JOHN COSTIGAN.

At the St. Patrick's Day celebration in

Almonte, the Hon. John Costigan delivered an eloquent address of which the following is

dread power and dark and fearful spells ing tales of horror to scare the credulous, he, surprised by snare, fell into the hands of the sel foe, whose vindictive malice, alone exceeding cowardly terror; full soon wreaked last the astounding tidings were borne to their ears of the untimely doom of him whom host had ransomed! So hushed in awe was eyes and inward vows, the mournful host separation of the Wicklow mountains, the other marching to Killaughrim wood!

Meanwhile the division of the Wexford force, under Gerald Byrne, Kyan, Roche and Murphy, about seven thousand men, after many conflicts with the foe, frequent defeat much loss, unable to maintain ground, had set out towards ground, had set out towards Wicklow mountains to join their forces at this rallying-point to the detachment led by Father Murphy. Passing through Gorey their road "was strewn with the dead and horribly mangled bodies of women and children, many with their bowels ripped open, presenting a ghastly spectacle;" for the English soldiery and Orange yeomanry, who had taken shelter within their entrenchments from the storm of insurgent warfare, had sallied from their lurking-places and overrun the country, flooding it with the blood of those whose infirmity or debility hindered their marching under the banners of their absent protectors against this sanguinary horde of murderers, consisting of the regiment of Ancient Britons and the yeomanry corps, led by Hunter Gowan, Beaumont of Hyde Park, Ram of Gorey, White of Midleton, and the Earls of Courtown and Mountnorris-names accursed in Irish story. The insurgent cohort swiftly directed their arms, and having in many a fearful reprisal well avenged their massacred wives, mothers, and children, they set out for their destination, still ever as they passed briskly repulsing the enemy hanging on their rere and obstructing them in front till they gained Croghan Hill, one of the mountains, where they rested for a couple of days, and on the 29th set out to attack the town of Carnew, halting for a short space at Monasud, which village they had scarcely quitted when the cavalry regiment of Ancient Britons, with several corps of mounted yeomanry, arrived, clate with the prospect of sure victory now at last over the insurgents, harassed by long march and dearth of provisions. About a mile from Carnew they came to a road, bounded on one side by a deer park, and on the left by a ditch running through swampy ground. While riding at full gallop along the route thus enclosed, their advance was arrested by a barricade of carts thrown across the road, and before they had time to progress or retreat, a deliberate fire, every shot of which told, riddled their ranks, and emerging amid smoke and din and uproar from their ambush, Gerald and Hugh Byrne, O'Hart, O'Dulfy, Kyan, Roche, and Murphy in the van of their pikemen, charged into the midst of the surprised dragoons. The conflict, sharp, stern and brief, was decisive; in half an hour every man of that ferocious Ancient Briton regiment had found his master, and bit the dust, not one of them who had ridden forth that morn in the flush of anticipated conquest, to riot in the blood of the foe, took back his own life from the fatal encounter. The yeomanry, surveying the scene of slaughter from a safe distance, fled, as was their wont, swearing that they warred with informal legions, not to be vanquished by mortal men, while the exulting victors cheering the stampede, grouped around, and clasped the hand of Dwyer and Miles O'Byrne, who had ridden hard over just in time to warn them of the pursuit and attack, of which they had received timely intelligence by scouts along the way. Without pause to rest, the chiefs, at the head of their victorious host, marched onward, and after some fruitless attempts to storm the garrison at Carnew, they proceeded to encamp on Ballyrakeen Hill for the night. Early the ensuing day troops of the various corps of infantry, impelled by rage, and burning to redeem their lost prestige, marched in serried squadrons, horse and foot, to attack the enemy, who with equal spirit, and their wonted impetuosity, charged in phalanx down the slope of the hill on the foeman's lines, and "in vain the hostile cavalry essayed to check, by their furious ouslaught, that unvielding cohort of brothers who fought in the sacred cause of country: every man in the insurgent ranks was a hero, resolved to conquer or perish where he To break the stubborn forest of pikes the horse charged like a tempestrate shock, and careering, swept like whit winds upon the compact embattled arraunder and the levin shower belehed jed the field; in lightning, and red rain den billows crested with the foot like sween billows crested vain the foot, like swashed in surfy foam with glittering iciclers, and swept back like upon the dark has benten down by mighty mountain was desired to oppose their force, the avalanche Loriet to oppose and the very loss avalanche ked and shivered as upon a wall of knocs constell and shivered as upon a wall of knocs constell and barrec its iron who beating down all that barrec its iron, while tide of pikes swept on. At length, course, the title of print of conflict, Gerald Byrne, chief in command, observed the lines of the enemy drifting in broken array, and

shouted: Press on !-bear down! Hurrah, Faugh a ballagh! Brave hearts! They scatter—they fly! Charge, Miles, charge and pur-

Thrown into atter confusion by the fresh and desperate onset, and unable longer to withstand the shock of Wilesian arms, again the British cavalry, leaving the infantry corps to make the best way they could through the storm, fled in disorderel route from the avenging pursuer's spear, leaving the field strewn with slain, and the royal standard of Britain trampled beneath the foeman's feet, while, laden with spoil and provisions, the victors pursued their way towards Wicklow Gap, where they pitched their camp.

Elate with pardonable exultation in the unvarying success of their arms, and priding in the prowess of the heroes, whose hands had not only stemmed the torrent of the oppressor's might, but even turned the tide of blood and warfare to inundate his own path, Miles O'Byrne, with lifted brow beaming high hope and lofty aspirations, till now but vaguely dreamed of, with the lordly mien and stride of one who felt the sod he pressed was his own once more, walked beside Percy Esmoud, proportionably crestfallen, and wondering in his secret soul what blight had fallen upon and withered the sap of valor and might. in British arms. Less sarcastic of spirit, he calmly heard the victor rhapsodise upon a futurity he now owned, in silence, might not be quite a chimerical vision of

short his span. Riding out after the battle to reconnoitie the field, he, the arch insurgent, reconnoitie the field, he, the arch insurgent, most redoubted and terrible of all, of whose most redoubted and dark and fearful and the result of the link"—a regenerated land wherein, beneath the protecting signs of hatred, awe, and terror were rife in fabricat- equal law and kindly cherished human sympathies, the foeman abjuring strife, and the stranger claiming an asylum, might dwell together in brotherly love open the captive atrocities only equalled by green winding footpaths, moist with new-those recorded of O'Harley and many of our fallen rain, and the heavy broading suits those recommendated, scourged, consumed by hanging gray and gloomy overhead, the martyrs—insulted, scourged, consumed by hanging gray and gloomy overhead, the martyrs—will the champion proved his gallant cheek of Miles betimes grew sad and his and wrestled in conflict final and voice deep and pathetic, as he reverted in cause, with demons for the conqueror's thought to him who had led them thus far crown in a happier world. But, oh! for the up the toilsome ascent to the emineuce hearts that mourned him in this, when at whereon they now stood—the country's avengers, the foeman's dread. Gallant Father John! how many tears should yet in with their heart's blood each man of that days to come dim the eye at thought of him so cruelly snatched away and consigned to a every bosom, a pin had been heard to fall in martyr's grave? But truce for the present the insurgent camp! Then, with streaming in this crisis of fate. With all unnerving sorrow, let the dead be embalmed in sparated into two divisions, one party takmemory, till the hour when the consecrated names shall be annointed with chrism of glory, their names inscribed in gold in imperishable record, and incense of praise, with tribute of tears, be offered to the sanctified dust, shrined in monument of marble. Miles turned abruptly to beckon to Hugh and Ned Burke, whom he spied in the distance, and while they were approaching, Euphemia and Nelly, heated and breathless with running, came up from an opposite direction, Euphemia exclaiming: "Miles, we've found it ;-come along ;

Kitty is waiting at the other side of the

hedge."
"Found what?" cried Miles, testily, and reddening in spite of his stoicism at the figure she presented before Percy, whose mind's eye must have contrusted, he thought, her tout ensemble rather disparagingly with that other fair picture, no doubt, at this moment, present to it-Florence Esmond, in her refined beauty and cultured grace. "I really wish, Effie, you would not be so wild. What have you found?"

"I say, Miles, you got out of bed on the wrong side this morning," pertly returned the unabashed gipsy, with a saucy smile, tossing back the tangled mass of her raven " I thought you wanted to see Meeian Conroy: if you don't, it's no matter! Come along, Nelly! If you want to see the old castle. Ned. follow us; and be sure you give a loud trumpet call, Hugh, if the map rises, that we may be in time to follow you.

Away she sped, with a newy glance at Percy Esmond, who smiled amur, amused, but deeming her a very limenttot. Miles, whose fortitude, when an moned to his aid, enabled him at all time to bear the inevitable with a good grace, even though he felt the keen sting of Percy's ridicule of the ludi-

crous, said good-humoredly:
"Come, let's follow. Miss Effic, broken loose from school, has it all her own way now; but when we have come to the end of this roving camp-life, my little lady shall find her wings clipped, and her liberty circumscribed within the bounds of decorum and training, till she presents a different aspect!"

"That will be no easy matter, I infer," said Percy, maliciously. "If it be true, as we are told, that first impressions are ineffaceable-what is in the blood will abide to eternity, defying art and time to enadicate. The gipsies, for instance, who has ever heard of one of the tribe being ever heard reclaimed to the usages of civilized life ! And for my part, wandering through scenes like these, I am free to confess that, had my lot been cast among the Bohemians, not all the blandishments of courts would have lured me from the enjoyment of my wild liberty to a gilded cage!

Miles, not over pleased at this speech, was about to reply in tone somewhat haughtily, when Hugh, pointing to what looked like a heap of manure, piled up against an old wall, not far distant, and in sight of the broken turrets of an ivy-screened castle, said :

"I do believe, Miles, yonder green hillock the abode of some class of beings. he had not run on with the children, would fain insist it was a fairy rath; for I certainly saw awhile ago a very small object in human form creep out and creep in again. Just let's take a look in as we go by."

Diverging slightly from the path, the three gentlemen walked in the direction of the rank mound of matted grass and rotten straw, which, before they reached, they were again overtaken by Effic and her train, mis time including Ned and his mother, they say they need not take the trouble to come on further, for they had searched the castle, and found that Meelan and the mild were gone away; it was quite empty, and, as they said the word, from an aperture in the heap they were now near enough to discover to be a hut, without chimper or casement, protiuded a fa a which and well become a worthier frame, and eney recognized Meelan

are, an' w afther lookin' for ye up in the ould care o beyant, an' findin' not a relict of ye ir t'" exclaimed Kitty, anticipating the yeirs as, without ceremony, she bent her short person and dived into the dark den, while Hugh and Miles, stooping almost to their knees, found their way after, followed by Ned, Effic, and Nelly. Esmond preferred to stand outside at the door, listening to the twitter of birds among the drooping trees, and wishing in his heart himself far away from the rural scene of green fields, blue hills, and silver streams, in the busy thoroughfares of the more congenial smoke and din and charm of the metropolis,

"Troth, an' it's myself is glad to see ye. alanna, ! an' how's the weeny one?" continued Kitty, addressing the young woman, who stood with the child in her arms, clasping her neck, and resting its head upon her cheek, while its large transparent eyes rested solemnly upon all at the same moment. "Why, it's dwindled away to a thread the authuris. What alls it?"

Why did you leave the castle, Meelan? 1 should have thought you would have been more comfortable there," said Miles, gazing upon the attenuated forms of mother and child, and around the dark enclosure wherein they stood, whose sole furniture was one three-legged stool, with a bundle of heath in corner. Meelan looked bewildered at the questioner, her lips parted as if in the act to speak, and she stood silent then, as one lost in reverie, while the sharp eyes of Euphemia and Nelly eagerly scanned her countenance. After that lingering pause of thought, Meelan

murmured slowly, just above her breath:
"I shouldn't have gone there. When the seal of desolation is set upon a ruin no hand should break it or invade the secrets locked within its dark recesses.'

"Wasn't it haunted, Meelan?" cried Euphemia, impatient and eager for corroboration of her own belief by the testimong of another; but, without heeding the interruption, she mused on:

"Let no man think to rekindle a quenched hearth-fire among ruins. The dead are jealous of the walls reared by their hands, and brook not profanation of the shrine wherein once they toiled in joy and sorrow in the flesh, derelict and abandoned by their race. Is it not written, 'So be it?' Why should the foot of stranger invade their peace, or the piation in solitude and silence? I should not have cone there.

"Well, well, you're out of it now, so think no more about it," said Hugh, striving to combat an emotion of intense awe by assuring himself that the woman was certainly crazed while, shuddering, Kitty observed, as a gleam of light shone upon the obscurity

"Glory be to God, it's goin' to take up fine

the sun's risin'."

"No. it isn't the sun," piped the tiny voice angel went past—a bright, bright angel from a great way off, going home to his own star;" and the child, with languid motion, raised itself up, and, with outstretched hands, gazed

with straining orbs as though far beyond the mud walls of the hovel and the gray curtain of the sky it beheld entranced the golden gates of the West flung open, and through a spanless vista of rainbow-arches and banners of purple and crimson the beatified vision pass into the white light of heaven.

For an instant, awestruck, the auditors held bated breath, gazing mutely on the mother and child, whose strange aspect and speech stirred a new pulse in each bosom. Then Miles said, taking the small hand of the child in his:

"Poor little one!" Addressing the mother, he continued: "How do you obtain a livelihood? What supports you?' Meelan articulated in tone low and mus

ing:
"I don't know-a little does it; for three days we had no bread, and then one evening at sunset a lady came to the door and handed us in a cake of white bread. We have lived on it since, and, use what we may, it leaves | dent of the Irish-American Land League, is abundant yet?"

"Only I fear you are not strong enough with this fragile creature, to bear the toil of long an often hurried march, in which full often scores of delicate women and children have fallen without possibility of succor, said Miles, "I would ask you to come to our camp, where, in some respects, you might be more comfortable.

Here the child interposed, with voice of energy: "No, don't go, ma'am; athair is comin', an' we'll be soon goin' home now. Ma'am, wash my hands an' face : I must go nice an' clean-to-night to God."

A thrill crept through every bosom; but the mother, pressing the child to her heart, murmured: "Will you go, my soul's treasure, an' leave me all alone in this cold

"Oh, ma'am, I must go; they want me; and I'll come again beautiful to you in a dress of woven sunbeams, and I'll bring you dowers-on, such lovely flowers !-but I must go, they call me."

The child lay back exhausted and weary on its mother's arm, and all who looked upon the small face, sublimated, spiritualised, and in its deadly pallor lustrons with the celestial beam pervading every feature, like light shining through a semi-opaque vase—all felt that the luminous spirit was indeed hovering on the threshold of its earthly shrine, and pluming its pinion for flight into another world.

"Sit down, my poor woman," said Miles.
"We have inconsiderately kept you standing too long. I shall hasten to our camp and send you speedily some assistance in food, clothing, and whatever we can spare. Is there anything you especially wish for?"

"God bless you! God bless you! fervent-ly ejaculated Meelan, bending, with tearful eyes, over her child. "I'd like to see the priest, to have him lay his hand upon my weeny one. I'd like to see Father John. No, ma'um not him," graped the child.

"He's gone with the angels, an' can't come now. Oh, ma'am, I wish you could see him. sitting between Patrick and Mary, and angels ipon angels—oh, millions!—crowding round in, and the Saviour looking down from a plazing throne and smiling on them all. Ah when will athair come? I want to go.

"Poor child! yours are happy visions. Pray for us when you get to your happy home," said Miles, going out, followed by the others.

For heaven's sake, what charm detained you so long in that filthy den?" exclaimed Percy Emond, in prevish, querulous tone, accosting him as he appeared. "I'm sure I don't know what attraction there can be in the squalid inmates or their mud hovel."

Miles returned, gravely . " Not much, perhaps, to you or me, of the earth earthly : but, believe me, Percy, the flesh is not the man, nor does the tenement limit the vision of his soul. To the squalid inmates clothed in temporary rags are given hopes and aspirations that the spacious universe cannot bound, and dreams and vistas of glory such as the Casars in their purple never contemplated, and of which bereft they would not exchange their mud hovel to dwell in palaces of kings. Speed on ; the rain is falling, and I've promised to send the poor woman some assistance from the camp for her dying child."

Conroy.

"Musha, then, ye crathur, is it here ye or hardened, but he had been trained in a school in which lessons of human wisdom, and and self-cocking were asside. Percy Esmond was not by nature heartless philosophy, and self-sceking were assidu-ously cultivated, to the utter exclusion of divine precepts, inculcating self-abnegation, simple faith, and human charity. So, gifted with a tolerably hard head, and rather proud of an exemplary fund of hard, practi-cal commonsense, that sternly excluded from heart and brain all foolish claptrap play of sentiment or imagination, he walked beside Miles, judiciously silent, and thinking within his own mind: "Silly fellow; what a donkey he must be-yet not a bit of a fool in some things, only quite cracked on his hobby, dazed by the glamour of witchcraft-I mean priest

craft—'tis all one. Humph! (To be continued.)

sa Pretty as a Picture.-Twentyfour beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10c. each. child can use with perfect success. Get at once at your druggist. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

THE LIBRARY AT PONTIAC.

His Lordship N. Z. Lorrain, formerly Vicarleneral of the diocese of Montreal, and at present Bishop of Pontiac, residing at Pem-proke, has conceived the idea of founding in the episcopal town a public library for the benefit of the sick in hospital, for prisoners detained in the County prison, and particularly for the young neu looking for employment in the city. The resources being insufficient for the wants, His Lordship wishes to draw the attention of the charitable people of Montreal, who have a large number of books which they have read and re-read, to the fact that they would be very useful to a parochial library. His Lordship consequently calls upon the charitable persons for a little assistance in the matter. Persons wishing to contribute to this work can depose the books they are willing to give at the Bishops Palace, in care of the Rev. Father Emard; at the presbytery of St. James' Church, in careof the Rev. Father Maille, S.S.; or at St. Patrick's, in care of the Rev. Father Ominlivan. Donators are requested to leave a heet of paper with their name on in the book that they may be conserved in a register kept for this purpose by the Vicar at Pontiac.

Try Carter's Little Nerve Pills for any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, might not be quite a chimerical vision of eye of stranger look upon their penance, or Utopian fancy, and less confidently he assessinated. Kavanagh, the Utopian fancy, and less confidently he assessinated with the sign of the voice of stranger mingle with the sign of the only nerve medicine for the price in driver of the car in which the assessina escaped his creed in the fallacy of that it is epirits within the consecrated precincts of ex-

IRELAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

MRS. PARNELL'S OPINION OF CLEVELAND -"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Washington, March 25.—Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator, who is here on a brief visit, said in an interview to-day:—"The "No, it isn't the sun," piped the tiny voice talk of the Democratic party's aggressive foreign of the child, sweet and musical, as if a silver policy is all nonsense. In case of war, it would chord of a clearceach vibrated. "It was an be the country, and not an individual, who would decide the matter. As far as war is con-cerned, Mr. Cleveland would be as quick as any other in vindicating American honor and American interests, should occasion so require. It should be the aim of all of us to keep quiet and

not to precipitate anything embarrassing."
"What do you think of Mr. Cleveland?" " He is an honest, level-headed man, and he likes to see his way clearly before taking action in any matters of importance to the country. He will put the right people in the right places. From the first, before ever I saw Mr. Cleveland I was impressed with the idea of his remarkable wisdom, patriotism and philanthropy. I think he is the right man in the right place. I think his election a special providence to this favored land, as times are going to be very exigent. I think this land is not only highly favored, but highly honored. One blessing after another seems to attend it. It seems to be hedged in like a paradise."

KIND WORDS FOR STEPHENS.

NO CONNECTION WITH THE DYNAMITERS. CHICAGO, March 25 .- The following letter to a Chicago editor from Patrick Egan, presi-

published here to-day:
Lincoln, Neb., March 21.—In your notice

of the expulsion of James Stephens from France, and of the appeal which has been made in his behalf, you say: "Since the practical collapse of fenianism Stephens has managed to take a leading part with Rossa and others in keeping alive the Irish anti-pathy to English rule. It has been claimed that the Phonix Park murders, the recent London explosions, and other similar occurreuces, were more or less inspired by

During the two years that I had spent in Paris I had frequent opportunities of meeting and conversion with Mr. Stephens. I am is a position to say that for some years past he has not taken any active part in Irish revolutionary affairs, and that the use that has been so freely made of his name in newspaper dis patches from Paris was wholly and entirely without foundation. I am aware, beyond any question of doubt, that he has no connection with O'Donovan Rossa, and that he is bitterly opposed to the methods that gentleman ad vocates The fact that the French police have expelled him from France as a dynamiter shows their intelligence to be about on par with that of the detectives of Dublin or London, who in order to cover up their own stupidity always endeavor to sacrifice one "as an example," regardless of the complicity or innocence of the victims.

Mr. Stephens for a considerable time past has been in very low health, and through his own and his wife's exertions in giving lessons a very precirious existence. Knowing his you are quite at liberty to do so. circumstances I proposed in 1882, in company with some friends, to make a public appeal in his behalf ; but he was too proud to consent to this, and as soon as he heard of our intention be peremptorily forcade any further steps in the matter. While, like many of his old friends, I differ very widely from some of Mr. Stephens's views, I feel that he has done incalculable service in laying the foundation of the or ganization which for nearly a quarter of a century has been the great puritying eleva-tion in Irish politics. I know that he has made great sacrifices for pure love of Ireland, and I feel that it would be the basest ingratitude on the part of his countrymen, now that he is broken down in health and in need of their assistance, to hesitate in coming to

A BUFTALO BLAZE.

A MUSIC HALL AND CATHOLIC CHURCH DESTROYED.

Burrano, Marci. 25. The music hall erected by the German Young Mea's Association in 1883, and in which the national saengerfest was held that year, was destroyed by fire to-night. The McCaull Opera company were about to produce the opera. "Falk." and were in the dressing rooms when the fire (which started from the ignition of the drop flag at one of the gas burners; broke out. opera company made a firsty exit, losing all their operatic costones and much of their private wardrobes. But few members of the company were fully dressed when they were forced to leave. In half an hour the magnificent building was consumed and the tire communicated to the St. Louis French Roman Catholic church just across Edward street from the Masonic hall. The firemen were unable to fight the flames from the rear of either building, and Edward street being very narrow, operations were necessarily confined to the front on the main street. Geo. Smith and Joseph Grimm ascended ladders in front of the church to sid the firemen. The rapid spread of the flames warned the firemen to retreat, and they left accompanied by Smith. Grimm, however, for some inexplicable reason, remained on the roof. When he noticed that he was alone there, he ran frantically to the capola and climbed to the top at lightning rod, in full view of the multitude of people who had hastily assembled in the vicini Assoon as the unfortunate man reached the top he seemed to have a moment's return of reason, and hastily slid to the roof again. By this time the roof was in flames, and to escape them he ran quickly to a corner of the building and clung nearly ten minutes by his hands to the edge. For some minutes he was invisible through the thick smoke. When this lifted for a moment he was still seen in his perilous position and a few seconds later was observed to relax his grasp and fall. His feet struck the second roof on his downward course and he came to the ground falling on his head. He was instantly killed. The church was totally destroyed, was worth \$85,000 and insured for \$25,000. was the oldest Roman Catholic church in the city and was erected in 1839. The Music hall was valued at \$175,000 and insured for \$80,000. The total loss is not less than \$300,000.

DESTITUTION ON ARRAN ISLAND. Dublin, March 24.—There is an appalling amount of distress reported from the Island of Arran, off the coast of Gaiway. Last year's almost total failure of the potato crop has been followed by a series of terrific storms, which have prevented the regular excursion of the small native fishing fleet, and many families are subsisting on one meal of bad potatoes daily. The terrible distress which prevails among the poor people has certainly not been equalled since the famine years. Father O'Donnhoe. since the famine years. Father O'Donohoe, who has charge of one of the largest parishes in Arran, is looking for aid from America.

DEATH OF AN INFORMER.

Dublin, March 24. - Joe Smith, who pointed out Burke on the day when the latter was assassinated in Phoenix Park and subsequently turned informer, has just died. He had been in a dreadful state of health for months. He has suffered from a constant Ameer of Afghanistan. The greatest rivalry fear of being assassinated. Kavanagh, the driver of the car in which the assassins escaped, is in a lunatic asylum.

AN LARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives rolief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted: -Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a de-posit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves engestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most import ant that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17 Farrington Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York,

October 2nd, 1882. Sir, -Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spend ing pounds in medicines, I was at last persua ded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine lever took, and would advise aryone suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. in music, has been barely able to make out If you like to make use of this testimonial

Yours respectfully, R. Torner. Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating sub stances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 29th, 1881. Sir, -It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Mr. A. J. White, -- Dear Sir - I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, it has restored me to some main, yours respectfully, John H. Lightfoot. it has restored me to complete health. - I re-

15th August, 1883. Dear Sir, -1 write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doct r's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his

Yours truly, (Signed) N. Webb, Chemist, Calne. Mr. White.

September 8th, 1883. Dear Sir, -I find the sale of Seigel's Syru steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as a "Godsend to lyspeptic people." I always recommend it

dyspeptic poor, with confidence.

Faithfully yours,

Viscont A. W Vincent A. Wills, (Signed) Chemist-Dentist. To Mr. A. J. White. Merthyr Tydvil.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883. My Dear Sir,-Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines

possible. The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added "one of these bottles I am sending tifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have

much faith in it." The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

W. Bowker. (Signed) To A. J. WHITE, Esq. A. J. WHITE, (limited) 67 St. James street, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (limited), 67 St. James street, city. STEALING THE FLAC.

DUBLIN, March 24.-Medical students have stolen the Mansion House flag because of the recent threat of the Lord Mayor to lower it luring the visit of the Prince of Wales.

INDIA READY FOR WAR.

ALEAHABAD, India, March 24.- Earl Duffer in met Gen. Stewart, commander in chief of the forces in India, to-day. Lord Dufferin has sanctioned the mobilization of two army corps of twenty-five thousand men each which are to be sent to Pishin, with a reserve of 10,000 men. Gen. Stewart will have supreme command. Gen. Roberts and Gen. Hardinge will each command an army corps. The Duke of Connaught will be given one of the divisional commands. Supplies for six months are being sent to Pishin. Gen. Stewart has started for Rawul Pinde to mature his plans. Earl Dufferin will start for Rawul Pinde to morrow. It is expected the whole force will advance at the conclusion of the meeting between Earl Dufferin and the

SPIRITED ADDRESS BY HON.

a summary :- He was greeted with cheers on rising, and said he was always happy to aid in helping his fellow countrymen in the celebration of the day which is so dear to the hearts of the Irish people. There was nothing aggressive, nor was there any thing aggressive intended, in this. For his part, although a Conservative in politics, his training and his instincts were liberal -liberal heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have in the sense of allowing every man and every people to follow their own dictates and of en joying that which seemed best to them. In bringing forward his resolutions in behalf of Ireland in the Canadian House of Commons in 1882, he felt that he did not misjudge the sentiments of the Canadian people, that they were disposed to fair play. The agitation in Ireland has had the effect of arousing atten tion in England and throughout Europe as well as on this continent, and in gaining for Ireland the sympathy and the desire for fair play wherever civilization existed. He thoroughly agreed with, and was an ardent admirer of Mr. Parnell in his constitutional struggle. The rumors of crimes in Ireland were well calculated to make Irishmen blush -if they had the essential quality of truth. But the truth was that the calendar of crime in Ireland was lighter, in comparison, than in any other country in the world. He, Mr. Costigan, was not a native of Ireland, but he, the son of a Kilkenny man, claimed to be as warmhearted and as ardent an Irishman as any native of that country. The cry of "Separation" had been raised by those who were opposed to the liberties of Ireland, but English statesmen should know that the grant tirely unavailing against this latter agonising ing of Home Rule would be the surest safe-disorder. The origin of this malady is indi-guard against separation, and that its con tinued refusal only tended to encourage and strengthen theory for separation by exasperat ing the Irish people when they found that they were denied those rights which were freely granted to the colonies. The Irish were also represented as a turbulent race and incapable to govern or legislate for themselves. The facts were to the contrary. Wherever vestige of the disease is cradiented, until they had settled, whether in the colonies or the appetite has returned, and the digestive elsewhere, they had proved themselves to be peaceable, law-abiding citizens, and in every civilized country but their own had some thing to say in its government. He would not enlarge on their services to the Empire; history proved all that. The true policy for English statesmen to pursue would be the granting of their rights to the Irish people, and then, and only then, would they have an Empire in fact, as they now have in name. Before alluding to the "dynamite scare" he would say a word about the "invasion scare." He would simply say that he had no more fear of the Irish people in the States troub ling us in Canada than they had of us troubling them. Our interests and cheirs in the struggle now going on are too much in common to allow of any act which could result to its detriment, and though he was sorry to say he had not had opportunities of meeting many of the country men to the south of us, he felt satisfied they looked upon us in Canada as loyal subjects. They, themselves, having found that freedom and liberty in the United States which they could not enjoy in their own land, were at any moment ready to risk their lives in the detense of their adopted country, and knowing that Irishmen in Canada enjoy all the liberties and protection that the finest form of govern ment in the world can give, they know also, that the Irish Canadians are loyal to Canada there is, therefore, nothing to fear from our countrymen on the other side of the boundary. He firmly believed that it was the honest do Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for sire of the English people to do justice to Ireyears with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrap, I found relief, and after taking judice and an ignorance of her real wants two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I hey had heard a great dealabout "dynamite" "dynamiters" in Canada. A discovery Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.
Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.
das been made in Montreal, which had created a furore. The machine was examined, and after a great deal of fuss it was found that the works of an old timepiece had been placed in some incombustible stuff which having which I did. I am now happy to state that become frozen by the action of the weather, gave some difficulty—but that was all Ha had heard of an explosion which had taken place in the Eastern block of the public build ings at Ottawa. The matter got into the papers and it created a great amount of excitement. Enquiry in this latter case showed that a clerk in one of the departments had thrown a bottle containing a small quan tity of ginger ale - which he had been drink ing at his lunch in his office-from the upper flat to the flagged pavement below. True, we were exposed at any moment to the action of a "crank" like the one who had so foully murdered the president of the neighboring republic, but he (Mr. C.) had no apprehension whatever of the action of the so-called dynamiter's action in Canada. Once again referring to the "Costigan Irish Resolutions," he verily believed that they had done an immense amount of good in the way of removing prejudice, and in creating a better state of feeling towards the "dear old land beyond the seas. In this connection he would endorse the remarks of his friend Mr. Dowdall with reference to the speech of Hon. Edward Blake on that occasion. Once again he returned his sincere thanks to the members of the House of Commons who had so unanimously supported him in his efforts towards the amelioration of Ireland's position. Their action made him feel proud of being a Canadian and a member of its parliament. In conclusion he would merely remark that his twenty four years of uninterrupted parliamentary career had taught him one thing. When the successful candidate had been too highly praised by his friends during the campaigu, people were led to expect great thing! from him, but that generally ended in a dis appointment. So, in his case, his two friend who had preceded him had spoken too flatte ingly of him and so raised great expectation, and in like manner he feared his audiece that night would feel disappointed in ban; but he assured them of his sincerity an his desire to speak-as he always did—the hnest feelings of his heart. Mr. Costigan thu retired amid loud and continued applaus.

THE LAND DEPRESSION

LONDON, March 25.—The depression in the value of lands, which has been felt with increas value of lands, which has been felt with increasing pressure for the past two yearsthroughout the country, is now beginning to affect city property. Rents are depreciating in London and in response to the prevailing distress the Duke of Richmond, the largest owner of rentyl property in the city, has issed an order reducing all rents ten per cit. In this connection I have made a note of since curious statistics. The average rental of lind in the United Kingdom is \$8.75 per cits. The average charged by owners of hyer The average charged by owners of over five thousand acres is \$3.17; /rom ore thousand to five thousand, \$4.15; from one hundred to one thousand acres, \$8.15. Average charges by landlords in the House of Lods, 383; by

No mails from Montreal have been received at

Halifax for a week