

CONVENT OF VILLE MARIE.

Distribution Day.

We clip the following appreciative notice from L'Original News:—

An event which gave no little pleasure to ourselves, and we think, we may add, the large circle gathered there on the occasion, fell to our lot on Tuesday last at the Convent of Ville Marie, Montreal, on the closing of the academic year on the 22nd inst. The weather was propitious for the gathering of parents and friends of the young ladies whose year's labors were about to terminate. At an early hour the avenues and thoroughfares leading to the magnificent convent were crowded with carriages heavily freighted with eager spectators to witness the happy reunion of the pupils, prior to a separation for the summer holidays. The spacious reception rooms were replete with the elite and fashion of the Dominion, while grooms and coachmen with prancing steeds without, sniffed the fresh and healthy breezes, full of the perfume from sweet-scented blossoms that beautify the grounds in front.

The presentation of prizes and medals to the successful competitors had taken place in private, but when an invitation was given to the guests to enter the chapel, where the final parting blessing was to be pronounced by His Lordship the Bishop, the scene on the entry of the young ladies reminded one of some fairy tale, in which beauty and virtue formed the characteristic marks in the picture. When the guests had been comfortably seated, the young ladies, to the number of upwards of two hundred, with a grace and ease of motion entered in procession, the successful competitors in the struggle for advancement in knowledge bearing the medals, prizes and distinctions to which their ten months' eager study had entitled them. First came the graduates of the year—the young ladies who had completed their course of study and prepared themselves for the fight with the gaieties and festivities of life, the usual forerunners of the grand positions of wives and mothers, for which this noble institution so admirably fits them. It would be a presumptuous quill indeed that would dare a description of the beautiful Chapel with its happy faces at the moment when the last course had entered, following the more advanced pupils. Nor was the portion of the Chapel allotted to the Rev. Sisters to be forgotten. In that little recess could be observed the wifed faces that for ten long months had never tired in the good work of instruction. The smile of satisfaction visible on each face outshone the wearied and fatigued expression as they gazed upon the perfection which their labours had achieved in their charming pupils.

A pretty solo was sung by a young lady whose name we did not learn. An accompaniment on the powerful organ of the chapel aided by four young ladies on harps added to the charm of the sweet cantatrice's voice and in the chorals the two hundred voices blended with effect, till the guests forgot the past, had no thought of the future and only enjoyed the present. Parting prayers were read by young ladies in French and English and His Lordship pronounced the Benediction, when the beautiful spectacles made a graceful retreat and were received into the arms of friends parents waiting to bear them to the parental mansions.

WHAT DR. TANNER FEEDS ON

A Physician's Theory as to How the Faster Keeps up.

It was rumored in and about Clarendon Hall yesterday that a certain physician had been watching Dr. Tanner every day since his alleged fast began, had at last discovered the source from which the alleged fasting man derives his sustenance. A reporter for the N. Y. Star found that physician in Clarendon Hall last evening, and asked him: "Is it true that you have discovered that Dr. Tanner eats while pretending to fast?" "I do not claim to have made any discovery at all," replied the physician. "How could I when I knew exactly how he intended to feed himself, at the time when he first proposed to fast for forty days?" "Do you really mean to say that Dr. Tanner, although carefully watched day and night, is deceiving everybody, and that he takes food as often as he wants it?" "The question is well put, and is easily answered. I do mean to say that he has been supplied with food, and, furthermore, that it has been given him regularly, whether he wanted it or not."

"Do you allude to the water that he has absorbed while pretending to simply urinate out his mouth twenty-five or thirty times a day?" "Nothing of the kind. And now that you mention it, I will say that water is not food at all." "Others say it is?" "I know it. But water is inorganic matter, and nothing but organic matter can be food to the body. If water, which is a combination of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—is food, then why not atmospheric air, which is a mixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen? And if air or anything merely necessary to life is food, then sunlight is food, and iron and a hundred other things not now considered to be food must be recognized as aliment. Water cannot make muscular or nervous tissue. It cannot even make a blood corpuscle, which is the beginning of all the building processes in the phenomena of life. Water is found in every tissue and structure of the body, even to the teeth; but it is

always the same lifeless, inorganic substance."

"Is it not then food for the body?" "No. Its principal function is to act as a vehicle to convey substances which are really food to their destination. A boat load of wheat could not be conveyed from Buffalo to New York without water to float it. No more can the various organic substances taken into the stomach as food be conveyed to their proper destination without a supply of water through which they may swim, and be forced along by the action of the heart."

"What sort of food is it, then, that this man is taking?" "Food is force; and this man is daily receiving a certain quantity of the very quintessence of force."

"Does he receive this 'force' in the form of ordinary food?" "Certainly he does, but he gets it in such a way that if any set of doctors, or any corps of newspaper watchmen—whether a double, triple, or sextuple corps—should be appointed to stand on guard, he will get it all the same, and they could never detect him."

"You say that Dr. Tanner gets food, and that this food is received in the form of the quintessence of force. How do you explain that?" "As you must know, the great functions of life all require the expenditure of a certain amount of force. These great functions are the maintenance of the nervous system, the blood circulation, respiration, and animal heat. As to the latter, it requires but little to keep that up in this hot weather. Everybody is familiar with the force stored up in a pound of gunpowder, for instance. Well, the food that this man is receiving contains about 400 times as much force, pound for pound, as gunpowder does."

"That must be a strong kind of food."

"It may seem so, but it isn't. Dr. Tanner has, during his sixteen days' fast, consumed, at a rough calculation, about twelve or fifteen pounds of it."

"And no one, not even the psychologists, have detected it?" "It seems so, and yet the process is as plain as daylight."

"Won't you make it plain to me?" "With pleasure. First, though, I may explain to you that the popular idea as to the pangs of hunger and the 'cravings of the stomach' are all at sea. I hear persons say: 'Goodness gracious! If I get so hungry when I have gone without food for eight hours, what must be the torture of this man who has not eaten for more than two weeks.' They cannot understand the fact that the stomach, having been 'cornered,' as Dr. Tanner calls it, ceases its urgent demands for replenishment, and that the body then begins to call upon its stored-up forces for sustenance. Dr. Tanner, at the beginning of his fast, weighed 167 1/2 pounds. To-day he weighs only 133. What has become of the lost 34 1/2 pounds? Most of it has been consumed by him. I calculate roughly that he has consumed a pound of fat each day. That would amount to sixteen pounds, a quantity in which there was stored up enough force to propel a locomotive hundreds of miles."

"And this is the way in which he has been fed?" "Certainly."

"Are you of the opinion that the only way in which he has received food during these sixteen days is by taking it from his own body?" "I have watched him every day, and I am so certain of it that I would bet my life against a dollar bill. Why, for a man to take food in the ordinary way at this or any other stage of the fast would be certain defeat, and might result in death. The introduction of a single mouthful of food at this time, for instance, would arouse the stomach from its torpor, and the five days' battle fought in conquering it would have to be fought over again. He is now living entirely upon his own body, as any person in health might do if he only knew it."

"Do you think he can live in that way for forty days?" "I think he might easily under favorable circumstances. But the surroundings this time have been most unfavorable. The nervous system, which requires more force (or food) than anything else, should have been kept as quiet as possible. Instead of that the man has not only gone through the ordinary processes of thinking, but he has been subjected to a thousand and one needless annoyances, have drawn largely on his nerve force. If Dr. Tanner should stop now, and feed up till he weighed 180 pounds, his ordinary weight, and should then undertake to fast under most favorable conditions, such as absolute quiet of all the voluntary forces of mind and muscle, I see no reason why he should not hold out, not for forty days only, but for a much longer time."

"Would he still have need of water?" "Certainly. Not, however, as a food, but simply to keep the blood vessels filled, and thus furnish a vehicle for conveying the blood corpuscles to their proper destination, and thus maintain the phenomena of life.—New York Star.

Irishmen are beginning to see that the Democratic party has played them false; and that the Republican party offers the genuine Democracy to all American citizens. In Congress, for instance, there are but three Irishmen, Crowley, O'Brien, and O'Reilly, and yet every one of the three was elected by Republican votes. When Francis Kernan was a candidate for governor, in 1872, he was defeated by a lack of Democratic votes—not because of a heavy Republican vote. Our present Republican Secretary of State, Gen. Carr, is an Irishman, and a good one, too. Gen. Arthur, the next Vice-President of the United States, is the son of an Irishman. The Democrats cannot point to such a record as this. They simply use the Irishman as their tool, and when they get through with him they throw him away.—Albany Journal.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 1. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In this city we have societies for all kinds of purposes, but probably none of them renders greater service to humanity and civilization than the society for preventing cruelty to animals. I think every right minded person will concur with me when I say that the brutalizing of dumb creatures, totally helpless and unable to take their own part, shows in the human breast a low organization. The London society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has, during the last few years, done much good, and it has ennobled and established a principle which is gathering force as it descends the road of time. Recently the society put into court the steward of the Duke of Leeds for marking cattle by slitting the ears. He pleaded the necessity of marking the animals in this way, as well as custom and usage, but all to no purpose, as he was fined in the mitigated penalty of ten pounds, and ordered to discontinue the barbarous practice. This step was in the right direction, for hitherto it was a summary way of principally presented, carmen, costermongers, donkey drivers, canal boatmen, and others of that ilk, but now tackling the steward of a duke and getting a conviction against him, puts entirely another face on the society's work. The society's annual meeting was recently held, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, but to all concerned a chairman of such a meeting smacked strongly of snobbishness and bootlicking, because in England there are few men who have indicted more torture on the brute creation than this all things to all men brute to the Crown; pig sticking in India, deer hunting with Cheetahs; lion, leopard and elephant fighting at Bareda; bull shooting, from an ambush, in Northumberland; wholesale butchery of game by the battue; hundreds of semi-tame birds flying all wounded to die in the woods of starvation and gangrene. These are but a very few of the exploits of our noble Prince, who is as ready to lay the foundation stone of a cathedral as he is to get behind the scenes at a theatre, or go to a shooting of tame pheasants as he is to preside at a meeting of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Of course our political doctrine says that there is a divinity hedges round a king, and that he cannot possibly do any wrong, but in face of the cheap newspapers, the electric telegraph, and the advancing intelligence of the age, it takes a great deal of credulity to swallow this very far-fetched theory of royal goodness and virtues. However, as the society has taken His Royal Highness in hand he may be manufactured into an exemplary member. I hope the society will soon deal with the Gun Club, a body organized to shoot trapped game. We have against Spanish bull fights and the cruelty of the Matadors, but we have not a word to say against the barbarity of this pigeon shooting business. It is the sport of the aristocracy, and, of course, on that account is privileged, but, notwithstanding its distinguished patronage, it is abominably cruel and entirely useless. The House of Commons has in it a large number of what is understood as sporting men, and, most singular to say, they are, at least professedly, the most orthodox religious of its members. They will bet thousands on the Derby and then take part in a meeting to send the bible to the heathen. Mr. Chaplin is, on the ground of want of religious belief, Charles Bradlaugh's most determined opponent, yet Mr. Chaplin is one of the largest horse racers in England and one of the greatest champions of Beaconsfieldism, which, in plain language, means Imperialism of the most approved one man power. Of course, in opposing Bradlaugh Mr. Chaplin is in one respect consistent, because Bradlaugh is an avowed Republican and that the Tories dread much more than they do his want of religious belief; but when men who run races, keep theatres, and preserve for game batteries, talk of religious purity, there is an amount of cant that is simply repugnant to common sense. Yesterday I visited the

TOWER OF LONDON

to see its relics of bygone ages. The site of this great feudal fortress covers an area of twelve acres, and, as a remains of feudal greatness, is probably the most interesting in England. We passed from the outer lodge under the bastion or drawbridge gate, which was protected by a portcullis that is still to be seen in a good state of preservation. A portcullis is a huge iron grating suspended by machinery over the entrance, and to be, at the will of the defenders, dropped down either to block the passage or pin the invaders to the ground. Passing this postern we came to Traitor's Gate, where prisoners were brought by water instead of overland, for fear of popular risings in their favor. After looking at this spot, saturated by the tears of the countless victims who at various periods of history had passed its gloomy portals, we made our way by a narrow staircase to the room in which Edward the Fifth and his brother, the Duke of York, were murdered by order of their uncle, Richard the Third, in 1483, the crooked-backed tyrant himself falling at Bosworth field, near Leicester, in 1485. From this room we went to the White Tower or Norman Tower, founded by William the Conqueror, and erected under the superintendence of Gundulph, the Norman bishop of Rochester. Those Norman conquerors of England were a low and unscrupulous crowd, but among them were truly some great men—men of large and comprehensive intellects—and certainly Gundulph was one of them. It is true the Saxon bishops were driven out of the See for the benefit of Norman prelates, but Lanfranc of Canterbury, Gundulph of Rochester, and Thomas of York, were great men, although coming to their sees by the power of the sword. The walls of the White Tower are in some places fifteen feet

thick, and all the staircases, as in most Norman buildings are in the center of the wall. Julius Caesar is credited with founding the Tower of London, also Windsor, Rochester and Dover Castles. But during the Roman and Saxon periods the tower was not a place of any very great strength. William's conquest of the Saxons at Hastings gave him uncontrolled mastery of England, but he was still afraid of a rising of the people and a restoration of the Saxon Monarchy in the person of Edgar Atheling, and he therefore caused the tower to be enlarged and rebuilt, to overawe the citizens of London. In the White Tower there are two armouries, one of ancient arms and one of modern, the latter containing sixty thousand rifles of the government regulation pattern and fit for immediate use. In the room of ancient arms are weapons used by the contending forces on the decisive field of Hastings in 1066—the mailed shirts worn by the Crusaders who followed Robert to the Holy Land; the truncheons and battle axes wielded by the Christian knights under Richard at Acre and Ascalon; the cross bows and shafts used by the English archers at Cressy and Agincourt; the weapons carried by the English and Scottish hosts on the gory field of Bannockburn, and the Mace from a blow of which the English champion Bohun was killed on that day by the heroic Bruce, the massive two hundred swords with which both sides fought at Flodden—that dreadful field upon which perished thirteen Scottish Earls and two hundred and thirty of the name of Douglas. About this period firearms began to come into use, and it is remarkable that breech-loaders were known in the reign of Henry the Eighth, as was also the Gatling or shot-spreading gun. In this museum there are likewise instruments of torture, the rack, the thumb screw, and the scavenger's daughter, a machine in which the victim could not sit, stand or lie straight. Man's cruelty to man makes countless thousands mourn, yes, and in every period of the world's history. A walk through the tower will confirm this, for there may be seen machinery of the most devilish kind to inflict pain and death on those accused of religious or political heterodoxy. There the visitors will see the axe and block upon which Scotland's greatest patriot and hero, William Wallace, was executed, when treacherously betrayed into the hands of Edward the First, after the battle of Falkirk, his body being dismembered and sent to different parts of the kingdom. Here also is the axe by which Fisher, the last Catholic Bishop of Rochester, suffered. Sir Thomas More and his daughter, the Lady Margaret Roper, Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry the Eighth, and Lady Jane Grey, nine days Queen of England, her husband, Guildford Dudley, her father-in-law, Northumberland, and many others. From the armoury the visitor will enter the Prison Chambers, in which many a noble victim of kingly power and rapacity lingered out lives of misery and woe. Among them were many a brave son of Ireland, O'Connor of Kerry, Florence McCarthy More, the hero of numerous songs and stories in the Irish tongue, that sweet tongue in which Ossian composed the grandest epics next to Homer's in the world; that tongue in which was written the Brehua Code as Dhiadh na Breithe, the most sublime and merciful Code of ancient laws known to history. This is the only ancient code in which trial by jury was a part. The Egyptians, Jews, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, or Britons, had no knowledge of it, but Gusho-uh-dha reagh, or trial by twelve, was in the Brehua Code, and the idea was brought from Ireland by Alfred the Great, and incorporated into the system of Saxon laws, which he wrote at Arundel Castle in Sussex, now the seat of the Duke of Norfolk. In this dismal prison was also incarcerated Finan O'Driakoll, the remains of whose Castle and stronghold may be seen by the tourist in Lach Ene, near Skibberreen, in the County of Cork. This noble old chief for many years kept the English at bay, but being eventually taken he was considered of sufficient consequence to be brought to the tower, there, like many others, to meet his doom. From the Prison Chamber we went to the Jewel Room, in which there are deposited the Queen's crown and regalia, worth about a million and a quarter sterling, and crowns and regalia of several of the sovereigns of England, from the time of Edward the Conqueror to the present day, the sceptre of that pious king having for an orb on the top a piece of the true cross. The entire contents of the room is worth about five millions sterling, wealth wrung from the people at various periods of history for the grandeur and gratification of kings and rulers. History fairly knocks the bottom out of the petty but childish theory that those people can do no wrong, because it plainly shows that it is only in proportion to the advancement of intelligence are peoples lives and liberties respected by monarchs who, up till a very recent period, the mass of mankind looked upon as ruling, not by the will of God and the people, but by divine right.

ALL PARIS ILLUMINATED.

The Splendid Festival of the Third French Republic.

PARIS, July 14.—All France is to-day celebrating the Fete of the Federation of 1793, in commemoration of that memorable 14th of July when the first blow was struck and the first decisive stand taken for republican freedom by the destruction of the Bastille. To-day marks the restoration to the calendar of what once was held to be a brilliant and most widely popular holiday of the French people and the Municipal Council in the evening assembled in the Place Bastille—the site of the grim old fortress which was destroyed ninety years ago—and there received the members of the provincial municipalities at the building of the Tribunal of Commerce. After the official reception of the delegations there was a brilliant soiree, to which 6,000 invitations had been issued by the Municipal Government of Paris. At 10 o'clock p.m. the festivities of the day were proceeding splendidly. The programme was carried out without a break. The weather remained splendid, being neither too hot nor too cool. The crowds in the streets were immense, in some places around the squares, churches and places of public resort almost amounting to a blockade, but nobody lost his temper. Indeed there seemed to be a determined effort on the part of the municipal authorities to keep the peace without an incident to disgrace the name of the Republic or the reputation of the new and great holiday. Order prevailed everywhere. The police were almost unnecessary in their official capacity, but vied with each other and with the multitudes in politeness and usefulness. The enthusiasm was indescribable. The people cheered the symbols of Liberty whenever they saw them, and any well known member of the Government who appeared in public, or any recognized friend and promoter of the new regime, was the object of a popular ovation. A novel and striking exhibition was arranged for the evening—that is, the illumination of the Place Bastille by electricity. The jets were so situated as to be conspicuous from a great distance, and shed a brightness as of noonday over the Place and the entire vicinity. The Place and the dignitaries of the churches of Paris have been asked to sympathize with the present form of government in France, they nevertheless lent themselves to the promotion of the general jubilation, and consented to the decoration of several of the most famous churches of the city. The churches of the Madeleine—the beautiful building modeled after the Greek Parthenon, and restored since its destruction by the Communists—Augustine, Trinity and St. Germain were gayly decorated, and were illuminated with brilliant fireworks at 9 o'clock to-night. The Arc de Triomphe, the Observatoire, the Place du Throne, Montmartre, the battes of Chateaubert, and Point du Jour, the Vieuxport, the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysees were festooned with myriads of oil lamps. When these were all ignited, a most striking and wonderful effect was produced. As soon as night fell a bright star flashed across the Seine, and the electric light upon the towers of Notre Dame.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Compensation for Disturbance Bill.

LONDON, July 14.—The Pall Mall Gazette says:—The line of policy announced by Parnell and his seventeen supporters, to move to report progress when the Compensation for Disturbance Bill is again discussed, evidently leads to indefinite obstruction. It is intolerable that the minority of Home Rulers, who are themselves a very small minority of the House, are not only to impose their policy in Irish legislation, but are to be at liberty if they are resisted to stop English legislation. But the remedy is not easy. The forms of the House may be and ought to be amended, but even if the Disturbance Bill is thrown out to-morrow and Parnell suspended for the rest of the session, the only result would be to make the agitation more certain and Ireland dangerous when the session is over. This is a feature in the situation to which serious men on both sides should address their minds. Irish constituents must be taken into account as well as Irish members. If the session ends with something being done to disarm the hostility of this awkward group, the parliamentary discomfort of the summer will turn into something far more practical and more dangerous during the coming autumn and winter. LONDON, July 14.—Mr. Parnell and his immediate followers came into collision with the majority of the Irish members, who are supported by the Government and the English members, over the clause of the Irish distress bill on Monday night. The struggle was protracted until daylight on Tuesday morning, when the Government surrendered at discretion, in view of the determined hostility of Parnell and his 17 supporters. Thirty-one Irish members voted with the Government. Parnell's attitude is strongly condemned by Home Rule members of Liberal proclivities. No further opposition was offered to the progress of the bill, which passed through the committee a stage. The feud between moderate Home Rulers and Parnellites is intensifying. LONDON, July 14.—In the House of Commons this evening, discussion on the compensation for disturbances in Ireland bill continued in committee, and after the Irish members had exhausted their obstruction tactics Mr. Gladstone said, notwithstanding opposition to the measure, it should not be defeated, and put it down for fresh consideration to-morrow. LONDON, July 15.—In the House of Commons this evening the debate on the compensation for disturbances in Ireland bill was resumed. After considerable discussion the Government, amid the scornful protests of the Tories, abandoned the £30 limit, and agreed to accept the £500 limit. Tories and Whigs consider this a deliberate and unblushing concession to the Parnellites. The Whigs subsequently held an informal meeting, at which the Government's vacillation was strongly denounced. Later in the debate the Irish members made an unsuccessful endeavor to force an amendment extending the operation of the bill to the whole of Ireland.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

(To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

Sir,—In your issue of May 29th I find an appeal from Father Nugent for assistance to enable him to send "fifty families from Connemara to America, where a home with 160 acres of land has been provided for each family in Minnesota." I take it that the good priest is unaware of the fact that in the great fertile Northwest territories of the Dominion of Canada the Government is offering 160 acres of land free to all comers, each adult member of the family receiving that quantity of land. Besides this our young Dominion has this additional inducement to offer to the immigrant. Through the very heart of these tree lands the Pacific Railway is now being built, thus ensuring work at profitable wages (4s. to 6s. sterling per diem), and in this manner a competent sum for his support is ensured

to the settler at the onset. If emigration from Ireland is to be assisted by the charitable in England, would it not be well to consider whether Canada offers better terms than Minnesota?—I am, &c. EDWARD FURLONG. Hamilton, Canada, 10th June, 1880.

Terrible Colliery Disaster.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY LIVES LOST.

LONDON, July 15.—A despatch from Newport, Monmouthshire, states that a fearful explosion occurred this morning in the new Black Vein coal pit, by which no less than 80 lives were lost. At present all is excitement, horror and confusion, and it is almost impossible to procure trustworthy details of the calamity. The gas in the pit, which is very deep and winding, became ignited, and the explosion occurred. This plain fact is all that is yet known. The violence of the explosion jarred the earth, and was felt some distance from the pit. As the dreadful tidings were spread to the cabins of the miners, the whole above ground population rushed pell mell to the mouth of the pit. Nothing could then be seen, however, save the dull smoke which issued slowly from the mine. LATER.—Despatches just received state that the ventilation of the Black Vein pit has been partially restored, and preparations are being made to send down an exploring party. This is most hazardous service, as the gas may still be lingering in dangerous quantities, but volunteers have freely offered, and the party has been organized. The crowd around the mouth of the pit is immense. It is regarded as a fortunate circumstance that no signs of fire has yet appeared. After an examination of their lists, the overseers of the mine suppose that the loss of life is much greater than at first expected, and that probably 128 miners have perished. Nothing can be surely known respecting their fate until after the return of the exploring party. Old miners at the mouth of the pit, who are familiar with its working galleries and passages, say that the chances are all against the hope that any of the miners will be found alive, and that those who are not killed outright have been probably imprisoned helplessly by masses of falling rock and coal, and suffocated by the foul air. The excitement throughout the neighborhood is intense, and the authorities and constabulary are at hand to prevent any violent outbreak. If the speculations as to the number who have perished shall prove only approximately true, the Black Vein disaster must be set down as among the worst that have recently darkened the annals of coal mining in England. LONDON, July 15.—It appears that two previous explosions have occurred in Black Vein coal mine at Newport. Black Vein is situated on the side of Myndelidelyn Mountain. The last of these earlier explosions took place in December, 1860, when 146 persons perished. The theory is now advanced that the terrible calamity of this morning may have been caused by electricity putting on fire the gas through some fissure in the mountain side, as the atmosphere was observed to be unusually thundery and heavy a short time before the explosion occurred. This idea, however, is not received by more experienced miners, who hold that the true cause was contact between fire-damp and the lamps of some of the workmen in the pit. LONDON, July 16.—A despatch from Newport, Wales, says the scene of the terrible mining accident of yesterday at the Black Vein pit of the London and South Wales Company's colliery, states that working parties are now descending the pit and sending up such of the bodies of the workmen as they are able to recover. The appearance of the pool victims shows the power of the explosion. The majority of them are shockingly burned, and some are so fearfully roasted as to be almost quite unrecognizable. The Mayor of Newport has opened a subscription for the benefit of the widows and families of miners who were killed, to which fund all classes of the people are contributing liberally according to their means. Exploring parties say there is little or no hope of finding any of the men alive, as it is feared that the fire-damp extended entirely throughout the workings in which they were employed. The pit in which the calamity took place is more than 800 feet deep, and affords no shelter where the men could have taken refuge, even had they had sufficient warning to do so. The number estimated to have been killed, about 120, the whole force constituting the night shift.

BADIES WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE OUT OF ORDER WILL FIND IN MIX OF MARYS'S A SOURCE OF RELIEF MOST ACCEPTABLE TO THE PALATE AND AT THE SAME TIME EFFECTUAL. IT IS AN UNUSUAL REMEDY FOR THE NAUSEA OF FEMALES INCIDENT TO CERTAIN PERIODS OF MARRIAGE. IT IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER PREPARATIONS OF MARYS'S. CAN BE HAD AT ALL CHEMISTS.

CURE FOR COUGH, OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

A HARD SWELLED STOMACH IN A Child is generally the result of the presence of worms in the system. Nothing that the child eats does it good. The food is eaten up by the worms. Buy a box of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges, and give them to the child. It will be cured.

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY FOR ALL Diseases with which children are afflicted is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It regulates the stomach and bowels, and during the process of teething it gives rest and health to the child, and carries it safely through the critical period.

ANYONE IS LIABLE TO BE SOALED, and everyone may find relief from the agony by simply binding on some of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. As the Liniment walks on the pain walks off. If anyone doubts, try it on and see how it works; but be sure to keep a bottle in the house.

For Liver Complaint, use DR. HARVY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. Purely Vegetable.