

TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

Read this you Canadian tax payers who believe that the Ministers of the Crown are devoted patriots who attend to the business of the people and neglect themselves. Read this and be converted.—

SIR JOHN'S RELATIVES.

1. Sir John Macdonald's brother-in-law, late Deputy Minister of Justice, draws a pension of \$2,000 a year out of the public purse.

2. J. P. McPherson, his nephew, is a clerk in the Public Works, at a salary of \$1,000.

3. G. A. Sparks, another near relative, is a clerk in the Department of the Interior; salary, \$750.

4. Hugh J. Macdonald, son, is the solicitor of the C.P.R.; receives therefrom about \$10,000 a year.

MACKENZIE BOWELL'S RELATIVES.

MacKenzie Bowell has managed to secure for his relatives a good many of the crumbs as they fell from the Government kitchen table.

1. His son, John Bowell, is appraiser of customs at Winnipeg; salary, \$1,800 a year.

2. Thomas Patterson, his son's father-in-law, is customs appraiser at Ottawa; salary unknown.

3. J. C. Jamieson, his son-in-law, holds a blind share in the Prince Albert Colonization Company.

4. The same J. C. Jamieson also is a large stockholder in the Shell River Colonization Company.

5. A brother-in-law is in the Manitoba postal service; salary unknown.

6. Another brother-in-law is in the Belleville postal service; salary unknown.

7. A brother is the P. M. Tweed post office; salary unknown.

MR. CHAPLEAU'S RELATIVES.

Mr. Chapleau is a man of enterprise and always on the "look out."

1. He has secured for a railway, of which he is the head, middle and tail, a bonus of \$272,000.

2. St. Onge Chapleau, his brother, is Sheriff of the N. W. T. and Superintendent of Public Works; salary \$1,500.

3. Dr. Chapleau, another brother, is clerk in the House of Commons, salary \$1,800.

4. Chapleau, another brother, is clerk in Department of State; salary unknown.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN'S RELATIVES.

are also landed for at the public expense.

1. E. J. Langevin, his brother, draws \$3,480 as Clerk of the Senate.

2. A. E. Langevin, his cousin, gets \$1,200 as customs officer at Quebec.

3. A. R. McDowell, his brother-in-law, captures \$2,000 as divisional superintendent of the Intercolonial railway.

4. Langevin, another brother, is a customs officer at Quebec, and as such pockets out of the public funds \$300 a year.

MR. THOMAS WHITE'S RELATIVES.

1. Hon. Thomas White is not quite satisfied with his \$3,000 a year as Minister of the Interior, \$10,000 for his paper, the Montreal Gazette, and a few timber limits for self and friends; his sons and relatives must also feed at the public crib, and so

2. Young White, his son, is clerk in the Militia Department; salary, \$800.

3. Robert Roman, his brother-in-law, is settled as stationery clerk for the House of Commons, and as such draws \$1,200 a year.

4. Thomas Ryan, his cousin, holds an office in the customs at Montreal, and draws his \$600.

5. You can readily appreciate the value in dollars and cents of Mr. Thomas White's patriotism.

MR. McLELLAN'S RELATIVES.

1. A. W. McLellan, Minister of Marine, does not believe that his Tory colleagues should capture the whole of the spoils, and so his son,

2. Thomas McLellan, is made clerk of the Department at a salary of \$1,000 a year.

3. He has, I am told, another son, a nephew and a brother-in-law in the Marine and Fisheries service, at salaries at present unknown.

MR. JOHN COSTIGAN'S RELATIVES.

1. The Irish Canadian patriot believes in John Costigan first and an Irish Canadian patriot second, and so John gets permits to cut timber in the disputed territory, strips 50 square miles of Ontario lands of its timber, absorbs the "Public Loan" 50,000 acres of grazing lands, captures a bonus of \$400,000 of the people's money for his railway, and has

2. His son John appointed Crown Prosecutor at Calgary; salary unlimited.

3. His other son, W. A. Costigan, appointed Inland Revenue Collector at Winnipeg; salary, \$1,200, and gives him a share in 32,000 acres of timber limits in the disputed territory.

4. He has a brother appointed a clerk in the House of Commons, salary \$1,100.

Besides this, the Hon. John has managed to become the possessor of a valuable phosphate mine, which we believe was given to him by the Quebec government, and which we are informed is likely to turn out a bonanza.

5. He has, too, had a house fully furnished presented to him by his friends, and all this with his salary and indemnity amounting to \$8000 a year, should leave Mr. Costigan independent of politics.

ANOTHER OFFICIAL FAMILY.

1. Hon. J. C. Pope, late Minister of Marine, certainly made hay while the sun shone.

2. Percy Pope, his son, was appointed manager of the Charlottetown Savings Bank, and Dominion auditor; salary, \$1,800.

3. Joseph Pope, his father, was appointed manager of the Charlottetown Savings Bank in 1850, when over 75 years of age, was superannuated in three years and pensioned on the public at \$1,200 a year.

4. Joseph Pope, his nephew, was appointed a clerk in the Privy Council; salary, \$1,700 a year.

5. Thomas A. Pope, his nephew, in the auditor's office; salary, \$800.

6. And when the line of Papes came to an end other and more distant relatives were selected as the effects of Canadian bounty and so

7. Leslock Des Miran, a cousin, was given a position worth \$900 a year, and

8. Pope Walsh, a son-in-law, was appointed a port warden, worth \$1,500 a year.

THE TILLEY FAMILY.

1. Sir Samuel L. Tilley, late Minister of Finance, now Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, has managed to foist on the public purse his own and his wife's relatives, his sons and sons-in-law, and all their relatives of the male gender to the tenth generation. We have:

2. Ed. Toller, his brother-in-law, comptroller of the Dominion currency; salary \$2,500 a year.

3. A. F. Street, his son-in-law, collector of customs at Fredericton, N. B.; salary \$1,500.

4. C. M. Gire, his cousin, collector of customs at St. Andrews, N. B.; salary \$1,200.

5. W. L. C. Hannington, his cousin

collector of customs at Shediac, N. B.; salary \$1,200.

6. H. P. Sanda, his cousin, clerk in the Customs, St. John, N. B.; salary \$800.

7. T. O. Sanda, cousin, tide waiter; salary \$650.

8. M. B. Jones, cousin, collector of customs at Weymouth, \$600 salary.

9. D. E. Hanington, uncle, collector of customs at Shediac, now pensioned on the public purse at \$650 a year, and his son reigns in his stead at \$1,200 a year.

10. T. Burpee, a son-in-law, was in the Department of Railways and Canals; salary, \$2,000.

11. T. B. Hannington, a brother-in-law, ocean commissioner; salary, \$977.

12. Mr. Benford, another brother-in-law, in the Inland Revenue Department; salary, \$1,704 a year.

13. Louis Burpee, a son-in-law, in the office of the Privy Council; salary, \$1,100.

14. Mr. Purdy, a brother of his son's wife, shipping master at St. John, N.B.; salary, \$800.

15. Dr. Ginn, a cousin, an officer in the hospitals, N. B.; salary unknown.

16. Carvell, a nephew, Senator in 1881, salary \$1,000 a year.

17. And so on to the end of the chapter; like the auctioneer's schedule, the articles are too numerous to mention. One drops the enumeration of the scandalous nepotism with supreme disgust, satisfied that Ministers look upon the public purse as their legitimate spoils on which they can pension their relatives within every known degree of relationship."

THE FIGHT AGAINST ORANGEMISM.

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness:—

SIR,—It is greatly to be regretted that the TRUE WITNESS has not a wider circulation amongst the Catholics of this section of Ontario. The few who take it, compared with the many who should avail themselves of the opportunity, is but small, considering the amount of able and well selected matter especially suitable for the party. No other paper in the Dominion comes out so bold in defence of the rights and aspirations of Irishmen. Any man with a spark of patriotism in his heart will be disgusted with some of the so-called Catholic papers of the day. So little indeed is written by some of them in defence of the wise and self-sacrificing party who are now battling for the just claims and rights of our countrymen. I am very much surprised at the course pursued by one editor particularly as he has the prefix "O" to his name that he has by his silence and duplicity written the rusty chains once more on his co-religionists. Does he not see as clear as noonday that if the Orangemen succeed in their present efforts, not only will Ireland but Canada be disgraced and defeated in their just struggles for freedom and liberty of conscience. At the present day, even at the present hour, meetings are held by the Orange order to crush out all hopes of Mr. Parnell in his unwavering efforts to obtain for Irishmen the rights and freedom designed by the laws of nature and nations. How long is this to be tolerated by the so-called wise and liberal legislators of the British Empire? Even at the present time the Lower Province is threatened by their unpalatable enemies, the Orangemen of Ontario. The Frenchmen, however, may, with certainty, rely on the Irishmen to be their allies and warm friends when the necessity of the case require it. Roman Catholics should therefore never unite in one strong effort to overthrow any government who would countenance the appeal or sanction the dark doings of the Orange fraternity. We have (thanks to your energy) an able and unflinching advocate in the TRUE WITNESS, who exposes all the lying and false promises made to our co-religionists, and deals with the leading and important questions of the day in a fair and impartial manner. Let us not forget that we owe you a debt of gratitude in bringing in review the knavish and deceptive course pursued by the present Government towards O'Donoghue and other members, dignitaries of our church in this Province.

NORTH VICTORIA.

THE WORK OF ORANGEMAN.

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness:—

I wrote to you some time ago about the Orangemen hanging an effigy of Kiel, at the Catholic church door, on a Saturday night, in the Townships of Early Co. of Ottawa, with those words written: "We hang Kiel for the murder of Scott." Dear sir you can comment on the above over my name, if you think proper.

HENRY CRILEY
Mountain Glen, Feb. 21, 1886.

A PRISON SUBSTITUTE.

PARIS, Feb. 21.—A man named Noiret was sentenced some months ago to a year's imprisonment for a petty larceny. He managed to keep out of the way of the police, but finding the continuous lying *perdu* monotonous he hit upon a plan by which he hoped to secure his liberty. He made a bargain with a companion named Duron, who was to assume Noiret's name and surrender himself to the police. For taking upon himself the punishment of his friend he was to have five francs down, and a similar sum and a half a pound of tobacco every month while he was incarcerated. The scheme worked admirably. Duron went to prison and Noiret returned to his haunts. After a short experience, however, Duron got tired of prison life and revealed his identity. Instead of being released as he expected, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment for having signed a false name in the prison register, and Noiret was promptly arrested and sentenced to a similar term for connivance in deceiving the authorities.

CHAMBERLAIN'S CURE.

HE OPPOSES EMIGRATION TO RELIEVE DISTRESS, AND PROMISES LAND LAW REFORM.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was visited to-day by a deputation of unemployed workmen, who stated their grievances and asked what the Government meant to do to relieve the prevailing distress. Mr. Chamberlain deprecated riot and all similar forms of disturbance to manifest the need for help. He said he was opposed to emigration as a means of relief unless the distress were chronic. This supposition was based upon many grounds, not the least among which was the fact that the colonies would refuse to welcome a large number of paupers, because, among other reasons, their influx would cheapen the labor market. Mr. Chamberlain hoped the Government would soon be able to establish the British laborer upon the soil he tilled. Pending the accomplishment of this, he would not cease urging the local boards to start relief works, such as paving and improving the streets, to furnish means of subsistence to such as were in absolute need.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Drye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. G.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Isabelle looked bewildered when her father addressed Angelina as Mrs. Courtney. They left the library, and neither spoke again till they were in Isabelle's room, next to the blue room. Then Isabelle flung herself petulantly into an easy chair, and burst into tears, saying:

"I won't love you any more. You are naughty and cruel. You've told me anything Mr. Courtney, and never told me anything about it. You don't love me now."

Angelina went to the child, and putting her arm around her, whispered: "Bella, dear, Mr. Courtney is dead. Do not cry."

"I'm glad of it, but I can't believe it. How could it be all so soon?"

"Wipe your eyes and listen," said Angelina.

Angelina told her in a few words that she was Mrs. Courtney when she was with her, and that she must not ask her any questions; that he had died after the sorrowful Florence.

"Oh, Angel, dear, I am so sorry I said I was glad. Do you forgive me? But I am dreadfully glad he is dead, and how wicked it is, for now I hope you will love me more, for I love you so much. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Shall I tell you what has happened since you left? I am engaged to be married, and I am so happy; and papa is going to be married the same day. This will be better for I am going to live in Florence, and he will be so lonely here without me."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Angelina.

"I need not ask you if Mr. Mortimer is the happy one?"

"Yes; Albert and I are just as happy as we can be."

"Do you like the lady your father is going to marry?" said Angelina.

"I never saw her, but I know I will love anyone papa loves. I am so happy now that I love everybody, it seems to me."

"And your father has gone to see—?" said Angelina.

"To see Albert's father in England," continued Isabelle.

What a relief the news of Mr. Beauvais' engagement was to Mrs. Courtney. Now she could throw off all restraint, and show him how grateful she felt for his kindness to her.

When Mr. Beauvais returned he scarcely knew Angelina. The sadness so long settled upon her face had partially disappeared, and she was interested in the household. She and Isabelle were like sisters. Mr. Beauvais consulted Angelina about all the arrangements for the marriage of his daughter; and it was new life to Mrs. Courtney to open her heart to the warmth of friendship, without disguise or fear of embarrassing herself or others by so doing. This frankness gave a new charm to her life, and she began to feel its invigorating effects upon her health. A month passed so rapidly she could scarcely believe it possible that it had gone, and now she must no longer remain in this sunlight, but be away about her own business, upon which her support depended. Isabelle pleaded for another month.

"Angel, dear, one more month! I can't part with you," and Mr. Beauvais added gentle persuasion, but with no persistency.

"If it is possible to persuade you, Mrs. Courtney, to remain another month, I am selfish enough to urge you to do so, for I hope then to introduce to you a lady whom I will have the great happiness of calling my wife."

Angelina could not look surprised, because Isabelle had told her that her father would be married the same day of her own wedding; and she was galled by the heavy chains of mystery of the past two and three years, that her freedom from it made her delight in perfect sincerity now.

"Mr. Beauvais," she replied, "let me congratulate you with all my heart."

"My dear Mrs. Courtney, not yet. I have been so many times disappointed in my life, particularly when I have been most sanguine in my anticipations, that I dare not accept congratulations till I am in full possession of the promised happiness. I thank you—and still more, for remaining with Isabelle. She is like a bird in her joy. I am a happy father. You have been instrumental in giving me all the peace that there is in my fatherly heart to-day. Can I ever repay you?"

"The obligation is mine, Mr. Beauvais, not yours," replied Angelina.

And your kindness saved me, when I most needed it, from utter despair. Had I fallen into other hands at that time of my dependence and bewildered state of sorrow, what would have become of me? Isabelle's love was the first ray of light that dawned upon me."

"And your patient tenderness brought back to her mind the first ray of its lost reason."

The entrance of Isabelle interrupted the conversation. She came from the greenhouse with her arms full of flowers.

"Well, papa, have you succeeded? Will Angel stay?"

"Yes, a little while longer," replied Angelina.

Away went the flowers down on the carpet. Isabelle forgot everything but to rush to her Angel, and throwing her arms around her neck, she nearly smothered her with kisses.

Mr. Beauvais laughed with delight. His darling Isabelle was a picture of innocent happiness. Her beauty, her youth, her enthusiasm, and loving heart, made him proud. How he wished it could be youth and joy for ever with her, but something whispered—not in this life!

"Now, I'll leave you," he said, and he went back to his library.

Isabelle turned around and looked at the scattered roses, lilies, and geraniums on the floor.

"Poor things," she said, in mock sympathy. "A moment ago I was admiring and loving you, and now I flung you away!"

Then she gathered them up, and they were put in vases, filling the room with their perfume. Who that loves flowers does not know how the sight of them and their perfume can lift up the soul to the Creator of so much beauty and loveliness? What heart that has been elevated by a sense of their influence can help being grateful to God, who has so beautifully created the earth for our enjoyment?

The room, the flowers, Angelina and Isabelle, were a pretty picture at that moment, when they stood in the centre of the apartment hand in hand, looking around to admire the many precious things Mr. Beauvais had gathered there, and the flowers that gave the light and color to the whole. What a pity that the sky is ever changing, the clouds ever shifting, and that night must fall, and darken even the brightest sunset!

Dr. Fleury came to visit Mr. Beauvais' family as often as his business would allow him this gratification. No one watched so tenderly and so closely as he did the gradual return of a healthful glow in the face of Angelina, and the coming of a more peaceful expression of countenance. It is true there still was, and ever would be there, a tinge of sadness which early experience had imprinted;

but it rather heightened her beauty, for it was a mark of her depth of feeling, and of a generous nature.

Angelina welcomed the doctor with the warmth of a daughter's love, and now more than ever she showed him how sincerely she was attached to him.

Fred Dr. Fleury, he had given her his whole heart, and was sickened at the thought that the dream of his life must end in bitter disappointment. He saw that it was simple madness to look for anything more from Angelina than the warmest friendship; but his life would have been brightened, his home would have been warmed, and his years lengthened, if he could have been granted the love of such an angel. So he reasoned when alone in his comfortable house. But he braved the inevitable, and went out daily laden with blessings to bestow upon the sick, the dying, and the despondent. He was God's ministering angel to every household he entered and he must "Learn to labor and to wait."

Another, and another month had passed. Angelina had been persuaded to remain. The time had come now, however, when she could no longer postpone the parting from these dear and excellent friends. Isabelle had cried all night, and could not be reconciled. Mr. Beauvais did not dare to promise her that he could again prevail upon Angelina to remain for the wedding. She thought, and he said, wisely, that considering Isabelle's and more agreeable to Mr. Mortimer that his bride should not be gloomy on so happy a day. It was better for all parties that the "good-bye" should be said between them a few days before the wedding. A secret regret lurked in the heart of Angelina, when she thought the good-bye must be for ever to Mr. Beauvais; for it was not likely that his wife would wish a stranger and a former governess should ever claim more than a reserved acquaintance in the family; and it would not be unnatural if even Isabelle, little by little, became so far removed from her that it would be pleasant to her to forget her childish affection. After all, it was only the forerunner of that other deeper love for her husband. Angelina was very sad that morning. She made up her mind to delay no longer, and fearing that Mr. Beauvais would urge her in Isabelle's presence more than would be agreeable to her in her present state of dejection, she decided to see him in the library, and by leaving him the advantage it would be to Isabelle to part with her a week at least before her marriage. She was sure of his consent to this. But how her heart beat at the thought of leaving this Eden, in which she had had a short time of late found such sweet rest.

"Again in the cold, dark world!" she thought, and burst into tears. "How can I go? Where can I go? I must, I must!" she said, recovering her brave spirit. "I must, and that need will help me. No, God help me! Now that I go, no one must know that I feel pain. I'll go to Mrs. Hart's, and from there I'll look for a new place. May I ever call a place my home, or must I for ever be a wanderer?"

Tears were filling her eyes again, and she brushed them away. She knelt a moment by her table over which hung a picture of our Lord in the garden, then she went to the library.

Mr. Beauvais was surprised at this visit, for it had been an invariable rule with Mrs. Courtney not to go alone to see him, or to remain in the room if he came in when she was alone. She always made an excuse to go for Isabelle, as if she supposed he had come to find her. She was very calm, and in a subdued voice, said she had come to speak to him alone on the subject of her leaving immediately.

"It will save Isabelle the excitement of our parting on the day of her marriage," she said.

Mr. Beauvais thanked her for her kind consideration, and asked her to remain a few moments, as his own marriage was a subject on which he would like to speak to her privately.

He walked to the door and closed it. This was a sign to all the servants of the house, and to Isabelle, that no one must intrude. His library door closed, indicated private business, and Mr. Beauvais must not be disturbed.

Half an hour, and longer, perhaps, had passed. Isabelle was searching everywhere for her Angel. It could not occur to her that she was in the library, and she was becoming half frantic with fear that Angelina had gone away to avoid saying good bye. She knew that she was going that day. The poor child's eyes were swollen from crying. She was just going to tell her papa her trouble when the library door opened and Mr. Beauvais came out leading Angelina by the hand.

"My dear Bella," he said, "I've persuaded our Angel to remain to your marriage."

"Oh, papa, papa, how good you are!" said Isabelle, kissing him, and then Angelina.

Angelina looked up into Mr. Beauvais' face, inquiringly; he added:

"Isabelle, Angelina is never going to leave me. She will be my wife when you have to go away from me with your husband."

Isabelle was nearly fainting from the sudden news. Nothing could have surprised her more; a little jealousy crept into her heart, and she thought papa will love her more than me. She burst into tears that saved her from fainting.

"You are not happy?" asked Angelina.

"Oh, yes, Angel; yes, indeed I am. I am so glad, papa, it makes me cry for joy. Only for just a moment I was jealous. But, papa, where is the other lady?"

"There was no other lady, Bella, dear. I meant Angelina all the time. I hoped, but I dared not tell even you till I was blessed; now she is our Angel."

How it came about the reader need not be told. Angelina was led unexpectedly to the rest and peace so long denied to her; how she came to accept it, she could never tell. She only knew that Mr. Beauvais was all goodness, and loved her; and she believed him, and she did not know that she loved him till the hour of parting had come. "Man proposes—and God disposes."

Everything that Angelina could do for Isabelle's wedding had been done, now discretion suggested that it would be wiser to return to the house of Captain and Mrs. Hart, and remain there till her own marriage took place.

It was arranged that two months after Isabelle's departure it should take place privately in the house of these good friends. She would attend Isabelle's wedding, but she asked that her engagement to Mr. Beauvais should not be known until it became necessary to account for Mr. Beauvais' visits to the house of Captain Hart.

To the Captain and Mrs. Hart, Angelina's return and the news she gave to them were subjects of great happiness. With sincere hearts they rejoiced at her prospect of a home and a fond husband who knew how to prize her worth.

To good Dr. Fleury the news was otherwise in its effect. It fell like ice upon his heart.

For a few hours he thought he could bear it. All the color and warmth of his life seemed to depart with the hope that had been lighted, late it is true, in his great and good heart of having Angelina for his wife;

and for several days he looked like one too sick to take care of his patients.

Angelina knew it was a blow to him; but she said to herself that to marry him, feeling as she did towards him, would have been more cruel. After a week or two he found courage to congratulate Angelina.

"It was my wish, Dr. Fleury," she said, "that you should be the first person told of my new feeling and my new life; after Captain and Mrs. Hart, I owed it to you. I asked Mrs. Hart to tell you."

"Yes—yes, child, they did. You will be happier with Mr. Beauvais. He is a good man, and I know he loves you" was all he could say.

Isabelle's marriage was celebrated with all due joy and magnificence, and two months after, Captain Hart, in his sunny but humble home, gave away to Mr. Beauvais the good, the lovely Angelina. The officiating priest who performed the ceremony of their marriage, pronounced in the most solemn manner, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

WHAT DID THE WORLD SAY?

THE END.

NED RUSHEEN;

OR,
WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHOT WAS FIRED.

A keen, cold, clear moonlight night. The poor—God help them!—who had not covered, crept shivering to their straw beds; the rich stirred up their bright fires, threw on more coals, and made themselves comfortable in a noble, old castellated building, some five miles to the south of the city of Dublin, two people were sitting silently reading in a spacious and luxuriantly-furnished apartment. It was near Christmas. As well as I can remember after the lapse of many years, the date was the 14th of December. Visitors were expected the following day, and the household were occupied with those friendly, bustling operations which in every family seem a necessary preliminary to the close of the old year and the advent of the new.

Lord Elmisdale was leaning against a richly-carved marble statue which stood near the ample hearth. This was a strange look of care in his face—a strange, wandering, asking look, as if some dim foreshadowing of coming evil had cast a spell over him;