light and color in incessant change. The valley has walls dark and blue as sapphire, and is itself a reservoir of iridescent glory, but while we look the walls have be ome pure gold, and the hollow land between has mysteriously vawned. leepened, and been flooded with gloom The selfish mists that sit on the purple peaks and wind themselves about the grey crags, descend before we have time to determine their shapes to lie along the edge of the dark pool, and creep among the flickering reeds, and transform the wide brown lines of the monotonous bog into the paths of a shimmering supernatural dominion We have one moment a royal richness of ambers, purples, crimsons and golds of every variety of lustre all spread at our feet like Aladdin's treasures, and the next we are swathed in a windingsheet of gruesome grey, and move through a world, poor, cold, windswep and rainbeaten. Even in the un-broken weather of a summer day our erial changes are so swift and ceaseless the land we move through seems alive and with motion: what was quite near is suddenly far away, and what was distant comes as rapidly smiling to wards us. So much of our landscape is water, lakes, rivers, bays, linker together by wet vernal vegetation, and so constantly does every cup of a moss girdled lakelet, rag of a pool with its torn fringes, and strip of a widening and narrowing stream, snatch at the clouds above it and hold a piece of the blue sky forever in its breast, that half

No wonder, if in a country so over ridden by freakish mists and deceiving waters, so eternally the highway fo processional splendors of shifting colors so hopelessly the grim sport of funereal clouds and shadows, we encounter at every turn wraiths and fairies, ghosts and elves, that peer at us out of the lakes and the caves, and come down to us from the hollow places of the moun

our earth is literally heaven, and we often seem to walk through a sort of

mid-air region, with moonrise and sun

set, not only over our heads, but unde

Natural enough if we see them sitting on the edge of the pool when the blue shadows of dusk are beginning to turn brown, or hear their bells ringing for evening as the sun goes down in fire behind the thorn trees, or meet them veiled and pensive, gliding across the lapwing's track on the dun moor, or descry the spears of their lances glinting under the moon at the back of the riverside thicket.

Small blame to us, if we suspect them of creeping through the keyholes to sit on our hearths while we are asleep, or waken early to hear the horns of the elfin hunt blowing, echoing thinly over the dawn empurpled crests of the hills

Bryan Kilmartin loved every huge boulder that hung out of the mountain over the path he travelled, every mond like splash of water that blinked at him as he passed by bog and over moor, every forlorn tree that seemed to mourn a defunct forest at some desolate angle of the high road. The whole company of elves and fairies are as well known and as dear to him as the flaglilies in the river, the fluttering pennons of the reeds, and the grotesque shapes of the bog wood just unearthed

out of the reeking peat-moss.
Sometimes as he had poked about in the gloaming at home, while the ployer

expect to see some rarified creature, with a certain semblance to humanity, step out of the clefts in the rock, or from under the screen of the waving bracken, he had told himself that if Irish waste lands were all drained, and Irish rents were low, the delightful eldritch population of these lovely but famine-breeding wildernesses might arise and emigrate en masse to now weirder region, some spot of earth where mists still exhaled from wet mosses growing nothing but brilliant weeds, and their fumes still got into the vision-seeing brains of hungry and languishing humanity.

At the first sprinkling of corn, wine and oil, no doubt the fairies would mount their phookas and disappear, and though their landlord (for he ac counted himself such to those of the tribe who lived in his brackens, of under, or over his barren gray rocks would grieve for the elfin oxodus, y willingly would he unbar the gates of the morn that let those go forth who require no food but the dewdrops, to make way for the footstep of the sov and the reaper, for the hand that would plant the potato where the nightshade had spread, and make two blades of grass to spring where only one had hitherto grown. But at pre ent the parting between landlord and elfin did not seem imminent, for as yet the landscape still reeked with water and the children of humanity were no fed.

Towards the end of his journey h passed through all the wonders of sun et, while threading one picturesqu valley after another, crossing gorge in the mountains, and skirting along glen here and open moorland there Like a guiltless soul through the or deal of fire he passed unscathed, amig flames that threatened to consume th green vales and melt the mountains to their base. First it was golden glory which fell from the heavens, blinding bright, and then amber became rose and rose became crimson red, till the fires behind the darkling mountains burned themselves out, and paler tints came out to cool the burning earth and

Just as the cooler amethystine globegan to sweeten the atmosphere, he rounded a shoulder of steep mountain and a scene of wild grandeur and beauty greeted his home-coming eyes There, on a little island, set low dark lake, rose the gables and chim neys of his mother's house. He could ee the smoke from the hearth wher presently he should sit, the boat lying till on the beach in which he bout to cross to the island dwelling From the further shore a huge mou ain rose, rugged in outline, and darkly purple in hue as to seem alm plack, and against this looming back ground the whitened buildings on th ttle island twinkled. On the side of the lake by which he was approaching it, a range of hills, less stern than the nore distant ones, slanted to catch the remnant of sunset light, and as the two lines folded together in the distance beyond, the island appeared to be set in a triangular cul de sac of water and mountains. On one side, towards which the chief windows of the island house were placed, the protecting mountains swept apart, revealing a nagnificent stretch of distant country, moorland dyed every shade of tawny rown and gold, alternating with darker blots of bog and vivid streaks of green, and all shimmering in waves of light away to the uncertain borderland of cloud and mystery in which soared, with their beaked points, delicate crests, and long curved shoulders ountains which are known as th Pins or Bens of Connemara.

He threw his horse's bridle over ost of the little gate that guarded the path leading down to the water, and, springing into the boat, laid hold of the oars. A bugle laid in the stern, and picking it up he blew a blast that went ringing across the lake and came back in a shower of echoes rippling, ike musical laughter, round the mar gins of the lake.

A few minutes' pulling with the oars brought him near the shore of the is and, where he saw a figure standing watching his approach, whose outlines puzzled and surprised him. This was not the tiny form of his invalid mother, who rarely crept from her couch and could not have come so far from it without help, even to answer her son's bugle call by meeting him at the landing place; neither had it the extensive and elderly proportions of the faithful housekeeper who had followed her mis tress in her reverses of fortune to this onely retreat; nor was it as slight and childlike as the little assistant handmaid who made the third female inhabitant of the island. And yet the figure was familiar to Bryan. With extreme astonishment he gazed at it from a distance of about twenty yards, and it seemed to him that he was looking on the girl who had been so much in his thoughts the day before, whom he had been seeking in Weaver's square, and who had disappeared with his secret in keeping, had left Dublin, and "gone to her friends." There were the very outlines of her figure, with its dark draperies, and that was the attitude in which he remembered her, alert and eager, the head thrown a little backward, the arms hanging by her sides with unconscious grace. As he stared at her she turned slightly, as if she would go away, and, doing so, looked exactly as when she had gone Involuntarily he signed to her to remain, and asking himself by what extraordinary chance he found her here, and what fortune to himself her pres ence portended, he with a few strokes

her ground, till springing up the

rocks he stood by her side.

Then she smiled and held out her hand, and Bryan saw with a confused to incline me to desire the fashionable sense of having been oddly tricked by world to which these ladies would inhis imagination, that it was not his benefactress of the Liberties after all, but poor Mrs. O'Kelly's interesting niece, who had so strangely made herself at home upon his island.

You are surprised to see me here. Mr. Kilmartin-that is, if you remem ber me at all. We have met once be fore, at the Patrick's Ball.

"I remember," said Kilmartin, thinking it would be strange if he did not, all things considered. His mind was still occupied with the resemblance between the girl beside him and the girl who had befriended him, and with the curious chance which a second time had brought the one before his while the other was in his thoughts.

"I have lost my friend," continued Marcella, in a low voice, anxious to account at once for her presence; "and Father Daly carried me off in a hurry, here, to Mrs Kilmartin, who was kind enough to take me in till Crane's Castle be ready to receive me. mother does not expect you this evening, sir, and it was by accident that I met you on the rock, having heard your music-

Bryan perceived at once how natural was the situation after all, and was surprised at nothing but the little word "sir" which had slipped out upon Marcella, in momentary forgetfulness of the drilling which poor Mrs. O Kelly had given her. He looked at her with increased interest, as for a moment she became more closely iden ified in his eyes with the Liberties girl. However, he laid the little pecu-liarity of speech to the account of her foreign rearing. Had not her aunt told him she had been educated abroad? He quite forgot now that Miss O'Kelly herself had contradicted that state

Marcella, keenly aware of her slip, urned aside her head to hide th blush which a sudden fear that she was betraying herself called to her face. She had a double reason for desiring to hide forever the fact that it was she who had sheltered this gentle nan from the pursuit of the police To her own desire to spare him a pos ible humiliation, and perhaps a sens of uneasiness at her possession of his secret, was now added the wish of her dead friend that the extreme lowliness f her antecedents might remain un known to all save Father Daly. The priest had simply said to Mrs. Kilmartin that the girl had lately lost her father, who had been in anything but prosperous circumstances. Through a feeling of delicacy Mrs. Kilmartin had, in condoling with her guest on her bereavement, forborne to speak in any way which would seem to call for more particular explanations : and Marcella oped the fact that she, now their friend and guest, and their future neighbor, had by accident come to know an unpleasant secret of Kilmar-tin's life it might forever remain in the obscurity in which circumstance had so far enabled her to bury it.

"Do I understand you to mean that Crane's Castle is for the future to be your home?" asked Bryan, having first expressed his pleasure at finding that his mother had been enjoying Miss Kelly's companionship in her lonely retreat "Yes. Does it not seem strange

It seems that I have simply stepped into Mrs. O'Kelly's place. "She has made you her beiress?"

And I already feel the burden of the responsibility. Father Daly has assured me that you will help me with my people Kilmartin looked grave.

"I am not sure that it was fair to you, under the circumstances, to bring you to us," he said presently. you to us, "ne said presently." Or course Father Daly acted for the best, from his point of view. But there are many sides to the question. My mother and I have struck out a peculiar line of conduct for ourselves in these troubled times, and have thereby ncurred the censure of our own class. Whether we have done much good by our efforts to get on what we have considered the right track remains to be proved by time. Meanwhile we live, as you see, remote from the world and in a very simple way. And I question very much if one so-so fitted to mingle in society as you are ought to have your lot thrown in with ours, while yet you are in perfect ignorance of the possible consequences to yourself of such an accident.

"You mean that Miss Julia O'Flaherty will not care to make an intimate friend of me. She has been here, and, down on the rocks yonder, gave me a very solemn warning. I shall not very solemn warning. I shall not grieve much about Miss Julia O'Fla-

herty."
"There are others of a much better order whose acquaintanceship you might not like to forfeit, and who would naturally feel interested in the heiress of Distresna.

" Lady Villiers Blake, and Mrs. De Lacy Ffrench, for instance. Your mother has described to me all the advantages which would result to me from their sympathy and patronage. They have not taken me into their homes, however, when I was friendless and homeless, and with the friends who have done so I will choose to re-

main."
"They have not had the opportunity. They are motherly women with daughters of their own, and their countenance would be desirable for you out in the world, even if you think you can get on without it here. mother is incapacitated both physically the gloaming at home, while the plover wailed, and the bat flapped across his tween the rocks under her feet.

The description of the oars pushed home the boat bearing at home, while the plover wailed, and the bat flapped across his tween the rocks under her feet.

The description of the oars pushed home the boat bear and by circumstances from ever doing you such service, and you will be singularly lonely in that respect it you are largest and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and that in the general evictions, and the only grabs, and the

persist in identifying yourself with main force by Lord Lucan's bailiff's

" I have not led such a life as ought troduce me. I simply know nothing about them, and Providence has sent me to you. I shall not step out of the path in which Father Daly has, whether fortunately or unfortunately set my feet. I believe you to be good know that you are kind, and I choose to belong to you if you will let | whom

Shadows had fallen as they were speaking; all the sunset flames were extinct, and in the solemn purple twilight a few quivering stars had sprung into keen life above the crown of the great mountain overhanging As Marcella, her face and figure grown less distinct in the dusk. spoke the last words, a look of resolu tion straightened her curved lips and an expression crossed her smooth brows which again brought his protectress of the Liberties forcibly before Kilmartin, and her words, " if I had not believed you good I would not have acted as I have done," seemed repeated in his ear. It was the gathering shadows, he supposed, that gave her for the moment that mournful look which was happily not characteristic of the heiress of Distresna. He had not yet, he old himself, got quite accustomed to the fact of the existence of this strange resemblance, or he should not have started so visibly as now he did, caus ing Marcella to glance at him inquir-

ingly.
"Nothing," he said. "Only you are so very like-another person whom I have known. I think I told you so the first and last time I met you.

"Yes," said Marcella, controlling her alarm. "Likenesses are curious things." She thought of how she must try to be as unlike her old self in manner and speech as possible, and invol-untarily withdrew her hand from her breast, where under he dress lav the ring that Kilmartin had given her.

And just then the little handmaid rom the house came running to tell Mr. Bryan that the mistress had recognized his bugle-call, and was waiting impatiently for his arrival in her room. TO BE CONTINUED.

A TALE OF TRAGEDY.

The Penalties of Dissension Set Forth by William O'Brien.

William O'Brien contributed a second interesting article on "The Penalties of Dissension" to the Dublin Freeman's Journal of recent date. In opening, he says:

A couple of years ago, under the heading, "Undiscovered Connaught, I directed public attention to the shadowy grandeur of a gap in the mountains of Lower Murrisk, which re mained as destitute of road or bridge as the day when the Elizabethan so diery of Brown and Bingham first cursed it with a visit. Since that time, I am glad to say, the congested districts board have been induced to transform the rocky bridle path through the Dhuloch pass, with its occasional disappearances into a river, to re-appear in a faint track scrambling down a precipice into a massive roadway, winding through native woods towards the gloaming lakes and right through the ranks of purple clothed mountain giants towards the breezy seas of Old Head. The noble proprietor who derives £20,000 a year from the territory through which the Dhuloch road runs did not, of course, contribute a stiver, nor so much as a "God bless it." the project, but the grand jury, which obeys his noble family's nod, has in its bounty graciously agreed to take over the road, now that it is really bridged and metalled. Next year or the year after, no doubt, it will be the favorite tourist route from Leenane to Clew Bay. Questionable as are the advantages of corrupting our virgin valleys with a flood of tourists such as make the English traveller the least beloved of mankind, tourists of a finer strain will find in the glens unlocked by the Dhuloch road materials of more absorbing human interest even than the mystic shadows on the lakes or the olemn statuary of the shapely peaks of Muilrea and Bengorm and Glencullin. The heads of the noble houses of Brown Bingham might well have conspired to bar the inquisite stranger out of this mountain labyrinth, for within its Titanic walls was enacted within the memory of men whose lips have told me the tale of a tragedy such as, if it stood alone, would make Irish landlordism

A WORD OF HISSING

as long as human pity lives in gentle breasts. At the head of the Dhuloch Pass, not far from the schoolhouse at Craiganbaun, the tourist will find the rude mountain cemetery of Closhkeim. Amidst its rocks, without cross or in scribed stone, are buried practically the whole population of the glen, who assembled there for relief works in the time of "the great famishing," and sank down starved and frozen to death one night in a snow storm. Among them all, when the government officials proceeded next morning to count the dead, there was found alive but one infant, the thought of whose dead mother was to fold it up so under her breast that the little creature outlived the blasts that slew strong men by the hundred. The famine pits of Closh-keim are a sorry sight, but there is a still sadder, nearer to Leenane, in the disused cemetery of Letterass, over which the bullocks graze; for in this cemetery there has not been an interment for forty years past. Those whose fathers sleep there disappeared

from burying his son there lest the dispossessed tenant should attempt to set up any shadow of a title to evicted lands through a grave at Letterass.

Scenes of this kind are but incidents in the widespread and cold-blooded conspiracy which the Irish landlords and English subordinates formed after the great famine to extirpate the remnants of the small farmer population

HUNGER AND THE FAMINE FEVER had spared, and to replace them with a handful of wealthy and God-fearing Scotch colonists. I have lately dis-covered the genesis of the great clear-ances of 1850 54 in the West, set out with the utmost candor in a book pub lished by the Scottish agriculturist Mr. Caird of Baldoon, who was sent over by Sir Robert Peel in 1850, to prospect as to the advantages of the West "as a field of investment" for Scotch farmers (to use the brutally frank title of the book) in pursuand of a "plantation scheme that eminent statesman, following or preceding so many of his countrymen from the days of Raleigh to the of Oliver Cromwell, and from the days of Cromwell to the days of T. W. Russell, found salvation for the woes of Ireland. Mr. Caird's mission was apparently to ascertain whether the erms offered by the Irish landlords as the price of ridding them of the incon venient aboriginal population were such as ought to tempt his own law abiding but canny fellow countrymen In a word, he was the Caleb dispatched for the purpose of spying out the milk and honey of the promised land. "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, ever watchful for the good of the people over whom he has been called to pre side, was considerately pleased to countenance the author's secure for him many facilities.' short, he was shown around from the house of one landlord desirous of exterminating his native tenantry to another, and questioned them shrewdly as to the terms they were prepared to bid for enterprising Scotchmen to take the "consolidated" farms off their hands. Mr. Caird relates his experi ences with much honesty, and appar ently with many acute suspici the worthlessness of his landlord hosts and of the amount of human suffering involved in their pitiless schemes of

After reviewing at some length Mr. Caird's exposures of landlordism, Mr. O'Brien shows that

BUT FOR DISSENSION

among the people of Ireland the cruel yrants might have been checkmated.

He concludes his interesting article as The Scotch planter who grasped at the rural paradise which Lord Sligo so kindly pointed out to Mr. Caird among the noble hills around Dhuloch did not thrive, for all his flocks and herds. Last year or the year before he left the country altogether. Sir Robert Peel's plantation scheme ended in a sauve qui peut, and the land was there idle—48,000 acres of it—a standing warning against the big grazier system, and an irresistible invitation to the congested districts board to parcel it out among the congested villagers who were on all sides looking down on it with hope from their huts in the remote hills. As soon as the farm fell vacant I urged publicly that an unrivalled opportunity had arisen for finding cosy farms for hundreds of families who were the very types of the evil the congested districts board obtained their £42,000 a year to remedy. I believe the board did sincerely and strenuously try what could be done to acquire these 48,000 acres for the congested population. One of the landlords to be dealt with, the present Lord Lucan-who has shown some signs of a progressive spirit—had already divided up an evicted grazing tract near Castlebar among the small tenants, at the instance of Father Lyons, P. P.; and another grass farm at Ouchty, among the Drummin mountains, at the instance of the late Rev. Bernard Mc-Dermott and myself. The pecuniary results to the landlord have been, I think, more cheering than his Lordship's dealings with the Scotch planters. He might have been induced to go further. But more fatal than any stiffneckedness in the rent office was a VULTUROUS SWOOP OF LANDGRABBERS upon the vacant lands, and, humiliating to say, among them men vaunting and trumpeting their own nationality in shining contrast with the poor Whiggery of those who, in their antiquated vay, supposed nationality to consist not with exciting the enthusiasm of the rent office and enjoying popularity with the baliffs. But the shame rests upon all sections, and ought to burn into all our hearts. Nobody supposes that it can cause anything but a pang to decent Parnellites to think that, their own purposes, and as a result of their own calculations, it is towards the disciples of Redmondism that the sinister favor of the landlords and their dependents leans. The fact is, at all events, incontestable. Given a vigorous and united popular organization, it is as certain as anything human can be that these 48,000 acres would have lain untenanted until they were partitioned among the congested villagers. But grabber and landlord know that the people's forces are at sixes and sevens, that the man who strives in any practical way to hold up the old flag against the enemies of Ireland is sure

of encountering fiercer abuse, calumny

and misrepresentation from his brother Nationalists than either the landlord

who grinds or the gombeen man who

alization no man can now commit a

Hoods Poperate. Co Worms ca restlessness Worm Exte effectual. I get him to p

of penance The people merit. That the largest medicine me Sarsaparilla cures. It is Its superior merit wins.