

THE THUNDERBOLT.

The Dramatic Effort of the French Canadian Post Laureate Louis Frechette—Its First Presentation at the Union Square Theatre—Opinions of the New York Press.

New York, June 8.—The N. Y. Herald says:—"The Thunderbolt," a new play by Mr. Louis Frechette, the post laureate of Canada, was produced last evening at the Union Square Theatre. It was called "a new romantic American drama," but was, in fact, a real old time melodrama. There was no lack of sensation in attempted assassination, suicide and other dark deeds, and there was rather more than the usual amount of mock heroic sentiments. The play was badly constructed, and while, as a narrative, the story of the plot, as given in the theatre programme was interesting, dramatically it was somewhat incoherent. The dialogue was disappointing; it was for the most part common place and prosaic.

In "The Thunderbolt," Mr. Frechette has committed the fault common to most persons of purely literary reputation who attempt play-writing—he fails to realize the requirements of the stage. The story is told rather than acted. It is told by the actors in fragments, interspersed with much dramatic dialogue. A leading feature of the story, which takes place before the play begins, is known from the play bill and from the actors occasionally alluding to dark deeds of the past. The tableau of the final situation of each act was well arranged and effective, and reflected credit on the stage management. The scenery was pretty and the play as a whole was fairly well acted. The audience was large and friendly, but it occasionally was compelled to be merry where the author intended it to be grave.

"THE THUNDERBOLT."

The story is laid in Louisiana, near New Orleans, and tells of a youth, Paul Rodette, known as "The Thunderbolt," who slopes with a young creole. He is followed by her brother, whom he kills in an encounter. He then leaves his father's estates in the hands of a lawyer and goes abroad for twenty years. All this is supposed to take place before the rise of the curtain. He returns and finds Lawyer Benard enjoying himself with his father's wealth. In his house are living the rich widow of a planter and his daughter. The designing old mother wishes her daughter to marry the lawyer, but she prefers young Walter Brenton. Rodette determines to behold the young people, but he has a good deal of trouble over it until the final scene. The lawyer refuses to give up the estate, as Rodette cannot produce the papers, and tries all means of getting rid of "The Thunderbolt," including an attempted assassination. Finally Rodette discovers that young Brenton is his son, and the youth has papers proving the right to the estate and a certificate of the marriage of Rodette with the creole, of which there was some doubt. The lawyer becoming desperate, is about to abduct the widow and her daughter, but is killed by "The Thunderbolt," who makes the young pair happy as the curtain falls.

The final scenes of the abduction caused unbounded merriment. The curtain rose with a scene showing a steam yacht with a very uneasy stowaway. The lawyer was on hand with imported Mexican pirates to do the deed. The widow and her daughter were also there. When the lawyer made known his little game the widow said with a tragic air, "Mr. Benard, this is too much; this has gone too far." The daughter appeared alarmed, and Benard said if she screamed he would kill her mother and she would be a murderer. The mother said, "Not a word, my daughter, not a word." There is no knowing what the daughter might not have done if "The Thunderbolt" had not moved on in his shirt sleeves. This so alarmed the wicked lawyer that he jumped off the steam yacht—and some one threw a handful of water on the stage indicative of his melancholy end.

The New York Sun, as might be supposed from the title, "The Thunderbolt" is strong enough, and to spare. In its general outline the play is as old as the hills. A young man has committed a crime and flees from home. He has taken the precaution to deed his property to a friend, it being in Louisiana, during the rebellion. He takes a counter-deed from him, which he leaves with a lawyer. On his return, after years of wandering, the Thunderbolt, as he is called, finds that the counter-deed has been lost, and that the friend to whom he had entrusted his property is unwilling to give it up. This is the situation, the mere statement of which will enable any one to see how it all must end. The missing documents are found, and with them a marriage certificate of no less importance, and the Thunderbolt also finds a son in the person of a young friend whom he had picked up in his travels. There are several attempts at murder, robbery, arson and abduction by the villain of the play, Joseph Benard; there are love passages between the Thunderbolt's son, who goes under the name of Walter Brenton, and the young lady that Benard wishes to marry, and the comic business is taken care of by a creole boy, Tois, an Irish sailor, Tom Cronan, and a couple of Louisiana dandies.

All this to read about has quite an antique flavor, but the well known materials are handled in a new fashion. Each act, except the last, is taken separately, a well contrived little drama, its incidents properly leading up to a legitimate though surprising finale. The weak point of the play is the fourth act, which is unnecessary. In spite of the melodramatic death of the villain, who disappears from the bow of his yacht amid a bucketful of sand thrown up to represent spray, it is even tamer after the exciting incidents of the preceding acts.

Mr. Lewis Morrison lacked but little of making a considerable hit in the character of Benard. Mr. J. Newton Gotthold as Paul Rodette, the Thunderbolt, failed in what ought to be the strongest effect of the piece—the discovery of his son. Of the other characters none were played with more than ordinary success. Perhaps Miss Madge Butler's impersonation of Tois was the most worthy of praise.

At the end of the second act the audience was very enthusiastic. By the end of the third it was almost indifferent, and quite so when the curtain fell. "The Thunderbolt" should not, however, fade from the stage. Shortened by an act, with greater finish given to the remaining acts, and a more carefully selected cast, it should become a good stock piece, better by a great deal than any play of its class.

The N. Y. Star says:—Louis Frechette's drama, "The Thunderbolt," was produced at the Union Square Theatre last night, and had not the weather been so hot, the air sultry, and the number of "professionals" in the audience so large, it would have scored an emphatic success. As it was, with all these detracting causes, it proved to be a strong and vigorous melodrama, instinct with life and action, and one which is destined to

meet with great popularity on the road. The leading part, in which Mr. J. Newton Gotthold appears, serves to show a sterling, capable and conscientious actor in a series of good situations, and it was interesting to note the "thorough naturalness" of his acting in contrast with the stagecraft of Mr. Lewis Morrison, who was the most unmitigated of all villains. A nice little piece of dramatic work was done by Miss Madge Butler as Tois, a mulatto boy. M. O. Daly appeared as a pompous dandy, and Ed. Lamb as an inebriated sailor. The piece has all the elements of popular success, and with the strong and earnest acting of Mr. Gotthold should run well. The applause was liberal, and the excellent "Thunderbolt" Mike Norton, who sat in one of the private boxes, did not fail to lead it every time. The general opinion of the large audience was that the play was a success.

MRS. PARNELL'S TREASURES ON SALE.

THE HOME OF THE SWIFT PORTERS, FANNY PARNELL, TO GO TO STRANGERS.

There are few things so tender and touching as the announcement in the annexed letters full of a mother's mourning and a mother's memories for the loved and lost. The grief must be indeed great, and the desolation unendurable, when Mrs. Parnell is compelled to offer to strangers guests the occupancy of the Old Ironsides mansion at Bordentown, N. J., with all the associations of the past, and all the tender recollections and patriotic hopes of later times, and the terrible shadow that overpassed all a little more than ten months ago. One can easily understand how that home on the Delaware in which Fanny Parnell dreamed, and designed, and sung for Ireland, could be no longer a place of calm rest and contented refuge for the fond mother who had nurtured those ideas and shared in their development. People will appreciate the jealous guardianship that would prevent the contact of indifferent hands with the treasures so linked with a sweet memory, and one cannot but commend the design that would rather give opportunity to those who loved the living songstress to possess themselves of some lasting memorial of the honored dead. The letter is indeed sadly eloquent:

IRONIDES, BORDENTOWN, N. J., June 5.

To the Editor of N. Y. Star:

I am making arrangements to rent my house, and I hope forever to divest myself of a load of trouble, expense and anxiety too great for my age, alone and unaided, and in the expectation that I may thus be enabled to seek the solace and companionship or some of my family.

All my prettiest and most valuable articles of furniture, paintings, bric-a-brac, glass, china, silver, books and a very handsome rosewood piano, excellent and nearly new, will be on exhibition two or three days from Wednesday, June 6, inclusive at Leavitt's Art Galleries, No. 817 Broadway, New York, and for sale by auction shortly after. All these aforesaid articles were bought by myself with much trouble, and with my best taste and judgment, according to my means, to please and cheer my dear departed daughter, and were much prized and to some extent used by her. There are so many small articles among them that I write to inform you about the matter, as you may like to notice it in your paper, since some friends and countrymen and women of my daughter may wish to secure mementoes of the home where she lived and labored for the cause she loved. These souvenirs cannot, in any case, be very costly. I cannot leave anything in my house easily lost or removed, or easily injured by any one, renting it. I do not endure feeling always before me articles which I look in vain for my daughter. Although, if I go away, to return perhaps only after some years, if I live, time and the realization that she is happier afar may make me prize such mementoes—may make them sweet to me—but now, in my sorrow and loneliness, in my anxieties and agonies, I cannot, without injury that is mortal, look upon these emblems of the past. Believe me to be, dear Sir, truly yours,

DELIA T. S. PARNELL.

When the blood is impure, or when it is thin and cold, good health is impossible. Under such conditions, boils, pimples, head-aches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and one disease after another is developed. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it will make the blood pure, rich and warm.

TERRIFIC RAINSTORM.

St. Johns, Que., June 6.—This section of the country was this afternoon visited by one of the fiercest storms seen in years. About 3.45 a terrific rain from the southwest set in, the wind blowing a gale. Shortly after, hailstones as large as marbles began and continued to fall for several minutes. In an incredibly short time the torrent flooded the streets, the drains being insufficient to carry off the extraordinary amount of water. Several cellars under the principal stores on Bloebel street were flooded, causing much damage. The streets in several places were completely blocked by trees, which had stood the storms of thirty and forty years, but today succumbed. Piles of lumber were blown from the wharves into the river, and the lumber yards lost heavily, the lumber being blown hundreds of feet and broken to atoms. Fences were blown over in all directions. The gable end of the brick brewery was blown down. Mrs. Dewar suffered heavily from the iron roof of her store and dwelling being blown off. The rain poured through the wooden covering in torrents. The roof of the general store had hardly resisted, it being the general topic of conversation when the town was again aroused by the alarm of fire at the Victoria Hosiery Company's buildings. This alarm was no sooner given than scores of females were seen frantically running to the windows of the upper story and on the roof, but through the presence of mind of the proprietors, all escaped safely, some by a ladder, others by the usual means of escape, and others by crossing to the neighboring roofs. The fire brigade were not required, the fire having been got under command. It is supposed to have originated from an old gasometer buried in the yard, and used some years ago to light the building, the conducting pipes from which run under the floor. The opinion is that these pipes had got stopped, and gas forming from a quantity of gasoline supposed to have been left in the reservoir, the flooding of the cellar today removed the obstructions in the pipes, when the gas escaped, causing a heavy explosion, which sent the fire and smoke up the shaft of the hotel and filled the upper stories. The damage from fire is slight, and fully covered by insurance.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all Druggists. See advertisement.

THE CANADIAN VICEBOY.

Opposition to the appointment of Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General.

From the New York Herald, June 6th.

Many of the Irish people in Canada are offering serious opposition to the appointment of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the position of Governor-General of Canada. The Irish organ of Montreal, says in its issue of to-day:—"The Marquis was, of all the public men in England, with the exception of Buckle and Forster, the most objectionable man whom Mr. Gladstone could have selected for the position. The Marquis of Lansdowne and his family have played too hostile and inimical a part in the legislation and government of Ireland for a million of Irishmen in Canada to extend a welcome to him to our Canadian shores, and to hold him in that respect which the chief magistrate of the Dominion should be ever able to command from every class of the population."

It is not impossible that the dissatisfaction may lead to more substantial expressions of disapproval. The feeling of Canada upon the Irish question was so clearly shown by the petition of their Parliament for Ireland that Mr. Gladstone cannot have misinterpreted the fact that a large number of Canadian citizens are Irishmen. The appointment, therefore, of an obnoxious gentleman as Governor-General is either a mistake or a wilful snub of a like character to the tax upon tea which worked so much mischief more than a hundred years ago.

A SINGLE BOX of Mack's Magnetic Medicine will prove to any sufferer from nervous prostration or weakness of the generative organs, that it is the best and cheapest medicine ever sold for this class of diseases. Read the advertisement in another column and send at once for the great Brain and nerve food. Sold in Montreal by Laviolette & Nelson.

THE TONQUIN WAR.

LONDON, June 6.—China has ordered the speedy acquisition to her navy of several new gunboats, and is negotiating with ex-officers of the United States Navy to accept commands in her fleet.

PARIS, June 6.—A recently received telegram states that the Annamites have beheaded Father Hechet, a Catholic missionary.

It is stated that China has suddenly broken off negotiations with Japan relative to the Loo Choo Islands.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

New York, June 6.—Most of the New York City branches of the Land League and other Irish organizations represented in the Philadelphia Convention, last night ratified the action of the convention by taking preliminary steps towards forming branches of the new League. Dr. Wallace urged those present to stand by the new League and not be frightened away by the attempts of Ireland's enemies to show that the Pope was opposed to efforts to relieve Ireland. Major O'Byrne, Vice-President of the National League, spoke in a similar vein. The Rev. Father Larkin said: "We have all read the letter which the Pope is said to have written to the Irish Bishops and I have found he did not sign it at all. It is signed by Cardinal Cullen and shows its author's ignorance of what is going on in Ireland. If the Pope's father and mother had lived as tenants under an Irish landlord and grown up in that unhappy country, I believe he might be willing to become President of the Irish National League." Father Larkin was cheered.

HOW THE IRISH INFORMERS OF '85-'87 WERE REWARDED.

A London correspondent, writing to an Irish newspaper, gives the following account of how the British Government rewarded the Irish informers of '85-'87. He said:—"It is not generally known that several of the leaders of the abortive Fenian rising of 1865-7 are occasionally to be met with in London, and are heard of elsewhere. The most notorious of these informers of that period was John Joseph Corrydon. He never was in custody, having been got at by the Irish police at an early stage of the movement, under the name of John Stephens. After the arrests in Ireland and Great Britain, Corrydon was taken by the police from place to place in order to give evidence against the conspirators. As his reward he received a Government pension of £200 a year, and he is now living in apparently most comfortable circumstances, under an assumed name within a few miles of Windsor. Another informer was John Davany, who, however, died in London in a starving condition before receiving any Government reward, the matter being still under consideration when he was taken ill. The informer Pierce Nagle seems to have been the only one of the lot who came to an untimely end. It is generally believed that he was tracked and murdered, his body being found in the street near Stoke Newington several years ago. The mystery in his case has never been quite satisfactorily cleared up. Nagle was an employee in the Irish People office, the Fenian organ, and it was through his finding in the pocket of a drunken Fenian messenger Stephens' order to the centres in Tipperary to prepare for instant action, that the Castle authorities decided to arrest the conspirators. One of the lesser informers, Mellany, a tailor, was sent in 1870 by the Government, with his wife and family to Australia. He received simply his passage and outfit and a small sum of money. He is now in Melbourne, living under his own name, and well known to the local police there. A Mrs. Kepple, who worked as a tailoress for Mellany, and was also a witness to the meetings in their house, was likewise sent to Melbourne by the Government, getting her passage, and a reward of £20. She is still in the place, and is said to be doing well. The last of the lot was the Irish-American officer, John Charles Massey. He was a rebel Fenian, John Charles Massey. He was apprehended by three policemen. He was being setting out on horseback to head the rising. Massey declined an annuity and instead a gross sum of between £3,000 to £4,000 was paid him by the Government for his share in giving information. He is now alive, and passes his time alternately in Paris and London, moving about in fairly good society. It is said he is more commiserated by his quondam associates than any of the other informers."

THE PARNELL FUND.

New York, June 8.—The committee appointed to organize a Parnell Testimonial Fund by raising subscriptions in this country, have obtained permission from Judge Van Hook, Judge J. F. Daly, Recorder Smyth, Eugene Kelly and other prominent citizens, to place their names on a circular to be sent for that object.

HUNGARY'S OLD LEADER.

Kossuth's name, seldom mentioned in these later years, once more appears in connection with certain honors recently bestowed upon the eloquent old patriot on the occasion of his natal anniversary. He was born on the 27th of April, 1802. And it is good to know that, if he no longer exists in the world's memory, he is at least not forgotten by his own countrymen. Hungary, a country which, by its distinctive character of its geography and its people, deserves to have a separate and independent national existence, and its noblest representative in Louis Kossuth, as true and ardent a patriot as ever lived. The ex-Governor of Hungary lives in Turin, and has lived there, an exile from his beloved native land, for a third of a century. He is called "ghost of the past," "the shadow of a great name," a man who has outlived his power and his greatness, and who falls to link himself to the realities and promises of these later years, but dwells mournfully on the past. He lives in the memories of the revolution of 1848—that vain but splendid effort, of which he was the heart and soul, the inspiration. It was a noble but futile struggle, which at one time did seem to promise success; but it failed, together with some of the other similar struggles of that revolutionary and memorable year, and Kossuth, turned, as to his last hope, to the people of the United States for aid in his country's extremity. He was overwhelmed here by the tremendous character of the greeting he encountered. Such vast crowds, such tumultuous enthusiasm for Hungary, filled his heart with the highest hopes that, after all, his country's deliverance was to come through the world's great Republic. But he soon saw, with astonishment and dismay, that all this surging enthusiasm was confined to words, and expended itself in big meetings and cheering, and rapidly dissolving froth, but did not testify its reality by the needed money contributions. Kossuth went back to Europe a disappointed and broken-hearted man. Forbidden to remain in Hungary, and detesting the daily sight of Austrian rule which he must there encounter, he was permitted to stay, he became an exile, and has for 33 years lived in what to him is a foreign land. From "the dim, rich city" on the Po, the ancient capital of the Dukedom of Savoy, and later of the kingdoms of Sardinia and of Italy, he looks out upon the world of European politics with a hopeless gaze, and in regard to his own country the future is to him full of the darkest forebodings. It is a sad ending of a noble life.

IMMIGRATION RETURNS.

OTTAWA, June 7.—The number of immigrants arrived in Canada to the 31st of May, 1883, was as follows:—Halifax, 635; Quebec, 13,115; Montreal, via United States ports, 11,030; Montreal, from Antwerp, 19; San Francisco Bridge, 7,137; Emerson, from United States, 8,217; agencies, 707; Ontario, 2,301; total in May, 33,611; previously reported to 30th April, 38,132; total arrivals to date, 71,793; total arrivals to date in 1882, 49,462. No returns have been made west of Emerson. The number of passengers to the United States to 31st May was: Halifax, 348; Quebec, 2,868; Suspension Bridge, 6,135; Montreal, via U. S., 6,177; total, 9,536; previously reported, 16,877; total passengers to United States, 25,843; total passengers to the Dominion to 31st May, 45,451; remaining in the Dominion to 31st May, 1882, 24,135.

WHICH TRACADIE?

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR,—Your Charlottesville, P. E. I., correspondent, in his lengthy communication of the 21st ult., in which he highly recommended the island as a summer resort for pleasure-seekers, &c., among other spots specially favored by nature mentions Tracadie. In this particular clause he says: "Tracadie, 12 or 13 miles from Charlottetown which must not be confounded with the Tracadie of the lepers in Nova Scotia." Without at all fearing that this throws much castigation on Nova Scotia, or without expecting anything like omniscience in your island correspondent, I think, that before lending his time and talents to give currency to this mis-statement, or before becoming even an "occasional correspondent," he ought to have informed himself of local geographical facts at least. Of your correspondent I know little, but I sympathize with him in his geographical researches. If there are three or four places in the Dominion each called Tracadie; if there is one Tracadie where there are lepers; if the Tracadie in P. E. I. is not the one, then Tracadie, N. S., must be it. What children inference and yet, by implication, this is the logical conclusion to which your correspondent would have the readers of the True Witness come. Your learned correspondent would do well to remember when he again writes for the press, and in fact at all times, if at such things as erroneous statements can be imported across the Northumberland Strait much easier than Tracadie, N. B., can be carried to Nova Scotia.

Faithfully yours,

ALFRED BRAG.

L'Ardoise, N. S., 4th June, 1883

NATIONAL LEAGUE POLICY DECLARED.

Address by President Sullivan—A. Sullivan in Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 8.—The meeting to ratify the proceedings of the Philadelphia Convention and for the formation of a new branch of the Irish National League of America was held last night, the Rev. P. J. Conway, Vicar-General, presiding. The meeting was of more than usual importance. Reports were received from thirty-eight societies of this city which passed votes of affiliation with the Irish National League of America. An address was delivered by Alexander Sullivan, the President of the National League, in which he outlined the policy of the organization more definitely than he has heretofore done. The Irish National League, said he, is an organization which may appropriately meet in a school house. It may justly ask the sanction of men whose lives are dedicated to religion. It is, humane, just, patriotic in its purposes. It seeks to substitute employment for idleness, prosperity for poverty, enlightenment for ignorance, peace for discord, diversified industry for that condition of misery and dependence which is the lot of every people who have but a single means of securing their livelihood. It aims to remove despotism, lawlessness, brutality, persecutions, foreign misrule, and establish in their place security, contentment, thrift and peace, which only come to a people enjoying the natural right of self-government.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS NOT.

It is not an organization of rash impulses without order, reason, or discipline for its foundations and guides, neither is it a cold bloodless movement seeking mere "gold and silver" without the "love of the land." The Irish

National League of America will not attempt to dictate action to those who are in the line of slavery and on the same of the conflict. It will not raise the "emancipating cry," "Do something, when to do something would be both madness and crime." It will be the faithful auxiliary, ready to furnish resources to its less fortunate brethren to enable them to go where they may go in prudence, where they may go in justice. It will give its loyal, moral, and its liberal financial support, without question or dictation, to the organization under the patient, patriotic guidance of Charles Stewart Parnell, which has already united a people, taught them self-reliance, and self-control. It is said that "emigration is necessary for Ireland; that she cannot support herself." That cannot be true, so long as with less than one-sixth of her surface under food crops she still exports food.

FATHER McMAHON'S MONEY.

CONTRAST—OVER EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS OF A KIRKING PRIEST'S SAVINGS.

New York, June 8.—Letters of administration on the estate of the Rev. Father Philip McMahon, a priest formerly stationed at Newton, Sussex county, N. J., were recently applied for by the Rev. Father Charles Farrelly, of Brooklyn, on behalf of several of the heirs. Father McMahon has not been heard of during a number of years, and the application was made under the laws of New Jersey, which provide that a person who has been unheard of for seven years is to be presumed to have died.

When Father McMahon was living in Newton, about thirty years ago, he opened accounts at the Newark Savings Institution and the Howard Savings Institution. In 1858 he went West, and was stationed at Wilkesville, Ohio. In 1862, 1863 and 1864 he was at Omaha. In 1867 he made his last deposit in the Howard Savings Institution, and his last appearance at the Newark Savings Institution was in 1862. The money deposited amounts to about \$9,000, and none of it has ever been drawn.

Father McMahon has been long sought for by his relatives without success. He has two brothers in Ireland, one in Toronto, one in Mentor, Ohio, another in Cleveland, and four sisters, one of whom is married to a brother of Father Farrelly. Father Farrelly some time ago instituted inquiries throughout the country, but could get no tidings of Father McMahon, except that contained in a letter from Vicar General Cunningham, of Kansas, who wrote that he had heard that Father McMahon had died fifteen years ago, but where he could not recollect. Father Farrelly therefore made application for letters of administration.

The case came up for hearing on Tuesday last and Father Farrelly's application was opposed by Father Thomas McMahon, of Toronto, a brother of the missing man, who said he did not believe Father Philip McMahon was dead; that if he was, he (Father Thomas) and not Father Farrelly was the person to whom the letters should be granted. He argued his case so ably that he was complimented by the Court, and was granted three months in which to find his brother if alive.

POPE LEO EXALTS A PRIENT.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 8.—The Very Rev. Julian Benoit, D. D., Vicar-General of the Catholic diocese of Fort Wayne, has been appointed attaché to the household of Pope Leo XIII., and will leave at once for Rome in obedience to the Papal order. Father Benoit has been in Fort Wayne forty-five years, and is one of the best known clergymen of the Church. His elevation gives with it the title of Monsigneur and the privilege of wearing the purple. This honored priest is related to the late Napoleon III. by intermarriage, and is an inheritor of one of the noblest titles of France.

It is a singular thing, but the most pleasing period of a dentist's life is when he looks down in the mouth.

The recent parade of colored troops in Charlottetown was enhanced by a whistling accompaniment of 500 of the men.

Mr. Rice of Brooklyn deeded all his property to his wife; she bequeathed it to her daughter, and Mr. Rice had to go to the poor-house.

One of the most sanguinary puns of the season was perpetrated by the Boston Bulletin as follows: "A blooded horse is of course a good gone."

A Philadelphia widow who was engaged to an undertaker refused to marry him when she was told that he made his deceased wife use an old coffin mounted on a pair of rollers for a cradle.

"Believe I'll try to mend some of my bad habits," said Jones in a fit of penitence. "I wouldn't, dear," replied his superior fraction, sweetly, "your bad habits are certainly in an excellent state of repair."

"Say, Mrs. Benson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear," "I thought you did." "Why did you?" "Because mamma said you were always blowing your own horn."

I have derived much benefit from using Fellows' Hypophosphites in chronic constipation. 134 ws

JOHN B. MOORE, Forest City, Montana.

French Canadians are called "hard eaters" in Blidford, Maine, because it is supposed they use it as bait.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellagra" Little Liver pills (sugar coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists. 134 ws.

A rock weighing three and one-half pounds was thrown up by an artesian well on a farm near old San Bernardino.

TOOTHACHE.—Do you suffer with it? Go buy a bottle of Perry D. v's Pain Killer and find relief in the twinkling of an eye—for Toothache it is a specific. 134 ws.

Turkey buys the most of the umbrellas made in France, which produced last year 771,834, worth \$6,000,000.

IT IS A LITTLE TROUBLE TO EXAMINE

the pamphlet wrapped around each bottle of the true MURRAY & JAMES'S FLORIDA WATER, as to find the words "LANMAN & KEM, NEW YORK," which are water-marked or stamped in pale letters on every page, but it is better to take this small amount of trouble rather than to be imposed upon by worthless counterfeits. Every leaf of the pamphlet around the genuine has these words in it, which, though pale and faint, can be easily seen when held up to the light, and no Florida Water is genuine that does not have this test mark.

German geographers propose to christen a portion of the Northern Ocean the "Nordenskjöld Sea."

**SAFETY CURE**

FOR THE  
**KIDNEYS, LIVER & URINARY ORGANS**

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Herein where **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women; for malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions, and get the just as good. For Diabetes ask for **WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE**.

For sale by all druggists.

**H. H. WARNER & CO.**  
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N. Y., London, Eng.

**ARNICA & OIL**

LINIMENT.

The Best External Remedy for  
**Rheumatism, Neuralgia,**  
Cramps, Sprains, Flesh Wounds, Burns  
and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears,  
and all other Pains and Aches. As a  
Liniment for **Horses** it has no equal.  
One trial will prove its merits. Its effects  
are in most cases **Instantaneous**.  
Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction.  
Price 25 cts. & 50 cts. per Bottle.  
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