

His coarse face quite lights up into gladness now.

"Certainly, certainly, certainly," he says, "anything you and Geoff wish. Half a dozen village girls if you like, my dear. The lady's the best I've ever seen, steady, good-natured. I'm fond of him, that I am, Mrs. Abbott."

"Thanks," Mrs. Abbott says, bending her stately head. She turns to go, has gone half a dozen steps, when her husband's voice reaches her.

"Nora."

She turns slowly. He seldom calls her by her name; he stands looking rather sheepishly now at his sign.

"You've never been over to Laurel Hill—the new place I bought last week. It's an uncommon pretty spot—eight miles to the side of Brighton. Suppose you let me drive you there to-morrow."

"If he were a suppliant lover he could hardly look more humble, more anxious. The line between his wife's straight dark brows deepens."

"To-morrow I dine with Colonel and Mrs. enton."

"Well, next day then."

"Next day I am going up to New York to do some very necessary shopping."

"Well, the day after. Oh! hang it, Nora say yes! You never go anywhere with me now, and I don't so often ask you neither."

"Certainly I will go," she says, but she says it so coldly, so distantly, that the man sets his teeth.

"I did not know you thought it a matter of any moment. I will go the day after to-morrow, or whenever you wish."

"I don't wish," he returns slowly. "Don't trouble yourself, Mrs. Abbott. I don't wish for anything. Well never mind Laurel Hill!"

He resumes his cigar, turns his back upon her, turns his hands in his pockets, and slides away. But half an hour after, as he still stalks sulkily up and down, a thought strikes him, a most unpleasant thought. It turns him hot all over.

"By the Lord!" he cries, taking out his cigar, aghast, "I shouldn't wonder but what it is!"

A great bell, up in one of the windy, make-believe Gothic turrets, clangs out; it is the dinner-bell of Abbott Wood. The master is not dressed, a faint odor of as stables hangs about him, but he is in no mood to condescend to his wife, and make a dinner toilet. He is absent, rubbed over so much the wrong way, and it affords him a grim sort of pleasure to set her at defiance, and outrage her sense of sight and smell, by appearing just as he is. He marches into the dining-room, grumpy, forbidding, irritable. It is a beautiful and spacious room—the dinner service is all in the way of plate, napery, crystal, china, that money can do to make that most ungrateful necessity—eating—graceful. Flowers are there in profusion, a golden after-glow fills the apartment, the viands are as nearly perfect as possible, the mistress of the mansion a fair and gracious lady, Geoffrey the most polished of youthful Paladins, little Leo like an opera fairy, in pink silk but the master stern and unsmiling; as the Death's Head of the Egyptian banquet, takes his place and begins his soup in unsocial silence and gloominess. At last he looks up.

"I didn't take the name of the little beggar you propose to bring here," he says to Geoffrey.

"Who is she?"

"The youth glances at him in surprise. These sudden changes of temperature are not uncommon in Mr. Abbott's moral thermometer, but they are always disconcerting."

"Her name is Slesford's Joanna—or more properly, I suppose, Joanna Slesford."

Mr. Abbott's spoon drops with a clash in his plate. As a thunder-cloud blackens the face of the sky, so a swartly frown darkens the face of the man.

"I thought so," he says, "it's well I made sure in time. I withdraw my consent, madam. No rat of Slesford's ever sets foot in this house!"

"Sir!" Geoffrey cries, hotly.

"(To be continued.)"

"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10 cents for any color.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH IN ENGLAND.

The London correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times says:

The Archbishop of Toronto (Most Rev. Dr. Lynch) has arrived in town. He is staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and on Monday night he called at the House and asked to see several of the Home Rule members. His Grace is an Irishman, as his name denotes, and has given substantial proof of sympathy with the land movement in Ireland. When Mr. Parnell was in the Dominion of Canada the Archbishop entertained him at the Palace, and since then has lost no opportunity of testifying his friendliness to him and his colleagues. His Grace attended the levee held by the Prince of Wales on Monday, and was presented to Lord Kimberley. He is, I believe, almost the first Catholic prelate who has appeared at the Court of St. James since the Reformation.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" rest, as health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

THAT HANDBALL CHALLENGE.

In answer to the challenge issued by Ald. Casey, of New York, to play Ryan of Montreal a single or double handball match, the latter says he is ready to accept, if Casey will play in this city. As for a return match in New York or elsewhere, Ryan says he would be most willing to accept, but he is so situated that it would be impossible for him to leave Montreal. Ryan further states that he is ready to meet any American or Canadian player in a single handball match to take place in this city for a sum to be named hereafter, and also in a double handball match.

It is impossible for a woman, after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 232 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

DEOLINE OF MAN.—Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, and all diseases caused by indiscretions and abuse, are radically and promptly cured by the use of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, which is for sale by all responsible druggists. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Montreal by E. E. McGALE.

THE COSTIGAN RESOLUTIONS

DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

SPEECH OF MON. G. W. HOWLAN.

The following is the speech of the Hon. G. W. Howlan, delivered in the Senate on the Costigan Resolutions:—

Hon. Mr. Howlan said: In rising to move the adoption of the Address passed unanimously by the other branch of the Legislature, I trust the House will bear with me for a short time, while making the few remarks which seem to me to be called for on this occasion. The representatives of the Irish race in the Legislature, prompted by public opinion of their own people throughout the Dominion, felt that they should give this matter their consideration. They met together, and after much deliberation on this grave question, actuated by the most sincere and patriotic motives in the interest of this Canada of ours, the present address was conceived. I am happy to be in a position to state that it has received the unanimous assent of the popular branch of this Parliament, expressive as it is, not only of the views of the Irish, but of the hearty approval of all the representatives of the people of Canada. Our recent census proves that out of a total population of four and one half millions, over one million are Irish or of Irish descent, and as the words of this address state, they are among the most loyal, prosperous and contented of Her Majesty's subjects; and if anything was required to bind them still more closely in their fealty, it is found in this intelligent and patriotic acknowledgment given by the representative men of this Dominion in Parliament assembled. That the Irish race is a grateful one, does not admit of question; in every land beneath the sun they have proved that beyond a doubt; but if proofs are wanting we have not far to seek them. In the war of the great rebellion in the neighboring Republic, on every battle field from the Relay House at Baltimore to the trenches before Richmond, their blood was freely poured out in defence of the Stars and Stripes, and not less must be said of the faithful adherents of the Stars and Bars of the Sunny South. When the clarion of war was sounded along the granite hills and rivers of New England, no uncertain sound was heard; the call of country was sufficient, and thousands of the foreigner, they boldly marched to the front; and no two names were more synonymous for bravery in the North and South than those of the gallant Generals—Meagher and Ciesbrune. It will be remembered in this connection, when the gallant General Concoran was made a prisoner of war by the Southern ranks, he sprang the officer and proceeded to suffer imprisonment for his adopted country rather than freedom and oppression here. From the history of that war I will make but one quotation in favor of my statement. The battle of Lookout Mountain was one of the hottest of the rebellion. The Southern army was well placed on rising ground on either side with their guns in position. It became necessary to drive them out, and the matter was left to General Meagher and his Irish Brigade. He addressed his men, telling them how the United States had snored them in the day of their distress. The battle was fought immediately following St. Patrick's Day, the hill was taken, the field was won, but how severely it was contested was shown by the fact that the men lay dead in the windows, each with a sprig of green in his cap. Nearly the whole brigade was killed in the terrible conflict; very much, in my opinion, like the death-ride of the gallant six hundred at Balaklava. That great war has passed, and the country is once more tranquil, but it went through a terrible ordeal. No one who looks back but sees that the whole cause of that war was slavery and its thrice accursed surroundings which cried to heaven for vengeance, for "vengeance is mine," said the Ruler of the universe. Slavery had its defenders, had its armaments, had its apologists and its admirers. It was powerful even in the councils of the world; it sought strength from every source. We remember how in the English Parliament it had its defenders; we also remember how O'Connell, when struggling for Irish rights, was tampered with by James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York Herald, in favor of slavery, and with what majestic manliness he answered him that if he took one dollar of the slaveholders' money was to free Ireland, he would rather see her in chains than accept it. To this day the Herald has not forgotten these words of O'Connell. But we rise from the perusal of the history of those days, thanking God that where the old time-honored flag of England waves there is no slavery. It was prompted by such feelings as those thoughts gave rise to that we say in the address "we have observed with feelings of profound regret and concern the distress and discontent which have prevailed for some time among Your Majesty's subjects in Ireland," and express the hope that Ireland may soon enjoy "the inestimable blessing of civil liberty," for there can be no liberty where freemen men having to advise the public may not speak freely. It is a remnant of barbarous times that men must be imprisoned for their ideas, and there is no Parliament in the world where freedom of thought and freedom of speech are so much valued and respected as in this Parliament of Canada, and in proof of this I need not go farther than the records of the present session, which, before I sit down, I may more freely advert to, and satisfy the minds of honorable gentlemen that if Canada is looked upon to-day as the oldest child of the Empire she is entitled to her high position for her loyalty, which is the result of representative institutions. A recent return shows that there are scattered over the continent six millions of Irish and their descendants, who, according to Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," have added more to the wealth of America than the gold fields of California. The news of the address being passed by Parliament will be a harbinger of peace and good will into every household of our people throughout this vast continent. Their hearts will be overflowing with gratitude, and the name of Canada will recall to them pleasant memories, and the name of a Canadian will be a passport to their country for the future. It would be a greater security for Canadian rights and liberties than if every hilltop along our four thousand miles of frontier was bristling with siege guns and bayonets, and this is one of the blessings which I think will ensue from the passing of the address. What has expatriated those six millions of Irishmen, and sent the majority of them under an alien flag, may be worth considering at the present time. I am not going to engage the time of this hon. House by dipping into the dusty history of the last century, to repeat here quotations from the Penal Laws, many

of which would make us blush for very shame were they not redeemed at times by the farcical scenes which often accompanied their enforcement, as one will only rise from their perusal satisfied that Burke wrote correctly when he stated "they were a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." These laws were at last repealed, and, thanks to the unwearied perseverance of O'Connell, culminated in Emancipation, with which the people began once more to breathe freely, and think that at last full justice would be done them, although it was late coming. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" is as true of a nation as of an individual. And so the people waited on the faith of promises, again and again repeated but to be broken and unfulfilled. Although several remedial measures of minor importance were passed, yet no large measure of this nature came into operation until Mr. Gladstone's Act for the disestablishment of the Church of England—the Church of the minority. And here I must say that the future historian will award him his due meed of praise for carrying such a sweeping measure of reform, creating such a social revolution by such peaceful means. During the interim of those two periods the precarious mode of living on land highly rented and overtaxed began to give results. It was thought by many that the times being done away with, that this burden taken off the land, would have somewhat relieved the overburdened laborer of the soil. A glance will show how many were affected by this great measure of relief. Ireland had then 685,000 tenants, occupying some 14,000,000 acres of land.

Hon. Mr. Reed—What is the hon. gentleman quoting from?

Hon. Mr. Howlan—The figures are from Kane, on "The Resources of Ireland."

Hon. Mr. Reed—I can give later figures—the exact number up to the present time.

Hon. Mr. Howlan—Whether the statement with regard to the number of acres is correct or not, if my hon. friend will permit me, I will explain at a further stage of my address why at the present moment there are fewer tenants than there were at the time when these figures were published. Will that suit my hon. friend?

Hon. Mr. Reed—Yes.

Hon. Mr. Howlan—Of these 685,000 tenants, 307,000 held farms of from 1 to 3 acres; 251,000, farms of from 5 to 15 acres; 79,000, farms from 15 to 30 acres, and 48,800, farms of above 30 acres; and all this land was held by about 900 landlords. Bad crops and bad harvests soon told their tale. The ground refused to yield her increase, and rents could not be paid; the poor rates were often higher than the actual rent rolls of the estates; famine set in and the whole nation was borne down before famine and pestilence. This great suffering was endured with unexampled forbearance, patience and unflinching fortitude. The population became greatly thinned, the grave and the poorhouse were equally glutted with human bodies; the one with the attenuated corpses of the dead, the other with the skeletons of the living. A gentleman who travelled through Ireland at the time thus describes it:

"The merry dance to the sound of the pipe, and the glad voice of the song were no longer heard, for joy and gladness had departed from the land—the very ground partook of the sadness which pervaded the whole country; there was an evident poverty in the soil, the beautiful, rich green of the grass was replaced by a grey, unhealthy tint, wheat could not be grown in many districts where formerly it had been raised in great abundance, and the potato crops became all but extinct—the land was humbled under the judgments of the Almighty."

"It fares the land to hastening a grey, and warlike accoutred and man decay; Princes and lords may flourish or may fade, A breath can make them as a breath hath made, and peasant's country's pride, Made once destroyed can never be supplied."

O'Connell, he of the lion heart, foremost in every work for the defence of his people, pleaded for them in vain; he who at one time possessed as much political power as any one man in Europe, still stood loyal to his country and its flag, never swerving, but always pleading the gospel of peace and good will; always telling them that "he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy," and that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong. He saddened at the sight, his big heart swelled within him, and he laid him down in a foreign land to die. The emigrant ship then was the refuge; the shark followed the ship. What a refuge! All who are at all familiar with the history of those times will remember the horrors of Grose Isle. Almost every step along the banks of the St. Lawrence to Kingston became the resting place of these unfortunate immigrants. In some cases whole families were swept away; in others, parents perished leaving their helpless families unprotected in a strange land. Everyone knows the kindness with which the French population of Quebec treated those unhappy people. One is almost at a loss to understand why it is that no Longfellow has ever described the scenes attending the flight of these exiles. The decrease of population through famine, pestilence and emigration reduced the number of small holdings, and it was thought that Scotch and English farmers could take large farms and by increased capital and ability farm them, and thus the question of Ireland's land grievance could be settled. That was tried. Large sheep and stock farms were formed. By this means, says Miller in his "Social State of Ireland," 660 Scotchmen and 90 Englishmen were induced to thus take up land in Ireland. But those who have had some experience in making money by farming with improved machinery and capital great results are not often attained, and that class are just as tired of high rents as are the Irish themselves. This reduced the total holdings to some 592,489. One would expect that then peace and contentment would reign throughout the land, and it did, for Miller states, "No country has ever made such rapid progress in so short a period (from 1847 to 1858). There is little or no pauperism, laborers are fully employed, though wages are still too low, the farms are finely stocked and rents are well paid; and many of the farmers have accumulated money; the laws are obeyed and respected, and there is an almost absence of crime, and peace and contentment and happiness prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land."

I am sorry that we cannot say this at the present time, for it is impossible to think it can be so, when 540 of the ablest, most influential and best educated men in Ireland are imprisoned. Those suspects are taken from all classes and creeds, and are deprived of their liberty for advocating what they believe to be the rights of their people. I say it is a sad spectacle, and one which is anything but creditable to the British Empire. It is almost impossible to believe that 540 men, comprising men of intelligence and high social position, can all be blind and imprac-

ticable. There must be something radically wrong when they can be imprisoned for stating their opinions publicly. I am not going to say that the Government were not justified in putting those men in jail. I would not say that if I were a member of that Administration I would admit that there was something wrong which should be remedied. A man who rebels for his opinions is entitled to respect. Forty years ago a price was put upon the heads of men who have since been looked upon as benefactors of the human race. Look at the rebels in Ireland during the present century! Some of them have become most useful members of society, and amongst the ablest supporters of the constitution under which we live. I need go no further than Charles Gavan Duffy, who is to the Australian colonies what I am proud to say, Sir John Macdonald is to this country. Take the case of Sir George Carter, for whose name we all have most profound respect. We are now appropriating \$10,000 for the erection of a monument to his memory. And for what purpose? To show the rising generation that under all circumstances a man should do what he believes to be right, and that if actuated by patriotic motives, the time will come when he will be honored and respected. You will find at the entrance of the House of Commons a portrait of Papineau. Does anyone believe that Papineau was not actuated in his course by patriotic motives? On the contrary, his memory is honored, because he was animated by patriotic sentiments, and on one of our great highways a town bears his name. D'Arcy McGee, without whose name the history of this Confederation cannot be written, and to whose genius, learning and patriotism, we are all so much indebted, has passed away to a better land, but like all great men, his share in the noble work of civilizing those colonies lives after him as a beacon light, and to borrow from one of his own poems—

"His name is written on the deep, the rivers as they run Will bear'time's dawn o'er the world, telling what he's done."

And so it may possibly happen that posterity will look upon many of those who are in prison in Ireland to-day for the sentiments to which they have given utterance.

There is one unfortunate feature in connection with this question; it is the frequency of agrarian crimes in Ireland, and I wish to be distinctly and thoroughly understood on this question, that so far as I am concerned I have no sympathy with those crimes; on the contrary I detest them as far as any law abiding citizen can detest such crimes. There is one thing to be said in favor of Ireland, that the statistics of crime in that country as compared with England and Scotland, in times of peace, will bear the most favorable comparison. I have in my hands a comparison of the statistics of crime in England, Ireland and Scotland, and I must say that Ireland in peaceful times, stands below either England or Scotland in that respect. It only proves that in a state of peace, or what may be called ordinary circumstances and prospects, there is no question as to the loyalty or professed observation of the law by the people of Ireland. Thomas D. Sullivan, in his "New Ireland," speaking on this particular subject, as any man actuated by proper motives, or any man who loves and values liberty should, expresses abhorrence of such a crime, and says:

"I know of no Irish topic on which candid, truthful and independent writing and speaking are more rare than this of agrarian crime. The outrages in many cases were so fearful that no one dared to speak a word as to their having had some cause without exposing himself to a charge of palliating or sympathizing with them. On the other hand the provocation often was so monstrous that if one executed the crime as it deserved to be, he was supposed to be callously indifferent to the avidity, the greed, the heart business that led up to it. Thus thirty years ago, nay, twenty years ago, or less, the creation of a healthy public opinion on the subject was impossible. We stood arrayed, one and all of us, in one or other of two hostile camps—that of the landlords in apparent approval of merciless eviction, or that of the tenants in apparent sympathy with red-handed murder. Yet occasionally, on both sides there must have been a good man, nay, a true patriot who in his secret heart bewailed the terrible state of things that thus convulsed and afluttered society, and who yearned for the day when the page of Ireland's story would be blotted out by this crimson stain."

But it has often been said in connection with this particular question that there is no good reason why the Irish people should not be satisfied with the laws under which they live; that the laws of England, Ireland and Scotland are alike; that if they are just in one country they are just in the others, and if they are administered properly in one country they are administered properly in another. I am not going to seek for a solution of that question, but I shall quote from the remarks of Mr. Gladstone, one of the greatest statesmen of the day, on the introduction of the Irish Land Act of 1870. He said:

"Regarding the legal provisions for the government of the people, it is only fair to say it is only the skeleton of the laws of England and Ireland that bear any resemblance to each other."

Now, that was the opinion of Gladstone. In looking over the state of things as they exist in Ireland one must be struck with the fact that a great deal must depend on the landlords themselves with regard to the attitude of the people towards them. It is almost impossible to have a grievance without having a foundation for it, and it would be as well to take the opinions of those who have had the opportunity of judging what are the conditions of these people, and in what way they fulfil the duties that devolve on them as citizens of a free country, and ascertain that whether there is any good reason for stating that a great portion of the difficulties that arise in Ireland may not be properly laid at the door of landlordism. Froude in his history—and I think I may properly say that he is not looked upon as a great friend of Ireland (although a great and accomplished man); he has written at times not in the pleasantest strain of the Irish people, though with that I find no fault, as he wrote what he conscientiously believed to be true, and I must therefore respect his opinion—in his history he says: "He would not yield to the most irreconcilable Fenian of them all in his determination to promote the entire, the final emancipation from the yoke of landlordism." I go further and read the discussions that took place on this particular Bill through the press of Great Britain at the time that the Land Act was under consideration, we find many eminent men giving their opinions with regard to the necessity of reform in Ireland. Take Bishop Berkeley, Protestant Bishop of Killkeny, for instance, who says:—"The landlords of Ireland are men of vulgarize beaks with bowels of iron in their treatment of the cultivators of the soil."

That is the opinion of a resident Bishop of Ireland, having to do with the flock under his charge, and to prepare them for a better world, and he being a high dignitary in the Christian Church can have no reason for

speaking unkindly himself of landlords. The state of affairs called forth from the Archbishop of Tuam, one of the ablest men of this generation, a remonstrance to Gladstone at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1863. He states with regard to the emigration of the people:

"The wretched, and in spite of all disquisitions, from whatever quarter, they will continue to fly in such numbers as reminds us of the melancholy flights of our birds after the capitulation of Limerick. They know the terrors of the war and of the deep which they have to encounter, but neither the war nor the deep has for them any terror compared to the insecure, precarious, nay fugitive, and savage mode of life to which the laws have doomed them, aggravated by the treachery of broken promises and violated covenants."

The part of unfaithful men in which they have resolved no longer to confide. It vain do landlords promise, and correspondents caution. Hence the cool and stern indifference with which they leave a land that has lost to them the endearing character of a parent, and with all the sacred attractions and securities of a home."

Up to a very recent period it was very difficult to find an English or Scotch gentleman, or an American, or an Irish gentleman in America, who believed for a moment that such difficulties existed in Ireland. They would say that it was a chronic state of affairs, and that it was almost impossible to

(Concluded on Fifth Page.)

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, crickets, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

THE HON. MR. COSTIGAN.

Our contemporary *La Minerve*, in noticing the Ministerial changes, says that the nomination of the Hon. Mr. Costigan is that which presents the most importance. The member for Victoria is as sympathetic with the French-Canadians as with Irishmen, his fellow-countrymen. He speaks their language perfectly, and is greatly esteemed by the Acadians. It was he who presented those resolutions in the House of Commons in regard to the Irish question. His entry into the Government lends to this last act a marked significance.

Brilliant Scientific Triumph.

IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

It is now recognized by the leading medical men that Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer is the most wonderful invention of the age for the cure of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. After having been used in the leading hospitals, it was proved that 75 per cent. of these diseases, by many called incurable, can be cured by the Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected. This discovery is proving a blessing to mankind and a credit to his name. Many persons in the city of Montreal, and all over the Dominion, have been cured of the above diseases. Below are a few of the many hundreds:—

Mr. C. HILL, Montreal, catarrh and bronchitis. Mr. DELBOCKERVILLE, of the Indian Department, Ottawa, catarrh of many years; now cured.

Mr. GEO. AUBR, Ottawa, catarrh and lung diseases; cured.

Mrs. SMITH, London, wife of Medical Detective, cured of catarrh.

Geo. MAGUIRE, Toronto, 422 Adelaide Street West; daughter cured of asthma.

Geo. WILLIS, Exeter, Ont., catarrh and bronchitis.

JOHN DUNN, 8 Robert street, Toronto, bronchitis.

J. D. ARMSTRONG, 185 Yonge street, Toronto, catarrh and catarrhal deafness.

THOMAS TELZER, 12 Melinda street, Toronto, asthma; cured.

Mr. BENS. A. DRAYK, St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Several of my friends have been cured of Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, also a member of my family, by using the spirometer—Jno. P. WILKIN, Manager The Post and Telegraph, Montreal.

Thousands more can be given, but the above is sufficient to convince the public of the merits of the Spirometer. Call or write, inclosing stamp, to M. Souville, ex-Aide-camp of the French Army, 15 Phillip's Square, Montreal.

Physicians and sufferers can try it free.

Full particulars sent free and instruments expressed to any address.

A CANADIAN DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

Mr. J. D. Chartrand, an old Montrealer, who was for a long time connected with the defunct newspaper, *Le National*, is fast working his way to distinction in the French Army. While in this city Mr. Chartrand was Captain of the 65th Battalion, but his taste for a military career was too strong to be satisfied with our military service, so he set out for France to join a real army. He served with distinction in the campaign of the Sud-Oraais, and was given the rank of Adjutant. He is to-day an officer in the infantry school of St. Maxent, and will soon obtain the epaulettes of sub-Lieutenant in his regiment. Mr. Chartrand is the only Canadian who is in active service in the French Army, and his rapid advance to honors is all the more creditable.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Weary of Life.—Disengagement of the liver is one of the most efficient causes of dangerous diseases, and the most prolific source of those melancholy forebodings which are worse than death itself. A few doses of these noted Pills act magically in dispelling low spirits, and repelling the covert attacks made on the nerves by excessive heat, impure atmospheres, over-indulgence, or exhausting excitement. The most shattered constitution may derive benefit from Holloway's Pills, which will regulate disordered action, brace the nerves, increase the energy of the intellectual faculties, and revive the falling memory. By attentively studying the instructions for taking these Pills and explicitly putting them in practice, the most depending will soon feel confident of a perfect recovery.

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold. How necessary then that we should get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Dunville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

Chas. Backus, the well-known minstrel, leaves for Europe June 7. He returns early in the fall. During his stay in London he will appear at St. James' Hall with the Moore & Burgess Minstrels.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Patti is in Wales.

Herr Bandmann is playing in the West Indies.

Mme. Bive-King is giving concerts in San Francisco.

The Harrison's new play is called a "Sister's Devotion."

Miss Anderson has closed the most successful season of her life.

Willie Edouin undertakes a summer season at Field's Boston Museum.

Jeffrey-Lewis will start next season in Balasco's play, "La Belle Russe."

Mr. W. H. Essenden, the tenor of the Boston Ideal, left the company.

The Kraljys will revive the "Black Veins" at Niblo's early in the autumn.

Mr. George Bignold is in Australia with a "Youth," which has made a success in Melbourne.

Rice's Surprise Party are at Booth's New York. Their string includes "Cinderella at School."

Sol Smith Russell will close his season's work at the Boston Museum. His engagements there ends May 27.

Mme. Carolina Zelas, the well-known contralto, is in London, and will probably be engaged by Mr. Gye.

Mr. Mill. Barlow, the comedian, is a printer by trade, and when he worked at the case had few superiors.

The new Western play entitled "Ranch No. 10," will shortly be produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Rose Coghlan will continue as leading lady at Wallace's next season. She has signed a contract to that effect.

Mr. Frederick Paulding has been engaged as leading actor of Mlle. Rhea's company during her supplementary season.

Milton Nobles follows Nat Goodwin in San Francisco. The latter did an excellent business during his engagement.

Anton Rubinstein will direct the music at the coronation fetes at Moscow next August. All the artists are to be Russian.

Barnum's actual receipts in Philadelphia were \$60,231 on the week. The biggest day, in a terrific rain storm, was \$14,448.20.

"A Checkered Life," a new drama by Mr. A. Z. Chapman, will be produced at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre to-morrow evening, May 15.

It is stated that the well known English actors, the Kendalls, will come over next season under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson.

Edwin Booth gave the prompter, property man and head carpenter of the New York Theatre, where he has just finished playing, \$100 each.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, gave to Barnum, the other day, an overcoat which formerly belonged to the late Charles Dickens.

John McCullough was given a dinner by friends in Quilicy, Ill. It was the occasion of the unveiling of a \$5,000 portrait of Mr. McCullough as *Virginia*, which was painted by Caleb Poggendorf.

Mlle. Almee will, it is said, return to New York next season, at the head of a new company of French comic singers under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson.

Stoole Mackays has patented an orchestra chair, which folds up and disappears by touching a spring. It is a good thing in a theatre in case of fire. Mr. Mackays has also opened a dramatic school in New York.

Edwin Booth, according to *Music and the Drama*, is said to have made \$85,000, and his manager, Mr. Abbey, \$15,000 out of his last season. One week in St. Louis netted \$13,000. Mr. Booth sails for Europe on May 31.

A firm in Stuttgart has, it