THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1884.

The Recent Fire.

THE conflagration which did so much damage in this city on Wednesday morning should teach all concerned the lesson that playing with fire is dangerous, and should make us all feel thankful that instead of a business block and a splendid public building, the whole city was not swept away and thousands of people rendered homeless in mid-winter. That such has not been the case we owe to the fact that the weather was favorable and that we have in our midst a body of men who, under the most unfavorable circumstances, do even more than their duty. When we pause to look back on the fire, and try to realize what might have happened had a strong wind been blowing, we find no difficulty in thanking a kind fortune for a very narrow escape from a very imminent danger. But will fortune always be so kind towards a city which will not adopt ordinary precautions for its own safety? Will fortune never grow tired? We venture to hazard the assertion that as regards fire preventitive Charlottetown is unique; it stands alone among North American cities. It is essentially a wooden city, liable at any moment to be swept out of existence, and yet those responsible for its safety sit as cooly and act as nonchalently as if it was made of iron blocks. They say fortune favors fools because fools trust all to fortune, and in this happy-go-lucky principle Charlottetown may go on escaping for years. But as we are dealing in proverbs at all we may as well quote another, which says that "as long as the fox runs he's caught at last." If the St. Patrick's Hall had not stood where it stands, and if the efforts of a determined body of men had not been concentrated upon it, what could save part of Great George Street? Or if the fire in the North American Hotel had burst out six or seven hours before it did, what would the result have been? We are aware that the expenditure of money sends a cold shiver through the frame of many, but to those people we might say that as you cannot make revolutions with rose water neither can you fight fire with buckets of water in the old style with any degree of success. We suggest that if anything serious happen in the future our City Councillors will have to bear the blame. The penny-wise pound-foolish policy will not answer much longer. The late fire was ot comparative short duration, but suppose it lasted twenty-four hours, where would the firemen have procured water? And yet there is any quantity of water in and around Charlottetown. To paraphrase the words of the Ancient mariner, there is water, water everywhere, but never a bucketful to throw on a fire. Steps, too, should be taken to form a salvage corps, not a *dilletanti*, but an efficient—one having responsibilities and compensations. Have it composed of men who are not afraid to work without kid gloves on their hands. There is one improvement which, if we are correctly informed, will be suggested by the action of the underwriters, who will refuse to ensure any more wooden buildings in the business part of the city. Every incorporated town in Ontario, not to speak of cities, has a by-law on its statutes prohibiting the construction of frame buildings within certain limits, and Charlottetown should not be too proud to follow such a good example.

We beg to call the attention of our City Fathers to the following extract from Chief Engineer Large's report:—

"A general opinion prevails that it would be desirable that the Department should be concentrated to one spot, instead of being scattered in different places, as at present situated. The subject is referred to in the last years report, and has since been mooted in the public print."

That is certainly the general opinion. And another general opinion—a universal one—is that when the engines arrive on the ground they should not have to wait until they can get steam up; they should have in the engine room what are known as heaters, whereby the engines would be ready to operate in a moment. There are several other suggestions we could make, but we feel sure they will present themselves to the mind of our civic authorities without our assistance. One thing certain is, that a reform is loudly called for.

The Belfast Victory.

MR. ALEXANDER MARTIN is now the member for the Belfast District in the Local Legislature, having been elected to that honorable position on Thursday last, *vice* Mr. McMillan deceased. We expected that Mr. Martin would be elected, but we confess to a feeling of agreeable disappointment in regard to his majority, which is 261. This is a splendid majority indeed, and speaks loudly for the popularity and the permanence of the present Government.

The result of the contest shews that the electors of Belfast have little or no faith in the announcements and pronouncements of the Grits. Here was the *Patriot* day after day telling them what a lot of incapables "Sullivan and Company" were, how grievously they had mismanaged the affairs of the Province, how they would have to shew a "probable" deficit, how they kept a dead lunatic over ground, how the bridges were all rotten—and there was Mr. Davies telegraphing from Ottawa a flat contradiction to Mr. Sullivan's statement, and all to no use. The electors knowing, from sad experience, what amount of trust was to be placed in Grit utterances, went to the polls, and, to the disgust of Messrs. Davies, Laird, Farquharson and Beer, returned the Government candidate by such a majority as leaves no room for doubt as to the feelings of the people, and strikes the false prophets dumb in terror for the future. For if Belfast has gone back on the party where shall they look for relief? We do not wish to overwhelm the *Patriot* with confusion or we would give a few choice extracts from its columns. "Sullivan and Co." were to be sent about their business at once, the Province was disgusted with them, they were ignorant of the first principles of government, Mr. Martin was to be returned to the bosom of his family. These and similar assertions and prophecies were freely and monotonously indulged in; but, nevertheless, Belfast has rejected the Grit candidate, and rejected him with considerable emphasis. It is not long since the *Patriot* wanted a general election, in order that the Tories might be shewn how they had fallen in public estimation since they managed to gull the electors by false pretences and on false issues. It appears to us that if we are to judge by the result at Belfast the Grits would do well to stave off a general election as long as they can. Fortune does not seem to smile sweetly upon them just now. They are beaten and discredited everywhere. They are no luckier in Ottawa than in Belfast, and for a like reason. They have no policy. Were they as honest as they are dishonest the people would still reject them, knowing they are incapable and unteachable. They are useful in opposition as shewing how hazardous it would be to allow them to seize the reins of government, and in opposition they should remain. Their policy is one of negation; like Gladstone's policy in Egypt, like Blake's in Ottawa, like Mercier's in Quebec. In having nothing to do with them the Belfast electors have proved themselves wise in their generation, wiser than they were a year ago. What can be expected from a party which parades a "probable" financial statement having no truth in it. They say figures cannot lie, and perhaps not, but they can stand up and distort the truth unblushingly, as did those of Mr. Laird before the election.

We sympathize with poor Mr. McMillan in his affliction, but we hope he will never again allow himself to be made the buffer of the great defeated, who was, himself, afraid to face the music; and we heartily congratulate the men of Belfast and their member, Mr. Alexander Martin.

Hon. John Costigan.

THE Minister of Inland Revenue took his seat on the back benches with his party on the 19th inst., and it was at once seen that he had retired from the Government. The matter having been called to the attention of the Government, Sir John Macdonald stated that the honorable gentleman had resigned, but that he had advised His Excellency the Governor General to refuse the tender of the Hon. Mr. Costigan's resignation. Later on it was observed that Mr. Costigan had resumed his seat on the Treasury benches, which meant, of course, that he had reconsidered the matter. The affair has created quite a sensation, and numerous are the stories set afloat as to the breeze that produced such a ripple in ministerial waters. The first rumor which gained currency was that Mr. Costigan was dissatisfied with the C. P. R. policy of the Government; but his vote on the resolutions since has set that at rest. Being ignorant of the cause we can but guess like others of our contemporaries, but before doing so a brief notice of Mr. Costigan's career will be found useful. He is, though still a young man comparatively, over twenty years in Parliament. He was never once beaten at the polls. It was he who made such a splendid fight on the New Brunswick school question. It was through his efforts the Dominion Parliament granted $200,000 to relieve the suffering in Ireland in 1879, and it was through him the "Costigan Resolutions," recommending Home Rule for Ireland, were passed. It will be seen from this that Catholics—and Irish Catholics especially—owe him a debt of gratitude, a debt which they are always willing to acknowledge with cheerfulness. The Conservative party is also indebted to the Hon. John Costigan. He has never wavered in his political faith, and on account of his great influence with his countrymen and co-religionists has been a tower of strength to the party. No one knows this better than Sir John A. Macdonald, who, in order to make political capital, and at the same time to show his appreciation of Mr. Costigan personally, took him into his Cabinet immediately before the last general election. There is no doubt that this act of the Premier had its effect at the polls, for Costigan is a name that charms amongst large numbers of people. We would not have it inferred from what we have said that Mr. Costigan was promoted owing to causes other than legitimate. He is an able man. He is a first-class debater. His knowledge of the affairs of Canada is very great—a knowledge gained from nearly a quarter of a century's experience in legislation. But Mr. Costigan is too modest, and this, we imagine, is where the trouble comes in. He is about the most unassuming man in this broad Dominion of Canada, which is really a fault in a politician, and most of all in a Cabinet Minister. We have no doubt his colleagues take advantage of this fault or virtue—which you please—in Mr. Costigan's public character. There was the O'Leary episode, for instance, which will serve as an illustration of our meaning. Mr. O'Leary was appointed to a position in the Inland Revenue by Mr. Costigan, and the appointment was afterwards cancelled. It is true that ultimately Mr. Costigan had his way, and O'Leary was reinstated, but it was by an exercise of authority which should have never been called forth. We do not know what has occurred since; but we are tempted to think that Mr. Costigan's late restiveness was caused by an attempt at aggression by some of his colleagues in the Government. If this is so, it was about time that Mr. Costigan exhibited a spirit of independence, for though it may be considered sordid to quarrel about patronage, it is highly laudable when it is connected with the status of such a man as the Minister of Inland Revenue. It is not enough that Mr. Costigan should be a Minister; he should, in order to be respected as he deserves, have the uncontrolled disposal of the patronage of his own department.

Mr. Edward Hackett, M. P.

IN the last issue of the Summerside *Journal* is an attack upon the junior member for Prince County, which, besides being a little eccentric, contains a good deal of injustice. We know nothing about the interior economy of the *Journal*—we do not wish to read between the lines—we understand it is a an independent journal with long Grit claws sticking out beyond concealment; but if we were inclined to impute motives, we would think it was dictated by some small politician who is ambitious of stepping into Mr. Hackett's shoes before that gentleman has even an intention of throwing them off. No; we prefer to think the *Journal* is actuated by the purest motives, having for their object the public good, and in that belief we shall try to convince our amiable contemporary that it is altogether astray in the ground it has taken. If we understand the *Journal* aright, the writer of the attack we refer to objects first to Mr. Hackett holding a position under the Canadian Pacific Railroad Syndicate, and second to his residing in Ottawa. Now, as regards the latter charge, we could hardly believe our much esteemed contemporary to be serious, only that we know the character it bears for solidity, not to say density. The *Journal* occupies this serene position—it never makes a joke, and it never understands one. That, at least, is the tradition attaching to it, though seeing it has obtained a new editor who is, we believe, of Irish descent, the law of evolution may be strong enough now and then to draw him into the light where his wit shall sparkle, in spite even of the heavy atmosphere surrounding the *Journal*. But we prefer thinking the writer is governed by tradition, and, therefore, profoundly serious; and, thinking so, we ask of him in what place could a member of Parliament be where he could do more for his constituents than Ottawa? For, if our memory is not defective, the Government of Canada is in Ottawa, so are the Parliament buildings, so are the Departments. When any one wants anything from the Federal powers that be he goes to Ottawa, not to Tignish or Summerside. It is, in fact, a very great advantage enjoyed by a constituency, to have its member a resident of Ottawa, at all events for a few years. He is there in the midst of events, he is in the inner circle, and it is the easiest thing in the world writing to him and expressing the wishes of the constituency which he represents. Not to speak of members of the Government who are almost always in Ottawa, there are several prominent members of Parliament who rarely see their constituents and do not possess the inestimable advantage of residing at the seat of Government. There is the Hon. Peter Mitchell, member of Northumberland, N. B., a permanent resident of Montreal. There is Thomas White, of Cardwell, Ont., a resident of, and doing business in, Montreal. There is Mr. Tasse, M. P. for Ottawa, editor of *La Minerve* of Montreal. There is Sir Charles Tupper, member for Cumberland, who resides partly in Ottawa and partly in England. There was Sir John Macdonald, who has never seen Victoria, B. C., which constituency he represented four years in Parliament. There are, in fact, dozens upon dozens of members enjoying the confidence of their constituents who rarely visit them, but who are none the less useful to them and loyal to their interests. It appears to us that though Mr. Hackett does reside in Ottawa he has been instrumental in securing the construction of a good many public works in Prince County. Our excellent contemporary must, therefore, "seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." And behold it has another cause. Mr. Hackett holds, according to the *Journal*, a position under the Syndicate. We shall take it for granted that the *Journal* is correct. But what would our contemporary have him do? Nine-tenths of our members have to work for their living. Does the *Journal* desire a Parliament of dudes? Admitting then that it is no crime to work—at least not one that cannot be forgiven—why not for the Canada Pacific as well as any other institution? Is our contemporary ignorant of the fact that in all civilized legislatures of the present day about three-twentieths of the members are connected with railroads. This may be a fact to be deplored—seriously we believe it is—but why should Mr. Hackett be selected from all those legislatures, and held up to public indignation. Our esteemed contemporary is neither just nor logical in the position it has taken, and now that we have taken pains to enlighten it, we hope to see a complete withdrawal in the next issue of the *Journal* from that position, which is untenable.

Editorial Notes.

THE vote of censure on the Government of Mr. Gladstone was defeated by a majority of forty-nine in a house containing five hundred and seventy-three. The Parnell party, numbering thirty-four, voted with the Opposition. Last session Mr. Gladstone had a majority of eighty-four over Conservatives and Parnellites combined; next session he will have no majority at all.

RELIEF from all parts is pouring into the Ohio valley and the other flooded districts. Congress has donated $500,000; Chicago, $40,000; New York, $150,000; Philadelphia, $90,000; and what from local legislatures and charitable institutions, millions and millions worth are sent to the sufferers. And it is all required, for it is estimated 100,000 people are rendered homeless by the floods.

WE Provincials have yet to learn a good deal in the acrimony of debate from the potent, grave and reverend signors of the Imperial Parliament. In the late debate on the Egyptian question, Lord Randolph Churchill referred to Gladstone as the "worn out humbug of effete politics," and Mr. Healy styled Lord Rossmore a "bigoted malevolent young pup." Now if there was any fight in Rossmore—but there isn't, unless he has an army at his back.

THE agony in Ottawa is over, and the C. P. R. resolution of the Government carried by seventy-one majority. The division brought out the following vote: for the resolution, one hundred and thirty-two; against, sixty-two. One Conservative—Mr. Houde of Montreal, editor of *Le Monde*, voted with the Opposition, and two of the Opposition—Messrs. Smith and Sutherland, of Manitoba, voted with the Government. This settles the great railroad discussion, let us hope for good and for aye.

THE Ottawa Parliamentary correspondent of *Le Moniteur Acadien*, of Shediac, N. B., says:

"Two victories for the Government on the same day! Kent, Ont., has remained Conservative, and York, New Brunswick, has changed from red, very red, to blue, very blue. Behold what it is to have a programme, good men to support it, and the proper ideas as to the wants of the country. The triumph of Mr. Temple ought to be agreeable to the Ministers representing your Province in the Cabinet, but particularly so to the Hon. Mr. Costigan, who has in this victory a new proof of the profound attachment and high esteem in which he is held by his fellow countrymen."

Mr. Temple was introduced to the Speaker by Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon. John Costigan, amid ringing cheers from the Conservative majority.

MR. COTTON, of the *Examiner*, is the correspondent of that journal in Ottawa, and as is a not uncommon practice with the Government in its relations with country newspapers, he was appointed sessional clerk soon after his arrival at the capital. It seems, however, judging from Mr. Cotton's correspondence, that owing to remarks in the *Patriot* he has resigned the clerkship. In our opinion Mr. Cotton is too conscientious. It is not difficult, we imagine, to perform the dual duties of correspondent and sessional clerk, the latter not entailing very heavy labors, but as Mr. Cotton thinks differently it must be recorded to his credit. If, however, Mr. Cotton was as well acquainted as some of us are with the appointments of sessional clerks during the Mackenzie *regime*, and the very light duties they had to perform, he would hesitate before resigning the temporary position. Whole hosts of them resided in Ottawa during the session, whose heaviest work consisted in going solemnly every month to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and drawing cheques for the allowance. We know of one man whose *nom de plume* was the "Low Farmer," but whose name we now forget, who drew the allowance for writing anti-Catholic "poetry" in the Ottawa *Free Press*, and several others who did nothing at all.

The Markets.

BOSTON MARKETS.

BOSTON, Feb 22.— The demand for pork has moderated. Sales of prime at $16.00 to $16.50; Mess at $18.00 to $18.50; clear and backs at $19.50 to $21.50 per bbl. The demand for Butter has been moderate, and sales of Western and Northern creameries at 32 to 34 cts. for choice, and 22 to 24 cts., for fair and good New York and Vermont dairies at 24 to 28 cts. for choice, and 18 to 22 for fair and good. Western dairies 20 to 22, and Western ladels at 17 to 20 cts. per. lb. Cheese is firm at 13 to 14½ for choice, 11½ to 12½ for fair and good, and 8 to 9 cents for common. Eggs are unsettled and prices are tending down; sales at 27 cts. per dozen. The market for Potatoes is steady, with sales of Houlton Rose at 45 to 48 cts.; Aroostook, Eastern and Northern Rose at 43 to 46 cts.; Prolifics at 43 to 46 cts.; Burbank Seedlings at 40 to 45 cts., and Provincial at 42 to 45 cents per bushel. Sweet Potatoes are selling at $4.00 to $4.25 per. barrel.

HALIFAX MARKETS.

New York City Mess Pork, $20.00; P. E. Island Mess Pork, $21.00 to $22.00; do. Thin Mess Pork, $18.00 to $18.50; do. Prime Mess Pork, $17.00 to $18.00; P. E. Island Oats, new, per bush. 45 to 48 cts.; Canada, do. 40 cts.; Barley, per bush. 75 to 80 cts.; Potatoes, per. bush. 38 to 50 cts.; Turnips, 25 to 30 cts.; Butter per lb., 19 to 21 cents.

Voyage Round the World.

The Queen's book is not a literary success.

There are now 48,533 Post Offices in the United States.

Thousands of people are dying of fever in the south of Java.

Merv and its tributaries have annexed themselves to Russia.

Advices from Shanghai state that a revolt in Mongolia is reported.

The National Democratic Convention will be held in Chicago on July 8th.

Mount Etna is in a state of erruption, and great apprehensions are felt.

Last year's Cape diamond export value is put down at nearly $14,000,000.

The Russian press predicts the downfall of Gladstone on the Merv question.

The last English steamer brought out 150 emigrants for Western Canada.

The net profits of the Merchants Bank of Halifax last year were $98,070 79.

All the railroads in Southern Minnesota and Dakota are blockaded with snow.

A Michigan millionaire has bequeathed $15,000 to American humorist writers.

A cafe in Berlin has 700 newspapers on file, printed in eighteen different languages.

Halifax will have 111 liquor licenses under the new Act, less than one-half the number now in force.

Mrs. Kirkendell, wife of a wealthy merchant in Parksburg, Va., has eloped with a tramp printer.

Leonard Courtney, Secretary of the Treasury, has refused the editorship of the London *Times*.

The Montreal *Daily Witness* handles the *Globe* rather severely for its flirtation with the Quebec Bleus.

Matthew Arnold is lecturing in Canada, and Dion Boucicault is acting. Dion draws the biggest crowds.

Baker Pasha (Sir Valentine) has requested permission to serve under General Graham at Suakim.

The total coin circulation of the United States January 1st was $795,206,778 gold, and $29,785,785 silver.

Sir Stafford Northcote will take the unusual course of resigning his seat and offering himself for re-election.

Osman Digma has promised his cool black followers first to smash the English in Egypt and then conquer India.

A Georgia woman has sued for a divorce from her husband because he wouldn't tell her the combination to his safe.

The opinion is gaining ground that it will not be possible for the United States Congress to adjourn before August.

The Austrian Consul at Khartoum has forwarded to the Mahdi $2 000 to secure the release of the Catholic missionaries.

A French writer estimates that the world contains 193,600 doctors, and there is not one of them that can define what malaria is.

A widower at Canton, Texas, who has nineteen children, is anxious to wed an Alabama widow who has twenty-one children.

The total value of Canada's exports of the produce of the forest in 1883 was $26,648,441, an increase of $1,685,790 over the previous year.

Seven steamers with an aggregate tonnage of 32,200, will be added next season to the fleet of steamers plying between Montreal and Europe.

American newspapers are excited over an insult from Prince Bismarck, who, it is said, has returned to Congress its Lasker resolutions.

A Mrs. Mottashed, of Hamilton, Ont., was poisoned by wiping her face with a handkerchief upon which rat poison had been spilled.

The Toronto *Telegram* says the report that Colonel Middleton, now in command at Aldershot, is to succeed General Laurd has been confirmed

Bradlaugh has been re-elected by a larger majority than ever. Northampton is evidently determined to stand by its atheistic representative.

Mr. Blake will lecture on St. Patrick's night at Ottawa, Sir John in Montreal. After this what Irishman would not be a Liberal—Conservative.

Cardinal Manning is a member of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the state of the dwellings of the poor of the United Kingdom.

In compliance with the request of Sir Evelyn Baring, British representative at Cairo, the Government have decided to reinforce the British army of occupation.

Lord Tennyson lost his Parliamentary robes when on his way to London to take his seat at the opening of Parliament, and the police were started in search of them.

In 1880, fifty-eight of seventy-six United States Senators, and 292 of 325 Representatives, were from States and Districts where illeterate voters held the balance of power.

The United States army of 25,000 men cost the government within half a million dollars of the amount paid by Germany for the maintenance of its army of 400,000 men.

The Russians, having now possession of Merv, intend placing Ayoob Khan on the Afghan throne, and then marching the Afghans and Turkomans on the rich plains of India.

It seems from the English census returns that tailoring and shoemaking are the favorite trades with the deaf mutes, but four are put down as commercial travellers, and one is a cabman.

In Prussia a druggist cannot put an article, value 2 cents, into a bottle with an attractive label and charge 50 cents for it, as the price of medicaments, and even of phials, is regulated annually by the State.

The bodies of Lieut. Commander DeLong and others of the *Jeannette* explorers arrived at Hoboken, N. J., by the steamship *Frisia*, last week. The funeral services were held on Saturday. An immense throng attended.

An English Judge lately refused the expenses of three tradesmen who prosecuted men for stealing goods from their doors on the ground that by exposing their goods in the way mentioned they held out a temptation to steal.

General Gordon has always mentioned that it would be impossible to destroy slavery by operations in the Soudan. Such attempts only rendered the slave traffic more difficult, and therefore more cruel, and was one cause of the perpetual wars.

On account of several recent cases of death in England among children who had been fed on wheaten biscuit, a physician states in the *British Medical Journal* that infants under six or eight months should be fed with nothing whatever but milk.

A prominent doctor of Oakland, Cal., says that the generation of gases is generally the cause of corpses turning over in their coffins, and adds that a body has been known to rise partly up, the head and shoulders bending up toward the middle of the body, from these circumstances.

Letter from Myles O'Regan.

Mr. Editor:

So shattered and broken are my nerves after the two great calamities which have lately taken place, that only for the pleasure it gives me to see my name in print, I would refrain from asking you to publish my usual weekly letter. By these two calamities I refer to the defeat in Belfast and the great fire in Charlottetown, and although I have suffered personally by the latter, as you shall hear, I consider it altogether a matter of secondary importance. The Belfast election has crushed my spirit completely. I am altogether a different man after it. My hair has not grown white, it is true, but my withers are unstrung, and mentally I have received a shock from which I shall not soon recover. The only consolation left the few of us who are Grit leaders, is, that we did our best, and, like Horatio, if we did not achieve success, we did better, we deserved it. I consider that pot-to contract scandal a stroke of genuis, and that other affair, the dust we raised over the delay in the burial of poor Acorn, was a step in the right direction. And yet we failed, for as I was passing Belle Creek this morning, Duncan McMillan threw himself into my arms, and weeping bitterly exclaimed, "Why, O'Regan, why have we lost?" "Because," answered I, gently disengaging myself from his embrace, "because of that miserable schooner which did not float us into the harbor of victory." "Alas," he cried, "if tears would avail, I have shed enough since the 21st to float the party right on to the Treasury benches." And I believe he has, and I noticed all of the party I met had red eyes. Just fancy, a corrupt, besotted, effete, worn-out, contemptible Tory Government being sustained by such a majority. It is by far too horrible to think of.

As regards the fire, my mind is not so disturbed, though I believe if the *Patriot* were out on the 20th the result would have been different—our defeat would have been still more disastrous. In my capacity of tramp I was sleeping up against the wall of the Post Office when the alarm was given. That is the way I generally sleep when I am not a regular boarder, as I find it equalizes the blood through the system. A copy of the *Examiner* was wrapped round me, and you cannot imagine how warm it kept me. The *Examiner* is so thick and so heavy that it is equal to two buffalo robes. I believe its density and power as a conductor of heat arise from the fact that its editors have wooden heads. Henceforth I shall never be without a copy of the *Examiner*. It serves two useful purposes: it warms you and it makes you sleep, for I defy the most ascetic and wretched of human beings to lie awake (or stand, as in my case) after reading what the *Examiner* calls a leading article. The ringing of the fire-bell did not trouble me, and I would probably be asleep even now were it not that some busy-body running towards the fire knocked up against and capsized me. Why should I bother about fires? What have I to lose, tramp that I am? "Bless your blessed eyes," cried I, "can't you mind where you're running?" "Fire! you fool, fire! Don't you see the town is burning, and we'll all have to camp on the ice to-morrow. Come at once and lend a hand to put out the fire." Lend a hand! Evidently the man did not know me or he would have never spoken in that disrespectful tone. The O'Regans never work. I am poor, but I am an aristocrat, and an aristocrat never lends a hand unless to assist a Countess to her carriage. No, no, Myles O'Regan may have done foolish things in his life, and wicked things, but he has never disgraced his ancestry by helping to put out a vulgar fire. But apart from high descent I hate work, for I am naturally lazy, and I am proud of it. I even hate to see others working. It tires and agitates me. It is possible that if the efforts made to extract power from me were concentrated, and a hose or a bucket put in my hand in an elegant, *delletanti* sort of way, I might be induced to exert myself, but under ordinary circumstances I cannot think of it. If, for instance, I could be any use lying in my bed—or I might be tempted to dream I was extinguishing a fire. Why, do you know, the house I was boarding in out west took fire last year, and I didn't stir. It reached my room, and I went into another; it reached the other, and I crawled to the far side, and when the "devouring element" caught me there (see newspaper reports for that original expression), I rolled myself down stairs and was put out in the usual way. And here it may be permitted one to enquire why it is that Mr. Kennedy entertains such a dislike to rats? What did rats ever do to Mr. Kennedy? I will admit that it is unpleasant to have "rats in one's garret," but rats in a cellar are comparatively harmless; nay, they are often absolutely necessary. Rats are nothing but house rabbits, and if they are not tame and domestic the fault is not theirs. It was cruel to poison the dear little rodents, but as he was anxious to exterminate them, why not do so with his own confectionery? I am willing to make affidavit, based upon sad experience, that a cent's worth of the candy sold nowadays would send a hundred rats to an early grave in no time. But perhaps Mr. Kennedy was merely pursuing one of his scientific researches. In that case I forgive him, out will the insurance agents? I am a scientist myself, as I think I have mentioned a few dozen times already, then you can't praise yourself too often in this age of brass and Britannic metal. It is not the money loss I grieve over so much in connection with the fire as the literary loss. You can always make money, but it is not so easy to manufacture literature, especially political literature, and hence the wailing and gnashing of Grit teeth, on account of the document consumed in Mr. Henry Beer's safe. The world is not yet done weeping over the papers that went to heat the Alexandria battles by the command of the Caliph Omar, but in my opinion, it has sustained as serious a loss in the destruction of the political memoranda of which Mr. Beer was lately the guardian. Who can tell, in the ages to come, what the incorruptable Grits used to give for a vote here in the decade ending with June 20th, 1882. As for the money—as I sagaciously remarked—we can always make that at pleasure. Indeed, the trouble soon will be what to do with all the cash to be thrown upon the Island within the next few months. Let us see. There is just that $103,000 for insurance, most of which, however, will go for stock. Then there will be $60,000 for a new Post Office. Then there will be $130,000 for piers and wharves. Then there is the $5000 exhibition money (when we get it), and last, but not least, $30,000 as drawback on fish and fish oil. I think I shall go at once and order a new suit of clothes.

Although I am lazy my heart is in the right place, and you may believe me when I say that while leaning against the burning Post Office I thought of everyone but myself. I was uneasy about the wooden heads of the numerous editors of the *Examiner*, lest a spark should set them on fire, and I was anxious about the girls who are in the habit of visiting the Post Office every evening for the advantage of the squeezing they got there. Who will squeeze the dear creatures now?

But I had almost forgotten to tell what I said to the rude fellow who asked me to lend a hand. "Friend," said I, with grace and dignity, "go to Hades." I did not say Hades exactly, but it is all the same. Hades is the Boston name for a warmer place than the Post Office when it was at its zenith. Even the Post Office was too warm a place for me after awhile, and so I moved on, and kept moving until a fire broke out in the North American Hotel later in the day. I always like to be around a hotel when it is burning, knowing something good will be thrown through the windows. A red hot stove is not extra good, and yet that is the first thing I beheld flung out by some practical genius, who evidently thinks a stove a portable article to be carried around in the pocket.

"Great Cæsar!" cried a brother tramp, standing near, "why doesn't he begin at the jars and bottles, or a cooked turkey?" and he sharpened his poor teeth as he spoke, in anxious expectation.

But there were no bottles, much to our disgust, at least not then. Still we waited. After a few hours our patience was rewarded. The proprietor came forward and said, "Boys, as you have been assisting you are welcome to what you can find in the cellar."

Such an assault as we made! In through the fire and smoke dashed the noble army of tramps, O'Regan at their head, with a courage rendered desperate by long fasting and hard work, which consisted in gravely watching for things as they came through the windows after the red hot stove.

There is no pure happiness in this world, nor will there so long as the existence of policemen is tolerated. We had hardly pulled our corkscrews from our pockets when up came the force and took the bottles from us. I thought my heart would break, but consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, it might have been only ginger pop. I visited the station house that night, in charge of a bobby, and observed the force drinking something out of black bottles. If it was pop they were at, it must have been very good, for the expression on their faces was one of ecstatic enjoyment. As for me, I bowed my head, oppressed with grief and indignation at the manner in which those peelers chizzled us out of our rights.

Yours, of the much broken heart,

MYLES O'REGAN.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

LONDON, Feb. 21.

Osman Digma is exciting his followers by quoting the Koran saying El Mahidi is divinely inspired and requires little food and clothing.

LONDON, Feb. 22.

The *Daily Telegraph* this morning reports the surrender of the garrison of Tokar. The *Times* confirms this report.

Letters have been received here from Kassala which report that the garrison of that town is fifteen hundred strong and has sufficient supplies to last a fortnight.

Five soldiers arrived here from Tokar and brought the news of the surrender of that town. They report that the rebels beset the town and kept up a constant fire of artillery and rifles. On Tuesday the garrison recognized the necessity of conferring with the rebels, and on Wednesday, Yakoob and Maccaivi Effendi, chief of police, with a sergeant of artillery, went out and held a conference with the rebels. On their return they informed the garrison that they must surrender their arms on Thursday. Many of the soldiers murmured at this, and a large proportion of them escaped during the night, but as the conference had arranged, Tokar was surrendered on Thursday.

On receiving news of the surrender of Tokar, Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary of State, instantly summoned a Cabinet Council.

Earl Granville has received a despatch from the British Consul at Suakim to the effect that only those of the garrison of Tokar who had wives had surrendered to Osman Digma. The remainder are trying to reach Suakim.

PARIS, Feb. 22.

M. Tricon, formerly French Minister to China, has just arrived here from Saigon. He says that the Black Flags always place Chinamen in front of them in battle and massacre them if they refuse to fight. He says that 400 Chinamen were killed in that way in the battle of Sontay. M. Tricon has the gold cup from which Hiophoa, late King of Annam, drank the poison at the bidding of the present Regent.

LONDON, Feb. 22.

The three survivors of the barque *Ada Barton*, of St. John, N. B., who were landed at Queenstown yesterday, stated that they clung to the masts five days and nights without food. On the third day a dog tried to devour one of them. When they were rescued they were casting lots to decide which of the three should die to furnish food for the other two.

LONDON, Feb. 23.

The greatest excitement prevails throughout London and in Parliament at the news of the surrender of Tokar.

Another account of the surrender has been received from Suakim, which says that Maccaivi, Governor of Tokar, and Yakoob, with 150 soldiers, left the fort on Wednesday and had a parley with the rebels. When they returned to the town they announced that they were going to surrender themselves. They caused a great commotion, as many of the garrison refused to give way to despair and still had hopes that succor would reach them in time. Their murmurs, however, were of no avail and the rebels' terms were finally accepted. It is not believed that the rebels put the population to the sword, for it is understood that the conditions of the surrender provided that their lives be spared.

CAIRO, Feb. 22.

About 1,200 British troops are at Suakim and 3,200 at Trinkitat. The Governor of Kassala favors El Mahdi and would rather evacuate that town than fight him. A portion of Khartoum garrison has left that town; 3,900 blacks remain at Khartoum and 3,000 at Sennaar. Everthing indicates that the Egyptian officers at Tokar preferred to surrender to the rebels rather than to the Christians. A Soudanese lieutenant wished to fight, however, and tried to assemble the soldiers but in vain. A revolt has broke out at Massowah, and is spreading. El Mahdi has appointed his brother Ali Yussuf, governor of Darfour, and ordered him to levy 7,000 men and march to Kordafan, to reinforce the main body of El Mahdi's troops.

SUAKIM, Feb. 22.

The refugees from Tokar report that the inhabitants of the town were the first to suggest submission and that the garrison followed.

SUAKIM, Feb. 24.

It is common talk in the Bazaar that Osman Digma will very soon make on attack on this place, in which event it is expected that the black inhabitants will declare for El Mahdi and massacre the European residents.

CAIRO, Feb. 24.

General Graham, commander of the Tokar expedition, has telegraphed to General Stephenson an urgent request for a reinforcement of artillery, as he is armed only with camel guns against Osman Digma's artillery, which is now served by gunners from Tokar.

The news of the surrender of Tokar has spread throughout Soudan as an English defeat. The rebels are negotiating with Massala and other garrisons to induce them to join El Mahdi.

DUBLIN, Feb. 24.

The pastoral letter from Bishop Carr was read in Catholic churches in the diocese of Galway to-day wishing people not to emigrate and calling attention to the letter from the Archbishop of Toronto, in which he stated in Toronto emigrants from Connaught were actually starving.

CAIRO, Feb. 25.

The following is the latest condensed news from Egypt:

The Black troops in Suakim are in a state of mutiny. "I am coming; be ready," is the ominous announcement from the False Prophet whispered from village to village throughout Egypt. King John of Abyssinia has formed an alliance with El Mahdi. Gordon is reported cut off in Khartoum.