o transport and an integral experience for the control of the cont

SHIBBOLETHS.

SALISBURY.—Ours is the cause of law and yield. BALFOUR. - We are the champoins of law and

GOSCHEN.-And of law and property. HARTINGTON-CHAMBERLAN.-And the loyal

minority.
OHNES.—Hurrah for the integrity of the Empire. "The Union," Act 5, Scene 5.

"Life and property!" "Law and order!"
"Law and liberty!!" "Loyalty!"
Shibboleths for the hirling horde. or The dullard dupes of the wrongs that be . For the venal judge or the laying lord, or The scribe, the lawyers or the pharises.

"Life and property !" shrick the spoilers. "Tremble in jeopardy insecure."
So it has been with earth's patient toilers,
Too lang—too long with her suffering poor;
While those who sigh for our land's assoilers
Ory, "Lord, how long will this thing endure ?"

"Life and property"—mock satanic
Of human finds whose good is ill;
Who reckless, ruthless; in greed or panic,
Surip, starve or torture, evict or kill
Whoe'er revolts 'gainst their rule tyrannic— A Larkir, Casey, or Mandeville.

"Life and property "—'tis by reason
Of our regard, our respect for both,
That we denounce the brigands who seize on The right of others, and that we loath To bear a system, to both a treason,
That flings then prostrate to pride and sloth.

"Life and property "-watchwords holy! Champion their cause as a sacred trust,
Whether the claim mits be proud and lowly—
Princes or peasants—to all be just. Their names invoke not to hallow solely The grabber's greed and the lordling's lust.

"Life and property "-we protect them-Laws we love them 'tis fair and just; Order, liberty—we respect them.
And how to wrong only when we must—
If pratrate, cheering we'd re-crect them;

In truth and freedom our hope and trust. Let fraud and cunning triumph no longer;

Smite the smiter unsparing y, Who owns no right but the might that's stronger, And strikes his victim by law's decree; Of all wrong doers the fouleas wronger,

And far the worst of assassins he. Still the Shibboleths "Law and Order,"
"Life and property," "Loyalty,"
Ring to rally the lying horde or The dullard dupes of the wrongs that be;

The venal judge or the lying lord or The scribe, the lawyer, or the pharisee. Liverpool, 1st January, 1889. -A. C. in Dublin Nation.

## LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED.

"Tell me, tell me, is it Leoline?" "Leoline! No-how could it be Leoline? They look slike, that's all. Draw your sword. count, and defend yourself; we are discovered, and buey are upon us!"

"We are upon them, you mean, and it is they who are discovered," said the count, doing as directed, and stepping boldly in. "A pretty hornet's nest is this we have lit upon, if ever there was one."

Side by side with the count, with a dauntless step and eye, Sir Norman entered too; and at sight of him a bucstof surprise an 1 furyring from lip to lip. There was a yell of "Bisrayed! betrayed!" and the dwarf, with a face so distorted by fiendish fury that it was scarcely human. made a frenzied rush at him, when the clear, commanding voice of the count rang like a bugle-blast through the sesembly.

Sheathe your swords, the whole of you, and deed dead!

deed dead!

"Oh, this is fearful! exclaimed Sir Norman, yield yourselves prisoners. In the King's name, I command you to surrender.

have his T warf, gashing his teeth, and fairly foaming with rage. "Die, traitor and spy! You have escaped me once, but your hour is come now." escaped me once, but your hour is come now."

'Allow me to differ from you," said Sir
Norman politely, as he evaded the blindly
frantic lunge of the dwart's sword, and inserted
an inch or two of the point of his own in that
enraged little prince's anatomy. "So far from
my hour having come -if you will take the
trouble to reflect upon it—you will find it is the
reverse and that my little friend's brief and
brillent cavers is recidilly drawing to a loss." brilliant career is rapidly drawing to a close. At these bland remarks, and at the sharp thrust that accompanied them, the dwarf's previous war-dance of anxiety was nothing to the horn-pipe of exasperation he went through when Sir Norman ceased. The blood was raining from his side, and from the point of his adversary, sword as he withdrew is; and madd-ned like a wild beast at the sight of his own blood, he screeched, and foamed, and kicked about his atout little legs, and gnashed his teeth, and made grabs at his wig, and lashed the air with his aword, and made such desperate pokes with it at Sir No man and everyto dy else who came in his way that, for the public good, the young knight run him through the sword arm, and, in spite of all his distracted didos, captured him by the help of Hubert, and passed him over to the soldiers to cheer and keep company with

the dake. This brisk little affair being over, Sir Norman had time to look about him. It had all passed in to short a space, and the dwarf had been so desperately frantic, that the rest had paused involuntarily, and were still looking on. Missing the count, he glauced around the room, and discovered him standing on Miranda's throne, looking over the company with the cool air of a conqueror. Miranda, arouned, as she very well might be, by all this screaming and fighting, had partly raised herself up n her elbow, and was looking wildly about her. As her eye fell on Sir Norman, she sat fairly erect, with a cry of exultation and joy.

"You have come, you have come, as I knew you would," she excitedly cried, "and the hour of retribution is at hand!' The words of one who, a few moments before,

they had supposed to be dead, an awestruck silence fell; and the count, taking advantage of it, waved his hand and cried : Yield yourselves prisoners, I command you!

The royal guards are without; and the first of you who offers the slightest resistance will die like a dog! Ho, guards? enter and seize your prisoners l'

Quick as thought the room wasfull of soldiers; but the rest of the order was easier said than obeyed. The robbers, knowing their doom was death, fought with the fury of desperation, and a short. wild, and terrible conflict ensued. Foremost in the melee war Sir Norman and the count; while Hubert, who had taken possession of the dwarf's sword, fought like a young lion The shrieks of the women were heart rending, as they all fled precipitately into the blue din-ing-room; and, crouching in corners, or flying distractedly about—true to their sex—made the air resound with the most lamentable crys. Some five or six, braver than the rest, alone remained; and more than one of these actually mixed in the affray, with a heroism worthy a heater cause. Miranda, still sitting erect, and supported in the arms of a kneeling and tremb ling sp'ph in white, watched the conflict with terribly exultant eyes, that blazed brighter and brighter with the lurid fires of vengeful joy at every robber that fell.

"Oh that I were strong enough to wield a sword!" was her fierce aspiration every justant;

"If I could only mix in that battle for five minutes, I could die with a happy heart!"

Had she been able to wie'd a sword for five minutes, according to her wish, she would probably have wielded it from beginning to end of the battle. For it did not be that were here a the the battle : for it did not last much longer than

for the velves carpeting was dyed a more terrible red, and was slippery with a rain of blood!
A score of dead and dying lay groaning on the ground; and the rest, beaten and bloody, gave

bround; and one rest, neaten and ploocy, gave up their swords and sur-endered.

"You should have done this at first!" said the count, coolly wiping his blood stained weapon, and replacing it in its sheath; "and, by so do not replace the state of the st doing, saved some time and more bloodshed.
Where are all the fair lades, Kingsley, I saw here when we entered first ?" They fled like a flock of frightened deer,"

said Hubert, taking it upon him-elf to answer, "through youder archway when the fight commenced. I will go in and search for them if you

menced. I will go in and search to do with them, like."

"I am rather at a loss what to do with them, said the count, half laughing. "It would be a pity to bring such a cavalcade of pretty women into the city to de of the plague. Oan you suggest nothing, Sir Norman?"

"Nothing, but to leave them here to take care of themselves, or let them go iree."

"They world be a great addition to the court at Whetshall," suggested Hubert, in his prettiest tone. "and a thousand times handsomer.

that half the damsels therein. There, for in- Sir Norman recoiled as if from a dead stance, 's one a dozen times more beautiful than Mistres: Stuart herself !" Mistress Stuart herself!"

Leaning, in his nonchalant way, on the hilt of his sword, he pointed to Miranda, whose fercely jyful eyes were fixed with a glance that made the three of them shudder, on the

bloody floor and the heaps of slain.
"Who is that?" asked the count, curiously. Why is she perched up there, and why does

she bear such an extraordinay resemblance to Lectine? Do you know nothing about her, I know she is the wife of that unlovely little man, whose howls in yonder passage you can hear, if you listen, and that she was the queen of this midnight court, and is wounded, if not

dying, now?" 'I never saw such fierce eyes before in a female head! One would think she fairly exulted in this wholesale slaughter of her subjects." So she does; she hates both her hu-band and her subjects with an intensity you cannot

"How very like royalty!" observed Hubert, parenthesis. "If she were a real queen, she in parenthesis. "If she were a real queen, she could not act more naturally."

Sir Norman smiled, and the count glanced at

the audacious page suspiciously; bus Hubert's face was touching to witness in its innocent un-consciousness. Miranda, looking up at the same time, cought the young knight's eye, and made a motion for him to approach. She held out both her her bands to him as he came near,

with the same look of dreadful delight.
"Sir Norman Kingsley, I am dying, and my last words are in thank-giving to you for having

thus avenged me!"

"Let us hope you have many days to live yet, fair lady "said Sir Norman, with the rame feeling of repulsion he had experienced in the dungeon. "I am corry you have been obliged to witness this terrible role."

'S are!" she cried, fiercely. 'Why, since the first hour I remember at all, I remember nothing that has given me such joy as what has passed now; my only regret is that I did not see them all die before my eyes! Sorry! I tell you I would not have missed it for ten thousand worlds !"

"Madame, you must not talk like this !" said Sir Norman, almost sternly. 'Heaven forbid the cause it. But for me he would be still there should exist a woman who could rejoice in living?" bloodshed and death. You do not, I know. You wrong yourself and your nature in saying so. Be calm, now; do not excite yourself. You shall come with us, and be properly cared for; and I feel certain you have a long and happy life before you yet."
"Who are those men?" she said, not heeding

him, "and who-ah, great heavens! What is that ?"

In looking around, she had met Hubert face to face. She knew that that face was her own ; and, with a horror stamped on every feature that no words can depict, she fell back with a terrible scream, and was dead !

Sir Norman was so shocked by the suddenness of the last catastrophe, that, for some time, he could not realize that she had actually expired. until he bent over her, and placed his to her lips. No breath was there; no pulse stirred in that fierce heart-the Midnight Queen was in

pale and horrified "The sight of Hubert, and his wonderful resemblance to her, has completed what her wound and excitement began. Her

ast is breathed on earth?"
"Peace be with her!" said the count, removing his hat, which, up to the present, he had worn. 'And now, Sir Norman, if we are to keep our engagement at sunrise, we had better be on the move; for, unless I am greatly mistaken, the sky is already grey with day down."
"What are your commands?' asked Sir Norman, turning away, with a sigh, from the beau-tiful form already stiffening in death.

That you come with me to seek out those frightened fair ones, who are a great deal too lovely to share the fate of their male companions. I shall give them their liberty to go where they please, on condition that they not enter the city. We have enough vile of their class there already."

Sir Norman silently followed him into the azare and silver saloon, where the crowd of duchesses and countesses were "weeping and wringing their hands," and as white as so many pretty ghosts. In a some what brief and force ple manner, considering his characteristic gallantry, the count made his proposal, which, with feelings of pleasure and relief, was at once acceded to; and the two gentlemen bowed them. elves out, and left the startled ladies.

On returning to the crimson court, he com manded a number of his soldiers to remain and bury the dead, and assist the wounded; and then, followed by the remainder and the prisoneraunder their charge, passed out, and wer- soon from the heated atmosphere in the cool morning air. The moon was still serenely shining, but the stars that kept the earliest hours were setting, and the eastern sky was growing light with the bazy gray of coming morn.

"I told you day dawn was at hand," said the count, as he sprang into his saddle; "and lo!

in the sky is is gray already."

"It is time for it!" said Sir Norman, as he too, got into his seat; "This has been the longest night I have ever known, and the most eventful one of my life."
"And the end is not yet! Leoline waits to

decide between us !" Sir Norman shrugged his shoulders. True! But I have little doubt what that decision will be! I presume you will have to deliver up your prisoners before you can visit her, and I will avail myself of the opportunity

to snatch a few moments to fulfill a melancholy duty of my own."
"As you please; I have no objection; but it that care you will need some one to guide you to the place of rendezvous; so I will order my private attendant, yonder, to keep you in sight and guide you to me when your bus ness is end

The count had given the order to start, the moment they had left the ruin, and the conver-sation had been carried on while riding at break-neck gallop, hir Norman thanked him for his offer, and they rode in silence until they reached the city, and their paths diverged; Sir Norman's leading to the apothecary's shop where he had left Ormiston, and the count's leading—he best knew where. Grorge—the me to her and abide by her decision." attendant referred to—joined the knight, and "Extraor inary " said La Masque leaving his horse in his care, Sir Norman entered the shop, and encountered the spectral

proprietor at the door.
"What of my friend?" was his eager inquiry. "Has he yet shown signs of returning consci-ousness?"

"Alas, no!" replied the apothecary, with a groam, that came wailing up like a whiatle; "he was so excessively dead, that there was no use keeping him; and as the room was wanted for other purposes, I—pray, my dear sir, don's lo k so violent—I put him in the pest cart and had him buried.

"In the plague pit !" shouted Sir Norman. making a spring at him; but the man darted off like a ghostly fish into the inner room, and closed and bolted the door in a twinkling. that. The robbers lought with fury and lero. Sir Norman kicked at it spitefully, but it re-sity; but they had been taken by surprise, and sisted his every effort; and, overcoming a strong

were overpowered by numbers, and obliged to be sprang once more into the saddle, and rode. The crimson court was indeed crimson now; off to the plague pit. It was the second time for the velves carpeting was dyed a more terri-within the last twelve hours he had stood there; and, on the previous occasion, he who now lay in it, had stood by his side. He looked down, sickened and horror-struck. Perhaps, before another moraing, he, too, might be there; and, feeling his blood run cold as the thought, he was turning away, when some one came rapidly up, and sank down with a moaning, gasping cry on its very edge. That shape—ball and slender, and graceful,—he knew well; and, leaning over her, he laid his hand on her shoulder, and exclaimed: "La Masque !"

CHAPTER XXI. WHAT WAS BEHIND THE MASK.

The cowering form rose up, but, seeing who it was, sank down again, with its face grovel-ing in the dust, and with another prolonged, moaning cry.
"Madame Masque!" he said, wonderingly "What is this?"

He bent to raise her; but, with a sort of scream, she held out her arms to keep him back.
"No, no, no! Touch me not! Hate me— Sir Norman recoiled as if from a deadly ser-

pent. . Murdered him! Madame, in Heaven's name, what have you said?".
"Ob, I have not stabled him, or poisoned him, or shot him; but I am his murderer. nevertheless?" she wailed, writhing in a sort of

gnawing inward torture.

"Madame, I do not understand you at all! Surely you are raving when you talk like this." Still moaning on the edge of the pague-pit, she half rose up, with both hands clasped tightly over her heart, as if she would have held back from all human ken the anguish that was de-

stroying her.

"No, no! I am not mad—pray Heaven I were! Oh, that they had strangled me in the first hour of my birth, as they would a viper, rather than I should have lived through all this life of mis ry and gulb, to end it by this last, vorst crime of all !"

Sir Norman stood and looked at her still with a dazed expression. He knew well enough whose murderer she called herself; but why she tid so, or how she could possibly bring about his leath, was a mystery altogether too deep for

bim to solve.

"Madame, compose yourself, I beseech you,

"This comp friend. and tell me what you mean. It is to my friend,

Ormiston, you allude—is it not?"

"Yes—yes! surely you need not ask."

"I know that he is dead, and buried in this horrible place; but why should you accuse yourself of murdering him, I confess I do not

know.
"Then you shall!" she cried, passionately.
You "And you will wonder at it no longer! You are the last one to whom the revelation can ever be made on earth: and, now that my hours are numbered, it matters little whether it is told or not! was it not you who first found him dead?"
"It was I—yes. And how he came to his

end, I have been puzzled myself in vain to discover ever since.' She rose up, drew herself to her full majestic height, and looked at him with a terrible glance.

"Shall I tell you?"

"You have had no hand in it," he answered, with a cold chill at the tone and look, " for he loved you !"

I have had a hand in it—I alone have been

"Madame," exclaimed Sir Norman in borror
"You need not look as if you thought me
mad, for I tell you it is Heaven's truth! You

eav r ght-he loved me; but for that love he would be living now? "You speak in riddles which I cannot read. How could that love have caused his death.

since his dearest wishes were to be granted tonight?" "He told you that, did he?"
"He did. He told me you were going to re-

move your mask; and if, on steing you, he still loved you, you were to be his wife." "Then woe to him for ever having extorted such a promise from me! Oh, I warned him again, and again, and again. I told him how it would be—I begged him to desist; but no, be was biind, he was mad; he would rush on his own doom! I fulfilled my promise, and behold

the result ?" She pointed with a frantic gesture to the plague-pit, and wrups her beautiful hands with to forzive me for the wrong I have due her;

the same moaning of anguish.
"Do I hear aright?" and Sir Norman, look ing at ner, and really doubting if his ears had not deceived him. "Do you mean to say that, in keeping your word and showing him your face you have caused his death?"
"I do. I have warned him of it before. I

told him there were sights too horrible to look on and live, but nothing would convince him Oh, why was the curse of life ever bestowed upon such a hideous thing as I !" Sir Norman gazedat her in a state of hoplies

bewilderment. He had thought, from the moment he saw her first, that there was something wrong with her brain, to make her act in such a mys erious, eccentric sort of a way; but he had never positively thought her so far gone as this. In his own mind, he set her down, as being mad as a March hare, and accordingly answered in that soothing tone people use to

imbeciles: My dear Madame Masque, pray do not excite yourself, or say such dreadful things. I am sure you would not wilfully cause the death much less than of one who loved you as he did.'

La Ma que broke into a wild laugh, almost worse to hear than her former despairing moans. "The man thinks me mad ! 'He will not believe, unless be sees and knows for himself Perhaps you, too, Sir Norman Kingsley," she cried, changing into fierceness, "would like to see the face behind this mark ?-would like to see what has elain your friend, and share his fate?"

"Certainly," said Sir Norman. "I should like to see it; and I think I may safely promise not to die from the effects. But surely, madame, you deceive yourself; no face, however ugly - even supposing you to possess such a on could produce such dismay as to cause death."
"You shall see."

She was looking down into the plague-pit, standing so close to its cracking edge, that Sir Norman's blood ran cold, in the momentary ex-pectation to see her alip and fall headlong in. Her voice was less fierce and less wild, but her hands were still clasped tightly over her heart, as if to ease the unutterable pain there. Suddenly, she looked up, and said, in an altered tone :

"You have lest Leoline?"
"And found her again. She is in the power of one Count L'Estrange." "And if in his power, pray, how have you found her ?"

" Because we are both to meet in her presence within this very hour, and she is to decide between us.' Has Count L'Estrange promised you this?"

"And you have no doubt what her decision will be?"

Not the slightest," "How came you to know she was carried off by this count!" He confessed it himself."

" Voluntarily ?" "No; I taxed him with it, and he owned to the deed; but he voluntarily promised to take "Extraor inary!" said La Masque, as if to erself. "Whimsical as he is, I scarcely ex-

herself. peoted he would give her up so easi y as this." Then you know him, madame ?" said Sir Norman pointedly.
"There are few things I do not know, and

rare are the disguises I cannot penetrate. So you have discovered it. too ?" "No, madame, my eyes were not sharp nough, nor had I sufficient deverness, even for that. It was Hubert, the Earl of Rochester's

that. It was Hubert, was a page, who told me who he was."

"Ab, the page!" said La Marque, quickly.

"Ab, the page !" said La Marque, quickly.

What do "You have been speaking to him? W' you think of his resemblance to Leoline?" "I think it the most assonishing resemblance I ever saw. But he is not the only one who bears Leoline's face." And the other is !"."

"The other is she whom you sent me to see joy the rest.



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in the old ruins. Madame, I wish you would tell me the secret of this wonderful likeness; for I am certain you know, and I am equally cer-tain it is not accidental.

Some misty idea that such was the case had been struggling through Sir Norman's slow mind, unformed and without shape, ever since he had seen the trin, therefore he was not the least astonished when he heard the fact announced. Only in one thing he was a little disapp inted.

Then I lubert is really a boy?" he said, half dejected y. Certainly he is. What did you take him to

64 Why, I thought—that is, I do not know," said Sir Norman, qu te blushing as being guilty of romuch romance, "but that he was a woman in disguise You see he is so handsome, and looks so much like Leoline, that I could not

help thinking so."
"He is Leoline's twin krother-that accounts for it. When does she become your wife?"
"This very morning, God willing!" said Sir

Norman, fervently. "Amen! And may her life and yours be long and happy. What becomes of the rest?"
"Since Hipert is her brother, he shall come with us, if he will. As for the other, she, alas !

is dead."
"Dead!" cried La Masque. "How?" When? She was living to night!" I'rue! She died of a wound."

"A wound? Surely not given by the dwari's hand ?' "No, no; it was quite accidental. But since

you know so much of the dwarf, perhaps you know he is now the king's prisoner?" "I did not know it; but I sarmised as much when I discovered that you and Count L'Es-trange, followed by such a body of men, visited the ruin. Well, his career has been long and dark enough, and even the plague seemed to spare him for the executioner. And so the poor mock-queen is dead? Well, her sister will not

long survive her " "Gord Heavens, madame!" cried Sir Norman, aghast. "You do not mean to say that theoline is going to die?"
"Oh, no! I hope Leoline has a long and happy life before her. But the wretched, with the state of the same of the sa

guilty sister I mean is myself; for I, too, Sir Norman, am her sister." At this new disclosure, Sir Norman stood per-fectly petrified; and La Marque, looking down at the dreadful place at her feet, went rapidly

"Alas and alas! that it should be so; kut it is the direful truth. We bear the same name, we had the same father; and yet I have been the curse and bane of their lives,"
"And Leoline knows this?"

"She never knew it until this night, or any one else alive : and no one should know it now. and he may, for she is gentle and good—but when, when shall I be able to forgive myself?" The sharp pain in her voice jarred on Sir Nor man's ear and heart; and, to get rid of its

dreary echo, he hurriedly asked : "You say you bear the same name. May I ask what name that is?" "It is one, Sir Norman Kingsley, before hich your own ancient title pales. We are which your own ancient title pales. Montmorencis, and in our veins runs the proud

est blood in France." Then Leoline is French, and of noble birth? said Sir N rman, with a shrill of pleasure. "I loved her for herself alone, and would have wedded her had she been the child of a begger; but I rejoice to bear this, nevertheless. Her father, then, hore a title?"

"Her father was the Marquis de Montmorenci, but Leoline's mother and mine were not the same—had they been, the lives of all four might have been very d fferent; but it is too late to lament that now. My mother had no gentle blood in her veins, as Leoline's had, for the was but a fisherman's daughter, torn from her home, and married by force. Neither did she love my father, no withstanding his youth, rank, and passionate love for her, for she vas betrothed to another bourgeois, like herself. For his sake she refused even the sitle of marchi ness, offered her in the moment of youthful and ardent passion, and clung, with deathless truth to her fisher-lover. The blood of the Montmorencis is fierce and hot, and brooks no oppos (Sir Norman thought of Miranda, and owardly owned that that was a fact); the marquis in his jealous wrath, both hated and loved her at the same time, and vowed deadly vengeance against her bourocois lover That yow he kept. The young fisherman was found one morning at his lady lover's door without a head, and the bleeding truck told no tales Of course, for a while, she was distracted and so on; but when the first shock of her grief was over, my father carried her off, and forcibly made her his wife. Fierce batred, I told you was miceled with his fierce love, and before the honeymoon was over it began to break out. One night, in a fit of jealous passion, to which he was addicted, he led her into a room she had never before been permitted to enter; showed ber a grinning human skull, and told her it was

brought here to punish her, some day, for her obstinate refusal to love him. (To be Continued)

her lover's! In this cruel exultation, he con-

fessed all: how he had caused him to be mur-

dered; his head severed from the body; and

## THE PAPAL FINANCES.

The Pope has lately examined the accounts of his income and expenditure during the year 1888 The following are the principal figures: From Peter's Pence he received £100,000; from interest of capital invested abroad, £100,000; from alms and other sources, £20,000; making a total income of £500,000; to which must be added ab ut £81,000 received during the jubilee. The ordinary and extraordinary expenses of she Vasican during the year have been a follows:
Alms given in Rome, £4.000; slms given aboad
£4.000; alms given in Italy, £4,000; ordinary
subsidies in Rome, £2000; ordinary subsidies in Italy, £3200; or linary subsidies to the Church generally £6000; ordinary subsides to pour priests, £6000; sums for the propaganda, £20,000 sums for the diplomatic service, £20,000; sums for the missions £40,000; adminstrative expenses, £40,000 ; maint-nance of Apostolic palaces. £20,000; expenses of public monuments,£10,000 pay of the Cardinals, £80,000; maintenance of seminaries, £30,000; divers expenses, £ 00,000 The sotal expenditure is £339,200, which leaves a surplus of not much less than a quarter of a million sterling.—London Di ily Neus.

BEACONSFIELD A HOME RULER. HIS POLICE CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF HIS POLITICAL HEIRS.

"You are right. Leoline knows already; for with the presentiment that my end is near, I visited her when you left, and gave her her whole history, in writing. The explanation is simple enough. Leoline, Miranda and Hubert, are sisters and brother."

Some misty idea that any the state of the tributed an article to an American magazine, which is well worthy of your attention. He said that in 1877 he had a conversation with the late Lord Beaconsfield relative to the effairs of Ireland. He said it was so important that he read conjugate extracts in his distributed way. made copious extracts in his diary that very day and I will venture to give you one or two of those extracts. The authority of Lord Beac nefield may not have so much weight in this assembly, but it should have some effect in checking the Unionist Liberals "I asked him said Mr. Pierrepont, "if he had any plan for the better government of Ireland." He ead, in reply, he had no pelfect plan, but a general idea that if he had to deal with the situation he shoul propose to place Ireland in a similar position that New York held to the Federal Government. New York held to the rederal Government. That is pure Home Rule. It is for holding opinions that Lord Beaconefield held that we are called Separatists, by our id friends and colleagues. Well, then Mr Pierrepont which his opinion of coercion, and Lord Beaconsfield gave it in this way. He said the blood and from mathed of coverning Ireland would fail. In method of governing Ireland would fail. failed under Cromwell. Possibly if he had fore-seen Mr. Balfour he would have said it was probable it would fail under Mr. Balfour. Irish were susceptible to kindness," I ord Bea-consisted said, "full of sentiment, and not logical, and inconsiderate of the means to gain desired ends. But easily governed it dealt with in the right way."; ((Chers.) Now of that con-versation I knew some time ago, but I knew of it in a way that did not allow me to quote it in public, but Mr. Pierrepont is a man of absolutely and ubted veracity. You may take it for grant-d that every word and every syllable of that conversation is correct. What is to become then of the political beirs of Lord Beaconsfield who decorate his statue with primroses on a certain day in every year, and who have in fact es their politicial symbol, the chern of that flower which he himself said was most suitable

when used as a salad.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. SOME OF THE NOVEL THINGS THAT OCCUBRED IN 1889.

Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invent ed in France. Fifty years ago wooden clocks had only beer

in use one year. Fifty years ago William Sprague was Gover nor of Rhode Island.

Fifty years ago the Massachusetts Abolition party was organized. Fifty years ago Henry Bowen, of Providence, was Secretary of State.

Fifty years ago the Mormons were driven from Missouri to Nauvoo, Ill. Fifty years ago the total vote for Governor of Rhode Island was 6,173.

Fifty years ago the banks in the United States resumed specie payment. Fifty years ago John C. Fremont and Jessie Benton were secretly married.

Fifty years ago beet sugar was first made by David L. Child, of Northampton, Mass. Fifty years ago a survey was made by John

Baily for a canal across Central America. Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed let ers patent on a steam "propeller" boot. Fifty years ago George Curtis, of Providence,

was Speaker of the House of Representatives. Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized India rubber goods Fifty years ago was established the fires com nercial college in America, "Comer's College" of Buston.

Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed west of the Miesissi, pi River. F fty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards

mar hed in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington Society. Fifty years ago a law was enacted against dueling in the District of Columbia. It grew

out of the Cilly-Graves duel. Fifty years ago the Sirus and Great Western the first ocean steamships, entered New York Harbor on their return trip No. 1. Fifty years ago (1859) the first wheat was

shipped from Chicago, amounting to seventy eight bushels. It was sent eastward by the lakes to Buffalo. Fifty years ago the Boston and Providence Railway had been in operation three years, and the Stonington Railroad a little more than two

Fifty years ago Joseph A. Adams, for the first time, made use of the idea now embodied

in the art of electrotyping by reproducing from wood "cuts." Fifty years ago the first power loom for weav ing carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow, of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original

Capacity.

Fifty years ago the Whig party held its first convention at Herrisburg, Pa., nominating General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, as President of the United States. Fifty years ago the first railroad spike ma-

chine was put into use, making fifty a minute, forming both point and head. Henry Burden, of T.oy, N. Y., was the inventor It rank-o among the best paying inventions of modern

THE JESUITS ESTATES BILL.

It was stated from Ottawa a few days ago that the Government were almost evenly deci ded on the point of allowance or disallowance of the Quebec LocalGovernment's bill giving\$400,-000 to the Jesuits in compensation of some old

Claims. They stood:
For disallowance—Haggart, Foster. Tupper,
Bowell, Carling, Abbout, Dewiney.
Against disallowance — Langevin, Caron,
Thompson, Pope, Costigan, Smith Chapleau
Seven to seven. Sir John A. Macdon and was reported undecided. But he did not long remain so. He was given to understand by his Quebec supporters that if this measure were dissilowed, they would "go back" on him in a body; even several of his coll-agues would resign. It was only natural that this should be the case—not a Quebe omember of the Commons could go back to his constituents and be detected a supporter of Sir John A Macronald, if the latt disallowance. He sadly wanted to have a slap at Mercier—he would have given a year's salary to have been free to do so; but he had to

knuckle down, and vote against desesllowance. A great part of our existence serves no plunder are the only ones taken into consider the control of careful as the careful as the control of careful as the careful

THE DEBT OF CANADA.

The gross debt is now \$3'8,830,000. Al. The gross debt is now \$5:5,850,000. Although the revenue so far exceeds that for seven months last year by \$1,880,000, the expenditure including that on capital account, exceeds the receipts. The net d bt has, therefore, increased and is now \$226,670,550, an increase of two millions. It is thought that before the year is over the continuous expenditure will equal the ordinary expenditure will equal the ordinary the ordinary expenditors will equal the ordinary revenue, unless there is a continued increase of revenue. The marked feature in the revenue statement for January is the falling off in public works. Relivay receipts were only \$182 (00, against \$33°,000. The post office also declines to \$2′5,00 from \$257 000. In customs and excise there is a good increase.

ABOUT A HATOH WHICH WAS IN GOOD SHAPE.

We asked Mr. T. C. S. Hatch in regard to We asked Mr. T. U. S. Haten in regard to his lock in the Louisiana State Lottery, he stated that he had been investing for some months past in the lottery. That he sent his money in and received his tickets promptly. He money in and received his tickets promptly. He purchased ten fortieth tickets ab ut 10th, Dec., 888, among the ten was No. 69 704, the number that drew the capital prize, 8600 000 When informed that it had drawn \$15 000, he went at once to Waco and there deposited his ticket with the American Nat bank. Four days after he was paid by the American National bank the \$15 000. Mr Hatch has a wife and six children. Ha was comparatively a poor man, working as He was c mparatively a poor man, working as overseer of the W P. Gaines big valley farm, three miles south from McGregor, on a salary.

-McGregor (Tex.) Observer. Jan 5.



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