

hands being drafted into the army to perish, as we have seen them, by thousands in the swamps of the Danube or among the mows of the Caucasus.

But the Jeremiah of Albany has more useful things to say. He laments that farms in Canada "are more productive than the farms of New York. The average yield of tall wheat in Canada in 1885 was 24½ bushels per acre against 13 bushels in New York State; of spring wheat in Canada 15 bushels on an average, and 11.4 in New York; and 22 in Ontario and 23 in New York; of oats 35.8 in Ontario and 33 in New York. Of \$1,830,000 worth of eggs exported from Canada in 1885 the United States took \$1,722,000. In the same year Canada exported horses to the United States to the value of \$1,226,000, while its exports of horses to England reached only \$6,424 in the aggregate. Canada's lumber exports to the United States in the same year were worth \$12,800,000. The Canadian farmer raises more hay to the acre than the American farmer and every year greater quantities of hay pass over the border into New York State. We have the same story about potatoes, apples, peas, barley, buckwheat, turnips and dairy products."

How sad! How very sad! This despised Canada of ours is more productive and better tilled than the country whose people look down upon us as Hypocrites with blue cold noses and wrinkled brows. But we are not through with this first-class advertisement of Canada by an unfriendly newspaper. It tells the world, to the confusion of Canadian opponents of unrestricted reciprocity, that "the United States furnishes the nearest and best market for Canadian farm products and New York is the nearest outlet for the largest quantity." Then, as if it were some national calamity to be mourned in sackcloth and ashes, the poor American is called upon to weep over the fact that in 1887 of Canada's exports of her own produce aggregating nearly \$31,000,000 the United States received over \$25,250,000. The Canadian farmer, we suppose, crossed over the border and put a blunderbuss to the ear of the American buyer and made him shell out for what he didn't want! "Figures," says the *Journal*, "for the past fifteen years show that the United States and Great Britain are practically the only two customers that Canada has. Yet England loves no duties on Canadian products and offers to take all that Canada can export. Trade comes to the United States because prices are remunerative here and because the States offer a more convenient market."

Thanks, awfully. When we want arguments wherewith to convince Anti-Reciprocityites we will apply to the *Albany Journal*. But there are more good things to be quoted. "In 1887 all the eggs, gypsum, iron ore, salt, stone, marble and barley that Canada exported came to the United States, and the aggregate was enormous. During the same year the values of other importations were as follows: Lumber nearly \$10,000,000, wool \$1,300,000, hay \$670,000, potatoes \$328,000, vegetables \$75,000, miscellaneous agricultural products \$249,000, hides \$313,000, coal \$494,000, poultry \$99,000. In the same year 45,000 head of cattle, 363,000 sheep and 16,225 horses were brought into the United States and sold by their Canadian owners at a profit after the duty was paid."

Well, now. Isn't that too bad? In spite of tariff barriers, and all the carefully devised means for keeping the crafty Kanuck out of the States, he manages to get in and sell his garden nose! The huge absurdity of the *Journal's* article, however, proves either that the writer is a fool or that he imagines his readers to be fools. We take great pleasure, nevertheless, in commending the foregoing extracts to the careful, candid reflection of Canadian opponents of unrestricted reciprocity.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Nobody expects that the commission appointed to investigate the charges of the *Times* against Mr. Parnell will perform its duties with perfect fairness. The terms of the Act are so arranged that the judges may carry out the intentions of the Government, which has all along acted in collusion with the newspaper. The political history of Ireland contains many instances of injustice, cruelty and fraud, but there is no parallel in it for the thorough-going vindictiveness with which the Irish leader has been assailed. So gross does this appear that the old saying about British fair play has come to mean the fullest measure of injustice possible to brute force. Who can doubt if the enemies of Mr. Parnell were in possession of the proofs of his complicity in crime, which they boast they have, that they would not let the law in motion against him? It is because they know that their alleged proofs amount at best to forgeries that they have appointed a commission to rove about the earth in search of evidence to avenge their charges.

To read the Irish people to the commission of crime has frequently been the deliberate policy of more than one English minister. Every page of the long, gloomy history of the hereditary conflict shows how the leaders have striven to thwart that policy, for they know only too well that crime was precisely what the Government desired as an excuse for its tyranny. But more than any former leader of the Irish people, Mr. Parnell was anxious to prevent giving that excuse. Having devoted his life to the great object of securing justice and freedom for his native land, and being endowed with rare qualities of statesmanship, it would be strange, indeed, were he to ally himself with assassins and thus adopt the most effectual means of ruining his cause and blighting his own name with everlasting infamy. This is incredible.

But, unfairly constituted as the commission undoubtedly is, the Irish party will make the best of it. The alacrity with which Mr. Egan came forward with papers and his willingness to tell all he knows is a good indication of the spirit in which the investigation will be conducted by those whom the *Times* has so outrageously maligned. Be the result what may, we are quite convinced that the commission must fail in the object for which it was de-

signed. For it is well-known that had Mr. Parnell shown the faintest leaning towards the party of physical force, there would be a different story told to-day. It was because he steadfastly set his face against the use of all except constitutional means, that Mr. Parnell kept the Irish people quiet under the most terrible exasperations. And it was the general acquiescence of the Irishmen of America in that policy which has given the British Government so little cause for its cold-blooded and brutal policy. All men now recognize that Home Rule is the great burning question in English politics, and that its accomplishment is not sure to be attained as soon as the people have an opportunity of expressing their will at the polls. We would not do the British nation the injustice to suppose that it approves the policy of Balfour. Moreover, it is plainly seen by all Englishmen that this eternal Irish difficulty can never be settled on the Tory plan. Mr. Gladstone has touched the heart and roused the conscience of England, and the end cannot be far off.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL TROUBLE.

A correspondent of the *Halifax Chronicle* gives a concise explanation of the Boston school trouble, which is causing so much excitement just now. It appears that a school teacher, named Travis, undertook to explain to his pupils what was the historical meaning of "indulgences." The school was attended by both Catholics and Protestants, and he based his explanations on a passage in a school book "Swinton's Outlines." The parents of the Catholic children complained of his interpretation, and the school board, seeing the justice of the complaint, removed Mr. Travis to another school, and withdrew the obnoxious book from the classes. Mr. Travis was charged with having taught his Catholic scholars that an indulgence is a license to commit sin, and could be purchased as such from a priest for money.

It was quite natural that Catholic parents should object to their children being subjected to this sort of teaching, but in spite of their protests, Mr. Travis continued his objectionable teaching. A majority of the school board are Protestants, several ministers being members of it, among others the Rev. Dr. Duryea, a distinguished divine, who advocated the rights of Catholics. The committee heard both parties, and decided that Mr. Travis was not warranted in construing the passage as he did, and that he should for the future cease doing so. Notwithstanding this prohibition, Mr. Travis continued his instructions, contending that he could not consistently do otherwise so long as "Swinton's Outlines" was prescribed as a text book. Objections were then taken to the book itself, and many authorities, both for and against its use, were cited and quoted. Among those against it was Professor Fisher, of Yale College, a Protestant, who denied absolutely the truth of Swinton's statement respecting indulgences. The book was finally withdrawn by the school committee and Mr. Travis transferred to another sphere of usefulness, at a largely increased salary.

It will thus be seen that there was no reason for the wild outcry against Catholics. They were simply granted a just claim for correct teaching in the interest of historical truth.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. G. Desbarats & Son, Montreal.

Among the photographic reproductions of scenery, special mention must be made of "View from the Bow River Pass above Banff," as combining the fidelity of a photograph with all the delicacy of a finished engraving. Otto Weber's "Greedy Calves" is the European work of art presented with this number. The Canadian statesmen portrayed are Hon. Meers, Smith, Royal, McLean and Howland. "Bass Fishing on the Chateauguay," by R. Norris, R.C.A.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW for July contains several able contributions. Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J., writes an elaborate and pointed criticism of Mr. H. C. Lea's recent "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages." The intimate relations between Art and Religion form the subject of a fine essay by Mr. Peter L. Foy. "Johannes Janzen, Germany's Greatest Historian," is from the pen of Mr. John A. Mooney, who reviews the life and works of the great Catholic historian of the so-called Reformation. A comparison between Christianity and Buddhism is instituted by the Rev. R. Parsons, D.D., where the author examines the relative merits of both religions, and establishes the superiority of the former. "Twenty-four Years in Buenos Ayres," by M. A. C.; "Education, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. F. J. Clarke, S.J.; "The Battle of Antichrist in France," by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D.; "L. D. Laval," are sure to be perused with interest by all. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the historian, in an article upon "The New Penal Code in Italy," severely condemns the course pursued by the present Italian Government towards the Papacy. Prof. Thomas Dwight, M.D., describes forcibly "The Attack upon the Church of England by the Unitarians." The Concord School of Philosophy finds a keen critic in Dr. Condé Benoist Pallen. Besides the above, there are the usual book notices and comments. Publishers, Philadelphia: Hardy & Mahony; Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

BROTHER ARNOLD OF MONTREAL, IN IRELAND.

(From the *Dublin Freeman*.)

Brother Arnold Frewen, the Superior of the Christian Brothers of St. Anne's parish, Montreal, arrived in Dublin on July 18, setting foot on Irish soil for the first time after an exile of 39 years. Every prominent Irishman who has visited Canada—Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Denis Kilbride and Sir Thos. Edmond—has made the acquaintance of Brother Arnold, and has carried away the pleasantest memories of the visit. Brother Arnold, who is a Tipperary man, and uncle to Father Innocent Ryan, of Thurles, joined the Christian Brothers, 35 years ago in New York. Shortly after he was transferred to Toronto, where after doing battle for his faith and his country for some years he was sent to Montreal. The incidents of his earlier years in Montreal are most creditable to the staunchness of his love for Ireland. Brother Arnold persevered, he got together a successful school in the city, and his work prospered, until to-day he has a home to which he welcomes every politician who is sound on the Home Rule question, and a school which vies with the most richly-endowed in the land in the character of the education which it imparts. Some weeks ago he was summoned to France in connection with some official duties, and sailed from New York for Havre in the *Le Normandie*. On Tuesday, on his way to Ireland, he visited the establishment of the Christian Brothers at Manchester, and is loud in his praise of the style of boys he saw there, and of the discipline to which they are subjected. He reached Kingsdown on July 20, and his first visit was paid to the parish house at Clontarf. He afterwards visited Glasnevin, and the obsequies of the late Mr. O'Connell, round the cemetery to O'Connell's tomb and a number of other resting places

of the historic dead. Brother Arnold declared that he has nowhere seen a cemetery more beautifully kept, or one in which the monuments are in better taste. Returning from Glasnevin he met Mr. Michael Davitt, who was his guest in Montreal. The meeting was a surprise and a pleasure to both, and some time was spent in the discussion of the various subjects which the Irish people are so anxious to see Thurlow to visit his nephew. Speaking to a representative of the *Freeman's Journal*, Brother Arnold said that a recent law had been adopted in France by which a large number of the younger members of the Christian Brothers' Institute would be drafted into the various regiments as conscripts. This would also affect other religious orders, and he apprehended the worst results to religion from this monstrous and impious step. Of Canadian prospects he spoke in the warmest terms. He believed the visits of Irish leaders, notably of Messrs. Parnell, Davitt and O'Brien, together the Irish and the French peoples. In the province of Quebec the Irish cause had gained numerous adherents, in fact the people were almost of one way of thinking, and in the province of Ontario the bitter feeling of the colonists from Ulster had been very much softened by reason of the visit of the Irish leaders. He had noticed a very curious incident. Along one side of a road for some miles the people were all from Kerry, while along the other side they were all from Clare. Many private emigration schemes had turned out badly, and he was most emphatic on the point that no Catholic girls should be sent out to America except under proper guardianship. Every young Irishman who comes out to him with a proper recommendation he would endeavor to put in the way of earning a living for himself, and a promise like this from Brother Arnold means performance. He left Ireland for New York on August 2.

MURDERED BY HER SPOUSE.

Caughnawaga Aroused Over an Intoxicated Indian's Rash Act.

Wine and Jealousy Turn the Brain of a well-known Resident of the Reserve and a Murder is the Result.

Caughnawaga was in a wild state of excitement at the news of a tragedy which has never been equalled in the history of that peaceable reservation. The idea that one of the dusky residents could be so cold-blooded as to foully murder his own spouse never occurred to even strangers to the locality, yet this horrible fact has to be chronicled to-day. Ignace S. Jacobs is the name of a well-known Indian, married Lizzie Monique, aged 18, the daughter of a former resident of Caughnawaga.

For some weeks past Jacobs has indulged too liberally in fire-water, and yesterday afternoon crossed to Lacine, where he procured more liquor. At six o'clock the same evening he returned to his residence, losing no time in reaching his residence. His wife awaited him and when he told her that he was going away she paid little attention to him, knowing that he was under the influence of liquor. He, however, went to his room, where he packed up his clothes, leaving shortly after. About a half-past nine he was seen leaving the house and with her was her young sister, named Isidie, and a child three years old.

As soon as the door was opened Jacobs rushed into the room where his wife was, and struck her in the throat with a knife and also on the head with a blunt instrument. She tried to defend herself, and in doing so had her hands badly cut.

The little girl caught hold of him and tried to push him aside, but he seized her and attempted to stab her also. He then left saying "the devil take this house." Once outside, he secured a stone on the roadway and threw it into the house, where he was lying on the bed. The child informed the neighbors, who were asleep at the time, and they quickly rushed in and found the woman dead.

After leaving the house the murderer went to the village to see his aunt, who lives about 10 miles distant. He said—Lenny, I have done a bad thing and am going away. He has not been seen since. Constable Lefort was notified and is now scouring the country.

The place where the murderer lived was a log cabin containing two rooms. The cause of the crime is said to have been jealousy. The man Jacobs belongs to one of the most respectable families of the reserve and always bore a good reputation. About 4 months ago he joined Forepaugh's circus, but soon tired of that life and returned to Canada and his wife and friends. The murdered woman is said to have been poor at the time he married her, and it is alleged that the cause of her husband's jealousy was a false suspicion of her faithfulness while he was connected with the circus combination.

It is further reported that he frequently threatened to take his wife's life. The only witness in the present case is said to be a girl 15 years of age, who can neither speak French nor English.

The relatives of the murdered woman reside in the Valley of the St. Lawrence.

The coroner has been notified of the sad occurrence, and will hold an inquest likely to-morrow.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

A Post reporter who visited the scene of the terrible tragedy yesterday obtained the true version of the sad occurrence from the lips of Ignace S. Jacobs. He is a girl of about 12, well-built for her age, with a dark complexion, dark hair and very dark, piercing eyes—an unusually beautiful Indian countenance. She was clad in black and carried the indispensable shawl, over her head and many an older person would not have acted as bravely as she did in the terrible crisis. "About five o'clock in the afternoon," she said, "Ignace went out of the house. He had been scolding my sister Marguerite and he used to do so very often. At seven o'clock in the evening he returned again and after staying in the house a little while he grumbled again and shortly after went out saying to us to look the door that he would not be back again that night. After he was gone we did look the door. We lit a lamp and remained up until after half-past nine o'clock. Beside Marguerite and myself there was also my sister Marie, who was a few years older than I. She was a very beautiful Indian girl, and she was also a very good girl. Marguerite lay on her bed then and I was preparing to go to bed when we heard

A NOISE AT THE DOOR.

but only a very faint one, as if some one was trying to get in unawares. Marguerite told me to go and see who it was, and I did, carrying the lamp in my hand. When I opened the door I saw it was Ignace. He looked very mad and had a bad eye. He frightened me. I was astonished to see him as he said he was not coming back. He walked right through the door and came in. I did not see anything in his hand, but I followed him, and in a moment I saw him strike at my sister, who was lying in her bed, with his right hand. She screamed and I laid the lamp down and ran to help her. I pulled at Ignace's coat and told him to stop, but he continued to strike. Marguerite tried to rise in the bed, but he knocked her down, and I soon saw

BLOOD ON HER NECK AND HANDS.

In less than a minute she fell back, and he turned away saying in a strong voice, "The devil take this house." I was so much frightened that I hardly knew what to do. Ignace then came out of the

room, and taking his clothes, walked out, saying: "The devil take this house. I will never come back again." (In Indian). He had hardly gone out when he threw a big stone through the window and it struck Marguerite on the bed. I then ran out; it was very dark; it must have been near eleven o'clock; all the neighbors were sleeping and I could not then see Ignace. I went to the door of the other side of the street, but when they came in my sister was just dying; she did not speak after Ignace struck her; Ignace had often scolded her for nothing."

THE MURDERER.

Ignace, alias Angus, Jacobs, the murderer, bears the Indian name of Ignace Skabata and belongs to one of the best Indian families of Caughnawaga. His ancestors have been settled there for a century past, and the family are well known in the village. He was considered to be a very good-looking man, and he himself is allied with all the leading Indian families of the village. At an early age, he received a liberal education, and afterwards spent some years at St. John's and Brantford colleges, where he secured a good education in French and English. It was his family's intention that he should become

A PROFESSIONAL MAN, but when the boy came out of college he was wild and roaming, and nothing could be made of him. He was known as a sport, and was especially fond of having his photographs taken, the present cut being made from one he had taken last year. He was dressed to perfection, and indulged a great deal in rowing, sailing and lacrosse, having played in the Caughnawaga team on several occasions in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other Canadian cities. He is now in his 22nd year. Two years ago he married poor Marguerite Monique, whose Indian name is Karontekak, a girl of about 18 years of age. He was a very good-looking man, and he himself is allied with all the leading Indian families of the village. At an early age, he received a liberal education, and afterwards spent some years at St. John's and Brantford colleges, where he secured a good education in French and English. It was his family's intention that he should become

from some of his relatives to which he was entitled, though his parents, it is claimed, always treated him as a son. At the time of his marriage he received his bride-price, and for a time all went well. They lived together at his father's house, John Monique. She was in her sixteenth year, and was considered a good-looking half-breed. Their union was blessed with an offspring, who died, however, shortly after birth. She was a very good girl, and her mother went to work in the woods and her mother went west to peddle beadwork, so that they were both absent at the time of the tragedy.

THE ONLY MOTIVE that can be imagined for the crime is jealousy, but this, from all accounts, was altogether unfounded. The representative of this journal spoke to dozens of the best people in the place who saw her every day, and they all unanimously gave her the character of a virtuous, hard-working and loving wife. That she was loved by her husband was proved by the way in which her home was kept. Everything was clean and tidy, and it is a well-known fact that for some time ago she kept the house together, receiving very little aid from her husband. When Jacobs had gone through his money he went to work as a laborer at the Dominion Bridge works at Lacine, but shortly after met with an accident in having one of his legs broken. He was laid up for some time at the General Hospital, and when he came out he walked around with a cane, and this gave him an excuse for doing very little. Some months ago he went west and was not seen since.

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IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH. The house where the murder was committed stands some ten acres to the east of the Caughnawaga church, and is a small, one-story house, built of log and painted white. It is a long house, painted white, two stories high. It stands in line with the street and is surrounded by Indian dwellings on all sides. The entrance is by the east side. The first compartment is used as a kitchen, dining and sitting room, and gives evidence of moderate comfort. The next compartment is the sleeping room, where the murder was committed. It is about 12 ft. by 10 ft. and with a window on each side. The bed on which the woman was killed stood alongside the street window, on which hung a neat white lace curtain, evidently the work of the deceased. On the outside of the house is a small porch, and all around hang holy pictures and other religious representations of an Indian lacrosse team, on which the murderer occupies a prominent place. When the Post reporter entered the house with Constable Lefort, the only representative of the law in the famed Indian village, he found the scene of the tragedy. There were a dozen or more of them in the room. The inanimate form of what had been a healthy young woman lay on an improvised couch, all dressed in scrupulously white material. The face was swollen and bore traces of suffering, though comparatively white. On the outside of the house is a small porch, and all around hang holy pictures and other religious representations of an Indian lacrosse team, on which the murderer occupies a prominent place. When the Post reporter entered the house with Constable Lefort, the only representative of the law in the famed Indian village, he found the scene of the tragedy. There were a dozen or more of them in the room. The inanimate form of what had been a healthy young woman lay on an improvised couch, all dressed in scrupulously white material. 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