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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

JULY 10, 1889

ERINN. BY JOHN T. KELLY.

We've hymned her praise in many a lay Of rushing stream and mountain hoary, Of wooded gien and abbey grey, And castles old in story ; We've chanted many a hero strain For those who sleep in mound and cairn And here's a song for thee. again, Oh I sea-girt Erion.

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The land whose chieftains never bowed When war's red cloud wrapped hill and valley. But still with clansmen fierce and proud Swept on at freedom's rally, And in the beadlong fight went down.

The stubborn fo-man backward bearing. To raise again o'er tower and town The flag of Ering.

What time the Roman eagle spread His wings o'er many a sword-won region, And Britain schoed to the tread Of Cmear's conquering legion, When haughty Spain and gallant Gaul Bowed down in elavery's depth's despairing, What foreign lord could thee enthral, Oh ! fearless Erinn?

And when the raven westward flew And peopled all the isles with formen, Strong in the might of arm and thew, Our land bent knee to no men. But gathering all her hery host, In rushing raid and foray daring. She swept his vikings from her coast, Unconquered Erinn !

And when in virtue's holy name To cloak his schemes of fraud and plunder, With steel-clad band the Norman came, She tore his ranks asunder, Till bribe and guile had worked their way, Add faction at her heart was tearing, And then-a bleeding mass the lay, Oh ! hapless Erinn.

But never once she bent the neck, Nor paction made at price of freedom : But herces fell, and o'er their wreck Rushed heroes to succeed them, And fight the secred fight anew, To end her bitter bondage swearing, Till blood besprent her hills like dew, Oh ! martyred Erinn.

And he it ours to day to raise Her flag once more from shore to Shannon, In senate's caim, or battle's blaze, By voice, or pen, or cannon-For never to the foe we'll bow, Or never of our blood be sparing Till freedom lights the laurelled brow Of queenly Erinn. -Dublin Nation.



Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane.)

CHAPTER V.

THE FORTUNE OF CARADOC.

"I suppose you all know that Merylin Castle dates back from a remote antiquity, and that the Pendragon family can boast of royal British blood. In what precise degree of kindred they may stand to the renowned King Arthur would puzzle more learned genealogists than I am to determine : all that is necessary for you and me to know to night is that their British descent is as undoubted as its exact origin is obscure. I do not know if the fact is to be reckoned as their privilege or their misfortune-something, probably, of both. It has generated and kept alive among them a peculiar form of family pride, of which there are the most grotesque examples on record. No Pendragon has ever been known to appear at an English court, and I believe until a comparatively recent period certain forms erved by their own servants and retain. ers, when in attendance on the head of the family, required only in royal presence. Time was when they even refused to take the oaths like other liege subjects, and claimed as their peculiar privilege to be sworn only "on the faith of a Pendragon." These and thousand other extravagant things are related as belonging to old times, when Cornwall was a world by itself, cut off from the rest of the island by difficulty of communication ; and in those days, I fancy, the inhabitants of the country, for twenty miles round Trema doc, cared more for the Pendragons of Merylin than for any of the sovereigns that were crowned at Westminster, whathever were their race or name. So, you see, family pride came to be a sort of inheritance among them, and they stuck to it as they would have done to their cost-of-arms. How they managed with their sciences I don't exactly know, int they seemed to have regarded it as something very like a virtue. "I dare say some of the present company who know our wild country may be acquainted with the steep road, scarcely more than a bridle path, that winds along the edge of the cliff from Tremadoe to the platfrom above on which the castle stands. A better and safer road has been cut of late years, and the old path is seldom used ; but those who have explored it will re. member a stone cross which stands at one spot. just on the verge of a giddy precipice, which among the country folk still goes by the name of "The Fortune of Caradoo."

he gambled away with his boon companions was wrung out of the very hearts of his senants ; it was nothing to hum what they suffered provided they furnished him with the means for carrying on his shameful course. The is even said to have made sport of their troubles by riding with horses and hounds through their standing corn; and when one man, bolder than his fellows, dared to face him and reproached him for his misdeeds, he swore at him as a base born peasant, and ordered his huntsmen to set the dogs on his track.

a party of his companions from the hunt, there rose up suddenly before his horse's head the figure of a tall, gaunt woman, who seemed to | were aware. have been watching for him by the wayside; one well known in the neighborhood as a halfcrazed fish-wife, whose wretched hovel was perched on the cliff above Tremadoc. Alice Spier-the Span, as she was called, was dreaded by young and old, and her words were universally held to carry a ban with them when she he was succeeded by his younger brother, foretold an evil. No one would put to sea if Alice had been heard to threaten foul weather ; hiding away as a fugitive from the Roundand it was commonly said that she had been | heads, disguised in a peasant's hut, and who, seen in more than one spot on our terrible coast where mischief was brewing at times when she was known by her neighbors to have been within the walls of her own hovel at Tremadoc. Her appearance, however, caused no dismay to Sir Caradoc, though for the moment it startled his horse, and checked his progress. 'Oat of my road, old witch I' he exclaimed. 'or I may chance to give you a taste of my whip-thong. Let go the horse's head, I tell you,' he continued, as Alice, without beeding his words, grasped at the rein ; 'would you have me ride over your miserable carcass ? "

"Thou hast done worse than that ere now, Osradoc the Wicked,' she replied, ' and I come to warn thee that the time of vengeance is at hand. Thou hast trampled on the poor, and hast mocked at his woes ; ay, and thou hast set | rative, he will some day give it to us in a poetic thy dogs to hunt him over thy lands. But look form." well, Sir Caradoc, to your own gate-the proud bir gate of Merylin. Look at it well, and read your doom ; for the rede that is written there the sequel, and with that Mr. Lindesay has not shall surely be accomplished.'

"Sir Caradoc scarcely heeded her words, though he was stung to fury at her insolence. He spurred his horse with the intent of riding her down, but the old woman only laughed at his rage ; and as she quitted his bridle rein, and the foaming animal plurged onwards, Sir Caradoc still caught the words : ' Ride on, Caradoc the Wicked ! ride on to your own gate, and read the doom of heaven !'

" Siz Caradoc was not the first of the party to reach the gates of Mervlin : his passage with Alice Spier the Span had delayed him some minutes, and several of his attainers and comrades in the hunt had reached heme befo.e him. But none had entered ; and as Sir Caradoo rode up he saw, them gathered around the great caken grate, which opens into the courtward, as though something unusual were the matter. Riding into the midst of the group, the bade them throw open the gates to admit his train; but as he did so his eyes rested on a strange object, which had evidently arrested the notice of the others, and which sentes cold thrill through his heart. It was a parchment soroll, fastened to the outer gate by a dagger, which was stuck deep into the wood. and seemed to recall the words of the old fish. wife. He bade them pluck it out and bring him the scroll; but no hand was sturred to obey his bidding. Then he rode up himself and with a bold, strong hand he grasped the dagger and tore it from the wood, and the deep rent it left of the park, and considering within himself behind may be seen to his day. Then taking the scroll he beheld written, in a strange but legible characters, the following words :

fall into some terrible disgrace and his place shall be filled by one of the peasant birth. But that until clearly points to a change for the don's care to be-well-mobbed, you see, and of Commons, but they knew nothing whatever habbaz."

"But who ever dreams of putting prophecies into plain English ?" said Mabel, "or trying to ges any sense out of them ?"

" I beg your pardon, young lady,' said Paxton, looking at her out of his great bush of black hair and beard, 'but there must be sense in any thing that is worth listening to ; so we must try "One day, as Sir Caradoo was returning with | to get at what is hidden away in this."

Mr. Paxton was much too great a man not to be humored, as both Mabel and Mr. Lindesay

"The way I have always heard the prophecy explained," said the latter gentleman, - "is simply this that from the time of Caradoo the Wicked the good fortune of the Pendragons began to fall; that he, the heir of Morylin, came to his end by a disgraceful fall; and that Michael. who was born when their father was of course, bore the angel's name."

Paxton shook his head. "A very sorry inverpretation, indeed," he said. 'If this were so, the fortune of the family should have begun to flow again as soon as the younger son had filled his brother's place. It don't fit in. Either your Alice Spier-the Span was a humbug, or there is | ing what it must have cost. This is one thing. more to come."

"I have not the least objection to your passing that judgment on old Alice's reputation as a seer," said Lindessy; "her rhyme is not exactly part of the canon of Scripture, and I have but told the tale as it was told to me."

"And exceedingly grateful we are to the teller," said Lady Annabel. "Let us hope, from the interest Mr. Parton has shown in the nar-

Mr. Paxton laughed. "If I do, my dear madam,' he said, "it will not be till I get vet favored us."

The guests now began to seperate ; those who had to seek their homes gradually took their leave and disappeared ; and as the family party also broke up, Geoffrey was ushered to his own apartment, well pleased that the first half of his penitential exercise at Swinburne was happily over.

CHAPTER VI.

GEOFFREY IN AN UNEXPECTED POSITION. The breakfast bell at Swinburne did not ring before half-past nine o'clock, a much later hour than any to which Geoffrey was accustomed ; and, as according to his wont, he had risen considerably earlier, and on descending below had found no vestige of animated existence, he Julian Wyvern can never be seen to advantage had sallied forth into the grounds to look about | in such an atmosphere. He has not a spark of him, and enjoy the invigorating influence of a the world about him." sharp frosty morning in the open air. Very different, indeed, was the scene presented. even in winter time, by Swinburne Park, with its rare and magnificent evergreens, its close shaven turf, and its acres of glass-houses, to the old fashioned garden of Laventor, which Geoffrey loved to keep in the trimmest order, but on which, as on everything else in the Laventor establishment. there was stamped that character of "homeliness" which fashionable critics no doubt would have despised, but which had proved so attractive to Aurelia Pendragon. Geoffrey was leaning over a stone balustrade, gazing at the slopes whether south downs or short horns would be

opportunity of further examination.

lates between nine and eleven?"

through business that way ?"

burne."

"A bad habit, I am aware, Mr. Houghton,"

"You mean," said Parton, delighted to dis-

Geoffrey was greatly astonished to find that

English. "He works, yes, certainly; is always hold as a surprise. The Ministry has been at it, one thing or another; but, I fancy, he credited with springing a mine upon the House ao forth."

"Yet he is called a genius," said Paxion. "Yes," replied Geoffrey ; "it's a word they are uncommonly fond of using nowadays.

Julian Wyvern is a very good fellow; but it nettles me considerably to hear every silly girl you meet talk of him as 'such a genius !' What do they mean, I wonder : all the fellows turned out to be sad idle dogs."

"And you don't think Mr. Wyvern deserved that reproach !" continued Paxton. "Wellnow, since I have been here I haven's seen him even play a game of billiards as if his heart was in it. He lies on the sofs, or plays cat's cradle with the children, or turns over the contents of old Miss Abbot's work-basket; but not two words of sense have I heard him put together." Geoffrey stopped short on the gravel-walk, along which they were making their way towards the house. "It's the place," he said "it suffocates one, with its plate-glass and its Dresden china."

"Do you object to old china !" inquired Pax-

"By no means," replied Geoffrey. "What I mean is that in a place like this whatever you look at, if it is but a soap dish, sets you think-Then, you see, I don't mean to excuse Julian for trying to look like an ass when he isn't one : but when people are shoving at him to show off

as-as-a peacock, so to speak----" "I see," interrupted Paxton, "the peacock is not to be blamed for declining to exhibit his feathers. But what is the connection with the Dresden soap-dish !"

" It's all of a piece," said Geoffrey, floundering among the debris of his own ideas. "Just what Julian don't fit into-expensiveness, show

off, and talk about great people and geniuses." "Well, Mr. Houghton," replied his companion, "I think I catch your view of the subject. They are different aspects of one and the same thing-what we call the world. Expensiveness means the pride of money, by displaying one's money's-worth; that is the vulgarest form of worldliness. Then the running after great people and geniuses, and the trying to make everybody stand in an attitude and asand quite as unreal, though, perhaps, it can put

on a better show. But you are right in your principle, which, I take it, is this, that all worldliness is vulgar." "My stars !" cried Geoffrey, in irrepressible

surprise, "what a thing it is to have the use of one's tongue ! I didn't know I had said that : but it is as true as the Gospel, and that is why

(To be Continued.)

THE ROYAL MARRIAGES.

England Must Grant Annuities to the Queen's Grand children.

LONDON, July 2.-In the House of Commons this evening the Speaker read messages from the Queen commending the question of an extra provision to Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Princess Victoria of Prussia on the occasion of their marriage. Mr. Smith, the Government | ure for many years, died very suddenly at his leader intimated that he would call up the mess age for consideration Thursday.

y votes of money for the Prince an

the Pendregons shall fail until the heir shall | motive powerful enough to drive him to find his | everybody outside of the Prince of Wales' house. of the intended marriage until a few days ago.

They have really no time to appoint the commissee demanded by Mr. Labouchere. It would be far better to have the decision of the Parliamentary committee for the regulation of royal grants in future, and the Government would doubtless be only too glad if they had this decision to fortify them now. On this point I knew at school who were called geniuses some matisfactory assurances are likely to be given this afternoon, and probably a compromise will be arrived at.

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME

The Persecution of His Holiness by Italy Causes the Holy Father Great Grief.

Rows, July 2 .- The Pope, at the secret consistory held yesterday, referring to the speech made in the Senate in which Premier Crispi dwelt on the hopelessness of the attempts made to reconcile the Vatican and declared that the temporal power of the Pope was dead, said

" I have summoned you at a time of very great difficulty. In my allocation I spoke exclusively

of one act done against Rome, but there were many others. Statesmen dare even to bring forward accusations from the parliamentary tribune as though we were able to desire or not to desire what relates to our sacred rights." Secrecy as to the proceedings was imposed upon the cardinals present, and a discussion lasting an hour followed on the question whether the Papacy should not take measures to guard against the possibility of a new Pope being com-

pelled to protest against a Bruno monument. The consistory decided upon grave steps. It is reported that the Pope expressed his firm inten tion to quit Rome shortly.

In addition to the recent utterances of Premier Crispi above referred to, a declaration made by him some years ago is indicative of his UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION I feelings toward the Vatican. It was at the feelings toward the Vatican. It was at the time of the conclave which was held after the death of Pius IX. Grispi was then Minister of the Interior, and he said to Cardinal di Pietro : 'If the Sacred College wishes to hold the conclave anywhere but on Italian soil, I am ready to guarantee the personal safety of the cardinals as far as the frontier, but as soon as they sume a character-well, all that is worldly, too, | shall have crossed it we will occupy the Vatican."

LONDON, July 2 .- The Rome correspondent of the Chronicle says that in receiving the Spanish ambassador the Pope alluded to his possible departure from Rome. It is certain that arrangements for his refuge in Spain have been contemplated.

NEW YORK, July 2.- A Rome despatch to the Catholic News says the Pope has received almost sixty thousand telegrams expressing sym pathy for him anent the Bruno affair. These will be collected in a volume and a copy will be presented to all Catholic Bishops and to all the cabinets of Europe.

DEATH OF JOHN NORQUAY.

Manitoba's Ex-Premier Expires Very Unexpectedly.

WINNIPEG, July 5.-Ex-Premier John Norquay, who has been the leading public man of Manitoba and its most prominent political figresidence about 9 o'clock to-night, his death being caused by fatty degeneration of the heart.

Mr. Labouchere gave notice that he would Mr. Norquay took ill last night, but his indissupposed to be of a trifling

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"I remember it well," said Julian ; " it was sketching that cross, in the face of a north-east wind, which nearly finished me off at The Three Jolly Fiddlers.'"

"Ob," said Mr. Lindsay, "I remember the incident. And probably, if you had taken counsel with the hostess of that excellent establishment, she would have warned you to avoid the spot as an uncanny one for man or beast. It bears an ill-name in these parts, for the crozs marks the spot where Sir Caradoc Pendragon, whom his neighbors and tenants were wont to call Sir Caradoc the Wicked, met with the judgment of heaven on his crimes. This Sir Caradoc held rule at Marylin in the reign of Charles II. His uncle, Sir Arthur, a cavalier of the fine old stock, defended his castle against Cromwell's buildogs; and afterwards died on the scaffold for his king. At the Restoration, of course, the loyal Pendragons were in great favor, and got back all their sequestrated estates ; but, unhappily, as was the case with so many other noble families, the successor of the gliant and chivalrous cavalier, was a spendthrift and a profligate, and Merylin became the scene of wild revelling and disgraceful disorders of every kind. Even this, perhaps was not the worst ; up to that time the Pendragons, with all their faults, had been the fathers of the people-open-handed and hos.

"Fortune shall fail the Dragon's race, Till fall'n its heir by fell disgrace, Augel by name, with angel face, A peasant born shall fill his place."

"He laughed a laugh of scorn at the words, which were unintelligible enough, and clear only in containing a prophecy of misfortune; and swore a terrible oath that the morrow's sun should not set ere in raturn for the old witch's evil spell he would burn her hut over her head.

"And he meant in earnest the words he had spoken; for the next day, assembling his men at the foot of the cliff on which Alice's strange abode was perched, he bade them scale the rocks and fire the witch's hovel, whether she was in it or no. But not a man would obey his commands; whatever their fear of their lawless master's wrath, their dread of Alice Spier-the-Span was greater. Oursing them for a pack of faint-hearted cowards, Sir Caradoc seized a tom to the study of characters and of countentorch and spurred his horse up the rocky path of which I have told you, with the purpose of himself setting fire to the dry thatched roof; but as he reached a sharp turn just below the house, there appeared on the rocks above him the form of the old woman, who with outstretched arms and streaming hair called aloud, in her shrill and awful accents : 'Ride on, Caradoo the Wicked I ride on and meet your doom ;' and startled by the sudden apparition, the horse swerved aside, reared, and the next moment fell backward over the precipice, carrying with him his unhappy rider, whose body was literally dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks below. The snot has ever since been shunned as one of evil repute, and the stone cross that marks the scene

of the disaster still bears the name of 'The Fortune of Caradoo,'" "A famous story." said Mr. Paxton, who had

been scribbling some lines in his note-book as Lindesay was speaking, "and capitally told, too, only it wants some explanatory notes. How about the old dame's prophecy ? I have jotted it down here, and I think, like the handwriting on the wall, it wants an interpreter "

"From that day," said Mr. Lindesay, "the good fortune of the Pendragons began to fail. business," They lost lands, they lost wealth; again and again the direct heir had failed, and, as in poor entangle the thoughts of his companion, and Sir Michael's case, the hopes of the family have been blasted. There are still, indeed, golden haired Pendragons of Merylin, but they promise fair to become extinct-at least in the old lineand when the present baronet dies his lands and to do, or who does not do it ?" his honors will pass to the Pendragons of Eaglehurst-a very remote and obscure branch of the he screed in his companion's interpretation of family. It really seems to be true that since his thoughts, and expressed his agreement by the death of Sir Caradoc in the way I have desthe brief ejeculation "" Just so." cribed

'Fortune has failed the Dragon's race,'"

"Yes, but that does not explain the prophecy pibable to righ and poor, and principally in their by any means." persisted Parton ; "this is a "Similiving is in their bearing. "But the mad prophecy of misfortune and of restoration, as it is be water-color sketching." extravagance of Sir Caradoo drove him to every seems to me. Put into plain English, I "Wyvern does not do himself justice," said of an hour should an emergency arise, kind of unworthy straits. The money which read it to mean, 'The good fortune of Geoffrey, whose setsem for his friend was a

the best quality of avimal to put upon such a Princess if they were proposed before a commisbit of land, when the unmistakable whiff of a cigar came upon his olfactory senses, and a step sion on royal grants.

on the gravel behind him warned him that he was not alone He turned and recognized without dismay the black bush of hair owned by Mr. Paxton. Without dismay, for wholly indifferent to that gentleman's pretensions as the literary dictator of the age, and perhaps not married, and after her marriage an annual alvery accurately posted as to his claims on that position. Geoffrey had remarked him only on the previous evening as one whose conversation he could understand, and who seemed to sav cuss the proposed grant. precisely what he meant without using any

roundabout expressions. Such would have been place at Osborne July 27. The honeymoon miles from here. Geoffrey's criticism on the greatest word-master will be spent at Upper Sheen House and in of the day, had he ever dreamed of passing any Scotland. criticism at all on the subject, nor is it to be

The Cabinet has decided to appoint a comdoubted that Paxton would have appreciated mittee on the allowances. The powers of the Government for about fourteen years, his minishis judgment as a far better compliment than committee will be limited to a settlement of the try being defeated a year or so ago. A many lavished on him by editors and reviews. amounts to be asked. For himself, he was so habituated by long cus

TO BE MARRIED IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

LONDON. July 4.-The Herald says :-The ances, that after passing through a score or so of drawing-rooms, all filled with specimens of arrangements for the marriage of the Princess humanity, masculine and feminine, who seemed Louise of Wales have been changed so far as finished off to order in about three or four regards the place where the ceremony will be models, all more or less artificial, to come upon performed. It was decided last week that Os this unsophisticated bit of honest English borne should be the scene, but the Queen has nature, looking so out of harmony with the men consented to allow it to take place in London. and women around him, piqued the great This was the original desire of the Prince and artist's curiosity, and he was not displeased Princess of Wales. The marriage will therefore with the chance meeting which gave him an be celebrated at Buckinghan palace, where the chapel is already being prepared for the occasion. The date fixed is Saturday, the 27th inst. he said, as he threw away the remains of his These arrangements are final.

early eigar ; "but what is one to do in a house-The chapel in Buckingham Palace, was build hold where the idea of the breakfast-hour osciland fitted up some years ago for the convenience of the Queen at a time when her health "It's amazing," replied Geoffrey ; "why, the did not enable her to go out to attend divine afternoon must be beginning before they have service. It has been very little used since that ended the morning. How could one get period. The wedding on the 27th will be the first that has ever taken place in it. It is "I fancy," replied Paxton, "that business scarcely necessary to say that the popularity of is, perhaps, the last idea that would intrude the marriage will be much increased by its takitself on the mind of any resident at Swin-

ing place in London. A PERILOUS GABDEN PARTY.

"I don't see why," said Geoffrey: "not The supporters of the Government are rather business, perhaps, in the way of shops, or-orconcerned about the fact that the Prince of anything of that sort; but every man has his Wales gives a garden party at Marlborough

house to-morrow afternoon to which about torty-five Conservative members of Parliament are invited. The withdrawal of so many Ministerassist him to find a tongue, "you mean that a jalists from the vote on the royal grants to be man's business is his work, and that no man is proposed would be a very serious matter, for worthy of being called a man who has no work they would reckon only ninesy in a division, and the grants might in that case be defeated. The date of the garden party was fixed at a time he had meant to say so much, but on reflection when it was not imagined that the wedding would be so soon decided upon. It would be awkward if the grant to the children of the Prince should be thrown out owing to a party "I have heard Mr. Wyvern spoken of as a given by the Prince himself. Of this, however great worker," continued Paxton ; "I have now | there is no immediate danger." The discussion spent three days, with him, and I have not yet will be kept going, if necessary, till the return been so fortunate as to discover his line, unline gof the forty five. They will be within reach of

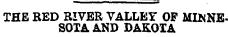
summons and could get to the house in quarter.

This morning, upon rising, he dressed himself and started to walk to his office. Feeling light LONDON. July 3.-It is reported that the headed, however, he was compelled to return amount which Parliament will be asked to and was persuaded again to retire. In the

grant the Princess Louise, daughter of the afternoon his condition became worse and Dr. Prince of Wales and finnces of the Earl of Blanchard was called in to attend him. This Fife, is an allowance of £3,000 until she is evening the doctor considered him in a critical state and sent for other medical men to hold a lowance of £25,000. The grant to be asked for consultation, These gentlemen had only reached Prince Halbert Victor is said to be £10,000 un. I the ex-premier's residence a short while when he til his marriage, and then £25,000. Mr. Glad- , breathed his last. Only the doctors and the stone will meet his followers to-morrow to dis. four sons of the deceased were present at the deathbed. Mrs. Norquey and daughters are The marriage of the Princess Louise will take visiting friends at Strathclair, about a hundred

> The deceased was 47 years old, and was a native of Canada, being of Scotch and native parentage. He was at the head of the Manitoba post-mortem examination may be held to-morrow.

[Hon.John Norquay, ex-president of the conncil, and ex-premier of tha Province of Manitoba, was born in St. Andrew's, Manitoba, on the 8th May, 1841. Mr. Norquay was not only a native of Manutoba, but he had a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Mr. Norquay first came to the front after the Riel troubles of 1869-70. He was made Minister of Public Works in the first ministry after the settlement of the troubles in 1871. In the Manitoba assembly he ant for High Bluff from 1870 to 1874. He resigned with his colleagues in 1874, but became Provincial Secretary in the following year, in the Davies administration, and resumed the office of Public Works in 1876. Two years later he became Premier, being the head of what was known as the Norquay-Royal administration, in which he held the portfolio of Treasurer. Mr. Royal, differing with his leader on a question of public policy, resigned. This administration held power until the Red River Valley question upset his government, and the present Premier Greenway came into power.



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There are great things and little things-as men see things ; but the greatness and littleness are oftener in the seeing that in the seen. Little things are other great to little minds-in a little way ; but littl. ...ings are great to great minds -is great way. Triffing is trivial only to him who is so trivial as to a triffe. "" a trist

Mrs. Malaprop wants to know if the last lunar collipse was partial or impartial.

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dollar is a swindle.

