[Continued from Second Page.] woman you could respect as well as love-a thoughtful beautiful woman, to make your home dearer to you than all the amusements town life can afford. She would make you happy, and induce you to look more carefully to your own interests-17d-"

You mean you would like me to marry Clarissa Peyton," says Dorian, good humored-" Well, it is a charming scheme, you know; but I don'; think it will come off. In the first place, Clarissa would not have me, and in the next, I don't want to marry at all. A wife would bore me to death; couldn't fancy a greater nuisance. I like women very much, in fact, I may say, I am decidedly foud of a good many of them, but to have one always looking after me (as you style it) and showing up my pet delinquencies would drive me out or my mind. Don't look so disgusted! I feel I'm a miserable sinner; but I really can't help it. I expect there is something radically wrong with me."

"Do you mean to tell me "-with some natural indignation-" that up to this you have nover during all your wanderings, both at home and abroad, seen any woman you could sincerely admire?"

"Numbers, my dear Arthur-any amountbut not one I should care to marry. You see, that makes such a difference. I remumber once before-last season-you spoke to me in this strain, and, simply to oblige you, I thought I would make up my mind to try matrimony. So I went in heavily, beart and soul, for Lady Fanny Hazlett. You have seen Lady Fanny?"

Yes, a good deal of her."

"Then you know how really pretty she is. Well, I spent three weeks at it; regular hard work the entire time, you know, no breathingspace allowed, as she never refuses an in invitation, thinks nothing of three balls in one night, and insisted on my dancing attentance on her everywhere. I never suffered so much in my life; and when at last I gave in from sheer exhaustion, I found my clothes no longer fitted me. I was worn to a skeleton from loss of sleep, the heavy strain on my mental powers, and the meek endurance of he lady-hip's ill temper."

"Lady Fanny is one woman, Clarissa Peyton is quite another. How could you fail to be happy with Clarissa? Her sweetness, ber hrace of mind and body, her beauty, would geep you captive even against your will.'. Dirian pauses for a moment or two, and then says, very gently, as though sorry to

spoil the old man's cherished plan,—
"It is altogether impossible. Clatissa has no heart to give me."

Sartoris is silent. A vaguo suspicion of what now appears a certainty, has for some time oppressed and haunted him. At this moment he is sadly realizing the emptiness of all his draming. Presently he says, slow-

"Are you quite sure of this?" "As certain as I can be without exactly hearing it from her own lips." " Is it Horace?

f Yes; it is Horace," says Branscombe, quietly. CHAPTER VI.

"Trend softly; how the head;
— In reverent allence bow,
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now."
CAROLINE SOUTHEY
A LITTLE TOOM, SCARTLEY OUT nearly turnsh-

ed. A low bed. A dying man. A kneeling girl-nalf shild, half woman-with a lovely, miserable face, and pretty yellow hair. It is almost dusk, and the sound of the

moaning sea without, rising, higner and boarser as the tide rushes in, comes like a wail of passionate agony into the silent

The rain patters dismally against the window panes. The wind-that all day long has been sullen and subdued—is breaking forth into a fury long suppressed, and, dashing through the little town on its way to the angry sen, makes the casements rattle noiseand the tall trees sway and bend beneath its touch. Above, in the darkening heavens. gray clouds are scurrying madly to and fro. "Georgie" whispers a faint voice from out

the gathering gloom, " are you still there?" "Yes, dear, I am here, quite near to you. What is it?"

"Sit where I can see you, child-where I can watch your face. I have something to say to you. I cannot die with this weight upon my heart."

"What weight, papa?" "The uccertainty about your future," says

the dying man, with some excitement. " How can I leave you, my little one, to fight this cruel world alone?' "Do not think of me," says the girl, in a

voice so unaturally calm us to betray the fact that she is making a supreme effort to steel herself against the betraval of emotion of any kind. By and by, will there not be long years in which to make her mosn, and weep, and lament, and give herself wholly up to that grim giant Despeir? "Put me out of your thoughts altogether. I shall do very, very well. I shall manage to live as others have lived before me."

"Your sunt Elizabeth will take you in for a little while, and then-then-"

"I shall go out as a governess. I sha!l get into some kind, pleasant fomily, and every one will be very good to me," says the girl, still in a resolutely cheerful tone. "It will just suit me. I shall like it. Do you understand me, papa? I shall like it better than anything, because children are always fond of me.

The father's face grows sadder, even grayer as she speaks. He sighs in a troubled fashion, and strokes feebly the little fragile hand that clings so desperately to his, while the damps of death lie thick upon his brow.

"A governess," he murmurs with some difficulty. "While you are only a child yourself. What a hard, hard fate! Is there no friend to help and comfort you?" "I have a friend," replies she, steadily.

"You have often heard me mention her. You remember the name now-Clarissa Peyton? She was my best friend at school, and I know she will do what a e can for me. She will be able to find me some nice children,

"Friendship,"-Interrupts he, bitterly-"it is a breath—a name. It will fall you when you most need it."

K "Clarissa will not fail me," replies she. slowly, though with a feeling of deadly slokness at her heart. "And, besides, you must not think of me as a governess always, papa. I shall, perhaps, marry somebody, some

The dying man's eyes grow a shade brighter; it is a mere flicker, but it lasts for a moment, long enough to convince her she has indeed given some poor hope to obeer his last

"Yes; to mary somebody," he repeats, wist-"fally, "that will be best-to get some good, man, some kindly, loving heart to protect you and make a afe shelter for you. There is comfort in the thought. But I hope it will be soon; my darling, before your spirit is

broken and your youth dulled.' Georgie, making a last terrible effort to ap- through the Secretary of State, a set of vases prolonged justly; but a change under

I not, indeed? I am very pretty, am I not, papa?" In spits of the lightness of her words, a heavy choking sob escapes her as she finishes her little set speech. She buries her face in the bed-clother, to stifle her rising grief, but her father is almost too far gone to notice

"Yes,-so like your mother," he mutters somewhat thickly, clutching aimlessly at the, quilt. "Poor Alice-poor girl! It was that day on the beach, when the waves were dancing, and the sun—or was it?—Did the old man ever forgive—?"

He is wandering, dreaming his douth-dream of happier days, going back, even as he sinks into everlasting sleep, to the gilded hours of youth.

The girl presses his hand to rouse him. "Think of me now," she entreats, despairingly; "it will only be for a little while—such a little while - and then you will be with her forever. Oh, papal my dear, my dear; smile at me once again. Think of me happily; let me feel when you are gone that your last

hours with me were peaceful." His eyes meet hers, and he smiles tenderly. Gently she slips her arms round him, and laying her golden head upon the pillow, close to him presses her lips to bis-the soft warm lips, that contrast so paintully with those pale cold other ones they touch. So she remains for a long time, kissing him sottly every now and then, and thinking hopelessly of the end.

She neither sighs nor weeps, nor makes any outward sign of anguish. Unlike most people, she has realized to its fullest the awfulness of this thing that is about to befall her. And the knowledge has paralyzed her senses, rendering her dull with misery, and tearless.

Presently the white lide, weary with nights of watching, droop. Her breath comes more evenly. Her head sinks more heavily against the pillow, and, like a child worn out with grief and pain, she sleeps.

When next she wakes, gray dawn is everywhere. The wind still moans unceasingly, Still the rain-drops patter against the panes She raises her head affrightedly, and, springing to her feet, bends with bated breath above the quiet form lying on the bed.

Alas! alas! what change is here? He has not moved; no faintert alteration can he traced in the calm pose of the figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile -the last fond smile-still lingers on his lips; yet, he is dead!

The poor child stands gazing down upon him with parted lips and clasped hands, and a face almost as ashen as that marble one to which her eyes grow with a horror unspeakable. He looks so peaceful-so much as though he merely sleeps-that for one mad moment she tries not to believe the truth. Yet she knows it is death, unmistakable and relentless, upon which for the first time she looks.

He is gone, forever! without another kiss. or smile, or farewell word beyond those last uttered. He had set out upon his journey atone, had passed into the other happier land, in the cold silence of the night, even while she slept-had been torn from her, whilst yet her tond arms encircled him.

Impelled by some indefinable desire, she lays her fingers softly on the band that lies outside the coverlet. The awful chill that meets her touch seems to reach even to her heart. Throwing her arms above her head, with a wild passionate cry, the falls forward, and lies senseless across the lifeless body.

Misery hurts, but it rarely kills; and broken hearts are out of fashion. All this unhappiness came to Georgie Broughton about a year ago, and though brain-fever followed upon it, attacking her with vicious force, and almost handing her over as a victim to the greedy grave, yet she had survived, and overcome death, and returned from the land of sundows, weakened, indeed, but with life before her.

sufficient energy to plan or think about a possible future. All this time her aunt Elizabeth had clothed and fed and sheltered her, but unwillingly. Indeed, so gradgingly had she dealt out her measure of " brotherly love" that the girl writhed beneath it, and pined. with a passionate longing, for the day that should see her freed from a dependence that had become unspeakably bitter to her.

To-day, sitting in her little room-an apartment high up in Aunt Elizabeth's house—she tells herself she will hesitate no longer, that she is strong now, quite strong, and able to face the world. She holds up ner delicate iittle hand between her eyes and the window. as a test of her returning strength, only to and sue can almost see the light through it -so thin, so fragile, has it grown. But she will not be disheartened; an , drawing pen and paper toward her she tried to write.

But it is a difficult task, and her head is strangely heavy, and her words will not come to her. A vague feeling, too, that her letter will be unsuccessful, that her friend will fail her, distresses and damps her power to explain her position clearly.

Who can say if Clarissa Peyton will be the same at heart as when last they parted, with many words of good will and affection, and eyes dark with tears?

Grief and misery, and too much of Aunt Elizabeth, have already embittered and generated distrust in her young bosom. She is tired, too. All day she has tolled, has worked religiously, and gone through wearying household labor, trying to repay in some faint wise the reluctant hospitality extended to her. At this moment a sense of utter desolation overpowers her, and with a brain on fire, and a heart half broken, she pushes from her the partly-written letter, and, burying her face in her arms, breaks into low but heavy weep-

ing:
"Papa | papa!" she sobs, miserably. It is the common refrain of all her sorrowful dirges-the sadder that no response ever comes to the lonely cry. Of our dead, if we would believe them happy we must also believe that they have forgotten us; else how (when we think on our bleeding hearts) could

they keep their bliss so perfect? Mournfully as Mariana in her moated prange, the poor child laments, while sobs shake her tender frame. . And the day dies, and the sun goes down, and happily some noise in the house—a step, a voice—arouses her, and, starting as though from some ugly dream, she takes up her pen again, and writes eagerly, and without premeditation, to the one friend in whom she still puts faith.

(To be continued.)

FOR : CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, and Cholera Infantum, as well as all summer complaints of a similar nature, Perry Davis' Pain Killer acts with wonderful rapidity, and never fails when taken at the commencement of an attack, and often course after every other remedy has tailed. 20-2-ws.

Capt. Emerson, formerly of Portland, Me .. but now residing in San Francisco, has re- sally applied as the one system of this "I shall marry as soon as ever I can," says ceived from the Japanese Government, colony, then it might have been

The Land Question in Victoria

Melbourne, 22d November, 1881. in every country it seems as if "earthbunger" is the gnawing pain which breeds rebellion among politicians, though these, in name of patriots instead. "Liberalism," as that was headed by Mr. Berry, is in a bad way just now, and has been wasting away for some time, and, indeed, seems nearly played out. Ever since Sir Bryan O'Loghlen knocked the feet from it by upsetting the late Ministry, when he, not Berry, was the chief instrument in passing the Reform Bill, it has been a difficult matter to find a rallying cry on the " Liberai" side. At last the land is to be the question once more, as it has often been here in years past. Sir Bryan has brought in an amending bill on that subject-a bill, moreover, maning in the same direction hitherto favored by advanced Liberals in this colony, and yet the Liberals themselves are not satisfied. In fact, they are up in arms against it for no other reason than that the movement will serve their ends to scramble on to the Treasury benches. Our leading Liberals here are "professionals," who cannot exist except they have the run of the public purse; hence they are going in for another throw of the dice, and in doing so they are throwing all their principles (!) on the land question to the winds.

That is no rash or unjust statement; for what hitherto has been their reading idea in settling the people of the land? It has been "free selection before survey." After years of agitation a law was enacted that any man could go anywhere in Victoria and pick out up to 320 acres, which he might pay for at the rate of 2s per acre per annum for ten years, and at the end of that period the land became his, thus giving him a farm for £1 an acre, with deferred payments. After occupying and improving the land to a certain extent he could at the end of three years, it he chose, pay up the balance of the £1 per acre (14s), and get a title in fee simple from Government. Since this system of free felection came into operation over eight millions of acres have been selected and alienated, or is in course of alienation, from the Crown, and tens of thousands of persons have become proprietors of farms. Right or wrong, that was the end simed at by the land reformers. The squatters were to be driven from Victoria across the Murray, and unquestionably that was the result; for squatting on this side of it is not much covered nowadays, though it exists here still, but abviously with no security, for the "free selectors" can come any day and pick out the best snots on anv run; and in this way, in point of fact, many Victorian squattage has become dotted with free selections as a draught board is checkered. only not by any means so regularly. Even that liberal land law has been of late tipkerod and further liberalised by the Liberals thomselves, by Mr. Berry himself in 1878, and by the advocacy of the Age newspaper of this city-the leading Liberal journal of Victoria. Thus have they got everything their own way, and up till the present moment they boasted that they had settled the people on the land as freeholders, and had made this a great corrgrowing and corn-exporting country. There mirth, and seems to make great efforts to were others here who held that public choke down his laughter and smooth his auctions were the proper way of disposing of the public territory, but their voices were drowned by the the cry " free selection before survey," and that became the law, and undoubtedly it has produced many good results, although everything has not hanpenoi exactly as its authors prodicted. Yaking the Land Act as a whole, and remembering that no human arrangement is perfect, we may be moderately satisfied with present results, and indulge with much reason in hopes as to the future. As mentioned at the opening of these remarks, Sir Bryan O'Loghlen is presently en-Months passed before she could summon up | gaged in Parliament with an amending L and Liberal party to try their strength against the Premier; and wherefore? one may well ask. Does he propose to interfere with the principles of former Libera! Land Bills?-those of 1869 or of 1878—the latter of which was passed by Mr. Berry himself when he recently was head of the Government. Nothing of the sort; on the contrary the proposed Amending Bill gives still greater facilities to the free elector. That may be right or it may be wrong, according as theorists may argue; still it is decidedly in agreement with the principal aim which up till now has

> newspaper-both of these being now in hot opposition. Let us see what is the chief feature of the proposed Amending Bill and the position now assumed thereto by the so-called "Liberal' party. Sir Bryan proposes to allow the free selector to pick out 640 acres instead of unly 220 as now Should be have already selected up to 320 sores, or any less quantity, he will be allowed to select as much more as will make up 640 acres; and if the fresh selection should be within a certain number of miles from his previous allotment, he will not be compelled to erect another residence thereon, but may simply fence it and otherwise improve it. The reason for enlarging the privilege of selectors as to area is that the bulk of the first-class land has been selected already, and the remainder being less suitable for cropping, therefore larger areas are proposed to be allowed in conjunction with farming. Besides this extension of area other alterations favouring present and future selectors are proposed that need not be specified here; it is enough that the main popular features of the existing land law are to be maintained, although by many persons it is held to be impolitto to increase the area to be selected, but that does not affect the principle of the law now in

been held by the leading land reformers here,

and among these by Mr. Berry and the Age

When, however, we notice the charge proposed by the Liberal party, as represented by Mr. Berry and the Age, it will at once be seen how that principle is completely turned aside. The main principle bitberto has been to put the people in possession of the land in the character of freeholders; now the Liberals (self-called) are proposing to make all future selectors leaseholders only—the land to remain as the property of the State. This is quite a new-born notion, at least it has never been publicly put forth here on the part of the Liberals. It may be preferable to parting with the land absolutely by the State but that is too long in being announced, for already the State has parted with nineteen millions of acres of country lands and three nundred thousand acres of town and city lands. Will the people who may now wish to have a share of the remaining unalienated thirty-three million acres he contented to be lesseholders, when so many thousands of their fellow colonists are fresholders? If leasing had been commenced when settlement began and had been univer-

The Property of the Control of the Control of

It is a trump card just now, however, and a game at "ins and outs" is about to be tried.

If leases are to be the fashion, then probably the just plan would be for Government to buy back all the allenated lands and begin enew with the scheme to let on lease-a plan not likely to be attempted. Strango to say, the Liberals do not propose to lease city or town Victoria at all events, do often put on the lands, but to sell these as now. The idea name of patriots instead. "Liberalism," as with them is to hold the country lands as an inheritance for future colonists; but certainly the town and city lands grow in value more rapidly and to a greater extent then does rural land, and would, if kept by the State and leased simply, produce enormously mere in proportion.

THE SHELBURNE MURDER.

BINGULAR BEHAVIOUR OF THE PRISONER JOHN SMITH.

SHELBURNE, Jan. 25 .- No more singularly conflicting combinations of circumstances could well be imagined than those standing in favor of and against the boy John Smith, accused of murdering his miserable old uncle on Saturday last. There is no doubt that catering, but was very considerably grouned the balance is decidedly against him, yet not when the disorder had substant. by any means such as to justify even a popular verdict in his dislavor.

THE BULLET.

It looks very strange at first that a second examination should be necessary, but one of the medical men concerned stated that the ball was found in an utterly unexpected place. It will be understood that the cause of making the second examination was that a small orifice was noticed on the left ride of the nose, but the doctors swore positively not only that the builet could not have reached its lodging place through that orifice, but that the orifice was made by their instruments in dissecting and not by a bullet, and from what they say it seems probable that the ball entered by one of two orifices on the right side of the face, which were noticed, but thought of no account, as no bullet trace was found back of them. The absence of the bullet track is now accounted for by the fact that the right side of the face was battered badly enough to have destroyed it. As the boy will probably be committed for trial, an opportunity for explaining the difficulties caused by these facts may be

efforded later. THE CONDUCT OF THE PRISONER. Of all the strange things about the case the conduct of the prisoner is beyond comparison the strangest. The rawest of raw country boys, he sooms incapable of the craftiness necessary to carry out the fraud he must carry out if guilty. Yet one so utterly indifferent as he, in a posicapable of any crime, however repulsive or daugerous. He r mains in the hotel guarded by a constable, and passes up and down to and from meals. Yet the idea of escape, such as would have possessed many boys, seems to never occur to him. In Court he seems to pay little attention to solution for conferring the freedom of the the evidence, except when something occurs to raise a laugh. Then he joins in heartily, yet so quietly that though his whole frame is shuken hardly a sound is beard. He hangs his head as it to hide his Court when he raises his head. On several occasions he seemed to detect something amusing in one witness' evidence when no one else did, and he hung his head, almost a sure sign of trying to suppress his mirth. He called to the Coroner, and whise pered a correction of the witness' statement He is not allowed to be spoken to by anybody, even Mr. Galbraith, his counsel, being precluded from having a word with him, even in Court.

FRIGHTFUL HOMICIDE.

TWO OLD MEN LOCKED TOGETHER IN A DEAT

KHIFE. DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 25 - Early yesterday morning James Carr, who lived in Redford ownship, about two and a quarter miles from Beach station, was killed by James Minock. Minock left the house for the purpose of fodhis; money under his pillow or be just coming out of his (Minock's) bedroom. He ran into the room and searched for and unceremoniously accused him. With one hand gripping his coat collar, and the other brandishing a large bucherknife, Minock demanded the return of his money. A scuffle ensued, during which it is said Carr also drew a knife, but in a very few minutes the the present time was one of great disquiet, latter was

CUT TO PINCES and dead on the floor, killed by his benefactor, whom he had robbed after enjoying the shelter of his roof. He had thirteen cuts on his face and body, and Minock also cut his clothing all off in the search for his money, which he finally found on Carr's person. After ascertaining that Carr was dead, Minock went | tion). up to his son's house and gave information and Dillon went to America to collect of the occurrence, freely confessing his aut and declaring that he had a right to kill, and was justified in killing the man who had robbed him. The neighbors gathered at Minock's house and Constable Hutchinson took the homicide into custody. Justice Wm. Ewins held an inquest and the jury rendered a verdict that James Carr came to his death from wounds inflicted by a knife in the hands of James Minock. The latter was brought to the city last night and lodged in gaol. The amount of money stolen by Carr was \$41

A CHEAP NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS.

The Woonsocket correspondent of the Providence Journal says that: L. B. Pease, proprietor of the evening reporter, after fifteen years of diligent study and research, has succeeded in achieving an improvement in the matter of newspaper printing which storm of "nons." will be a great desideratum to newspaper publishers. The machine is at once simple | result, in its construction, occupying about as much room as an ordinary sized safe, but in point of speed and cheapness it has never been excelled. It can be sold for \$1,000. It is designed to print a small seven column folio paper, both sides at once, at the rate of 6,000 | Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and that in order to copies per hour. The machinery takes the carry this resolution into effect, Mr. C. S. paper from a roll, prints it, cuts it and counts it after the style of the perfecting press, and requires no stereotyping. Its simplicity of the Borough of Dublin, pursuant to the pro- of Canadians who went to the United States mechanism is one of its most attractive visions of the Municipal Privileges Act in the past twenty years, having homes or pear hopeful and resigned. "I shall meet valued at \$5,000, for having rescued the crew present circumstances from freeholding features, and the machine, if successful, is (Ireland) 1875." some one very soon, no doubt—very soon; so of a shipwrecked Japanese junk in the North to leaseholding would hardly be fair, destined to create something of a revolution. The following resolution was also adopt—Great Britain here in a fe do not fret about me any more. Why should Pacific last May.

| Commode First. | Commode Fir

MESSRS. PARNELL AND DILLON AND THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.

DUBLIN, Tuesday, Jan. 10 .- To-day the special meeting of the Town Conneil to deal with the notice of motion that the honorary freedom of the city be conferred upon Messis Parnell and Dillon, was held in the City Hall. Immense interest was evoked by the proceedings. Long before one o'clock, the hour named for the meeting, a considerable throng was gathered outside the City Hall, and in the passages leading to the Council Chamber. Admission to the Chamber. whether to the reserved section, or to the public galleries, was by ticket, and every seat was quickly occupied. The audience included a large number of ladies.

The Lord Mayor, on entering the Chamber, was received with loud and hearty cheers, mingled with hisses from a knot of noisy young gentlemen who assembled in a corner of the gallery, but who were ultimately silenced, owing to the menacing attitude of those around them. Mr Moyers, the ex.Lord Mayor, also got some cheers on

Among those present were Aldermen Sir J W Tarpey, Mongher, Moore, McCaun, Cochrane, Kernan, Harris, Draper, Manning. Councillors Denneby, T D Sullivan, M P; Burke, Finnigan, Brooks, M P; John Mulligan, — Gill, M P; Herlin, O'Beilly, Lauronco Nulligan, S Callow, J P; Winstanien, Shackelton, J P, Austin, Sir Wm Carrolt, Finnigan, Cum nins. Doyle, Leech, O'Counor, M'Evoy, Mayne, Bermingham, Kelly, M'Nie, Lyons, Breveton, M'Donnell, Kestinge, Sir John Barrington, Campbell, Movers, Laurence Burke, Bolger, Long, O'Reilly, O Noill, Vereker, and Johnstone, Sir G Owens, Daniel Burke.

The Lord Mayor called on the Town Clerk

to read a notice that had been received.

The Town Clerk read the notice, which cautioned the members from conferring the freedom of the city upon Mesers. Parnell and Dillon on the ground that it would be illegal to do so, and, the notice went on to state, hat if the freedom was conferred proceedings to quash the motion would be taken, and members were warned against taking part under the peril of costs. The notice was signed by " Henry E. Lewis, 42 Lower Mount Pleasant Avenue, a freeman of the city of Dublin."

Mr. McEvoy raised a preliminary objection to the legality of the meeting. First, because the notice on the City Hall door was not signed by the Lord Mayor; second, that notice of motion had not been lodged with the Town Clerk a sufficient number of days before the meeting. As to the first, it appeared tion in which any other would quail, even to that Dr. Moyers had authorised the affixing think about the consequences, would be of his name. The second objection was overraled.

Mr. Gill, M. P., said this notice showed in effect that the conferring of the freedom on Mr. Gladstone and President Grant was equal

ly illegal. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., moved the re-

city on Mr. Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Parnell, MP. This motion expressed the wishes of the majority of the people of Ireland and the whole Irish race all over the world. The speaker then referred to the good offices performed by Mr. Parnell at considerable length Some persons would say test if they voted features so as to present a grave face to the for this resolution they would be supporting the "No Rent" manifesto. He d nied this, but they would be striking a blow against the monster of iniquity-Irish landlordism. "No rent" was a bad boy, but "rack rent" was his father, and starvation his mother (hear, hear and applause) He (the speaker) very likely might receive to morrow or next day an order from Mr. Forster with the compliments of the season. (laughter) to be put in a place where for a little time he would have to pay no rent (laughter). They were the representatives of the people of Dublin and were only a small constituency, but if the franchise was liberal- through the back window?" neked a Galves-STRUGGLE-CUT TO PIECES WITH A BUICHER | ized it was not a majority but the whole house | ton judge to Sem Johnsing, who was up for would pass the motion (cheers). Sir John Parnell, who was a relative of Mr. Parnell's, was in '82 in the front ranks of Irish patriote, and Castlerengh, of evil memory (growns), was unable to win him The former was a widower 70 years old, and over. Protestants, he thought, had been to the latter is 68 years old, and has a wife a great extent born and bred hostile to the with whom he does not live, and cause of Ireland, but they were not always one son, John, of Redford. Minock so. Mr. Parnell was at present almost lived on a farm and Carr was stopping elogic-handed in keeping up the traditions with him, having been, it is said, turned out of Irish Protestants. If they voted against of his son's house in Grand Rapids. Between this resolution they would advocate this coseven and eight o'clock yesterday morning ercion, the arrest of woman and children (cheers and bisses), and buckshot, and dering and watering his cattle, and was absent the infamous circulars of Colonel Hillier. perhaps, half an hour. It was his habit to keep | These were not calculated to repress crime, but produce it, and enforce the satanic intween the bedticks, and when he got genuity of those who sought to imbrue back to the house he saw Carr their hands in blood money. He had pleasure in moving the resolution, which was the highest honor in their power to bestow bis money, and discovered that it had been (applause). He then read a telegram that stolen. He snapected that Carr was the thief, the Corporation of Cork, who had already conferred the freedom of the city upon Mr. Parnell, had done the same for John Dillon to day (applause).
Mr. Brooks, M.P., who was received with

bisses and groams and slight cheering said and in his opinion it was the duty of every one who loved social strength and social order to abstain from agitating, just now, any matters that were calculated to keep the country in alarm and disorder (cries of no, no). He believed if the motion was passed it would endorse the "no rent" manifesto (cries of "no, no" and "yes" and interrup-He denied that Messrs. Parnell money for the starving Irish peo-ple. They went to associate with the Irish World, Ford, and O'Donovan Rossa. 1f Messrs, Parnell and Dillon withdrew the no-rent manifesto they could walk out of prison free men in this free country (laughter and groans). In conclusion, he moved "That, inasmuch as the effect of now conferring the honor of the freedom of the city upon Messrs. Porneil and Dillon, avowed signatories of the 'No Rent' Manifesto,' would be to stamp their action in that respect with the approval of the Council, the further consideration of this motion be adjourned to this day six months (groans).

A Voice-Till the next general election (hear, hear, and laughter.)

Mr. Lucch seconded the amendment. The Lord Mayor then put the amendment of Mr. Brooks, and it was negatived by a

A division was taken, with the following For the amendment, 23; against, 29.

The following resolution was then carried by the same majority :-

"That the honorary freedom of the city be conferred on Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., and Parnell, M.P., and John Dillon, M.P., be elected and admitted Honorary Burgesses of

The said the said of the said and the said of the said

warded to Messrs. Parnell and Dellon, and also to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, asking him to appoint a day for these gentlemen to come down and sign that M. an that they might receive the usu it come

WIT AND HUMOS.

When is a girl like a music book? When the is full of sirs.

The tired man who less a-bed in one morning is not attitud non.

When a person declares that his brain is on fire, is it eliquette to blow it out? No lady with any refinement will use her

husband's im crech aum pipe to drive nails in Fashionable young lady detaching her hair before reticing: "What dreams may

come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil " A clergyman says: " A young woman died in my neighbourhood yesterday while I was

preaching in a beastly state of intexication." In the fall the landlord's fancy

Lightly turns to raising rents, And the coal man every chasee to Has will add on fifty cents.

When a young wife heard her uncle say it was easy to make some people believe that the moon is made of green cheese, she reremarked that she agreed with him if it were honey moon he was talking about.

A Frenchman to whom some one has just said that he has a horror of the wind, said: "Oh, I don't mind it in the least; when L see the wind coming I run away, and I can always keep well ahead of it."

"Don't stand on c-remony, come in," said a lady to a countrymen who had called to see her husband. "My goodness, excuse me marm," exclaimed the old man, " I thort I

were standin' on the door mat." Some men are inconsistent crestures. They will get up in the middle of the night and throw their boots at a dog because it is howling at the moon, and the next night pay five

dollars a seat to hear an Italian opera. A Western editor in noticing a contemporary just started, writes that it sports a new and tasty head," but the type made it appear " a new and nasty head," and then the editor put a head on the compositor.

Pedestrian (who has dropped a penny in front of a "poor blind man"): Why, you humber, you're not blind! Beggar : Not I, sir. If, the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

Snickerson came into the house last evening with a three-inch and a half smile playing upon his countenance. " Huldah," said he," when was borf the bighest? When the cow jumped over the moon. Ha! Ha! Ha!

A country girl at a fashionable hotel in the city noticed that all the guests used their forks only in enting pie. Upon her return home she reported the fact to the old lady, who conforted her by observing : "You skouldu's mind 'em, Jemina? it's all because they're too lazy to use their knives. A South End man recently smashed a very

ripe towate on a yellow canvas and set it up in an artist's studio, and three-fourths of the critics who called pronounced it a most metuetic and delightful piece of color work, in fact a chef-dienvre, and sold it to a rich man for \$100. Money goes to the investive Miss Hattie Schell, of La Crosse, went to

Europe to pursue her musical studies, and while abread experienced a wonderful okanga of name. She comes back as Signorinia Seresa Brambilla. She must have had her name mashed by an earthquake or something, and rescuing it from the debris, fragments of other cognomens stuck to it. "If you wanted merely to examine the

house with a view to purchasing it, why did you not ring the bell, instead of climbing burglary. "I lacks the confidence in you, jedge. Dat's why I can't intrust you with any of my bizness plans," said Sam .

A woman who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked with surprise: "Why, there is actually nothing but water." The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I aidn't forget to put in the milk."

"Well, what do you want here ?" remarked Editor Smith, as he rat up in bed and addressed a professional burgiar who stood in front of the bureau. "I want money and bonds," hissed the burglar, through his clenched teeth, "and quick about it, too." " My friend," retorted Mr. Smith, "I've been looking for those things for the last twenty years without success, but go on with your burglary, I'm sleepy."

TRUTHFUL FRITZ.—" Do you have any fast horses in Germany?" asked Gus de Smith of an old Austin German, who is known as "Truthful Fritz," on account of his incerity and hatred of everything sensational. "Does ve have fast horses in Shermany?" he replied, "I should shust schmile. Von day von Rubshwapple, a goot friend by me, dakes me out in his horse and puggy. After we rides apout an hour, I says: What for you drive so much in dis cemetery?' He says: Dem vos mile-stones make it look shoost like ve vas in one big graveyard.' And now you vonts to know if we have fast horses in Shermany ?"

A contemporary thought to get the composing of his paper done cheaper. This was the sort of apology be made to his readers next day :- For "Jugs of worthless spirits frozen," read "Joys, like viewless spirits, flown." For "Potatoes of Europe," read "Potentates of Europe." For "Ever-falling remedy," read "Never-falling remedy." "Infernal state of nature," read "Internal state of nature." For "Died of the tartle," read "Dined off the turtle." For "Ruffians," read "Russians." For "Matter of heresy," read "Matter of hearsay." For "Delicious girl," read Delicious girl." For "Found dead with a long word in his mouth," read "Found dead with a long sword in his month." For "Fond of his bottle," read Famous in battle." For "Hen which croweth," read " Hour which cometh."

Canada First's attack on Scotch supremacy in the Dominion. It claims that Wolfe would never have conquered Quebec were it not for the Highland Regiments, but admits that the Hudson Bay Company of "gentlemen adventurers," employed mostly Scotchmen from the Highlands and Scottish Isles, and winds up by a panegyrlo on Scottish merchant princes and steamship owners. Canada First maintains that Scotch supremacy in the North-West has done us a vast deal of harm, locking up half a continent which should have been open to the world two centuries ago. We would rather see the two millions graves in Canada, then the whole wealth of The following resolution was also adopt- Great Britain here in a few Sootch hands

Sugar Strainger Strain

The Brampton Times takes exception to