

room door, which had been the cause of her waking.

"Colonel Bainbridge," she said, quickly, "there is some one knocking at the door."

Her husband did not answer, and she went to where, flushed and warm, with one arm beneath his head, he lay beside her, fast in a deep sleep.

"How handsome he appeared—better than handsome—how manly, how powerful, how noble—his eyes and forehead had smoothed away the lines of thought which impressed his brow by day; his face was tranquil and placid as a boy's, and his huge muscular limbs were stretched out in perfect rest."

"What a Goliath!" thought Lady Ethel, as she regarded him; and yet a proud feeling of possession ran through her, as she laid her little hand upon his broad shoulder. He started but a moment—that feeling—though it endured to all eternity!

"Colonel Bainbridge!" she repeated, with a vehement pinch as her fingers could accomplish, "there is some one at the door!"

"Is there, my darling?" he replied, as with sudden movement he jumped out of bed, threw on his dressing-gown, and turned the key in the lock.

"What do you want?" he demanded of the servant who was waiting there.

"A telegram, if you please, sir; I thought that to bring it up to you, in case it should be of importance."

"Yes, of course—all right. Thank you." And without stopping for further inquiry, Colonel Bainbridge closed the door, and talking to one of the windows, pulled up the blind and tore open the official envelope.

As he did so, there rushed back upon the mind of Lady Ethel, who was still sitting up in bed, all the circumstances of the previous evening; the telegram which she had destroyed; the buzz of admiration which had greeted her entrance to Lady Clevedon's drawing-room; and then the Marquis, with his sad reproachful eyes, and his assurance that he had not, and never had had, the least intention of marrying her step-mother—of marrying anyone except herself, whom, by luck or treachery, he had lost.

And as all this came back to Lady Ethel's memory, she sank down in her pillow with a deep-drawn sigh. She had just remembered that her heart and the heart of Victor de Lacarras were both broken, and that there existed no happiness in this world for either of them again.

The reception of his telegram seemed great to disturb Colonel Bainbridge, for he read more than once, and had his wife beside him, she would have seen his hand tremble.

"There must be some mistake here!" were the first words he uttered, as he violently flung the bell.

"What is it about?" said Lady Ethel, with affected languor, though naturally she guessed the news it must contain.

"My poor father is ill—dangerously ill. I doubt if I shall ever see him again alive," he replied, in a broken voice; and then, as the servant's knock resounded on the door, he sat at the question—

"When did this telegram arrive?"

"Now, sir, was ten minutes ago; I brought it directly."

"But it is the second that has been sent me; at least it says so. Have you seen anything of another?"

"Not since last night, sir."

"What do you mean by 'last night'?"

"The telegram that came for you, sir, I just before you started. You were not at home, so I took it up to her ladyship's room."

"Ethel! did you receive it?" he asked, quickly appealing to his wife, but she had turned away her face from observation.

"Oh, yes, sir," interposed the woman, who seemed to incur blame from the transaction.

"I gave it into her ladyship's own hands myself."

"You did no such thing," replied Lady Ethel, tartly, "you put it in the table."

"That will do," said Colonel Bainbridge, who there was something wrong. "Tell James to take the Bradshaw into my dressing-room at once, and look out my things for travelling. I shall start for the north as soon as it is possible to do so," and then he shut the door again, and came round to the other side of the bed.

"Ethel! where is that telegram? and why did you not give it to me?"

His voice was firm and decided; it had lost all the winning sweetness with which he usually coaxed her to do a thing; it was a voice not to be trifled with; and his wife chose to resent the tone he had assumed.

"I'm sure I can't tell you where it is; in the dust-hole I conclude, as I put it on the fire; and I didn't give it to you, because if I had done so it would have prevented our going to Lady Clevedon's." Her nonchalant manner roused his ire.

"But do you know what it contained?" he said, indignantly.

"Of course I do; I read it!" Colonel Bainbridge took a step backward.

"You read it!"—and then his father was dangerously ill—that my immediate presence was required at Cranshaw's—and burned the message? Ethel! how dared you?"

His voice was more than firm now; it was stern, and she shrank before it; but she was true to her feminine nature—that unworthy little nature that, knowing its impotency is its safeguard in the hands of a generous man, will claw, and spit, and hiss like a cat when beyond reach, sooner than say one word that shall acknowledge it is in the wrong.

And, with the falsehoods of Victor de Lacarras ringing in her ears, Lady Ethel had made herself up to that pitch of self-commission which makes every rebuke, however well deserved, assume the appearance of injustice.

"Dare!" she exclaimed, springing up in bed, "I dare everything; I would burn it over again to-morrow if I thought fit to do so. It is you who dare too much in speaking in this way to me."

"Come! come! I am not going to have any nonsense of this sort," replied Colonel Bainbridge. "If you were aware of the contents of the telegram, you did a very cruel act in destroying it, and one which may never be repaired. My father will most likely be dead before I reach Cranshaw's."

"She was a little shocked at the idea of what she had done then, but she carried it off with a high hand."

"It's not my fault!" she murmured. "If they had made themselves a little more agreeable to me whilst I was under their roof, might have felt better disposed to give up my amusement to satisfy their whims."

"Whims! you call it a whim in a dying man to wish to see his only child again?"

"How could I tell he was dying?"

"You knew that he was seriously ill—and that he wanted to see me; and you were unwilling to relinquish a few hours' pleasure for the sake of permitting a father and son to meet for the last time upon earth. You are heartless—cruel—unwomanly! Ethel! I thought better of you!" and sitting down upon the nearest chair, Colonel Bainbridge covered his face with his hands.

The action, instead of softening, seemed to irritate her.

"Who told you to think better?" she demanded, sharply; "and what have you ever seen in my behavior to lead you to suppose that I was so particularly interested in your father's feelings, or your own?"

"Nothing—God knows," he answered, bitterly; "your conduct whilst at Cranshaw's was a source of the greatest pain to me; but since you are my wife, and my father has become yours, a sense of duty might!"

But his speech was interrupted by her shrill laugh.

"Duty! Is it not sufficient that I should have consented to marry you, without being called upon to show filial duty towards a man who—"

Colonel Bainbridge rose from his seat with a lowering brow.

"Have a care, Ethel! You had better be cautious what you say to me just now!"

"Oh! you don't frighten me, I assure you. No one could have behaved more rashly to me than your father did."

"No one could have taken your rudeness to him and my poor mother in a spirit of greater patience and charity."

"That is your opinion, perhaps. If I say I did you enough honor by accepting the offer of your hand, without being expected to adopt all your relations into the bargain. And if I had known—if I had known—"

growing suspiciously hysterical.

"If you had known what?" he asked, sternly. "Do you mean to insinuate, Ethel, that you were aware, before our marriage, that my family was not on an equality with your own?"

"Oh, yes! I know that too well."

"What then? Have I been fool enough to marry a woman who does not care for me?"

"I should think you might have answered that question for yourself. You have received ample proofs of the truth," she said scornfully.

"Perhaps you will go further, and inform me that you care for some one else."

"And what if I did?"

He did not answer her; but he advanced to the bedside, and Lady Ethel saw that every one of his strong limbs was shaking.

"Are you insinuating the truth to me—or is it?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"She was frightened at his manner; she knew that she had gone too far; and yet, with a bravado which the weakest of her sex is at times familiar, she threw the apple of discord in his face.

"The truth—of course! How dare you accuse me of anything else! What motive on earth do you suppose should have induced me—me, the daughter of earls, and connected on every side with the purest blood in England—to lower myself by marrying into the family of a tradesman—yes! you need not look at me in that way, for you know perfectly well that your father was nothing but a tradesman—unless there had been some reason—some deep and miserable reason," was a sob, "that I should try to forget you, I was, or that I had ever been; and Lady Ethel buried her face in her hands."

"And the deep and miserable reason, madam; I am waiting for that," he said.

"My heart was broken," murmured his wife in a burst of tears; "my life was wasted; I had lost everything, I cared for in this world; or rather I thought that I had lost it."

"And the fragments were good enough for a tradesman's son," replied her husband. "I am vastly indebted to you for your confession, Lady Ethel. One word more and I have done. What is the name of the man in the face of whose loss, real or supposed, you were pleased to throw yourself away upon me?"

"I shall not tell you," she said, quickly. She already regretted, though she little foresaw the effects of the folly into which she had been betrayed.

"But I intend to hear it," was the decisive reply; and as he spoke Colonel Bainbridge took her two hands prisoner in his, and forced her to look him in the face.

"My heart was broken," murmured his wife in a burst of tears; "my life was wasted; I had lost everything, I cared for in this world; or rather I thought that I had lost it."

"I shall not detain you long!" he said, solemnly. "You have but to speak the word, and you are free. What is his name?"

The influence of his glance subdued her even more than the powerful grasp of his hands.

"You know it," she answered sullenly. "Victor de Lacarras!"

"And you care for him?"

She made no reply, but her eyes flashed up at him indignantly, and were cast down again.

"And married me because you could not marry him?" continued Colonel Bainbridge.

"Yes!" with a desperate effort to get free; "if you will have the truth and nothing but the truth, there it is for you."

He let her go as she spoke; and she twisted away from him, and buried her head in her pillow.

"But once more his hands—those kind, strong hands that had never handled her before but with the tenderest, gentlest touch—came about her face, and turned it to confront his own.

"Turned it to meet two hungry, despairing eyes, the gaze of which haunted her for many a lonely day and night succeeding and a sad drawn mouth which seemed to ask what he had done to be requited by such treachery.

He looked at her, perhaps for a full minute, which appeared to her guilty conscience like an hour; and then he dropped his hands, turned suddenly away, and left the room.

The iron had entered into his very soul.

As he gained his dressing-room, he was greeted by the intelligence that there was no train by which he could travel north, before eight o'clock in the evening.

"Very good!" he replied, with easy indifference; "then there is no hurry. Pack my portmanteau, and meet me with it at the King's Cross Station at a quarter to eight."

And having dismissed his valet, Colonel Bainbridge dressed himself, and left the house before Lady Ethel had appeared downstairs.

(To be continued.)

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and to take.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, July 12th.—Hibernophiles, like the writers in the *Age* and the *Standard*, bring to their work a very incomplete intellectual equipment, and they are defective in the most important of their faculties, reading and observation. Were I writing on the other side of the question I fancy, without egotism, that I could do better than they. Indeed, I should feel ashamed of wasting my opportunities if I did not. Anybody can see that they have been given a cue to their writing, but it is equally plain that they are only following the broad outlines. Their copy is the copy-shovel and pink-eye style of political writing which they write. If I were making a mistake, for I am sure I am, I would say that the writers of the *Age* and the *Standard* are the only ones who are not misled by the editorial utterances. They point out how much more a gentlemanly subject might be handled, something as an interested on-looker at a game can see further and detect errors quicker than the players. Thus it appears to me that Sir John Macdonald's defiant attitude towards the French Canadian and the Irish.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS AND THE IRISH

is directed by a subtle understanding of party feeling, which his address in the press does not show. At first sight it would appear a very unwise proceeding on the part of a political leader to immit the prejudices and challenge the animosity of two such powerful factors in politics as the French and the Irish. Yet he must have done so advisedly after weighing the consequences, for the *Age* and the *Standard*, which are the only papers which are not misled by the thought, have censured their anti-French and anti-Irish policy uncheckedly. It is natural to credit the Premier with a desire to a real date his party and perpetuate his power. How then can the line of conduct he has adopted, which appears to be the element of party division, be the result of a real date his party and perpetuate his power. How then can the line of conduct he has adopted, which appears to be the element of party division, be the result of a real date his party and perpetuate his power.

But all experience of his and his methods forbids such an assumption. The answer, as I apprehend, is to be found in another direction. He relies upon abnormal conditions in the body politic, which he has inherited, and which he alone can measure. He does not understand the strength of national feeling, nor the resentment which names of men entertain when their prejudices are insulted. He knows well that the French in a body and the Irish in a body are deeply offended with him, and that, under the unbridled sway of resentment, they are ready to do anything to get rid of him. He has calculated that the French and the Irish, as they now stand factors in the game of politics, the national sentiment is remote as a moving power compared to these influences which he is prepared to bring to bear on the individuals composing the masses.

PARTY DISCIPLINE AND PERSONAL BENEVOLENCE

are his means and potent agencies. Even if we credit him with the statesmanlike project of breaking down the national barriers and welding the people of the Dominion into one homogeneous body, he has no violence in this diagnosing his methods. In this, as in some other things, it may be held by him that the end justifies the means. But there is a reflex result of his policy on which, it appears to me, he also calculates. He relies upon that strong religious bias against Catholics—French Catholics, and the Scotch Grits, and which he knows to be a powerful sentiment in that curious development of Whiggery which goes by the name of Toryism in Canada. Thus he reckons that his defiance of the French and his insults to the Irish will consolidate what we may designate, for want of a better term, Loyalist elements, and disperse all the other party distinctions among the English speaking people. Were the people he hopes to entrap in this way amenable to the influences of prejudice as he evidently believes he would not be far astray in the expectation of

SWEETING ONTARIO,

with the aid, of course, of the gerrymander and the Franchise Act. But are they so amenable? I think not; though I hear it sometimes said that Sir John will carry as many seats in Ontario as the Tories can hold in the whole of Quebec. It would be the part of wisdom for the Opposition leaders to closely scrutinize this matter, for if Sir John's calculations be based on correct estimates, Mr. Blake has played, and is playing, into his hands a low deposit in his power over the native leaders of action and factions in the Cabinet, in Parliament and in the Tory party outside, even in the provincial assemblies, where he has made them perform the most grotesque, humiliating, and unbecoming parts. As he has done in the past, he assumes, not unjustly, he may do in the future, and by the old methods. As the head of the Government and dispenser of all good in Ontario, honor and disrepute, he will do with implacable persistency on the impious assumption of

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTE,

applied to the Here and Now.—He who believes in me shall be saved, who believes not shall be damned." With infinite faith in himself and boundless contempt for the people he sets whole classes at defiance in the mass, and in cynical coolness, proceeds to bludgeon in detail. He panders to the low prejudice where it is strongly individualized, unreasonable, easily excited; he defies a higher prejudice when it is less strongly individualized, nobly reasonable, but open to counteraction. While Mr. Blake is appealing to the popular sense of justice and right on the highest grounds of public morality, Sir John Macdonald appeals to the pocket. The odious system of wholesale corruption by railway and other subsidies is eloquently exposed by the Opposition leader, the Premier replies by inviting all who want subsidies to apply to him. Of course he has no intention of giving everybody or anybody except his particular friends a subsidy, but he counts on the cupidity of individuals and the self-interest of communities. He knows that lofty considerations of abstract justice will not stand a moment before the practical influence of promoting a railway in a region that wants one. It may be shown that such enterprises are delayed instead of being advanced by politicians seeking

"BOODLE FOR THE BOY,"

as in the cases of the North-West Central Railway and the Gattineau Valley Railway, but the main point is to get the grant. The effect is to corrupt and paralyze whole communities, and to paralyze private enterprise. It gives the Government enormous and dangerous power and sanctifies plunder under paternal auspices. Ultimately it is an injury instead of a benefit to the sections concerned, and places a master over them when they should be a servant. It is a source of overflowing treasury this extravagant policy might possibly be maintained for a time as it has been, but anyone can now see that with an empty treasury, a huge deficit, hard times and business depression, Sir John's policy is a delusion and a snare. People ought to know by this time the hollowness of his promises and refuse to condone evil in the hope of securing advantages for themselves. A policy so utterly bad is certain to result in disaster. But if it should be pursued, it will be the duty of both the French and the Irish to let Sir John have his way, but to pursue him to the hilt. Let them not permit him to enjoy the satisfaction of saying afterwards a barefaced lie with that cynical candor peculiar to him at certain times, that they knew how to pocket an affront. Reactions always follow eras of extravagance and the longer they are delayed the further they must go and the more they must be delayed.

Yesterday afternoon an immense concourse of people filled the Basilica to witness the pre-

sentation of an address to Mgr. Duhamel on the occasion of his elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity. The address was read in English by Hon. K. W. Scott, and in French by Dr. McPherson.

The Archbishop-elect smiled, dwelling upon the necessity of union among Catholics. Union, he said, was the inflexible source of strength, and he pointed with pleasure to the union which had always existed among the diverse elements of his flock without any distinction as to nationality. The Church is universal, and such also should be the children.

The Archbishop was afterwards accompanied to Hall by a long procession of carriages, where a similar demonstration and ceremony took place. His Grace used, for the first time, a splendid new carriage, the gift of his flock, which will be formally presented to him with a pair of horses and harness at a later date.

His Grace was the recipient of a magnificent donation of five hundred dollars, the gift of Mr. George Collins of this city, and brother of Rev. J. J. Collins, M.P., of Mount St. Patrick.

OTTAWA, July 12.—Sir John Macdonald started on his trip to British Columbia over the Canadian Pacific Railway last Saturday. Papers supporting the Ministry are rejoicing over the event, and point to the completion of the route as the end of the wonderful energy and statesmanship of the Government. Admitting that this is an extraordinary triumph in railroading we must not forget that the company had their own funds, all the money and land they required, or chose to demand, and all the rights and privileges that could be conceded to secure them from loss or competition. The road is in reality created wholly out of the crude and acquired capital of the country. The company, it must be admitted, has displayed remarkable ability, energy and management, and so far deserves all success, but we should take care that it does not become

POLITICAL EXERCISE

and undertake to run the Government. A retrospect of the last forty years shows that Sir John Macdonald has unceasingly and successfully used the Grand Trunk, the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific railways as means for keeping himself in power. The projection, construction and management of each of these vast undertakings were marked with the most unscrupulous and unscrupulous methods of political corruption, and the history of the country. When the first railway projected in Canada—the Montreal and Kingston—was developed into the Grand Trunk, the late Hon. Isaac Buchanan declared that "railways would be the politics of Canada hereafter." Time has proved the truth of the remark. Not only the great lines mentioned, but innumerable others have been manipulated for political purposes and made to subserv the needs of the Tory leader who made the most unscrupulous use of them to corrupt his opponents and reward his supporters. The Grand Trunk created new lines of cleavage in old Canada and first seduced public men from devotion to principle and poverty to the worship of expediency and profit. The monopolistic utterly annihilated political honesty in the Maritime Provinces. The disposition of the railway, the produced by Confederation, left everybody free to enter on the general game of grab without reproach. As Mr. Howe said they "accepted the situation," and *suave qui perit* was the word. Everybody expected and strove to make their pile out of the railway, and if many failed it was because the big fish gobbled up the little ones. In its construction, Hon. William Macdougall said, eight millions of dollars were thrown into the sea. To suit Sir George Cartier and the dominant politicians of the Maritime Provinces it was made into

A GRAND CIRCUMVENDED

that has never paid and will never pay running expenses, and which will be rendered worthless when the short lines from Montreal across a portion of the State of Maine to St. John will be completed. Its general effect was to destroy the healthy competition of parties, and make Sir John Macdonald supreme as the head of a combination which was ready and willing to dispense fortunes among those who returned the compliment by expending money to help him to carry elections. Again the Pacific Railway, the most gigantic of the series of magnificent undertakings, was projected and carried out on the same principle. Perhaps the most curious thing about it was that the syndicate was composed of Grits, some of whom had at a short time before been made to endure the lash and suffer the violence and abuse of the very men who endowed them with the charter. Mr. George Stephen, chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, was the first man dismissed when Sir John Macdonald returned to power in 1878. Mr. D. A. Smith was howled at as "traitor" and "coward" by Tupper at the close of the famous session the same year, at the same time Sir John threatened to "slap his chops." Another year he gave them the Pacific Railway charter, and now they are Knights paladins at his round table. They have

A GLORIOUS REVENGE,

and he Premier still. What if the country has been plunged \$300,000,000 in debt, the taxation screw turned down to the last thread, the people fleeced by monopolies, have no railroads, millions, monopolists and bootleggers to show for it all? Out of our lands and forests, out of our blood and brains we have given the millions that have made these people great and kept the Tories in power. Have we not our reward? How unreasonable it would be for us to grumble. In spite, however, of all this the government is unpopular, and under fair conditions would be badly beaten at the polls; but there is a reasonable fear, grounded on past experience, that the great railway will be called upon to throw its weight on the Tory side in the coming contest. Not only, nor as Sir Hugh Allan was on a famous occasion, is it probable its directors could or would refuse? This is only part of the danger, for there are many institutions equally beholden to the Government who are pretty sure to be called upon one way or another to contribute to the Tory election fund. A system which takes money from men who have made it by Government assistance to bribe the electorate is simply diabolical. Its effect is ruinous morally and politically. It places a premium on dishonesty and makes corruption a permanent charge on the commonwealth. But the worst effect of this degrading system falls upon

THE LABORING AND AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.

These bear the vast portion of the taxation that out of their labor comes the money to build the railways and endow the millionaires. By no possible means can even a small part of what is taken from them be returned. Tory apologists talk about their policy of supplying work. It is not work that people want, but the pay for work. To give men work and tax them so as to rob them of a large part of the proceeds thereof is simply to create a system of modified slavery. The same with agriculturists. A paltry duty imposed on grain, which has only 50 to 60 cent prices, which are regulated by the Liverpool market and impose on the farmer a heavy duty on all that they must buy is such an obvious fraud and humbug that it is astonishing how any man in his senses could be deceived by it. But though

many who have managed to make themselves comfortable in spite of the system may be content with things as they are, we cannot help seeing in the efforts of labor organizations the beginnings of a revolt against the injustice of government interference with economical conditions. The artificial stimulus applied on one hand to production is counteracted on the other by the imposition of artificial burdens. The effect is to concentrate capital in the hands of the few and lower the rewards of the many. Take an instance. There is a Mon's reader who has purchased a princely domain in England. He made his millions out of a moneyed given him by Government in Canada. Let us run in natural channels that money would be in the hands of Canadians. Hundreds and thousands would benefit by it, and ought to be benefited, for it is of their earnings. But it goes to a foreign country and is

LOST TO THE PEOPLE.

Of course he is a big subscriber to the Tory election fund, and a few loose fish here and there come from drunk on the portion of the vote that falls to them as a result of their votes. But what a sin that is, to take an outrageous tithe that such a system is possible, and how humiliating it is to find men defending it and amplifying it as they carry it on as an statement!

However, the Pacific Railway is completed. We all admire the pluck and energy of those who have done the work. But what we want now is that it should be lifted at once and forever out of the region of party politics. As an issue at the elections it is dead, and if its directors are wise they will take care not to establish a score they may find some difficulty in settling when the change comes, as it must come in the ordinary, inevitable course of events. Having made those few remarks on the Pacific Railway and railways in general that bearing on political remarks intended rather to suggest reflection than to impose opinions—I will conclude by expressing the hope that the Premier may have a safe and pleasant journey and return much improved in health. It will doubtless be a pleasing thought to him, as he speeds across the continent, that he is not looking down from a higher sphere on the Vancouver train, as he once said he would, nor looking up at it from a lower region, as Mr. Mackenzie usefully suggested, but whichever way it might have been in now a matter of indifference. In either case Sir John could console himself, exclaiming:—*Plectere si nequius sapienter, 4 chorontis morebo.*

OTTAWA, July 14th.—A feature in politics is present in the rivalry of the Liberals and the apparent activity of the Conservatives. The latter are making no noise while the former seem to have great hope, and are stamping the country in every direction. A Reform demonstration is advertised to take place at Pointe St. Charles, at which some of the Ontario leaders are announced to be present. Mr. Blake is billed for the meeting at Brombeke. The meetings in the Ottawa valley constitute give much satisfaction for a well-grounded complaint has often been heard that this part of the country has been neglected by the Reform leaders. It is not the Tory practice when in power to hold meetings. Their object seems rather to avoid that to court criticism and trust together means when dissolution brings them

FACE TO FACE WITH THE PEOPLE.

Between parties the issue is now plainly drawn, and pretty clearly stated. The Tories, however, are counting on time to allow the feeling of dissatisfaction and resentment resulting from their mistakes of last session and the damaging exposures made of the corruptions in parliamentary and ministerial circles. At present there is a perceptible fall in politics, and the subject seems rather to avoid that to court criticism and trust together means when dissolution brings them

THE TWELFTH

has passed off without disturbance, though the demonstration at various points were unusually large. From careful observation among the by-standers in a region I am under the impression that Orangeism is to all intents and purposes a Tory organization. The old foundations of ignorance and bigotry remain, but the superstructure is wholly devoted to political purposes and controlled from Ottawa as a regular branch of party machinery. The leaders in different sections are in constant communication with the Orange Grand Lodge, and recruiting for the Order is being pushed with great energy and activity, especially in the rural districts. Among the ignorant rank and file the idea has been secretly but sedulously cultivated that there is danger of civil war in Ireland, and that they may, in all probability, be called upon to contribute to a war which will be a national disaster. There may be work to do here in Canada to keep the Irish in order and suppress rebellion among the French. The "men and means" resolution adopted by the Orange Grand Lodge at its last meeting, and the atrocious conduct of the Tory press generally, have given color to the first, and will be the main reason for the second. A more dangerous game could hardly be played, but the Tories are not accustomed to count the consequences in this respect. In view of these

UNDERHAND PROCEEDINGS

it is the duty of the *TRU. WITNESS* to keep public attention fixed on the facts. Mr. Bowell's presence and endorsement of the action of the Orange Grand Lodge, referred to above, has not been shown up to the extent it should be. In a former letter I cited the somewhat similar case of late Mr. Huntington. For months past, Argentine speech the Tory press teemed with articles and letters, making political capital out of his utterances—utterances that were innocent itself compared to the blood-thirsty edition of the Orange Grand Lodge resolution. His expulsion from the Cabinet was demanded by every member of the Tory press, and the Catholics against him. Then the ministry was made responsible for what he had said and the matter brought up in parliament. Eventually Mgr. Conroy, Papal Ablegate, absolved him of blame and the matter dropped, not, however, before it had served a distinct party purpose, and the hands of his Tory enemies. But if Mr. Huntington's words were thus capable of a construction inimical to Catholics, how much more so is the conduct of Mr. Bowell? The former protested against clerical interference in elections, the latter openly engages in a movement threatening

CIVIL WAR.

It is very difficult to understand how any Irish Catholic or any honest Home Ruler of any faith could remain in the same ministry with him or continue to support a government of which he is a member, after his action. But since there are such a number of his Tory enemies, and he abhors and condemns such conduct to take measures for the punishment of the traitors. An explanation should be demanded, insisted upon. If refused, or unsatisfactory, let them take the consequences. Certainly the Irish owe it to their own honor and self-respect to teach the leaders of their brethren in the cabinet, as well as those who condone their black offences by continuing in relation with them, that such threats and insults cannot be indulged in with impunity.

ORANGEISM IS A DEGRADING FACT

in Canadian politics. Fed and pampered by the Tory leaders for their own purposes, it may yet prove a Frankenstein monster to them, and assert its mastery even more offensively than it did in the case of the unfortunate Riel. But

it is the plain duty of those who know it by experience and history to let no means pass of countenancing it and weakening its power. On more than one occasion it has shown its power to control the Tory party, and such being the case no Irishman can support that party without assisting himself and strengthening the enemies of his country. The action of his Tory leaders, the utterances of the Tory press, are definitely anti-Irish. They have shown that attitude, let them abide by it and take the consequences. The general elections may not come off for another year, but time can only deepen the feeling of resentment against those who have allied themselves with the enemies of liberty and justice. It is quite possible that the Home Rule battle will have to be fought over again. If an Irishman in Canada cannot do better to aid the cause than punish the men and the party in Canada who have done all within their power to injure the best root in the British soil, their threats of men and means to bulldoze the Irish, and their more recent secret efforts to fan the flames of Orange bigotry against their French and Irish fellow-citizens in Canada.

RIDGAY.

ST. LEON WATER.

The use of iron as an invigorator of the human system has been proved beyond doubt. The St. Leon Mineral Water, as shown by analysis, contains a large quantity of this essential.

The numerous certificates of eminent physicians show the many properties this excellent water possesses.

This week we present in our advertising columns a strong certificate that the St. Leon Water Co. have received from the Rev. J. E. Bolduc, procurator to Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, who has been cured by the use of this water.

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IN THE DERRY OF CANADA.

"Home Rule Buried" at an Orange Picnic—Attack on Blake and Archbishop Lynch—A Yaw to support Sir John Macdonald.

KINGSTON, July 14th.—After the Orange men finished their washing yesterday afternoon, they proceeded to the park to hear the addresses to be delivered by the distinguished brethren who occupied the banister stand. Rev. Mr. Galagher, county master, acted as secretary, and, after he had mounted a bench he was received with cheers. He said that as his hearers' feet were tender and swollen, he would not detain them long; but he wished to announce that the grand demonstration in response to the potent voice of a prelate (Bishop Cleary) who had taken great interest in the Orange cause, was an opportunity to let him see that the Derry of Canada still lived, and was still true to her colors (cheers), and that her motto was "No surrender." He then read a telegram he received from Carr, which stated that all the judges sent greeting. He also read a telegram which he had dispatched to W. Johnson, G.M., of Hally-hilly, Ireland.

"Monstrous celebration, over fifty lodges in line; the Derry of Canada is true to her traditions; home rule is dead and the funeral is a big one." (Cheers.)

A FLUTTER.

Here Dr. Mackenzie mentioned the rostrum as immediately open to the government, stating, excitedly, that an order had come from Ottawa preventing the Orangemen employ in the penitentiary from turning out with their brethren. He would like to know if his hearers approved of that order, (cries of "no") Very well, now," remarked the doctor, and then he proceeded to read a resolution proposed by Dr. Wood, Co. M. of North Frontenac, in effect that the Orangemen assembled heard of the order with indignation; therefore, he resolved that they pledge themselves to oppose the government at the next dominion election, if the order be not rescinded; and further, that the county master and Franchise Board write to Ottawa and propound their two questions: 1. Do the members of the government approve of the order? 2. Will it be cancelled?

A HALLANT CAPTAIN TO THE RESCUE.

Captain Gaskin was received with cheers. He said he was greatly surprised to hear Dr. Mackenzie move such a motion. He, the speaker, had interviewed the warden of the penitentiary regarding the matter, and he had learned that the order received from Ottawa prevented the employ in turning out with their brethren. He would like to know if his hearers approved of that order, (cries of "no") Very well, now," remarked the doctor, and then he proceeded to read a resolution proposed by Dr. Wood, Co. M. of North Frontenac, in effect that the Orangemen assembled heard of the order with indignation; therefore, he resolved that they pledge themselves to oppose the government at the next dominion election, if the order be not rescinded; and further, that the county master and Franchise Board write to Ottawa and propound their two questions: 1. Do the members of the government approve of the order? 2. Will it be cancelled?

It was moved by John Gaskin, seconded by Dr. Mackenzie and resolved, that the Orangemen of Kingston, and the visiting brethren assembled, desire to place on record our sincere sympathy with our brethren in the protest against the British hon. and who have still to maintain the fight against the machinations of Fenians, moonlighters, dynamiters, boy-cotters and midnight assassins. We hope to see to it that their just reward and every Irishman will go to the class and creed he may believe in, and that law will be respected, and when every traitor to the British crown will have to hide his head in confusion, and we trust that the Protestants of Ulster may never be brought under the yoke of Rome, which would certainly be the case if Gladstone's home rule measure had been granted to Ireland."

Moved by John Gaskin, seconded by Dr. Mackenzie, and resolved: "That from late indications, as reported by telegrams coming daily across the Atlantic, we are happy to think that the British heart, like the British oak, is still sound in the core, and although as yet many are intimidated by the sundry cowardly methods adopted by the Parnell faction, yet we trust that Gladstone's ministry will be defeated and that a party of the majority may arise as a compact body which will give to the British people a government that will be a blessing to Britons now, as heretofore, never shall slaves."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

In Derry from Overwork.

Dr. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."