dewed with liquid odors, Makes me ill." dewed with liquid odors. Makes me lil, with soomful disgustion and it is represently hot so much liting of Brandy as feeling sorry for Dandy, who is gazing at her from the ingat displand in a most displanting tashion, she gets rid of displane, and by a judiciously directed glance drawn him friend into the seat beside her. The elegan him rather inclined towards the representation mood, she quickly agrasps the representation and says, also they are the result.

plaintively, september to cut me to-night." "Ob, Mrs. Charteris, you couldn't have

thought that," etc. What else could I think?
"I did indeed, "What else could I think?
You saw me bored to death by Lord Scrope,
and never came to my assistance."
"I fancied you liked him. Some women
like marquises, no matter how ugly or prosy they may be. .. And then afterwards "-miserably-" you lcoked so happy with Tremaine. "Did I?_Not happy, surely. It isn't every

one"_with a swift glance from under the long lashes—"can, make me happy. Contented perhaps; but nothing more. I like Mr. Tremsine and of course he was a relief coming." after Lord Scrope, who never will speak of anything but the land question and Lord than both? But but I felt your indifference very much."

"I wish I was indifferent!" says poor Dandy, with a sigh that almost amounts to a grosn. "You can do what you like with me and you know, it, and it makes me rather wrotched at times. ... I dare say Tremaine is a more amusing fellow than I am, and betterlooking. I'm not such a fool that I can't see

"Is he?"—in a very low whisper. On the whole, I think Dinmont is better fun to Mrs. Charteris than Brandy Tremaine. With one tiny finger she traces, as though embarrassed. the dainty pattern on her fan; runs lightly over the painted Cupids and Loyes and Graces that adorn it, and whose principal clothing is the paint. "I don't." Then, as though fearful she has said too much-arch-coquette that she is-she goes on quickly, with a sudden and complete change of tone.
"Though you must know that Mr. Tre-

maine is a great friend of mine-a very great friend. I am positively fond of Brandy Tremaine.

"I wish you wouldn't say that," says Din-

"But I am, indeed. And I am sure "-innocently—"he is fond of me. What a dear little fair curly head he has "—glancing somewhat mischievously at the sleek dark hair beside her. "He is quite a 'curled darling,' isn't he?

"Don't know, I'm sure," replies Dandy, gruftly.

About this time it occurs to Fancy's active mind that one of her attendant slaves has not as yet put in an appearance—that is, has not Dandy time to recover from his fit of spleen, she glances lazily round the room.

Lady Blunden, in a charming gown and a cap of lace so old as to make one wonder how it holds logether, is looking lovely, and is the admired of all admirers. Beside her, conversing cleverly and with an evident desire to please, is a man of about thirty-eight. Cecil Launceston, though by no means the handsomest man in town, is certainly one of the most distinguished, and, in spite of his lack of title and his having no money to speak of

By a word he can make or mar a coming beauty and ruin or save a tailor. His opinion with a certain set is law, his decision final. By ugly women he is detested, by pretty ones

His little affair with Fancy Charteris-now s year old-is a thing of the past; and, neither having suffered in the encounter, they are now fast friends. "Very fast friends!" said Lady Jane, one day, with a bitter intonation. At present he worships at Lady Blunden's feet—deferentially, but as devoutly as Lady Blunden (who is somewhat intolerant of worshippers) will allow.

Farther on as Fancy's eyes travel they discover Arthur Blunden, and, having found him as though search is at an end-roam no more.

He is sitting beside Lady Cylamen Browne. talking to her. If Cyclamen is not the rose, she is as a rule, always very near the rose and this thought-though as yet he is hardly aware of it-endears her-to him. Of late he has fallen into the habit of following Mrs. Charteris from scene to scene, dancing attendance upon her generally, acting as her servitor carefully, though unobtrueively, and indeed finding his chiefest joy in her society. To Cyclamen he can talk of her, which is a great comfort; indeed, neither Brandy nor Dandy is more idiotically in love with Mrs. Charteris than is Mr. Blunden himself.

Just now he has asked some questions about the defunct Charteris, and Lady Cycla-

men is answering him.

"He was quite a shocking person-very oppressive, and that," says Oyclamen, fluently. Used to call himself 'self-made;' though what on earth he could have meant by that I can't imagine. Said he came to Londonlike Dick Whittington-as a boy with fourpence-halipenny in his pocket. Why will they always make it fourpence-halfpenny ?" says Cyclamen sadly. "Why not fivepence or sixpence? There is at least a ring of silver about that. But fourpence halfpenny-it is a very base coin. And then the halfpenny; what could he do with that?" ...

"Buy himself a bun, perhaps"—absently. "I can't be positive, but I'm almost sure a

bun costs a penny." "True. And that makes matters worse," says Arthur, entering into the spirit of the discussion; "because if he walked from the end of the world, or wherever he came from, he must have been hungry, and of course bought

pence halfpenny." "My dear Mr. Blunden, it is plain you knew very little of the late Mr. Charteris, or you would understand how short a way four buns would go with him."

a bun, which reduces his income to three-

"Then I suppose the baker got the pennies." "And now we may safely conclude he be-

gan life with a half-penny." "Even that is more respectable, because more uncommon," says Blunden mildly.

"I wonder -- pensively -- what he did with that half-penny ?" was now his in a " I think we may as well let him keep that

much,"says" Arthur good-naturedly ... " Surely you would not have him begin life without a halfpenny? Altogether, he must have had rather a bad time until—until he met his wife. A knew him, you know, very slightly, certainly; but ne didn't strike me as quite so unpleasant a fellow as you describe light

"You must have known him very slightly. He was a miserable creature, and I know be haved very badly to dear Fancy. "They said" sinking her voice to a whisper wthat he actually beat her?"

"Ob, impossible !" exclaims Blunden; with sudden energy, so unlike his indolent indiffer panion regard him cutiously. Bes 5 302

("So," thinks the, half amused as she stud-tion myself. What thought possesses you les his disturbed features, and marks how his 'now, Olive?"

from care as though the deceased Charteris had never been, "it has come to this, has it?

Fancy's revenge is almost within her grasp.
How will it end I wonder?")
"Not that I sitogether believe that story,"
she goes on, presently "Fancy doesn't strike one as being a woman likely to bear in. sult of that kind calmly. But, at all events, he was very impossible. Now, poor Mr. Browne thou h not everything, perhaps, be ought to have been wes never brutal. And I remember how glad we all were, for her sake, when Mr. Charteris died. She, of course, had the grace not to say it; but I know she was glad too."

"I should think she was. How could she eyer have married him?" "Her people talked her into it. He was enormously rich, you know; and money counts," says Lady Cyclamen, sententiously.

"So does happiness,"—severely. "The two things go together, I fancy. It isn't poetical, and it isn't pretty, but isn't it true? Money will not be despised-Laura, is it you, dear? Had no idea you were

"Take my seat, Mrs. Redendale," says Blunanything but the land question and Lord den to the new-comer, and, rising, he makes Chelmsford; and what can be more stupid his way towards Fancy, and, the concert being nearly over, and some seats empty, manages to get into one just beside her.

"I have been watching you," she says, with an aderable pout. "You didn't suspect that, did you? What were you saying to Cyclamen

all that long long time—quite an hour, I should say? Was she very fascinating?" "She is one of the most charming people in the world, and you--"

"Yes----"Are more charming still."

"Thanks so much. What a laborious com-pliment! Cyclamen is looking very well tonight. Do you think her pretty?" "Not yery." "Don't think me rude, if I say I hardly be-

lieve that. And don't offend me by pretending to think me jealous. I haven't a particle of jealousy in my composition. (To do her justice, she has not.) "Why should one want to be the only pretty woman in the world?

"Well, then, I do think her pretty. Does that appease your majesty?" "I myself think Mrs. Dugdale prettier.

Her expression has something in it that is lovely. Gretchen is like an angel when she smiles, and Cyclamen is like a dove. I like her pallor and that little wistful look she has in her eyes. One can hardly wonder at her having it, poor darling; her husband led her such a life! He was old, you know-old as the eternal hills-and crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

Blunden with difficulty suppresses a smile. He is evidently in for confidence to-night.

"He was a very disagreeable man, and the worst possible form, and that." goes on Fancy, come to offer incense at her shrine. Giving placidly. "Mr. Charteris, of course, I admit wasn't much, but at least he never professed to be more than a plain man. But Mr. Browne would insist on being what he never could be by any possibility, and that a gentle-man. He went to Cambridge, certainly, and got pushed into society somehow, and he had any amount of money; but then we couldn't forget his father was a leather merchant. He gave himself airs, you know, and was quite too dreadful."

"There's nothing like leather," puts in Mr. Blunden, somewhat frivolously: "Yes, there is. Mr. Browne was the image

of it, he was so tough, and obstinate, and odious. He would put the e to his name though it never did him the least good, he looked so like the other thing. He wouldn't give poor Cyclamen enough money to dress herself decently. Just imagine that! Could anything be worse? We were all quite charmed when he died, for her sake, poor

Mr. Blunden disgraces himself by laughing out loud. Surely, he tells himself, it is a little like a French comedy.

"What are you laughing at?" asks Fancy, smiling too, always ready to sym a "huppy thought." But Mr. Blunden evades the question and goes on to another

"I saw you bundle off Scrope rather unceremoniously," he says. "How did he incur your displeasure? Or has he incurred it? I hope so-"

"No, I did not quarrel with bim, but his mother quarrelled with me, and her temper so frightened him that he lost all the little sense of humor he possesses; so, as I hate stupid people, I sent him nway. I sent her away, too, a sadder but a wiser woman. I have half a mind to dismiss you now, you were so long in coming."

"Do not consign me to an early grave," implores he profoundly serious. "If you dismiss me in such a cold-blooded manner f shall refuse to live.'

"Then stay," softly says Mrs. Charteris, a touch of tenderness in her tone.

CHAPTER XX.

'And when he walked downlinto the saloon He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea." —Don Juan.

DUGDALE has been persuaded to see the new doctor, has even unburdened his soul to him. and shown his passionate desire for life-life that is full of power and strength, not life as it now is with him—a bare existence hardly

worth the keeping.
This Doctor Blunt is a great, gaunt, restless man of about thirty-two, with curious eager eyes, black as night and piercing, and hair raven in hue, and (in unpleasant contrast) a skin white to pallor.

Gretchen (she hardly knows why) barely tolerates him. In her eyes he is repulsive to such a degree as to be almost attractive-onthe principle that extremes meet. A horror of him, yet a strange trust in him, fight for mastery. For the first time in all her life. poor child, she practices deception, and, conquering her repugnance, plays off upon him pose it was sheep," all the gentle arts of pleasing so natural to may more faithfully strive to cure.

And perhaps her tender duplicity does gain with him; or perhaps, gazing at the extreme beauty of uis patient's face and frame, an honest desire to baffle fate and restore him to health and vigor grows strong within him. However it may be, he throws his whole heart into his task, and, almost to the neglect of other duties, aims at success in this one case.

To-day Lady Cyclamen Browne is at nome." In her drawing-room she sits, robed n unexceptionable array, awaiting her guests. At her feet, nursing a wondrous doll-all eyes and impossible coiffure-reclines her special treasure her little daughter Olive.

If is still early—so early that no one with any sense of grace can come for fully an'hour; and Olive (strange fact) has been quiet for almost a minute! At last she breaks this unusual ellence. "Mamms, I should like to be the queen,"

says she, her eyes dark and liquid as ner horribly. mother's—earnest and full of thought. Yes? And why darling? Well, I dare her levely eyes furnity I don't fancy I should despise the posi- admirably done.

eyes are fixed on Fancy, who in the distance for one thing, she is quite safe to go to General Delebscque has had an engage eyes are fixed on Fancy, who in the distance for one thing, she is quite safe to go to General Delebscque has had an engage is chattering and laughing gayly with heaven replies the bildy her beautiful face ment with the insurgents in Southern Algeria, Dandy, and is looking as deboundire and free upraised and very intense.

Cyclamon laughs,
"Is she? What a loyal child you are? I'm sure I hope she may; but one can't be quite sure of anything."

"Not sure?"-with some indignation. "Mammy, you dream! What! after all the prayers that are said for her every Sunday twice. Well, I think it's a shame if she doesn't get there, that's all. Just think of all the time wasted on her. If only to show herself grateful to us, she ought to be very

"She is a good queen. I dare say it will be all right with her," says Cyclamen, smoothing the bright hair so near her hand.

Then there is a pause. Little Olive stares into the fire-that still burns dimly, although it is still on the edge of June-and builds a thousand castles, that fall ere completed, Presently, rousing from her happy daydreams, she speaks again.

"I'm thinking," she says, turning her large gaze confidentially upon the mother she adores, "that, after all, when the queen goes to heaven she may not like it."

"My dearest, what a sad thought! We shall be all happy there—far happier than on this pretty earth; though it puzzles me to think how I shall ever be more contented than I am with you, my sweet? (The child, rising, encircles her neck with tond white arms.) "How could the queen object to

"But here, mammy, she is somebody; there she will be nobody—not more I mean, than you or me, or the little boys that play Catherine-wheels in the street. I am afraid she will miss it—all the power and grandeur, I mean."

"Olive, if you keep on thinking so hard you will go mad," says the mother, with a strange pang. "Or else you will grow unpleasantly clever, which some people think the same thing. People will never forgive you if you show more intellect than they do. Let your day-dreams be of fairles, darling, and of little tender sprites, and of your poor old mother."

"You are very dear!" said Olive, rapturously, "and not a bit old. I shall give you twenty kisses to punish you for saying

"Two will be sufficient," said Lady Cyclamen: "it would be useless to extert more." "How honest you are!" says Miss Olive, admiringly; "and when I know you are dying for them too. No, indeed, I am not so mean as to put you off with two miserable kisses when I have promised twenty. You shall have the full number, and more, if you wish

With this she bestows them upon Cyclamen generously, carefully counting them, so that none shall escape her, and actually throwing in a twenty first at the end, lest she should have missed one, and so "done her out of anv."

This task is scarcely accomplished when the door is thrown open and Mrs. Charteris is announced.

"Is it you, my fairest fair?" says Cyclamen, rising gladly to welcome her. How sweet of you to come so soon! I was longing for you above others." This is, perhaps, a faint exaggeration, but it is a pleasing one, and Fanny smiles. "Let me look at you," says Cyclamen, half quizzically, half earnestly. "What, your eyes undimmed, your whole air full of cruelest unconcern! Yet you must have heard of Scrope's untimely departure for the happy hunting grounds of Canada."

"Even so." "And you do not pine for a lover gone? But it is inconceivable —almost unwomanly. There is surely something unusual in your tone. Oh, Fancy! you have not refused him?"

"Is that a question? And if I answer it will you promise not to make my answer public?

"Faithfully." "Then I did refuse him on Thursday

"How could you? I did not think the woman breathed who could refuse Scrope. After all I have taught you, to think you and when you must have known how it would annoy Lady Jane."

"Even that didn't tempt me. My good did nothing but tarm, farm, farm all the year prize pig, and I should be nowhere in comparison with his turnips. Then he would keep me out of my beloved London for at least ten months out of the twelve; and under those conditions life would indeed cease to be

worth living." "There is a great deal in what you say," says Cyclamon, pensively; "and certainly Scrope as a perpetual vis-a-vis might be improved on. Still, remember how much there is in that one word. "Marchioness."

"My dear, if you had had farm produce talked at you for three long months you would think as I do." "Well, of course it was a drawback."

"It was. Anything like the time I put in because of a fallure in his horrld sheep, you can't conceive—Champions I think he called them or Early Yorks, I don't remember which."

"Not Early Yorks, dear, certainly. I fancy those are melons,-a sort that grows in the open sir."

"Well, then, greentops,"

"Ob, no! those I know are cabbages," says Oyclamen, with all the triumphant air of supressed conceit common to people who believe they possess knowledge superior to yours,
"I dare say you are right," returns Fancy,

agreeably, "Indeed, it might be anything, and the result proved that the anticipation for all I know, things got so mixed in my was justified. The fact that the contest was brain. But I thought it was cabbages he called Southdowns, and I still think he used to speak of those dismal sheep as Early Yorks, because he was always talking of some Yorkshire breed of something or other, and I sup-"Pigs, more likely," says Cyclamen, unwill

her, in fond hope that, if kindly dealt with, he ing to surrender her position, may more faithfully strive to cure.

"It will do. dear,"—with a faint yawn, "I'm sure I'm awfully glad he has gone to Osnada. Let us hope he will find pigs, and sheep, and cows, and buffaloes over there in such plenty that he will abjure his native land."

"" What a heartless remark! In your place considering how badly you behaved to him. I should have cried my eyes out about him. I'm sure he was unhappy.'

"Well, I cried, too," says Fancy, hastily "I did indeed. I cried quite too dreadfully, for half an hour the morning, after I refused him. I literally sobbed for thirty minutes. I honestly believe I should be sobbing now but that Barker (you know what an invaluable creature Barker is) came into the room and reminded me of the concert I was bound to attend that evening. I bathed my eyes then with rose-water (that new sort: have you tried it?) until they were almost restored to their pristine beauty. But I really did fret

She gazes at her companion for sympathy. her lovely eyes full of distress that is really

..... (To be continued.)

Latest Irish Mail News.

We take the following from the Dublin Nation and Freeman's Journal: A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The Ulster Examiner of the 20th inst., states that the following letter has been addressed to the hon secretary of the Belfast Liberal Association for Dock Ward:

10 Ship street, Oct. 17, 1881. DEAR Sig,-I beg herewith to give you notice that henceforward I cease to be a member of the above association, as I cannot affiliate myself with that party who has so ignominiously cast into prison the chosen leaders of the Irish people. I am sorry 1 have to take such a step, but as an Irishman. I could not do otherwise.—Yours truly.

John Burke, Esq., secretary branch association.

POLICE ESPIONAGE.

The Drogheda correspondent of the Freenan, writing on Sunday, says :--To-day while the weekly meeting of the Drogheda Laborers' Friendly Society was being held in the Mayoralty rooms, two police constables entered and remained for a while watching the proceedings. They then asked for and obtained a printed copy of the rules of

the Society and left the room. The same paper, in its issue of Monday, reporting a meeting held on the previous day in

Grattan street, Dublin, savs :-A public meeting was held yesterday in Grattan street for the purpose of forming a branch of the Irish Home Manufactures Association. There was an extremely large attendance, influential and representative in its

character. On the motion of Mr. P. Bowen, seconded by Mr. P. P. O'Carroll, the chair was taken amidst applause by Mr. J. Carey, Central

Executive Home Manufactures Association. The chairman delivered an elequent and appropriate address on the subject of home manufactures, and stated the aims and objects

of the association. Immediately after the conclusion of the chairman's address two detectives entered the room and asked, "Who is the Secretary?" and then advanced to the table and asked again for the Secretary, but were informed that he was engaged. One of the detectives had a printed form in his hand, and said he had a

notice for the Secretary. Mr. Mangan, who was acting as secretary pro tem., asked the detective to state the name of the body of which he required the

secretary.

The detective dld not state what body he meant, but said he had a notice to read for the secretary, and that they were all liable to

be arrested. The secretary and chairman then stated that the present meeting was not a Land League meeting, but, according to the notes which were pointed out to him on the table, that it was for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Irish Home Manufactures Association, and the chairman read the resolution to that effect about to be proposed.

After some discussion, The detective read the proclamation, but did not read the name of Mr. W. E. Forster

or any other authority, nor did he state on whose authority it was issued. The secretary asked him was there any

signature or any authority for it, and The detectives replied, reading the proclamation, "by command of His Excellency W. E. Forster." He then asked for the names of the chairman and secretary, which he got. Shortly after the officer departed, being again reminded that the meeting was not a Laud League one, but a home manufactures meeting. The meeting then proceeded.

MORE TROOPS FOR IBELAND.

A correspondent of the Freeman, writing from Londou on Thursday week. says :--H M .S. Penelope arrived at Portsmouth is affernoon. She embarke should decline the best match of the year | and men of the Royal Marine Artillery, and will leave at daybreak for Ireland. The 1st East Surrey(late the 31st) Regiment left Dover to-day, under the command of Lieutechild, would you have me marry a man who nant-Colonel Sweetenham, by two special trains of the Cheltenham and Dover Railway, for Milford, en route for Ireland. Much round? 1 couldn't, you know. Why, he way, for Milford, en route for Ireland. Much would always love me a little less than his interest was manifested in the departure of the regiment, which numbered 15 officers, 37 sergeants, 15 drummers, and 478 rank and file, with four officers' horses, and a number

of women and children.

THE ARMS ACT AND THE IBISH PORTS. Friday's Dublin Gazette contains the usual proclamations placing the borough of Londonderry under the provisions of the Arms Act, which now applies to all the ports of

Iroland. THE NEW ROSS MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. The following appears in Monday's papers: The municipal elections in New Ross have resulted in the return of the five candidates proposed by the Land League.

THE BIRK TOWN COMMISSIONERS. The Milland Tribune, published in Birr, King's County, has the following in its issue of the 20th ult .:

The election of town commissioners to the seats vacant by the retirement, by rotation, of seven of the members, took place on Saturday. Fourteen candidates were nominated, of whom seven adopted the Land League "ticket" Under those circumstances a close and exciting contest was anticipated, regarded as strictly between the Land League and landlordism lent an additional zest, and provoked an interest that under ordinary circumstances and conditions would scarcely attach to it. At seven o'clock the result was made known, when it was found that out of Leaguers—viz., Messrs. William Kingston,

THE EMERGENCY COMMITTEE SUGGESTIONS.

Stephen Mathews, matthew Keane, James

Browne, and James Conway.

We are indebted to a respected correspondent for the following document, which, we executive of the Emergency Committee reing with the present crisis in Ireland. It will to adopt portion of the programme of the Emera strange spectacle, the Liberal Government becoming the instrument of the Orange Emergency Committee. The document, we may mention, was written on the Orange Lodge paper. Possibly we shall soon hear of Mr. Forster being admitted as a brother of a Loyal Orange Lodge, having been " disunited" from the Society of Friends : ist. It says Laud league is a treasonable

conspiracy; suppression of Land League; seisure in Ireland, England, and Scotland of tories and a population of 4,000 or 5,000. all books, papers, and documents to be found in central office branch. 2nd. Do. in houses of every member of

of proclamation. 31 what

F-Brd! Arrest of all prominent Land Leaguers, and amend Peace Preservation Act so that all members can be arrested in United Kingdom

when warrent issued in Ireland.
4th. Suppress in England and Scotland all branches, prosecute all prominent members for conspiracy and sedition, and suppress all

meetings.
5th. Suppress all newspapers and other publications aiding or abetting the objects of

the League. 6th. Providing for trial without jury all people accused of outrages; bring in again

Insurrection Act in force in 1822. 7th. Holders of public-houses to forfeit licence when refuse cars to police. 8th. All who refuse to be punished and

fined. 9th. Power to be given to police to seize, for their own use, cars kept for public use. 10th. Re-enactment of lapsed statute for compensation can be awarded for outrages to the person of an agrarian character, such to

be retrospective. 11th. Provision to be made for compensation of business people who have suffered loss of business through Land League by reason of intimidation practised through the

Land Lesgue. 12th. Officers of army in charge to be appointed resident magistrates; power to act inpendent of civil law.

13th Parliament to be summoned to pass measures as may be of use to preserve public suppressing Land League or its meetings.

THE DUBLIN CORPORATION AND MESSES, PARNELL AND DILLON. PROPOSAL TO CONFER THE FREEDOM OF THE

CITY ON THEM-THE MOTION LOST THROUGH THE CHAIRMAN'S CASTING VOTE. A special meeting of the Dublin Corporation was held on Tuesday in the City Hall

for the purpose of considering the following resolution, of which notice had been given by Councillor Gray, M.P.:-"That the honorary freedom of the city be

conferred upon Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and John Dillon, M.P." The circular convening the meeting was signed by the following members of the

Council :--E Dwyer Gray, M P; Charles Dawson, M P; H J Gill, M P; W Meagher, Alderman; Abraham Shackleton, JP; Michael Kernan, Alderman : Thomas Mayne, Ignatius J Kennedy, John Mulligan, M J Ralph, Wm Fansgan, Peter Finegan, J P O'Reilly, John Kelly, Burke, John Kennedy, Richard Bodger, John O'Connor, Richard Kenting, John Doyle, Patrick Dolan.

Mr. Gray, M. P., in moving his resolution delivered a powerful and exhaustive speech He was followed on the same side by Alderman Meagher, Mr. Shackleton, J. P., Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. H. J. Gill, Mr. Charles Dawson, M. P., Lord Mayor Elect. The resolution was opposed by Mr. Maurice Brooks M. P., Alderman Harris, Mr. Leetch, Alderman M. Dermott, Mr. J. P. Byrne, J. P., and Mr. MEvoy. At the conclusion of the speeches a division was taken, when it was found that there were exactly 23 votes for and 23 against the resolution.

During the taking of the vote there was a great deal of eager comment in the galleries. Those who voted for were cheered; those contra were hooted and hissed. Amongst the gentlemen who fell in for the largest share of the latter kind of reception were Mr. Anthony C'Neill, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Brooks, and

Alderman Herria When the tie was announced. The Lord Mayor said-Well, gentlemen, I uppose no man in his lifetime was ever

placed in a more embarrassing position. There were cries of "Now, my lord," Your vote, my lord," and "No vote, my lord-a tie."

The Lord Mayor, after a moment's consultawas a great deal of suppressed excitement, lubber. He said he lubbed it so well that he said-Since the sentiment is equally divided it becomes my duty to vote now as I voted

before, against the resolution. This decision was greeted with a storm of indignation feeling. In a few moments the council chamber was empty.

Mr. Gray, Mr. Gill, Mr. Dawson, and others were greeted with cheers as they descended the steps of the City Hall by a crowd that had assembled outside the building.

The following is the division list on Mr. Grey's metion: For Mr Gray's motion-Aldermen Kernan, Dolan, McCann, Meagher; Councillors Burke, Bermingham, Bolger, Doyle, Finegan, Fanagan, Shackleton, J'P; Mulligan, Lyons, Mayne, Dawson, M P; O'Connor, Kelly, O'Reilly, Gill, M P; Gray, M P; Keating, John Kennedy, Ralph—23.

Against Mr. Gray's motion-Alderman Harris, Sir J Mackey, DL, JP; Manning. IP; Cochrane, M'Dermott, JP; Campbell, J P; Pardon; Councillors Sir J Barrington, D L, J P: Callow, J P; Lord Mayor, M:Evoy, J P; Leetch, J P; Sir W Carroll, J P; High Sheriff, Austin, J P; Wallis, J P; Brereton, Byrne, J P; G O'Neill, J P; Brooke, M P, J P Johnston, J.P.; A O'Neill, J.P.; Campbell-

Absent-Alderman Tarpey, J P; Draper, Moore, Gregg, J P; Councillors Vereder, J P; Rochford, Hodgson, Long, M D; Ryan, Burns, Egan, I J Kennedy, J P; McDermott,

Councillor Fleming, who was present, left

betore the division. WOODSTOCK, N.B., IN FLAMES.

Sr. John, N.B., Nov. 11.-A terrible fire broke out in Woodstock about midnight. It caught in the Institute building on the hill, and is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A high wind was prevailing at the time, and all efforts to stop the progress of the flames were unavailing. The Western Union offices, both in the station of the seven elected members five were Land | the New Brunswick and Canada, and the regular office are destroyed, and it is impossible to get particulars. At one o'clock the operator in the office at the station called the operator at St. John: "The flames are coming down on me, and I must go." A few minutes afterwards the circuit was discovered open, and it is presumable that the station are assured, contains the proposals of the building is gone. At 3 a.m. the operator in the general office said: "Upper half of the cently laid before the Chief Secretary for deal- town gone and part of the lower. The flames are all around me, and it is getting too hot to be seen that the Governmennt have hastened stay any longer, and I expect the office to catch at any moment: Ur. Smith's residence gency Committee. Probably we shall soon is gone; Free Baptist church burned, hear of the adoption of the remainder. It is and the Registry Office in flames; efforts are being made to save the new hotel, but it is now in great danger if the hotel goes it will be difficult to save the town." These are the latest particulars that reached St. John, and at 4 s.m. the wires were down. It is feared that there have been lives: lost. Woodstock is on the St. John river, and is the shiretown of Carleton County. It contained over one hundred stores, had a large number of hotels, several foundries and fac-

Sr. John, N.B., Nov. 11.-About twenty acres were burned over in Woodstook this morning. Seventy houses were destroyed Land Leegue; all meetings to be suppressed, and about 100 families rendered homeless. dispersed if necessary by force without issue The business portion of the town was saved. Loss about \$90,00; insurance one-half.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS

There are 37 cases of small-pox in hospital in New York. Lefroy has been sentenced to be hauged on

the 29th inst. Nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in Ireland

consist of bog. A thousand operatives in the North Staf-

fordshire potteries have struck. The Georgia cotton crop this year will be 30 per cent. short of last year's yield. The Havana defalcations by the abstraction

of a tax document amount to \$10,000,000, instead of \$20,000,000. Despatches from Cape Coast Castle bring

news of a horrible butchery committed by the King of Ashantee. The increase of traffic on the Intercolonial Railway for the past year exceeded that of the previous year by \$254,000.

The waters of the Mississippi flood at the Say Levee, Ill., are subsiding, and the total loss is estimated at \$3,000,000.

At an influential meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, on Monday, a motion in favor of fair-trade was rejected, .It is said that in one square mile in London

where the poorest people congregate over \$2,-000,000 a year is spent in strong drink. An observing laundryman has discovered peaco and indemnify persons concerned in that the time for him to catch soft water is when it is raining hard .- New Orleans Pica-

> All the rivers in Upper Albania have overflowed, and large tracts are inundated. At Soutari the Bazar was flooded and several lives lost.

> The Dutch Government is already preparing for the International Colonial Exhibition to be held in Amsterdam from May to October. 1883.

> The late Minister of Mines in the New South Wales Government has been expelled from the Assembly for crooked financial transactions.

> An old Greeian philosopher advises all men to know themselves. That's advising a good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances. The Military Committee of Egypt has in-

> sisted upon the closing of the Opera House at Cairo, because of the large expenditure it entails on the Government. Said a lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a

> donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent .- Boston Transcript. The death of Archbishop MacRale was due to old age. It is expected that a large number of bishops and priests will be present

The loss by bush fires in the Ottawa Valley

this summer is estimated at \$5,000,000, and the total loss in the Province is estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Great Western Railway of Canada, traffic returns for the week ending October 28th,

1881, \$110,229; corresponding week of last

at the funeral to-day (Friday).

year, \$115,201. Decrease, \$4,972. The only place where cremation seems tobe thoroughly established is Milan, where about 150 bodies have been burnt since the crematory was built-scarcely a year. The receipts of the Credit Valley Railway

\$60,698, showing an increase of nearly 80 per cent over the corresponding months last YEAT. An Eastern bard has a poem entitled "The Lost Kiss," and this prompts us to remark

tor the months of September and October were

that some way ought to be found to keep a girl's small brother out of the room .- Boston Post. It was a negro who acknowledged after a tion with the Town Clerk, during which there | tempestuous voyage at sea that he was a land naver wanted to go to sea age

> Transcript. An outsider thinks this generation is a great deal more honest than the last. Anyhow, he explains, there are not half as many ladies' dresses "hooked" behind their backs. -Norristown Heral 1.

'Tis better to be a gentleman and hang on to a car strap than to be comfortably scated the whole of your ride while ladies stand. Try it on your self-respect and see how it works .- Wit and Wisdom. A professor of French in an Albany school

of academy. The unusually bright pupil responded that it depended on whother it was a male or female academy. Wholesale dealers in oysters state that the enormous consumption of that bivalve will soon exhaust the Baltimore beds. Possibly

recently asked a pupil what was the gender

the rumor is merely the prelude to an increase in the price. "Thank God," exclaims Wendell Phillips. "that Gladstone arrested Parnell. He lifted him from being the head of the Land League to being the head of the great moral and

human movement of the age. An account of a Chicago inneral says that the burial casket " was made to conform as far as possible with the comforts the occupant was wont to surround himself with in the home he has left." Mr. Lenicque, a French mining engineer

at present in Montreal, gives a most favour-

able report of the Oxford mine at Sherbrooke,

stating it to be his opinion that sulphuric acid can be manufactured there with ease and advantage. He will shortly make a tour of inspecifon through the Ottawa district. Dr. Carver at Hendon, England, yesterday, on a wager, killed 83 out of 100 pigeons. The challenge was that be would not kill 70 out of 100, and the stakes were £100 on this part of the match; 70 birds having been

killed, £50 a side were betted on each addi-

tional bird up to 80. Dr. Carver killed these without a miss. Notice is given that an application will be made to the Untario Legislature for an Act to incorporate a Railway Company for the purpose of constructing a railway from the Village of Hawkesbury, in the County of Prescott, to Vanleek Hill, Dalkeith Glen, Robertson, and thence to some point on the north bank of the St. Lawrence in Glengarry County.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. The Hour of Danger.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which, when neglected, increase in extent, and gradually grow dangerous a condition which betrays the grossest remissness-when these Pills, taken in accordance with their accompanying directions, would not only have checked, but conquered the incipient disorder. Patients daily forward details of the most remarkable and instructive cases in which timely attention to Holloway's advice has undoubtedly saved them from severe illness. These Pills act primarily on the digestive organs, which they stimulate when slow and imperfect; and, secondly, upon the blood, which is thoroughly purified by them, whence is derived the general tone they impart, and their power of subjugating hypochondriacism, dyspepsis; and nervous Complaints: 00 a bi is in mentance as 2