

to give his services to the sick and dying in the hospitals of Gross Isle. It was in 1847, when an epidemic of typhus fever in its most aggravated form broke out among the emigrants and they were dying by the hundreds in those hospitals. The young Father Taschereau begged to be allowed to minister to them. His wish was granted, and he himself contracted the awful malady. His life was spared, though, to offer it many times since to the services of the needy. Father Taschereau's self-sacrifice was all the more commendable from the fact of his distinguished family connections. His mother was from the Panet family, and his own name is one of the most distinguished in Lower Canada, his father being a leading member of Parliament. His brother, Jean Thomas Taschereau, was on the Supreme Court bench of Canada. His nephew Elmer is at present on the bench of that court, another nephew, Henri T., being a judge of the Superior Court of Quebec; and a third, Liniers, is a member of the Canadian Commons. Cardinal Taschereau was born near Quebec. He is now in his 63th year. He was ordained a priest at the age of 22. He was subsequently appointed professor of mental philosophy, director of studies and superior of the Seminary of Quebec. He was made professor of canon law in Laval University in 1856, and administrator of the diocese in 1870. He was consecrated Archbishop of Quebec March 19, 1871. He stands high in his church as a theologian. His cardinal's barrette has arrived, and is the official insignia of the privilege which he now has of voting for or even becoming the successor of Leo XIII. as Pope.

Mr. Labouchere is forming an anti-Chamberlain party. But there is little difficulty in forming a party—upon paper. Mr. Labouchere never can form a party; and if he does not want to become ridiculous he will get behind somebody who knows where he is heading for.

Parkdale has decided to appeal to the Privy Council! We shall soon come to this pitch in Canada that we will be unable to settle a dog-fight without taking it to the Privy Council.

It has been decided by the Knights of Labour in council that strikes, henceforth, can be ordered only by secret ballot.

Mrs. Della L. Parnell said when news of the defeat of the Home Rule bill reached her, "My son has enlisted in this fight for life, and I know he will be true to his colours."

Winnipeg is suffering for domestic servants. It is scarce that as soon as a girl gets out upon the prairie, some bachelor farmer straight up she is married. In London, very speedily have seen it stated some where that 80,000 or 90,000 more women than there are in the colonies should be sent to the colonies to equalize this matter. The estimates, 27,113 males and 10,184 females, of which only 0,184 are

Justin McCarthy, the celebrated historian of the last forty years is soon to visit America on a lecturing tour. He is certain to receive, as he deserves to receive, a cordial welcome. We have no doubt that he will be invited to visit Canada.

Bread riots are threatened in Newfoundland; and the condition of the fishermen on many parts of the coast is as bad as it well can be. It is becoming at last plain to the people that the catches obtained along the coast are not sufficient; and a number of families have moved to Gaspe. It is reported that several hundred other families purpose emigrating to British Columbia.

In this issue of TRUTH we commence the publication of a story written for these pages by Edmund Collins. The story opens some distance up the Don River; but after a time the scene changes to Markham Swamp. This swamp, or tangle of dense bush, was situated on the river Rouge, and near where stands the present town of Markham. Many a resident of the County of York, still alive, remembers the time when this piece of bush was infested by a lawless gang who committed numerous crimes. Persons travelling by the road skirting the bush at night were frequently set upon and robbed; and, indeed, several murders have been laid at the door of the desperadoes. Kidnapping was frequently resorted to, and young women were sometimes taken forcibly to the wood. When the law became unearched, some of the miscreants escaped; and it is believed by many persons that the desperadoes who afterwards settled in Brock's Bush, a retreat not far from the mouth of the Don, were part of the Markham confederacy. This story "Four Canadian Highwaymen; or the Robbers of Markham Swamp," recounts the methods and the exploits of the gang in the bush; gives accounts of several abductions; and presents an array of incidents of not only a highly interesting, but also of a thrilling character. Persons who desire to get the whole of this story should send in their subscriptions now. We have procured illustrations of the leading characters, and of the points of highest interest in the story.

It is understood that Sir John Macdonald feels much nettled at the failure of the Imperial Federation convention. We have not any sympathy to offer the Premier.

Men of wealth, in Europe, are less demonstrative about their possessions than our neighbors to the south are. We frequently hear of an English nobleman with stupendous rents; but it is seldom that we get an estimate of how much the owner is worth in hard cash. The Rothschilds during the past twelve years have leased to certain European governments no less sum than £90,000,000. In 1866 the Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of £5,000,000 from the city of Frankfurt; but the head of the house of Rothschild's informed Count Bismarck that if he attempted to force the levy he would break every bank in Berlin. The autocrat gave way. The Haring Brothers have at "instantaneous command" £60,000,000. The richest of the monarchs, the London Times thinks, is the Czar, who enjoys from his personal estate an income of £2,000,000 annually. The Times further states that there are several nobles in England who have immense wealth at their command. The Duke of Devonshire, Devonshire and Norfolk and the Duke of Rutland have each of them rents of £400,000 per annum. The Duke of Portland, who died recently, left property of over £2,000,000.

000. The greater part of his palace was constructed under ground. His banquet hall, ball-room, riding school and a number of superb guest-rooms are veritable tunnels, decorated in a fashion so splendid as to seem, when described, like a story of the Magi. Richer even than any of those millionaires is the Duke of Westminster, who undoubtedly has the largest income of any individual in all the world. His fortune lies largely in the diametrically opposite regions of London known as the West End and Seven Dials. He owns acres upon acres of the most aristocratic domain in London, and his tenements cover miles in the worst slums in the world. His income quite passes the limits of the credible, and is said by some to amount to £70 a minute.

A violent earthquake has occurred at New Zealand doing immense damage to property. Those who have never had the questionable pleasure of experiencing an earthquake, say that one has a sickening sensation at the stomach; that you never know what's the matter till it is all over, and that everyone looks as dizzy and as dazed as yourself.

Dynamite has put in an appearance at Sarnia; but it doesn't appear as if our Canadian detectors have any genius for discovering that sort of crime.

Muskoka and Parry sound has nominated Mr. McMurich as the Reform candidate for that constituency, for the House of Commons. Prophets have to go from home as a rule for honour; but whatever part of Canada gets Mr. McMurich for a member will have an enthusiastic and well-meaning representative.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is moving the adjournment of the Imperial Parliament said that he did so on account of the remarkable omission by the Premier of a date for the dissolution, which remained unfixed; and he urged that Parliament be dissolved as soon as possible. There was nothing, he added, to satisfy the Opposition but an assurance that the dissolution would take place at an early date as possible, and that the new Parliament would meet without delay. Mr. Gladstone replied that he was unable to positively inform the House at what date Parliament would be dissolved, but that it would doubtless be before the end of the present month. Regarding the government of Ireland, the Premier said he thought the state of affairs in that country was such that the new Parliament ought to meet as early as possible. The country ought not to remain in uncertainty after the general election regarding the policy to be pursued respecting Ireland. Sir Michael declared that Mr. Gladstone's statement was satisfactory, and withdrew his motion.

Once more the irrepressible query propounded has had Mr. Gladstone upon his feet. It will be remembered that a report was circulated a short time ago to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was about to abjure the Protestant faith and become a Roman Catholic, whereupon the G. O. M. promptly went into print denying the allegation. He has just been upon his feet in the House of Commons denying the story that when Lord Aberdeen, Viceroy of Ireland, was in Cork recently, he knelt before the altar of a Catholic cathedral. But, supposing the oral had so knelt, what of it? Imagine an enlightened member of the Imperial Parliament in this century rising in his place to ask such a question.

Sarah Bernhardt has progressed so far with her English as to be able to reply to tears. She always knew how to "cure" in our language, one of her stage managers informs us.

"Chicago doctors," interested over a boy of six years who has eyes like a cat. There is a congenital absence of a greater portion of the iris in both eyes. In a darkened room it was found that the child's eyes are similar in nearly all particulars to a cat's. So says the *Globe*; but we can tell a better story than that. Once upon a time a woman with a cat in her eyes went to a celebrated London oculist to have them taken out and straitened. The oculist it appears kept a large number of cats upon whose eyes he practiced, by way of "keeping his hand in." He proceeded to operate upon his caller, and taking both of her eyes out, placed them upon a dish. Something made it necessary for him to leave the surgery for a moment; but while he was out his little son came in, pocketed the eyes and made off. The oculist felt much distressed on his return, but said nothing to the lady about the mistake. "Puss, puss, puss," he said softly to a large tortoise-shell cat that purred by the door. Tom came to the doctor who speedily took out the animal's eyes and set them in the lady's head. She saw splendidly with them; and thought the straightening of the orbs had changed the colour a "leste." But the strangest part of the matter was that if she ever set eyes upon a mouse away she went after it with wild zest. One evening as she sat reading high up in her house she chanced to see three rats playing upon the pavement below. Out she went through the window and broke her neck. Now this is just as true a story as the *Globe's*; and it is a far better one.

#### A Tribute to the Press.

A flowery editor, a friend of ours, who is impressed with the dignity and awful responsibility of his calling, thus delivers his impassioned soul:—"Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the newspaper, and you may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous powers of the latter. The orator speaks to but a few hundred, the newspaper addresses millions; the words of the orator may die in the air, the language of the newspaper is stamped on tables imperishable as marble; arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination, the reasoning of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity; the passion of the orator influences an assembly, the feeling of a newspaper electrifies a continent; the orator is for an edifice, the newspaper for the world—the one shines for an hour, the other glows for all time; the orator may be compared to lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but leaves it again in darkness, the newspaper to a sun blazing steadily over the whole earth, and fixed on the basis of its own eternity. Printing has been happily defined the art that preserves all arts. It catches up dying words and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the gallery through which the orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of the rising generations."

#### Too Early in the Season.

Young Featherly was a guest at Sunday dinner, and was somewhat amused because Bobby complained of there being no ice cream for dessert. "The weather is rather cold for ice cream, Bobby," he said. "Ice cream is only nice when the weather is hot." "You like it in cold weather," grunted Bobby. "Oh, no, I don't." "Well," said Bobby, as if dismissing the subject, "all I know is that sister Clara says it's a cold day when you buy any. Ma, can't I have another piece of pie?"