

main in it I must work. It is not improbable that I may have to go out to India again."

In her astonishment, Maggie, with clasped hands, stopped short before him in the path.

"Is it possible? Oh, you cannot be in earnest."

"What reason should there be for you, under present circumstances, to return to that horrid climate? Who would do so, excepting of necessity?"

"Well, I would," he answered, with a short laugh. "Any place appears preferable to England in my eyes, just now."

"But, Lady Ethel," urged his cousin, "would she accompany you? or could she bear to be left here, all alone? and so shortly after marriage too! You must consider after."

"Oh, I think she would prove amenable to reason," replied Colonel Bainbridge, with an air of indifference. "But Maggie was not to be deceived."

"Cousin Thomas!" she exclaimed, eagerly, as she laid her hand upon his arm, "I am sure that something dreadful has happened between you and Lady Ethel! Oh, what is it! Tell me the worst! It is terrible to see you suffer thus."

Her plain speaking, no less than her earnest manner and that pathos in her tone which the French call *larmes aux yeux*, touched the overstrained chord in the man's heart and snapped. Receding from her, he threw himself upon a bench coiled round a tree hard by, and he read his face with his hands, and in another moment the girl who stood beside him was shocked to see the tears trickle through his fingers.

"O cousin! cousin!" she pleaded, in a voice which trembled with emotion, "what have I said that have I done to cause this? Pray, pray forgive me; but I cannot understand how anything short of her death or her desertion should make you feel like this."

"It is worse than death, Maggie."

"Worse than death?" Maggie could only repeat his words, and attend their explanation.

"Yes, a thousand times worse! She doesn't love me, Maggie! she never loved me, and I have been but a tool in her hands."

"And she dared to tell you so?"

The indignation of the heart which could have loved him so truly and faithfully, had it fallen to its lot to do so, was too great to check the exclamation.

"She would dare everything! she has no more fear of me than she has of breaking my heart. And, Maggie, I loved her so. God is my witness how I loved her!"

"And how you love her still?" replied the girl with trembling lips. "Cousin Thomas, this is but a question; you will make it up by and by. All will be right again between you."

"Never, Maggie; it is kind of you to say so, but it is quite impossible. I have made up my mind, we shall never live together again."

"Never live together," she echoed, in her consternation; "but she is your wife. Cousin, think of what you are saying."

"I have thought of it," he replied, "bitterly and often enough, Heaven knows. Would you have me go back to the arms of a woman who has told me to my face that she never cared for me; that she lowered herself by marrying a tradesman's son to accomplish her own revengeful purposes; and that she despises me no less for my folly and short-sightedness, than for my birth?"

"She could not have intended it," said Maggie, earnestly; "she could never be so cruel; she is sorry for her words now, depend upon it."

"Sorry!" he repeated, with a gesture of incredulity, "you have not seen her as I have, or you would not say so. And I have told you the worst yet, Maggie, though that shall remain locked in my own breast."

She did not know what comfort to give him then; it seemed too dark and terrible a grief to be meddled with, even by hands as loving as her own. She remained silent.

"The long and the short of it is," exclaimed Colonel Bainbridge, after a moment's pause, as he jumped up from the bench and stretched himself, "that I intend to serve Her Majesty for some little time longer yet, under which circumstances, if my mother declines to live at Craushaws, the dear old place must consent to be shut up for awhile and look after itself. And what I want you to do for me, Maggie, is to bring my mother gradually round to the idea. As soon as I am gone—I return to town tomorrow—let her know positively I have no intention of selling out of the army at present, and when I have left England you may tell her the reason why. It will reconcile her to my absence more than anything else would do."

"But when you have left England, cousin? Surely that is only a contingency."

"It is more than that, Maggie," he replied, in a low voice. "I have already effected an exchange with one of my brother officers, and I start to join his battery next week."

She answered nothing, but her tears fell fast upon her sombre mantle.

"It could not be otherwise, my dear; it would be impossible for me to stay in England now. I should out my throat if I did. I must have change! Don't cry, my dear girl! perhaps we shall tread those grey paths together yet, when we are both grey-headed—who knows?"

"With your grandchildren running on before us," she answered, with sweet wet eyes, that tried to smile at him.

"My grandchildren! No—never!—or, at least I hope not. The fewer children that enter the world the better, Maggie, for there is nothing but misery on all sides for them to inherit."

"With a great hope to brighten it, dear cousin, and make it bearable."

"Is there any hope extant?" he answered, gloomily.

Maggie, thrusting her hand down the bosom of her dress, drew thence a little crucifix which Sister Margaret had given her, and held it up before him.

"There is always this," she said, with a bright upward look.

"For you, perhaps, Maggie; not for me."

"For all of us," she rejoined quickly. "O cousin, what would he have said to hear you speak like that?"

"Or to see me as I am! I don't know, Maggie! I have felt thankful sometimes during the last few days to think that he can never see or hear me speak again."

"But are you sure of that?" with an earnest searching look.

"Why! I do not imagine that he can?"

"I imagine nothing," she replied; "but I cannot believe that glorified he has less powers than he possessed on earth, or that if in the service of his God he ministers to the heirs of salvation, the interests of those who are dear to him would not be nearest to his heart. And if you believed, Cousin Thomas, that he was watching with the deepest anxiety every working of your spirit and action of your life, would it not make you more desirous of walking worthy of a love which death had had no power to overcome?"

"Perhaps it might."

"And is not our Lord then watching you with as much intensity of purpose, and a far more enduring affection? O cousin, you have forgotten that!"

He walked on silently, pulling his "moustache."

"If—if"—continued the girl, "your happiness has vanished, which I cannot quite believe, there still remains your duty, which

to sorrow authorize us to shrink. It will be harder than it used to be, but not the less imperative."

"Maggie! you talk like a child, or rather like a very innocent woman. Your theory may be good, but you would find it rather difficult to put in practice. What should you know about a grief like mine! Try it, and then prate about accepting duty in the stead of love."

"I did not say that," she answered, modestly; "but only that the loss of 'love does not release us from the obligations of our duty. And—and—I am not quite so ignorant of the matter as you seem to think, cousin! I have had my little troubles as well as you, and I do not recommend what I have not tried myself."

"Have you?—poor dear child!" said Colonel Bainbridge, affectionately, as it struck him for the first time that Maggie's face was not quite so round, nor her eyes so full of mirth as they used to be. "How I pity you—but it is the same with every one—sorrow is a common lot."

"You need not pity me," she answered, softly, "for I have left off pitying myself, Cousin Thomas."

"You have got over it, I suppose, Maggie! Well, it will be a long time before I get over mine."

"No! I have not," she said, stopping suddenly and laying her hand upon his arm; "I have not got over it, Cousin Thomas! I did not think of myself; it is all His work."

"Whose?" demanded Colonel Bainbridge. "But as he put the question, he read the answer in her reverent gaze."

"He did it all," said Maggie, whilst tears of love welled up into her eyes. "He made me see that sorrow borne with Him is better than happiness without Him; and that if we would be numbered amongst His servants, we must bear the mark upon our foreheads of His blood-stained Cross—the baptism of woe. We must all pass through it. Cousin, perhaps He is just calling you to yours; be true—don't shrink from it; and, however events turn out, they must come right in the end. I know it from experience."

She looked inspired, as her eyes eagerly sought his for an answer to her words; but none came.

"Your advice is very good advice, my child," said Colonel Bainbridge, in a tone of voice which made her relax her grasp upon him, with a sigh; "but it comes a little too late. My lot is fixed, Maggie, and in another fortnight I hope to be miles away from England."

And then they fell to discussing less important matters, and Maggie had no further opportunity of speaking to her cousin on the subject of his wife.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
IS IT TIME YET?

"Well, I must say I am disappointed in your cousin Thomas, very much disappointed," said Miss Lloyd, shaking her head in a methodical manner. It was about a fortnight after the conversation detailed in my last chapter, and she was sitting with Maggie Henderson in the library at Craushaws.

Colonel Bainbridge was, as he had anticipated, on the sea, and hundreds of miles away from his native land; and the unexpected news of his departure, although accompanied by every expression of filial love and gratitude towards himself, had descended on his mother's heart, still quivering beneath the effects of her recent affliction, as a second and almost severer blow.

She had filled the house with lamentations over her loss, wondering why her poor husband never had told half his life to lay up wealth if it were to bestow no greater benefit than this on his survivors; and why Thomas could not have followed his father's wishes, by selling out of the army as he was desired to do, or should ever have married if he intended to desert his young wife three months after the wedding-day.

The affectionate letter that she had received from Colonel Bainbridge, and in which, whilst prophesying (for her sake) a speedy return to England, he assured her that everything that was necessary to be done with respect to her money he had placed in the hands of one far more competent to conduct it than himself, and begged her to use Craushaws as though it still belonged to her, during the term of his absence, had no effect in stemming the flow of her regret, nor her indignation at his leaving Lady Ethel. In short, so much disposed was she to cast all the blame upon the shoulders of her son, but Maggie, taking advantage of his permission, partially enlightened her aunt as to the reason of his departure; and the explanation which he had taken pains to give her, although it had no power to comfort Mrs. Bainbridge, had at least turned the torrent of her displeasure in another direction.

(To be continued.)

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Beware of imitations.
Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Danville, Va., is the largest bright leaf tobacco market in the world, the sales of the fiscal year just completed aggregating \$1,000,000 pounds.

If you once try Cartor's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. All druggists sell them.

The highest building in the world is the spire to St. Peter's church, Rome, 513 feet.

A RADICAL CHANGE.
The best radiator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

The pleiophone, an instrument that unites the tones of the violin, viola, cello and double bass, is a recent invention of a Buffalo musician.

UNKNOWN.
There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

KANSAS CITY GETS A SLICE OF SMILING FORTUNE.
With the boom in the general prosperity of the city taken into consideration, our city got more than her share in the Louisiana State Lottery June drawing yesterday. No. 18,145 drew the capital prize of \$150,000. A lady in this city had a fifth ticket. Some one here was bound to get it, for it has been demonstrated that money cannot get away from Kansas city. This \$30,000 makes about \$80,000 drawn by residents here since January 1. Mrs. Anna M. Cross is the lucky possessor of the slip of paper which yesterday secured of the wheel entitled her to \$30,000. She is a widow, aged about 35, and she has lived here for about three years.—Kansas City Times, June 16th.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)
OTTAWA, July 19.—One would think, if I read the Conservative newspapers of Canada that the temporary check given to the Home Rule movement in England, was a direct triumph for their party. It is well we should have this full view of their true feelings towards the Irish, a feeling compounded of national animosity, religious bigotry, in tinctive hatred of freedom and terror of judgment. Here and there, however, may be discovered traces of a desire to conciliate the Irish, but the insincerity of the attempt is apparent in the way it is manifested. They pitch into the "Grits" for endeavoring to mislead and bamboozle the Irish. They do not seem to understand that the Irish care as little for one party as for the other; that the political aspirations of our people move in an atmosphere above and beyond their party squabbles; that if the "Grits" insulted and abused them, resisted their cherished desire for Home Rule, as the Tories do, they would be found as implacably hostile to that party as they are now to the Tories. The Irish stand to-day as they ever stood ready to sustain whoever is willing to do them justice. It is not "grit" or "tory" that has influenced, or can influence them, but Tory resistance to their just demands, Tory insults, Tory threats, Tory hatred of everything Irish and Catholic exhibited on all occasions during the present crisis. Here, as in England, we see the leader of the Liberal party maintaining the cause of Ireland in the teeth of her sworn, hereditary enemies, who assert on this issue alone that they will fight to the death to prevent the establishment of him and his party in power at Ottawa. What do these Tory organs imagine the Irish people are made of, that they should ask them even to hesitate for a moment which side they should choose in the contest? There are no Irishmen in Canada whose political friendships and associations have for long been with the Conservatives. Does Sir John Macdonald and do his organs suppose that because of these friendships and associations he may

INSULT THEM WITH IMPUNITY and trample on them without danger? Does Sir John think they are like a certain wretched Tory editor on whom he put a previous article? "Sir John, look what you're doing," cried the miscreanted scribbler. "I won't," replied the Premier, "That's all your fit for." That sort of treatment do for some of his friends, the Carsons, the Baskervilles and the like, but not the self-respecting. He has told us that he has "no confidence in the breed," and the breed has no confidence in him. Honors are easy. The Irish are not a conquered people at home or abroad; neither are they bondmen as a class, or personally to any leader or any party. This big fact they crammed down the throat of the British Liberal party nine months ago, and now they are cramming it down the Tory throat. As the one equirred and made many wry faces, but eventually gulped it down, so now must the other

KICKING AND SCREAMING, even though the dose physic it to death. The intolerance that would deny justice to the Irish, the animosity that would insult, the bigotry that would oppress them, must and shall be overcome, put down forever. One would almost fancy, reading the Tory press of this country, that the Irish were an inferior and abject race, when it is Irish eloquence that gave dignity and character to the records of Parliament, Irish genius that gave victory to British arms, Irish valor that shed glory on the British flag, Irish inspiration that adorns British literature. It is Irish friendship that Britain must look for help against her enemies; it is Irish forbearance in her day of trial, and it is Irish virtue and patriotism England must now render the long delayed tribute of justice. Do the puny whippers of the Tory party imagine that the people who have brought

THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO ITS KNEES are going to tamely submit to be trampled upon by the Tories of Canada? Not by a very large majority, as will be discovered when the general election gives them the opportunity of expressing what they feel. Then will Sir John Macdonald find, though he has demonstrated in the Tory party the truth of Garrison's maxim, "corrupted freedom are the worst of slaves," that the Irish are not included in his category. This the Irish people owe to themselves. It does not concern them what becomes of Sir John Macdonald or the Tory party, but their own honor, and the necessity of compelling respect for the future, alike require the suppression of their traducers and the punishment of the traitors who disgrace the name of Irishman by uniting with them. The struggle in which the Irish are engaged is part of the great movement of the century. The new wine of modern thought cannot be put in the old bottles of legislation. The hills where Patrick preached freedom from the luets and superstitions of paganism have heard

A NEW EVANGEL against social and political tyranny. And as the venomous reptiles of ancient heathendom fed themselves on the light of spiritual emancipation, so in these days do the more obscene and dangerous monsters of oppression shrink and cover before the rising splendor of Irish nationality. As the vermin of old were driven into the sea never to return, so will it be with their modern counterparts—the reptiles of English tyranny and misgovernment. The English masses are beginning to see that the cause of the Irish is their cause also. The people must own the land from which their nationhood arises. Liberty is a tradition of the generations which they must constantly defend; it is a right inherent in the soil. Liberty is given by nature even to mute animals. Who dares say that the blight of man is less noble?

LANGEVIN AND CHARLEAU.
Considerable talk is going on here concerning the jealousy and rivalry between Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau. Sir John Macdonald is said to be secretly pleased at the quarrel and to lend an occasional hand at promoting it. It is the old game—"divide and govern." But it will be noticed that no matter what changes take place in the cabinet Chapleau remains in the comparatively subordinate position of Secretary of State, whereas the other hand controls a department of immense influence and he uses it for all it is worth as a political engine. He has the reputation, not altogether undeserved, of being a good business man. Certainly he knows how to manage the contract system with a skill more adroit, if less brazen, than Tupper. Both Langevin and Chapleau, by exclusive devotion to practical politics, have become wealthy. Both are stirred by the same ambition to become the recognized

LEADER OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS in the sense that Sir George Cartier held that

position. Langevin's character is somewhat bitter than his rival's, but neither of them can lay claim to much responsibility as statesmen or honesty as administrators. It was their jealousy which prevented a split in the Cabinet on the Riel question. Langevin was afraid, Chapleau durst not. Both are conscious of the impotency to which their rivalry reduces them as leaders of the French. Knowing the character of the parliamentary contingent they represent, their rivalry for the leadership compels them to the opposite and contemptible rivalry of subserviency to the Premier. Should either dare to revolt Sir John knows he could count for a certainty on the other joining heartily in bounding down the rebel. And so they are reduced to the miserable game of faction, each bending his energies to increase his personal following with a view to out-gradings

WHEN THE SWAMP COMES —that is when Sir John drops out and new combinations arise. Unfortunately for Chapleau, his health is bad. "He spent his summer while 'twas May." But Langevin preserved himself against youthful excesses and has his reward in a robust constitution. He has the further advantage of being considered "safe" as a parliamentarian. He has never been overpraised nor enjoyed the dangerous distinction of possessing alleged genius. Chapleau's friends were foolishly enthusiastic over his brilliancy. Langevin's were content with his commonplace shrewdness. Thus whenever Langevin does anything remarkable or says anything clever he gets full credit and is advanced a peg in public estimation; whereas Chapleau must keep up the reputation his injudicious flatterers have given him, and should he fall below the mark he loses ground, just as his rival gains. This is the reason why he has been a failure in the House of Commons. Were the French Conservative members of Parliament as honest and independent as those of a past generation the miserable spectacle here presented would be impossible. But the poison of Boodie has vitiated them with the result of prostrating French Canadian power at the feet of Orange-Toryism. Unless the French as a people have fallen to the base level of the men who trade upon their franchise, neither Langevin nor Chapleau can ever reach the summit of their ambition. The sons of the men of '37 cannot have become helots in '86.

OTTAWA, July 20.—Gatineau Valley people are naturally indignant over the failure of Mr. Mackintosh, M.P., to fulfil his promise as to the construction of a railway to the Gatineau Valley Railway. At a large meeting of the people of the county of Ottawa held early last Spring he gave solemn assurances that work would be begun on May 29th. That day came and went and time has passed away since, yet no sign of progress has appeared. Whatever the people may once have had in the good faith of Mr. Mackintosh is now entirely dissipated. Certainly their confidence in him would not have been extended, as it was at the time of the meeting referred to, had not Mr. Alvozo Wright, M.P. for the county, expressed his belief that Mr. Mackintosh was honestly intended and would construct the railway. Mr. Wright, indeed, goes a long way with his constituents by whom he is justly held in high esteem, but they fear he is wrong more

PARTY FRIENDSHIP in backing up Mackintosh than by any settled conviction of that gentleman's ability to go on with the work. However that may be, the Gatineau people are now thoroughly convinced that Mackintosh is an ardent humbug, and that he simply got into the chair for the purpose of making money out of it, regardless of public considerations. This really appears to be the case, for in every instance where capitalists showed a willingness to take hold of the railway he has made such extravagant demands for "Boodie for the Boy," that they refused to have anything to do with Mackintosh's character and standing as pretty well established. Having nothing of his own he hangs on to the Gatineau Valley railway charter like grim death.

IT IS A GOOD THING, and he is not going to let it slip till he gets his terms, which he estimates, I am told, at something amounting to about a quarter of a million of dollars. The land subsidy from the Quebec Government and the cash subsidy from the Dominion are quite sufficient to build the road. With these solid advantages Mr. Mackintosh has gone to England, New York and other places to dispose of the charter, but so far he has failed, not because there were no parties willing to undertake the work, but because of the exorbitant terms he asked for himself. This affair is almost an exact repetition of the famous North-West Central railway, the charter for which Mr. Dosty, M.P., peddled and dickered with till the matter became a notorious public scandal through the exposures in parliament. But it shows the inherent viciousness of the system inaugurated by the government of granting railway charters to conspicuous members of parliament. During the recent times the police proved of very little use in preventing or suppressing the rebellion. Indeed, it is pretty well known that there

IMMORALITY AND RECKLESSNESS were among the causes which led to the rising. Yet the force has been increased at an immense expense when it ought to be reduced or, better still, abolished. It is, in everything connected with government, the course of perverted patronage prevails. Appointments in the police were given to political favorites, contracts for supplies are given in the same way with the results of destroying discipline and creating a special class of rogues and panders. Abominations such as these tell with fearful effect on the country. The proper thing to do would be to extend the salaried system to all the settlements which would render them capable of defence in case of trouble with the Indians, organize the municipal system as fast as possible, and place the police force, if it must be retained, on a sound, sensible footing. Nothing is more certain than that the present government is doing the work of the needs of future trouble. It is not in human nature to endure the wrongs and injustices heaped upon the people of the territories. They are endowed now because the people are too few to compel redress, but wait a few years and a much more formidable secession movement will arise from the West, which is now awaiting the ear. The country is really growing under a despotism as gross, and as the execution of Riel proved, as ferocious as ever was known in Russia. Revolution must be the result if a change does not take place before it is too late.

OTTAWA, July 22.—The Tory and Grit organs here are not for the dignity and gentleness like manner in which they conduct their disputes on politics and other matters. Either of them could give the famous Billingsgate fish-wives valuable points in the art of vituperation. "Liar" is one of their favorite and general terms. They repeat it so often that the general public, slow to believe anything either of that sort, is beginning to think they both are guilty of telling a solemn truth when they use the word. When two journals are run editorially with the sole purpose of upholding and defending everything their respective parties may do, and of finding fault with each other's course, it would be a moral impossibility for them to escape lapses from the truth. Indeed, it would be difficult to regulate a daily newspaper in accordance with a high ethical standard and

POLITICAL EXERCISES. We all know how our versatile friend Tom White failed most lamentably in the effort. Like the youth who went courting two girls at once, he found it hard work to keep up an

ment. One thing is certain, and the Conservatives know it, and they apply it in the obvious and practical way that better it will be for them—that is, they will never get their railway so long as the present Government reigns at Ottawa. Ministers will not stir a finger to compel Mackintosh to go on with the road, and he will not surrender the charter to those who would do so till he gets what he wants—\$150,000 cash, and I don't know how many shares in the company. This is simply outrageous, and if the Gatineau people force his hand they deserve to be without a railway forever.

OTTAWA, July 21.—At the various places where Sir John Macdonald has addressed the people during his present tour in the North-West, he has laid great emphasis on the value of the Pacific Railway as a transcontinental route for the through traffic from Asia, and as a great military highway of incalculable benefit to the British Empire. The value and importance of these aspects of the vast undertaking will be admitted. They concern the world at large and the Empire. But to Canadians who have to pay the hundred millions of dollars which the route will cost, it is not so much in which they would be glad to be developed by a way that would show some prospect of a return for the money expended. Through traffic of merchandise from China, Japan and India, and the passage of munitions of war and troops will not confer any material benefit on the country traversed by the railway. Indeed,

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE has shown that local interests along the route suffer in proportion to the extent of the through traffic. Freight is raised between intermediate points in invariably enlarged higher rates and most of the right of way to through freight, and complaints on this score form a standing grievance among the members of the commercial community and farm as affected thereby. It is a great thing to be able to say that the road is completed from coast to coast, but it is fairly open to question whether it would not have been better to have developed the country and the railway together. The primary object of the railway was to open up the North-West, settle the territories and give the settlers access to the markets of the East. By proceeding on the plan of settlement and railway building combined the other would be accomplished without imposing excessive burdens on the country. In that way we would obtain population with the railway, as it is with a railway without population. The main object is in sight and all efforts are directed to competition with existing through lines to the disadvantage of internal traffic.

SETTLEMENT VS. DISCOVERY by the stupid system of only allowing authorized sections to be taken up along the line, and the railway built to connect them, which is the old-fashioned system of back and away from the railway. This one of the worst evils against which the older provinces have had to contend with is intensified, extended and made a paramount drag on the development of the territories. In every city and country where land is held unoccupied waiting for the unearned increments of speculation to be taken by the speculators, the worst of the worst, such land is found a serious obstacle to all sorts of enterprise. Various schemes have been proposed to force such lands on the market, but as these lands are generally held by wealthy and influential parties they have usually failed. With this experience the

POLLY AND INJUSTICE of the plan adopted in the Northwest is inexcusable. In a country so vast the very reverse of this policy was dictated by common sense and the plain dictates of justice. But the influence of the speculators and the influence of the bootleggers, who are not who are not in over everything with which this government has to do, would have it otherwise, and the three worst curses that ever afflicted a land are combined and fastened upon a country, which in freedom and extent afforded the grandest opportunity ever known for the establishment of a nation of free citizens on a basis of land tenure. This triple abomination consists of landlordism, absenteeism and speculation. At a time when the British Empire is brought to the verge of revolution, and as some seem to think, of destruction, through the evil results of these great hindrances to the prosperity and happiness of the people, it is certainly an extraordinary thing to see them deliberately imposed on the free soil of an unsettled half continent. Were there no other charge of wrong-doing against the ministry than that arising from the misgovernment of the Northwest, it would be sufficient to demand its removal. Another institution perpetuated in this country after its usefulness is gone.

THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE. All travellers agree that wherever there is a station of the troops there is sure to be found a centre of degradation for the Indians in the squaw trade and prostitution. This horrible condition the Premier confessed himself powerless to alter last session. The effects morally, on whites as well as Indians, are fearful in the extreme, while it propagates the most deadly and disgusting diseases throughout the territories. Even the policy of stopping supplies and leaving the Indians starve or live on the means already mentioned, deliberately supplied by the Government, could not force the Indians away from the vicinity of the police barracks to their reserves. Missionary efforts to reclaim the savages were rendered of no avail by the police, and I am assured the same state of affairs continued to exist up to the present time. During the recent troubles the police proved of very little use in preventing or suppressing the rebellion. Indeed, it is pretty well known that there

IMMORALITY AND RECKLESSNESS were among the causes which led to the rising. Yet the force has been increased at an immense expense when it ought to be reduced or, better still, abolished. It is, in everything connected with government, the course of perverted patronage prevails. Appointments in the police were given to political favorites, contracts for supplies are given in the same way with the results of destroying discipline and creating a special class of rogues and panders. Abominations such as these tell with fearful effect on the country. The proper thing to do would be to extend the salaried system to all the settlements which would render them capable of defence in case of trouble with the Indians, organize the municipal system as fast as possible, and place the police force, if it must be retained, on a sound, sensible footing. Nothing is more certain than that the present government is doing the work of the needs of future trouble. It is not in human nature to endure the wrongs and injustices heaped upon the people of the territories. They are endowed now because the people are too few to compel redress, but wait a few years and a much more formidable secession movement will arise from the West, which is now awaiting the ear. The country is really growing under a despotism as gross, and as the execution of Riel proved, as ferocious as ever was known in Russia. Revolution must be the result if a change does not take place before it is too late.

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average, and the "extremists" not the better of him at last. Or, to use a higher illustration, these papers tally with the desecration given by Memphisophiles.

"They're the ones that long-legged arse opper Who fit an jump about and sing for ever. The same old song 'till the grass grows under their feet, They sing the same in each other's den."

Just now the local organs are engaged in a very pretty controversy concerning the ladies employed in the civil service. It arose out of the remarks made by Mr. Chagnon in Chambly, where he is a Conservative candidate for the Commons, in which he inaintained that young women were employed as clerks by Ministers of the Crown for immoral purposes. This I believe to be

AN ATROCIOUS LIE. on a large, respectable, hard working class of women. At the same time it cannot be denied that the tongue of scandal has been busy. Every body in Ottawa knows that, but there is nobody who knows anything about the parlaments who would say there is the slightest foundation for the sweeping charges brought by Mr. Chagnon. Take everything connected with this government, the employment of women in the Civil Service is liable to abuse and has been abused. There are men employed who do not do their best, and there are men who have husbands and brothers in the service drawing good salaries and they stand in the way of a serving men who have families to support. Competition of an improper and dangerous kind is thus introduced, while the ties and easy confidence of certain forward ladies provokes such scandals as Mr. Chagnon has given expression to. The Free Press brands his charge as "ground, false, and unfounded when used indiscriminately against female employes in the civil service. One or two female employes' names are used lightly as a limit in private conversation; but these women would do a paragon of virtue if the standard of criticism and judgment applied to them were applied equally to the male clerks. The Ottawa Citizen, however, with this and asks: "What right has the Free Press, on the flimsy evidence of street rumors, to assume that any lady in the employ of the Government maintains improper relations with Cabinet Ministers? Everyone knows how prone evil-minded persons are to speak lightly of a woman; but our contemporary would hardly venture to base, on such assertions, a charge against the whole sex." This is all very well, but the fact is that for some time past very

SCANDALOUS STORIES have been common properly here, not only concerning Ministers and female employes, but other women. Some of these stories have found their way into print and have never been denied. It is quite honorable and charitable to give the Ottawa to and up for the female clerks as a class, but to know as well as anybody, and better perhaps, that there are women in the departments who would not be tolerated in society, and who would not be taken to his home and introduced to his wife and daughters by any gentleman in the city. It is not true, as the Ottawa says, that the same admissions regarding a few cases doubt upon the virtue of all conditions of women, who are referred to are grossly, notoriously scandalous, the persistence with which they are indulged may be charitably attributed to innocence; such matters are difficult of proof. There can be no viler wretch than he who calls a woman's virtue in question in the ordinary ways of life. It is different, however, when we come to deal with a class in the interest of

PUBLIC MORALITY. We must also bear in mind the economic considerations which arise when women enter into competition with men in industrial pursuits of life. The jealousy aroused is keen and greatly intensified in an institution like the civil service. When ministers are notoriously profligate in all other matters, it is to be expected that they would be perfectionists in one virtue? And does the fact that women with poor mental accomplishments and ordinary physical characteristics employment and good pay prove that Langevin, Pope, Chapleau and the rest of them are models of chastity worthy of niche along with St. Anthony? When women compete with men so as to make more difficult the provision for wife and family they must not expect any more of devotion than men show to each other under like conditions. It would be fair to enter into the light, and if they get knocked down and trampled on they can only blame themselves. There are several

GLORIOUS ADVANTAGES in being a woman, and it is no denying that the fact has been discovered in the Civil Service. The suspicion of using these advantages will arise in spite of charity and civility. Let any woman be employed, and she will, when they leave the buildings in the evening, and he will be obliged to confess his failure to notice in what their advantages consist. A few are good looking, jaunty, coquetish, but the great majority have the appearance of women who have known what it is to toil, to suffer and to sorrow, and would be glad to suffer and indeed the many should be made to endure wrong and obliquy on account of a few. It would be equally bad to punish the suspected few who may really be innocent, and certainly must be held so till proved guilty. The question is perplexing. Scandals of the same kind are rife at Washington; everywhere there is a woman employed, and it is to be feared the evil is to be cured without resorting to greater evils. After all it is less a question of morals than of economy and its solution must be left to those women who have entered into

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUBSISTENCE with men. They must understand that by doing so they have forfeited the right of precedence heretofore conceded them. Those who would deal with this matter advantageously must step it of all extensive considerations. As well in this way, it is a struggle for bread; for the survival of the fittest. A little reflection will also reveal to those who imply that women sacrifice their virtue in order to obtain employment, that such conduct would be desperately ruinous, reduce the service to disgrace and confusion and end by utterly defeating and destroying the object sought. Personally, I believe in very little foundation for the charges of scandals. They arise, no doubt, from the notoriously profligate character of certain Ministers, the jealousy of employes and the excessive eagerness of women to impress their claims upon the givers of good gifts. It is a pitiable business all through, and I feel for the women whose virtue, as a class, has become a matter of controversy in the newspapers.

RHEUM.

AN INVISIBLE FOE. The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept constantly purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A WATERFORD MEETING. DUBLIN, July 22.—The mayor of Waterford presided at a crowded meeting of citizens to-day held for the purpose of taking steps to compel the corporation of Waterford to remove the royal portraits from the council chamber and hang in their stead a portrait of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, who was convicted of sedition and sentenced to death for participating in the rebellion of 1849. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were passed.

BAC-KAC-BE. What does that spell? Why, "backache," of course, though you would not suspect it at the first glance. It spells what hundreds and thousands of women are suffering from every day of their lives, but what they need not suffer from if they know the virtues of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." All those "dragging down" pains and sensations of nausea and weakness, peculiar to women, can be cured by this same boon to womankind. It is almost magical in its results.