ADD: MINUN S

saying the while, in accents low and tremu-It's a great disappointment, Guildford: but tis not for myself, I feel it; and if thought you would not I'd be as happy as

Guildford looked more puzzled at the Misses Warbuck, with a shade of goom per vading his countenance. Miss Fanny

said: "We have just received intelligence of the death of our dear brother Jeremiah; He made a will, poor fellow, remembering 18 very handsomely, but leaving Alphonse fifty thousand pounds, and his house and carriage in London, subject, to the condition, Theeby a postscript of had overlooked in the executor's letter, of her conforming within one month from the date thereof—and there's the whole cause of her childish temper."

At this announcement, Colandisk cat caper that rather astonished, the staid Miss Warbeck. His brow cleared, seizing Alphonse in his arms, he embraced her rapturously, crying aloud in costssy; We'll set the church bells ringing make

the cathedral shake, and the parson stare what time we trip to the wedding !-hurrah! hurrsh! Give me something, I pray, to drink to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of Jeremiah Warbeck Higgenboggan, my betrothed wife, and her excellent aunta, whom from this day henceforth are to be my kith and kin." Here the parrot, who had been all the morning slumbering drowsily commotion, shook himself, surveyed the group with winking eyes, then vented his ideas in drowsy, guttural speech :

Green gooseberries! ha, ha, ha! Betty. don't let on I toult ye. Fine Carlingford oysters! John, where's the brandy?" And with a furious whistle, and macking laugh, the feathered biped subsided into contempla-

tion.
"That's an extraordinary bird," said Miss Sophy; "he picks up everything he hears; and the worst of that is, our servants tell us he learns to say what he shouldn't from the bad boys in the street, which is very unplea-

"Very!" exclaimed Guildford, turning to herself from his caress, was now standing, and and pensive, looking with dreamy eyes at the mizzling rain blurring the window panes, and trickling in large cold drops down the crystal surface. Guildford addressed

Well, lady fair, let who will mourn, we have subject for rejoicing ; wherefore, cheer up, my sweet I and let me see again upon your check the roses, and in your eyes the sunboams that woold and won my heart. Your good uncle must be happy in the good he has left behind him in making us two happy-bless the fine old soul! I'm only a necessary interval of mourning must, in deference to etiquette, delay our bliss; but we'll make it as short as we can."

Alphonse turned and gazed full upon the young sun, whose visage, beaming with smiles and admiration, was rivetted upon her. She had been deeply musing; for beneath all her gay exterior there was a stratum of profound wisdom, hidden by a luxuriant overgrowth of wild verdure, which, when stripped away by wintry floods or scorching heat, would be revealed. She felt that now, at once and for ever, she must open her mind, and leave no doubt upon his, of the fut ire. It was an ordeal fiery and bitter that was set full before her, a trial of strength with a great temptation, whose issue must be victory or defeat-an inexorable extremity which for her could admit of no compromise. What might be the sequel she could not conjecture, but she was not at liberty to choose. Grieving for the pain she must inflict upon one dearly loved, trembling for the possible con-sequence to herself, she at length spoke, and her once joyous accents vibrated and qui-

Dear Guildford, do not blame me, I cannot help myself. It is better I should at once undeceive you : you know I am a Roman Catholic.

"Well, what about it?" cagerly cried Colandisk; "be it as long as you please; but that needn't hinder your complying with a matter of form—showing yourself once at church and complying with whatever other nonsensical crotchet the law requires."

Alphonse, smiling sadly at the lax notions of her suitor, shook her head, and a nawared,:
"I cannot, Guildford; I should have to
make an act of recentation, which would at once cut me off from my own Church, and involve me in the penalty of excommunication;

I dare not do that."

The cloud returned to the brow of Colandiak; but this time it was charged with elec-

Alphonse to make one hate it."
"Nay, Guildford, nay," interposed Al-

phonse, with voice new strung, and eye reanimated by the energy of excitement, "my Church cannot help herself more than L else would she choose poverty, misery and persecution, where she might have worldly honor and riches. No; but she alone is the repository of truth, which she must both teach and tonless; she cannot give sanction to her children to go astray, to forswear themselves, or for any temporal interest to play phonse, with voice new strung, and eye reanor for any temporal interest to play the cheat, to give the lie to her doctrine,

Sorrowfully her gaze declined before the

"Oh! that you would ever doubt it, Guildford, would be the bitterest pain of all. Ask me for any test, for any proof of my truth, but that which must compromise my soul, ing a kand freely I make it. If to go with was lay you into exile, to live in toil, poverty, or sickness, yours, yours only!—faithful, and true! I can do it without a murmur, and be happy. God with us, we would be happy. God with us, we would happy. prosper, and never have to mourn or regret a

sacrifice we made for Him."

Thank you; how shall I ever hope to re-"Thank you; how shall I ever hope to re"Thank you; how shall I ever hope to re"Thank you; how shall I ever hope to re"What will be so kind as so will convenience once. If you will be so kind as so will convenience once. If you will be so kind as so will convenience once. If you will convenience once. If you will convenience once. If you will convenience once it will convenience once. If you will convenience once it will convenience once. If you will be so kind as so will convenience once. If you will be so kind as so will convenience once. If you will be so kind as so will convenience once it will convenience on thought I should teel better, at least once throught I should teel better, if I came to tell you about it."

I should teel better, at least once throught I shou this Guildford?" You offer kindly to share penury with me," he continued, in accents of cutting sarcasm; "but let it not surprise you, dear girl, that I, whose aspirations and tastes are formed in quite another mould, should be reluctant, even for your bright flew down the stairs. There was no leaveshould be reluctant, even for your bright flew down the stairs. There was no leave-smiles, to descend to the level of the herd, taking; she felt unequal to it; and least of wear hodden gray dine off yellow ware—the all before a domestique did she wish to exhibit cottager's delight and experience all the her emotions. The ladies looked at each

mured. "Bu: I thought I felt that is, I mured Bu: I thought—I lett—that is, I had some hope you would have been true to me through any change of west or woe; its hard, very hard, to have one's faith shaked, where one trusted, and to have to unlove what had made the paradise of one's life."

" Very true, dear Alphonse; and wou will not sentence him who loves you to idolatry to such anguish as should be his-a desolate, loveless life—if compalled suby inexorable flat to relinquish that which alone makes dife worth living for " pathetically sighed Col-audisk, while the Misses Warbeck, grimly attentive, began to think that after all the young man spoke very rationally, and possessed more sense than they had given him credit for. "" Come now, my precious durling," proceeded the woosr, waxing ardent; 'just say the one word that will reillume the almost extinguished torch of hope in this faithful bosom, and say you will comply with the exigency of circumstances and secure

our bliss?" ... "I cannot, Guildford, upon the terms proposed," wept Alphonse. "It is vain to ask

Guildford Colandisk drew up his small, symmetrical figure, and with a countenance from which every vestige of tenderness and grace had vanished, and been replaced by an expression of selfish, heartless, callons hauteur, he made answer :

"Tis so best, the delusion under which I had labored, that one of the race so intractible, of blood so antagonistic, of nature so inferior, could be reclaimed from obduracy, is banished; the wild animals of the fores may be tamed by kindness, and-" " Nix, had been all the morning slumbering drowsily my dolly," sung out the parrot, waking up on his perch, stirred up by the exhilarating as though conceiving a notion to enlive a commotion, shook himself, surveyed the group scene so lugubrious with a touch of the ludicrous. Guildford glanced irefully at the impertinent creature, and continued: "Snbdued to docility by caresses, but to humanise or win by love any of these people is just like trying to catch and hold an ignis fatuus. Thus far he had communed half aloud, as it with his own thoughts. Now he turned to Alphonse, who, first astonished. then stirred to resentment, by a sense of insult conveyed by his lucubrations, stood erect and tearless, surveying him with wide open eyes, dry and feverish. "Be it so, Alphouse, since you so decree it. I depart with a bleeding bosom, never, be assured, to return, unless a mandate from your own dear gre upon Alphouse, who, having disengaged, lips, or under your own hand, summons me to hear that you have thought better of it, that you have yielded to love and pity, and decided upon that step which, alone can lead to the lost path of our felicity. Farewell first, last, and only love, farewell."

"Farewell, Guildford," she responded. with something like an ingredient of scorn giving strength to her syllables.

A tear started to his eye of genuine disappointment, as in vision he beheld receding far beyond his reach the golden shower that had all but rained down its affluent streams apon him, and then vanished like a mocking mirage.

Her eyes were tearless now, as she stood still and heard the hall-door shut behind him, for there had been no further leave taking. The voices of her aunts, after some moments, revalled her from her abstraction :

"What are you going to do with yourself now?" demanded Miss Warbeck, with the air of one who had been deeply offended. "I don't know, aunt," responded Alphonse

in disconsolate accents. ir disconsolate accents.

You managed that business nicely,"
ironically observed Miss Fanny. "You may
put away your finery, and countermand your wedding orders, for I can tell you, Guildford will never come back, he is a young man of too much spirit." 🕔

"I don't expect him, aunty," she sorrowfully murmured.

What an idiot you were to throw away such a match !" cried Miss Warbeck, severely: who do you intend to marry now?-or, rather, who do you think will take you?—the dairy man that serves the milk, or the man that carries the bread, will have to do something, for your Uncle Jeremiah has not left us the usual stipend for your maintenance, nor to yourself the usual

remittance per annum. Alphonse woke up from her apathy and despondence, to gaze upon her auut with incredulous eyes. Had her ears deceived her?
—but Miss Warbeck soon confirmed her that she had heard aright.

"It is all that is before you now, you mis-

guided girl, to make some humble alliance, or to earn your own livelihood." or to earn your own livelihood."

There is a crucible into which the human heart once plunged, with all the thoughts, passions, feelings, and instincts of human nature, to be annealed by fire, wrought upon, and changed by the action of the mysterious chemistry to which it has been subjected, it comes forth new 'molded, new created, as it were, never more in its original character to be the same of the intrinsic tricity, prognostic of thunder. Church [is shine out, perhaps, with more brilyouts!" he wrathfully exclaimed: "enough, liant lustre, but the alloy has entered into every pore, to harden the ductile substance and reconstruct its nature; so it was in this hour of crucial test with Alphonse Fitzpatble as her own perception coloured; them; now they looked upon a form, darkly serene or to endorse for one instant, by one act, a collusion with heresy. Alas! I fear me I appeal in vain to minds prejudiced and closed against argument, nevertheless, I cannot help it; I must but suffer."

In must but suffer."

In we they looked upon a form, darkly serence to outward eye, whose breast enshrined to outward eye, whose breast enshrined a heart indeed of gold, yet in which every pulse and fibre seemed to stand still, choked and swolen with a tide of accumulated emotions. It was not long rebounding from the shock of the plunge into the ordeal. She

Sorrowfully her gaze declined before the cyes concentrated upon her, and the stern faces, unmollified by one relenting feature. Colandisk spoke: his accents were low and hollow:

"Of course not, aunt: I do not mean to be an incumbrance." She glanced drearily at the slow falling rain making puddles in the slow falling rain ma minutes returned, dressed to go out.

"You're not setting off at this moment in the wet, I suppose?" said Miss Warbeck, taking a knife and fork from Mrs. Betty, who was laving the cloth for luncheon. to give a was laying the cloth for luncheon, to give a

'4 Thank you, aunt, 'tis all the same," coolly responded Alphonse, turning away from the far, child; I must feel the more obliged by shrewd, surprised glance of Mrs. Betty; your visit—but, but I'm afraid your in troubles. If you will be so kind as to keep my trunks for a few days it will convenience she said, endeavouring to smile, "and I

other abominations of: vulgar poverty. You other, and at the same moment they felt a would not expect it, my sweet Alphonse?" he added, with relaxing smile, ignited by some-latent hope; she looked so odd. So the Misses Warbeck, who had till
mildand pensive that he would yet bend her to
her temotions. The laddes looked at each
other, and at the same moment they felt a
simultaneous impulse urging them to explain,
in their own justification, what appeared so
odd. So the Misses Warbeck, who had till
now very stiffly upheld their consequence by
her views.

had so grievously offended that she had forfeited all claim to the interest of her friends, who, permitting her henceforth to shift for herself, and her services dispensed with, as custodian of the tea, wine, sugar, and brandy, with the keeping of the weekly accounts, these offices which she had held with scrupulous exactness that left no opening for peculation, would in all probability, if not transferred to herself, devolve upon the stupid old ladies, to her own immense profit: for honesty, as she well knew Miss Alphonse had long since found out, was not one of her prominent virtues; and so, discarded by all, pitied by none, like one found guilty of some great crime, the young girl, after a few years' residence with her aunts, in comfort and luxury, went forth at duty's stern behest, to make her way as best she might, an cutcust and a vagrant through the world. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny, who was of rather a softer nature than her sister, suggested;

"Perhaps, Sofy, we were wrong to have let her go away so—what will the world say? And she was useful in many ways to us." "My dear Fanny," returned the inflexible Miss Warbeck, "it was the very best expe-

dient we could have hit upon to bring her to her senses. One week's hardship and shifting for herself will cure her of her folly, take my word, and we shall have her coming back, contrite and humbled, like the prodigal son, to beg for the bread she had thrown away."

CHAPTER XII. THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE. "This is no land of peace: unless that deep And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's thoughts Back to their source, and mantle its pale mien With a dull, hollow semblance of repose

May so be called."

Vespers of Palermo. -- ILKNANS

What a host of retrospections is conjured by the theme, The Old Chapels of Dublin! With how many sad and tender reminiscences are they not associated? with what melancholy interest are they not invested?

Old Whitefriar street, Clarendon street, the Eranciscan Dominican Chapels of Audeon street and Cook street, with many another venerable fane -what mournful, yet pleasing train of thought is awakened while contemplating those precincts, hallowed by human woe, whose consecrated pavements were once wet with the tears of generations gone by, and whose walls were betimes, too, anointed with holy blood. If it be true, that an indefinable charm glorifies sites and places that have been the scene of events recorded in historic page, converting them into classic ground, not less true is it that traditionary lore imparts a magical glamour of its own; or perhaps it were more true to say, at least deem, that the spirits of the dead hovering near diffuse a solemn mystical atmosphere around each hoary shrine that hallows it with sublimity; for, while musing upon the days gone by, when bruised hearts gave out their fragrance, and broken ones their unction; when generuos bosoms cheerfully offered noble self-sacrifice with the holocaust of the altar, and faithful ones endured without a murmur the wreck of every bliss and prospect, custing our eyes along the silent sieles, and now peaceful sanctuary, we ask where are they whose sighs once reverberated, filling the temple with deep, muffled echoes; and we hear, as it were, a floating whisper in the dreamy air; we seem to fee onscious of the ethereal pulsation of impulpaple, yet most sensible spiritual presence, encompassing our material being, as the at-mosphere environs the earth, and with acrial lips breathing, "We are here," and an awo struck reverence pervades our deep repese while we meditate and muse.

There are natures upon whom the shock of trouble, pain or misfortune, bereavement or disappointment fall roughly and as roughly they meet it with loud clamor and outcry, while they wince and struggle beneath the burden, in vain effort to cast it imploring lamentations they sometimes enlist a sympathising ear, or voice, or hand, to help them to sustain the load, or lighten it by their aid; but there are others, who mutely bend their shoulders to the yoke imposed, and voiceless and uncomplaining pursue their way, broken and crushed, hopeless and disconsolate. To these belonged Alphonse Fitzpatrick. When she had left her aunts' house, she did not go at once as she had intended, to her brother's, but, pacing wearily along, heedless of the falling rain, she went into Whitefriar street chapel to pour out before the alter the pent-up flood of her sorrow. Long she knelt, as it were in a trance; for she could not collect her mind to pray, and the tears she came to weep unseen refused to flow, sealed up, as it were in their source by the deadly, withering blight that had fallen; upon her heart in passive apathy of spirit she knelt, while the hours glided by unnoticed. Nevertheless, though many a long drawn sigh afforded no relief; there fell by and by a holy calm upon her aching bosom, fulling it to rest, and anon she rose, but facing like one under the influence of some harottc drug, stupefying sense and thought; she mechanically quitted the chapel, came into the street, and beckoned for a chaise, into which she stepped, directing the man to drive to the village of Lu-can, where, having arrived in something more than an hour, she was set down by her directions, at what appeared to be a thatched barn, but which was in reality the Roman Catholic but which was in reality the Roman Catholic Chapel. Father Fitzpatrick, the newly ap-pointed curate, just returned from a sick call, had seated himself, breviary in hand, beside a little table in his one humble apartment, which was both sleeping and sitting room, to say his office. He was a tall, slight, but muscular young man, of about three and thirty, with sedate thoughtful type of countenance, marked by rather aquiline features, expressive grey eyes, and lank, black hair, falling backward from an ample forehead, bronzed by exposure to the weather; he had opened his book after throwing a couple of sods of turf upon the fire from a creel near the hearth, when a knock at the door interrupted him, and to his

"Is it, indeed, you, my sister? Come in bit of chicken to the pug; "the house is not on fire, that you need be off at a minute's I am very glad to see you, Alphonse," he exclaimed, rising and coming forward to greet her: "but what a day for you to come so

little cupboard in a corner, with a wine glass, then rang a handbell to summon the old wo man who attended him, to bring in some

bread and butter and fresh eggs.
"Now, Alphonse," he said, seating himself before her and filling out a glass of wine,
"take this and you will feel better. How are aunts !"
"Very well, Patrick; I have left them." Father Fitzpatrick's eyes, dilated, but he

waited in silence for her to proceed. or views.

"I should not expect it," she meekly mur.

"I should not expect it," she meekly mur. "Yes, Patrick," she proceeded, "it is

menial who, with demure lips and scheming married in the beginning of next month to eyes, heard, well pleased, that Miss Alphouse Guildford Colandisk. Well, it's all broken off." And now it seemel as though tears were finding their way, and her bosom heaved, and her voice grew unsteady. "You know Uncle Jeremiah is dead," she sighed,
"I did not know it," responded Father

Fitzpatrick, "Go on." Well, he left me a large fortune, Patrick -only think, fifty thousand pounds -upon condition that I should conform, within one month, to the Church of England, and you know I couldn't do that."

"Of course not," returned her brother.
"Well, Patrick," she resumed, now fairly solbing, "Guildford was so disappointed, he declared off. I ought not to be so sorry, perhaps, for that; for I begin to think you were right when you said you did not like the match; and yet, I can't help saying I loved him. I did, indeed; for I had believed he was fond of me, and I thought we should have lived so happily. Now it is all ended-my silly dream. But what's perhaps worse is that Uncle Jeremiah did not leave aunts the usual stipend to keep me, and so I have to go.

" My poor, poor child, don't cry so." Father Fitzpatrick made soothing response, while his own downcaet eyes seemed absorbed

in deepest pondering.
"See, Alphonse, things may not be so dark as their aspect at first shows. In the first place, if he really love you. Colandisk, when the effervescence of his, I must say, unmanly temper has subsided, will return penitent to sue your forgiveness. If he do not, take it on faith that you have been deceived by his professions; that his love was balanced between you and Mammon, and that lucre preponderated. If such prove to be the case, no mount of congratulation can exaggerate the felicity of your escape from such an alliance. As to aunts, I'm sure, though I believe in their anger, they never will see the child they have reared for so long quit the shelter of their roof, or want for any necessary. You have only to bear with them till the storm

blow over and the sun shines out again. "I should have thought the same, Patrick," she said, "but they took care I should not be so mistaken. They said they could not keep me; that I should make out for my-self. Oh, Patrick, my faith in human hearts is all gone t"

"All gone ?" smiled the priest, with signiticant appeal.

Alphonse corrected herself : "No, I don't mean so; no day will come that shall see my trust in you shaken, Patrick. But I four me there are but few in which truth is a-I don't know that if Guildford came back now I could love him as once I did."

"But tell me this, Alphonse," resume I her brother, gravely, "let me understand you rightly—for though I know well, none should know better, how bigotry hardens the heart, and warps the human mind-I shall find it dittiat least cult to believe that our annts have actually denied you their support and protection. You abust have misunderstoed them; taken up too literally a sentence spekon in the heat of the moment which ought to be excused-is it not so? For though higotry may rank with avarice in its vile tendency to outrage all natural instincts, I shall not believe anything so monstrous of our relatives, that they could have fullen so low into the abyss."

"I fear they have, Patrick; there was a hard, uncompromising look in the face of Aunt Sophy when she told me I should shift for myself, that made me feel she meant it ; and you know they never say anything in a nassion which makes all the more inflexible what they do say. I do not think I could bring myself now to ask them for one night's shelter, or that I could endure again from them many things I have suffere I; because hope was before me then, and at least I was with them on an independent footing, not as I should henceforth be, an abject depend-

"And, my poor child, what do you mean not ask the question, if I knew how to help you," said Father Fitzpatrick, with deep pathos in his tone, while he cast, for the first time, a dissatisfied look around the four bare walls and scanty invoiture of his one poor room. Her swift perception saw what was passing in his mind; quickly she made response: "Oh, Patrick, don't concern yourself about me, I'll make it out ; there's nurse Lanigan I can go to for a night or two, if necessary. But more; you know I am a good performer on the harp and piano : I can play and sing well. Now, teachers in those accomplishments—good ones, are very scarce. I know aunts' friends, the Misses Hodgens, have been long seeking for a resident teacher, I will offer my self, and feel pretty sure I shall be accepted. "God direct and prosper you, dear. But tell me, how are you off for money?" he added, taking out his purse. "I have not yet broken your last present of three gui-ness:—yes, by-the-by, I forgot; I channed one to give five shillings to a poor widow, whose children were in the measles, and who

lost a week's work in consequence; but here is the remainder." Alphonse shook her head and finger at him in playful rebuke. "Very good, sir; this is the way money goes I intended for your own wants and confort. I'm afraid you'll have nenceforth to be more prudent in your expenditure, seeing the spring has ran dry."

He smiled. My wants are few and easily supplied, is; and you afforded me great comfort so long as you enabled me, by your generosity, to alleviate the wants of others. But won't you take this?"

"No, sir; I never resume a gift, I have enough for present requirements; but I wish you were in Dublin, near me, it would be such a

consolation "
"I know it would, Alphonse; but my place in the vineyard has been appointed here, and it is a labor of sorrow." He murmured, parenthetically, half aloud.

"Yes, it seems to be a poor place," she observed, putting on her gloves.

(To be continued.)

Itching Piles-Symptoms and Cure The symptoms are moisture, lke perspira-tion, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is may follow: Sw Al N.B. Other Held I a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch. Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers Rich, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases, Box by mail 50 cents; three for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggieta.

Cuba will try her hand at baseball this winter, importing some of the players from America. frod .

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Man drake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle. Do not suppose that because it is recom-

mended, for animals that Arnica & Oil Liniment is an offensive preparation. It will not stain clothing or the fairest skin. Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold. Thy greatness comes not from war's rage, Sweet Canada of ours. CHORUS :--Sweet Canada, sweet Canada, sweet Canada, Sweet Canada, sweet Canada of ours, Sweet, sweet Canada of ours.

SWEET CANADA OF OURS.

BY ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, OF HALIFAX.

Their sons their lance must backward cast, While ours shall look ahead;

An ocean laves thy eastern shore, An ocean on thy west: The breakers dash with harmless roar Against thy ro k-girt breast; Thus angry nations vain shall chafe, And threat our perceful bowers. Thy gallant sons shall guard thee safe, Sweet Canada of ours.

Let other nations sing the past,

No deeds of rapine stain our page,

Our path is hedged with flowers,

And ancient glories dead,

CHORUS:-Sweet Canada, etc. All nations girdled in thy belt, The sum of empire thou, The Gau and Saxon, Gael and Celt The Gau! and Saxon, Gaer and Gert
Weave wreaths to deck thy brow;
And thou, dear motherland, dost smile,
And hope glints on thy towers,
To hear from all these words meanwhile, Sweet Canada of ours. Chokus :- Sweet Canada, etc.

The charm of Spring some Empires boast, In Summer's light some shine; But Autumn of the world,—its host Of garnered fruit is thine; With thee shall end the human race, With thee earth's form and dowers, The failing sun shall gild thy face, Sweet Canada of ours. CHORUS :- Sweet Canada, etc.

Let other nations sing the past, And ancient glories dead, Their sons their glance must backward cast,
While ours shall look ahead; Republics rot, and Kingdoms fall, Time other States devours, Bet thou shelt spread Time's funeral pall, Sweet Canada of ours. CHORUS :- Sweet Canada, etc.

## THE IRISH NEWS AGENCY.

Under date of Oct. 18th, the Irish News Agency sends the following from London:-The absorption of the gentlemen associated with the Irish News Agency in the active work that has gone forward during the recess has compelled the suspension of its correspondence for some weeks. Eroni this week forward, the regular supply of a weekly letter will be resumed. The writers have not taken any notice of many attacks of which the communications of the Agency have been the object; and this course will be .per severed in unless the imperious demands of the public interest demand other action. It will be sufficient for the present to publish the following letter, which the Agency has received from the Irish leader; the document will be left entirely to speak for itself : -

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, 1 ept. 9th, 1881. To the Editors of the Irish Agency : Dear Sirs, -I take the opportunity of the approaching close of the second year's existence of your Agency to offer you my congratulations on the ability with which the work assigned to the Agency has been performed. Your letters have done

much to afford your readers an accurate representation of the views, objects, and policy of myself and the party to which I have the honor to belong; and have contributed considerably to the correct up which have come under my notice are
tributed considerably to the correct up which have complaint and general preciation of our movement at home, which I am glad to see exists among our friends and debility." am glad to see exists among our friends and sympathizers abroad. I am glad to learn that you intend to continue the Agency, as it fulfils a desirable and necessary function in maintaining a complete understanding and sympathy between the scattered peoples of th National cause.

Yours very truly, CHARLES S. PARNELL.

To turn to matters of general interest. A visit to Ireland shows the most gratifying signs of National political progress and conesion. It is a literal statement of the truth that never did Mr. Parnell and his colleagues stand higher-or perhaps so high in the con-tidence of all classes of National Irishmen. They have gradually worked themselves into the position of,—if the phrase be not pretentions,—Men of Destiny. That is to say, the feeling is universal that anything they say they will do, will be done; that what they set to destroy, will be destroyed; that thei words have an inevitable and irresistible power of self-fulfilment.
Small incidents will explain this feeling

better, perhaps, than those which find their way into the ordinary press. The paper that is looked for most eagerly every week by all the officials, large and small, of Dub-lin Castle is United Ireland. The striking ability with which the journal is writen ils not the only or perhaps the main reason why this is so; it is that every number is expected to throw new light on the dark places of that Inferno, and because there is the eagerness of fear or of jealousy-to see what doomed official is next to fall under the merciless guillotine of the pens of Mr. Wil-, In this country the degrees of heat and cold liam O'Brien and Mr. Healy. The sense of are not only various in the different seasons hideous insecurity which was noticed as one of the year, but often change from one extreme of last session has spread until panic is now ly away. Thus there was recently a va-cancy in the Prisons' Board, and at once an application was made for the place by one of the gentlemen who had made himself most useful to the Government, and most obnoxious to the people as a superintendent stipen-diary magistrate. His claim was supposed to be very strong. It was urged by himaelf with incessant importunity, it was backed by influential friends, and yet it was not successful; and for the simple reason that in the present potence of popular opinion in Ireland even Lord Spencer does not dare to elevate anybody associated actively with the working of the Crimes Act. Readers of the Irish papers are well aware that the Irish farmers have been continually calling out against the iniquity of the decisions of the Land Courts. Time has not delayed to confirm their words, and the confirmation is as complete as it is prompt. The extraordi-pary lowness of the price of cattle, and the still more extraordinary decrease in the price of wheat, have made it a harder year stamp. for the farmers than they have known for a long period. The result is universal dis-content. The farmers of England ought to be able to sympathize with their fellowtarmers in Ireland; for the state of agriculture is almost as bad. All the English newspapers call attention to the fact that there are thirty thousand acres lying idle in the county of Essex alone. The rents, in fact, in Ireland,

are still twenty-five per cent above what they

should be if the farmer is to live, and by that

the landlords by purchase from greedy duns

and importunate mortgagers.

## WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of wicky sline collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a feel of the stomach what the stomach was the stomach with the stomach was ough sets in at first dry, but after a few mantles it is attended with a greenish coloured expectora-tion. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with religitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspensia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seggel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community they live show in what estimation the article is

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield :-- I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrap and Pills. The sale

is increasing wonderfully.

tico. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have tastified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe' 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never knewn a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have

sold many grosses.
Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medihave always taken a great interest in your medizines and I have recommended them, as I have
found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas: Chappan, West Auckland: — I find
that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of
your medicine than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Olun, Salop:—All who buy it are
pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The
public seem to appreciate their great value.
[A. Armstend, Market Street, Dalton-in-Furass:—It is needless for me to say that your
caltuable medicines have great sale in this district.

saluable medicines have great sale in this district greater than any other I know of, giving great

intisfaction.

Robt. Laine, Melksham:—I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself. Friockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept. 23, 1882

Dear Sir. - Last vear I sent you a letter recom mending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing tostimeny to the very satisfactory results of the famed Symp and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale over since I commented, and is still in as a great de-mand as when I first began to sell the medicine.

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allo near friend of inline, who is very much addicted to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a had after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to suffering immanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are

no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.

A. J. White, Esq. 15th August, 1883. Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Honry 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 doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from

mo has saved his life.

Yours truly,

(Signed) N. Webb,

Mr. White, (Limited) 67 St. James Street,

Montreal.

Montreal. Wooden buttons are preferred by English tailors.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

Four thousand coal miners are on strike in Golorado.

of the prominent features of the closing days to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the customary feeling in official circles. The the perspiration, they must of course affect voice of public opinion has become once more the potent, and the awful and grave-like stillness which came over the country stillness which came over the country stifform heat to cold. Heat in the days of the full shambles rarifies the blood, quickens the circular of Green street, has passed complete, thou and increases the perspiration, but when tion and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive

There are about 5,000 patent chrrns in the market, and inventors are not through yet. Women with pale colorless faces who fee

weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Conting menus and guest cards is now quity we rage among New York society de-

Quantity and Quality. In the Dismond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c, at all druggists. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c

English noblemen now have the sails of their yachts embroidered in the style in favor among the Egyptians hundreds of years age. California expects olive oil to become one of her most valuable products in the near future.

If people troubled with colds would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both twenty-five per cent. the rents shall be re-duced before the tenants think of relieving singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the