that it comes to after all." when you seek rational questions, I shall be happy to answer them to the best of my ability, but not such absurdity as that."

Then, you will?"

"Therity, don't be a tease—what do young ethers of your javenile years know about nethous I don't like the turn this consuch the weather the change it; let us version the weather—that's always a safe talk and Isn't it a splendid morning? And subset. You going to account for it, that the horaic horaic horaic fair going to England, and almis shead coming out!

aggland, my country—great and free, Heart of the world—I leap to thee !"

the sings, with a wicked look in her dark eres, as she watches her cavalier. Charley is not going to be put off. howger; he declines to talk of either wind or

Answer my questiou, Edith, if you please.

she looks at him calmly, steadily, the man lost." the loves, and answers :

"If Sir Victor Catheron asks me, I will be his wife."

CHAPTER VII.

Tro days later, and Fastnet Rock looms pagainst the blue sky; the iron-bound Irish cast appears. At noon they will land in

Ordenstown. Come back to Erin, mayourneen, mayour-In," sings Charlie's voice down the passage, ally in the morning.

Charlie can sing a little still. He is to lose Edith. Sir Victor Catheron is to win and year; but as she is not Lady Catheron yet, Mr. Stuart postpones despuir and suicide un-

she sprang from her bed with a cry of delight. Ireland! One, at least, of the lands

of her dreams. "Trixy!" she cries. "O Trixy, look out!

The land of sweet Erin' at last!" "I me it," Trixy said, rolling sleepily out of the under berth; "and I don't think much of R. A lot of wicked-looking rocks, and not bitgreener than at home. I thought the very sky was green over Ireland."

For the last two days Trizy's bitter trials had ended—her sea-sickness a dismal dream of the past. She was able, in ravishing toilet to appear at the dinner-table, to pace the dek on the arm of Sir Victor. As one having the right, she calmly resumed her sway where she had left it off. Since that moonlight night of which she (Trixy) happily inew nothing, the bare civilties of life alone Mapassed between Miss Darrell and the barmet. Sir Victor might try, and did, but with the strene superiority of right and power, liss Stuart countermanded every move. limite was determined he should be, and there was all the lost time to be made up be-sides. So she redoubled her attentions, aided and abetted by her pa-and how it came about the perplexed young Englishman never could tell, but somehow he was constantly at Miss Sinari's side and unable to get away.

Edith saw it all and smiled to herself. "To-day for me, to-morrow for thee," she lummed. "I have had my day; it is Trixy's turn now. She manœuvres so well it would be a pity to interfere."

Charlie was her cavalier those pleasant last days; both were disposed to take the goods their gods provided, and not fret for to-morrow. It would not last-life's fairy gifts nev-

mained two days, visited Blarney Castle, of bestows her smiles, and glances, and absolute course, and would have kissed the Blarney attention upon his rival.

Store, but for the trouble of climbing up to After dinner they go for a sail by moonit. Then off and away to Killarney.

And Sir Victor was Trixy's captive-still Edith and Charlie maintained their alliance. American heiress, and her fine woman's inslinet told her there was no danger there.

"If it were the other one, now," she thought, glancing at Edith's dark bright face; but it is quite clear how matters stand between her and her cousin. What a handsome pair they will makel"

Another of the elders-Mr. James Stuartdifferent apectacles. It was the one dream of his life to marry his son and daughter to Brit-

"Ot wealth, sir, they have enough," said the Wall-street banker, pulling up his collar pompously. "I will leave my children a cool million apiece. Their descent is equal to the best-to the best, sir-the royal rank of Scotland is in their veins. Fortune I don't look for-blood, sir-BLOOD, I do."

Over his daughter's progress after blood, he smiled complacently. Over his son's conduct he frowned.

"Mind what you're at, young man," he said, on the day they left Cork, gruffly to Charlie. "I have my eye on you. Ordinary attention to Fred Darrell's daughter, I den't mind, but no fooling. You understand me, sir? No fooling. By George, sir, if you don't marry to please me, I'll cut you off with a

Mr. Stuart' junior, looked tranquilly up at Mr. Stuart, senior, with an expression of countenance the senior by no means under-

"Don't lose your temper, governor," he answeed calmly. "I won't marry Fred Dar-tell's daughter, if that's what you mean by 'fooling.' She and I settled that question

At the village of Macroom, they quitted the conveyance known in Ireland as a public car, thing like an overgrown jaunting car, on which ten people can ride, sitting back to back, isolated by the plie of luggage between. There was but one tourist for the Lakes beside themselves, a large, military-looking young man, with multon-chop whiskers and an eye-glass, a knapsack and knickerbockers.

"Hammond, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Victor. "Hammond, of the Scotch Greys. My deat follow, delighted to see you. Captain

Captain Hammond put up his eye-glass and bowed. Charlie litted his hat to this large military swell.

Grays began, " who'd have thought of seeing you here, you know? They said—aw—you

"American friends, and my aunt, Lady

Helena Powyse." the cab-driver, and a scramble into seats in-Darrell's side. But what is man's determin- and are happy even here

ation beside woman's resolve?
"Ob, ppicase, Sir Victor," cries Miss

marry him when he does? for that is up. It's so dreadfully high, and I know I hat it comes to alter all.

hat it comes to alter all.

would I marry him?"

She looks at him and point out the places as we go along—one shall fall off. And oh, please, do sit here, in real incredulous wonder. "Would I marry enjoys places so much more when some one in real incredulous wonder. "Would I marry enjoys places so much more when some one in victor Catheron—1? My dear Charley, points them out, and you've been along here is victor ask rational questions. I shall be before."

What could Sir Victor do? More particularly as Lady Helena good-humoredly chimed

"Yes, Victor, come and point out the places. You shall sit bodkin, between Miss Beatrix and me. Your friend in the tweed suit can sit next. And you, my dear Mrs. Stuart-where will you sit!"

"As Charlie and Edith will have all the other side to themselves" said meek Mrs. Stuart, "I guess I'll sit beside Edith."

mount with cabby. All serene there behind? Then away we go!" Away they went, clattering over the road,

with the whole tatterdemalion population of Macroom after, shouting for "ha'pennies."

"Rigs enough to set up a paper-mill, sug-gested Charlie," "and all the noses turnups! Edith, how do you like this arrangement?" "I think Trixy's cleverer than I ever gave if Sir Victor Catheron asks you, will you be her credit for," laughed Edith; 'it's a pity

> " Poor Trixy! She means well too. Honor thy father, that thy days may be long in the land. She's only trying to fulfil the com mand. And you think sh? has no chance?" "I know it," Edith answers, with the calm

serenity of conviction. "Sir Victor, who's your friend with the solemn face and the funny knickerbockers?" whispers Trixy, under her white parasol.

"He's the Honorable Angus Hammond, second son of Lord Glengary, and captain of Scotch Greys," replies Sir Victor, and Miss Stuart opens her eyes, and looks with newborn reverence at the big, speechless young warrior, who sits sucking the head of his umbrella, and who is an bonorable and the son of a lord.

The day was delightful, the scenery exquisite, his companion vivacious in the extreme, Lady Relens in her most genial mood.

But Sir Victor Catheron sat very silent and distrait all the way. Rallied by Miss Stuart on his gloom, he smiled faintly, and acknowledged he felt a trifle out of sorts. As he made the confession he paused abruptlyclear and sweat rang out the girlish laugh of

Edith Darrell. " Our friends on the other side appear to be in excellent spirits at least," says Lady Helens, smiling in sympathy with that merry peal; " what a very charming girl Miss Darrell is !"

Trixy shoots one swift, sidelong glance at the baronet's face, and answers demurely:

"Oh, it's an understood thing that Dithy and Charlie are never really happy except when together. I don't believe Charlie would have taken the trouble to come at all, if Edith, at his solicitation, had not been one of the party." "A very old affair, I suppose?" asks her

ladyship, still smiling.

"A very old affair, indeed," Trix answers gayly. "Edith will make a charming sister-

in-law; don't you think so, Sir Victor?" She looks up at him artlessly as she plunges her small dagger into a vital place. He tries to smile, and say something agreeable in return-the smile is a failure; the words a greater failure. After that, all Trixy's attention falls harmless. He sits moodily listening to the gay voices on the other side of the luggage, and finds out for sure and certain that he is dead in love with

Miss Darrell. They reach Glengariff as the twilight shadows fall—lovely Glengariff where they er do, for to day they would eat, drink, and be are to dine and pass the night. At dinner, merry together, and forget the evil to come. by some lucky chance, Edith is beside him, They landed, spent an hour in Queenstown, and Captain Hammond falls into the clutches then the train whirled them away "to that of Trix. And Miss Darrell turns her grace-beautiful city called Cork." Then they reful shoulder deliberately upon Charlie, and

light to an island, where there are the remains of a martello tower. The elders, for whom "moonlight on the lake," long ago lost Lady Helena watched her nephew and the its witchery, and falling dews and night airs retain their terrors, stay at home and rest. Edith and Sir Victor, Trix and the Honorable Angus Hammond, saunter down arm in arm to the boat. Charlie and the two Irish boatmen bring up the rear-Mr. Stuart smok-

ing a consolatory cigar.

They all "pile in" together, and fill the little boat. The baronet follows up his luck, witched the progress of matters, through very and keeps close to Edith. How beautiful she is with the soft silver light on her face. He sits and watches her, and thinks of the laure-

"A man has given all other bliss And all his worldly worth for this, To waste his whole heart in one kiss Upon her per:ect lips."

"Am I too late!" he thought; "does she love her cousin? Is it as his sister hints,

His jealous, auxious eyes never left her. She saw it all. If she had ever doubted her power over him she did not doubt it to-night. She smiled, and never once looked toward Charlie.

"No," he thought with a sigh of relief him in a sisterly way—nothing more. I will wait until we reach England, and speak then. She, and she alone, shall be my wife."

CHAPTER VIII. IN TWO BOATS.

Early next morning our tourists remounted the car and jogged slowly over that lovely stretch of country which lies between Glengariff and Killarney.

Their places were as on the day beforecomfortable rallway carriage, and mounted the Sir Victor in the possession of Trix. Charlle with Edith. But the baronet's gloom was gone-hope filled his heart. She did not love her cousin-or that he had convinced himself -and one day be might call her wife.

Sir Victor Catheron was that rare avis, a modest young man. That this American girl, penniless and pedigreeless, was beneath him, he never thought—of his own rank and wealth, as motives to influence her, he never and say you will be my wife." once dreamed. Nothing base or mercenary could find a place in so fair a creature; so noble and beautiful a face must surely be emblematic of a still more noble and beautiful soul. Alasi for the blindness of people in

love. It was a day of delight, a day of cloudless "I say, Sir Victor," the Captain of Scotch, skies, sparkling sunshine, fresh mountain lays began. "who'd have thought of seeing breezes, sublime scenery. Wild, bleak valbreezes, sublime scenery. leys, frowning Kerry rocks, roaring torrents, had gone exploring Canada, or the United barefooted, ragged children, pigs and people States, or some of those kind of places, you beneath the same thatched roof, such squalor and utter poverty as in their dreams they had

never imagined. "Good Heaven!" Edith said, with a shudder, "how can life be worth living in such father's wealth, the fortune he means to leave horrible poverty as this?"

"The bugbear of your life seems to be novstantly began. In his own mind, Sir Victor erty, Elith," Charley answered. "I dare say had determined his seat should be by Miss these people eat and sleep, full in love, marry,

"My dear Mr. Stuart, what a sentimental speech, and sillier even than it is sentimental.

and the pig lives in the corner, and every cabin swarms with children, but-happy! Char lie, I used to think you had one or two grains of common sense, at least-now I begin to doubt it."

"I begin to doubt it myself, since I have had the pleasure of knowing Edith Darrell I defy mortal man to keep common sense, or uncommon sense, long in her company. Poverty and misery, in your lexicon, mean the same thing."

"The same thing. There is no earthly

"Ay, ay," chimed in her spouse, "and I'll lifted its silvery light over the matchless

"Oh, how lovely!" Trix exclaimed. The rest stood silent. There is a beauty so intense as to be beyond words of praise—so sweet, so solemn, as to hush the very beating of our hearts. It was such beauty as this they

tor with Trixy on his arm. Charlie and so much diplomacy should be love's labor | Edith side by side. A glowing mass of soft, scarlet drapery wrapped Miss Darrell: a coquettish hat, with a long, black ostrich plume, set off her Spanish face and eyes. They had dined-and when is moonlight half so poeti-

tor. "I propose a row on the lakes." "Of all things," seconded Beatrix, "a sail on the lakes of Killarney! Edith, do you realize it? Let us go at once, Sir Victor."

asked, "or would you rather go with them?" She looked at him in surprise. How grave his face—how quiet his tone! He had been like this all day, silent, preoccupied, grave. "My very dear Charlie, how polite we grow! how considerate of others' feelings! Quite a new phase of your interesting charac-

. .. go with you, certainly-Mr. Charles Stuart, in a state of lamb-like meekness, is a study worth contemplating.'

last evening together; who knows when we shall have another ?"

Miss Darrell's brown eyes opened to their videst extent. " 'This last evening! Who knows when we shall have another!' Charlie, if you're meditating flight or suicide, say so at once-

anything is better than suspense. I once saw a picture of . The Knight of the Woful Countenance'—the K. of the W. C. looked exactly as you look now! If you're thinking of strychnine, say so-no one shall oppose you. My only regret is, that I shall have to wear black, and hideous is a mild word to describe Edith Darrell in black."

"Hideous!" Charlie repeated, "you! wonder if you could possibly look ugly in anything? I wonder if you know how pretty you are to-night in that charming hat and that scarlet drapery?"

doubtedly must look to wring a word of praise from you. It's the first time in all your life, sir, you ever paid me a compliment. Hitherto you have done nothing but find fault with my looks and everything else."

"There is a time for everything," he answers, a little sadly-sadly! and Charlie Stuart! "The time for all that is past. Here is our boat. You will steer, Edith? Yes—then I'll row."

vards off, out upon the shining water. Another party-a large boat containing half-adozen, Captain Hammond among them, was farther off still. In this boat sat a girl with a guitar; her sweet voice as she sang came romantically over the lake, and the mountain echoes, taking it up, sang the refrain enchantngly over and over again. Edith lifted up her face to the starry sky, the moonlight column. bathing it in a glory.

bright beautiful world it is, and how perfectly happy one could be, if-"

suggested. "Yes, exactly. Why can't life be all like this-moonlight, capital dinners, lots of friends and new dresses, a nice boat, and-

yes, I will say it-somebody one likes very much for one's companion." "Somebody one likes very much, Edith! I wonder sometimes, if you like me at all-if it

is in you to like any one but yourself." "Thanks! I like myself, certainly, and first best I will admit. After that-"

please, you'll upset the boat. Of course ! to you? Charlie, I bless that night in the snow-it has been the luckiest in my life."

"O Edith, let me speak for once-let us understand one another, and then part forever, if we must. Only why need we part at all l" She turns pale-she averts her face from

she does not care for him in that way-let him, and looks out over the radiant water. Miss Stuart think as she pleases. She likes Sooner or later she has known this must nme_it has come to-night.

Why need we part at all?" He is leaning on his cars, and they are floating lightly how I love you; you know it well enough; and I think-I hope-you care for me. Be true to yourself Edith-you belong to me;

come to me; be my wife." There is a passion in his tone, in his eyes, but his voice is quiet, and he sits with the oars in his hands. Even in this supreme mo-ment of his life Mr. Stuart is true to his "principles," and will make no scene.

"You know I love you," he repeate; "as the man in the Cork theatre said the other night: 'l'll go down on my knees if you like, but I can love you just as well standing up. Edith, speak to me. How can you ever marry any one but me-but me, whose life you saved? My darling, forget your cynicism-It is but lip-deep -- you don't really mean it-

"Your wife!" she laughs, but her heart thrills as she says it. "Your wife! It would be pleasant, Charlie; but like most of the pleasant things of life, it can never be.' " Edith !"

"Charlie, all this is nonsense, and you know it. We are coucins—we are good friends and stannch comrades, and always will be, I hope, but lovers-no, no, no l"

"Have I not told you already-told you has not been my want of candor. My cyniyou, I would marry you to-morrow, and be," her lips trembled a little, "the happiest girl on earth."

calmiy asks.

Stuart, in a pitcous little voice, "do help me | Marry and are happy! They marry no doubt, | much that I would sooner die than marry you. | ment.

For you a marriage with me means ruin—nothing else."

" My father is fond of me. I am his only son. He would relent." "He never would," she answered firmly, "and you know it. Charlie, the day he spoke to you in Cork, I was behind the window-curtains, reading. I heard every word. My first impulse was to come out and confront him-to throw back his favors and patronage, and demand to be sent home. horrid bad temper is numbered among the list of my failings. But I did not. I heard your calm reply-the ' soft answer that turneth away wrath, and it fell like oil on my

troubled spirit. " Don't lose your temper,' you said; 'Fred Darrell's daughter and I won't marry, if that's what you mean.' I admire your prudence and truth. I took the lesson home, and-stayed behind the curtains. And we will keep to that-you and Fred Darrell's daughter will never marry."

"But, Edith, you know what I mean't. Good Heavens! you don't for a second sup-

"I don't for a moment suppose anything but what is good and generous of you, Charlie. I know you would face your father like a-like a 'griffin rampant,' to quote Trix, and brave all consequences, if I would let you. But I won't let you. You can't afford to defy your father. I can't afford to marry a poor

"I am young-I am strong-I can work, I have my hands and my head, a tolerable education, and many friends. We would not

starve. says, and laughs again rather drearily. "We would only grub along, wanting everything that makes life endurable, and be miserable beyond all telling before the first year ended. We don't want to hate each other -we don't want to marry. You couldn't work, Charlie—you were never born for drudgery. And I— I can't lorget the training of my life even for

you." "You can't, indeed-you do your training credit," he answered bitterly.

"And so," she goes on, her face drooping, "don't be angry; "you'll thank me for this some day. Let it be all over and done with to-night, and never be spoken of more. Ob, Charlie, my brother, don't you see we could not be happy together-don't you see it is bet-

ter we should part?" "It shall be exactly as you wish. I am but a poor special pleader, and your worldly wisdom is so clear, the dullest intellect might comprehend it. You throw me over without a pang, and you mean to marry the baronet. Unly-as you are not yet his exclusive property, bought with a price-answer me this: You love me?"

Her head drooped lower, her eves were full of passionate tears, her heart full of passionate pain. Throw him over without a pang! In her heart of hearts Edith Darrell knew what it cost her to be heartless to-night.

"Answer me | he said, imperiously, his eyes kindling. Answerme! That much, at least, I claim as my right. Do you love me or do you not?

And the answer comes very humbly and "Charlie! what need to ask? You know

only too well---I do." And then silence falls. He takes up the oars again--their soft dip, and the singing of the girl in the distant boat, the only

(To be continued.)

sounds.

Thousands of children are lost annually from cholera infantum, diarracea, and the summer complaints, where lives might be preserved by using Extract of Wild Strawberry. Physicians recommend and use it constantly. it is a remedy well known, and more highly valued the longer known. It is for sale at all drug stores, and is within reach | God's love, the Irish peasant mourns"; you, every one. See advertisement in another

ST. GABRIEL ACADEMY.

The closing exercises and distribution of prizes in connection with St. Gabriel Academy was held on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last. There was a large attendance of the friends of the pupils, besides many invited visitors from the city. On Monday evening the St. Henri Band assisted, adding greatly to the enjoyment of everyone. On Tuesday evening the band of the Sixth Fusiliers was in attendance, obtaining the praise of all present by the excellent performance of several difficult pieces of music. On both occasions the Rev. Father Salmon presided. Among the many interesting pieces on the programme were two petit dramas, one entitled "Uncle John's Visit," and the other "A Sea of Trouble," acted by the pupils of and the careful training evinced in the rendition of the different parts was very favorably commented on by the large and appreciative audience. Several choruses were given by the pupils, who sang with fine effect, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mary O'Byrne, and Miss Lizzie Rutledge. Master Frank Salmon favored the audience with a song, and was loudly encored. Miss Mary Ann Lyons read the valedictory.

Several gold and silver medals were presented to the pupils. The following is the list of medallists :--

A gold medal from James McShane, Esq., with the stream. "I don't need to tell you M. P. P., presented to Miss Nelly McAuley. Gold medal trom James King, Esq., presented to Miss Mary Ann Lyons. Silver medal from Rev. J. J. Salmon, to Miss

Alice Herbert. Sliver medals from several other gentlemen were presented to Misses Annie Perkins, Agnes Singleton, Bridget Clancey, and to Masters John Murphy, Mortly Shea, Michael Cantwell, Alexander Marion, and James

Myles. Ald. Tansey, Mr. A. Morris, of the Canada Cordage Factory, and several other gentlemen contributed largely to the securing of other premiums.

At the close of Tuesday's entertainment. Father Salmon thanked the large audience for the encouragement they gave the pupils by their presence. He also spoke in very high terms of the staff of teachers, all of whom he hoped would long continue with the academy which had been elevated to such a high standard of efficiency through their exertions.

HOLLOWAY'S CINTHENT AND PILLS .- More precious than Gold .- Diarrhoes, dysentery and cholera are, through the summer's heat, carrying off the young, as the winter's cold des-troys the aged. In the most acute cases, where over and over again? If you don't despise internal medicines cannot be retained, the me, and think me heartless and base the fault greatest relief will immediately result from greatest relief will immediately result from rubbing Holloway's soothing ciniment over cism! I mean every word. If you had your the abdomen. The friction should be fre-father's wealth, the fortune he means to leave quent and brisk, to insure the penetration of ment calms the excited peristaltic action and soothes the pain. Both vomiting and griping originated the malady, it is proper to remove I am nut at all selfish. I care for you so moderate dose of Holloway's Pills and Oint- had still, however, voice sufficient to thank the Government arrested men for any

MISS PARNELL.

HER RECEPTION IN THE OLD CAPITAL --- AN ENTHU-SIASTIC OVATION-HER ADDRESS.

[Quebec Telegraph.] Last evening the Music Hall was the centre around which all that is national in the Irish character centred. Welcome to Miss Parnell, sister of the great Irish tribune, was the object, and the welcome was given in a truly Irish fashion; it took the hundred thousand shape,—the Cead Mille Failthe form. It was worthy the people who tendered it as it was deserving by the lady to whom it was given. On very rare occasions is such enthusiasm shown as was last evening. The event was peculiar of its kind. The scattered portion of a liberty loving people met together to render homage to one of a family which They wanted no concessions from the British is destined to revolutionize the system of Government; they merely wanted justice. Government under which apeople has groaned for centuries. The Irish people of Quebec crowded into the Music Hall last evening to pass a social hour, enlivened by the strains of the Emerald Band with the additional attraction of a number of our charming vocalists, who contributed their inestimable services towards furthering the great object the were crowned with success, the large audience, who applauded with vigorous enthusiasm, bore sufficient evidence. On the entrance of Miss Parnell (accompanied by Mrs. Whelan and Miss Davis, and escorted by leading members of the Land League) the audience rose, the band played, and altogether it was evident a much loved and highly esteemed being was in their presence. The chair was taken by John O'Farchair was taken by John O'Far-rell, Esq., whose introductors ad-dress was delivered with all the freshness and vigor which his enthusiastic Irish heart so ably prompted. On the stage were scated, beside the highly esteemed guest of the evening, she whose name is a synonyme for all that is honest, faithful and true in the cause of Irish

freedom, Miss Fanny Parnell, there were Mrs. Whelan, the wife of one who has devoted his long desired and much needed Irish Catholic daily newspaper, THE Post, Montreal: Miss Anuie Davis, President and founder of the Ladies' Branch of the Irish National Land League, in Montreal. A lady whom as the niece of Ireland's patriotic songster. Thomas Davis, was greeted with enthusiasm second only to that awarded to Miss Paruell. Messrs. Felix Carbray, past President, Jas. Shen, past Vice-President, Jas. Paul, Vice-President, Jas. J. Gahan, J. Gallagher, D. Nolan, and J.

(From the Quebec Chronicle.) Mr. J. J. Gahan delivered the speech of the occasion; Miss Davis recited Fontency; sough were sung by Mesus. James Shea and E. J. Lane, and Mr. John O'Farrel, the chairman, read the following address

To Miss Fanny Parnell, the Poetess of the Irish

National Land League : The members of the Quebec branch of the Irish National Land League, joining with their fellow-citizens of Irish birth and extraction, and with the lovers of Ireland generally. in this city, avail themselves of your presence here, to testify their admiration of your many noble qualities, and to tender you, from their heart of hearts, a hundred thousand welcomes!

In the great crisis through which the Irish nation is passing, the family of Parnell is proving itself worthy of the stock from which it sprung.

Like unto the mother of the Gracchi, the

gifted lady whose name you bear, has given her virtues and her children to the service of her country! Your brother in the great Parliamentary arena of the British Empire; you: sister now toiling for the cause amidst the dear scenes of Ireland, where though "the climate is soft as a mother's smile, and the soil fruitful as on this continent amongst the hurried rushes of North American commerce, have joined in raising a cry which falls upon the ear of mankind, and provokes the chivalry of the world to condemn in thunder tones the glaring wrongs and vices which attach to the system

of landlordism in Ireland! As one of that honored family you are wel-

come to our midst. We recognize in you the Poeters of the Land War! the sister singer of Speranza and of Eva! the Woman of the Sybil's voice and

Prophetess' power! Cead mille failthe! cead mille failthe! ! When the mighty ones of earth go forththose crowned queens and monarchs of feudal thrones, their footsteps are traced by acclamations-the serfs hall their presence. The ancient lords of ancient houses likewise meet with all the exterior marks of pompous reverence from the lowly and the unthinking. For this there is cause, inasmuch as the sceptre of power is wielded in the view of the a recent visit to Germany, seized and forced multitude, and behind the sceptre there is into the military service. either the sword of force, or that more debased weapon, the lash of a degraded public opinion. But without the accidental trappings which surround the courts of lordlings you have started on Freedom's pathway The martyrs of your nation are the beacons of your course! Justice is your aim! Liberty your goal! Hence it is that we greet you on this occasion with every testimony of our affection-seeing, in your virtues the sole reason

for our love. To an enlightened people—to an aroused humanity you appeal. Continue on your glorious mission, and though you may not be called upon, as was the Maid of Orleans, to mingle in scenes of unwelcome strife and Turkey responsible for the agitation among unholy bloodshed, yet be assured that the beart of grateful Ireland will enabrine your name; that your welfare, temporal and eternal, will be the fond object of a faithful people's prayer, and your memory be prized by every Irish-Canadian, whose feelings, like the chords of the Kolian barp, have been awakened to the melody of patrictism, by the rich and tender outpourings of your exalted

genius. Signed on behalf of the Irish National Land League and Irish people of Quebec. JOHN O'FABREL,

Chairman. LAWRENCE STEAFORD, Jr., Hon. Secys. JOHN CARRY. Music Hall, Quebec, 7th July, 1881.

Miss Parnell, who was received with loud applause, begged the audience to be seated, and then proceeded to thank them for the magnificent reception they had given her, for the address just read, and Mr. Galtagher for the beautiful manner in which he had read it. She was glad to hear Mr. Gallagher was from Cork, for as it was a matter of sink or swim with them they needed plenty of Cork. When it was a question for her brother to decide whather he would sit for Cork. Meath or Mayo, her sister and herself had put their heads together and talked it over, and finally they had sent him word "Stick to Cork." In addition, she said to her usual inability to a large portion of the Unguent. This oint- speak, she had been out driving to see the beautiful scenery around Quebec, and had been forced to swallow about two pecks of yield to it; where fruits or vegetables have dust. She had likewise required to swallow so many undeserved compliments that some "Care for you! O Charle! can't you see? all indigested matter from the bowels by a of them seemed to stick in her throat. She

so many ladies present. At first the meetings of the League were attended almost entirely by men; now, however, the luties were already taking an interest in the proceedings. She had been told the littles it to were not so strong-minded, such autoz me as those in the United States. It was not good for man. to be alone in any marter, and especially when his aim was the regeneration of a good and great nation. The movement was of course political in one sense, but then they were interested in no particular sine. As one had said who himself was no friend of Ireland,-the late Thomas Carlyle,-" The Whige were their false friends and the Tories their honest enemies" She thought the lat-ter were the best. The Whigs were always calling for liberty, the Tories for order, while the nation did not want order, but justice. They went to them with open hands,-she wished they only could, and say :—"Give us justice or else——." (Loud applause.) Miss B. M. McVey and Mr. P. E. Lane sang

Believe me if all these endearing young charme," as a duet, followed by songs from Mr. F. M. Duggan, who was loudly applauded, and Miss Maguire. The two last were beau-League had in view. That their efforts tifully rendered and were the gems of the evening.

Before separating, the audience sung "God Save Ireland," Mr. D. Nolan singing the solo. A word of praise is certainly due the musical directress, Miss McCauley, for her skill in presiding at the piano.

The hall had been neatly decorated for the occasion. The Union Jack, Red, White and Blue, Stars and Stripes and Irish flag surrounded a banner bearing on it the names of Chas. Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt and Dillon, and in front of the stage was the inscription "God Save Ireland." "Welcome our Guest, Miss Fauny Parnell," was at the end of the Hall facing the stage.

Miss l'arnell, is a tall and attractive looking young lady, fair in appearance, and apparently about 25 years of age. She is slim in figure, and wore last night a handsome time and his means to the establishment of a black silk costume, over the skirt of which was a lace draping embroidered in large silver Shamrocks.

BREVITIES

Bismarck is sixty-oight years old. Dublin policemen are tall and innocentlooking.

A drink of half milk and half Vichy water is very refreshing. Some English stewards put cheap beer into

old Bass bottles. An English constable mounted a bicycle and caught a thief.

At a fancy fair an "old woman" sat in an immense shoe selling dolls. Berlin anxiously expects Albani and Elsa

in "Lohengrin" next season. The rumor is revived that Prince Amadeus, of Italy, intendes to become a monk. Toronto bakers have decided to increase the

price of bread from Monday next. Speaking of the politics and office hunting the Boston Herald says :- " Lift the level."

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Sisson, of Ohio. has received a patent for an advertising bal-

A satirical inn-keeper in Wytheville, Va., advertises his house as "the only secondclass hotel in the world." In future French navy officers and seemen

may grow beards and mustaches. Mustaches without beards are still prohibited. The young Duke de Morny is said to be one of the coming golden youth of France-clever, witty, discreet, sceptical and a sportsman.

M. Moet, the chief of the famous champa-

rne house of Most & Chundon, died leaving a personal fortune of nearly 30,000,000 francs. The Czar has succeeded in maintaining ab-

solute monarchy. But he is afraid to come out to see how it is getting along.—Burlington Hawkeye. A writer in the British Medical Journal asserts that in the last thirty years there has been a gradual diminution in the size of peo-

ple's heads. It is asserted that Dr. Carnally, of Englaud, has, by a patent process, produced ice of such intense coldness that it would burn the toucher.

A block of ice, melted in Charles Bertine's ice-chest at Connersville, Ind., was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound and in good health. William Brink, of South Manchester, Conn.,

a member of the National Guard, was, during A young lady named Tobin, daughter of a respectable resident of St. Catharines, Ont., eloped yesterday with a negro, whom she

A St. Louis man has been fined \$1 and costs of prosecution for jerking a boy out of a seat in a horse car for the benefit of a lady passenger who was standing. A bogus "Count," travelling on the Pacific

married at Niagara Falls.

slope, lowers his baggage from his room window, languidly walks out of the hotel and is heard of in the next city. It is asserted that France has sent a note to the Porte, declaring that she will hold

the Mohammedans in Tunis and Gran. A black bear attempted to hug a young lady in Idaho, and was severely punished for his misbehavior. She charged on the beast with an umbrells and punched out one of his

Among the twenty-one students arrested a iew days ago in a conspirator's lodgings on the confines of St. Petersburg was a female student of medicine, dressed in a man's clothes. Boston Post :- " It disgusts a man fearfully

after he has owned a mule ten years to find that the animal really enjoys listening to profanity. He grudges the pleasure he has given the mule." Miss Lilliwhite, who is about to marry, re-

marked on Memorial day that she could

sympathize with the brave boys in blue, having lost her hand in an engagement .- Boston Transcript. The proposed meeting of Scotch members, to take into consideration the question of arranging for the discussion of Scotch business in the House of Commons, has been indefi-

nitely postponed. Not a bad joke was made at Ascot respecting a lady whose dress was profusely decorated with the heraldic emblems of her husband's family. "Why," said some one, should a wife not be in the arms of her

husband?" Parnell has written a letter to the Cork branch of the Land League in regard to the arrest of O'Connor, its Secretary, stating. that the time has long since gone by when them for their kindness. She was glad to see | reason assigned under the Coercion Act.

two or three centuries ago."

Hammond, my friend, Mr. Stuart of New

know. Who's your party?" sollo voce; "Americans—hey?"

"Now thin-look alive yer honors," cried

evil that can equal poverty." They reached Killarney late in the evening, and drove to the "Victoria," The perfect weather still continued, the moon that had lit their last night at sea, on the wane now, Lakes of Killarney, lying like sheets of crystal light beneath.

looked upon now. They stood on the velvety sward-Sir Vic-

cal as after an excellent dinner? "I see two or three boats remarked Sir Vic-

"Will you come with me Edith?" Charlie

He smiled slightly, and drew her hand within his arm. "Come, thon," he said, " let us have this

"Certainly I know, and charming I un-

The baronet and Trix were already several

" Ob, what a night!" she sighed. " What a "One had thirty thousand a year!" Charlie

"After that?" he repeats. "I like you. No-keep quiet, Charlie, like you—aren't you my cousin—haven't you the Academy. All who took part in them been awfully kind to me _don't I owe all this | played their various roles most estisfactorily,

"And the unluckiest of mine."

"And why?" he asks.

"You don't care for me at all, then?" he